

On Deep Galilee.

(Paul O'Connor, in The Weekly Bouquet.)
The sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.

(Translated from the French of Madame Craven.)
(Chapter XLIII Continued.)
When his mother gave me this information, my first feeling was one of relief.

even a whole year and more of happiness. The satisfactory life I had dreamed of was now a reality, and the world I once fancied I could reveal to Lorenzo unaided he had discovered himself.

But we know one of the anomalies of the human heart is to expect and long for happiness as its right, and yet to be incapable of possessing it a single day in its plenitude without trembling, as if conscious it was not in the nature of things here below for it to endure a long time.

Lorenzo experienced more than most people this melancholy of happiness, which was often increased by too profound a regret for the errors of his life.

"Ginevra," said he one day, "I am far too happy for a man who merits it so little."

He said this with a gloomy expression. It was the beginning of spring. The air was soft, the sky clear, the lilacs of our little garden were in bloom, and we sat there inhaling the perfume. He repeated: "Yes, my life is now too happy—too happy, I feel, to be of long duration."

CHAPTER XLIV.

This was the spring of the year 1859. In spite of the retirement in which we lived and Lorenzo's assiduous labours, which deprived him of the leisure to read a newspaper, the rumours of war between Austria and Italy had more than once reached us and excited his anxiety—excited him as every Italian was at that period at the thought of seeing his country delivered from the yoke of the foreigner.

I had often heard him express his national and political opinions, aspirations, and prejudices, but these points had never interested me. I loved Italy as it was. I thought it beautiful, rich, and glorious. I did not imagine anything could add to the charm, past and present, which nature, poetry, religion, and history had endowed it with.

Stella did not, in this respect, agree with me. It was her nature to be roused to enthusiasm by everything that gave proof of energy, courage, and devotedness—traits that patriotism, more or less enlightened, easily assumes the seductive appearance of, provided it is sincere.

"Italia! Italia! . . . Deh fusti tu men bella! O almen piu forte!" Or the celebrated apostrophe of Dante: "Ah! serva Italia! di dolore ostello!"

Never did her talent appear to better advantage than in the recitation of such lines; her face would light up and her whole attitude change. Lorenzo often smilingly said if he wished to represent the poetical personification of Italy he would ask Stella to become his model.

"Italy! Italy! . . . Oh! that thou wert less fair or more powerful! 'A slavish Italy! thou inn of grief!'—Cary's Dante.

"L'unique grandeur vivante de l'Italie," would be to commit the crime of treason against the world, and uncrown Italy herself.

Alas! now that the time approached for realizing some of her dreams and the bitter deception of others, Stella, absorbed in her grief, was indifferent to all that was occurring in her country, and did not even remark the universal excitement around her!

It was Easter Sunday. I had been to church with Lorenzo. We had fulfilled together the sweet, sacred obligations of the day; the union of our souls was complete, and our hearts were at once full of joy and solemnity—that is, in complete harmony with the great festival.

We took seats at the table. Lorenzo found before him a pile of letters and newspapers, but did not attempt to open them. He sat looking at me with admiration and affection. I, on my part, said to myself that moral and religious influences had not only a beneficial effect on the soul, but on the outward appearance.

"Ginevra mia!" said he, "in truth you are right. The life we now lead must suit you, for you grow lovelier every day."

"Our life does not suit you less than it does me, Lorenzo," said I. "We are both in our element now. God be blessed! His goodness to us has indeed been great!"

"Where are you letters from?" He tore one open and his face brightened.

"That looks well! Nothing could suit me better. Here is an American who wishes a repetition of my Sappho, and give me another order of importance. And then what? He wishes to purchase the lovely Vestal he saw in my studio. Oh! as for that, par exemple, no! . . . The Vestal is mine, mine alone. No one else shall ever have it. But no matter, Ginevra; if things go on in this way, I shall soon be swimming in money, and then look out for the diamonds!"

(To be continued.)

A Card.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache.

C. M. HENRY, DRUGGIST. Antigonish, N. S.

Johnny—Say, ma, ha'n't the teacher ought to set a good example for the children?

Mother—Why, yes, of course she should Johnny—Well, this arithmetic example is the worst I ever saw.

"See how I can count mamma," said Kitty. "There's my right foot. That's one. There's my left foot. That's two. Two and one make three. Three feet make a yard. I want to go out and play in it!"

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I had returned from a trip to Bathurst (a small town not far away from Grand-Anse), she says, when I felt unwell, I first thought it was of no consequence and I gave the subject no more thought.

I was suffering from an attack of grippe presenting rather serious symptoms. Besides a cough which prevented me from sleeping, I had no appetite and my digestion was very bad.

My weakness was increasing rapidly when the doctor visited me and when he prescribed absolute rest and some medicines which I was to take at appointed hours.

Although my disease did not disappear, my state of health improved for some time. I remained weak and languishing, unnerved and without energy, and I felt sometimes very gloomy, without being able to account for it.

I then heard people speaking very favourably of Morin's Wine "Creso-Phates" and decided to give it a trial. A few bottles of that famous tonic quite improved me, my pains vanished, as well as my gloomy ideas and I was restored to my former health.

I strongly recommend this matchless tonic to all persons suffering from "La Grippe" or its unhappy consequences.

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Mr. McKinley's Conscience.

Still more butchery in the Philippines, with a boundless prospect of it in the future. It has been a question for anxious investigation by the Ministers of President McKinley's church whether he drinks wine at public dinners.

Kinley had better drink apollinaris than wine, are these the weighty matters of the law? When a man, to secure his re-election to an office, has manifestly against his conscience plunged two nations into a bloody war, disturbing thereby the peace of the world and entailing such consequences as we now see, has Nathan nothing more grave where with to arraign the conscience of David than the drinking of a glass of wine? — Goldwin Smith, in Toronto Sun.

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