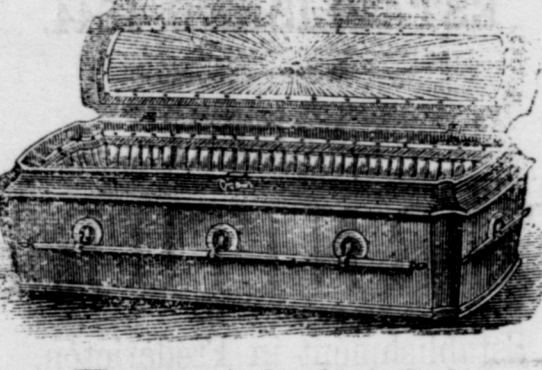


Literature.  
(Continued.)  
BARRIERS BURNED AWAY.  
BY THE REV. EDWARD F. BOWE.  
CHAPTER XXX.  
LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.  
As Dennis realized the truth, and remembered what he had said, his face was scarcely less full of pain than Christine's. He saw that her whole soul was bent on an imitation that none could detect, and that he had spoiled it for her. She had been told again, clearly and correctly, that the sphere of high, true art was beyond her reach. She felt that Christine was true, and her own judgment confirmed every word Dennis uttered. But she had done her best; therefore her suffering was truly agony—the pain and despair at failure had deepened her life. There seemed a barrier which, from the very limitations of her being, she could not pass. She did not fail from the lack of taste, culture, or skill, but from the fact that she was like a man who would not let himself be helped. Lacking the power to touch and move the heart, she knew she could never be a great artist. Abruptly and without a word she left the room and store, accompanied by the Winthrops. Dennis felt as if he could bite his tongue out, and Christine's face haunted him like a dreadful apparition. Wherever he turned he saw it so distorted by pain, and almost hate, that it scarcely seemed the same that had smiled on him as he entered at her invitation. Truly God is against all his "groaned" to himself; and what in my weakness could not do, He has accomplished by this unlooked for avenue. She will never regard me with scorn. Dennis like many another, thought he saw God's plan clearly from a mere glimpse at a part of it. He at once reached this miserable conclusion, and suffered as greatly as if it had been God's will, instead of his own imagination. To wait and trust, is often the latest lesson we learn in life. Mr. Ludolph's guests, absorbed in the pictures, at first scarcely noticed the departure. Christine with consummate skill and care, kept her relationship to the picture unknown to all save the Winthrops, meaning not to acknowledge any connection. But in Dennis' startled and pained face she saw that he had read her secret, and this fact also annoyed her heart. "I should like to know the artist who copied this painting," said Mr. Consoer. "The artist is an amateur, and not willing to come before the public at present," said Mr. Ludolph so decidedly that no further questions were asked. "I am much interested in that young clerk of yours," said Mr. Frame. "He seems to understand himself. It is so hard to find a good disinterested judge of pictures. Do you expect to keep him?" "Yes, I do," said Mr. Ludolph with such emphasis that his rival in trade also pressed that point further. "Well, really, Mr. Ludolph," said one of the gentlemen, "all sorts of astonishing things here. We have an unknown artist in Chicago deserving an exhibition, and here in your employ a prince of critics, and if I mistake not he is the same who sang at Brown's some little time ago.—Miss Brown told me that he was your pupil." "Yes, I took him as a stranger and out of work, and knew nothing of him. But he proved to be an educated and accomplished man, who will doubtless be of great use to me in time. Of course I promoted him when I found him out. These last remarks were made more for Mr. Frame's benefit than any one else. He intended that his rival should knowingly violate all courtesy if he sought to lure Dennis away. After admiring the paintings and other new things recently received, the gentlemen bowed themselves out. At the entrance of the store Mr. Winthrop—feeling awkwardly in the presence of the disappointed girl—pleaded business, and bade adieu with a warm grasp of the hand, and many assurances that she had succeeded beyond his belief. "I know you mean kindly in what you say," said Christine, while not the slightest gleam lighted up her pale, sad face. "Good-bye." She, too, was relieved, and wished to be alone. Miss Winthrop sought to comfort her friend as they walked homeward. "Christine you look really ill. I don't see why you take this matter so to heart. You have achieved a success that would turn any head but yours. I could not believe it possible had I seen it. Your ambition and ideal are so lofty that you will always make yourself miserable by aiming at the impossible. As Mr. Fleet said, I do not believe there is another in the city who could have done so well, and you can do that now, what may you not accomplish by a few years more of work?" "That's the terrible part of it," said Christine with long sigh. "Susie, I have got my growth. I can never be a real artist, and no one living can ever know the bitterness of my disappointment. I do not believe in the immortality of the soul, and this was my only chance to live beyond the brief hour of my life. If I could only have won for myself a place among the great names that the world will ever honor, I might with contentment let the candle of my existence flicker out when it must. But I have learned to-day what I have often feared, that Christine Ludolph's soul would end in a forgotten handful of dust." "O Christine, if you could only believe!" "I cannot. I tried in my last sickness, but vainly. I am more convinced than ever of the correctness of my father's views." Miss Winthrop sighed deeply. "Why are you so despondent?" she at last asked. "As if I speak to herself, Christine repeated the words, 'I have never felt, or unable to feel, the emotions presented, and therefore cannot portray them.' That is just the trouble. I tried to speak in a language I do not know. Susie, I believe I am about half Undine, and have no soul. I know I have no heart, in the sense that you have. I live a very cold sort of life; I am contented with a slight shudder. I seem surrounded by invisible barriers that I cannot pass. I can see beyond what I want, but cannot reach it. Susie, if you knew what I suffered when sick! Everything seemed slipping from me. And yet why I should wish to live, I hardly know, when my life is so narrowed down." "You see the disease but not the remedy," sighed Susie. "What is the remedy?" "Love. Love to God, and I may add love for some good man." Christine stopped a moment and almost stamped her foot impatiently. "I do not discourage me more than any one else," she cried, "in trying to God, how can I love merely a name? And if he existed, how could I love a Being who left his world so full of evil? As to human love, I have had enough of romantic attachments." "Do you never intend to marry?" "Susie, you are the friend of my soul, and I trust you and only with our secret. Yes, I expect to marry, but not in this land. You know that in Germany my father will eventually be a noble, the representative of one of the most ancient and honorable families. We shall soon have sufficient means to remove to a true position there. A husband will then be found for me. I only stipulate that he will be able to give me position among the first, and gratify my bent for art to the utmost." "Well, Christine, you are a strange girl, and your dream of the future is stranger still. Sometimes I think that all is a dream, and may end like one. Nothing seems certain or real, or turns out as one expects. Think of it. A nobody who swept my father's store the other day has this

morning made such havoc in my dream that I am sick at heart."  
"But you cannot blame Mr. Fleet. He did it unconsciously; he was goaded on to it. No man would have done otherwise. You surely do not feel hardly towards him?"  
"We do not naturally love the lips and bless the voice that tell us of an incurable disease. (O no!) and why should I think of him at all. He merely happened to point out what I half suspected myself. And yet the peculiar way in which this stranger crosses my path from time to time, and the mysterious superstitious, and you seem to have peculiar power over him. He would have assuredly left us in the lurch at our tablest party had it not been for your words, and I have blamed him. And to-day he seemed troubled and pained beyond expression when he read from your face, as I imagine, that you were the author of the picture."  
"Yes, I said that I was the author of the fact and this provokes me also. If he should speak his thoughts—"  
"I do not think he will. I am sure he will not if you caution him." "The will not if I think on the whole he has too much sense to speak carelessly of what he imagined he saw in a lady's face. And now, Susie, good-bye. I shall not see you until I have written upon you to-day, and I am one who can best cure my wounds in solitude."  
"Do you curse them, Christine, or do you only cover them up? If I had your power, I might be able to tell you. Time might deaden the pain, and I forget them in other things, but I do not see where any cure could come from. O Christine, you did me good service when in the deepening twilight of Miss Brown's parlor you showed me my useless, unbelieving life. But I do believe now, Mr. Fleet's words were true, I know, as I know my own existence. I could die for him."  
Christine frowned and said almost harshly, "I don't believe a religion so full of crosses and death. Why could not the all-powerful Being you believe in take away the evil from the world?"  
"That is what He came to do. In that very character He was pointed out by His authorized forerunner: 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.'"  
"Why does He not do it then? Asked Christine pettishly. 'Centuries have passed, patience itself is wearied out. He has had time enough, if He ever intended to fulfil the promise. But the world is as full of evil and suffering as ever. Susie, I would not disturb your credulous faith, for it seems to do you good. But to me Christ was a man, and not a Being. He came to die, and endure what we cannot prevent or escape. An angel could not convert me to-day—no, not even Susie Winthrop, and that is why I am still; and with a hasty kiss she vanished."  
Susie looked wistfully at her, and then bent her steps homeward with a pitying glance. Christine at once went to her own private room. Putting on a loose wrapper she threw herself on a lounge, and buried her face in the cushions. Her life seemed growing narrower and meagre. Hour after hour passed, and the late afternoon sun was shining into her room when she arose from her bitter reverie, and summed up all in a few words spoken aloud, as was her custom when alone. "Must I, after all, come down to the Epicurean Philosophy, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die?' I mean to live, and the tide is rising, rising. It will cover soon where I stand, and then what becomes of Christine Ludolph?" A look of anguish came into the fair young face, and a slight shudder passed over her. She glanced around a room furnished in costly elegance. She saw her lovely person in the mirror opposite, and exclaimed: "What mystery it all! I have so much, and yet so utterly fail in having that which contents. I have all that wealth can purchase, and multitudes act as if that were all they wanted. I am beautiful. I can see that youder for myself, as well as read it in admiring eyes. And yet my maid is better contented than I, and the boy who looks at the boots better satisfied with his lot than either of us. I am raised so high that I can see how much more there is or might be beyond. I feel like one led into a splendid vestibule only to find that the palace is wanting, or that it is a mean hovel. All that I have only mocks me, and becomes a means of torture. All that I am and have, ought to be, might be, a mere prelude, an earnest preparation for something better beyond. But I am told, and must believe, that this is all, and I may lose this in a moment and forever. It is as if a noble and magnificent preparation, and then suddenly broken down into a few discordant notes and ceased. It is like my picture, all very well, but with that which would speak to and move the heart, year after year, the more beauty ceased to please, that life or something is wanting. What were his words?" "This picture is but the beautiful corpse of the other; and my life is but a cold marble effigy of that corpse. And yet there any true and better life? If there is nothing better beyond, I have been carried forward too far. Miss Brown thoughtfully enjoyed the picture and distinguished. Susie Winthrop happy in her superstition, as any one might be, could they believe what she does. But I have gone past the power of taking up these things, as I have gone past my childhood sports. And now what is there for me? My most dear and cherished hope—a hope that alone above my life like a sun—has been blown away by the breath of my father's cold, clear, and true picture. I power to bring me down to my true level, and I hoped to be a queen among men, high-born, but crowned with the crown of genius. I, who hoped to win with high a place that men would speak of me with honest praise, now hope in all future time, must be contented as a mere accomplished woman, deemed worthy perhaps in time to grace some nobleman's halls who in the nice social scale abroad may stand a little higher than myself. I meant to shine and dazzle, to stoop to give in every case, but now I must take what I can get, with a humble 'Thank you,' and I clenched her little powerless hands in impotent revolt at what seemed very cruel destiny."  
She appeared at the dinner-table out of her calm and serene, she was more than satisfied. He was sorry that Dennis had spoiled the triumph, but could not blame him. At the same time he recognized in Fleet another and most decided proof of his own power and ability. Father let us change the subject, that with some surprise at her feelings, he yielded to her wish, thinking that a little time and exposure to moderate ideas would banish the pain of disappointment. It was a quiet meal, each being occupied by their own thoughts. Soon after he was immersed in his cigar and some business letters, and a warm, gentle rain was falling. Even in the midst of a great city, the sweet odors

of spring found their way to the private parlor where Christine sat by the window, still lost in painful thoughts.  
"Nature is full of hope, and the promise of coming life. So ought I to be in my spring-time. Why am I not? If I am sad and disappointed in my spring, how dreary will be my autumn, when leaf after leaf of beauty, health, and strength drop away."  
A muffled figure, seemingly regardless of the rain, passed slowly down the opposite side of the street. Though the person was but a single quick glance toward her window, and though the twilight was deepening, something in the passer-by suggested Dennis Fleet. For a moment she wished she could speak to him. She felt very lonely. Solitude had done her no good. Her troubles only grew darker and more real as she brooded over them. She instinctively felt that her father could not understand her, and she had never been able to go to him for sympathy. He was not the kind of person that any one would seek for such a purpose. Christine was not inclined to confidence, and there was really no one who knew her deeper feelings, and who could enter into her real hopes for life. She was so proud and cold that few ever thought of giving confidence, much less of asking hers. Up to the time of her last sickness she had been strong, self-confident, almost assured of success. At times she recognized dimly that something was wrong, as when singing her best she could only secure noisy, transient applause, when she saw another on the same occasion, touch the heart; but she shut her eyes to the unwelcome truth, and determined to succeed. But her sickness and fears at that time, and now a failure that seemed to destroy the ambition of her life, all united in greatly shaking her self-confidence. This evening, as never before, she was conscious of weakness and dependence. With the instinct of one sinking her spirit longed for help and support. Then she thought suddenly occurred to her: "Perhaps this young stranger who so clearly pointed out the disease, may also show the way to some remedy."  
But the figure had passed on. In a moment more pride and conventionality resumed sway, and she smiled bitterly, saying to herself: "What a weak fool I am to-night. Of all things do not become a romantic Miss Christine!"  
She went to her piano and struck into a brilliant strain. For a few moments the music was of a forced and defiant character. Loud, gay, but no real or rollicking mirth in it, and it soon ceased. Then in sharp contrast came a sad, weird German ballad, and this was real. In its pathos her burdened heart found expression, and whoever listened then would not merely have admired, they would have felt. One song followed another. All the pent-up feeling of the day seemed to pour out in a natural flow, the plaintive minstrelsy of her own land.  
Suddenly she ceased and went to her window. The muffled figure stood in the shadow of an angle in the attitude of a listener. A moment later it vanished into the dusk toward the business part of the city. The quick footsteps died away and only the patter of the falling rain broke the silence. Christine felt sure that it was Dennis. At first her feeling was one of pleasure. His coming and evident interest took somewhat, she scarcely knew why, from her sense of loneliness. Soon her pride awoke, however, and she said: "He has just been here to watch and listen. I will show him, with all his taste and intelligence, we have no ground in common on which he can presume."  
Her father had also listened to the music, and said to himself: "Christine is growing a little sentimental. She takes this disappointment too much at heart. I must touch her pride with a word, and that will make her ice and steel in a moment. It is no slight task to keep a girl's heart safe till you want to use it. I will wait till the practical daylight of to-morrow, and then she shall look at the world through my eyes again."  
(To be continued.)

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Where may be found a stock of  
**Furniture of all Descriptions,**  
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**CASKETS AND COFFINS,**  
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Orders from the Town and Country will receive prompt and careful attention.  
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**R. M. McDONALD**  
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English, French and American  
**STRAW and CHIP**  
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FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ORNAMENTS.  
TRIMMING SILKS and SATINS in all the newest shades.  
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**New English Goods,**  
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17 crates Meakin's White Granites, 2 cases Table and Pocket Cutlery, 1 case Albatta Goods and Electro-Plated Ware,  
3 cases Majolica Ware, 1 case Bohemian Vase or Toilet Glass, 6 very large cases FANCY GOODS, in Bohemian Vase or Toilet Glass, 3 cases Rockingham Teapots, 6 cases handsome Dinner Sets and Toilet Ware,  
2 cases China, 1 case Parian Ware, 1 case Gold Lustre and E. Ware Toys, 1 case Engraved and Cut Flint Glassware,  
Besides the above will be found my usual good assortment of American and Canadian Furniture, Woodenware, Lamp Stock, &c. Having made special arrangements in the "Old Country" for a supply of Hair Cloth, Silk Damask, Utrecht Velvets, Kersal Tapestry, &c., I am prepared to furnish handsome PARLOR FURNITURE of our own manufacture at lower prices than any I have been able to find in the Dominion.  
**J. G. McNALLY.**  
Fredericton, Nov. 12, 1879.

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I have underwritten agent for the following Insurance Companies which have capital and assets amounting to fully \$100,000,000, affording the most perfect security possible.  
**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE, LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE, COMMERCIAL UNION, TRAVELER'S LIFE & ACCIDENT.**  
These Companies are well known for the honorable, liberal, and straight-forward manner in which their business is conducted. All kinds of Insurances at moderate rates. Detached Dwelling Houses and contents insured for three years by paying two years' premiums. Fire, Marine, and all other necessary insurances are effected. Office on Queen Street, opposite the CITY HALL, where every information can be obtained.  
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Queen, Liverpool and London and Globe, Northern, Hartford, Standard Fire and Marine, National, Citizens.  
LIFE: Atlas of Hartford, Oldfield's Beneficial Association of Chicago, Mutual Benefit, Citizens, Queen.  
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Railway Tickets to ALL PARTS OF THE CONTINENT, and also for Wilcox & White's ORGANS!  
Any person requiring a really good Organ should examine those on exhibition at my office. They are unequalled for elegance of design and quality of tone. The most popular Organs of the day. They stand unrivalled. Musicians and others are invited to call and examine. They are warranted for six years.  
Queen Street, next door to People's Bank, Fredericton.  
**NEW BOOK STORE.**  
The subscribers feel thankful for the liberal patronage they have received since the opening of their Book Store, next door to Davis & Diblee's Drug Store, and the public may rest assured that we will continue in the future, as in the past, to sell all kinds of Books, Stationery, &c., at the LOWEST PRICE.  
**SCHOOL BOOKS.**  
Our stock of School Books is large, and we assure you our prices will be found the lowest in the city; also Slates, Pencils, Ink, Rulers, Foolscap, and all the requirements of the School Room.  
**STATIONERY.**  
Our stock of Stationery is complete from the finest Note papers and Legal Caps down to the cheapest Foolscap at 7 cents per quire.  
**ENVELOPES.**  
Beside the very large stock of Envelopes on hand, we have just received one hundred and forty thousand more at an immense reduction, and we will sell them at prices lower than ever offered before. Call and see them and prices.  
**BLANK BOOKS.**  
On hand a large stock of Day Books, Journals, Ledgers, and Record Books, which we will sell 50 per cent less than they can be made in the city.  
We have also made arrangements to manufacture all kinds of Blank Books to order—any size—at about one half the price heretofore charged for same books, and warranted to give satisfaction.  
**Room Paper and Paper Blinds.**  
We have just received 800 Rolls assorted Paper Blinds, and 12,000 Rolls Room Paper, which we will sell cheap—wholesale or retail.  
**McMurray & Fenety.**  
Order your MUSIC from McMurray & Fenety. It is the BEST and CHEAPEST place. Try them.  
**COXSUMPTION CAN BE CURED**  
IS A FACT ATTESTED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES IN THE WORLD.  
A careful observation of the laws of health, and the systematic and persistent use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, and I find that it is the finest preparation of the kind that has ever been brought to my notice; in affections of the Lungs and other chronic diseases, we can consider it as our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elongated and agreeable form. Very truly,  
S. M. SIMONSON, M. D., New Orleans, La.  
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