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A Cough and Croup Medicine. For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

DIRECTORY OF L. O. Association in York Co.



ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER NO. 1

ROYAL SCARLET CHAPTER No. 1 meets at Orange Hall, Queen St., Fredericton, on the 14th of each month at 8 o'clock p. m.

WM. ROSSBOROUGH, W. C. in C.
ANDREW LONG, Sec'y.



YORK COUNTY LODGE holds its meetings quarterly. The next quarterly meeting will be held at Fredericton, in the Orange Hall, on Tuesday, 2nd February next, at 8 p. m.

WM. ROSSBOROUGH, C. M.
R. B. ROSSBOROUGH, Sec'y

ROSMORE L. O. L. No. 21, meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays in each month, at the Orange Hall, St. Mary's, at 8 o'clock p. m. Flag raised on meeting night.

ROBT. COCHRAN, W. M.
T. MURRAY BREWER, Sec'y

WALKER L. O. L. No. 35, meets on the 1st Tuesday and 3rd Tuesday in each month, at the Orange Hall, Queen street, Fredericton, at 8 o'clock p. m. Flag raised on night of meeting. Visiting Orangemen to the city cordially invited to attend the meetings.

A. L. HAINING, W. M.
WM. M. CLARK, Sec'y

PICKARD L. O. L. No. 40, meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month, in the public hall, Marysville, at 8 o'clock p. m.

G. F. ROBBE, W. M.
G. W. BROWN, Sec'y

DIRECTORY OF L. O. Temperance Lodges

ROSMORE L. O. T. LODGE No. 1 meets in the Orange Hall, St. Mary's, on the 2nd and 4th Mondays in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m.

J. L. BOYD, Pres.

PROHIBITION L. O. T. LODGE No. 8 meets in the Orange Hall, Queen street, Fredericton, on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month, at 8 o'clock p. m.

W. H. ANDERSON, Pres.
F. J. TODD, Sec.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

(Continued.)

Rotha was of the same opinion—Rotha, who had long ago taken up her old duties at the Vicarage, and was fulfilling them as heartily and unselfishly as ever.

It was almost heroic, the way in which she put aside her own grief to bear with Belle, to cheer Belle in what seemed to the others a tedious convalescence; for she was better now, wonderfully better, as Robert said, and the doctors had given permission to be removed at once. The weather had become unusually mild; there was no time to be lost, and Rotha acting by her friend's advice had sent Meg, with little more than a day's delay, to Torquay to secure the most commodious lodgings that could be found, so that everything might be ready for an immediate start, while Mary, with many secret tears, set about the preparations for her sister's journey.

It was decided between Robert and the Vicar that the leave-takings were to be made as brief as possible—the doctors had laid a great stress on that; anything like agitation or excitement was to be warded off as much as possible, and, after many consultations, it was arranged that Belle was not to know of it till the day before that appointed to start. It was no use prolonging her misery, and she had promised him to go whenever he wanted her, as Robert very justly remarked; and as soon as Rotha could tell him that her arrangements were completed, he would break it to Belle as quietly as possible.

So one morning Rotha came round to the Vicarage very early. There was no time to talk it over, for Robert had to leave by the next train to Thornborough, but he promised to be back in time to tell Belle that same afternoon.

It so happened that Belle was unusually well and cheerful that day; she had coughed very little, and walked up and down the room frequently on Guy's arm without seeming tired. Poor Mary—who knew she was so soon to lose her—hardly dared to come near her all day for fear her tell-tale face should betray her, and yet could hardly bear her out of her sight for a moment.

Robert came in presently, tired and harassed, and went up to Belle; he was with her alone for a long time, and then came down looking pale and utterly spent.

Thank heaven, that is over! he said to Mary; I do not think you will have any difficulty with her now. I have tried to be as gentle as I could with her, but I was obliged to be very firm too. But I am afraid it goes very hardly with her, poor girl.

Mary was afraid so too when she saw Belle. Belle was lying quite still—so motionless, indeed, that Mary fancied she was asleep till she saw a tear rolling down the white sunken cheek and stooped to kiss it away, and then Belle opened her eyes.

Is that you, Mary? she cried; and then she suddenly stretched out her arms to her sister. Oh, Mary, he is going to separate us; he is going to send me away, and I shall never see your dear face again! But Mrs. Ord could not answer her, and for a little time the sisters mingled their tears together.

You must get well and come back to me, Belle; I shall want you so much—oh, so much, my pet, cried poor Mary, kissing Belle's fair hair, her hands—even her dress. I cannot bear to think you are going so far from me, and that Rotha will do every thing for you and not I.

Do you remember, when we were little children together, Mary when we slept in the great sloping attic that looked out on the apple trees, and how I, the younger and weaker little sister, would never go to sleep till you had put your arm round me and said, Good-night, God bless you, Belle? Do you remember it, Mary?

Remember it, darling! too well, too well; but why do you ask? sobbed Mary, melted by this tender recollection.

Because I was thinking—don't cry Mary; I can't bear to see you cry—I was thinking how, when that comes, I should like you to put your arm round me and say that over again.

A more beautiful morning had rarely dawned than that on which Belle took her sorrowful departure from Blackscar. Robert was to go with her to the station. It went to the Vicar's heart to see how the sisters clung to each other at the last moment.

One more kiss, Mary darling—one more kiss, my own Mary, and hung about her neck till Austin, gently, but firmly, put his arm round his wife and drew her away.

Belle scarcely spoke a word after that till Robert took leave of her in the railway carriage; but she was as white as death and trembling all over when he took her in his arms.

It is not good-bye Belle, you know. Yes, yes; the sooner the better, Bertie; but it will be good-bye then.

It was a long desolate journey, and scarcely less so to Rotha than Belle, and a heavy responsibility to the young nurse; and it was a greater relief than she could have imagined to see Meg's friendly face awaiting them at the station.

Rotha wrote a tolerable account to Mary the next day; and a few days after that she was able to give even a better report. Belle had recovered from the fatigue of her journey and was able to sit up and look about her a little.

Dr. Vivian had been to call on Belle once or twice, and Rotha told Mary that he seemed to understand Belle's complaint thoroughly; he had spoken most cheerfully to his patient, and had recommended them a great many pleasant walks and drives. The Vicar noticed how Rotha's letters were filled with descriptions of scenery, and how little she said about Belle herself. One day he shut himself up in his study and wrote a long letter to Rotha, which she answered by return of post. But he never showed either the letter or the answer to Mary; but for a long time afterwards he was very grave, and went about as though he had something heavy in his thoughts.

Robert was in London just then on business connected with his firm, and it so happened that something very strange befell him there, of which Rotha was to hear shortly. One day, when they had been about three weeks at Torquay, and Rotha in spite of the doctor's prognostications, was beginning to cheat herself into the belief that Belle was better, she was sitting in her own room, while Belle was having her noonday rest when a large official-looking document in Robert's handwriting and the postmark London was put into her hands.

What is it she devours with such hungry tears and kisses—which she presses alternately to her bosom and her lips? There is the ring that she placed on Garton's finger, with the diamond cross that he kissed so reverentially, and the words "In hoc spero" traced round on the blue enamel; and there on her lap lies the "message from the sea."

How clearly Robert explained it all! I am sending you something very precious, he wrote. Heaven grant you may receive it safely. I am sending the very letter he was writing to you just before the terrible concussion took place—the very ink was wet, you can see, as he thrust it hurriedly into his bosom; you can tell that by the half-obliterated words at the end.

How he gave the ring and letter with his last dying love, you must read in another man's words; I have taken it down myself from his lips, just as he told it me, and remember he was the very man who saw our Gar die.

My darling Rotha, it began, I am sitting down in my cabin to write to you by the light of a very smoky lamp; the rest of the passengers are just thinking of retiring to rest, and only the watch is on deck.

It is not more than five days since I said good-bye, but I feel as heavy-hearted as though it were five months. I know what people mean by home-sickness, for I am just sickening for the sight of one dear face that is all the world to me.

There is a little deaf-and-dumb boy on board, Rotha, that somehow reminds me of you. I suppose the eyes of most mutes are eloquent, but I have never seen any like this boy's. They are brown and soft, and have strange appealing looks in them, like a dumb animal's in pain.

You know the fancy I have for boys. This one has taken my fancy strongly. He is such an afflicted little creature, and without parents, and he and his mulatto nurse are bound like myself for Buenos Ayres; on such a long journey we are sure to become well acquainted.

He takes to me already. You must tell Rube not to be jealous. Dear old Rube! he must not have a boyish rival in my heart.

And tell him, with my love, that I hope he has forgiven me for not bidding him good-bye, and tell him to remember me in his prayers every night. There's a word, too, I might say to my tormentors, Guy and Rufus, but it is getting late, and I suppose I must turn it.

I shall finish this to-morrow; but now God bless you, my own dear love—and

Then came some blurred unintelligible words, and then Death wrote Finis.

Oh, how the girl wept and smiled over her treasure, and then, hiding it in her bosom, read in Robert's handwriting, traced boldly on the thin foreign paper, the sad particulars of Garton's death!

And this is what it said, taken down from the lips of the sailor, Richard Martin—

I was seaman on that unfortunate *Phoenix*, sir, and have served under Captain Murray for, I should say, nigh upon five years, and, though I say it, a finer captain never commanded a finer vessel.

Well, the vessel that we left of Dungeness, with nothing but the masts standing up out of the water, left the London Docks about nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, bound for Buenos Ayres, and with, I should say, about three hundred souls on board, some of them belonging to a gang of navvies, that were going out to work some contract, the rest of them saloon passengers and the crew.

Well, we ran down to Gravesend all

right; and then we found the wind dead against us, and had to lay by till Friday. On Friday we had middling weather, but the wind was still rising, so we towed down the Channel; but the pilot passing word, we cast anchor off Dungeness.

Here we were snug enough, and, the watch being set, the rest of us turned in to our hammocks, and I for one was soon fast asleep.

All at once I was wakened by an awful crash, just as though it were the Day of Judgment, and every rock that was on the earth was rent to pieces; and immediately afterwards I heard the captain sing out, All hands to the boats.

Well, sir, I heard it afterwards from one of my mates, who saw it all from first to last, a great lubberly steamer had cut the *Phoenix* asunder amidships, and there was a big hold in the ship's quarter, which was letting in the English Channel on us.

Well, sir, you've read it all; you know how that vessel sheered off regardless of our cries; how the cannon would not go off, and we sent up rockets for no manner of good; and you know how our captain stood by the boats and tried to save the women.

Bless your life, sir, I did what I could, but it was like fighting with savages, and in the dark too; the wrong people got in to the boats and could not be made to leave them; the men, the navvies especially, were like mad, and wouldn't obey orders.

Well, Joe Greene and I were struggling at the boats between the main and mizzen masts, but it was no manner of use, for we couldn't move them, and up comes that young gentleman, you say was your brother, sir. The ship's going down very fast, says he, and, seeing nothing for it, we three jumped on to the pile of boats.

Joe Greene, he splutters out, I wish some one would tell my poor old mother I was thinking of her now; and the gentleman, he says, holding out his hand, Martin, he says, if you live to get on shore and I hope with all my heart that you will, will you send this letter and this ring to the young lady? You'll see the direction written inside. And tell her, says he, with a sort of sob, that the thought of her is making me strong to die, and that even at this minute I am thinking of her and bidding God bless her with my latest breath.

And I said, All right, mate, but hold on if you're a man, and we may be picked up after all; for he was a plucky sort of chap, and did not seem to be holding on at all.

Well, sir, he might have been saved like the rest of us, and that's the hardest part I am coming to, but a negro woman began howling and screaming, as indeed most of the other poor creatures were, and begging us to save the child. So the gentleman, he says, I can't stand this, Martin; give me a hand, my good fellow, I must go and fetch the child. And I said, Not for worlds, mate. Don't leave these ere boats. But he did not hear me, and just swung himself down, and I saw him lift the boy in his arms and try to get back to us.

Joe Greene, he screamed out, and then I saw the sea rise to the level of the poop, and then the white foam seemed to sweep him away, with the child still clinging round his neck; and I can't help thinking, sir, that somehow that little child will just lead him by the hand into the kingdom of heaven.

You don't want to know any more; or how Joe Greene and I got hold of some rigging, and how we were picked off it by the lugger *Betsy Jane*; or how I got up to London and saw you, sir, in this same coffee house. But I hope you'll tell that young lady that I've done my best by her as sure as my name is Richard Martin.

A postscript by Robert added, I have seen Joe Greene, and he has confirmed Martin's account; but I think it needs no comment on my part, save to say that to our brave Gar the words may surely be applied, Inasmuch as ye did it even unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. And once more, And a little child shall lead them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON THE DARK MOUNTAINS.

Three weeks passed very quietly and smoothly with Rotha and her charge. Belle had grown more reconciled to her banishment, and seemed to take interest in her new surroundings. The delicious balmy air, the pleasant drives, could not fail to soothe the poor invalid after her long and tedious confinement to the four walls of the Vicarage.

On the day after Rotha had received her precious letter a sudden and alarming change was apparent in the sick girl. All at once there was a decay of the vital powers; the deep tight cough returned with increased violence, and emaciation set in; exertion became impossible; every moment brought on the laboured breath, the rapid pant; a fainting-fit of long duration added to her nurse's anxiety. After three or four days of suspense and watching, Dr. Vivian told Rotha that every symptom of the most rapid decline had set in, and that it was impossible to say how long or how short a time she might linger.

Under these circumstances Rotha wrote off to the Vicar and implored him to send Mary at once to her dying sister, and to communicate the bitter tidings to Robert; but great was her consternation

at receiving the Vicar's reply. In it he told her that his wife was ill with an attack of pleurisy. She had caught cold one bitter day in going about her district and had neglected to take proper precautions, and fretting about her sister had retarded her recovery. He told Rotha to her further grief, that Robert had been despatched to Glasgow on important business, which would detain him for the next four or five days, and that unless there were any immediate danger it would be extremely difficult to recall him; but he charged Rotha to telegraph if any alarming change should take place.

It seems as though in becoming one of us, he concluded, you have come into a larger share of trouble than of joy; we are walking among the shadows now, Rotha, or it may be in the very fire of the furnace, and that seven times heated. Ah, well for us, my child, if amid its exceeding fierceness we may discern the form of One who walked before us in the fiery way, and know it as the form of the Son of God.

The Vicar's letters, always so wise and tender, were Rotha's great comforts, and just now she needed something especially bracing to nerve her to the bitter duty that lay before her—that of acquainting Belle with her hopeless condition.

One night when she was unusually restless, and her few words only testified to the sore disquietude of her mind, Rotha sat down by her side and read to her the last two chapters of Revelations, thinking the glowing descriptions of the city with its golden streets and gates of pearl might soothe the tortured imagination of the poor sufferer; but Belle only listened with contracted brow, and when Rotha had finished, she said:

It does me no good—it makes me worse. All the time you have been reading I have been thinking of the shining streets, and the white-robed multitude that no man can number walking up and down them. But I don't see myself there, Rotha. She paused, and then, impeded by her broken breath, went on: That is all glory, but unattainable glory, it seems to me. There are the river and the dark mountains to pass first—and oh, panted the dying girl, why have the greatest saints prayed so earnestly for the gift of final perseverance if there be no conflict, no terrible struggle at the last?

Oh, Belle, cried Rotha, with a pity that amounted almost to agony, what is the meaning of faith if we cannot trust Him then? These doubts and terrors are infirmities, not sins; nay, did not even He the Sinless One, in His human nature, shrink from the mysterious hour of His dissolution! And then, turning to another page, she read the story of Gethsemane, and how, under the gray olive trees, the God-Man wrestled in the bloody sweat of His most bitter passion; how He drank even to the dregs all the concentrated pain and terror that humanity could feel. The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it? Then she closed the sacred volume and laid it aside.

But after Belle had fallen into an uneasy slumber did Rotha, on her bended knees, pray that the dark hour might cease, and the weary heart find its true rest. Belle slept at intervals through the night, but nothing passed between them till the following afternoon. Belle was very quiet, and unusually silent, but every now and then her eyes rested on Rotha with a strange wistful expression, and when Meg left them once she beckoned her to come close.

Closer, dear Rotha. I am very weak to-day, and I think the end is not very far off. Rotha, I want to ask you something. Were you praying for me last night?

Rotha pressed her hand, but did not answer.

I knew you were, dear—I felt it. Ah Rotha, it is all gone.

What is gone, dear Belle?

The fear of death, the trouble and the misery. I can see clearly—oh, so clearly!—and I know now that He is good. It came to me in a dream—nay, a vision, rather. You do not mind my speaking so slowly and painfully, do you dear? But I want to tell you what I saw when you were praying for me last night.

I think I must have been asleep for I woke and saw you kneeling by the bed; the candle was shining full on your hair and I remember I tried to put out my hand to touch it, like this. And then all at once I fainted, or seemed to faint and when I came to myself I was standing in a narrow place shut in by rocks, and before me was a deep sullen river, black and full of hideous shadows, and lapping to my very feet; and all on the other side was hidden by a gray cloud, luminous as though the light were shining through it—like a wall of mist, only clearer. And I thought that I was obliged to cross the river, and that I was standing on the brink crying and wringing my hands, and shuddering in the icy blast that seemed to sweep over the waters; and all behind me were dark mountains and rocks that seemed to shut out the very sky, and a horror of great darkness fell upon me.

(To be Continued.)

Chicago has six thousand saloons—one for every two hundred people. Chicago has a church for about every three thousand people.