

PSALM XXX

IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI. (Written for The Catholic Bulletin by Helen Hughes Hielscher.)

In Thee I place my trust, O Lord, Let not my soul be put to shame; My hope is in Thy holy name, My place of refuge is Thy word.

And Thou wilt save me from the snare Which they have spread before my way; Redeem me, Lord, to Thee I pray, I give my spirit to Thy care.

Thou hast the rain and purpoles, But gladly I rejoice in Thee; Regard Thou my humility, And save my soul from out distress.

Thou hast not given me to defeat, Nor shalt me last within the hand Of foemen, but upon the land In firmness hast Thou set my feet.

Have mercy, Lord, my spirit cries, All vision makes mine eyes or flow, My life is waxed with my woe, My years are passed away in sighs,

And poverty has drained my strength, Pain sits in all my aching bones; The neighbors pass with scoffs and groans, Even my friends fear me at length.

For when they met me on the way, They turned and quickly from me fled; I am accounted with the dead— A broken cup to fling away.

I've heard the blame of those who hate, Where slander's tongue did stir up strife; And they have planned to take my life As in a council they have set.

But I have put my trust in Thee, I stand, O Lord, at Thy command, Then save me from the foeman's hand, And make Thy face to shine on me.

O let me not be put to shame, But roll the wicket in the dust Whose lips have lied against the just,

For I have called upon Thy name, What treasures, Lord are stored away, For those who fear Thy majesty; For those who put their trust in Thee, Before men's eyes, and own Thy way!

Thou hidest them within Thy breast From all disturbances of men, Within Thy tabernacle when, By lying tongues they are oppressed, Now let God's praises be my song, His wondrous mercy unto me; In days of my adversity He led me to a city strong.

And when despair possessed my heart, My supplication reached His ear; O praise the Lord, ye saints, in fear, And manfully do each one your part.

The Last Redoubt.

(Concluded.) The commander's voice rang out: 'Bind him to the tree.' They bound him with his face to the tree and his back to them. Strangely they did not take away his drum, it hung over his back and down the left side, just over the heart.

'Stand back and fire.' There was a flash and a report the bullet tore the drum. The victim neither moved or uttered a cry.

Five minutes later the Mexicans were on their way. Fifteen minutes after a company of American soldiers arrived on the spot. They had met Michael Gullen who without revealing his own identity, had told them that an American soldier was in great danger, and they had been pursuing the Mexicans for half an hour.

They cut the cords that bound the hero and reverently laid him on the ground. And because the doctor of their regiment was with them, the Colonel gave orders that he should be embalmed, wrapped in the American flag, and taken to Mexico City for Christian burial.

'He is a hero,' he said. 'We will not leave him here.' And so, it was on the fourteenth of September, or Holy Cross day, that he who had died that others might live was carried into the Cathedral in the city, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated, the while his own company, ranged around the chancel, knelt and presented arms all through the Mass. He was buried in the Catholic cemetery, and by order of the commanding officer the precious drum was interred with him.

It was on the Feast of the Holy Guardian Angel that Father Martin, making his way by his confessional in the Cathedral of San Fernando, in San Antonio, encountered a tall, stalwart young man with dark eyes and red hair, whose face was bagged with grief and remorse. 'You know me, Father,' he said, 'I

in Heaven than that a cablegram sent that day would reach Australia, or a message by wireless telegraphy be signalled from ship to ship on the ocean; yet no sane person doubted either of these things. Many present were much struck by the sermon, and among others the two people just mentioned—John Murray, who was a young stockbroker, and Mary Luttrell who was a convert of only a few years standing. Her father was the rector of a country parish; he had a large family of whom Mary was the eldest, and when she came home from a convent in Belgium at which she had been educated and announced her intention of becoming a Catholic, a not unlike sequel to having been brought up by the same, he was very angry, and refused his consent unless she left home and earned her own living as a governess. This course Mary elected to pursue. She loved her home dearly but she loved 'the home of the saints' more! She was now living as governess with a Catholic family in London, at whose house John Murray was a frequent visitor.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful. Miss Frances Barry, Prescott, Ont. 'I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life.' M. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

am Michael Gullen. I want to go to confession.' And twenty minutes later the priest had heard all even of the death of George, which Michael Gullen had heard in Vera Cruz.

O healing and kindly sacrament that can forgive sin, bind up the bruised and broken, and bid the stricken heart rise to new life again!

It was a different man who later bade Father Martin goodbye. 'You are going home, my son?' 'Yes, I am going home Father. One of my sisters is coming to live with me. I have seen her, and told her all.'

'It is well, my son God bless you,' Left alone, Father Martin walked slowly across the nave of the great church. He felt suddenly very old and feeble as he thought of the boy he had baptized and whom he had seen set off across the shining waters in the soft glow of the early morning light—the boy so full of youth and hope, whose work was so soon done.

'He saved Michael's soul,' thought Father Martin. And then as he knelt in the shadow of the crucifix in the Presence of the one who died to save others, because Himself He would not die, it seemed as if a whisper sounded in his ear: 'Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' And the heart of the priest was comforted.

—Gorgia Pell Curtis in the Magnificat.

How Their Prayers Were Answered.

This is a serious story. People who do not like serious stories need not read it. It is a true story, and yet it is fiction—which is a paradox. It is true in the sense that it contains a great truth, one of the most consoling of all truths, namely, that our prayers are always answered, not always in the way we look for when we pray, for in our ignorance we often ask for a stone and God in His mercy sends us bread; but no prayer to God or His saints, offered in faith is ever rejected. It may be refused at the time, but granted afterwards; refused in the way it was intended to be answered, but granted in a far better way. In this sense then this story is true, and yet as we said before it is fiction.

In the month of May, at a certain church in London a certain man and a certain girl heard a sermon at High Mass, preached by a certain priest. The name of the man was John Murray, the name of the girl Mary Luttrell; the names of the preacher and the church are immaterial. The sermon was on prayer and the gist of it is contained in the above remarks, but the theme was elaborated and the truth it contained brought out in the most convincing manner with great oratorical skill.

The preacher was an elderly man; indeed it is doubtful if a young man could have done equal justice to the subject. It needs the experience of a lifetime to speak so surely, so convincingly, so confidently as this priest did on the efficacy of prayer. The young may believe it, but the old know it. The preacher knew by long experience, by much prayer, by much watching, in great faith, in great hope, in great patience, that what he was saying was true, and he had the power to impress this truth on some at least of his hearers. His own great faith seemed to raise and support the weak and wavering faith of his audience, as the great staked columns of the aisles supported the vaulting roof of the church. Some there were who felt that they could lean on his confidence, rest on his assurance and allow their souls to be raised to heaven by his fervor.

He spoke as though he had no more doubt that God was in His Heaven, and that our Lady, and all His saints were with him, than that he was standing in the pulpit and the congregation sitting before him; the unseen was as real to him as the seen. He was as he said in the course of his sermon, more certain that their prayers and praises were heard

in Heaven than that a cablegram sent that day would reach Australia, or a message by wireless telegraphy be signalled from ship to ship on the ocean; yet no sane person doubted either of these things. Many present were much struck by the sermon, and among others the two people just mentioned—John Murray, who was a young stockbroker, and Mary Luttrell who was a convert of only a few years standing. Her father was the rector of a country parish; he had a large family of whom Mary was the eldest, and when she came home from a convent in Belgium at which she had been educated and announced her intention of becoming a Catholic, a not unlike sequel to having been brought up by the same, he was very angry, and refused his consent unless she left home and earned her own living as a governess. This course Mary elected to pursue. She loved her home dearly but she loved 'the home of the saints' more! She was now living as governess with a Catholic family in London, at whose house John Murray was a frequent visitor.

Mary was plain; she was tall and thin and graceful but undeniably plain featured, and Mary loved and admired beauty, she coveted beauty; her sisters were all pretty and she envied them; she was clever and strong and healthy, amiable and sweet tempered, endowed with a warm heart and a great capacity for loving; but all these gifts she would have exchanged willingly for the fatal gift of beauty. Yet there was one thing that not in her worst and most foolish moments would she have bartered for beauty, and that was her faith. She was silly no doubt to desire so passionately to be beautiful, but she was not so mad as to be willing if it were possible to risk her salvation for it.

As she listened to the sermon she made up her mind that she would try if it was really true that no prayer made in faith was ever left unanswered, but sooner or later granted in some way. Only by a miracle could the prayer she meant to pray be granted, as she thought, for only by a miracle could her plain face be changed to a beautiful one.

When Mass was finished, Mary went to the altar of the Sacred Heart to pray for beauty; to no use, not even to our Blessed Lady could she tell this secret desire of her heart, at any rate at this early stage of her conversion. She was ashamed to write her request and put it into the box that stood by the altar for petitions, but she knelt there for a quarter of an hour, praying with all her soul that He Who was the most beautiful of the sons of men, and Who was also Almighty God, would make her fair and comely.

John Murray was also deeply impressed by the sermon; he had come to Mass that morning a prey to distracting thoughts. He had recently embarked upon a financial scheme which if successful would make his fortune, but which if it failed would probably cripple him from a monetary point of view for some time; for he had invested all his available capital in it. It was a great risk that he was running, but the prize if he were successful was so large that he had determined to make the venture. It was undoubtedly a great speculation, but he was an unmarried man with no one dependent upon him, and he had persuaded himself that he was justified in his action. If he succeeded he would rest content with his gains, he thought, but for this once he would let himself go. So he stood to win a large fortune, or to lose all his savings, and meanwhile he was in a fever of excitement.

As he listened to the sermon, something in him was kindled by the preacher's words; perhaps it was faith, perhaps it was a fixed determination to leave no possible stone unturned to gain this prize, and after Mass he went to our Lady's altar and prayed, as he had never prayed before in his life, for the success of his scheme.

The anxiety he was enduring, the vacillation between hope and fear which every rise and fall of the stock in which he was so deeply interested caused him to feel, was telling on his physical strength, and reacting on his spiritual nature, as our bodies react to not rest and react on our souls, and weigh them down or raise them up without our suspecting their influence.

John Murray, though usually a calm, collected, and not particularly fervent worshipper, was today in a high emotional frame of mind as he knelt before our Lady's statue and repeated the Memorare with passionate fervor, almost commanded her to grant his request. 'You can, you will, you must grant my petition. I believe that never was it known that you refused to help your virgin. Here my prayer, oh gracious Virgin, and grant me the success I crave.'

John's prayer was not so long as Mary Luttrell's but after he had finished he strolled slowly round the chancel, and presently recognized her graceful figure bent in deep and humble supplication at the feet of the Sacred Heart. His prayer had been like the storming of a citadel, tumultuous, vehement, violent; Mary's was calmer, deeper, gentler, bumber; her form was motionless; she was absorbed in devotion.

John stood a little way off, watching her, and when at last she arose

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The price is 35c., and it is manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

from her knees and came towards him, her usually pale cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone with a new light, and John as he looked at her experienced a new feeling overwhelming his troubled spirit, a feeling that was at once pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, blended inextricably together.

(Concluded next week.)

A Well-Known Man.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. DEAR SIRS—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent result.

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Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

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W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—'It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.'

For beauty I am not a great star, Others to me are superior by far, My face I don't mind it, Because I'm behind it, It's the people in front that I jar.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Love sometimes starves to death trying to demonstrate that two can live as cheaply as one.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont writes:—'My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Haggard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents.'

Alas! the love of woman! It is known To be a lovely and a fearful thing.—Byron.

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

'I heard that her relatives were boasting of her marriage in high life. 'Yes she married an aviator.'

HER BLOOD WAS TURNED TO WATER. She Doctored For Three Years But Was Finally Cured By Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. JOSEPH SMITH, Box 25, Creelman, Sask., writes:—'I write you these few lines hoping they will be of help to someone suffering from heart and nerve trouble. I doctored for three years but continued to get worse. I tried three different doctors, and got no relief, and tried all the drugs I could find but all failed. I became very weak, and my blood was turned to water. I tried MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS, and after taking five boxes, I got great relief. I was so thin, I only weighed 90 lbs., but after taking five boxes I can now work all day, and do not feel tired or fagged out. If anyone would like to hear more of my case, I would be pleased to answer any questions.' Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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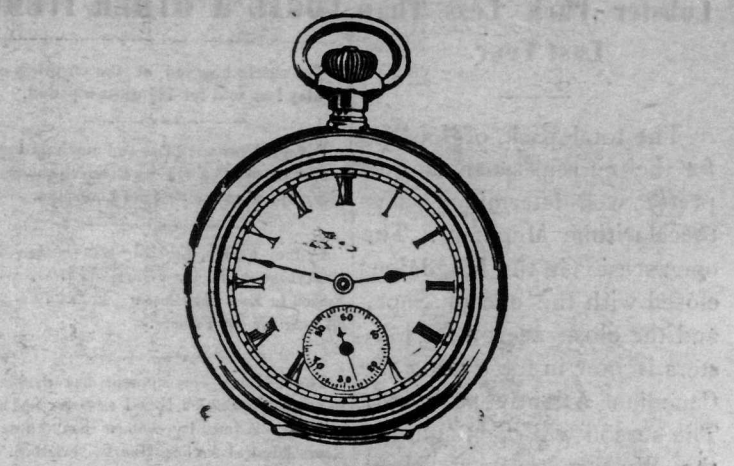
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