

Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, bark and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

Ab, softly the pibroch sounds low o'er the land, Round the graves of the Highland Brigade in the Rand: In Scotland our hearts with death's sorrow are sore, For we've heard the sad echo Lochaber No More.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

"True! true! I did forget, Sister. Yes, that was a sad time. Does the child fulfil the promise of her baby days? I remember her mother's hopes for her, her faith in her infantine promise. She trained her from the first moment she was capable of taking notice, it seems, to love God and His Blessed Mother. She confided her to your care, Sister, if I remember rightly.

can. I have seen her under trying circumstances, and believe her to be worthy of the utmost confidence. She is the victim of a weak and foolish brother, whom a sense of loyalty alone keeps her from abandoning. If he abandon her here, or deprive her of their mutual means of support she may be even in distress. Successor Nan Clough if you can, good Sister."

THE JOURNEY. While the Abbe Laland and Sister Noella are exchanging confidences, we will follow the travellers. Blandine has rallied from the shock of that memorable morning. It is fortunate that this sudden and complete change should remove her from the spot, till the impression left on her mind by the eyes of her cruel assailant shall be cruelly obliterated. She still continues to clasp Margaret's hand convulsively, to nestle close up to her, and to start in her sleep whenever memory or dream brings back the terrible experience of that last bright morning on Calvary. The hand-clasp and the involuntarily brinking, as from unseen danger, tell Margaret what is passing through the child's mind, and she tries her best to turn her thoughts to the beautiful country through which they are passing, and with skill and tact keeps up her sweet confidence in that ever present protection that has already marked her as Mary's own child. Thus interested and sustained, Blandine is becoming at every hour more and more her natural self, bright, animated, self-forgetful. The good grey eyes still mark the pallor of the sweet young face, and cannot but admire the efforts the child is making to return the loving care lavished upon her, by letting nothing of the beautiful landscape be lost for the dear blind mamma. The weather is most beautiful, and what pen shall describe the ever changing beauty of the flower-strewn fields they behold on every side? More beautiful than Betharram, one cannot say, but there is always a difference in aspect, a new glory in the sunrise or sunset, other lights and shadows and floating clouds, other fields of varied green, other stone walls half hidden by trailing vines and scarlet and yellow blossoms. "Blue fields, now, mamma!" cries Blandine, "O, the forget-me-nots! White fields, all daisies! Green and yellow fields all beautiful, fresh grasses and primroses, and more daisies and buttercups and poppies. O mamma! mamma! miles of them, mountains of them," and the little one would have so willingly reached out her arms and filled them with the abundant blossoms that she might kiss and hug them, for their beauty, and because they were God's flowers. "O God's dear flowers!" Margaret heard her whisper to herself, over and over again "O God's dear flowers, how I love you!"

Children's Fertilizer.

That's a good name for Scott's Emulsion. Children are like young plants. Some will grow in ordinary soil. Others need fertilizers. The nature of some children prevents them from thriving on ordinary food. Such children grow right if treated right. All they need is a little fertilizer—a little extra richness. Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment. Fertilizers make things grow. That's just what Scott's Emulsion does. It makes children grow in flesh, grow in strength, grow rich blood, grow in mind, grow happy. That's what we make it for.

duchesses that witnessed the laying down of almost the highest earthly grandeur when Sister Henrietta of Orsini, Duchess of Montmorency, exchanged her grand ducal robe for the habit of Visitation, they passed some holy, beautiful hours. It was to them what it has been to thousands of others, an ante-room to Parayle-Monial, the threshold one delights to pass, before kneeling in the presence of the Sacred Heart and the Altar, before which Margaret Mary was so supremely blessed.

Margaret, who knows something of the voluntary humiliations not only accepted, but sought for by some of the greatest among the great ones of this world, asks herself who she can do to fit herself to kneel there. How humble herself! Henrietta of Montmorency, the niece of Queen Marie de Medicis, swept the very courtyard and gathered up the sweepings in hands that had been the envy of the ladies of the queen's court, and what can she do more?

She must just go on with sorrow, self accusing and penitent spirit, till she comes to him. "O, if only I had never sinned, never forgotten or abandoned Him, with what feelings of joy would I kneel before that altar! O to kneel there, as will kneel these dear grey nuns, some of whom so simple, so unadorned; all of them so humble and so pure! What they have to lay at the feet of the Sacred Heart of Jesus are the only treasures earth holds for him, or that His children can give him: Obedience, poverty, chastity, all these three in one word mean love—love of God, love of the Creator, love of the Redeemer, love of the Holy Spirit. And again these three in one word mean love of the Sacred Heart, for does not the Heart of Jesus contain all things!

As she is nearing the sanctuary of that Heart, and she has nothing to lay upon the altar steps. Not one of the twelve fruits of the Holy Spirit has she so much as thought of cultivating in the garden of her soul for His sake. The gifts that can alone bring forth these fruits, and which for fifteen years had been hers, she treated as things of no account for other fifteen years, till she became like the barren fig tree. While the good nuns are calmly doing—their having brought oil in their lamps—Margaret is thinking thoughts like these: What can each one of these lay down before the altar of the Sacred Heart as the record of the twice or thrice seven years in which they have been laboring for Him?

She shuddered at the contrast of their offerings in comparison with her own. "Mamma is not sleeping?" "No, dear! Does Blandine want something?" "My little book, mamma, my notebook. You have it in your pocket. I would like to write that St. Joseph saved me on Wednesday. It was Wednesday, was it not, mamma?" "Yes, my dear child, so indeed it was."

While Blandine is pencilling her little memorandum, Margaret says to herself, even she, this innocent baby, has something to offer to the Divine Heart, love, piety, patience, fidelity, usefulness. Poor Margaret can see only what she has not. She is not yet alive to the proofs of the love of that heart for her. "Blandine?" "Mamma?" "What offering are you going to give to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, when we reach Paray?" Blandine reflected as she was in the habit of doing, even before replying to simple questions. "I did not think about that, mamma. I do not know, I have nothing to give God. Have I, mamma? I have nothing but you, dear mamma Margaret, and I cannot give you!" And she nestled close up to Margaret's heart, and rested her head on her breast, repeating, "I cannot give you, can I?" Margaret really feels sensible of the love of God at this moment. This proof of His tenderness is so sweet, so paying human tenderness, so soul satisfying, that she clasped His gift, this innocent child that has indeed been His gift, to her to guide her steps, with yearning fondness to her heart, saying, "O my darling! what could your blind mamma Margaret do without her Blandine?" And a cry of heart gratitude ascended to heaven for this great blessing, for this visible guardian angel, the Lord had sent her to guide her to Himself.

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Before drawing the white curtains of the bed around the wakened, animated, eager child who declared she could not sleep still she had said, "good morning" to the Sacred Heart, within those gates, she drew from its hiding place a lantern case and placed it before Blandine, telling her she might open it. "O mamma, how beautiful! How wonderful! Just like the rays of the sun, so brilliant, and so many colors!" The child's voice was enough to convey to Margaret the sentiments inspired by the jewels she had placed before her, though she could not see the glow in her eyes, the look of delight in her face. "Let me hold them, mamma! Let me look a long time at them. I must touch them, they are so sweet," and he enraptured child kept on repeating, "O! O! O! how beautiful!" till the listener began to fear she had committed a crime by allowing in that pure heart, a new sense, a sense of covetousness or love of earthly treasures, perhaps.

Good Health is Impossible without regular action of the bowels. Laxa Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

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It was a bright October night when the train steamed into the little station of Parayle-Monial. The Sanctuary was closed at that hour. Nevertheless, neither Margaret nor the Grey Sisters could content themselves without kneeling before its doors, entering rest. Blandine begged to go with them, protesting that she was not in the least tired. So, by the clear light of a lovely October moon, they knelt close to the tall iron grating that shut in the holy ground, the holy ground of the thrice blessed promises; the Garden of the Vision, the Sacred Altar; and indeed, they could have felt there till daylight, so near they knelt to the Sacred Presence, had it not been for the little girl. Margaret did violence to her heart in rising from her knees, and giving the signal for their return to the convent, where they had taken apartments.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. BACKACHE, LAME BACK, RHEUMATISM, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIZZINESS AND ALL KIDNEY & URINARY CHARGES ARE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. Poor Man—Well, did you buy that book telling all about how to economize in the kitchen? Wife—Yes, I've got it. Poor Man—That's good. What does it say? Wife—It's full of recipes telling how to utilize cold roast turkey—but we haven't the turkey.

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts.

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