

your prayers, Sir Richard; and I shall not despair in sending blessed tidings to the banks of the Leader."

"What has happened?" inquired Murray.

"I must spare this good old man," returned he, "and have him conducted to his home, before I declare it publicly; but the Earl of Mar is again a prisoner, and in Stirling." Murray speeded the departure of Sir Richard; and, as Wallace held his stirrup, the chief laid his hand on his head and blessed him:

"The prophet of Eireldown is too ill to bring his benediction himself, but I breathe it over this heroic hero!" Lord Andrew led the horse out of the eastern gate of the town, and, taking leave of the veteran, rejoined Wallace in the midst of his chiefs.

He had informed them of the Earl of Mar's danger; and of the policy, as well as the justice, of rescuing so powerful and patriotic a nobleman. Lord Ruthven needed no arguments to precipitate him to the rescue of his brother and his wife; and the anxieties of Edwin were all awake when he knew that his mother was a prisoner. Lord Andrew smiled proudly, when he returned his cousin's letter to Wallace: "We shall have the rogue on the nail," said he; "my uncle's brave head is not ordained to fall by the stroke of such a coward."

"So I believe," replied Wallace; and then, turning to Lord Dundal: "My lord," said he, "I leave you governor of Berwick."

The veteran warrior grasped Wallace's hand. "To be your representative in this fortress is the proudest station this war-torn frame has ever filled. My son must be my representative with you in the field." He waved Sir John Graham towards him. The young knight advanced; and Lord Dundal, placing his son's hands upon his shield, continued: "Swear that, as this defends the body, you will ever strive to cover Scotland from her enemies; and that, from this hour, you will be the faithful friend and follower of William Wallace!"

"I swear," returned Graham, kissing the chief. Wallace pressed his hand: "I have brothers around me, rather than what the world calls friends; and, with such valour, such fidelity to aid me, can I be otherwise than a victor?"

Until the men had marched far beyond the chance of rumours reaching Thirlstone, they were not informed of the Earl of Mar's danger. They conceived that their present errand was the recapture of De Valence. "At the proper moment," said Wallace, "they shall know the whole truth; for as it is a law of equity that what concerns all should be approved by all, and that common dangers should be repelled by united efforts, the people who follow our standards, not as hirelings, but with willing spirits, ought to know our reasons for requiring their services."

"They who follow you," said Graham, "have too much confidence in their leader to require reasons for his movements."

"It is to place that confidence on a sure foundation, my brave friend," returned Wallace, "that I explain what there is no just reason to conceal. Should policy ever compel me to strike a blow without previously telling my agents wherefore, I should then draw upon their faith, and expect that confidence in my honor and arms which I now place on their discretion and fidelity."

"Mountains were climbed, plains traversed, rivers forded, and precipices crossed, without one man lingering on his steps, or dropping his head upon his pillow to catch a moment's slumber. Those who had fought with Wallace looked to redouble their fame under his command; and they who had recently embraced his standard panted with ambition to rival these first-born in arms."

Sir Roger Kirkpatrick had been the first to fly to arms, on the march to Stirling being mentioned; and when Wallace stood forward to declare that rest should be dispensed with till Stirling fell, full of a heroic joy the ardent knight darted over every obstacle to reach his aim. He flew to the van of his troops, and, halting them forward, "Come on!" cried he, "and in the blood of Cressingham let us for ever sink King Edward's Scottish crown."

The shouts of the men, who seemed to drink in the spirit that blazed from Kirkpatrick's eyes, made the echoes of Lammermuir ring with the voice of liberty; and, leaping every bound, and with prodigious perseverance dragging their war-machines in their rear, did they pursue their way, till they reached the Carron side. At that moment the foaming stream of Wallace was plunged into the stream to take the ford. Ker snatched the bride. "My lord," cried he, "a man on full speed from Douglas Castle has brought this packet."

In his march from Ayr, Wallace had left Sir Eustace Maxwell governor of that castle, and Monteth as his lieutenant. Wallace opened the packet, and read as follows: "The patriots in Annandale have been beaten by Lord de Warrene; and Sir John Monteth, who volunteered to head them, is taken prisoner, with twelve hundred men. Earl de Warrene comes to resume his power as Lord Warden of Scotland, and to relieve his deputy, Lord Aymer de Valence, who is recalled to take possession of the Earldom of Pembroke. In pursuance of his supposed duty, Earl de Warrene is now marching rapidly towards the Lothians, in the hope of intercepting you in your progress. Thanks to the information you send us of your movements, for our being enabled to apprise you of this danger, I should have attempted to have checked the Southrons, by annoying their rear, had not De Warrene's numbers rendered such an enterprise on my part hopeless. His aim being to come up with you, if you beat him in the van we shall have him in the rear, and he must be surrounded and cut to pieces. Surely the tree you planted in Dumbarrow is not now to be blasted! Ever my general's and Scotland's true servant, EUSTACE MAXWELL."

"What answer?" inquired Ker. Wallace hastily engraved with his dagger's point upon his gauntlet, "Reverence! My sun is above!" and, desiring it might be given to the messenger to carry to Sir Eustace Maxwell, he re-

fixed himself in his saddle, and spurred over the Carron.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW YEAR OFFERING OF O YONÉ SAN.

HOW A LITTLE JAPANESE MAIDEN DISCOVERED THE "TRUE WORSHIP."

O Yoné San was very much puzzled. Never in all her little life had she encountered such peculiar circumstances as seemed to enfold, like a pall, the tiny bamboo house. It was nearly time for the New Year feast. On all other feasts which O Yoné San remembered there had been grand preparations made for the eventful day. This year there did not seem to be even the least ripple of excitement in the house.

"May Kubei take me to the Gion-Machi to see the rope-swinging when she goes to buy the New Year's pine, honorable mother?" asked the little girl.

"Kubei goes not to buy this year, my child," said the mother gently.

O Yoné San's face fell, but she did not ask why and tease to go. It would never have occurred to her to do so, for, though her mother spoke always so very gently, every one did as she said, even the very old nurse-servant, who ruled Yoné with a rod of iron.

"Shall we not place the pine over the doorway and set out the Elysian stand, my mother?" asked the little girl, wistfully.

"Not this year, my child," said the mother.

"But we shall go to the temple to make offering for my honorable father?" queried the child.

"No, Yoné. Her mother's voice was low and her face was very sad. It was all too much for the little girl to understand and her eyes filled with tears. Then her mother drew her caressingly to her, and emboldened by the caress, Yoné said:

"Will you tell me why, my honorable mother?"

"This much I can tell you, Yoné," said her mother. "These things of our custom we do no longer because such is the will of your honorable father. He went to the war for the glory of the emperor. At this we wept, but we were proud. Many battles has he fought and bravely. Then has come to me a letter. He is wounded and he lies in the hospital. There he has heard very wonderful things. He has come to be Christian. He says we must not make feast and worship ancestors, for he find true God to worship. When he come home he will tell me all about true worship. Then, Yoné, his soul go to the Great Beyond and I have no one to tell me of the true worship, but I can not make the old, for my lord say no. So we make no New Year feast."

"One Baptist lady come here, she say it is a great sin to pray for those gone."

"I like not the Baptist lady. She has short hair like some man. She all pinch in around her middle and very much humpy 'bove and below," said Yoné. "I think I like to pray for my honorable father."

She could be a stubborn little maid at times, but her mother's heart was too full of sorrow to notice her, so she bade her run and play, and O Yoné San went to her dolls.

She said no more about the New Year feast, for she knew that would worry her mother, but she thought a great deal. Her little friends were planning joyously for the feast. Lotus Blossom was to go to her grandmother's for the New Year.

"It is very grand to go there," she said to Yoné. "We rise at the hour of the tiger and find all ready for the feast. The best vases are set forth with fresh blossoms in each. The kadomatsu (pine of the doorway) is green and very tall. It reaches to the very top of the doorway and the rice straw rope suspended above it is of the finest. At the entrance of the house it hangs, beside the well, before the room of the bath, above the sacred shelf and even to the inner court, for you know that wherever it hangs spring's sweet breath will blow."

"I have prepared so many new jewels," said Chrysanthemum. "I wonder what the feast will bring to me. Last year I had such lovely toshi-dama: (New Year's gifts) a fan, a basket of oranges, some hoshi-noi, (dried seaweed), a doll, some sweetmeats and all so prettily wrapped in red and gold color (red and gold are the "happy colors" in Japan) for joy."

"Last year my father gave me to drink of sweet saké and to eat of yoné, (bean jelly) prattled little O Cho San, and one of the girls said:

"What do you wish this year, Yoné?" said Yoné only shook her head and said nothing. Then the children whispered among themselves: "It is because her father comes not home from the war with the Russian, that she is sad," but Yoné heard, and haughtily answered:

"But we are proud to have my father go to his fathers for the emperor," and then she ran weeping to her mother and could not be comforted.

She grew a little thin and pale as the December days passed and her mother wished she could invent some diversion for her.

"The child pines," said the mother to herself. "She misses the old pleasures which her little friends enjoy. At any rate she may prepare gifts for her schoolmates, shall take her to buy."

So when O Yoné San returned from the girls' school to which she went each day, her mother said:

"Come, put on your best kimono with your best obi. Together we shall go to the shops and buy some toshi-dama for your little friends."

Yoné's face lighted up, and she dressed herself in her very best kimono and sash, took her best paper umbrella and trudged along sedately beside her mother to the shops. How gay and fascinating they were! How kind was her honorable mother! She allowed Yoné to take a great white to choose a doll for one, a box of sweet rice cakes for another, and some fine rice paper napkins and takara-buna for another. She managed to buy a fan for her mother

when that gentle lady was conveniently blind, and then she asked wistfully:

"My mother, I have still remaining some small coins of my own purse. May I please buy some very little incense? Please, my mother, may I not burn just a little for the soul of my hero father?"

But her mother shook her head sadly. "It is not of the true worship of your father's letter, my daughter," she said. "Then she turned to speak to the Baptist lady who stood at her side."

Yoné pouted. She was not at all a perfect little girl, although she was so well brought up by her gentle mother. She was just like any other little maiden of ten years. She liked her own way, and she liked least of all to give up anything she had planned to do.

Her mother's back was turned. Yoné gave her a quick glance and naughtily turned back.

"A sin of incense, if you please," she said to the smiling man who waited upon them. She slipped the packet into her long sleeve in satisfaction and said under her breath:

"I wish I knew the true worship of the Christian."

"Do you, dear child?" said a sweet voice at her side. Looking up hastily she saw a foreign lady looking down at her. It was a strange foreign lady. She was dressed all in black except that a queer white ruff covered her hair and framed in her face. It was lovely face, very white, with large brown eyes, which had a smile in them, a sad little smile but very sweet.

"Her nose does not poke out from her face like the Baptist lady's" thought Yoné.

Beside the strange lady stood another one dressed just like her. She was busy buying and did not notice Yoné or that her friend was speaking to her.

"What is your name, dear, and what do you want to know about the Christian worship, and why do you want to know at all?" asked the lady of the ruff, for so Yoné had named her to herself.

"My name is Yoné, madam, and I wish to know because my honorable father become some Christian before he die for the emperor," Yoné answered simply, for she had been taught always to answer questions with the exact truth.

"And I wish to know most of all why I may not burn incense at the New Year."

"Poor little maid!" the lady's voice was so soft that the words were a caress. "I wish you could come to the school where I teach and you would learn this and much more about the true worship."

"Where is the school?" asked Yoné. "It is the new school at Ozabu Kogateho 27, the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Many little girls come there to learn English. Perhaps some of your little friends are there."

"I do not know, madam, but I think that may be Maple Leaf, the older sister of O Cho San, goes there, for she learns English at an American school."

"We have a little scholar of that name," said the lady. "I shall ask her to bring you to our Christmas feast, and perhaps the honorable lady your mother will allow you to come."

"What is the feast?" asked Yoné, wondering.

"It is a feast of the true worship and you must come and see," smiled the lady. "But, Yoné, tell me why it is that you wish to burn incense at the New Year?"

"It is to the spirit of my honorable father," she answered, in a low voice.

"And your mother will not allow it?" the lady asked.

"She says we may not, since the letter came from my father that he had found the true worship, for the Baptist lady has told her it is not good to keep the New Year feast. We can not plant the asters of remembrance upon his tomb, for we know not where he lies, and I am sad that I may not even burn the incense for his spirit. It is the first feast since my father's passing; it the child's eyes were filled with tears. "I do not care so much that we shall not have the pine at the doorway or set forth the Elysian stand with its lobster and chestnuts on the mirror dumplings. It does not matter that I can not give a parcel of cash to the toshi-oi who chases away the birds of evil omen, but I want to burn the incense for his spirit."

"But you can pray for him," said the lady.

"What does that mean?" asked Yoné just as the other lady turned to go, and her friend said quickly:

"Try to come to the school with Maple Leaf and I will tell you all about it. Now take this little medal to remember me by, dear child. When you think of your father say to the Lady on the medal, 'Our Lady, pray for the spirit of my honorable father, for this Lady is of the true worship. Good-bye, Yoné.'"

Yoné grasped the little silver medal eagerly, and smiled good-bye to her new friend, as her mother's voice sounded in her ears.

"Come, Yoné we must go now." The Baptist lady had gone and the little girl trudged along by her mother's side, wondering at all she had heard. When they reached home, and leaving their shoes at the door, knelt upon the matting floor of the dainty living-room to have tea, her mother asked suddenly:

"What is that you have in your hand, my child?"

Yoné started. She had been saying over to herself the words of the strange lady: "Our Lady, pray for the spirit of my honorable father!"

"It is this bit of silver," she said, holding it out.

"Where did you get it?"

"The strange lady has given it to me," she answered. "She who talked with me while you spoke with the Baptist lady."

"What did she tell you?" There was a strange excitement in her mother's usually quiet tones which surprised Yoné.

"She told me to come to their feast of the true worship," said Yoné. "It is at the American school, my mother, where the sister of O Cho-san learns the English. This silver is of the true worship."

Her mother quickly took the medal and looked at it; then dropped it to the floor, covered her face with her hands, and wept. Yoné was terribly frightened. In all her life she had never seen her

mother weep before, for Japanese women are taught to weep and not to burden others with their sorrows.

"My mother!" she cried. "Do not weep! It is a good silver, I am sure that it is. See, the pictured lady is fair as Benten-Sama, Goddess of Mercy, and her face is kind!"

But still her mother wept.

Then Yoné saw that she had dropped the incense from her sleeve upon the floor and she feared that it might be that which had caused her mother to weep.

"Forgive me that I bought the incense, O my mother," she cried. "I will not burn it. It was only that I did not wish to forget the spirit of my father on this, our first New Year feast without him. But the strange lady told me that we could say good words for him to the Lady on the silver. Our Lady, pray for the spirit of my honorable father," she taught me, and these words are of the true worship."

The mother uncovered her face and smiled at her daughter.

"We shall go to see your strange lady," she said. "For I know her words are good. See, Yoné, it is hard for me not to burn the incense as we have always done. My heart has wept not to buy the New Year's pine, but it must give the words of your honorable father, for Yoné, in that best letter that he wrote me, he said, 'Keep no more the old feasts, for the true worship I have found. I shall bring it to you when I come, and thus shall we be ever together, for to those of the true worship there comes no parting. Our Lady keep you!' and with his last dear letter came a silver such as this. See! I have worn it ever on my heart," and she pulled from her kimono a little medal like Yoné's.

The child looked at her in silence, then she took her mother's hand.

"Let us go to the strange lady and learn of the true worship which my father knew," she said, and her mother answered:

"We shall go."

There was great rejoicing in the Convent of the Sacred Heart over two added to the fold, for Yoné and her mother were speedy converts to the Faith.

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FAMILY PRAYER. Unfortunately, the habit of family prayer seems to be going out of fashion and we Christians are responsible for it. If you are a Christian father or mother and have no family altar in your home, you are deficient and some day you will be called upon to give account for your children's souls are lost.

AS TO BIBLES. While millions of Bibles are being sent out to Persia and China, where the utilitarian heathen make papier mache ornaments out of their laminated leaves, the needs of the home population in Scriptural literature seem to be curiously overlooked. An accident that has occurred to Senator Beveridge a few days ago revealed how sadly some parts of the Bible Society's work in Montana, and his Bible was in his luggage, but the luggage and the owner got separated somehow, and it became necessary to find another copy of the Bible, and the search was begun. The Tribune says:

"Like Harpster, the conductor, went through the train and endeavored to find a Bible. There was none to be found. Then the train reached Big Bend. Harpster asked the agent there if he had a Bible. The reply was emphatically in the negative. The train went on to Gold Creek. At this station the agent said there had been a woman who had a Bible, but her husband had been transferred, and she had gone a few days before, taking the Bible with her. So there was no Bible to be found. Harpster was next in thought swung off the train and walked confidently up to the young man who manipulates the key there.

"Have you a Bible?" "What a Bible?" was the answer, and the conductor fled. After sundry other stations had been tapped without results, one bearing the startling name of Hell Gate was struck, and the conductor's next thought was found and the Senator's mightiest thought was rounded out. He may shortly have something to say about the foreign missionary and times.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Controversy. The Living Church (Episcopalian) recently declared that "the Roman press" in America and England "constitutes perhaps the chief bar to friendly relations" between Anglicans and Roman Catholics; and that "those not in a position to see the Roman Catholic paper can have little idea of the violently polemical matter printed therein." To this charge the Lamp, an Episcopalian periodical, replies that it has probably on its list of exchanges a larger number of Roman Catholic weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies than any other Anglican periodical; "therefore," says the Lamp, "we think we are in a position to judge of the relative charity or want of charity toward each other of the Anglican and Roman press, and we do not hesitate to say, and to say it emphatically that the burden of offense in this regard is on our side. . . . In view of the carping, snarling tone so generally employed by the Anglican church press in reference to Rome, we are frequently filled with admiring wonder at the fore bearing and truly charitable spirit displayed towards ourselves by so many of the Roman Catholic exchanges that come constantly to our desk."—Sacred Heart Review.

What a mother is to a child one only learns to appreciate when it is too late when she is dead. The most moderate share of a mother's love, with all the admixture of motherly selfishness is gigantic as compared with all filial love.—Bismarck.

FREE A HANDSOME PAIR OF DR. HAUX PERFECT VISION SPECTACLES. DON'T SEND ME A CENT. Why did Pope Leo X. of blessed memory order prayers to be recited by the priest after each low Mass? These prayers were to be recited in the vernacular, the language used by the congregation, and the form prescribed a response by the people. The priest performs his duty in this respect. What about the people? The latter fall in theirs. Why? Timidity? Shyness? Diffidence? Even the women, God-fearing, devoted and loyal, fall here. Indulgences are attached to the recital of these prayers, intended to be public, not private, intended to be re-

Educational. St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA. Commercial course—latest business college features. High School course—preparation for matriculation and professional studies. College Arts course—preparations for degrees and seminaries. Natural Science course—thoroughly equipped experimental laboratories. Critical English Literature requires special attention. First-class board and tuition only \$30.00 per annum. Send for catalogue giving full particulars. REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.

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The Battle for Health. HOW TO KEEP WELL. This is the problem Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food has helped many thousands of people to solve by reason of their extraordinary blood forming and system building qualities. The only sure foundation for health is rich, red blood and a vigorous nervous system. Both of these result from the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Even though you know of this great restorative as a cure for nervous exhaustion, prostration and paralysis, you may have overlooked it as a tonic to build up the system when it gets run down and you feel weak and miserable. Mr. James W. Weaver, of Dalhousie, Ont., writes:—"For three years I never knew what a full hour's sleep meant. Heart pains and head aches almost drove me wild. Eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food have entirely cured me." The peritrial and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box, 50 cents at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. DR. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food