

"GOD WILL PROVIDE"

With blazing cheeks and flashing eyes, Laura Grant flew up the narrow stairway to the room which she and her mother occupied. The woman from whom they hired it had just turned on her stormily, bidding her to see her mother to a hospital, scolding coarsely and stridently in a way that made the sensitive girl shrink like a wilted blossom at first, and then roused her pride to fever heat.

Her false energy departed as suddenly as it had come when her fingers touched the knob of the door. She entered quietly, the woman lying on the bed rose on her elbow and looked anxiously at the girl.

"What did she say, dear? Was she very much put out?" "Oh, no," the breath fluttered, wavered, caught in her throat. "Not very much."

With penetrating eyes the mother read the truth. Laura went to the window and stood there gazing down the street.

"We've—we've about come to the end, mother." "Dearest, dear child! Don't say that!" The girl's form quivered.

"Oh, if it were only myself," she began, "only myself! But it is you! You who are lying helpless, hungry, ill—and I can do nothing. Nothing, nothing!"

She turned from the window and sought comfort where she had ever found it, on her knees beside the dearly-loved one, who, weak and sick as she was, did not fall her, would never fall her while the breath of life sustained her.

"It will pass. God is good, dear, God is good. It will pass, you'll see, Don't worry."

"Don't worry!" The girl began to sob. "Absolute strangers here; you fill from lack of proper nourishment; I, penniless and idle, thought I'd scrub if they could only give it to me, but I can't even get that, except to bear it."

ment. She called on one lady who gave her a few trilling articles at first and paid her promptly. Then came an order for an elaborate gown. The young girl worked feverishly, hastily, well, glad of any labor that would add to their tiny means.

Truly, as Laura went down those stairs she was nearly distraught. But a glance at the worn badge, and the thought of her mother's faith nerved her aching spirit. In spite of her poverty, "God will provide," God's providence is over us," gave her courage.

Never in her life had she thought of being compelled to seek charity, and the knowledge that she meant to do so held tightly to the narrow rail, her breath coming fast. She could not! What would they say to her, a stranger? They would think she was an impostor; so many people tried to impose on them.

"God will provide; God's providence is over us." The words echoed in her brain. With a silent prayer she ascended the steps and rang the bell.

"May I see one of the Fathers?" she asked, shrilly, as the housekeeper opened the door.

"There is no one at home but Father Denton, and he is engaged," said the woman. "What is it, a sick call?"

"A sick call?" replied Laura. "Oh, no, not a sick call. I—"

"If you will state your business—" "I cannot," said the girl with uttering breath. "I must see the priest myself. May I, may I, may I?"

"Certainly." Taught by experience, the woman realized that the gentle, refined face hid a sensitive soul. "Go inside. Mind, now, if it's urgent, I'll call him for you."

"Oh, no, do not call him. I will wait until he finishes." She sat down heavily in one of the chairs, her face white, save for the flickering spots of red that burned now and again on either cheek.

"Oh!" gasped Laura. "Walter! Walter found! Thank God, thank God!" "Another moment, child. You mentioned the name of that lady for whom you worked, and who did not pay you. May I ask you to repeat it?"

"Mrs. Allen, mother." "There is no Mrs. Allen in my office now. How did it happen that you were not paid?"

"She did not have the money when I called first. The second and third times they told me she had just gone out. Last time they said she was engaged. I did not go again. I thought she did not want to pay me."

"Father Denton went back to Mrs. Allen." "Most strange story," he said: "A little girl, a dressmaker, who is trying to support her mother and herself. Would you want anything of that sort done, Mrs. Allen? Her name is Grant."

"He turned away as if by accident, and straightened some papers on the desk. He did not wish to embarrass his visitor. Consternation was expressed on Mrs. Allen's face."

"Oh, neglect! I remember now! How negligent I have been! My maid was speaking about her only yesterday; the matter had totally escaped my mind. She—"

"Yes, indeed. If you wanted to pay her now—" "Oh, I shall gladly do so! Such a sweet little thing, too! And I dare say she actually needed the money! I am so very careless! I shall never forgive myself."

"She was most kind to Laura, whom Father Denton called in at once and presented; praised her neatness, her quickness, and her taste, and would have pressed more than the sum due upon her, but this Laura firmly refused."

"Thank you, madam," she said, "but I can take only what you agreed to give."

"I have much more work for you," said Mrs. Allen. "And to make up for being so careless, I shall see that you get all you are able to do. But you must forgive me."

Dennis was a philosopher, another term for a man of common sense, and he reasoned, "Why should he not hurry home by the car?" To be sure it was not often that he did, but to-night, well, to save the little wife any further worry he would go home by trolley, if he had the wherewithal to do so.

He made an amusing picture searching for the half-dime that she gave him that morning for a piece of tobacco. He went all over the lot, in and out of every pocket, to find the nickel, and finally he picked it from his trouser pocket and boarded the next car.

Here there was one seat vacant, the second from the door, and he settled down comfortably in it. It was good to feel the rest after the long, weary hours standing in the trench. He felt, too, as proud as any of the young fellows dressed for social function who lined up opposite, not one of whom was any more the gentleman than he of the jumper except overalls, and very securely, and a big bunch of violets pinned to her coat front that sent forth a perfume not unpleasant.

She stood at the door looking defiantly at the long row of clean-cut youths, not one of whom she concluded was a southern gentleman. They instinctively knew what attitude to take, Dennis was about to offer her his seat, when a glance and a nod from a smiling chap hinted for him to keep it, and smiling that way, she sat down, and remained sitting while the haughty one scorned him.

In two or three moments the car stopped again to let in a prim, daintily dressed little woman, rather stooped, in a severe, high-collared dress, and she entered, went out and began the long, long journey to meet him face to face without the "smell of it on his breath."

"The little lady replied: 'Have you not been at the shop today?' " "Oh, my, my, but that's a fine pun; no, indeed, ma'am, 'I'm no shop I've been in the day, unless it is God's good work shop ye mane, down in the ditch, but anyway, I'll be there now, for I'll be stand 't better than a wee wisp of a woman like ye."

The little woman with a sweet, old-fashioned "Thank you kindly, sir," sat down, and so did every man in the car. Dennis, the on-looker could not see the badge which the young girl laid reverently upon her pillow, and pressed it to her lips. She held it clasped tightly to her bosom during the rest of that wonderful tale, and then whispered her watchword into the girl's listening ears.

She whispered it again the next day to the son who knelt beside her, his arms about her.

"Please God, I, too, have learned that lesson."—Grace Keen, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

"Father!" exclaimed the really good-hearted lady, in distress. He smiled and nodded when he saw the sudden self-reproach on her face.

accompany it to the door and then watch it start down the long, dark way. You wonder, but your wonder ceases on second thought if you are at a Catholic deathbed scene. The onlooker, be he Jew for Christian, Catholic or Protestant, or scoffer, is forested to his knees when he hears those thundering, powerful, earnest intensely earnest callings to the known God and the thousands of saints who dwell about the throne of the Most High.

"His patron saint, St. Dionysius, come to his assistance." "Great God in heaven, have mercy on him."

Long and fervently did they pray for the old warrior, as did the leader of the Maccabees when he said to his soldiers: "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

"Say Dennis by the doctor says that a drop of this won't do you any harm," offering him a glass half filled with rare Irish whiskey that he kept for such occasions, but Dennis, with a cool indifference mingled with a tinge of indignation, shook his head and pushed the glass from him saying: "No, Matt, me boy, not another drop. Do ye think I want to meet him having the smell of that on me breath?"

"Matt's comment to himself was: 'Well then, by God, when Dennis Herzan refuses a drop of good Irish whiskey, then he's pretty far gone.'"

Before Matt could put the "drop" where it might do some good, Dennis, with a cool smile as if Mary entered, went out and began the long, long journey to meet him face to face without the "smell of it on his breath."

SEARCH OF ASSISTANCE Mr. Noros and Mr. Neiderman two seamen, were the only survivors of those who left the ice pack in the boat with Capt. DeLong. The landing had been effected. Three boats had left the ice together, but Capt. DeLong and twelve men supposed themselves the only survivors of the Jeannette's crew of thirty-three officers and men. They were in a pitiable condition—frost-bitten, hungry and dying. Holes were cut in the ice, into which were committed the bodies of those who had died.

After prayers on a Sunday morning in October, 1883, Capt. DeLong called Mr. Noros and Mr. Neiderman, they being in better physical condition than the rest, and stated briefly the critical condition of the men, most of whom were sick and unable to travel, and the necessity for help if it could be found.

Noros and Neiderman were directed to proceed south to Kunna-Sakra, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, there to procure sledges and provisions and return to camp for relief before the Arctic winter set in. These two men had rifles, a small supply of ammunition, no provisions, and a tin pal. Thus equipped they were ready to start.

The Arctic sun was just rising. Those men in camp who could stand were mustered. The paring gun was fired. Three cheers were given. As the two men departed, Dr. Collins, his ship's surgeon, thought unable to rise from his couch, called out, "Good-bye, boys, remember me when you get to New York." That was the last, Capt. DeLong and his men never left the Lena Delta alive. All perished of cold and starvation before relief could arrive.

For that searching look carries with it an expression no full of pity, of love, of charity to all, that I almost thought I was talking to myself as I caught the whisper of a zealous Protestant friend next to me to his wife: "There sure is a Christy man if there ever was one!"

Plus X, is the most democratic, the most simple of men. He has, to a very striking extent abolished ceremony, ostentation, and costly effects. Some little remains in the shape of a handful of picturesque Swiss guards and brightly dressed attendants; but the brilliant pomp which accompanied the reception of Leo XIII. has been brushed aside.

In a series of magnificent rooms inside the neoromanic Colosseum—in fact, the exteriors of many of the greatest edifices in Rome, St. Peter's included, are the first of a well-spread carpet. These rooms appear bowed, and looking feeble, old man—a peasant, the son of a peasant, the descendant of peasants—a Pope from and of the people, if ever such a Pope existed, was never so plain, and unpretending, and kind, and loving as this present Pope.

As the words issue from those loving lips of the humblest of Jesus' followers, something new and soothing, and blessed seems to people the air. Its effect may be described in the words of my strong Protestant friend, as we were going to the Vatican: "I feel like a new and better man. I understand now, as I never fully grasped before, what the Israelites meant when they said the spirit of God had descended upon them."

That Protestant has no faith in the Catholic creed, but there suddenly sprang into his being the surest confidence in Plus X, the most unbought respect for him—a respect that has reached a positive affection. He went to the first audience out of curiosity. He attended a second one yesterday in a spirit almost of veneration. And to-day he is endeavoring to make arrangements whereby he can be blessed again by the peasant Pope before he leaves Rome.

And his wife has caught the fever quite as badly as he. That simple little incident undoubtedly repeated every day at these audiences, will give a better idea of the atmosphere surrounding Plus X, and of the effect of his personality, that could paragraph after paragraph of description.

The thought came over me as that loving and lovable face smiled behind its veil of pathos—as that simple and humble follower of the lowly Christ who was cradled in a manger, gave the benediction—the thought that burst upon me came from that most expressive phrase in Scripture: "And Enoch walked with God."

For surely if to-day on earth there be a man who companions with the Almighty, it is this peasant successor of the fisherman Pope—the Venetian priest and Bishop, and Cardinal, who fulfills the prophecy that was written of old, "He shall pull down the mighty from their seats and exalt them of low degree."

EDITOR'S TRIBUTE TO POPE PIUS X. PROTESTANT EDITOR WRITES ABOUT THE RULER OF THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS. Writing from Rome to his home paper, under date of February 12, 1911, Mr. Thon James Gordon Bennett, editor of the Sacramento Bee, says: "The same sun that glids St. Peter's dome shines upon the Quirinal, the home of Pops consecrated as a palace for kings. In the one resides the democratic sovereign of nearly 350,000,000; in the other, the aristocratic ruler of about 35,000,000. It is with the former this letter will deal, not with the latter.

For—throwing aside entirely all questions of religion or creed, and viewing the two men as men, alike under the rule of merit and according to the scale of merit—there is absolutely no comparison between them. The king of Italy is well, he is the king of Italy—let rest at that. He is in possession of a temporary toy, which may be taken from him at any moment. And, judging from the undercurrent, it will not be many years before Victor Emmanuel, with that feeling to find a home in England, that haven of the despoiled and sanctuary for kings that have been. Let us, therefore, wander to St. Peter's and into the arcade adjoining. And let us there look at the man rather than at the Pope.

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SIGN OF THE CROSS AMID ARCTIC SNOWS

PROVES BOND OF SYMPATHY AND THE MEANS OF HELP WHEN DEATH WAS NEAR

The incident which prompted the thought which culminated in the production of this narrative, occurred after the loss of the search ship, "Jeannette" in the Arctic Ocean in June, 1883.

The story of the sinking of the ship, the subsequent march of Captain DeLong and his officers and men over four hundred miles of ice to the open water to the south, their embarking in their three boats for the Lena Delta, one hundred and fifty miles away, the separation of the boats before reaching the land, the landing of Captain DeLong's boat and death of Captain DeLong and ten of his men, the loss of Lieutenant Ship and eight men, who had left the ice floe (in the smallest of three boats) with the others, but a storm coming on, became separated from the other boats and were never heard from.

The story of the return to the United States of thirteen survivors—all from a narrative of facts, illustrating to a high degree the fortitude and spirit of devotion to scientific research without hope of reward other than the attainment of definite results in prosecuting Arctic exploration.

The Jeannette and her outfit had been generously furnished and equipped by the proprietor of the New York Herald, Mr. James Gordon Bennett. The official report of the expedition as well as the press reports, will be remembered by most readers of the present day, but the particular incident referred to, has never been published. This was related to the writer by Mr. Noros, who was one of the survivors, after his return to his home in Fall River, Mass., in 1884.

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To Get Poisons From the Blood

You Have to Depend on the Filtering Process of the Liver and Kidneys

These Organs Alone Can Purify the Blood, and They Do Their Work Well When Helped by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

No medical treatment can possibly purify the blood except as it sets in healthy working order the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

To these organs is assigned the duty of filtering from the blood the poisonous waste matter which is left over from the nutritious elements extracted from the food you eat. If they are not overworked or slow and sluggish in action they keep the blood pure and healthy.

For this reason Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most satisfactory you can take to purify the blood.

Their effects are prompt, definite and certain. The liver action is quickened, the kidneys are invigorated, the regular movement of the bowels is assured. It is only a matter of a few hours until you begin to feel the benefits of this great medicine. Further use, as often as is necessary to keep these organs active, will cleanse and purify the blood and restore the digestive system to properly do its work.

Backache, headache and bodily pains will disappear, and the fatigue which is an accompaniment of poisons in the system will give way to new vigor and energy. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

ed several g say he loves for all the I broke out in a grey t with the good old In still among white Italian school, and a few mome words mome and toucher near enough could under with tears. This Pop leads the si nearly all se the Vatican. mocracy. spread it ab of the tradi stance, he d came into a one of his s The secreta the Pope a that it was Popes to dis surely Clow been in forc "For th years," was "Well, it is Hol Father's this evinc And since never decid A Bishop rendero one in the above, and about the l all experie which show is happy "Jah." The good six-foot, bonpoint, these very of the Pope of Unconsoled conversation blow his ov perform the in dredees. The Pop patting the and yet m merry tiddl vise you to my dear B to agree w Such sim breeds sim present P such simp aldras, not nately his nity of his p as with a Christ in being in with the vicye visiting being one inberment dignity, n On the c these ver these fram the most f fashioned Human detract Lincoln. proletarian many to his demo man is al what pos lows the H His st In manu ments of sed man. at all alli Abrahams And yo same shap that was martyred you can twinkle humor out upon ed in sm in the aches wi In simu mocracy and Ab similar