

A Red Hot Sermon.

During the hot summer season the blood gets over-heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the system, and restores lost appetite.

TO ST. PETER.

A GERMAN LEISURE OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

Our dear Lord of grace hath given To St. Peter power in heaven, That he may uphold away All who hope in him and save.

Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!

Therefore must be stand before The heavenly kingdom's mighty door;

There will be an entrance give To those who shall be bid to live.

Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!

Let us to God's servant pray, All, with loudest voice to day, That our souls with him may rest Among the heavenly legions blest.

Kyrie eleison!
Christe eleison!

Ave Maria.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

Beneath the hood an evil-looking face that stooped quickly toward her, and, before she could utter word, bled in her ear: "O sound and you are dead, you and the blind woman!" His threat was needless; the child was paralyzed with fear and surprise. Before she could recover herself, a heavy garment was thrown over her head, a cloth wound about her mouth. He felt his groans were inaudible through it.

"Now, little one," said the rasping voice, "you are not going to be hurt. Good friends are waiting for you. Your own mother's relations, as you will be taken safe to them, and I am happy to see you." He was bending the poor child's feet while speaking. "And now you'll have a pleasant ride, and see lots of fine things. Plenty to eat and drink of the best. A good time in general." Blandine was bound hands and feet, but, at the villain's hand, she felt more: "Now, listen! as long as you don't try to move or speak, you and the blind woman are safe; but if you utter one sound, and you'll both die before you know what hit you! I shall not be far off, though you may think so."

The child heard his swift footsteps; for an instant, still she could move, so lightly were her bonds drawn; neither could she cry aloud for the muffled folds of the garment choked every sound she was capable of uttering. Only anguish for her dear blind mother kept her from giving way. She tried to struggle, she tried to speak, all in vain. But she could call upon the true helper—"Our Lady of Betharram! O my dear, dear mother, dear Lady of Betharram, help your child!" Hardly had she uttered the supplication mounted from her heart to help, then she heard a kind voice speaking low, quite near her.

"Listen, my child. Fear nothing! I am about to cut your bonds. The moment you are free, fly back by the road you came, keep in the wilderness. I am a priest, fear not!"

No need to bid Blandine to fly. One long look at the venerable face of him who was setting her free, a sob of joy, and she was flying up the slope. She heard her name called softly and plaintively, more than once, but she could respond. "I am here, Mamma, I am here," and with the words rang her hand trembled and sobbing into Margaret's arms.

"Oh, what is this, my darling? What is this where have you been? What has happened to you, my treasure?"

"Mamma, the beggar was a bad man. He wanted to carry me off."

"And how have you escaped him?"

"I called to our dear Lady of Betharram, and she sent St. Joseph to cut the cords. But come, Mamma, he told me to fly by the wilderness path."

"Who told you, dear?"

"The good St. Joseph, Mamma. He said it was a priest. But I think it was St. Joseph."

"Come, dear! and yet, not how you tremble, my poor child! Let us thank him and the Blessed Mother here, in the spirit which they have saved you."

Margaret gathered the trembling child to her breast, and lifted her in her arms, and she was about to do so, when she saw the trembling and sobbing child, and the sound of voices, loud, menacing, but brief, then all still.

When the silence had lasted some time, the sound of the church bell rang out faint and sweet in the distance. "Come now, darling! The bell is ringing for Mass. Come,

dear, if you feel strong enough to walk. I would carry you, if only I could guide my steps."

"I can walk, Mamma; but I am afraid he will see us, and hurt you."

"Fear nothing, my treasure. You are the child of Our Lady of Betharram, never forget that. She will never abandon you, her own little Blandine of Betharram."

"And Blandine's heart rejoices as she clasps Margaret's hand and leads her towards the sanctuary. She feels strong and brave, under the protection of that name."

THE RESCUE.

A little drama, short and sharp, and been enacted, while Margaret and the child were on their knees, uttering thanks for the providential rescue. Hardly had Blandine's flying feet borne her out of sight, when rescuer and captive stood face to face. They looked into each other's eyes an instant. The eyes of the old man, calm and mild; the eyes of the thwarted desperado fiercely flaming. One look at the cords at their feet, and the villain blazed: "You cut them?"

"You have one crime less on your soul." The reply was a pistol shot. The priest's hand at that same instant formed the sign of the Cross in the air, between him and his adversary. Another shot, and again the aged man formed the sacred sign, slowly, solemnly. A third shot, and no other weapon of defence, no cry, no effort, no appeal for succor. "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost!" Five words were comprehended in that symbol before which fly the powers of hell. They had no power against it now. "Hell and damnation!" The smoking pistol was flung aside, and with the spring of a tiger the villain was upon the helpless priest. But hardly had he touched him, before he could do him the least harm, he was himself helpless and hand-cuffed, surrounded by agents of the law, who had to do with one they had long been desirous of laying their hands upon.

"Some mother, perhaps a good woman, too, may be mourning for his misdeeds this very hour," was the Abbe's thought, as he descended to the chapel to say Mass. When he issued from the church, he found Nan waiting for him.

"O Abbe," he cried, "if I only could, how I would like to be your servant. Come to my poor lodging, for we must keep a lodging when we reach Paris. Come! I will mend your clothes and keep them dry. O Abbe, if I only knew how to thank you, and—how to be good!"

"God sees the heart, my child. You have only to speak to Him."

"That villain tried to shoot you! I heard the shots. I would have been there before you, to stand between him and you, but they held me back."

"God was between us," said the priest, "and I have work yet to do, since He has spared me. You said something about papers that interest the child. Have you obtained them?"

"Yes, here they are, Abbe. Poor Rand thought he had secured them. He was mistaken. Those he took and gave over to that wretch are papers of no value. I put them in the good envelopes to deceive him. It was most fortunate for him, poor fellow! O Abbe, how good you have been to me! God will surely reward you! Here Abbe, these papers will tell you that a reward of a thousand francs is offered for information concerning the child's mother. And as much more for the child herself if brought safely to her relations."

"How came you by these, my child?"

"Honestly, Abbe, honestly. Do you not trust poor Nan?"

"When I had to fly to save Rand, the last time, I had to pass near the old house of the Vallinski family. I saw some of the faithful old people, and I told them of the death of their young lady, and how she had left a child. This had happened after I left France, the death of both father and mother. The only one who can claim the child now is her grandmother. The good mother of her mother, you must understand, Abbe, for the relationship is Russian law gives certain rights. Well, to be

brief, for I see how tired you are, I will only say the old nurse sent my words to her mistress. Her heart was roused; she began to inquire. She decided to offer a reward privately. She did so. The papers were sent to France—one copy reached me. I tried to see Madame de Vallinski as soon as ever I had found Rand, and got him to break off with his low companions who were just like himself, not thieves, not bad in any way, only just idle, convivial, always wanting a good time, as they call it, as soon as they saved a few rubles. But the delay had been long and Madame had left St. Petersburg. But from letters I had from a friend in Paris, I knew I could find the child, and I wrote her word to that effect. As I told you last night, Abbe, we hoped to get her back to her father. To take the child, whose mother I loved, and by whom I was beloved too, as you may remember, and Abbe, to her grandmother. The money would have helped us to settle down and live quietly, if Rand would only have consented. He promised to. But that 'moult'—a word I never got his confidence. He made him believe that the little girl should be taken away quickly and in secret, or the police would claim all the reward. Abbe, you know me. If I wanted the money it was for a good purpose, to save the child, even in spite of Rand. But here, take the documents. Do what you can; I am tied here till I can get Rand away with me. He has such a notion of honor, he will want to sit down by the prison door till that fine gentleman is set free, for he believes him the Lord-Mayor of London at least, in importance."

"Try to get him away. I had much ado to keep him from being detained as witness, if not as actual accomplice."

Nan shook her head. "The greater the danger, the blinder will be to all reason. I must make him think that the charge will be dropped, and the other freed, before I can get him to go. Where are you to be found in Paris, Abbe?"

"Always with the good old curate of St. . . . Ask him, he will tell you. If I am in this world, he will have my address. And now, my child, trust in God, think of eternity, think of those you saw die. I pray for you for their sakes; you were full of charity to them. God will, I humbly trust, reward you for that good work by the gift of faith. Thank Him for the mercies of this day. He will hear and bless you!"

"I may well do that," cried Nan, flinging herself down before the church door, and pressing her tired head to its cold iron doors. "O! God bless that good priest! Thanks to him we are not shut within prison walls to day. Oh God, bless him, and teach Nan to do right. Amen!"

She arose and looked after the old man. He was wending his way along the river bank in the direction of the English Villa. "Thanks to that good old croquemort, all may yet be well," she said to herself, "and now to find Rand."

THE OLD CROQUEMORT.

"The old Croquemort!" Does not the name sound blasphemous? And yet it is the appellation by which is designated the humble priest whose habitual function it is to follow in the wake of funeral processions. The more priests, the more genteel the interment. The long line of snowy surplices, the tall candles, the venerable heads, for the croquemorts are all aged or in feeble health, or they would not be, day after day, in that humble employment, make an imposing and even a touching sight. Few scrutinize the hem of soutane, or the foot gear. Through dust and mud and snow and rain these are worn day after day, and several times each day, and in far-spent districts of both city and country, often and often. On the muddy boots, the ragged, faded, homeless soutane, the bald head, the blue capped hands, of the tired old croquemort!

Do not despise him, reader. He is the humble and willing servant of God. His function is high and holy. He has the power to pray over, and absolve the soul whose earthly tenure he is now tramping wearily after. He has the power to bless that grave, and the power and the good-will to pray for the departed, when perhaps the soul has been forgotten by its nearest and dearest. I have known such croquemorts.

And the gentle, brave and holy old Abbe Laland, was called by irreverent tongues by this name, "the old croquemort." Nan Cough called him so, out of pure affection and admiration. She knew the meaning of the term on other lips, well enough. On hers it meant one glory more around that old grey head, just as a fond mother means "darling" "treasure," when she cries to her best beloved little one, "rascal!" "polisson!"

Before the old croquemort reached the English Villa he bethought himself that he was on a business; that might take hours to accomplish. He was fastening and very weak, for he had walked from Lourdes to Betharram, seven miles, at least. So he turned aside and halted before one of a long row of sheds, besides whose doors stood promise of refreshment in the shape of bread and milk. Before each door was a little round

table, on each table a bowl, spoon and "pistole," or little loaf. He broke the bread into the milk, which they quickly brought him. He had been performing prodigies on his spiritual strength alone. He was not in the least conscious of them, but weakness made itself felt. His labors of the last twelve hours had left his face unrefreshed. No one, looking upon him, would have thought it possible that he had accomplished such things at all. Battling with the police of Lourdes to save weak Rand, walking to Betharram, because the train was few and far between, and he thought it wiser too, to go as a pilgrim foot. Climbing the Calvary by secret paths, lying in ambush till the moment of rescue permitted him to rise near the very spot where he had divined the attempt would be made to carry off the child. The risking his life counted for nothing. He was ready, but when all was over, and he had to bend his old joints to descend the hill of Calvary, it was a trial indeed. He had hard work to make his genuflections during Mass, so stiff had his limbs become. But the frugal repast restored him a little.

He is no ordinary Abbe, this aged man, sitting before the poor shed, with the smell of the cows and the manure heap coming between him and the breath of the river. Far from it, and because he has some way to go with us yet, some words to speak in the interest of little Blandine of Betharram, we may as well say something of him here.

GAINED 9½ LBS.

BY USING MILBURN'S PILLS.

VICTORIA, B.C., March 6, 1901.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago my daughter,

aged 19 years, was troubled with bad headaches and loss of appetite.

She was tired and listless most of the time, and was losing flesh.

Her system got badly run down, so hearing your Heart and Nerve Pills highly spoken of, I procured a box, and by the time she had used them she had gained 9½ lbs. in weight and is now in perfect health.

Yours truly,

Mrs. P. H. CURTIS.

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(To be continued.)

The Renewal of a Strain.

Vaccines to over. Again the school bell rings at morning and at noon, again with tens of thousands the hardest kind of work has begun, the renewal of which is a mental and physical strain to all except the most rugged. The little girl that a few days ago had roses in her cheeks, and the little boy whose lips were then so red you would have insisted that they had been "kissed" by strawberries, have already lost something of the appearance of health. Now is a time when many children should be given a tonic, which may avert much serious trouble, and we know of no other so highly to be recommended as Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the nerves, perfects digestion and assimilation, and aids mental development by building up the whole system.

Glady's Bloom (archly)—Now just for instance, guess how old I am.

Clever-ton (diplomatically)—I don't know, but you don't look it.

Good Health is Impossible without regular action of the bowels. Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 35 cents. All druggists.

Papa—What a boy you are to ask questions, Johnny! I never used to ask so many questions when I was a boy.

Johnny! Perhaps if you had, papa, you might be able to answer some of mine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

They had been drifting about in the open boat several days, and all were near unto death, when the half-famished sailor in the bow leaped up and cried: "A sail! A sail!"

"What a bargain sale!" shrieked the half-dead woman passenger as she began fumbling for her purse.

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THE ORIGINATOR OF
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS,
The original kidney specific for the cure of Backache, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and all Urinary Troubles.
Don't accept something just as good. See you get the genuine
DOAN'S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The visiting team came to bat for the last time and made eight runs, just enough to win. "Yah," shouted the victorious captain, "I thought you said you could see our finish at the beginning?"

"So I did," replied the other dolefully, "but I couldn't see your big inning at the finish."

If you take a Lixa-Liver Pill to-night before retiring, it will work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia and sick headache, and make you feel better in the morning.

Jed—Cholly has just returned from a hunting trip. He says he shot the biggest bear on record.

Ned—That might be so. If he hadn't been a big one you would never have hit it.

To make money it is necessary to have a clear, bright brain, a cool head free from pain, and strong, vigorous nerves. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills invigorate and brighten the brain, strengthen the nerves, and remove all heart, nerve and brain trouble.

Richards' Headache Cure gives instant relief.

Spattered Spooner (at the door)—Madame, I am one of de deserving poor dat you read about, and—

Mrs. Flint (grimly)—Yes judging from your looks you certainly deserve to be poor.

Athletes, bicyclists and others should always keep Hagar's Yellow Oil on hand. Nothing like it for stiffness and soreness of the muscles, sprains, bruises, cuts, etc. A clean preparation, will not stain clothing. Price 25c.

"The sexton digging over there looks like a healthy man, doesn't he?"

"Sure. Nothing wrong with him."

"No, but I notice he has one foot in the grave."

Passed 15 Worms—I gave D. Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and a half years old; the result was that she passed 15 round worms in five days.