3

my ashes sleep in d God will grant wite and infant oms to Faradise" win, and they degether. On the by Murray. "I ed he; "we have citadel since you

nitous," returned y guess by the bassador." wind of my aunc's

airs and showers ough and blow us

lady was more exphew chose to de-e's departure, the conversation re-lans; and Lennox the Lennox men-e had despatched ce's intention to be left bere.

r duties attendant this place." e words reach the r; and hastening d, she exclaimed,

being able to per-idant on the stations would honour me, hem altogether to be happy to find happy to find tection ere protection with-allace?" cried she.

nemy will return. defend myself falling again into rd Lennox colour as his bravery : and, ront which his wife llant a chief, he recannot be strong in the earl of Lennox is live of our command-

adam," interrupted

anything hostile your child." essed her Lord with detention of Wallace. lam, our Samson was the world to keep w himself to be tied

ended with his roughcould so express t ted on Kirkpatrick a o or three byster call It is well seen what when Wallace is gone, ood by, and beheld me

emove her fears, Lord to her, threw his arms rt disdains your bland

silence, and walked toof the chamber. k followed bim, muth a wife. Scrymgeour afe under the care of Wallace; but she was ft the room in tears.
of Wallace, Lord Len-

to meet him. neral?" said he. the power of Hercules two places at once, I either leave the rest of this castle!

Mar entered the room; nfant in her arms; her osed, but her eyes yet. Lord Lennox, taking Lord Lennox, taking arm, withdrew him out ment. She approached are come, my deliverer. ort to the mother of this y cruel lord here, and ennox, say you mean to this castle."

this castle."
be abandoned," returned
ile they are in it; but if
seene alarms you, would
sanctuary"—
orlds!" cried she; what
wared by the on that I his innocent babe never

nder the wing of such a

s impossible, Joanna," re-arl. Sir William Wallace ties to that of keeping any private family. His vanted in the field; and traitors to the cause did

Mar," cried she, "thus words of the barbarian thus to condemn us to e and child seized by the uthrons, and laid bleeding

ilked from her much agita-

human, Joanna, whispered to make such a reference, tee of our protector. I can-sten to a pertinacity that ag to the rest of our brave t is oppressive to Sir Wil-e. Edwin, you will come your aunt consents to be ght reason." As he spoke, he passage that led to his

sat silent. She was not to from her determination by are of a husband whom she ad with the impatience of a towards her taskmaster; wallace, she resolved, if he emain at the castle, to perto conduct her to her hus-itories in the isle of Bute. y, she would contrive, should occupy more than one day wand, for holding him longer, she would trust to chance and her own inventio With these resolutions she looked up.

Edwin was speaking to Wallace.
What does he tell you?" said she.
That my lord has left me 'n displeasure? Ala?! he comprehends not a other's auxiety for her sole remaining aid. One of my sweet twins, my dear daughter, died on my being brought a prisoner to this horrid fortress; and to lese this also would be more than I could bear. Look at this babe : let it you for its life! Guard it, Wallace, whatever may become

The appeal of a mother made instant The appeal of a mother made instant her conscience, and succeeded in doing way to Sir William's heart. "What so to the extent that she promised to do would you have me do, my dear madam? If you fear to remain here, tell me where on think you would be safer, and I will be your conductor."

She replied—"In the seagirt Bute

stands Rothesay, a rude but strong castle of my lord; it possesses nothing to attract the notice of the enemy; and there I might remain in perfect safety. Lord Mar may keep his station here, mtil a general victory sends you, noble Wallace, to restore my child to his

Wallace bowed assent : and Edwin. remembe ing the earl's injunction, in quired if he might inform him of what decided. As he left the was accided. As he left the room, hady Mar rose, and putting her son into the arms of Wallace, said—"Let his sweet caresses thank you." Wallace trambied as she pressed its little mouth to his; and, mistranslating this emotion she dropped her face upon the infant's and, in affecting to kiss him, rested her head upon the bosom of the chief. There was something in this action more than maternal: it surprised and disconcerted Wallace. "Madam," said he, drawing back, and relinquishing the child, "I do not require any thanks for serving the wife and son of Lord

At that moment the earl entered. Lady Mar flattered herself that the on of Wallace, and his cold answer arisen from the expectation of his entrance; and blushing with something like disappointment, she informed her husband that Bute was to be her sanc-

Lord Mar approved it, but declared his determination to accompany her.
"In my state, I can be of little use here," said he: "you will require protection even in that seclusion; and therefore leaving Lord Lennox sole governor of Dumbarton I shall attend

ou to Rothesay."
This arrangement would break in upon the lonely conversation she medi ed to have with Wallace, and the countess objected to the proposal; but none of her arguments being adnitted by her husband, and as Wallace did not support them, she was obliged to consent to Lord Mar's being the lips: guardian of her new abode.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LOVE OF THE SACRED HEART.

A TRUE STORY.

Written for The Missionary by Rev. Richard W. Alexander. There was a crowd gathering in the city's great thoroughfare, which in-creased every moment, and murmurs of horror were heard from its depths. All eyes were turned upwards to a tall pole, where electric wires were stretched, and where a human being hung limp-blue ly, a brave man rushed up a ladder, and with rubber-gloved hands pulled at the apparently lifeless figure — and outstretched arms received it as it fell.

"He's dead!" was the cry. "Enoug volts went through him to kill ten men! But a physician called out: "I am a dector; 'et me see him." Instantly the growd made a passage and the doctor knelt beside him. No! not dead—yet,"

e ambulance of the electric company rattled up just then, and he was tender-ly lifted and hurried to the city hospi-

He was barely breathing when he was laid on his cot. He was horribly burned. The bones on his forehead were bare, the flesh was gone from his shoulder and however, and told his mother he wished however, and told his mother he wished from one knee, where the quivering muscles were seen raw and shrivelled. He was a terrible sight, and it was a miracle he was not killed outright. The surgeons dressed his wounds, and pitying his awful agony shook their heads and said they did not know what kept him alive. And so he lingered for a week. Every day his mother and family visited him; but it was a long way from their home, and as he lived so long his mother prayed he might be moved to a Catholic hospital that was nearer to them. The authorities of the city hospital, knowing that this would make little difference, for the man was doomed, consented, and the change was made, quietly and safely, and ere long he was restg on one of the white beds in the Cath-

On the wall at the foot of his bed hung a picture of our Saviour looking out through beautiful eyes of tender love, while He pointed to the Sacred Heart which was revealed under His robe. Under the picture were the words: "O, Sacred Heart of Christ! I place my trust in Thee!" The poor young man's eyes rested again and again on this picre, and the words were continually s lips. He was not a Catholic. mother had registered him a Methodist, and was most devoted in her affection and daily visits. One day, he said during one of my visits:

"Mother, what does that picture

He turned inquiring eyes on me, but said no more. He seemed to improve slightly, and after a week high hopes were entertained of his recovery. But trouble began in the knee, which became nfected from the sloughing of the burns, while those on the forehead and shoulder were healing nicely. His sufferings be-came intense, and it was heart-breaking to hear him moan. But yet, that prayer s constantly on his lips, as his strained eyes sought the picture.

"O, Sacred Heart of Christ I place my trust in Thee!"

His mother, overcome by emotion one distinctly: "Yes! I have placed my lay, left the room to weep. I met her trust in Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!" day, left the room to weep. I met her in the hallway. "Oh! Father!" she moaned, "do you think he will die?"
"I am afraid his days are numbered,"

I said, reluctantly.

"Father," she said, "it will be my fault if he is lost. I should be a Catholic. His father was a Protestant, and the children were all baptised Methodists. I have not practiced my religion since I was married, twenty-eight years ago. The way poor John looks at that picture and says that prayer breaks my heart. Oh! will Christ's Sacred Heart save him?

I consoled her while I tried to awaken all she could for his soul and for her

The next day she found him with

The next day she found him with a little crucifix in his hand, the tears rolling down his face.

"Mother, the priest told me all my Saviour suffered for me, and I want to

bear my own sufferings patiently." And then his mother told him of the and assured him that only in the Catholic faith would he find the peace she had lost for herself and for him by her apostacy. He listened in amazement and sent for me. "Father," he said, "my mother has

told me a strange story," and he repeated his mother's words.

"It is all true, my son," I said.

"Well, then, Father, I want to be baptized and be a Catholic. That picture at the foot of the bed seems almost to live, and to demand something from me, and when I think it means the love of Christ's heart I can understand why I so long to possess it." I knew death was near, so I briefly ex-

plained the mysteries of religion, and in presence of his mother and two nurses I baptised him conditionally and gave them a little catechism, out of which they might read a few words from time to time when he was able to listen.

enced to get better, and ere long was sitting up in bed. The catechism and other books of instruction were placed in his own hands, and he was told he must know the meaning of the sacra-ments before he could make his First

With the hope and feeling of returning health, however, the desire of being instructed seemed to grow cold. Poor John! Religion did not seem so much to him now that life seemed to beckon ith rosy finger. When his non-Cath-lic friends came he would hide his catechism and books of instruction under his pillow, and the scapulars in which he had been invested were concealed among his bandages. It was the last violent effort of the evil one, for with it all the eyes of John never fell upon the picture but the words came to his

When I mentioned the fact that I hoped he was preparing for his First Communion, he answered, "Yes—soon!" His mother now brought his non-Cataolic brother-in-law to see him, and John expressed joy that he was about to become a practical Catholic. He said: "I have a Catholic friend who went with me on my electrical jobs, and he used to tell me that the days he went to Communion he felt such happiness and peace of soul that he did not care what would happen to him. I wonder if I would feel that way."

His brother-in-law, to please him, said that he thought so, and one day in the presence of the family the question was discussed about changing religions. was there, and the presence of the pries made the matter more solemn. I instructed them and spoke with all the fervor of my soul to the three men of the value of their immortal souls. I

Next day the surgeons announced that John was not improving, and that an operation on the knee would be necessarv to save his life, and even then it was only a chance. This was on Monday and the operation was to be on Thurswas only a chance. This was on Monday and the operation was to be on Thursday, as the patient was very week and all possible effort was to be made to build him up. John was very hopeful, however, and told his mother he wished to make his First Communion, and begged her to go to Holy Communion the same day. In the meantime, all his apathy had vanished. He resumed the study of the catechism and I found him study of the catechism and I found him ready and glad to go to confession and quite as well instructed as the circumstances permitted. His poor mother also made her peace with God, and after twenty-eight years, received our Divine Lord the same day her suffering son made his First Communion.

The sentiments of poor John were nost editying, and after receiving Holy Communion he told me he was quite prepared for the operating room; for, said ne, "Father, I am going to get well and I will try to thank God by being a good Catholic." To his Protestant relations who visited him before the operation he seemed transformed.

The operation was performed, but it was unsuccessful, the gangrene was too deep. When John recovered from the anesthetic, he said to his non-Catholic brother and brother-in-law, who, were in the room:

"I am going to die and I am resigned to God's will," and glancing at the picture he murmured his favorite aspir-ation. His brothers were deeply moved and could scarcely be prevailed upon to leave him. He lingered for g one of my visits:
"Mother, what does that picture two days in peaceful resignation. Suffering had gone and he lay there tranquilly waiting for the call. He begged constantly for prayers, "more prayers!" and oh! to receive the turned inquising eyes on me, but him governal times a day and at least him several times a day, and at last brought him Holy Communion and anointed him. He begged his brothers when I was not those when I was not there to read the prayers for the dying out of a Catholic prayerbook which was on the table. could not refuse, and did as he bade them. At the last I was there, and with his mother, brothers and their wives present, gave him the last absolution, and when death came there was almost a smile on his face. Just before the gray shadow fell he raised his dying eyes to the picture and murmured quite shall offer even more prayers."

"Yes, Father, I shall pray much for you and to make sure of it, in case you are in need of them, let me know, and I shall offer even more prayers."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of those resent. And when all was over there present. And when all was over there was a long silence in which the words seemed to echothrough the death cham-ber, robbing it of its terrors. It was one of those wonderful, nay, inscrutable, mercies of the tender, Sacred Heart of Our Lord! His love had pursued this soul, and not only won it, but before the year was out his brother and brothern-law, wife and two children, beside his mother, were restored to the Church and are now all fervent Catholics.

Oh! Sacred Heart of Our Lord! Can

we ever fail to trust in Thee? Is there a doubt that in Thy mercy Thou wilt give all Thy children who implore Thee, "a safe harbor, a holy rest, and a peace at the last?"

WIT AND HUMOR.

A paper describing an accident says: Dr. Crawfurd was called and, under his skilful treatment. oung man died on Wednesday night."

Client-My next-door neighbor has pitefully built a fence close to my dining-room windows, thus darkening the room. What can I do? Lawyer—Tey lighting the gas. Five dollars, please !

John Smith fell down the cellar stairs the other day, and broke his left leg, his right arm, two ribs, his nose, one finger, and cut his scalp, sprained his ankle, and put his shoulder out of joint. But he didn't really begin to feel bad about it till his wife asked him if he was hurt

Tommy was a very sound sleeper and wouldn't get out of bed earlier than 10 clock, no matter what his mother said to him. So one morning she tried coax-"You have heard of the little boy who

got up at 6 o'clock in the morning and when he went out he found a purse of gold ?' "Oh, yes," said Tommy; "but what about the little boy who got up before him and went out and lost it!"

A physician found one of his patients sitting in the bath and swallowing a dose of medicine.

"What are you doing there, instead o being in bed?" inquired the astonished practitioner; and the patient quickly responded:
"Well, y you told me to take the

nedicine in water, and that's what I'm

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened ten year-old Billie and his five year-old brother Robert. mother feigned sleep as the two whiterobed figures crept past her bed into the hall on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his

"Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."
"Get mother to help you," counseled

Billie, who was having troubles of his paused as she heard the voice of her

younger, guarded, but anxious and in "You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."

EXPENSIVE ARITHMETIC.

This letter was sent a short time ago to a school teacher by an anxious parent: "Sir: Will you in the future give my boy easier some to do at nites. This is what he's brought hoam two or thre nites back. If four gallons of bere will fill thirty-to pint bottles, how many pints and half bottles will nine gallons of bere fill? Well, we tried and could make nothing of it at all, and my boy cried and laughed, and sed he didn't rowed a lot of wine and brandy bottles.

in water, as I am not able to buy more

MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER WORLD:

APPARENTLY WELL AUTHENTICATED IN-STANCE OF RECENT APPARITION OF A DEPARTED SOUL.

The following narrative is from the een of the Rev. A. Body, O. P., who is known personally to the editor of the Ravista Catalica The Rev. Matthew Lecompte, O. P., a

famous preacher whose voice had been heard in many a French cathedral, died at Jerusalem in 1887. He was a man of initiative and energy and he had conse-crated the last days of his life to the oundation of a convent of his order on the site which tradition points out to be the spot where the first martyr shed his blood. This convent of St. Stephen has ecome celebrated since as the home of the Biblical students of the Dominican Order.

When his final sickness overtook him Father Lecompte was brought to the French hospital in Jerusalem. There he was nursed by a Sister who is still alive. When Father Lecompte found that death was approaching, he became terrified at the thought of the account he should have to render to God. The Sister tried to console him by recalling the great apostolic works he had done, the value of his religious vows, the conversions of which he had been the instrument.

"My child, it is not enough to do good works, it is necessary to perform them with such purity of intention that—Oh! Sister, pray for me after my death." The Sister promised, but as the

priest's m.nd was still engrossed with the same thoughts, she added: "Yes, Father, I shall pray much for

"Sister," said the Father, smiling, "it is not so easy to come back from the other world."

"Then, ask God to permit it. But, however it may be, I shall omit nothing that I may be able to do, to get you to

Father Lecompte died a few days after this conversation and he was interred with great pomp in an ancient cave which had been discovered during the

During several weeks the Sister rayed for the deceased, but distracte y her occupations, after some time she

om she heard, of a sudden, a noise that

frightened her, and she smelt the odor of sulphur and smoke. Then a voice, which was that of the defunct religious, aid in mournful tones:
"Ah! Sister, pr y for me, for I am uffering intensely."
Fifteen days afterwards the sam

phenomena repeated themselves, but less rividly. The voice told her that her communions, beads and penrayers, ces had helped his soul. Many thanks, Sister; your charity as been of service to me, your prayers

have been like a copious dew that fell upon the flames and diminished their Go to the convent I have founded

and leg the superior, for me, that he celebrate a novena of Masses so that my The Sister communicated without de-

y the message she had received. Father Paul Menier listened to the range details without expressing any inion but he felt himself inclined to ad been the victim of an hallucination. hen she had gone, he reflected upon tone of conviction, her well-known utation for common sense, her virtue. of deception, and he wound up his ections by saving to himself, "Well, ections by saying to himself, hall celebrate the nine Tather Lecomote will have the benefit them, even if this apparition was

usory. The next day, without saying a word any one, he began the novena of

The night of the day upon which the novena of Masses was completed, when the Fathers of the convent were retiring o rest, one of the Brothers, a very able and practical man, and the last to be ected of being the victim of an usion, heard a knock at the door.
"Come in," he called out.

To his astonishment he saw Father Matthew Lecompte enter; he was radiant with joy. With smiling countenance he approached toward the Brother, and asked him for news of the convent. This he did in the most natural manner,

and just as if he were a living being.

"All goes well, Father, but what a loss you have been to us!"

"Courage! I am going to heaven, there I shall be more useful than upon

In saying these words, he grasped the Brother's hand with so much affection that he felt for many days a sensation in his hand. Afterwards the Father went to the door, went out, and closed it after him. The Brother ran in fear to the superior's room and narrated what

Father Body concludes his narrative y stating that he interviewed, in 1900, both of the witnesses of this apparition, and he considers them above suspicion.

RELIGION'S PLACE IN LIFE.

From Lecture by Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J. Knowing, in accordance with what has ready been said, the value of a lofty ideal, and taking my cue in part from the passage which has just been read. I would say that a man gives to religion its due place in his life if he aims at be-coming—as nearly and as fully as it lies in his power, aided by God's grace, gradually to become—more and more "absorbed in G d, and on fire with the love of Our Lord."

"Absorbed in God." This does not

mean that we are to withdraw our minds from necessary and lawful secular busi-ness, or in anywise to neglect it: for that would plainly not be in accordance with God's most holy will for us. But it means that we do well assiduously to cultivate that habitual "desire towards God" of which Walter Hilton speaks in the admirable treatise which he wrote for the instruction of an educated Catholic layman in pre-Reformation times a desire which is not, indeed, continu-ously felt and experienced, but which when it has been thoroughly acquired asserts itself as often as the mind is for the moment set free from affairs which while they last, of their nature claim its full attention. It means that, to the atmost of our capacity, we should eve be on the alert for indications of God's good pleasure, making that divine wil the rule of our every conscious and de liberate act and word and thought And it means, too, that we should learn with ever increasing facility to seek and to find God in all His creatures. It is not we alone who are—or should strive o be or to become—"absorbed in God;" but it may be hoped that, as our spiritual insight grows more keen, we shall learn to perceive that they too are "absorbed in Him," inasmuch as from Him, and through Him, and in Him, they have their whole being and all their activ-

In objects, in persons in occupations in events, incidents, experiences, we must learn to seek God and to find Him. In objects, for His footsteps are on every field, the skirts of His garment trail over every landscape, waking it to

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, S. LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes outh that he is senic partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doin pusiness in the City of Toledo, County and Stat droresaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of NE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and ever ease of Catarith that can not be cured by the use of se of Catarrh that can not be cured by the use i ill's Catarrh Cure, FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presenc is 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. (SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NORTHER PROPERTY

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and ac directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 7sc.

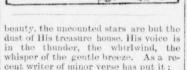
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Vapo resolene.

Established 1879 Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

Cresolene is a boon to Asthmatics

Does it not seem more effective to breathe in semedy to cure disease of the breathing organ han to take the remedy into the stomach? It cures because the air rendered strongly and



o the poet God speaks in the voice of the thunder Speaks in the lightning, speaks in the rain: arth, sea, sky, dawn, noon, sunset are full of His Of His praise all creation strikes chords to the

preading cedar, rich olive, tall palm, bounteou

True, we have not all the poetic, or artistic, or mystical, or contemplative temperament in a highly developed state; but there is not one of us who cannot feed his soul on such simple vet ar-reaching an logies as are suggested—and suggested, I venture to say, by way of specimen and example for our instruction—in the parables of our Divine Lord.

Then again, in persons; for there is so one of our human fellow creatures but bears about with him, stamped on his very being—however marred and defaced—the image and likeness of God while the poor, the sick, the afflicted, and in particular little children, in a

s an old and a shrewd saying that the nav not-by wise use-be turned into a velops with the help of sedulous cultiat least-to discern in the seemingsual heaping of the boulders which-though shot in a land slide—aggres ively threaten to bar our way, a care graded ladder—a very Jacob's er—whereby God's angels descend to us, laden with blessings, and bid us follow them upward and onward towards the ever-receding—yet ever-beckoning goal of perfect attainment. And happy we, if even though we should lack this insight, this explicit spiritual discernment, we have faith enough, confidence enough to trust ordinance, and His governance, even when we cannot trace it, in the socalled mischances, no less than in the nore pleasant and normal experiences of

It is this habit of constant converse with God—this habitual "desire to-wards God"—this absolute and un-bounded confidence in God, this limitour will to His-it is these dispositions which are the living weft and woof of a thoroughly vital religion, and which establish the soul in that unshaken calm and that unswerving strength of pur-pose that is needed to qualify a man to

The truth of our essential nearness to God and the claseness of our int -conscicus and unconscious—with Him, has been admirably expressed in half-adozen stanzas, possibly lacking the last polishing touches of the poet's hand, which were found among Thompson's papers at his death—less than a year ago. They are entitled:

" IN NO STRANGE LAND."

The Kingdom of God is within you."

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to seek the air,
That weask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there Not where the wheeling systems darken And our benumbed conceiving soars! The drift of pinions, would we heatken Beats at our own day-shuttered doors

The angels keep their ancient places; Turn but a stone, and start a wing l 'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces. That miss the many-splendored thing

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder) Cry; and upon thy so sore loss. Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's Ladder, Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross Yea, in the night, my soul, my daughter, Cry - clinging Heaven by the hands And lo! Christ walking on the water, Not of Genesareth, but Thames.

It must be understood, of course, that the efforts to cultivate the sensus Dei, as Pere Denis has called it, that is to say, the sense of His Presence, of His Providence, of His Dominion, is only an effort consciously to bring ourselves into harmony with a great transcendent fact, the truth of which is in substance independent of our efforts. But it must likewise be remembered that the good effects of this transcendent fact upon ourselves are in large m asure the reward of those same efforts. For, in spiritual matters, by contrast with those which are purely physical, it lies within our power, either to conform ourselves to the laws of the divine governance, or to ignore or oppose these laws; not indeed, with ultimate impunity, but without that immediate shock of visible and tangible catastrophe which inevitably

Educational.

St. Jerome's College. BERLIN, CANADA

REV. A. L. ZINGER. C. R., President.

follows on any defiance of, for instance, the laws of gravitation or of health.

Thompson's singularly noble ode, "The Hound of Heaven," tells of the pursuing mercy of God, which bounte-ously tracks down the sinner, however oolishly and persistently he may fice therefrom, seeking refuge in laughter or in tears, in the vain hopes or the vainer fears of life terrestrial, in love unlawful or in love unsatisfying, in art-culture or in nature-worship, or lastly,

in sheer broken-down despair.

Let me quote at least a few lines that, to those who have not read the entire poem, may give a taste of the

This, and much which follows, is sub-

lime in its pathos. But far more sublime could the story but find a yet greater poet to hymn it, is the life's record of the soul which has never broken its bonds to engage in so erratic a comet-course, but has ever—like the planet which the poet finely figures as—

kept its appointed orbit, obedient to and spurning the counter-attraction of its 'ellow planets or of wandering aster-

Of St. Catherine of Sienna we read, in the words of her contemporary biographer, that "In her heart and on her lips she had not save Jesus; through the streets she walked with Jesus; her pecial manner representations pecial manner representations and incidents of life? That nothing and incidents of life? That nothing hut by God's permission, and happen happen to happen eyes were ever fixed on Jesus, nor did happens but by God's permission, and that God permits nothing to happen which is not capable of being turned to good account for His service; these are truths which are familiar to us all. It sure, a saint; and yet the ideal ex-pressed in these few words is one which the least spiritually minded among us that may in part be realized even by

A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

The fact remains that all our contrivances for outward reformation of institutions are but futile tinkering with the body of society, when it is the soul of man that needs attention. A little more honesty, a little more love, a little more gentleness and helpful generosity in the heart of average men and women—these are more important than the passage of a thousand laws, or the instituting of any new schemes of social betterment. Love is an old, old remedy for the unhappy plight of the world. lieve in its efficacy, we cannot summon yet; for most of our attempts, though some of them have been brave enough, have been but half-heart d.

Suppose we try to carry over a little of the Christmas elation into the New Year. Suppose we try to make the new year a little less heathenish, a little less full of cruelty and noise and terror and greed, a little less absurdly at variance and that unswerving strength of purpose that is needed to qualify a man to do great things—great things as God sees them—in the battles of the Lord.

The truth of our essential nearness to adopt the Golden Law, to return with gladness among men.—Bliss Carman in "The Friendship of Art."

If you will once resolve to worry about nothing except the evil or hard-ship that confronts you now, this hour or minute, and from which you cannot possibly escape, ninety times out of a hundred you will find there is no such evil or hardship.—Celia P. Wooley.

To Redden the Blood

Rich, red blood.

That is what pale, nervous, weak people need.
Red blood to form new cells and tissues, to invigorate the nerves, to strengthen the heart's action, to give energy and vigor to the organs of the body.

oody.

The elements from which nature forms rich, red blood are found in condensed and easily assimilated form in Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and because of its wonderful blood-building qualities this great restorative has become world

There is no guess work, no experimenting with this treatment. Every dose is bound to do you a certain amount of

good. Mrs. John Boutilier, 163 Morris street, Halifax, N. S., writes:—"My daughter was very weak and nervous and had severe headaches as a result of confine-ment at school. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

has fully restored her health."

The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of the genuine. 50 cents at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food