is the whole secret. Book covering the subject very thoroughly sent free for the

(G. H. Gallagher, in Catholic M

That dear Face, all marred and an Paler grows as death draws nea And Thy dying eyes so tender Bear the trace of many a tear. On Thy head a crown is pressing, But also 'tis made of thorns, And Thy blood like royal rubics, Every cruel point adoms.

As I gase upon Thy features
Where Thy blood has left its stain,
All my conscience wak s and tells me
That my sins have caused Thy pain

O my God, my hand has woven That rough crown upon Thy brow, My iniquities have scourged Thee, Yet Thine eyes are on me now. In their glance so sad and mouraful
I can read Thy grief and pain.
See the boundless love that draws me
To Thy Sacred Heart again.

Holy Jesus, Thy compassion Fills my heart with shame and grid Let me make some reparation, Let me bring Thee some relief.

For my sins which crucified Thee Take my heart, O Lord, I pray. May this hand of mine which cro

Take the life that lies before me, Make it Thine and Thine alone As Thy life was freely offered So I offer Thee my own.

May Thy Holy Face in mercy Turn to me when life is past. Lighten up death's cold, dark valley, Shine upon me at the last.

THE BLACK FINGER

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

CHAPTER I.

nere, over the bewildering vist of peak on peak, that were graying in the gathering shadows, in the black gorges, from which the snow-black gorges, from which the snow-drifts had alipped, shuddering into drifts had alipped, shuddering into the gentler slopes, where the dwarf pines stood, rigid and ice-sheathed, and the waterfalls clung, like white foam wraiths, to the rock, held by the death-grip of the frost.

oroseed the cloud rift and shot up for a moment into the gloom yeyond.

"The cross," gasped the dying map, his eyes flaming feverishly, bleeding fingers, while the sounds of hope leading him on grew louder and fuller.

It was a chant upborne by a deep ow; on crossed the cloud rift and shot up for

print stool, rigid and its-charther, and the susterials cleng, like way, and the first waterials cleng, like way, and the state of the force, and the susterials cleng, like way, all way the first watths, to the crook, hald by the first destination of the force.

North, south, sout, we say, see, and the sustering the last of the force.

North, south, south,

ridge that twening with his spoils, when a sound strunk upon his size that made him pause breathing.

Through the white stillness came the howl of old Boar the wolf-hound. Only twice before tast Bris heard Boar bowl than. Once when the catamount had crept to their hut in the darkness, and was staring in the unbarred window with eyes of flame; again, on a night of even greater terror, when that same howl had guided Bris to the ravies where Boar tept watch over his master, bleeding and senseless, fiv m a struggle whose secret ald Dan would never reveal and are senseless, fiv m a struggle whose secret. Book ring the subject very oughly sent free for the general and all selectors of logs and bank, in the sound came again the evening, pieroing the gray shadows, simest human in its despair. Dropping pouch and aled-rope, he bounded up the mountain-side to the hut, an unsainly structure of logs and bank, in the shelter of an overhanging rock.

THE HOLY FACE.

Gallagher, in Catholic Mirror.)

Jenus, in Thy mercy

are you?" There was no answer, rose from moan and wail into fiero and, bursting open the unbolted fury, swaying the ice-sheathed pine door, Boar's howl alone greated the

his leathery old face was drawn and livid, while the eyes were turned to the wintry annest with a look Bric had never seen in them before. It was Death the boy faced, and he recoiled from it as all wild things do.

"Dan, Dan, who done it to you," he found voice at last to cry! was loved at the hoarse cry of a storm-livid the gorge over which he sprang, shuddering? Surely that was some tall giant of the mountain looming up in his way. Eric stopped, trembling in every limb. With the waking of brain and nerve the brute instinct had deserted him. He What hurt you? Can't-cant you looked sround at the chace of cag speak, Dan?" But the old man's or and cloud and sweeping drift with a new terror of helplessness. The glassy despair.

Snatching a whiskey bottle from had vanished; he was lost. Lost

the shelf, Bric poured a few drops of on the summit of old bear cap, on a the liquor between the pale, working winter night. "Who done it to you, Dan ?" be asked again, for hardy young bar-barian that he was, Brie could think or he'll throw ye, lad," had been Dan's Lost, lost ! Eric knew all the word

wot tuk me isther and me grand been found, when spring loosened the father, and me forbears all. It's taking me."

'A No, no, no; don't you say that, whither they had been cast by one

"I'll run for the doctor He has the stuff to erry you. It's only the oramp that has got you, Dan. Take another sup of the whiskey; you're getting better. Keep up a bit, and I'll run to the village beyant."

"No, no," interrupted the cld man, hoarsely, "No doctor, there isn't time. Luk ye there, lad," and he pointed with shaking finger to the West, "Tell me what d'ye see?"

"The sun, shure I know it's going to the storm, a sound reached his ear that made his heart leap and

"The sun, abure I know it's going tumult of the storm, a bound leap and his heart leap and

"None," gasped Dan, feebly, "It's the death grip—lad—here," and he tore open his course shirt. "It's wot tak me fether and wot tak me fether and wot tak me fether and work tak me feth

Dan;" cried the boy passionately.
'I'll run for the doctor He has

ness that be, as God's minister, wa

door, Boar's howl alone greeted the boy as he atun bled over a great gaunt figure, lying prone upon the earthen floor, with the dog at its side.

It was Dan, whom Bric had left that morning in all the sturdy strength of his lusty years, hardy and rugged as a mountain pine.

For a moment the boy stood dumb, with an icy awe, for Dan's breath was coming short and quick; his leathery old face was drawn and livid, while the eyes were turned to knew the "Pope's praste" was both feared and bated on these lawless

He stepped forward; a white-faced trembling boy stood at the sauctuar remoting boy stood at the sanctuary ratling, staring in bewilderment around him at the quaintly carved altar; the adoring angels bending on either side, the crimson-tinted lamp swinging from the oaken ceiling—above all at the Munich statue of the "Sacred Heart," the form divine that seemed to rise life-like in majestic beauty amid the roseate-hued shadows—welcoming the boy, who, out of storm and darkness and peril of death had struggled to

"What are you doing here my boy?" asked Father Paul, sternly. "It's the-the priest I want," stammered Bric, Dan's cry still echoing in his ear, " God's priest."

"I am the priest," answered Father Paul, still keeping a suspicious eye upon the messe "Shure, me head was that dazed,"

said the boy with a nervous laugh, "that I thought at first it was him," pointing to the statue. "Don't he look real and pretty and kind. But it's the priest I was sent for, and I was bid to say that there was one dying—dying with the curse of God and man on him, and you were to come and lift it, if you could.

"Who is the dving man and where "D'ye no see, d'ye no see it?" was it then almost stand still.

Was it the cry of a kelpie, the wail of some demon-driven wraith?

"It's Dan," answered Eric, whose head was still dizzy and voice unsteady. "Dan Rourke, at the Ridge above Roker's Ridge." is be?"



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