ge-hearted love that a so faithfully. see you again, dar-he gently unwound

rly as I can to-mor-nless Sibyl sends for et me at her house." 'said Narka, shrinkthrough the comedy ore Sibyl!"
nen I will come here

e will go back to he

him to the dark enin a close embrace. e whispered, "When ou may tell her I am ad to know that I am

her," Narka replied. tural that he should message to Marguer-

R XXXV. fore the earliest bell. round her it seemed ning was changed in at last night's vision isible trail of light or

ve! did I dream that you held me in your me? My own! my

hands together, and for joy. The little e quickly performed, le ready and partaken d herself with care, in-try of love, and made as she could, arrang-had bought of a poor placing the books to on the table, moving thing, as if the magic t improve the homely she sat down to the to warble and thrill ed rapture of a thrush icied Basil listening to nerself bringing down ders of applause, and in bushels and pouring she saw herself minisits, making his home

al, and setting him free espoused. Suddenly, er dreams, she remem-usic might drown the , and she came away moved about, chang the books again, and ing, and humming for theck the joy that was er. At last the bell w to the door. But it was Madame Blaquette. her finger to her lips. voice to a guilty whis

lady," she said, "can I est privacy?" adame Blaquette," re-nigh, cheerful tone; she enjoy the landlady's o warn you of a great I Madame Blaquette,

s arm: "the police have
but have political papers
re coming up to search
tor hide whatever you
k; there is no time to ardly trust her senses.

on like the panic about ine? Still, she had Who told you the police e?" she asked, in sud-

He met me the other , and sent me back to nake haste, or it will be

st vanished at the mename. She looked round ed creature seeking for where she could burn space where they would lynx eyes of the police

e papers and run down ne said. ady, the police will meet th both hands. men's footsteps in the she said; and seizing the by the wrist, she drew alcove, dragged a box ed, unlocked it, and took ket which contained the

's articles, and thrusting dlady's hands, "There! our shawl, and take it rguerite for me."
e door. "Oh. m 'Oh, my God she cried, turning white ick way, if I can get

then window," said Mad"Bring a chair."
to the kitchen. Narka
window, let down a chair, ed landlady to step on it, up the chair and shut the ent back into the rooma second time. Narka, r strong young lambs like d, walked to the door and

Emulsion makes richer and imcirculation. It he digestion and he body. It corased action and s the nervous sysa word, it places n the best possible for preventing the Consumption from or continuing their that one sentence ole secret. Book the subject very

REV. WALTER ELLIOTT. The following is an extract from the Atlantic Monthly for May of this year. The writer is speaking of the condition of a typical country town in New Eng-

land: "Religion, in fact, has almost died out in this community. If the reader should attend the meeting-house on a Sabbath, as we call it, I fear that he would find the occasion a melancholy one, and that he would go away, if he were a reflective person future of New England. The congregation is small, and composed mainly of old people and children.

More than half the men in the More than half the men in the village know Sunday simply as the day on which they put on a clean shirt. Even if the strong men could be in-duced to attend our meetings, they would hear little which would attract or stimulate them. Our theology has decayed into a vague, sentimental adherence to the doctrine of justification by faith, and a belief in instantaneous conversion. But the men of this community, and especially the young men, require a stronger diet than that. If only some modern prophet would arise to bring them to their knees in an agony of remorse and re-pentance! . . . What influence will take the place of that old belief What moral force will curb the pas-sions, chasten the lives, stimulate the energy of the rude people who are born in these remote town? Whence shall they derive the discipline and the self-

with apprehension for the future." The writer's outlook, if gloomy, is no doubt true, for he evidently knows his village well and is a symprthetic ob server. From the point of view of the Catholic missionary the outlook is an inviting one. For people cannot long continue in such a low religious condition; revulsion of some sort must be imminent. The vast majority of these people are without ony form of baptism, family prayer, use of the Bible, or church influence. In childhood a small amount of very indifferent re-ligious instruction is obtained in a Sunday school; and that is the best they get their whole lives long.

control without which their primeval

strength will be as useless as the un

dammed waters of a mountain torrent?

I confess that these thoughts fill me

Meantime religion still interest them. They will talk about it readily and read about it; a good, pleasing speaker on religious topics can gain an audience. What is wanted is just that—the Catholic missionary. He can "attract," for he has got the food they are hungry for-the glorious truth of God, not vague but certain, clear, consistent, satisfying. He has got the "stimulant" in the sacraments, in which he can promise new spiritual blood for their depleted condition, namely, the blood of Christ. Whatever in religion answers to the description of vague or sentimenta these poor tired souls do not wantthey have been sated with it already But the solid doctrine and the perfec satisfaction of Catholicity they do want. Prove that to them: this is doubtless the hardest part of the missionary's duty, but it will bring him near his end. Strong diet, positive truth, valid promise of peace of mind and security of virtue, are given by the true doctrine of our Savicur's Incarnation, His atonement, his Church, His sacraments especially that of Holy Communion. Who will go and preach these truths to rural New Eng-

The greatest prophet of modern American Protestantism, the Evangelist Moody-who is at the same time living monument of the failure of Protestantism— is right among such villages as the one described. He is the failure of Protestantism's latest evolution. He is, nevertheless, a powerful leader of men ; but his justification by faith alone and his vacuum of all external test of true Christian fellowship have hindered his ever doing more in any community than scaring a few and enthusing another few into partial Christian conditions of The cold calculation of the New England character was too much for him. It was not vice but sound reason in his hearers that made him a

failure in New England. But the Catholic missionary knows how to treat an appeal to reason, give it a standing in the court of divine faith, nay, elevate it high and secure above its worst enemies, religious fan aticism and delusion. Catholicity promptly answers all questionigs of any educated layman take the topics posing upon the straw and in the act Let any Catholic priest or so well chosen and so well treated in Cardinal Gibbons's Christian Heritage, thoroughly assimilate them, piainly expound them with an earnest soul, and he will get an audience in rural New England - if not every-

where, yet in many places.
This field, we have said, is inviting, yet we do not deny that at first sight an apostolate more fruitful in immedi ate conversions can be had in other sections. But this depends on the kind missionary who undertakes this part of the country. And there are ele-ments of hope too plain to be questioned. One is that converts, a few at least, are everywhere to be met with in these communities whose state previous to conversion was identical with the one given by the writer in the Alantic - strong converts, zealous and edifying. Another encouraging fact is, that many of our priests have been born and bred in just such communities, know

A FAVORABLE OUTLOOK IN NEW that religion is by no means unattract. ENGLAND. that religion is by no means unattract. ive to men and women of this Yankee FORMATION. THOLOMEW. type, either for worship or faith, if only they can get it reasonable.

usual circumstance in missionary experience-The Missionary.

THE CRADLE OF JESUS.

Relies of the Nativity Preserved in

In the basilica of St. Mary Major, at Rome, are preserved certain relics of the nativity of our Lord, concerning which a goodly number of Catholics have little or no knowledge, and of

which we give a brief account. First of all, the basilica por several rocks detached from the grotto of Bethlehem. The stable whither Mary and Joseph betook themselves on the eve of the nativity was in part a natural grotto and in part a constructed hut, according to a custom that still prevails in Oriental countries and is found even in Italy and other portions of Europe. The wall against which the manger was supported was later on covered with a species of plaster and adorned with paintings, traces of which may still be discerned on the pieces brought to Rome.

Besides these rocks St. Mary Major possesses: The crib of our Lord, the sacra culla of the Italians (incunabulum in Latin), in which the Blessed Virgin placed the Infant Jesus after having wrapped Him in His swaddling clothes; these clothes, with the bands or strings that held them in place; the mantle of St Joseph, which served as a quilt, and, finally, the straw with which the crib had been filled before Our Lady placed therein her Divine Son.

Formerly this altar was situated in the great nave, a little in advance of the main altar. When Pope Sixtus V. built the magnificent chapel which bears his name, the chapter of St. Mary's begged him to preserve intact the old chapel which had been for so many centuries the object of the veneration of the faithful. The architect accordingly received orders to dig below the new chapel a space large enough to contain the old one, which was transported entire down an inclined plane to the place it occupies at present under the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. A leaden chest or box inclosed in the altar contains pieces of rock incrusted with marble and plaster detached from the Grotto of the Nativty and some of the straw upon which the Redeemer lay.

In the urn of porphyry, which serves as the table of the main altar, are two smaller marble urns, holding pieces of the boards of the crib, with portions of the straw, the linen clothes and the mantle of the Saviour. These urns, with an inscription by Pope Paschal I. set in place in the ninth century, were found intact when the work of repair ing was undertaken in 1750.

To the two sides of the principal urn are attached vases of silver and crystal, which permit a view of the clothes, the

bands and the straw of the crib. A piece of St. Joseph's cloak is inclosed in a reliquary given to the church by Pope Pius IX. It was detached from the precious and magnifi St. Anastasia, where the Pontiff for-

on Christmas morning. Finally, in a splendid reliquary of silver and crystal, kept ordinarly in the Chapel of the Crucifix, are preserved the most precious of the relics of the Nativity—the boards that formed the Infant Saviour's crib. The holy crib no longer exists in its primitive form. several boards-a cradle which not only received the Infant Jesus at His birth, but served also as His restingplace on the back of the ass during the flight into Egypt. The boards are five in number, each about two feet long and six or seven inches wide, with a sixth and smaller one, which seems to

be a mere fragment. Blanchini, who obtained from Benedict XIV. permission closely to examine the boards, discovered that they were covered with an ancient gold threaded cloth, on which appear ed a Greek inscription. During a session of the Archaeological Academy held at Rome in the month of December 1893, the learned Father Cozza Luzi satisfied himself that this inscription had been intended to adorn a painting with figures of gold and serving as reliquary for the swaddling clothes of the Saviour. The silver and crystal reliquary in which the boards are contained is surmounted by a golder statue of the Infant Jesus, life size, re-

The crib of our Lord is presented to the veneration of the faithful only once a year. On the 24th of December it is irst exposed on an altar in the great Then the four youngest sacristy. Then the four youngest canons of St. Mary Major, preceded by all the clergy, carry it in solemn procession to the Sistine chapel. After the Mass of the Aurora they take it back and expose it on the tabernacle of the main altar. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at the close of the second solemn Vespers, the Cardinal Protector of the basilica, followed by a concourse of the clergy, venerates once more the holy relic. A proces-verbal is drawn up, attesting the identity of the crib and the details of the ceremony, after which it is again inclosed, to be disturbed no more until the following

year on Christmas eve.

The principal portions of these treas

There are two ways of setting to work That one must be content to wait to reform a corrupt population. The awhile for visible results is only a first way is to make war against their evil practices; the second is to set in operation among them new forces which will attract them towards higher Bartholomew," by Rev. Joseph V. things. The first is the Protestant or O Connor, at St. Theresa's, last Sunday mechanical method; the second is the Catholic or vital method. Corruption is the result of death; the only way to successfully overcome it is by the intusion of new life. To retard corrup-tion is but to prolong its horrors; it is far better to let the process work itself out, unless you can speak the super-natural word that can bid that which is dead to live again. Satan is the spirit who eternally

. . der Geist, der stets verneint

and undivine reforms deny like Luther instead of affirming like Borrom To give new life one must be a prophet or an apostle of God, one's must burn with the celestial fire that Our Lord came to kindle. At the very least one must carry the torch of

Divine truth and the banner of the Sacred Heart. Indolence and spiritual death when driven to enter upon the pathway of reform seek out the negative methods. It seems-though in sooth it is nota simpler thing to teach a drunkard the practice of total abstinence than to inspire him with the spirit of penance;

to frighten people into coming to Mass

than to make them love to come; to

squeeze or inveigle money out of their pockets than to make them eager to

Spouse.

despoil themselves for the love of Jesus Christ. The negative process tends only to destruction; its outcome is in vacuity and nothingness; while the positive one contains the promise of all things, leading into the exhaustless infinity of God. The paring away, for example, of ceremonials and other instrumental ities of religious edification reduces for the time being the discrepancy between outward form and inner devo tion, but in the end it leads to a colder and more hopeless formalism than ever. What men need is more devotion, more life, more truth. The way to reform them is to teach the truth in all its integrity; to fill them so full of the love of God that their hearts will expand till they reach the measure of the Church's fuliness, and are taught by the Holy Spirit to anticipate all her laws, use her sacraments, and appreciate all her manifold provisions for transforming them into the image of her Divine

no total abstinence societies, no Sun day laws, no prohibitions of innocent amusements. Whether they eat or drink or whatsoever they do, they will do all to the glory of God. Woe unto those who, when the world asks bread, offer it a stone; who, when men are starving on every hand for the Bread of Life, give them temperance societies and blue laws; who, when they want truth and liberty and love, provide a soulless education, a fictitious democracy, hireling philanthrophy. Holy Church cent relic preserved in the Church of provides the remedy for every human ill, the answer for every question o merly celebrated the Mass of the Dawn the soul, the solution of every social problem ; how foolish, then, are those 'Catholics" who look to human sources and human expedients for that which all history testifies that they are incompetent to supply! Quis ut Deus?
Who can be compared with our God? -Church Progress.

Those who are taught of God need

A SOCIALISTIC CONVERT.

was that of M. Edmond Turquet, at one time member of the Chamber of Deputies. From upholding irreligious views in the Chamber he has ended by becoming a Franciscan Tertiary. The other day, says a London paper, while addressing the beggars who assemble twice a week in the crypt of the basilica of Montmartre, he alluded to the Franciscan community of the Rue des Puteaux and said: "There I find true socialism, after having sought it in vain in the world by belonging to socialistic committees. There, with a cell to sleep in, a corner in a chapel to pray in, and fifteen hundred poor to look after, I am happy." He told his hearers how the Tertiary Brothers, to whom he belonged, about five hundred in Paris, were organizing a crusade, to be known as the Ligue des Charit ables, and which was to win over to religion by charity alone the poor and suffering. "Our aim," he said, is to defeat the present godless system of education, which I, at one time, concert with Jules Ferry, in concert with Jules Ferry, did my best to bring about." Alluding to the results achieved by the association of which he forms part, he pointed to the bi weekly gathering of the poor in several of the Paris churches, quoting surprising statis-tics. Besides the two thousand five hundred poor of Montmarte, whose regular meeting-place is the crypt of the basilica, and the one thousand five hundred of the Franciscan Convent of the Rue des Puteaux, about eight hundred meet twice weekly at the old church of St. Julien-le-Pauvre and the fashionable church of St. Augustin. All these go hungry of body as of soul, and are fed by what is become the The principal portions of these treasures are preserved at the altar of the crib.—Ave Maria. the people well and love them, and can reach their convictions, or rather their questionings, quickly and effectively. Yet another element of hope is

First of Father O'Connor's Series o Lectures-The Question Bex. Philadeiphia Standard and Times

The lecture on the "Massacre of St evening, was largely attended. Among those present were a number of prominent citizens, including Judge Gordon, and about fifty United States sailors, under command of their officers, from the Columbia, Minneapolis and Richmond, now at the League

Island Navy Yard. The following is a brief summary of the remarks of Father O'Connor:

"The new spirit of historical re-search, which seeks the simple truth of facts, which seeks the simple truth of facts, irrespectively of theories or consequences, has settled certain points in the controversy over the Bartholomew massacre. These, succinctly, are: Religion had nothing to do with the massacre : it was a measure of Machiavelian state policy it was not long premediated, but adopted on the impulse of fear of the Huguenots, chiefly of Coligny, and the number of slain cannot be proved to have exceeded 2,000. "I am chiefly concerned with show

ing that religion, either Catholic or

Protestant, had nothing to do with the massacre. It is high time that we Christians come to an understanding. no longer to furnish infidelity with its most effective weapons by our sense-less quarrels and unfounded recrimin-Why should I hold Protestant ism in England responsible for the crimes and the persecuting spirit of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth? Why should Catholics be blamed for the Bartholomew massacre because its authors, Charles IX. and his mother, Catharine de Medici, were worthless Catholics? Charles needed no relig ious motives to render him furious against the Huguenots. They had plotted to kidnap him; they had incited whole provinces to rebel-lion, and they had intro-duced foreign hostile troops into France The French court, in a lying report of the massacre, deceived Pope Gregory XIII, and he, good, easy man, thinking that the King of France had been saved from assassination, publicly thanked God. Instead of say ng that religion caused the Bartholo mew massacre, it would be true to say that religion alone could have pre-vented it. The court of France was corrupt to the last degree, and the Catholic faith was without the slightest nfluence upon the mind of either king

or queen. From carefully collated evidence it plainly appears that a general massacre was not originally contem plated. An attempt to assassinate Coligny, the Huguenot leader and the ablest general and statesman in France, had failed. The queen feared an uprising of his party and she instigated the king to the massacre on the night of the very day the at-tempt on Coligny's life had been frustrated. Had he perished there would have been no Bartholomew massacre. In the whole affair the Catholic faith was conspicuous for its absence. Catharine de Medici was a free thinker, provoked by sedition. She believed that she could not preserve her power, or even save her head, unless she

adopted the policy of assassination.
"We live in a new world and we should endeavor to give mankind the glorious spectacle of a Christianity unstained by any traditions, true or false, of bloodshed, rancor and malice. Let us resent the infidel attempt to fasten on the Christian religion the crimes of A very notable conversion in Paris its degraded professors. May the star of Bethleh m, with its memories of peace and good-will to men, be also

The question box feature has been put in operation, and hereafter on Sunday evenings Father O'Connor will answer the questions placed there the previous week, so far as time will permit. That these questions will not be confined to points of controversy is shown by these two samples :

"The question is how to become good Catholic and to live one." "A question on predestination: Is it not in any one's power to shorten his

The first is unsigned; the second is signed "A Protestant," and a real name follows, no doubt as a guarantee of good faith. There is field enough furnished by the first question alone for a whole evening's talk.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, RACON-TEUR.

ome Witty Stories of the Immortal

Liberator. "In my journal, "writes O'Neill Daunt, of Nov. 5, 1840, I find among other memoranda, some interesting forsenic recollections of O'Connell. Eyre, an Orange leader, had invariably engaged O'Connell as his counsel On one occasion a brother Orangeman severely censured Hedges Eyre for employing the Catholic Leader.
'You've got seven counsel without him, and why should you give your money to that Papist rascal?' Hedges did not make any immediate reply, but they both remained in court watchabout the same number in the crypt of | ing the progress of the trial. The counfor nonsuit, and carried the judge along with him. O'Connell remonstrated against the nonsuit, protesting against windows interest of our time, a new transfer of the supply of St. Anthony's Bread. So great an injustice. The judge your life for my benefit. If you do, if then heigh for powder and ball—I'm seemed obdurate. 'Well, hear me at your man.' Now this seems so ludiful mother of all the human family, all events, said O'Connell. 'No, I'm your man.' Now this seems so ludiful mother of all the human family, all events, said O'Connell.

ately aware of the details of the case than my brethren, I entreat, therefore, you will hear me.' The judge ungraciously consented, and in five minutes O'Connell had argued him out of the nonsuit. 'Now,' said Hedges Eyre in triumph to his Orange con-

frere, 'now do you see why I gave

my money to that Papist rascal? O'Connell related this story of physician who had been detained for many days at the Limerick assizes, to which he had been subprenaed as a witness. He pressed the judge to order him his expenses. "On what plea do you claim your expenses? " On the plea of demanded the judge. my having suffered personal loss and inconvenience, my lord," replied the simple applicant: "I have been kept away from my patients, these five days
—and, if I am kept here much longer,

how do I know but they'll get well : Here is a reminiscence of the method in which the barshness of the penal law system in its decline was mitigated

by the action of the judicial bench : 'My poor confessor, Father Grady, said O'Connell, "who resided with my uncle when I was a boy, was tried in Tralee on the charge of being a Popish priest, but the judge defeated Grady's prosecutors by distorting the law in his favor. There was a flippant scoundrel who came forward to depose to Father Grady's having said Mass.

"'Pray, sir,' said the judge, 'how do you know he said Mass? Because I heard him say it, my lord.

the judge.
"Yes, my lord." " Then you understand Latin?"

" 'A little. "'What words did you hear him

"'Did he say it in Latin?' asked

say?' Ave Maria.' "'That is the Lord's prayer, is it asked the judge. "'Yes, my lord, was the fellow's

answer. "'Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner, 'cried the judge. He swears "Ave Maria" is Latin for the

Lord's prayer. "The judge charged the jury for the prisoner, so my poor old friend, Father Grady, was acquitted."

In O'Connell's early days the judic ial bench was disgraced by a Judge Boyd, "who was," said O'Connell, "so fond of brandy that he always kept a supply of it in court upon the desk before him in an inkstand of peculiar make. His Lordship used to lean his arm upon the desk, bob down his head and steal a hurried sip from time to time through a quill which lay among the pens, which manœuver, he flattered himself, escaped observation. One day it was sought by counsel to convict a witness of having been drunk at the period to which his evidence referred. Henry Deane Grady labored hard, on the other hand, to show that the man had been sober. 'Come, now, my good man,' said Judge Boyd, 'it is a very important consideration; tell the court truly, were you drunk or were you sober on that occasion?'

"'Oh, quite sober, my lord,' broke in Grady, with a significant look at the inkstand, as sober—as a judge."

O'Connell used to relate the follow ing pathetic story of a Tim Driscoll, for many years a leading member of

the Munster circuit:
"I remember," he said, "an occasion when Tim behaved nobly. His brother, who was a blacksmith, was to be tried for his life for the part he had taken in the rebellion of 1798, and Tim's unfriends among the barristers predicted that Tim would shirk his brother and contrive to be engaged in the other court when the trial should come on, in order to avoid the public recognition of so humble a connection as the blacksmith. Bets were offered upon the course Tim would take. He nobly disappointed the predictions of his enemies. He waited till his brother was brought into the dock-sprang in to the dock and embraced himmained at his side during the whole trial, cross-examined the witnesses for the prosecution from the dock, invariably styling the prisoner 'my brother. He carried the sympathies of the jury entirely with him, got a verdict for his brother and earned glory for him-

When O'Connell was lord mayor of Dublin on the first day's sitting his weekly court was, of course, extremely crowded. The tipstaffs tried to clear it. "Let all persons leave the court that haven't business," shouted one of these functionaries. "In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember the crier trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, 'All ye blackguards ye blackguards that isn't lawyers quit the court!"
"I remember," said O'Connell,
"being counsel at a special commis-

sion in Kerry against a Mr. S; and, having occasion to press him somewhat hard in my speech, he jumped up in the court and called me 'a purse proud blockhead.' I said to him: 'In the first place, I have got no purse to be proud of; and, secondly, if I be a blockhead, it is the better for you as the counsel against you. However, just to save you the trouble of saying so again, I'll administer a slight re-buke.' Whereupon I whacked him soundly on the back with the pres-ident's cane. Next day he sent me a challenge, but very shortly after he wrote to me to state that, since he had challenged me, he had discovered that my life was inserted in a valuable sel on the opposite side pressed a point lease of his. 'Under these circumstances,' he continued, ' I cannot afford to shoot you unless as a precautionary measure you first insure your life for my benefit. If you do, won't replied the judge; 'I've already crously absurd that it is almost incredheard the leading counsel, my lord, ible, yet it is literally true."—London rejoined O'connell, 'and more intim-

Our I's and....Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn, who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the gen eral public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which ha "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for "Curebook" It kills doubts and cures doubters.

Address J. C. AYER Co., Lowell, Mass, laman man

Another "Romish" Practice Adopted.

From the Independent The practice of keeping the churches open during the week is spreading. The latest change has been made in Berlin, on the initiation of the Emperor William. Hitherto the Roman Catholic churches are the only ones that have been open on week days, but now the Lutheran churches are to be opened in the same way, and, accordng to the reports, the new regulation gives great satisfaction.

St Rose of Lima

This lovely flower of sanctity, the first canonized saint of the New World, was born at Lima in 1586. She was christened Isabel, but the beauty of her infant face earned for her the title of Rose, which she ever after bore. As a child, while still in the cradle, her silence, under a painful surgical operation proved the thirst for suffering already consuming her heart. At an early age she took service to support her impoverished parents, and worked for them day and night. In spite of hardships and austerities, her beauty ripened with increasing age, and she was much and openly admired. From fear of vanity she cut off her hair, blistered her face with pepper and her hands with lime. For further security she enrolled herself in the Third Order of Saint Dominic, took St. Catherine of Sienna as her model and redoubled her penance. Her cell was a garden hut, her couch a box of broken tiles. More than once, when she shuddered at the prospect of a night of torture, a voice said: "My Cross was yet more paintul." The Blessed Sacrament seemed almost her only food. Her love for It was intense. When the Dutch fleet prepared to attack the town Rose took her place before the tabernacle and wept that she was not worthy to die in Its defense. All her sufferings were offered for the conversion of sinners, and the thought of the multitudes in hell was ever before her soul. She died A. D. 1617 at the age of thirty one. Under her habit Rose wore a hair shirt studded with iron nails, while, concealed by her veil, a silver crown armed by ninety points encircled her head. Her body was racked by the pains of sickness, she was insuited and persecuted by her friends, and for fifteen years suffered fearful desolation of spirit. Yet she never lost the sweet calm of her soul. Clinging to God by bare faith, she cried out year after year, "Lord, increase my sufferings and with them Thy love in my heart." At length, amidst heavenly lights and consoling visions, the answer came from the lips of Jesus, "Rose of My Heart, be thou My spouse."

Always Felt Tired.

"I suffered with severe headache and loss of appetite and I always felt tired. I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking one tottle my headache disappeared. I continued taking it until now I am never troubled (with headache and my appetite is good. LAURA GARLAND, 247 Claremont St., Toronto, Ont.

Hoop's PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick b

Can Heart Failure be Prevented?
Startling and brief the announcement, "Sudden Death Caused by Heart Failure."
Such is the stereotyped announcement of coroners, juries, and reporters arousing the forebodings of those victims of indigestion and mal-nutrition, who so frequently disturb themselves upon the manifestation, in palpitation or fluttering, of functional disturbance of the heart: symptoms which they are foolishly prone to accept as the signs of an incurable, and speedily fatal malady. Maltine with Coca Wine is potent in restoring conditions that no longer render possible such alarmingly disturbing symptoms. Maltine with Coca Wine, through its remedial influence upon the nervous system, soothes into calmness the disorganized nerves. The heart, in response to increased nerve force, no longer plunges and beats as if determined to break.

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