

Should be in Every Home.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil should be in every home this time of the year, as there is nothing to equal it for Chapped Hands, Frost Bites and Chillsains

THE PRECURSOR'S WARNING.

BY THE REV. A. B. O'NEILL, C. S. C. Came John the Baptist preaching in those days; None greater 'mid the sons of men that he,— A voice insistent, pitched in strident key. Do penance, was his cry: prepare His ways Whom I unworthy here proclaim and praise; Make straight His Paths, and know that every tree That yieldeth not good fruit cut down shall be: None save repentant hearts will Christ upraise. As timely is the pregnant lesson now As when the great Precursor spake at first; Still 'neath the yoke of penance must we bow, Still pay in pain our countless sins accurst: Hearts penance-bruised for mercy will may hope, All others 'e'en in darkest blindness grope. —Ave Maria.

Blantine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE. (American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.) (Continued.)

"As you will, dear friend, but remember, I only wish to hear what you wish to tell me." "I will be brief," said Margaret. "I know your time is very precious. From the age of five my childhood was passed in the safe shelter of a convent. My mother, whom I never saw afterwards, and whom I only remember for the sternness of the name, left me there and followed my father to a distant colony, Australia or New Zealand. The nuns gave me the best education they could impart. My mother, I was told, left sufficient for my board and tuition till I should reach the age of eighteen. She hoped I would have a vocation and never leave the convent. The Superior was given full power over my future. She was a relation or connection of my mother's I believe. I would have learned the whole history of my family on reaching the age of eighteen. Something happened to prevent it, as you will see. One thing only, I was told from the beginning. I had no fortune to expect and must learn all I could, for learning would be all my wealth. I did my best. I loved the convent, the sisters, the pupils, and my work. Above all I loved the one who stood to me in the character of a mother, as well I might: I loved all these more as the years rolled on. I was a child of the house, a real nun in everything but the garb, and almost in that. As I grew older it seemed as if nothing was wanting to my happiness, but the light to wear the habit of a daughter of St. Francis. To renounce the world I had never seen cost me not a thought. To vow myself to the service of God forever, was my only ambition.

"The Mother Superior was about to yield to my desire, the decision lay wholly with her, even a whole year before the time stipulated. There was no one to dispute my choice, and I was eager to make my profession. In an hour all was changed. Suddenly with hardly a minute for escape, the whole place was enveloped in flames, a night of storm and terror, the wind sweeping through the burning buildings as if at mad play with the roaring fire. What a scene of ruin and desolation was made in a few short hours. It was sad to see the beautiful grounds strewn with the wreck of furniture, a useless mass of fragments charred and water-soaked. Though no lives were lost that night, much suffering was caused, as you can readily imagine.

"Well, the religious were sheltered by the clergy, and nearest Catholic families, the pupils taken to different hospitable houses. I and a few others were removed to the home of a noble family, some distance from the town. I did what was permitted me to help in saving the little children, and some of our sick—and sustained some slight burns and a sprained foot.

"The mistress of that house, a very stately lady indeed, was kind to us all, but especially to me it seemed. No doubt because I was the only injured one of the party confided to her care. "The house and grounds seemed to me marvellously beautiful. I was only seventeen, and had never seen anything fairer than our beautiful convent lawns and gardens. Here were statues, and fountains, and flowers. Such flowers, and vines, towering palms, curious shrubs—ferns of immense size. It was like an earthly paradise. I soon learned that Deane Hall and Park was one of the show places of that part of the country. After some days they carried me into the great drawing-room among the other guests. My

foot was still lame, I could not stand or walk. The brilliant throng blinded and dazzled me. I wanted to fly from it. It had no attraction for me. It filled me with fear. Some dreadful presentiment made me wish to fly from it, to resist its attractions—its beauty. For all was beauty there. I did my best to shut out the sound of music, and song, and pleasant talk. It was so new and strange to me, all the wonders of such a house, such a way of life.

"But I was forced to take part in the conversation, to answer questions, and there were plenty of questions, ladies and gentlemen, all so kind and affable, yet far too fine for my ideas. One only in all the company attracted me by quiet and unobtrusive attentions. He spoke seldom directly to me, but often replied for me, or turned away a question that puzzled me. I felt that he was helping me, though I hardly ever looked at him. This gentleman was the owner, the heir of the great estate. I hardly knew how it came about that he began to take notice of me, to speak to me kindly, gently, to insist upon helping me, when I began to walk. Others were kind, he was more; he protected me at every step. Among the guests were several young gentlemen who liked to tease and amuse themselves by joking and merriment, but it was so new and strange to me to be in society at all that they disconcerted me, and this only increased the general merriment. But it was all full of good humor and kindness, I will remember; I only was ignorant and dull. O, the past was worse than the present for its blindness! The heir of that great house declared he loved me. He asked me to become his wife. He said he had never before spoken of love to any woman, had never thought of marriage, but since he had seen me he knew he could never be happy unless I consented to become his wife. He seemed to me so noble and so honest, so simple and straightforward, above all so true, that I believed every word he spoke. Still I did not consent; how could I! He was a noble gentleman, owner of a lordly estate, I only a poor convent-bred girl, ignorant of the world and its ways. He urged his independence, his right to choose for himself. He would not accept any plan I could offer. At length I pleaded that I could not take a step in life without consulting our Mother Superior. I could not say I did not love him, and he took advantage of this to swear that I should be his wife in spite of all the world. He spoke of his sister, who was expected to arrive from her convent, said how she would appreciate me. He longed for her presence, that he might say before her what he could not say before her stepmother, who was, he said, only a guest by courtesy at the Hall, her dower house being in the great city. But she had made it her home, appeared to love him and his sister as she loved her own son. This son, her only child, I did not see. He was away at college. Sister, I weary you?"

"O no, not go on, go on!" "Well, the day was fixed for our departure for the convent, which had been partially restored. I had the utmost difficulty to resist binding myself by a promise to become his wife, but I did. I could not forget our Mother Superior's goodness to me. The respect I owed her, as well as my love for her, would not allow me to take my fate into my own hands. My lonely condition, lack of fortune and friends, he only made light of. They made me only the dearer, he declared, but he was too noble not to respect my wish to do nothing without the knowledge and consent of my good Mother Superior. But he asked me if before parting I would authorize him to come and ask for my hand, if his stepmother would herself ask for my consent. At thought the very thought of such a thing was terrible to my imagination, I yielded to his prayers. Oh, my God! can I ever forget how he looked as he left me, to seek an interview with her? He seemed so confident, so radiant, so certain that all was happily ended. His joy frightened me. He was to go that day to meet his sister at a railroad station ten miles off. He would be absent till evening. His look, as he left me, is still engraven on my heart. This was my last happy day on earth, Sister Noella, though I was far from thinking it at the hour. Had you known him you would not wonder that he made me love him in spite of myself, he was so good, so manly, so honorable in word and deed. His deference for women was the first thing that struck me and commanded my respect. No one could help admiring his personal beauty, for he was remarkably fine-looking, yet utterly unconscious of it. Well, the day passed; all its hours were filled with pleasant talk or music, of which there were many amateur performers among the guests. I had

to take my part in all this, for I was almost as well as ever. The day ended. I had retired. I was dreaming a happy dream, perhaps of him, when I was aroused by the touch of a hand and a light shining full on me. His stepmother stood over me. I sat up quickly, no thought of fear in my heart. She had been very kind to me, but she looked stern now, and presently she spoke, abruptly, bluntly, mercilessly.

"I have to ask you a question, M. de Dunroby, only one, and let your answer be, 'yes' or 'no.'" "Her tone shocked me into wakefulness, while almost petrifying me with fear.

"Would you marry Mr. Dacre, if you knew that you were not his first love?" "Not his first love," I repeated mechanically.

"Do you not repeat my words, but answer, 'yes' or 'no.'" "She waited for an answer, while though my brain rushed the words he had so solemnly spoken: 'That never had been thought of love or marriage, or spoken a word of love to any woman before he met me. That I was his first, and would be his last, his only love.'"

"I would have pleaded this, but her gaze froze the words on my lips.

"I am waiting, and in haste," said the stern lady. She who had been all kindness till then, now stood looking haughtily down upon me, as if I were some abject creature.

"No, I would not." She seemed to force these words from me, though she did not speak again, till I had pronounced them. Then she held a paper toward me, saying, "Sign this!—no rafter write it yourself!"

"What is it," I asked.

"Just what you have answered to. I suppose you can be as good as your word, if you did almost succeed in entrapping the heir of Dacre."

"I made no reply, but traced the words she held before me—go back to your first love."

"She went away then."

There was a long pause. The nun's face was hidden in her hands, but Margaret heard the sobs she could not restrain and forgot her own sorrow to try to calm her.

"I forgot that you cannot see," said Sister Noella. "I am glad you cannot see at this moment." Margaret did not understand her words, but conjured after a little while.

"Before the house was set on fire I was outside the park gates. I was ashamed to return to the convent, and would not risk any one seeking me there. I felt myself disgraced forever. The words 'entrapped the heir of Dacre,' were like a brand, burning my flesh."

"What was I to do? There seemed no way but this; to hide myself from the dreadful world that had laid its clutches upon me, even in that proud house. I must fly, lose myself, work for my bread, since no one would doubt the words of that great lady, and take my part. And yet it was not that, so much as the pain at being deceived, in the one I had thought so true, so true!

"But to fly! How was I to accomplish that, alone and unaided? All I knew of life outside the convent walls, apart from that house, was that governesses found work readily in London. I knew the address of the Home to which some of our pupils had gone to live, while waiting for employment. More than once I had aided the Sister bookkeeper as amanuensis in forwarding letters and parcels, and writing to them words of advice at her dictation.

free. Some one to stay with us today. Does that suit you?" "Perfectly, Madame!" "And the conditions?" "Your own terms, Madame. A thing, nothing."

She smiled, and said something very pleasing. In a few hours we were ready to leave London. And no name had been registered at the Home. My prayers had indeed speedily mounted to heaven, it seemed to me then. Without recommendation, without credentials, without wardrobe, save what was contained in a hand satchel, Madame Moore accepted me as a companion. And without question, which was more precious than all else at that hour. My heart would have broken, had I been forced to speak of myself then. Perhaps she divined it. But she was thoughtful from first to last in that respect.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS. Life. The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to arise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them—to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abundant. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

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MISCELLANEOUS. WE KICK THE CHAP THAT'S DOWN. This is a queer old world of ours; just as it's always been; It is made up of bills and dales, of women and of men, And while a host is ever near the one that wins the crown, A goodly number are about to kick the chap that's down.

Whoever strives in any line and meets with great success The world will sit up half the night to flatter to excess, But woe to him who tries and fails; he gets a chilling frown. Because so many still delight to kick the chap that's down.

And so I fancy 'twill remain down to the end of time, Since human nature's 'bout the same in every age and clime; A man has always been a man, a clown has been a clown; So there will always be a crowd to kick the chap that's down.

St. MARTIN, QUE., May 16, 1895. C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen,—Last November my child struck a nail in his knee, causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

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