

Sursum Corda.

Art thou in darkness, or the weary ways Of travail, be not like the drooping flower; Look up! look up! Hymn thou in accents bold thy Maker's praise. Behold the sun that climbs to glorious power. Yet fills the glistening cup Of Flora here on earth,—for all thy days Are bright with night-stars; though they be unseen Of daylight, yet is never lost their sheen! Others are like to thee in that they fling Their jewelled-hours away; so be not blind— Night fades for morn! Fades winter for the wide, eternal spring! To Grief, though hard thy lot, be not resigned. O brothers most forlorn, Lift up your hearts and with the favoured sing; O ye, of lifted eyes, on sea and land, To you my words, to you my heart and hand. O ye who lonely grieve uncom-forted Of mortal, since to all your lips are sealed— Lift up your eyes: O ye for whom the futile tear is shed, Who lend the righteous cause a valiant shield, Ere she, defeated, dies: O ye who weep with the un-numbered dead Of dateless battle,—here I sing your praise And to the cloudless heights my eyes I raise. Advance your legions; let the battle roar. Imperial Mars, bid your rent standard wave,— I see the Skies Blue, ever blue, and never stained with gear— Yawns the unhallowed, the unmemorial grave Arise, brave soul, arise! Though blood red mist would hide the anguish sore; Thunders and shuddering cannon, yet how soon Above the film of death, the moon!—the moon! I shout along the trenches and I fall With Bergerac upon Arras plain The Heavens are bright! With Alcibiades I march; with Saul; Ten thousand times hath my poor heart been slain, Yet doth it seem the light! Of Cleopatra have I been the thrall For one sad hour,—with So-crates I hold A fatal cup and now it shines like gold! A voice assails the darkness, and I hear The answering voices of a multitude; And from afar Gleam candle altars, and re-sounds a clear, Sweet organ, and I see the holy rood From morn's benignant star! It echoes on my spirit, and I fear No further hurt, but now and evermore Look up, my soul, triumphantly adore! "Sursum Corda! Habemus ad Dominum!"

A Tale of St. Ann of Beauspre.

(By Clio Mamer.) (Concluded.) All day long Marcel and Louis Dupont tended the sails and kept the boat clear of the dangerous submerged rocks upon which more than one careless sailor had lost his life, while Jean Baptiste who through his own sufferings had acquired the tenderness of a mother, amused and kept alive the spirits of the child. Over and over again he told the stories of his long voyages, and drew pictures of the people whom he had met at Roberval—English and Americans who called him a liar, in their hearts although they dared not do it to his face, when he told them of how the good St. Anne had cured him of the lameness. And then right in the

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night— That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't. The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear. "I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. I have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. J. E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

midst of the most interesting story about the time he had rescued a party of hunters and their guides who had lost their way up beyond Lake St. John, Louis Dupont called out to them that they were approaching Tadoussac, and soon they saw the wonderful St. Lawrence opening up before them.

All that night Marie slept fitfully in Marcel's arms, and even as she slumbered she prayed aloud to the good St. Anne to make her like other children. All night long the men spoke in hushed whispers, so as not to awaken the sleeping child. Towards morning they reached the spot near Beauspre where they had decided to land. Louis Dupont remained behind with the boat, while Jean and Marcel, with Marie in his arms, set out in the direction of the village. The way was long and the girl was heavy, for towards morning she had fallen into a deep sleep from which her father would not arouse her. It was almost eight o'clock when they walked into the Basilica of St. Anne. Marcel carried her down the main aisle of the church and placed her, still sleeping peacefully, upon the step of the miraculous shrine to the right of the high Altar. Then he and Jean Baptiste prostrated themselves, before the statue of the saint with her immaculate daughter in her hands and prayed in an audible whisper that their little one might be helped through the intercession of these two, so near the throne of the Almighty.

The church began to fill rapidly. The space in front of the shrine became the mecca of the blind, the lame, the speechless, and all others whom sorrow or affliction had visited. Devout pilgrims prayed on, regardless or utterly unconscious of their surroundings, or of the illy curious who roamed about the church, and stopped only to examine the more pitiful of the human wrecks strewn about before them.

A man and woman whose dress proclaimed them from the States halted in their tour of inspection and gazed at the scene before the shrine. It was the man who spoke first. "It beats all, the streak of superstition which runs through these people, especially these Canadian peasants. Take those two over there," and he pointed to the kneeling Marcel and Jean. "I'll wager they've gone through fire and water to bring that poor crippled child from some remote province in the wild hope that one of their so called miracles will be performed upon her."

"Maybe she will be helped, Edward," said the woman in a far-away voice. "Nonsense!" answered the man, in the tone of one who had good reason to feel sure of his ground. "She's incurable, or they wouldn't have made her suffer so to get her here. They've killed her. That's what they've done in their poor misguided foolishness. Why, in the name of common sense, couldn't they have let her live her few years in peace?" The two moved on in their wandering course.

It was the chiming of the bells announcing the beginning of the High Mass which aroused Jean and Marcel from their reverie. Marie also awoke with a start and gazed about the church. Suddenly her gaze lighted on the racks which stand at the entrance to the church. They were piled high with the silent, testimonials of those who had been healed at the shrine.

"It is true! It is true, my father! It is all as I dreamed," she whispered the church is just the same. See there are the racks. Between the crutches on the one to the right it is where my cast will hang.

"Yes, yes, little one, it is true God and His saints are good. They will make thee well and strong once more. See, the High Mass is about to commence—the High Mass at which thou wilt be cured."

The officiating priest, followed by his assistants and some thirty, or forty acolytes bearing lighted candles, filed out of the Sanctuary. The organ played softly the prelude to Gounod's Mass. The prelate and his deacons ascended the three steps leading to the Altar while the boys in their white surplices and scarlet cassocks filled the sanctuary. "Kyrie Eleison, Kyrie Eleison," sang the choir. The priest turned and came slowly down the steps. The people fell on their knees. The High Mass in honor of the feast of St. Anne had begun.

It was a service which these who witnessed it never forgot. As the Cure turned to bless the congregation towards the close of the Mass, his attention was attracted by a pale little face which barely showed above the communion rail, and by the dark faces of the two sturdy peasants who knelt beside her. The Cure thought he had overlooked the odd trio, or that they had been too late for the Communion. So he sent an acolyte to tell them that he would administer the Blessed Sacrament to them after the Mass. The boy returned quickly, and in his haste to reach the priest stumbled and fell. By the time he recovered from his confusion the Cure had finished reading the last Gospel and was coming down the steps. The youngster met him on the second step, and those nearest him heard him gasp: "Un miracle, un miracle, mon pere!" Then it was that the priest noticed for the first time that the child held a white object in her hands. He walked quickly to the railing, and Marie without a word placed the offering in his hands. He lifted it on high, and the crowd saw that it was a great plaster cast.

A tall, angular Frenchman who sat in the front pew burst into a loud, triumphant song, and the words he sang were those of the "Te Deum." The vast throng caught up with him before the close of the first line, and the hymn of thanksgiving rose in glad reverberating waves of tone. When the last note was ended the Cure bent over and spoke to Marcel. "How long has the little one worn the cast?" he asked. "Ten year, Monsieur le Cure, and the doctor say she must wear it always."

"God is merciful and the good St. Anne is kind," murmured the priest his eyes filled with tears. Back toward the middle of the church a man was kneeling, his head bowed low. "Oh, God, I believe, Help Thou my unbeliever." "He will, Edward, dear," whispered the little woman at his side, but the man was too absorbed in prayer to hear her words. And thus it came about that the world was startled the next day to read that a miracle had been wrought at the shrine of St. Ann Beauspre, and that among those who were ready to testify to the perfect cure of a child afflicted with an incurable form of hip disease was a surgeon who was famous, not only in his own country but throughout Europe, for his skill with the knife and his open ridicule of all forms of established religion.

As for Marie, she was given back the girlhood out of which suffering had threatened to cheat her, and in her father's unpainted fishing boat she journeyed back to her home in an obscure hamlet of the Saguenay, there to hop and skip about all day long with her little playmate Susette. And to this day the unwieldy plaster cast hangs in the church at Beauspre exactly where the Cure placed it, on the great high rack to the right of the entry, and on either side of it there hangs a pair of well-worn crutches such as little Marie saw in her dreams.

Our store has gained the reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1913 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan.

Little Boy Was Not Expected to Live

Was Taken Sick with Diarrhoea They Were 30 Miles From a Doctor SO GOT DR. FOWLER'S Extract of WILD STRAWBERRY, Which Cured Him

Mrs. Fred Schopf, Pennant, Sask., writes:—"I used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry when my little boy was not expected to live. We were thirty miles from a doctor, when the little fellow took sick with Diarrhoea. He at first would sleep nearly all day, and at night would be in pain, and would have a passage every five or ten minutes. This went on day and night until he began to pass blood. I gave him "Dr. Fowler's," but without any good effect at first, so I began to give him a larger dose, and soon he began to get relief. It was the only medicine I had in the house at the time, and I always keep it now for inside of three days my boy was out playing, and was as well as ever."

This grand remedy has been on the Canadian market for nearly seventy years, and is without a doubt, the best known remedy for all Bowel Complaints. Refuse to take any other preparation when you ask for "Dr. Fowler's." There is nothing else that can be "JUST AS GOOD."

Price, 35 cents. See that the name of The T. Milburn Co., Limited, appears on the wrapper.

Brown—"Of course you went up the Rhine?" Jones—"By Jove, yes! What a view from the summit!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED GENELEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Legrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of Inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON, Old Man—What are you fishing for, Sonny? Sonny—Snigs. Old Man—What are Snigs? Sonny—I don't know; I ain't never caught any yet.

In Europe there is no such thing as the innocent bystander.—Nashville Banner. Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

"What do you suppose makes the baby cry so awfully loud?" "Why, both its parents are hard of hearing, you know."

Minard's Liniment Cures Neuralgia. Many a great penman may be a sloppy writer.

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"Want to leave me Mary? I thought you were quite comfortable. What is it for—something private?" "No, mum, it's a sergeant."—Exchange.

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