

Labor Items.

Sudden accidents often befall artizans, farmers and all who work in the open air...

PARIS.

Cocquette of cities with black poppies crowned. Your warm, soft limbs in silken scarlet wrap...

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

"Surely her angel sees the Father face to face," thinks Sister Noella, as the little girl enters noiselessly and kneels once more at the foot of the bed.

"Sister Christmas!" How the faintly whispered words thrilled the nun's heart!

"Dear Margaret!" A tender caress, a few drops of cordial, and a finger on the lips as warning not to speak.

"What is it, dear Margaret?" "I see!" The large, dark eyes were closed; under their heavy lids lay a mist, like tears.

"Are you sure, dear Margaret?" "O, I see at last!" Still the lids were not lifted and the mist was thickening.

"What do you see, my dear?" "I see myself." A pause, and "Oh God, what a sight."

"The cry of pain, though weak as that of an infant, wrung the nun's heart."

"Margaret, dear Margaret, listen to me, or rather to the voice of one speaking through me. Look not upon yourself, you are not your own. Look away from yourself, to Jesus, who loves you."

"O I cannot now see myself," moaned Margaret, "the sight is deadly."

Blandine is once more on the sunny hillside. She has been gathering sweet flowers for the convent chapel. She has her apron full of bright blossoms, and is descending with light step, and a heart almost as light.

"What a lovely child!" thought the young man, "so simple and so modest. Just like a wild bird, he added, seeing her lightly speeding, flower laden, down the green slope. He found Father St. Etienne waiting for him at the foot of the hill, Blandine had done her errand well."

"Ab, it is you, cousin, said Father St. Etienne, as he hurried up the path. "I met your messenger, who told me that 'Monsieur St. John of the Cross' was in haste to see me."

"Oh indeed, are you quite sure?" Blandine was too innocent to remark the amused tone of the speaker's voice; she answered simply, "O yes, sir, quite sure."

"And not Germaine of Pibrach, or Genevieve of Nanterre?" "O no indeed, sir! I am only Blandine—of Betharram," she added, as if this were an indispensable adjunct.

The gentleman smiled in spite of himself, and the smile was so pleasant, the stranger's countenance so agreeable, that Blandine smiled back and was going on her way when the gentleman spoke again.

"Well, perhaps Blandine of Betharram could give me the information I seek, as well as Germaine of Pibrach, were she here."

Blandine did not understand the bantering tone, but she waited modestly and patiently for explanation.

"Is this the chapel of Louis XVI, the expiatory chapel, do you know?" "Yes sir, this is the chapel visitors stop longest at."

The gentleman looked at his watch. "It's ten o'clock. Do you know Father St. Etienne?" "Yes, sir."

"He was to have met me here at this hour. I am in haste. Where is the Father to be found about this time?"

"Perhaps in the chapel, sir, or at the residence. I can go and ask." "I have asked at both places. Someone suggested that I might find him here."

"I think I can find him, sir. He may be at the Villa with Sister Superior and the sick lady. You can see the house from here, sir. Just between the trees, there!"

"Ah, I see. Is there a shorter road in that direction?" "Just this broad path is the nearest, sir. I am going there, I live there—I can easily show you, sir."

"Well, very well!" If you are going there it will be easy for you, and easy for me if you will take a message for me. Can you remember a message, Blandine?"

St. John of the Cross," she exclaimed. "He was St. Teresa's saint. Sister Superior told us about him the other day. I will hurry, sir." She was starting off, when she felt the stranger trying to slip something into her hand—she eluded him, and was out of hearing in a moment.

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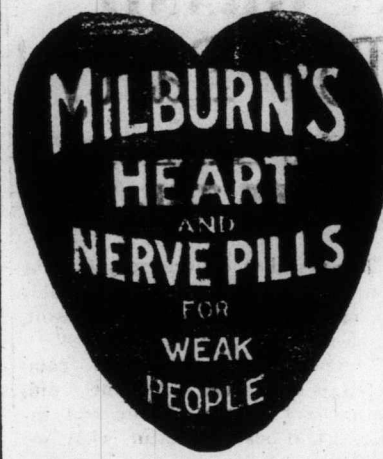
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the long night hours and the hours of daylight that were dark as night to her, she pondered over the question. Still, she deferred to make peace with God, though she admitted to herself that only in that peace could she ever be happy.

science, slowly awakening and asserting itself, ever urged her in one direction, and had she only been capable of finding her own way, whither it pointed, she would 'er this, she fancied, have been kneeling at the altar of her dreams; the altar she had adorned in her childhood, when she was as good and innocent as Blandine.

Only before that altar could she ever revive the past and sound her soul to its depths. Elsewhere she must shrink from the task, avoid it by every possible means. O there she would be thankful to kneel in the dust, like the veriest beggar, and rejoice in her abasement.

But not here? Not in this room whose walls were hateful to her, not in the midst of pilgrims coming and going, not in a throng anywhere, but in some far off lonely spot, where she might forget.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS. A Combination. As their name signifies, Laxative Pills are a combination of laxative principles with the best liver medicines obtainable. They cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness; Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and all deranged conditions of the stomach, Liver and Bowels.

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NINE BOILS. FOUR RUNNING SORES.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Some time ago my blood got out of order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous small ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot and leg and I was in a terrible state.

MISCELLANEOUS. Fishin' Trout. Oh! it's funny sorter work— Fishin' trout, An' yer jest gottin' min' what Yer about.

Yer must keep back outer sight Not ter give the fish a fright; All the time ye air a fishin', Yer must keep in one pershush, Keep yer line a-gently awishin', An' keep wishin', wishin', wishin', That they'll bite.

If the water's pretty deep Let down low; If a trout's meanderin' round, Work up slow; If he gobbles up yer bait, There is no more time ter wait,— Don't yer show the least emotion When he takes this little notion To do honor to your portion; Give your rod a sudden motion, Land him—"nate!" —John J. Enman in P. E. Island Magazine.

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 a feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them—so 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 abounding. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

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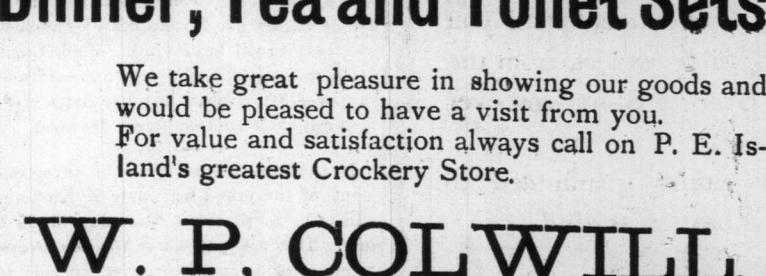
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