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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULLHOLLAND.

CHAPTER II.

NOTHING WRONG.

Marcella got up from her seat, and went down into the mildewed old hall, and spoke through the keyhole. "Who wants to get in so late at night? I cannot open."

"Open for God's sake!" said a voice. "This a matter of life and death."

More information as to character is sometimes conveyed in the tones of a voice than in the expression of an eye, and Marcella, believing instinctively in the owner of the voice, opened the door without further hesitation.

By the very faint ray of lamplight that came through the dusty and broken fanlight, she could just see that he was tall and dark, pale and weary looking.

"You have done a good act," he said; "I am more thankful than I can say. Will you go further, and find me a hiding-place for a few hours? I trust myself entirely into your hands."

"There is a place," said Marcella, "though not a comfortable one. Come up stairs and I will show it to you."

She led the way up the worm-eaten stair. Old Michael Grace slept heavily, and the light sound of their feet did not wake him.

"This is a serious thing," said Marcella, hurriedly, for the urgency of his manner pressed her. "I am a young girl, and my father is an old man, and there are only two of us in the house."

"I do not boast of much goodness, but I am not a wicked man, and I am in a strait. Is there any place in the house where you can conceal me? I have reason to fear I have been watched, and may be searched for here."

"My daughter's room. Then do you want me to brain you?" "But at the same moment Marcella appeared at her door."

"Let them come in, father. You know it is the law." "Beg pardon, Miss, but we have to do our duty."

In a few seconds the big men of the massive belts and helmets were out on the landing again, admitting to each other that they had got a wrong scent. The house had been easy enough to search.

Except in the corner of it occupied by the weaver and his daughter, there was no furniture behind which a man could hide. A look into the empty rooms, with their decaying ceilings and floors, was sufficient, and even the inhabited chambers could not have long concealed a cat.

With another apology to Marcella the policemen soon turned on their heels and retreated from the place, followed by the gibes and jeers of the master of the dilapidated dwelling.

Marcella stood for a moment irresolute on the threshold of her room, as her father came grumbling up the stair again after fastening the door. Should she tell him what she had done, relieve her mind of the responsibility she had incurred, and place the fate of the concealed stranger in his hands?

She felt that she could not do it. There was no knowing what view a man so uncertain of humor, though with so good a heart as her father, might take of the affair. If he chose to refuse up his mind instantly that the refugee was a criminal, skulking from justice, he might deliver him up and undo the good she had done, for she felt assured that it was good.

On the other hand, a knowledge of what had occurred this night might at some future time involve the old man in difficulty and danger. He had acted in all sincerity in dismissing the police. She alone was accountable for misleading them; and so she elected to remain. Let her take the sole responsibility of her impulsive action.

Grace returned to his bed, and the girl crept back to hers, to lie awake, counting the hours by the strokes of St. Patrick's bell, waiting for the moment for her prisoner's release, and thinking anxiously over this strange event that had broken upon the poverty-stricken monotony of her existence.

Her imagination was possessed by a troubled wonder as to the "bad job" that had been done. How had that man with the noble face got himself mixed up in such an affair? Though she did not read the papers, Marcella heard enough of what they contained from her father, who was a lively politician as what Irishman is not?

after midnight? Grumbling, and muttering a few characteristic oaths, he groped out of his room and went stumbling down the staircase, and confronted the assailant of his knocker (a knocker that was one of the few relics of grandeur the old fellow had got to be proud of with a face of thunder.

At the sight of the police his countenance altered, not for the better, however, and a storm of abuse greeted the stalwart servants of the law.

"You great overgrown fools," he said, "what brought you to an honest man's door at such an hour of the night—or mornin'—bad scran to me if I know which of them it is!"

"Aisy, Mister Grace, aisy!" said the head policeman. "It's not you we have to do with. But you see there's been a bad job done to-night—"

"Of course there has!" sneered Grace. "Many's the bad job done every night that you've got no eyes to see, Mister Omadhaun. Why didn't you take whoever was after doin' the job that ye're talkin' of, an' not come routin' a decent man out of his bed to tell him the news that he could wait for till mornin'?"

"Come, come," said the policeman. "I tell you I am going to search your house. We have reason to suspect that a person concerned in the affair is hiding here."

"Dropped down the chimney," I suppose, or into the letter box," said Grace, talking in a sarcastic tone, and glancing towards the slit in the massive door (another source of his pride), where a letter-box once had been.

"Nothing more likely to happen in the world," Mister Peeler, when a decent man is asleep—"

Here the policeman put the master of the house aside, and walked noisily up the crazy stairs, followed by a volley of imprecations of a ludicrous and harmless character from the exasperated Grace.

"You unmannerly giant; may you grow so broad that no door will be able to receive you! May ye live to have to boil yer potatoes in that ugly pot of a helmet ye wear on your stupid head!"

By this time the policemen were searching the house, followed by Grace threatening and abusing them.

"I'll have ye up before the Lord Liffentant himself, so I will. Wher's yer warrant? The law's agin you—"

"Whist, man," said the second policeman, good-humoredly. "Do you think ye are in England? Cock ye up with a warrant! Don't ye know ye're livin' under the Coercion Act?"

"Bedad, so I am," said Grace, "an' I forgot it entirely. Well, now, Mr. policeman, are you satisfied nobody is here? Nicely you've let mister, what's his name—Captain Moonlight—I beg his pardon—slip through your fingers?"

"There's a room here that we have not opened."

"My daughter's room. Then do you want me to brain you?" "But at the same moment Marcella appeared at her door."

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spirit of her lady-mother's forefathers was at this moment more strong within her than sympathy with the "people," who were to her represented chiefly by the drinking, idle and disorderly crowd who made the slums around her hideous on a Saturday night.

Her heart yearned towards the beings of nice living, refined habits and finer perceptions, whom she vaguely knew as the upper classes, and of whose kind she felt herself to be. More wise, more intelligent, better educated than the others, why should they not be more fitted to regulate the affairs of the world? She trusted them, blindly following the instinct that was in her blood.

She reflected now that if an outrage had been committed in the streets, the gentleman in her keeping was little likely to have been concerned in it.

Had the man been of a coarser mould, had he failed, when seen, to match with the vibrations of his voice, which had gained admittance by appealing to her charity, she would, she told herself, have awakened her father directly and placed the affair in his hands.

But the secret of a person like this she could venture to keep to herself. Something which she could not have described in the stranger's face—an expression not easily analyzed even by persons accustomed to ticket and label their thoughts—had impressed the untaught girl so vividly that the countenance must henceforth remain on her memory as the incarnation of all that was strong, chivalrous and stainless in manhood.

Quick and keen in her perceptions, she recognized this fact as she lay thinking, and was glad that she had not seen the face. During the rest of that life of hers which was to be spent sewing in a garret among coarse surroundings she could hold it in her memory, much as she cherished the picture of her patron saint upon the wall.

At last, hearing the hour beginning to toll at which she was to give back her liberty to the intruder, she arose, dressed quickly, and not daring to strike a light, made her way by the glimmer of the faint moonlight into the mouldy recesses of the panelled chamber. The closet was quickly opened, and the stranger stepped out of it.

"I heard the police making search," he said, "and I know how prudent you have been for my sake. How is it possible for me to thank you?"

"I want no thanks," said the girl. "The poor are accustomed to do any little good turn they can. It was fortunate for you that you happened to knock at this door, though; for in no other house would there have been a closet like that."

"Yes, it was providential; I do not overlook that part of it. But any other girl would have raised an alarm. I am deeply grateful for your caution, and your trust in me, both of which have been of the utmost service to me."

"You may wonder, perhaps, that I did not tell my father," said Marcella; "and even in the moonlight he could see the vivid color that dyed her face as the idea occurred to her that possibly he thought her less maidenly, even if more self-reliant, than others would have been under the circumstances; and if you had been any other man I would have done so."

"Any other man! Was it possible this girl of the Liberties, whom he had never seen before, could recognize him?"

"I do not mean that I know who you are," she said, apprehending his thought, and quick to correct the impression her words had made, "but only that I know that you are good by your face. It was not that I wanted to take care of myself; and that it would be sure to be the safest course for you."

"I understand you perfectly," said the stranger, trying to conceal the admiration aroused in him by the straight, proud glance of her beautiful eyes, the graceful gesture with which she threw out her hand, giving her words a kind of impassioned emphasis. He would try not to distress her maidenly pride by words or looks of masculine compliment.

"You are a woman of fine instincts as well as perfect courage," he went on, wondering at himself for speaking to this humble girl in the same language he would have used to an equal. But in manner as well as appearance, he reflected, she was far beyond her class.

Even in his own hour of difficulty, which was not over yet, he could not help feeling curious to know something more of this strange girl with her peculiar beauty, her mournful, steadfast eyes and thrilling voice. How was her presence to be accounted for in this abode of poverty, in this neighborhood of wretchedness and vice?

"Truly the Irish are a wonderful race," he thought, "when such creatures can spring up in the very cellars of our cities." He glanced around to impress the scene upon his memory with a strong conviction that he would in the future look back upon it with exceeding interest.

The decaying old room with its mouldy ceiling, rotting panels, and the dark head and pale brows of the girl dimly seen in the scanty moonlight, as she waited patiently till it was his pleasure to follow her from the chamber, to allow her to finish the task she had undertaken for him by letting him noiselessly out of the house and closing the door as silently behind him.

"At all events, I shall never forget this kindness," he said; "and now if you will allow me to offer you something—"

Emboldened by the certainty that one so wretchedly dressed and living

in such a house must be miserably poor, he attempted to put money in her hand. But the girl shrank from the touch of it, and quickly drew several steps further away from him. Poor as she was and miserable as were her prospects, she would not take money for this charity she had done. The man whom she had sheltered and succored, and whom she had known as he was, had already become her hero, her *protège*, in some sort her child, by virtue of her efforts for him. She would not have her part in him blotted out like a settled score.

"I cannot!" she said, eagerly. "I cannot! The poor are accustomed to serve others without payment. I am glad to have been of any little use to you. Do not spoil it all by paying for what cannot be bought."

"You are a strange, unusual girl," he said. "Well, I cannot distress my benefactress. You will not refuse, however—I trust you will not refuse—to take some little token of my gratitude. This ring is not very valuable," he added, drawing one from his finger. "I have nothing else to offer you at this moment. You will spoil all if you deny me the pleasure of remembering afterwards that you accepted it."

She leaned forward, and looked with interest at the ring. Yes, she would take this shining circlet as a memorial of this night, which had given a living form and voice to the ideal of her dreams.

She held forth her hand for it with sudden eagerness, and he dropped it into her palm.

"May I put it on your finger?" She hesitated, and then held up her long, slim hand, while he placed the ring on a finger too slender to hold it in safety long.

The next moment they had passed the threshold of the rotten old chamber, and were descending the staircase in the dark, slowly and carefully, for fear of awaking the weaver.

As her hand was on the lock of the door, he said to her earnestly: "It is possible that I may never see you again in this world; but if so, remember, whatever may come to pass, that I repeat I have not been in hiding here because of any criminal thing that I have done."

"If I had not been sure of it, I should not have acted as I did," said Marcella, firmly; and then the door opened and closed and the stranger was gone.

Marcella listened anxiously in the hall for a few moments. It was a safe hour, she hoped, for his return to his home, wherever that home might be, an hour when the late people have all gone to rest at last, and the early people have not got up. With a vehement prayer for his safety she went softly back to her own room and lit her lamp and examined her ring, the only proof remaining to her that this wonderful adventure was not entirely a dream.

It was a very old, slender hoop set with a few pearls; not extremely valuable, as the donor had said, but priceless in the eyes of its owner. She threaded it on a string and hung it round her neck; there let it remain forever as an earnest of the happy service she had done.

Then she took out her sewing and worked for an hour, and thought again and again over every look and every accent of the stranger. No fear that she had done wrong in admitting him; the poor are accustomed to do service to each other, and she might have added, they do not always stop to think of the cost. To her mind it was the most simple and rational thing in the world to harbor a fellow-creature who was in trouble. The secrecy from her father had been justified by the exigencies of the case. The stranger had thought so, and had thanked her for it.

"I am deeply grateful for your caution and your trust in me," he had said, "and both have been of the utmost service to me."

Again and again she wondered what was the danger from which she had saved him. What was it that he could not openly face with that brave and piercing glance?

Six o'clock rang, and the people began to stir in the streets, and Marcella put out her light, and put on her shabby old cloak, and went out to Mass, picking her way through the dirty gutters and seeing the day break over the squalor of the streets. This early hour of the morning, when she could walk alone through a sort of rarified atmosphere not of this earth, with her eyes on the red dawn light that just touched the chimneys at a certain street corner as she passed, or on the silvery clouds that floated behind the ugly roofs above her, was the only happy one she knew in the twenty-four.

It led her to the church where she was accustomed to carry all her sorrows and temptations, leaving them at the foot of the altar, and taking away in their place something that enabled her to get through her day, if not with the meekness of a saint, at least with the resignation of a Christian soul.

Here, in the dim shades of one of the poorest churches of the people, she found the lamp of Faith ever burning, and the promises of our Lord written all over the walls around her. Why should she despair when He had saved? Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. She mourned, and she should be comforted. She would try to be meek that she might arrive at her heavenly inheritance. If life must be dark and bleak, she would endeavor to travel it bravely, following all the way the Stations of the Cross on her knees—as now.

As she moved from one dark corner

of the church to another, faring along that dolorous way, just able to see in the faint dawn the figure in the great tragic drama, her eyes discerning eagerly one form holding ever on its painful road and beckoning her to come on, her heart grew wonderfully lighter, and she felt a strong conviction that her future would not be made harder for her than she could bear.

The church was crowded at that early hour with a multitude of patient toilers and sufferers, delicate and ill-faded girls on their way to a too long day's work, the hopeless repetition of which was gradually killing them; careworn mothers of families, with piteous faces, praying passionately for help for the souls and bodies they had in charge, withered and half starved old men and women who had crept from the poorest dens where they hid from the poverty to the feet of Christ in the dim dawn, unwilling to show their faces in the fuller daylight.

To these Marcella's heart turned from the happier and healthier faces which helped to fill the church. The strong men and women who had come to get a blessing on the tolerably prosperous work of their day had not the same interest for her as had the wretched.

And across her prayer for all who were in trouble or danger came suddenly the sound of the voice of the stranger she had succored and the anxious though fearless expression of his eyes. Finishing her prayer with a hearty supplication for his welfare, she reluctantly left the House of Peace and went home.

As she retraced her steps through mud and dirt now painfully visible, the rainbows of the dawn had vanished from above the roofs, and the leaden sky of wintry day looked suddenly down on the city's slums.

Well, what matter did it make, so long as the lights on the everlasting hills could be discerned beyond the roofs of this world by the eyes of Faith. As she entered the gloomy door of her home Marcella felt buoyed up with hope that she should in some future day which she could not now see live a fuller, nobler and most useful life than she had known as yet, and that her patience in the present moment might go far to prepare her for that day.

With a brighter face than usual she prepared her father's breakfast. Presently he came in with a newspaper in his hand.

"Look here!" he cried. "The police were not wrong about that bad job they were talkin' about. There was a murder done in the city last night—not half a dozen streets away from us."

"Murder!" echoed Marcella, turning whiter than the milk she was pouring into his tea.

"There now, girl, ye needn't look so frightened. Nobody can say we harbored or hid the assassin, as they wanted to even to us. Make haste and give me my breakfast, while I read the particulars. And mind, I'll want you to take some tincture to Merriam square this mornin'."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SECRET OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

At this time our minds are all, more or less, occupied with the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which the Church presents to our contemplation, especially as connected with the Blessed Sacrament. And it seems to me a little reflection on our own hearts, their nature and their capabilities, would be a help to us in meditating on the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord.

For this reason. It is marvellous, if we reflect ever so little on it—first, what immense capabilities there are in the human heart; and, secondly, how very little we know about it. Of all mysteries, perhaps there is none of which we know so little as of that we bear within us.

By the heart, of course, is meant all our interior life, principally our will and affections. Every act must spring from the heart—i. e., either from our affections. Life is not made up merely of intellectual thoughts. Living is acting; and by an act is meant not the thought only, but the deed proceeding from the impulse of the will or affections. Holy Scripture, which tells us more than anything else about our heart, in countless passages intimates at the same time how little we know of it, and how immense are its capacities. It calls it a deep. Who shall search its depths? "The Lord hath known the depth of the sea and the human heart;"—classing them together as two great abysses unfathomable save by God alone.

How little do we know of its capacity for sorrow till some great grief has overwhelmed us! How little we can guess the extent of suffering we are capable of enduring! And it is the same with joy. Who is there that remembers the first touch he ever felt of sensible devotion, were it ever so slight and imperfect, and does not recall the feeling of some new sense being awakened, of the existence of which he had not even dreamed? Who can tell how many of these capabilities are lying dormant within us, perhaps only to be aroused in another world to increase the joys of heaven?

The vehemence of our passions startles us at times, when roused by some unexpected cause. We are amazed at our capabilities of love or joy or sorrow; not to speak of all the worst passions of the human race, of which perhaps we know nothing, but of which we doubtless have the seeds in our hearts. Who, then, will venture to say that he knows his own heart?

It seems to me that in thus reflecting a little on the unexplored depths of our own hearts we come to have a bet-

ter idea of what the capacity of the Heart of Jesus must be, course, that we can be hearts to His, which is a and we shall understand meaning of those words calleth on an abyss." Abc know, as the Church teach Sacred Heart of Jesus is a able abyss of love for the race. If our feeble capacity cannot be sounded, who shall His?

In every human heart or less, craving for affection; there is a void waiting to be filled; and while this void is unfilled, there is unceasing and disquietude. A beautiful thought but which we should strive to fill in our daily lives—has given us His human heart as the object of our affection hearts be filled with the Sacred Heart; immense. It is greater still. If abyss of love can not fill else will satisfy them? says the great Saint Augustine made of God; and they peace or rest until they above all created things perience of our daily life truth of these sublime words.

In the writings of our Saint Catherine we find which is as we may say, far as I know, has not been by any other writer than the "Secret of Our Lord." The vision is historically supplement of her life showed her His open side light that poured from church where she was in her writings she related day reminded her of the the words she addressed nate Truth. O Immaculate asked, wherefore didst Thou Heart should be the laid out? And our answer that there were sons, but chiefly that His see the secret of His depth of contemplation these words is boundless.

It is the peculiarity heart that it has its secret of our anxieties, our thoughts, to many; but our feelings is revealed who enjoy our most defence. So our Lord's in its nature, dispositions, is so truly human nature with our own, and Saint Catherine to secret is. In a vision the Bridge she described by which the soul is charity; the first, the second, the open there," she says, "is the secret of the Heart third and last degree charity. The secret Sacred Heart of Jesus love for man; and a passion for it intelligi therefore invites His secret of His Heart.

of course, the most of sion of the love of God ferings, infinite as regards to the Person who finite with regard to so that even they would express a love that would favor so often receptive saints, who meant, certainly, were moments in their were complete action of the infinite Heart of Jesus. This quite apart from mystical signs (which entirely beyond our us daily ask in the me a clean heart, O right spirit within us conscious of some requiring this changing and longing a cause of something which seems to resist will not resist to Heart of Jesus. T man was shown forth world in the sufferin Cross. But something expression—ishness He invites them to Heart.

O Most Sacred Heart our hearts like to Maria.

The Effect

Fifteen young recently made the on the same day church at Courtrai, France. The y eighteen years of age in the matter was who had never before sequence of his On reaching the asked for baptism sacrament public such an effect when he made his was accompanied teen others who dition as himself crowded on the oc many produced the parish. T preached the serm

A President of "We spent many s quence of our child but this never occur Emulsion," it qu