

Gloom

Of ill health, despondency and despair, gives way to the sunshine of hope, happiness and health, upon taking Hood's Sarsaparilla...

Sunshine

down stairs without clasping my hand over my heart and resting. In fact, it would almost take my breath away. I suffered so I did not care to live, yet I had much to live for.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists \$1. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills - cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, leadache, 25 cents.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

BERLIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, and Short-hand and Typewriting.

THE PINES URSULINE ACADEMY

CHATHAM, ONT. The Educational Course comprises every branch suitable for young ladies. Superior advantages afforded for the cultivation of MUSIC, PAINTING, DRAWING, and the CERAMIC ARTS.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH

Out-Of-the-States branches of the Classical and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, also per annum, \$20. Full particulars apply to Rev. D. O'Connell, S. J., S. B.

NORTHERN Business College

Open 8 a.m., Ontario, is the very best place in Canada to get a thorough Business Education. Take a round trip and visit all our business colleges and Commercial Departments in Canada.

French Bordeaux Clarets

Which will be sold at the lowest price. JAMES WILSON, 393 Richmond St., London. Phone 650.

High-Class Church Windows

Hobbs Mfg. Co., London, Ont. ASK FOR DESIGNS.

Father Damen, S. J.

One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damen. They comprise four of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS

SANDWICH, ONT. ERNEST GIRADOT & CO. Altar Wine a Specialty.

STAINED GLASS

FOR CHURCHES. Best Qualities Only. Prices the Lowest. McCausland & Son, 75 King Street West, Toronto.

DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S AVE.

Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eye tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 11 to 4.

MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULLHOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

HER MOTHER WAS A LADY. In that part of Dublin known as the Liberties there lived an old man called Grace, with his daughter Marcella. The father, though an educated son of the people, had seen better days, had once been a master-weaver, and had married a lady. But the daughter never had seen better days, her mother, the lady, had been dead before she could walk, and all the good times were gone before she had sense to be aware of their existence.

The house in which they lived stood at the entrance to the square, and was larger than the rest, with some heavy stone-carving about the hall-door, and massive sills to the windows. The dwelling had probably been at one time the country-house of gentlefolk, and had got built up to, and walled around, and had found itself caught in a network of foul streets, and long left behind by its old frequenters.

He was a tall old man, with arms that seemed loose at the joints, long ragged features, and an indolent, not ill humored expression of countenance, but with a warning spark smouldering in the corner of his eye which might easily be quickened into anger. He looked like one who would do a good turn if it cost him no trouble, but who would shirk a burden if he could.

Yet, in spite of all difficulties, Marcella, by virtue of some gift in her eyes and fingers, contrived to make the dingy place something a little different from the ordinary of such homes. Strips of old amber tincture, much faded with frequent cleaning, hanging by the window, and other such contrivances, gave the room she lived in a character of its own. She would go without her breakfast to buy a pony bunch of yellow spring flowers to place in the brown pitcher, which was the best vase she could find, on the corner of the dark old loom that caught the sunlight as it fell through the window.

Her floor was scrupulously sanded, and her fireside bright and swept. Neighbors who came to ask her help or advice could not tell what it was that made the old weaver's room so homelike. The walls were as crooked as other folk's walls, the ceiling as dark with age and smoke, and the light as scant, for it was not in the handsomer rooms of his house that he harbored in his latter days, nor had the Graces preserved any smart pieces of furniture to show that they had come down in the world. Housewives of the decenter order came and went away again perplexed. There was something in old Grace's room which they could not describe, and which they did not see when they went home.

Even from the outside, Marcella's window, when she happened to stand by it, would strike a stranger who might happen to be peering about the ancient street, and might wake in him—if he happened to be imaginative and a traveller—a memory of Italy. He had seen a richly tinted face, a dark, picturesque head, like the head of a Roman girl framed in a queer worm-eaten window frame based by a sill with fantastic carving, and behind it a glow of yellow drapery had shone dimly through the shadows and glinted into the light. And if it chanced to be sunset hour, when the sunshine would suddenly cover one strip of the house, like the unfurling of a long red banner against the time darkened walls, then unsuspected hues would come out of the weather stained bricks, enhanced by the intensified shadows under the sullen brown window frame, and in the cavernous chambers behind the sashes.

Certainly the Graces' room would not have been a cheerful one if any one else had lived in it. If Marcella had been allowed to go elsewhere to earn her bread, or if the fever had not spared her the last time it went its fiery way through the Liberties, burning up human life like chaff before flame. The better class of neighbors were aware of this, and would have been sorry to see her depart; for though she did stand a little aloof from them, it was only a little. Were any one sick or in trouble, Marcella forgot her reserve. She was a credit to the street when she went out to do her scanty bit of marketing, for she walked with the step of a lady, in her bonnet, which was no better than their own. And why should she not do so, since her mother was a lady? In the girl's simple superiority there was little that could offend even the most envious or ill-conditioned. In spite of her unusual beauty she never interfered with the lovers of other girls; never had had one herself and seemed willing to have none. Then she was useful to the mothers as a model to be held up to the daughters. Sometimes young wives did not like having her thrift thrust in their teeth by cross husbands; but on the whole she was popular. The very old men liked her the best, and the young men least of all, the latter feeling awed by her gravity, and by a certain involuntary haughtiness in the carriage of her head which made them humble and awkward when (as on rare occasions) they happened to find themselves in her presence.

A damp winter afternoon was just closing, the thick yellow daylight fading in the street, and dingy lights springing up in the windows. In the weaver's room dusk was shifting gradually along the walls and through the panes, and, seeing it depart, a small fire began to find courage to burn, and darted little javelins of flame into the gloom, making the silent loom look like some ungainly ogre who was trying, vainly, to hide himself in the shadows of the corner.

Marcella put down her sewing, and straightened her limbs, which were stiffened with the fatigue of sitting still. She had been at work since morning and had earned a shilling. She peered out before drawing the curtain across the window, looking anxiously for her father coming, looking for the post, and for the milkmaid. There was no sign of any one, and she had to be content to wait. Why had he always forbidden her to learn to do this work? She stood before the loom gazing at it with bent brows, as at an enemy with whom she was powerless to grapple; while she thought of her terrible helplessness as a woman, and the urgent need of aid from some quarter which she felt more and more as the days went by, and her father grew less inclined to work. And then the door opened and Michael Grace came in, and sat down at the fire.

"A trade! Puff!" The old man drew away his pipe, and made a contemptuous flourish with his hand. "Your mother was a lady, girl. Remember that."

Marcella had heard such an answer before. She had spoken on the subject many times: maybe once too often, for she was silent now.

"Ay," echoed the weaver, "she was a rare lady. No better blood ever danced a Patrick's dance in the four old walls of the Castle yonder—black as it is wide the age, and big as it is wide the size. It was a Patrick's Night that I seen her the first."

"My master had an order on hands of blue tabinet for Her Excellency the Lady Liffenant. Holiday as it was, I had to stay at the finishing of it. I worked very hard to get the evenin' to myself; but it was far in the night when the parcel was ready. 'Well, the bundle in my hands, and go up to the Castle as the wanst wid it. An' maybe Molly Sullivan'll contrive to get me a sight of the quality at their dancin'.' Molly was a tidy little maid at the Castle, an' there's little she wouldn't do for me at the time."

"It's myself that's in the right, for Molly found me a peep-hole. At first I could see an' hear nothing, the whole place was in wan uproar of splendor. The music was fit to make your heart burst in two halves wid the delight. Molly said they were dancin' but I only saw the ladies sailin' up an' down the room like swans in a river, an' the gentlemen follyin' them and meetin' them, and bowin' to them."

"I was hardly drawing my breath wid admiration when my eyes lit on wan little face; an' never could they leave it the rest of the time. She was shy and frightened lookin' someways—Molly said because it was her first Castle ball. She was as beautiful as a fairy, an' as happy as a queen. I thought she had the purtiest pair of eyes that ever were planted in any mortal head. An' she was dressed all out in white, wid a long poplin train; an' what Michael should set about thinkin' maybe 'twas his hands that wove the very piece! Molly knew all about her; in the regard of her sister being the little jewel's maid."

"I went home that night grumblin' to myself because I wasn't a gentleman; that I couldn't wear a uniform, nor ruffles, nor silk stockings; for then I might ha' been leadin' her about as proud as e'er a wan o' them, an' bowin' to her, an' meetin' her, an' follyin' her through the crowd. But in a few days I forgot about it all. Times took a good turn wid me, an' my head was full o' the lucre o' the world. 'Five or six years went by, an' I had got to be a master-weaver. I had taken this ould house, the best in the street, an' made it look tidy, an' furnished it up handsome. An' it's little I thought up to now I was doin' it for. An' when it was finished there was something the matter wid me. An' wan day the truth hit me hard; an' I says to myself, 'Michael Grace, says I, 'you're a lonesome man.' An' then an order came in, an' I forgot about it again. An' that same day I was walkin' down the street, an' who should I light upon but little Molly Sullivan."

"Well, well, Mister Grace!" said she; "but it's you has got up in the world since the Patrick's night when ye came up to the castle wid the poplin."

"'Tis thrue for you, Molly," said I, "an' I hope things goes aiqually as well wid yourself."

"I'm not goin' to complain," said Molly; "but it's badly the times has gone wid some since then. Do you remember the little lady you fell in love wid at the Patrick's ball? Well, she's down now, lower nor you nor me."

"'What do you mane?' said I, 'for well I minded her.'"

"'The father went to ruin that year,' said Molly, 'wid his horses an' his bounds, an' his dinners. Hunted himself to death, an' his poor wife wid him. An' what was the daughter but a child? An' her friends has dropped off, an' the world has turned against her. An' she trying to aim her bread, the poor cratur, doin' little bits of sewin' that wouldn't feed a cat. But it's in the graveyard she'll be afore long,' said Molly."

"That's what Molly said, an' it was thrue. Molly was married only mid-din' herself. She had a corner to let, an' the poor little lady was livin' wid her. I seen her at the place, by the way I should give an order for work, an' the party young face was thin an' worn, an' she had no more pride than a baby. For three long years I stood her friend, fast an' firm, till Molly died—rest her soul!—an' there wasn't a crature left to take care of the little lady. I don't know where I got courage to ask her to marry me. I tould her I wasn't fit to spake her face, I knew; but I could give her a safe home, an' I could worship the ground she walked. An' she took it quite quiet, an' was thankful to me till the last day she lived. An' the ould house was beautiful to go into from over the first day she set her foot upon the floor, an' I'll luck n'er come near me till she left it in her coffin. I made her the purtiest gowns that ever seen the loom; but she didn't like the gay ones, I could see; seemed as if they minded her o' somethin'! An' she never want gave me the crooked word. It was 'Yes, Michael, if ye please.' She got rosy an' happy lookin' for wan little while, after the child was born—that was you, Marcella. Then she faded like the snow off the ditch."

Old Michael paused and drew his hand across his eyes. Marcella had listened to every word. The tale was not new to her, yet it never had grown wearisome. Many a time had her

fancy seen that pretty girl-lady, her mother, dancing in glee, among her peers, at the great Castle ball. Of Patrick nights, when the carriages were rolling to the Castle, she had sat late over her fire and studied the brilliant picture. Very dazzling were the lights, very gloomy the shades; and Marcella's thoughtful eyes had marked them all.

Many a time, too, had she lingered, passing the ould house before entering it. She had peered in at the windows, and had seen the gentle creature with her baby in her arms. Up and down she had seen her pacing softly, pondering in mild amazement the sadness of the changes in her life. So this mother was like a dream or a story, but with a difference. In passing away she had left something behind her. Her strange little fate had made a mark upon her narrow bit of world: an unusual mark which would be seen and recognized. She had left a note with her daughter which was foreign to the class to which that daughter must belong. And this Marcella had observed in her own untutored way.

"So that bein' the story of your mother," said the weaver, "never spake again about learnin' a trade. I'll settle you like a lady in a house of your own, an' Michael will have a seat in the chimney corner."

"Father!" cried Marcella, startled out of her dream. "Buy yourself a ribbon, and begin to look handsome," he went on, "for I've made a fine match for you. An' I'll weave you a weddin' gown that'll stand alone."

Marcella sprang forward and stood trembling before him.

"Oh, no, father! I will not have that!" she cried hastily.

The weaver took his pipe out of his mouth and stared at her. How handsome she looked, even when she was a bit troublesome, like this. It was well she was, or the well-to-do grocer on the quay would never have taken a fancy to her, as she stepped out of the chapel-door on Sundays.

"Not have what?" he asked, peevishly. "Maybe ye'd like a thrade to work at' bether nor a husband to aim for ye?"

"I would," said Marcella, eagerly. "Ye're a fool," shouted the weaver, "an' ye'll go to the poor-house! It's the cursed proud blood of strangers that's workin' in ye, settin' ye against the biddin' of yer father!"

Michael was angered and disappointed in his daughter. Would any other girl in the world not have been thoroughly charmed with his plan? But there was always a queer turn in her, wherever she came from. Her eyes might be like her mother's, now when they had tears in them, but it was not her mother's humble spirit that had looked out of them a minute ago.

He got up impatiently, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and went off to bed in a sulk, leaving a frightened, aching heart, and the unfinished tabinet behind him.

Marcella lit the poor but neatly trimmed lamp, and unfolded a new piece of sewing. It was still early in the night, and she could, perhaps, earn sixpence before the great bell of St. Patrick's Cathedral should boom forth, calling the hour of midnight over the city. And meantime she could give herself up to her own sad and speculating thoughts, undisturbed except by the occasional too-familiar sounds of quarrelling in the streets, as men and women, turned out of the late-closing taverns in the neighborhood, passed under the window, on their way to wretched homes.

Shuddering over the announcement her father had just made, of his desire to marry her to some well-to-do man of his own, or not much better than his own, class, she assured herself again and again that this was a matter in which she had a right to refuse obedience to him. Though she was certainly his child, and would always devote herself lovingly to his service, yet she had, as he had angrily complained, blood in her veins which was different from his. The instincts of her mother, of whose ladyhood he so proudly boasted, were with her, and she felt that they would cling to her as long as she lived. She acknowledged to herself now, what through loyalty to him she had often tried to deny and ignore, that there was a gulf between herself and his friends and associates, which time would never help her to bridge. It was not that she disliked or despised the poor people around her, but they were not of her class, and she was not of theirs. She could help them, sympathize with them, pity them, respect them as occasion required, but she could not take a husband of their kind.

Dropping her work and covering her face with her hands, she gave way to her grief and wept. Having faced the loneliness, the isolation of her position in the world, she perceived the misfortune that her birthright of refinement must be to her, the burden of solitude that it laid upon her. Must she spend her whole life sewing alone in a garret, as now, after her father had left her, when she should indeed be alone in the world? He must really be ill, must feel himself breaking down, or he never would have talked as he had talked this evening. Oh! why had he not given her a trade, not taught her something by which she could earn for him now, by which she should be able to maintain herself after he was gone?

She thought of the very small amount of education she had received; not sufficient to enable her to be a National school teacher without further study. She could read and write well, better than

most ladies (though of that she knew nothing), and had read and re-read the few treasured books which her mother had left behind her, and which the weaver had always preserved with a sort of superstitious reverence. The "Initiation of Christ," Wordsworth's Poems, and a New Testament were the staples of Marcella's library.

Though her fingers were naturally clever at putting feminine odds and ends together, she had received no teaching to enable her to be a dress-maker or milliner. And who was to support her while she learned such handicrafts, even if she were free to begin now? She knew nothing of artistic work, such as ladies do, and which she had often looked at admiringly in the windows of shops where such things are to be sold.

Her thoughts strayed longingly towards the convent where she had received her scanty education at a daily school, to the hospital where the bright-faced Sisters of Charity pass their days in tending the sick and the dying. Oh, could she be even a lay-sister under such a blessed roof! But how could she hope to be good enough, clever enough, strong enough? Now, at all events, she could not desert her father. She must endure his anger, she must stich night and day—

A subdued but persistent sound of urgent knocking here interrupted the course of her thoughts. She dropped her work and listened. It was at the street door. Some one was wanting admittance to the house. As she sat listening in absolute wonder, the summons was repeated, softly, rapidly, imploringly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHEN LUTHER B...

The Church was the Great Agent in Europe

In the preface to a volume of treatise on the subject of Lutheranism, a distinguished German Catholicist discourses very ably upon the achievements of the Church prior to the Luther and his followers. To a French historian, M. Misse, this was the condition of many at that time:

"From the middle of the century, Germany is no longer an anarchical federation of cities that are republics of collective life, no German finances, no justice. Where, and no longer right but the right of the prince. In order to protect peace, but these leagues were like, for they make Over this disorder a monarch. He is always called the emperor at the end of the thirteenth century, but a petty German using his dignity to establish his house. The squires of the Ardennes, the Hapsburgs, petty but formidable in the tenth century of Aargau, make empire for themselves. self" was the German time, and this country, formidable in the tenth century longer but a collection beings embittered ages other.

The historical review mentioned gives the full of the Church's condition, hordes of anarchy, and religion broke loose in Europe: If we take a Church's labors among and Slavic peoples, and the beginning with the savage and undisciplined a regular and moral of society; we observe progress in intelligence, a complete renewal of manly in all the countries carried out under the education of the soil has been cultivated, drained, forests cleared, disappeared everywhere, and the natural world.

The same phenomena in the moral and intellectual Minds had been enlightened, error and the peoples had been stultified. The whole converted to the doctrine of Christ. The new world, numerous tribes of people unknown, was opened, and Church's activity assumed proportions. The diffusion of Europe were performed, and industry was the states well organized, the sciences were ever fresh conquests, and came at the same time and more brilliant.

Slavery, except in had disappeared, married, family life organized and strengthened. Families, corporations had taken on regular individual felt secure the mass. Everything ligit; from her even its impulse and direct themselves formed a single head, who father, governed them law of Jesus Christ, and also kept down peaceful development the basis of the results have the happiest a results.

Unfortunately this progress was not peoples of Europe. It was impeded by Life itself concealed fresh struggles, other gathering before it had yet subsided, and more severe, more evils than most of the hitherto. Already the middle ages stamped a new era principle of authority the Supreme Head of been lowered in the princes and peoples lowly, were obedient esteem, and religion threatened by the tendencies.

No doubt the Christ still united by the destinies of one less influence on another nation; y bound them was punal, artificial. In the advantages and of things terrestrial material activity, ply the relations merce that brought peoples those closer cere associations.

Among the char effected we may not of postal routes, in the reign of Max Germany by Max wenton of 'gun going to destroy revolutionize the ployment of paid action of standing

IS IT A MIRACLE?

The Chicago papers have been filled lately with accounts of the cure of a young French Catholic girl of tuberculosis at the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, in that city.

The facts seem to be these: The girl's name is Laura Fortin; she is twenty-two years old; she was at a convent school in Canada when she became afflicted with spinal trouble, was sent home and for the past five years has been a hopeless invalid. Not only has she not walked but she has not been out of her bed. Various physicians who treated her pronounced the disease incurable. Certain joints of the spine were gone, eaten away. Medicine could do much in some cases, but not in this; it could not replace what had disappeared. One or two of the doctors were honest enough to advise the parents of the girl that money spent on medicine for her was only money thrown away.

About the middle of the month Laura Fortin, always most devout and pious, began a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, trusting that faith would accomplish what medicine had failed in. She has been a weekly communicant for years, the priest going to her, as she was unable to leave her bed. On the last day of the novena she was wheeled over to the grotto by the side of the main altar. Mass was said there for her cure, and hundreds of worshippers, seeing the wan face and wasted figure of the girl, prayed that either relief or death might come to her soon.

Relief did come. It was almost instantaneous. She had no sooner reached home than the limbs that had not moved for years asserted their strength. She rose up and walked, she even ran up and down stairs in joyous greeting of the hundreds of visitors who soon came thronging upon her.

Now was the change a temporary one. She walked up the middle aisle of the church on Sunday, to the marvel of the congregation. Doctors who have since examined her pronounce the conditions the same, declare that as far as medical investigation goes her spine is still absolutely inert, and that the fact that she walks is entirely beyond their comprehension. Faith may account for it, medicine cannot.

These are the facts in the case. Whether the girl has by some unaccountable force nerved herself to the ordeal by sheer will power, whether she has been actually cured by divine agency is a question that only time can prove. The French priests meantime refuse absolutely to pronounce upon it. They are as astonished as the rest of the world at the change in the girl's condition, but with all humility, with discretion and without skepticism they say, "Wait and see."

Meantime it may be well to recall to the minds of the over-wrought parishioners, the words of St. Augustine on Miracles: "Who draws up the sap through the root of the vine to the bunch of grapes," he says, "and makes the wine, except God; who, while man plants and waters, Himself giveth the increase? But when at the command of the Lord, the water was turned into wine with an extraordinary quietness, the divine power was made manifest by the confession even of the foolish?"

Who ordinarily clothes the trees with leaves and flowers except God? Yet when the rod of Aaron the priest blossomed, the God head conversed in some way with doubting humanity."

There are miracles around us every day. We need not open our eyes to see them.—Catholic Citizen.

SURE TIPS.

The people recognize and appreciate real merit. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sales in the world. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures—absolutely, permanently—cures. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Its superior merit is an established fact, and merit wins.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache.

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.