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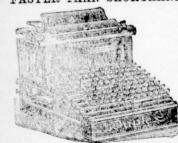
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## Nature makes the cures LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XIII. YOU SHALL NOT LACK A PRIEST."
- Merry Wives of Windsor.

"A child of conscience."

-Merry Wives of Windsor.

"Ready to starve and dare not touch."

—Henry IV. Part II.

Henry IV. Part II.

Sir Miles Blake lived very quietly for a rich Irish landlord of those days. His feeble health forbade excitement, and inclination seconded the command of prudence. As for Mark, he for the most part took his pleasure elsewhere than at home. So it chanced that there was but one other visitor at Cloonlara when Maurice Blake arrived. They all four met at dinner. Mr. Spenser O'Carroll, to whom Maurice was introduced, was of slight, graceful figure, with a face fresh, eager, graceful figure, with a face fresh, eager, and bright as a boy's. It seemed a mere freak of nature that his light brown hair He looked a was touched with grey. He looked a youth just verging on manhood. With amazement Maurice Blake learned, later that this seeming youth youth just verging on manhood. With amazement Maurice Blake learned, later in the evening, that this seeming youth was a Catholic priest, full fifty years of age. Born in Ireland, educated in Paris, Father O'Carroll's French training had given a surface smoothness to a nature eminently Irish — Irish in its depth and strength of sentiment; Irish in the poetry of its patriotism; Irish in the purity of its devotion to religion. His was a wild and strange life — quite unsuited, one would have thought, for that slight boyish frame and gentle, cultured spirit. But the very qualities that seemed to make his weakness made his strength. He was a boy in temperament as well as in appearance; he laughed at hardship and danger with a boy's enjoyment. A high-strung devotion, which sordid minds never know, sustained him through the most terrible ordeals. There was a price on that handsome

There was a price on that handsome young head. It was valued at £500 in the Castle market. He had lain like a fox for days and nights in a cave in the hillside when the yeomen were encamped at the foot, with gallows set and halter ready to save the trouble of a trial. He had said Mass for his persecuted flock, starving for spiritual comfort, in mountain gonge or lonely raying when every starving for spiritual comfort, in moun-tain gorge or lonely ravine, when every wind that came moaning by whispered the coming of their persecutors, whose coming meant pitiless slaughter.

With the authority which his holy

coming meant pittless stangater.

With the authority which his holy character gave him he blessed the babe at the font, he blessed the husband and wife at the altar; above all, he brought the blessing and comfort of religion at the death bedside to the ears and hearts of the repentant sinner. The story ran that its the write of a recruit he had visited in the guise of a recruit he had visited and confessed a dying Catholic prisoner in the barracks of the yeomen. His youthful appearance often stood him in athful appearance often stood him in od stead. He had been once arrested and tortured to make him confess his own whereabouts.

own whereabouts.

"That boy" was never suspected to be
the notorious "Papist priest," who for
years had disturbed the country side,
celebrating Mass, hearing confession, in-

celebrating Mass, hearing confession, in-structing the ignorant, consoling the liv-ing, encouraging the dying, "in open flagrant violation of law and order."

It was rest and recreation to Father O'Carroll when the round of his unceas-ing duties brought him within range of Cloonlara, where welcome and security always awaited him, and where secret chambers and passages rendered detection impossible.

flagrant violation of law and order."

It was rest and recreation to Father O'Carroll when the round of his unceasing duties brought him within range of Cloonlara, where welcome and security always awaited him, and where secret chambers and passages rendered detection impossible.

They were a pleasant little party that were gathered in the great hall. A smaller table had been drawn close to bright wood fire that burned cheerily in the low grate, changing the chill of the autumn evening to a genial glow. Fire, table, and party were curtained round with a huge crimson upright screen, that made a room within a log crimson upright screen, that made a room within a log crimson upright screen, that made a room within a log crimson upright screen, that made a room within a log crimson in the low grate, changing the chill of the autumn evening to a genial glow. Fire, table, and party were curtained round with a huge crimson upright screen, that

To Maurice Blake that evening was one of the pleasantest of his life, none the less pleasant because at first he sat a silent but delightful listener to the others. Talk was a fine art in those days, and priest and baronet were adepts in the art. It had not degenerated, as in our modern days, to a mere crazy patchwork of slang, slander, and scoff. "From grave to gay, from serious to serene." it freely wanslander, and scoff. "From grave to gay, from serious to serene," it freely wandered. Hand-in-hand with bright jest and pleasant story and badinage came wisdom, doffing her solemn mass and sombre garments, and making merry with

Mark Blake, too, talked well and appreiatively on such topics, though more oldly than the others. There was a subcid pungency in some of his observa-ions that gave zest to their earnestness, as olives enhance the flavor of wine.

# **20 YEARS OF BONDAGE**

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Mr. Thos. Miller, Lucknow, Ont, says that he was afflicted with Stomach Trouble and Constipation for about 20 years, during which time he tried almost everything he heard of, but to no purpose. Mr. H. Day, the popular druggist, sent him a sample of Dr. Chase's K.-L. Pills. The first dose he took did him good, and they have proved so effectual in his case that he recommends them to all those afflicted as he was. mends them to all those afflicted as he was.

These Pills may be had of all Dealers at 25 CENTS A BOX.

By degrees the talk slipped round to living topics — to the laws under which I they lived — their relentless savagery; the people amongst whom they lived — their long-suffering patience, and their child-like good humor.

On this theme the priest was at once inspired. His love of his people was an absorbing passion. His pictures were from life. His stories moved to smiles and tears. So simple were they, so sad, or so truly they pictured the life of his people, whose quaint humor, whose odd turns of phrase and thought, whose lighthearted playfulness in the intervals of misery are no more than the sunbeams

son, a child of twelve; and when the o'd man died, the poor lad stole away, when the corpse was carried to an outhouse to await its burial. For two days he disappeared, and early on the morning of the third, the boy was found fast asleep at the great gate of the Wickhard demesne. lady's coach and four had almost led over the forlorn little creature as he lay there in the mud. The horses shied and so saved him. Some strange freak of compassion seized her ladyship as she saw the desolate little waif lying so still, almost under the horses' feet. He was a pretty boy, for all the rags and mud. Her ladyship was touched by the sight. Her ladyship was touched by the signs. Here one son had died about the same age, and she had consoled herself since with the conversion of Papists. Now the mother's instinct in her stirred. She had the poor waif lifted gently into the carriage, for he was so weak with fatigue and hunger he ould not stand.

Then the horses were wheeled round, and she drove straight back. The poor child's story touched the great lady's heart. For two days and nights he had meant. For two days and hights he had wandered through wood and mountain in foolish terror of being taken by the police. No food but haws and blackberriers had passed his lips. Then all the sense went to the state of the state out of him, he said. 'There was no strength in his legs, nor light in his eyes. He staggered like a man that had drink in him.' He could not tell how he came he said. ying there in front of the gate.

lying there in front of the gate.

"Who can say what vague thoughts and longings were in her heart, as she patted the pale cheek of the desolate boy. and longings were in fer desolate boy. This thought, at any rate, be sure, was surely amongst them. Here was a chance to win a young soul from the blind superstitions of Popery.

"The child was carried to the kitchen, and set before a comfortable fire that warmed his numbed limbs. A basin of the bloom batch was prepared, and

warmed his numbed limbs. A basin of wholesome broth was prepared, and bread broken into it. Her ladyship meant to feed him with her own white hands. The hungry longing in his face pleased her. There would be a novel pleasure in relieving it. The boy watched her eagerly with grateful, longing eyes. Then the poor weak little hand fluttered over the forehead and breast in the sign of the Cross. Lady Wickhard caught the gesture, and understood it.

"'What are you doing, my boy?' she

with a huge crimson upright screen, that with a looked at her sharply, with a quick suspicion in his eyes. 'Is it? Is it?' he whispered. "Then an evil thought came into her head in the disguise of a duty. She would cure him of such supersition once would care him of such supersition once and for all. She nodded her head. "To her amazement the feeble hand and the wine came, their talk played."

When the dainty dinner had disappeared with the wine came, their talk played feely on a hundred topics, striking light from all. Literature, art, politics and resign were discussed in turn, the discussion growing more serious as the evening wore away to night.

To Maurice Blake that evening was one of the pleasantest of his life, none the less of the pleasantest of his life, none the les

—all in vain.

"Then she set savory mess beside him "Then she set savory mess beside him so that the steam of it should be in his nostrils, and so left him. An hour later she stole back into the kitchen. The food was then untouched. The boy lay very quiet, leaning wearily and patiently back in the chair. His eyes were half-closed; the face seemed paler even than before. Her heart relented; something of admiration took the place of her impatience.

"The child had conquered. With her own hands she got some hot bread and milk ready, and brought it to him. She raised the little hand that lay so quietly

raised the little hand that lay so qu on his lap. It dropped from her grasp limp and lifeless. Startled, she touched his face with her hand. It was stone cold. The heroic spirit had gone to its re-ward. The child was dead. It dropped from her grasp eless. Startled, she touched th her hand. It was stone

There was silence when the story end-d. Then Mark Blake laughed a little

ed. Then Mark Blake laughed a little bitter, scornful laugh.

"What folly!" he muttered, half aloud.

"What silly, cruel folly to preach or practice! Did our merciful Mother Church, Father, really command this poor child to starve itself to death?"

"No," said the priest shortly. "The poor child was in this mistaken—the sacrifice was not demanded. But was his self-devotion, therefore, the less noble? He died for his faith! This, to your thinking, was folly, and the martyr was a fool; but the soldier who dies on the battle-field for his king—a weak, wicked mortal like himself—is a hero!"

The priest spoke with warmth.

Mark Blake replied, still sneeringly, "Whence had you your story, reverend father?—for to me it borders closely on the marvellous."

"From the lips of Lady Wickhard have

the marvellous."
"From the lips of Lady Wickhard her-self," returned the priest. "For her, at least, that sad death was no theme for least, that sad death was no theme for laughter. Her thoughts and hopes turned towards the faith that could in-spire such devotion. She sent for me, and I came. She has returned to the

neither man in his hate nor woman in his lust." The priest, it is likely enough, knew something of this, and the other hated him for his knowledge, and feared

hated him for his knowledge, and reared him too a little, it may be. Mark bit his lips hard, to keep back the bitter retort—for his father's face was turned to him in grave surprise and re-

" Forgive me, reverend father," he said at last, in a tone that might be jest or earnest, as it was taken. "I will trouble you no more. With your permission I

people, whose quaint humor, whose odd turns of phrase and thought, whose lighthearted playfulness in the intervals of misery are no more than the sunbeams on the surface of a life whose depths are dark and cold.

Sir Miles and Maurice Blake listened enthralled, but Mark now and again dropped a phrase or two carelessly, almost contempuously, that jarred painfully on their earnest mood.

"You remember the Wickhard evictions?" said the priest to Mark, who nodded assent. "Well, amongst the victims was an old man of eighty years—Pat Dunn was the name—who died that night in an outhouse where he was thrown.

"He had lived alone with his grandson, a child of twelve; and when the o'd he added abruptly, turning to his com-

panion. "No." answered Maurice sharply. "I

am a Catholic."

"Like myself," retorted the other with a careless laugh. "Well, good night, and do not forget your night prayers."

Maurice Blake was too excited by the strange new life into which he had got a glimpse, to settle at once to sleep. The fire burned brightly in his room, but at the further window behind the shadow of the deep curtain the moon threw a of the deep curtain the moon threw a beam of pure white athwart the dark-

Maurice, as is the fashion of youth, dedeserted the prosaic comfort of the r light for the unsubstantial splendor light for the unsubstantial spiendor of the moonshine. He threw open the win-dow, and stepped out on the little stone balcony that projected from the angle of the wall. The view was superb. From his perch he could see over the whitened tree tops away for miles to the broad flash of the lake symphering calmy in the still. f the lake, slumbering calmly in the stil it was a rich land and a it be wondered that the fair. Can it be wondered that the thought came into his mind that all this vast heritage by right of birth should be his own? Can he be blamed if he dreamed a dream, brief as bright, of what his life might be with happiness to

A fair face looked in upon his soul, with eyes tender and truthful, and made him dizzy with delight.

The cool night wind that began to creep in from the lake roused him from his reverie. Then came back the remembrance of the high and stern duty to

his life was vowed. He cast away his cigar, that fell with a mg trial of sparks through the night, losed the window, and drew the curtains lose, shutting in the cosiness and shut ing out the moonshine, and ten minutes

ater was alseep. later was alseep.

It was a pleasant life he led at Cloon-lars, and he enjoyed it keenly. In all forms of manly sport he was marvellous-ly proficient, and proficiency begets de-light. His shot gun was as deadly to the light. His shot gun was as deadily to the wild duck, snipe, grouse, and partridge, as his rifle had been to the big game of America. His horsemanship won the ad-miration of the hard-riding county folk, who reluctantly confessed the supremacy

of the stranger.

Sir Miles was his guide through the pleasant ways of literature, as Mark was the companion of his field sports. Yet while his respect and affection for the older man, who treated him like a son, grew daily deeper, the instinctive repugnance he felt for Mark Blake from the first pear totally disappeared.

first never totally disappeared. Sir Miles treated him as a son, Mark as He had a manner when he a brother. iked almost as charming as his father's. Even in his bluff frankness there was a touch of refinement. The hardest sub-stances take the finest polish, and his heart was as hard as flint, and as cold stances take the finest polish, and his heart was as hard as flint, and as coid. There was no place in it for pity or love. Like the flint, too, a short, hot spark of anger was the only warmth which his anger was the only warmth which his bardships the poor woman's heart was the college were put out on the street, and between the sorrow and the her little college were put out on the street, and between the sorrow and the heart was the college woman's h

He was so frank, so cordial, so full of cheerful spirits at times, that Maurice would half forget his distrust, when a look or word for the most part to some poor wretch who implored help or pity, revealed the wild beast nature under the cover of the smooth and charming man-

ner he could so well assume.

For some time back Sir Miles, broken with sickness, had entrusted the management of the vast estate almost entirely to his son, and by degrees the tenants wer beginning to realize the change of government, though Mark was somewhat kept in check as yet by his fear of his father's resumption of the reins.

It would wrong Maurice Blake to sup-It would wrong Maurice Diake to suppose his secret mission was forgotten or
neglected. He lost no chance of making
himself acquainted with the people, in
which task he was well seconded by
Father O'Carroll, who readily consented
to become a member of their association. "As a priest," he said smilingly, "I am already ex-officio a traitor, and worthy of the worst punishment the law has at its On their own showing I am no worse by becoming a rebel.

### CHAPTER XIV.

I DO LOVE THAT COUNTRY GIRL -Love's Labor Lost.

Call it not love, for love to Heaven is fled.
Since sweating lust on earth usurped his name:
Under whose simple semblance he had fed Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with fame, Love comfortth like sunshine after rain, But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring does always fresh remain:

main; Lust's winter comes ere summer's heat be done: Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies; Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies."

Christy Culkin's first care on the day after their arrival was to slip away down a path that led through the heart of the demesne, and beyond that through a hawthorney lane to where a cottage stood, just within the uttermost skirting of the od close down by the lake.

wood close down by the lake.

It was a pretty cottage, and comfortably built by Sir Valentine Blake in the old days, for his foster mother and her husband, with flowering creepers on the walls and an orchard at the side, and well-fenced fields of pasture land and tillage in front. For they held at an easy root, and Mark Blake, knowing his

were listened to with open-mouthed de-light. But on one topic his mouth was tight shut. He could not be got to speak one word about the old master or his one word about the old master or his fate. His mother appealed to him to tell her at least if her "darlint boy" was safe and well. Stimulated at once by affec-tion and environment. ion and curiosity she tried all sorts of

tion and curiosity she tried all sorts of devices quite in vain.

"You might as well try to coax a weasel out of its hole as coax a secret out of Christy," she complained to her husband.

"Na boclish, mother," Christy replied composedly to all her teasing. "The secret is not mine to give or share. I have only the lend of the loan of it for safe keeping, and I'll give it back, please God, as I got it. One word borrows another. If we wance got talking there's no knowing where we would stop. It's like taking the cork out of the poteen bottle just to tase it. Moryah! Troth it is not long afterwards till the last drop is gone down the red lane."

But Christy had a harder trial than even his mother's questioning.
When he first visited his father and mother he had noted a pretty girl of about twenty years, who moved about the place, not as a servant moves, but like a

daughter of the house.

This young girl had kept shyly apart and busied herself, or seemed to busy herself, about simple household duties, while the old folk sat on either side of the state of the sta while the old look sat on either side of their returned prodigal, and questioned, and wondered, and rejoiced, and wept over him with many a "Glory be to God," "Think of that now," "Was the like ever

Do what he would Christy's eyes would keep wandering to the pretty figure dust-ing the bright-colored delft at the great dresser that filled one side of the kitchen. Small blame to him that eyes and mind turned in spite of himself to that ani-mated picture, and then the blood began to course quicker and warmer through his veins as he gazed on that fair face, which, flushed a little now with curiosity and excitement, was one to charm a severe

critic than Christy.

A perfect type she was of Irish beauty Blue-black hair, with a shine and wave like the deep lake's water when the light breeze curls it, framed a forehead low and white. Eyes as blue as the sky that mirrors itself in the summer lake glanced side long looks under their long lashes at side-long looks under their long lashes at the group by the fire. The merry sparkle in those eyes, the sancy dimples lurking ound the ripe red mouth, spoke a spirit as frolicsome as a kitten's. A kitten could scarcely be brighter or more graceful in its movements than that dainty figure. A plaided kerchief was pinned modestly over her swelling bosom, and modestly over her swelling bosom, and the pretty bare ankles and feet glanced the pretty pare anxies and teet glanced white under the short scarlet petticoat. Thackeray seemed to have found such a beauty in his rambles through Ireland just fifty years afterwards when he

See her as she moves, Scarce the ground she touches, See her as all moves.
Scarce the ground she tou
Airy as a fay.
Gracefol and duchess.
Bare her rounded arm.
Bare her rounded arm.
Bare her little set is:
Vestris ne'ts showed
Ankles like to Peggy's.
Braided i her hair.
Soft her look and modest.
Thin her little waits.
Comfortably bedieed.

Christy's mother, when her first excitement was passed, caught his eye re-turning from one of its frequent excur-sions, and answered its questions in

"It's Peggy," she said. "Peggy Heffer "It's Peggy," she said. "reggy," nan. Don't you know Peggy? But it's a wool-gathering I am. How could you know the baby that was born five years after you left for foreign parts. But you mind Con Heffernan, a near friend of your father's? He was a tenant under that Clearanstown, worse luck! Well, my dear, it is better nor fifteen years my dear, it is better nor fitteen years since Con was down with the slow fever, very weak, and dying by inches. Things went from (bad to worse wid him, and when he died late in the autumn there was near hand a half-year's rent due, not counting the hanging gale, a thing that

hardships the poor woman's heart was bruck entirely, and she died in the bed within, calling out constantly, 'I'm coming, Mike, I'm coming, I was lonely without you. But her wits came back clear and steady before she died, and the only word she had in her month was to only word she had in her month was to be good to the poor little colleen she was leaving behind her. Troth that was the blessed gift she left us. It's she that is the joy of our heart and the light of our eyes, and sad and lonely the house would

be without her.

"Come here, Peggy acuschla," she
went on; "come over here at wanst.
What are you afeared of? It's only our own boy Christy. Sure, you often hear tell of Christy. Well, he's come home to s at last."

Peggy came when she was called, smilng her welcome with a flash of white teeth and of blue eyes that shot out a ook half saucy, half shy, as she stretched a plump, dimpled hand to Christy.

"Kiss him, asthore," said the mother kiss him, child, can't ye, and him s long away. Is it a stranger ye'd make of the boy in his father's and mother's house

Peggy pouted her red lips demurely for the salute like an obedient child, and comical tantalizing look in the mischieve like an obedient child, with a

ous blue eyes.

The young country girl, who had never been twenty miles from home in her short life, was cool as a cucumber. The seasoned old warrior, who had travelled half-way round the world, was over-whelmed with confusion.

A belated blush strove to find its long-forgotten way to his face, and turned the

brown of his sun-burned cheek to rich mahogany color. He fidgetted with his hat and blackthorn, and dropped both on the floor.
"Where's your manners, Christy?

said his mother reprovingly. "Troth, I'm ashamed of you." Thus encouraged, he touched with his

wn the sweet lips that were raised to him invitingly.

That kiss sealed his fate. Thenceforand his sealed mistate. Thencefor-ward he was Peggy Heffernan's slave. Mischievous Cupid had wrought another of his madcap muracles. He had drawn fresh water from the hard, dry rock. He had made the withered, old, weather-beaten bough bud and bear sweet-smelling blossoms.

faith of her fathers, and now, through the broad acres that call her mistress, the poor are at peace."

It was plain that between the priest and the heir of the house no love was lost. If rumorsspoke truly, Mark Blake's life was wild and reckless—"sparing life was lost. If the lost of the lost

girl's plaything. Yet there was an interest in the game, too, in which strength and beauty played their respective parts. The flowering creeper never shows more beautifully than when it makes mirth of beautifully than when it makes inruh of the gnarled oak, or the sturdy grey tower. At times Christy's quiet humor, was more than a match for Peggy's lively playfulness. But for the most, he was mocked into glum silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIVE . MINUTE SERMONS. Fifth Sunday After Epiphany.

THANKSGIVING.

Giving thanks to God the Father."-Col. iii.

Although thanksgiving to God in the time of presperity, dear brethren, is a thing often left undone, this neglect at such a time is not because giving thanks is a difficult performance. For the failure to comply with this obligation which we owe to God does not then arise from burdensomeness, but from want of thought or from carelessness

And so it is usually enough to remind of God's bounty those who are receiving good things and who are for-geful of the debt of gratitude due to God, and they will acknowledge in some way more or less perfectly the dispensation of Divine Providence in their behalf.

It is in adversity that the duty of giving thanks becomes hard, and the difficulty of submitting to God great, because the operation of His providence is at variance with our views. gin to feel the weight of the yoke and heaviness of the burden, unmindful that Truth Himself has declared, "My yoke is sweet and My burden light. Just now I would bring before you especially the motives which should urge us to thanksgiving, even at the time when desolation seems to reign triumphant in the city of the soul.

brethren, if there is any one truth more certain than the rest, it is unquestionably this: that God is dealing with us individually in a spirit of mercy and love. Holy Writ supplies evidence of this so abundantly that there is scarcely a page of the Holy Book which does not gleam with the brightness of divine love and mercy. From that hapless day whereon our common father forfeited God's love for love of woman, God's mercy has been around about the sons of Adam and God's grace has been struggling with each one of them for mastery over concupiscence. A strange spectacle this indeed, and full of mystery! Omnipotence pleading with weakness, that weakness might become strength! Strange indeed and mysterious, yet divinely true. And what God has done and was doing and is doing for the individual, is especially manifested by what He did for the people which He chose for His own.

Behold Israel in Egypt! The faithful nation is subject to hard masters. The dark night of bondage is upon the Yet it is not always night. dawn begins to break, Moses voice is heard, and soon the sun of day pours down upon scattered hosts of Pharoah falling beneath the mighty walls of water in the depths of the sea. The Jewish people are in the wilderness in an arid land where there is no way and no water. Alone? No, for their God goes before them in clouds by day, and by night in flames of fire, ever present testimonies of His merciful care. His people have not bread nor meat. Manna from heaven and flocks of quail supply their needs, and from the springless rock fountains of sweet waters gush to quench their bitter God! our God, how Thou in all Thy ways. Behold this nation wandering for forty years, often forgetful of Thee, yet upon them is lavished the tenderness of a loving

The Jewish race and God's dealings with it are but types of the soul and divine Providence, which is constant and active and intelligent and which is exercised for each of us, disposing the means to the end, and the end is God Himself. Whatever the means may be that Providence orders, they are good, indeed they are the best for Whether it be heat or cold, hunger or plenty, joy or sorrow, that leads us to God, let us thank Him for

This Tells Where Health May be Found.

it, for it is good. Let us trust Him,

for He is faithful, and let us bless Him,

for He is merciful. Let this be our

daily confession to Him.

cies of God I will sing for ever."

And that is more important than making money. If your blood is impure, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. It cures scrofula, sait rheum, rheumatism, catarrh and all other diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood and low state of the system.

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

Maltine with Cod Liver Oil-A Food,

Medicine, and Digestive.

Thousands of invalids are starving—starving in the midst of plenty and despite the tender care of loved ones. Health is restored, not by what is eaten, but by what is digested. Maltine with Cod Liver Oil is a food, for it is rich in the nourishing properties of wheat, oats, and barley; a medicine, for it is combined with the best Norwegian oil, which it renders palatable, non-irritating, and readily assimilated; and a powerful digestive, for it acts rapidly upon starchy foods, making them soluble and capable of supplying in abundance the elements of nutrition. One battle is of greater remedial value than ten bottles of any emulsion. Try it. Medicine, and Digestive.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Auti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so PALATABLE that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits. LEAGUE OF THE SAC

General Intention fo ( Named by the Cardinal Pr by the Pope for all CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S HO

TUTES. Messenger of the Sa It may be a grand sig that calls up a feeling o a great ship swings fro sails away on the bros ocean until the horizon The little wor cut off for days, or w from all intercourse wi men ashore, lost sigh mense expanse, and pl help of loving hearts a ose who follow the

hood deserve much con a purely temporal po are much more to be p eternal interests are co of the numberless vess from port are blessed v of a priest, so that they are constantly ex have, in case of a death without hope of ance; and though al end prosperously, the deprived for the most of religious instruction Nor is their lot muc when they reach thei

Those who port town is are al thousand and one await "poor Jack" a He is met by "lar aptly terms them in phraseology, who w his hard earned wag and harassed by v every side and in ev as he lands. Thus, ure soliciting him, a ly advice or sacrame in imminent danger the shipwreck of his And yet there is n seed of grace than soul of the sailor, w back so readily to th

and to whose charac in the discharge of hardship have impa per. He is inure ready at all times for fice and heroism. there is wherewith t in all, resources en fervent Christians. These same idea in other and more American Messeng 1890, six months or adian Messenger Holy Father enjoin of the League to "Great the Sea: needs, and miscella supplies for which first of all it may world at large seen

little aware or ve

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of merchantmen,

craft may safely

the millions; whil and naval fleets of be regarded as so lages and towns. posed to many da few exceptions, a the opportunities and the help of th surroundings an though of themse a feeling of av thoughts toward vast and wanderi familiar to them scarcely arouse a beyond what is though the Psalm his delight over of God, appeals as witnesses wh evidence, it is g

waters : these he the Lord and Hi storm of wind : were lifted up. heavens and the their siliction. Unfortunately class of men rer in behavior of impression of h bursts of thank as the men who ships. Sailors as good patte meanor; and imminent ship

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the Lord, savir the sea, and waters." (Pss

the witnesses a

ships, doing by

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forthcoming.

it is even said mightiest stor special forgetfa them Whom th obey. Sailors, name for reck general miscor Now, it is remember that as well as to ot fessions, trade congregations to be held as th the infallible ment. The m

many great vi