FROM IN THE HEART OF MARY.

Mother of Sorrows, I-But my Babe is on my breast: He resteth quiet there Who bringeth the weary rest; He lieth calm and still Who bringeth the troubled peace, Who openeth prison doors And giveth the sad release; For there reacheth Him yet no

Sound, No echo of cry or moan; To-day, little Son, little Son, To-day Thou art all my own.

Mother of Sorrows, I— And the sword shall pierce my

But to day I hold Him close heart; From the cruel world apart.
It waits with smiting and gibes,
With scourging and hatred and

With hyssop and wormwood and

gall, The cross and the crown of thorn; The nations shall watch Him die, Lifted up on the tree;

But to-day, little Son, little Son. To-day Thou art safe with me—Annie Johnson Flint in The December Atlantic.

Derry-Na-Mona

(Continued from last week.)

Eily Quinlan resumed her homeward walk; but her momentary courage had altogether vanished. A dark presentiment had taken its

"Oh, that it were Christmas Evel" she said to herself, with a sudden, passionate longing.

But even that hitherto comforting thought failed to reassure her

On the very day before Christmas Eve, the country-side was startled by the rumor that Corranmore by the rumor that Corrammore — Sir John Fitzgerald's country seat —had been broken into by burglars and a casket of valuable jewels, belonging to Lady Fitzgerald had been carried off from her ladyship's dressing-table, within twenty feet of the spot where her ladyship slept. The hue and cry was raised from one police barrack to another, and a search was instantly set. -had been broken into by burglars and a search was instantly set on and a search was instantly set on foot for the perpetrators of the crime. The day passed, however, and no discovery was made. The theme was the chief one at Perryna-mona, and in many other households besides.

"It is enough to make one stay up all night, I declare!" Miss Susan Quinlan said, with a shiver. "For pity's sake! James, see that the windows and doors are barred, locked, and bolted with extra se-curity for the future."

Curity for the fittire."

Her brother fook care to follow her wishes. Before night fell, all the windows were shuttered and barred. On Christmas Eve the same proceeding was followed. But when Elly Quinlan stole up to the school-room, at a quarter to six o'clock on that fateful evening—a wild, snowy evening it was — she o'clock on that fateful evening—a wild, snowy evening it was — she undid the bolts and opened the shutters, with trembling fingers, having first locked the door, so as to secure herself from discovery.

Then she stood close by the window and awaited Frank Carroll's coming, with a heating heart.

coming, with a beating heart.

She was terribly excited and auxious this evening. Her father had had a long talk with her after dinner, and had informed her in the plainest langdage that she "might as well make up her mind to the inevitable," and that he had decid-ed she was to become Walter Hamiltra's wife "some time in Janu-

ary."
"There is no getting out of it now, Eily," James Quinlan had said. "Hamilton has behaved most generously and nobly. On Monday next I am to receive two thousand pounds from him, in order to clear off the toortgages on this place. He is to pend to morrow with us here, and all arrangements are to be made as to your speedy marri-

These words seemed to ring in lilly's ears as she stood by the school-room window. Now and then a shiver ran through her slender frame; and at last, utterly overcome by her thoughts, she leaned back against the window shutter and covered her face with her clasped hands.

"Oh, Frank, Frank," she whispered to herself, as a wild longing smote her heart, "will you never, never come!"

Only the swish-swash of the snowflakes on the glass seemed to answer her words. The night wind sighed and mouned at the window, then died away with a shudder; and into the silence that followed, the sound of the old clock from the lobby outside the school-room was heard in the fall in the school-room.

heard in six solemn strokes.
Six o'clock! Surely, surely, Frank would fulfill his promise. Surely, surely, he was already on his way across the orchard, unless, indeed, the succession had prevented his the snow-storm had prevented his

setting out from home. But the moments passed, and Frank did not come. Five minutes went by, ten, fifteen. Eily was beginning to abandon hope, and had turned away from the window, when, all of a sudden, a joyful sound fell upon her ear. It was the sound of a hurried tapping on the window name.

Frank, at last! She turned quickly and flung open the window. Then she recoiled, with a suppress-

ed cry.
A wild, pallid woman's ' .e confronted her — a face stamped with the lines of mental and physical distress. The woman stood just outside of the window. A fur-lined cloak, the hood of which she had drawn over her head, enveloped her figure. Her hollow, dark eyes were fixed on Eily's face, with a look

of ominous pity in them.

12ity could not move — she could not speak. She could only stare at the figure, while the blood froze in her veins and the color ebbed from her cheeks.

"You are Miss Quinlan, are you not?—Eily Quinlan?" the strange woman said, leaning in over the low window sill and placing one

thin, trembling hand on Elly's arm.
"Yes, I am Eily Quinlan," the
girl gasped, after a pause. "Why?
Why? Is there anything — anything
wrong?"

"Terribly wrong!" was the rapid answer, the woman's voice sinking to a whisper. "Prepare yourself for a shock, my poor child, for I pity a shock, my poor child, for I pity you with all my heart. I had occasion to call at the police-barracks this evening, to give information as to the burglary at Corramore; and on my way back across the mountain I came upon a wounded man:lying by the path—you call it the Mass Path'—and he implored of me to take a message from him to you. He gave me directions as to you. He gave me directions as to this window, and he said you would be waiting in this room; and he told me to repeat these words to you: 'Go to the Mass Path. Take help. Lose no time.'"

"Oh, God! What does it mean?"
"It cried, horror-stricken. "Who Eily cried, horror-stricken. was the man? Surely, surely, not

—" But the words died on her lips.

"His name is Frank Carroll. He has been attacked by Walter Hamhas been attacked by Watter Hamilton — as callous a fiend as ever lived, as I know 'to my cost! I tracked Walter Hamilton to Shula Castle, a couple of days ago, in order to demand justice from him. For he has played a villainous part and the played a played me. towards me — having trapped me, two years ago, into a false marri-age, and then having tired of his plaything, deserted me. But his wickedness has found him out at last. I have shadowed him for the past few days, all unknown to him, until to-day, and have discovered circumstances which place his guilt beyond doubt as to the bur-glary. The police have already started for Shula Castle."

But Eily was almost unconscious of the woman's explanation. words of Frank's message still

words of Frank's message still rang in her ears—
"Go to the Mass. Path. Take help. Lose no time."
"Oh, I must go at once!" she

cried wildly, turning from the win-dow. "He may be dying or dead moment!"

"He is lying by that jutting rock at the left side of the path," the woman said compassionately.

As the words passed her lips Eily fled from the school-room and down to the kitchen, where she knew that immediate and willing knew that immediate and willing help was to be found. Nor was she mistaken. Around the glowing turf fire a jolly group of the household servants, and some of the neighboring farmers' sons and laborers had gathered, as was the nightly custom during the winter months at Dergyna-mona.

nonths at Derry-na-mona.

Breathlessly Eily poured forth per terrible fears — her frantic reher terrible fears quest; and in a moment she was surrounded by eager, kindly faces, while Nora Brien had flung her

while Nora Brien had flung her arms around her young mistress's trembling figure.
"Jerry, Conu, Pat and Curly will go this very minit, Miss Elly!"
Nora cried soothingly. "Run away lads. Search every inch of the Mass Path, and take a couple o' lantering with you."

lanterns with you."
The four men left the kitchen at once, but Eily, with a wailing cry, broke dwy from Nora's arms and followed them to the outer door.

"I will go, too," she gasped, with white lips. "I should go mad if I remained here! Wait for me. I shall only be a moment."

shall only be a moment." It was in vain that Nora Brien endeavored to restrain her. Eily ran upstairs for her cloak, which she three over her head and shoulders. When she returned to the hack door her four true friends were waiting for her, two of them carrying lanterns, the light from which shone brilliantly across the snowy yard and lit up the coachhouse and stables beyond.

"You'll never be able to travel the Mass Path on such a night as this," Nora Brien said, with chattering teeth, "Oh, Miss Eily, dearie, for the love o' God have sense, an' stay at home! Sure the boys

an' stay at home! Sure the boys can search just as well an' betther by theirselfs. Don't go, child—don't you now! What would the mas-ther an' Miss Susan say if they knew it?"

(To be continued.)

TO PREVENT IS BETTER
THAN TO REPENT. — A little
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they are an invaluable corrective
and by cleansing the blood they and by cleansing the blood they

CHILDREN'S CORNER 7.....

THE DECEMBER WOODS.

The following poem, by Jessica Nelson North, printed in St. Nich-olas for December, has won for its ten-year-old author a St. Nicholas League silver badge:

I roamed in the woods in winter When the trees were blank and

When the gusts of wind blew the snow in heaps,
In the path of the hurrying hare,

A few leaves clung to the tree-tops, But those were old and brown; And the winter breeze shook the

snowy trees. And blew the dead leaves down.

I gathered a buildh of lvy-leaves, Still bright with autumn's glow I packed a cluster of berries rad, An sprinkled with feathery snow.

I reached the hill above the creek The snow began to fall; And thick and iast the wintry

Blew snowflakes over all.

I turned my footsteps homeward, Along the smooth worn track; A chipmunk hurried up a tree, With stripes upon his back.

The dull gray clouds had parted, And faintly I could see That the early setting winter sun, Was shining down on me.

THE SPRING FLOWERS ARE HERE.

HERE.

"Spring flowers are here!" you exclaim. "But this is December, the heginning of winter, when we've just lost the flowers." Yes, that is true, but not the whole truth, writes Edward F. Bigelow, in the Nature and Science department of St. Nicholas for December.

It tells us of this year's flowers, but what about those for next year? The profusion of flowers has indeed dwindled away, ending, as commonly accepted, in late November's flowers, the mysterious witchhazel that was pictured on page 173 of Nature and Science for December, 1900. That flower we may regard as the last of the floral act for each year. There is a moment's pause only in appearance, really no pause, for already the curtain has started to rise, disclosing just a peep of next year's closing just a peep of next year's flowers.

The young buds of the skunk-cabbage push their way up before

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tients a trial free. Few physicians have such confid-Few physicians have such confidence in their skill. Few physicians so thoroughly deserve the confidence of their patients, as no false inducements are ever held out. The Doctor's private practice is so extensive as to require the aid of forty associates. His offices are

always open to visitors.
Col. N. G. Parker, Ex-Ircasurer of South Carolina, says. "I believe Dr. Miles to be an attentide and Dr. Miles to be an attentide and skillful physician, in a field which requires the best qualities of head and heart." The late Prof. J. S. Jewell, M. D., editor of the Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases, of Chicago, wrote "By all means publish your surprising results."

sults."

Hundreds of "Incurable Cases" cured. Mrs. Frank Smith, of Chicago, was cured of heart dropsy, after five leading physicians had given her up. Hon. C. M. Buck, banker, Fairbault, Minn., writes, "I had broken completely down." My head, heart, stomach and nerves had troubled me greatly for nerves had troubled me greaty for years. Feared I would never recover, but Dr. Miles' Special Treatment cured me after six eminent physicians of Chicago and elsewhere had completely failed." Mrs. P. Countryman, of Pontiac, Ill., says: "Several years ago I sent to Dr. Miles for treatment. Three physicians." Dr. Miles for treatment. Three physicians said I could not live two sicians said I could not live two weeks. I could not walk six feet; now I do all my work." 1,000 references to, and testimonials from Bishops, Clergymen, Bankers, Farmers, and their wives will be sent free. These include many who have been cured after from five to takkets absorbing had recognized.

winter sets in. Thoreau writes of it in October: "Mortal and human creatures must take a little respite in this fall of the year. Their spirits do flag a little. But not so with the skunk-cabbage. Its withered leaves fall and are transfixed by a rising bud. Winter and death are ignored. The circle of life is com-

"But," perhaps you next argue, "while this may be plant life starting in the fall, it isn't really and truly a 'flower' as we commonly use that word."

Admitted. Let's consider another one of the sweetest, most fragile and beautiful flowers of spring-the hepatica, or liverwort. Britton and Brown's "Illustrated Flora" gives its time of flowering, "December —

Mrs. Dana tells us that "these fragile-looking, enamel-like flowers are sometimes found actually beneath the snow.'

William Hamilton Gibson writes "If the open winter lures any wood blossom to open its eye, it will surely be the liverwort, even as be the liverwort, this flower occasionally anticipates this nower occasionary winter wea-the spring in ordinary winter wea-ther. I have before me a letter from an authority who picked them under a foot of snow on December 9, and this, too, in a winter not notably mild."

The some writer tells us of two

The same writer tells us of two

The same writer tells us of two other winter flowers: "The dandelion cocasionally continues in bloom through the entire winter. During the year 1871 I picked a dandelion every month a dandelion every month a year. * * Another aston hingly pertinacious winter bloomer is the chickweed. If you know its haunts in some sunny nook, you may dig away the snow and pick its white starry blossoms, larger and fuller

away the snow and pick its white starry blossoms, larger and fuller now than those of summer."

John Burrouge's, in writing of "Spring at the Capitol" (Washington), says: "Though the mercury occasionally sinks to zero, yet the earth is never so blighed by the cold but that. In some sheltered cold but that, in some sheltered nook or corner, signs of vegetable life still remain, which on a little encouragement even asserts itself. I have found wild flowers here every month in the year; violets in December, a single houstonia in January Atla little human faceth commendation. ary (the little lump of earth on which it stood was frozen hard), and a tiny weed-like plant, with a flower almost miscroscopic in its smallness, growing along gravelled walks and in old plowed fields in February. * * I have found the bloodroot when it was still freezing two or three nights in the week, and have known at least three varieties of early flowers to the buried in eight inches of snow." | Bradford Torrev. in !! A Ramber's Lease," says: "Winter in New England is not a time for gathering flower almost miscroscopic in its bier's lease, says: white in here fingland is not a time for gathering flowers (out of doors, though, taking the years together, there is not a month of the twelve wherein one may not pick a few blossoms, even in Massachusetts."

Thus we see that there is ample

In Massachusetts." 2010 in Massachusetts." 2010 in Thus we see that there is ample authority from older observers that some plants fruiting in 1902 will commence to put forth their bloom in the winter months, so that even in Decemuer the spring flowers are really here.

When we thus take into consideration this fact of the spring flowers, commencing to bloom in the winter, Longiellow's poem "The Flowers," from which the following is quoted, has an especially deep and true significance:

In all places, then, and in all sea-

sons, Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings, Teaching us, by most persuasive

reasons, How akin they are to human be-

Will our young folks, who love to roam the woods and fields, please keep on the lookout for spring flowers — yes, even in beds of snow — when you may be on a skating or coasting outing? Please "write to St. Nicholas about it,"

sending the specimens.

Keep on the lookout also for many plants that retain their fresh green appearance but do not bloom. In the brooks, springs and marshes you will find algae and higher forms of water-plants, sometimes nearly as luxuriant as in midsummer.

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Between the faculty apprehending and the object apprehended there must be a certain agreement. If so, religion cannot be learned simply as though it were a branch of impersonal science, Nor has it ever made converts by means of colorless, achromatic reasoning. It is worship and communion, the at-mosphere of which is prayer, and mosphere of which is prayer, and its vital principle grace; a power, not an argument, in mood and figure. We may go so far as to allege that reasoning is the pencil which draws this outline upon the mind; but the artist is none other than the living anisit is none other. than the living spirit, enamored of that ideal which it has beheld in the man Jesus Christ



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