

A Lily Amidst Thorns.

FOR A NOVICE.

O King majestic, strong I ever from my earliest days, Well may I call myself Thy work of grace alone; Thy love to pay with love, Thy care to tell with praise, Gladly I come today before Thy altar-throne. Jesus, my Best Belove what privilege is this? For nothingness am I. What have I done for Thee? Yet, clad in virginal white, it is today my bliss To follow Thee, the Lamb, in heavenly ecstacy. I know, alas! too well, that I am less than naught, Weakness itself, and poor; devoid of virtues great; And yet Thou knowest well that I have always sought, With longing heart, Thyself: on Thee alone I wait. When my young heart first felt the fire of love burn bright, Thou cam'st, O Christ! that fire to Thee alone to take? Naught could content my soul but Thee, my one delight!— The Infinite alone my burning thirst could slake. Like some weak lamb afar from its safe sheltering fold, Gaily I played, and knew nothing of dangers drear Shepherdess, Queen of Heaven! thy mother-love untold, Thy mother-watchfulness, drew me by heart apear. So, playing on the brink of pitfalls dread and deep, After I saw the hill of Carmel beckon me; And I divined that they who climb its summit steep, Shall learn, of love, to fly to heaven's eternity. An angel's purity, dear Lord, attracts Thy heart, An angel white as snow, in heaven's celestial mirth. Dost thou not also love a lily kept apart, For Thee, from mire and taint; as white as snow on earth? If he, within Thy sight exults, all dazling pure, In brilliant stainless robes, whose lustre blinds our gaze? Hast Thou not kept my robes as safe, as white, as pure? My virgin heart has been the treasure of my days. —Translated from the French of Saint Therese de l'Enfant Jesus, by S. L. Emery, A. R.

Pere Jean.

(The Messenger for January)

For the third time that evening, good Madame Latour stood hesitating at the door of her master's room. Not as on the two former occasions, did she now content herself with a disapproving shake of the head, but, urged by the sight of the still unattracted supper, knocked loudly. There was no response. "Humph, that letter!" murmured Madame Latour, and then, advanced to the priest's side. He started and for a moment his eyes were a far-away look, then they rested kindly on the poorly figure of his housekeeper beside him. "Ah, it is you, Madame Latour!" he said, smiling, as he folded the letter before him, "do you want anything?" "I want you to eat your supper, Monsieur le Cure," she answered, with the respectful familiarity to which her twenty years service fairly entitled her. "Ah, true, I had forgotten," he answered—then with a glance at the humble repast—"somebody, I am not hungry this evening."

"Now this will not do at all," his housekeeper expostulated. "You have had a tiring day, Pere Jean, and to-morrow will be the first Friday, and everyone says that you are looking ill—and they will say I starve you—and I do my best, but what can I do?" Madame Latour passed from sheer lack of breath, when the cure said nothingly: "My child, the trouble is you do not, and that is all you have to answer for. There, perhaps after all I am hungry," he added, drawing the chair to the table. Somewhat appressed, the good woman withdrew, but she paused for a moment at the doorway to remark, somewhat interrogatively, "Your letter contained good news I trust, Pere Jean?" "Yes, yes the best of news," answered the cure eagerly. "It is from my friend the missionary in China of whom you have heard me speak. He is now in a wild part of the country, where the natives are cruel and uncivilized, and hate missionaries bitterly. At any moment he may be put to death! By a singular good fortune he met a party of English travellers who promised to forward this letter from Peking, otherwise I should not have had it."

"Mun Dieu, and you say that is good news!" ejaculated the housekeeper. "Yes, the best of news," answered the priest, and there was a joyful ring in his voice, "the best of news, got into the way of calling him 'Pere Jean,' and 'Pere Jean' he had remained ever since through the years that had silvered his hair, and brought a stoop to his tall form. The sunset glow had faded and there was a chill in the evening air, but still the old priest stood motionless by the window. The letter tightly clasped in his hand had awakened a far-away past and memories long forgotten, now rose unbidden. Once again they were college boys, Edouard, and he, and his eyes grew bright or dim at the recollection of some prank or punishment shared together. They had been different even then; Edouard, quick and impetuous and with a persuasive eloquence, which had made him a leader among the other boys, — himself quiet, almost timid, now following, now restraining the friend he loved dearly. Unlike in character, they were united by a deep generous affection such as is formed in early youth, when the heart is fresh and loving, and which often remains unchanged amid the doubts and disillusionments of age. The dream of each had been to become missionaries, and side by side to labor for God's glory in a pagan land. Then had followed, after a few peaceful years at the Seminary, that never-to-be-forgotten day when they had received ordination. Soon after it seemed as if their dearest wish was to realize it, for an earnest appeal came for missionaries to China, and they had eagerly offered themselves. Then had come a disappointment, so keen and so bitter that even now, after fifty years, the memory of it came back with intense vividness. Edouard was granted the coveted permission, while to himself after he had made his plea, and answered a few searching questions, the bishop had said, "My son, this is not the life intended for you; God has chosen you for a different work, some the less His because it is different."

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. Thomas Lewis, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

for then indeed the glorious crown of martyrdom will be his."

With a wonderful look the housekeeper withdrew, shutting the door softly.

The priest poured out a cup of the coffee upon which Madame Latour justly prided herself, but he could not taste it nor the morsel of cold toast he broke off. Pushing back his chair he arose, walked over to the window, and stood looking at the country scene without. How fair it looked in the sunset glow, with the first touch of autumn on the gold-tinted leaves and waving Indian maize. Before him lay the little village of Sainte Barbe with its cluster of houses along the one winding street, and a few more dotted here and there on the hillsides. It was a simple French Canadian parish like a hundred others scattered over the Laurentians; simpler, perhaps, and more old-fashioned than most, for the railway came only to St. Clovis twelve miles away, and the nearest town was thirty miles distant.

Sainte Barbe was a poor parish, and the little dwellings were for the most part wooden cabins, white-washed or gaily painted, and each with a tiny patch of garden. But here and there was a house of stone and mortar, landmarks of the old French regime, and relics of the days when it had been a trading-post.

Yet, like many other settlements it now was "off the road," and though older, it was in reality far behind St. Clovis, which could boast of a thriving creamery and cheese factory. The inhabitants of Sainte Barbe were in no wise envious of their more progressive neighbors, but were content to eke out their modest existence by dint of hard labor on a not too productive soil. Though money might be scarce food was always plentiful, and the woods yielded ample fuel to keep the fire blazing merrily even in the poorest cottage during the long, cold winter. So they were satisfied with their lot, for sought we may say, knowing a rarer and truer happiness that is always to be found among the poor, and Ah! how seldom among the rich!

For their saintly old cure they had the deepest veneration. He was their guide and advisor, and the mediator in all their petty disputes.

The notary and doctor who formed with him the village aristocracy were wont to complain laughingly that their advice or prescription was referred to the cure before it was followed.

Some of the older inhabitants remembered when half a century before he had come to Sainte Barbe, a young man with an earnest youthful face, and a kindly manner which had at once endeared him to them all. "Monsieur le Cure" had seemed too grave a title, so his people had called him "Pere Jean."

All Run Down

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. We will send you a sample free.



Be sure that this picture in the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE Chemists Toronto, Ont.

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A day later the friends parted; Edouard, whose joy was overshadowed by the other's pain, went to China and he, Jean, to Sainte Barbe. There had followed for the missionary a life of hardship and labor. The very qualities which had distinguished him at college stood him in good stead now. The fame of his teaching spread afar, and he untiringly preached, converted and baptized.

Once in a while a letter would come to his friend in the little French-Canadian village and the cure would read it with joy and with pride. If there was still a longing in his heart for other fields he was unconscious of it, for he had determined to devote all his energies to the little flock intrusted to his care.

How peacefully the years had passed for him he reflected now. There was scarcely a ripple to mark one decade from another. He had seen the children grow up and marry and have children of their own. He had stood by the bedside of his "older children" when fearful of the Unknown lying darkly at hand, yet humbly trusting that all would be well, they would plead— "Pray for me, Pere Jean;" and he stood by the new-made grave in the little hill-side cemetery until the last cold fell on the rough-hewn coffin, and he knew that another traveller starting on his homeward journey had gone not unprepared.

What kindly folks he dwelt among, so considerate for his comfort, so careful to avoid whatever might give him pain. There was, however, an exception. He could now see a tiny thread of smoke rising above a small unpainted cabin which stood away from the other houses. A solitary man lived there who spoke to no one, and was unloved by all. Years before when a lad he had gone away to the city, and obtained a good position in a mill. Quick and nimble, his promotion had been rapid, until one day there had been an accident which maimed him for life, and he had come back to St. Barbe a cripple.

The kindly folks who had known him from infancy had come with their offerings of aid and sympathy, and were sorely hurt and puzzled when he curiously refused both, and took possession of a deserted cottage, where he lived no one knew how.

Something beside the cruel accident had changed the light-hearted lad into a sour man, something had entered his heart like steel and rankled there. The older folks thought of him pityingly. The children named him "le Croche," and ran to their mothers when his crooked form came in sight, for was not a man who never went to church, and who avoided their good cure, only a degree removed from the Evil One himself?

"Le Croche" seemed indifferent to people's opinion regarding him and became, if possible, more bitter and silent as time passed.

The priest sighed as he thought of his "black sheep" and of his futile efforts to win him back again. Then his eyes fell the fast darkening scene, and sought his own little room, which was plainly furnished, but warm and homelike. A bright-hued vase stood on the mantelpiece. It had been a present from Madame Latour when her cousin in town died, and left her a legacy. This was only a few dollars, but she had felt quite rich for a time, and her first act had been to buy a gift for

ber master. The flowers it contained were from little Jeanette, who lived next door, and who regarded it as her special charge that the cure should be provided with the best blossoms of her garden. The somewhat gaudy picture of the Holy Family had been the doctor's birth day gift, and the notary had given the clock on a similar occasion.

There were other trifles which, though of no value in themselves, yet helped to give the little room an appearance of comfort. He had often thought lovingly and gratefully, if regretfully, how easy it was, but now with his heart full of love for the friend who might even then be shedding his blood in distant

China, each article seemed to reproach him for a self-indulgence, of which he was in no wise guilty. The picture of that other life so full of suffering and sacrifice whose rose before him seemed in pitiful contrast to his own.

What victory, and what service could he show his Master when his stewardship should be yielded up? He, too, had had a long life—and yet, was he not empty-handed? "And I wished to become a missionary," he told himself, sadly. "I who have done so little as a parish priest. The bishop was indeed wise to refuse my audacious request and to place me among a good pious people, ready to overlook my shortcomings and forgive my faults."

This was perhaps the bitterest moment of his life, and as he stood there at the open window he trembled, and the hand that grasped the sill was cold and damp. "My God, my God," burst from his lips, "I meant to do so much for Thee, and I have done so little."

"Pere Jean!" it was a small childish voice accompanied by a warm little hand which was laid gently on his own. The appealing accent and touch brought wonderful soothing to the priest's troubled heart. There was no trace of the last moment's anguish in the cure's kind smile, as he looked down at the bare-footed orphan who stood outside the window. "Well, petit Paul, what is it?" he asked.

(Concluded next week)

Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Jackets now half price at Stanley Bros. This is one of the best assorted stocks in the province. We hate to sell them at the price; but they are yours for just half value—and remember they are all these styles. Stanley Bros.

Calendar for Feb., 1905.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, Moon Rises, Moon Sets, High Water, Low Water. Rows for each day of the month.

LADIES' FANCY DRESS SLIPPERS

A large shipment just received. All of them the very latest style and selling at the following prices. 1 strap, turn sole \$1.00 1 strap fancy bow \$1.50 2 strap, veay popular \$1.25 4 strap, very neat \$1.75 These are four of our leading lines with many other styles to choose from. Alley & Co.

Treated by Three Doctors

for a Severe Attack of Dyspepsia,

Got No Relief From Medicines, But Found It At Last In Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., was one of those troubled with this most common of stomach troubles. She writes:—"After being treated by three doctors, and using many advertised medicines, for a severe attack of Dyspepsia, and receiving no benefit, I gave up all hope of ever being cured. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters so highly spoken of, I decided to get a bottle, and give it a trial. Before I had taken it I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken the second one I was completely cured. I cannot recommend Burdock Blood Bitters too highly, and would advise all sufferers from dyspepsia to give it a trial."

MISCELLANEOUS

Figby.—Hello, old man! I heard that new baby up at your house.— Popley.—You don't say? Great pair of lungs, eh? Figby.—I say I heard that baby of your.— Popley.—Yes, yes; and you lived two blocks away. Wonderful, wonderful! Mrs. Fred Lalen, St. George, Ont. writes:—"My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly."

Thetacher had been talking about a hen sitting on eggs, and with the incubator in his mind asked if eggs could be hatched—any other way. "Yes put 'em under a duck," was the response.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc. "Please excuse Mary from attending school this afternoon as she had an illustrated thread, with glaciers on both sides," was a note sent to a teacher.

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. says: "It affords me much pleasure to say that I experience great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills." Price 50c. a box.

Teacher.—It is said that when King Henry heard of the death of his son he never smiled again. Boy.—Please, miss, what did he do when they tickled him?

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper. The following note was received by a teacher: "Please, sir, Johnny was kept home today, I have had twins. It shant occur again. Yours truly, Mrs. Smith."

Beware of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vital organs of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

"Gracious, my dear!" said the first society belle, spitefully, "I trust you're not ill. You look so much older tonight."

"Do I dear?" the other replied, sweetly. "I feel quite well, and you—how wonderfully improved you are! You look positively young!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. A Sunday-school teacher once asked her class how the angels obey God. Different answers were given, but the best was that of a boy who said: "They obey without asking any questions."

The King of Terrors Is Consumption.

And Consumption is caused by neglecting to cure the dangerous Coughs and Colds. The balsamic odor of the newly cut pine buds and invigorates the lungs, and even consumptives improve and revive amid the perfume of the pines. This fact has long been known to physicians, but the essential healing principle of the pine has never before been separated and refined as it is in DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. It combines the life-giving lung-healing virtue of the Norway Pine with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing Herbs and Balsams. It cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all affections of the bronchial tubes and air passages. Mrs. M. B. Lisle, Eagle Head, N.S., writes:—"I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and think it is a fine remedy, the best we have ever used. A number of people here have great faith in it as it cures every time. Price 25 cents per bottle."



EACH FAMILY

Purchasing footwear to the amount of \$10.00 from now till 6th day of January will be presented with a Beautiful Parlor Novelty. CONROY, THE SHOE MAN, Pownal Street and Sunnyside, Charlottetown.

Morson & Duffy

Barristers & Attorneys, Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I. MONEY TO LOAN. Solicitors for Royal Bank of Canada.

McLean & McKinnon

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law, Brown's Block, Charlottetown.

MacDonald & Trainor

Barristers, Solicitors, etc. OFFICE—Great George Street, near Bank of Nova Scotia, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN.

Which is the Oldest?

\$5 Prize for photograph of either the oldest dwelling now occupied, the oldest vessel now rigged and in active service, or the oldest person now living in the Maritime Provinces or Newfoundland. Send brief history with each. \$100 in prizes for names of natives of Provinces now resident in New England. For particulars write The Ixter-Narrator, box 2106, Boston, Mass. Jan. 11th, 1905—41

SAY!

If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of BOOTS or SHOES or anything else in the FOOTWEAR

Line at the greatest saving price to yourself, try A. E. McEACHEN, THE SHOE MAN, QUEEN STREET.

JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

Tickets Posters Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads Check Books Receipt Books Note Books of Hand

FIRE INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE.

The Royal Insurance Co. of London. The Sun Fire Office of London. The Phoenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn. The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York.

POCKET and OFFICE DIARIES

FOR 1905.

ALMANACS

Canadian, Whittaker's, Belcher's, CARTER & CO., Ltd.,

FALL and WINTER UNDERCLOTHING

For Men and Boys. You will save money if you buy your Underclothing from us.

STANFIELD'S UNSHRINKABLE

in five different weights. Prices from \$2.00 to \$4.00 per suit.

Heavy Wool Fleece, 90 cents per suit All Wool Scotch Knit \$1.00 per suit Fine Heavy All Wool \$1.00 per suit Fine Lambs Wool, \$2.50 per suit Fine Heavy Natural Wool, \$4.00 Opening today a large shipment

Mens Rainproof Coats.

GORDON & MACLELLAN, THE STYLISH OUTFITTERS.

THE TAILORY OF P. E. Island.

THE GOOD DRESSER

Is usually a man of refinement. His Wardrobe consists of the following Evening Dress Clothes. Tuexeda Coat.

Worsted and Scotch Tweed Suit. Fall and Winter Overcoat. Extra Pants, etc.

As we tailor and shape these garments you have a garment of perfection

JOHN McLEOD & CO., Merchant Tailors.

DIARIES

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