EVENING CI

Strew before our Lady's I Rosee—flushing like the s where the lingering wester Watch the daylight die.

"Violets steeped in dream Humble as the Mother m Blue as were her eyes whe O'er her sleeping Child.

"Strew the lilies, pure and Bending on their stalk of Bending down with tender Like our Holy Queen.

"Let the flawers spend the On our Lady's own dear While we claim her gracic Near her Son Divine.

"Strew b-fore our Lady's Gentle flowers, fair and Hope and fear and joy and Place, too, at her feet.

## LASCINE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN. CHAPTER VIII.

THE COLLEGE HOME. " Build to-day, then strong and sure, With a firm and ample base; And ascending and secure Shall to morrow find its place.

Christmas-day was gleaming over St. Osmund's. A calm, strong light shone through the chapel—the first clear through the chapel—the first clear burst of daylight that hailed the joyus morn of the Nativity. At the side attars the Aurora masses were being celebrated. Within the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, serving Father Irving's Mass, Edward Laseine was kneeling. He was thinner than when we last saw him, but the face was brighter and him, but the face was brighter and more spiritual, with that indescribable glow of a convert's first fervor. Father Clare had warned him the winter was coming-as the winter must come over each spiritual life—and now he was gathering provision into the barn to last

I see him now, his face flushing with joy, as he assisted at the midnight Mass; and Father Irving had given him the privilege of serving the Aurora mass and the last Mass of the Nativity at the early dawn. And, in the inter-val between, while others slept, he had been kneeling in his own room in silent watch. Later on, when the students came down to their meditation and Masses, Edward Lascine, calm and recollected, was kneeling in his place as though he had just come in with the

In the corridor, going to breakfast, the merry Christmas wishes echoed on every side, and discussions on the mid-Mass. Merriest of the merry were Edward Lascine and Paul Wright The whole refectory was joyous and gay at the breakfast table, for at midright they had all received the Food of the Strong. Edward Lascine's face glittered with joy. To him it was the Christmas he had longed for all his youth up—the right old medieval way of keeping Christmas. Different, inhis last Christmas at Treven Manor. He remembered the crowded country-house, the decorations, the elegant breakfast, the dinner, and the evening reception, followed by a ball. was sad without him, but he was not sad without Treven.

His place in the refectory was altered he now sat next Carley, on the Philosophers' table. His rooms of study were altered, too, and he was himself trans-ferred to the Philosophers' quarters, and had a room opposite Carley's.

His room was totally unlike Carley's Dark crimson-red curtains shrouded the windows, cocoanut matting covered the floor, the simple bed in one corner, a covered-in wash-hand stand, that made a desk in the day, a few chairs. On the mantel the figure we know already and the candlesticks. On the opposit side a figure of the Blessed Virgin, and a Gothic table covered with books— presents from the Duchess of Graham Catholic herself, and interested in Edward Lascine by Father Ring.

Over the pricu-Dicu hung a large crucifix, and the only atom of luxury was a stand of magnificent flowers in the window-recess, which were regularly changed by the florist every weekwhose doing this was, no one knew, and the florist was too well paid to say. knew, and always imagined it was Mrs. Lascine, and I fancy Edward Lascine thought s too, and allowed this consolation to hi mother. At any rate, during the time St. Osmund claimed Edward Lascine, the altars of the Blessed Sacrament and Mary Immaculate were more beautiful than ever.

breakfast was over, and Paul Wright, with his arm linked in Lascine was pacing the ambulacrum.
"Did you like the midnight Mass,

"How can you ask? Do you know, Paul. I had been anticipating this, the reality was more than the anticipation? Gordan's voice in the Gradu-ate, ringing through the chapel, I can hear now, especially that duet, 'Ex utero ante luciferum genui te.'"
"I gave you my Communion last night, old boy."

And I gave mine to my mother

Paul, so you gave her yours. Well, she will need them to day."
"Do you feel wretched for her?"
"No, I trust in God! I have given

my life for hers.

'It is noble of you, Ed!" "But, Paul, it is my duty."

"Have you thought more of the subject we were speaking of the other

day ?"
Have you?" "Decidedly; the life here is too easy for me, and my vocation to religion is

decided long ago. My three vows— poverty, chastity, and obedience—I took before the Blessed Sacrament years ago, and the time my confessor fixed for me to remain here will be up so envy you, Paul! I recog-

nize my vocation, too. I preceive that poverty, chastity and obedience, in the sternest degree, only are right. They are the pillars which support vaulted roof of the beauteous gospel of peace; and, through taking and close-following those vows, we are more

'I am glad we think alike on this

It is only one of the many, dear old Paul.

'You are right, and your stern way of looking at things has done me good.

"Why, yes; the nickname the Bounds" have given you prove that ounds" have given you proves that.
really have merited the name Father de Ravignan rejoiced in in his novitate, 'Iron Bar.

novitate, 'Iron Bar.'

"Paul, you must not compare a wretched fellow like me to an apostolic

man like Father de Ravignan. "I don't see why not; you have the same drawing to the Jesuits."

"And you have a drawing to the Dominicans.

'Is that a mortal sin, Mr. Lascine?" "No, Mr. Wright, but 'people that live in glass houses shouldn't throw

Carley's joining the party stepped he conversation. In his usual merry way he managed to chime in, Paul, what are you doing? You You must Paul, what are you doing? You must be a strong man to bend an "Iron Bar' in this way every hour of your life. I shall christen you 'the Grett Gymnast,' 'the Unconquerable Iron Bar Bender.' Here have I for two days been trying to obtain the honor of a walk with the 'Iron Bar' is googleight and only not obtain it." estion, and could not obtain

My dear Carley, you knew I was engaged over my thesis, and the other time I was helping the Sacristans with you, and the time you asked me was the time of my private visit to the Blessed Sacrament. It was a decision between Carley and God — I chose God." Carley softened down.)

You are not to blame, I only meant chaff.'

"Will you two fellows join my tea-party to-night at Brill? Four o'clock precisely — permission from rector— only six others beside you—other populars.' Do please a fellow for once

"I will come, Carley, if Lascine will," m over that trying period. And well said Paul. "Well, if you put it in that way, I

will go."
"Bravo! then I shall advertise special attractions, the 'Iron Bar'

the 'Unconquerable Gymnast.' The banquet to night is not until 6; I will get you back in time."
"By-the-way, Carley," said Lascine,

are the letters in yet?"
"Yes. I saw the Prefect go to both your rooms. The post was late this morning; that is the reason they were not given out in the refectory."
"Let us go, Paul. I give curiosity

free rein to-day."

Lying on the table in his room he found a bundle of letters. Father Ring and others of St. Augustine's Monastery, had remembered him, the Duchess f Graham, Ernest Trevyllian, Cecil de Grey, and his mother. Our business lies only with two of these letters— Ernest Trevyllian's and Mrs. Lascine's.

Ernest Trevyllian's and Mrs. Laschie's.

Treven Manor, December 24th.

My own Darling Hoy—How can I pass tomorrow without you! It will be the first
Xmas we have been apart since our birth.
Inink of the stately dinner here to morrow.
My heart will be breaking to see your place
vacant. Eddie, will you not have pity on your
sorrowing mother! It is useless your writing.
I shall not receive the letter. The only remedy
you can make is the abjuration of these pernicious Roman errors. Let us be as before.
Come to the glad home, the warm hearts, and

Reader, was he tempted? Yes; I believe on that Christmas-day he knelt in the garden of Gethsemane—knelt there and was strengthened.

Treven Manor, December 24th. Treven Manor, December 24th,

"Dear E1'—I came to Trevon yesterday for Christmas. The house is full as ever, as on other years. Every one is asking for you, but the Governor seems intensely dull. Mrs. Las cine is all life as usual, but I know her heart is breaking. Dear old Mr. Treven came and chatbed with me last evening about you. How I feel for him; the calm old face looking so sad, and the tears streaming out of his blue eyes, as as spoke of your absence to-morrow! Your brother John is lively and amusing as ever, and awfully spoonly on Ella Northeaden Dear old Treven 1: gay as ever. How much I miss you, but I came nere only to endeavor to broak the ice for you. I had almost forgotten to tell you we have an early celebration to morrow, at St. Winefrides, at Holynton. You will ranember the difficulty you and my unworthy self had in getting this concession last year. Now your Uncle Richard is anxious for it. He is becoming a Churchman. I thought of the midnight celebration at St. Osmund's last night, and I knell in the cold one hour joining in spirit. I admire your resolution in nolding out. I wisn I had the courage to join the Roman Church. Pray for me. A merry, merry Christmas for you; and remember, I will let no one at Treven forgey you. In great haste, dear old boy.

"Ever lovingly yours in Him, Kinnest Trevylllian."

What wonder if the face of Edward

What wonder if the face of Edward Lascine was a shade paler than usual, and that, kneeling before the high altar, Paul Wright found him at 3 o'clock kneeling there calm as usual In after years Mrs. Lascine said, "Some

invisible presence supported through that day." I thought then of the old chapel of St. Osmond, and the worshipper before

the altar. Was his worship useless? Two years have passed away, and bright June weather is crowning, as of old, "Merrie England." From the Church of St. Osmund merry peals re-sound, echoing and re-echoing in among the hills. It is the jubilee of the college. The corridors are gay with festoons and potted plants, wraths banners, scrolls. Much company is stroll ing about, but the church seems the great attraction, although the High Mass and "Te Deum" are over, and the athletic sports have commenced.

Every one is asking, "Who is the sacristan?" "Who is the sacristan?"

Monsignore Witton, the president, omes to the rescue. "The sacristan omes to the rescue. s a young convert, an Oxford man." Let us hasten to the sacristy and see Sure enough, Edward Lascine. Now, though he wears the biretta, which gives a more priestly look to his priestly tace, he is taller, too, but even the cassock cannot hide the graceful figure as he stoops to open a vestment-drawer, and carefully puts away the rich vestments. The sacristy, as one may imagine is in disorder after a High Mass

and procession with "Te Deu which six Bishops have assisted. The two under-sacristans are busy Lascine breaks the silence:

"You have friends here, John, have

'Yes, Mr. Lascine." "And you, Fred?"

Yes sir. "You may go; I will do the work."

"Let us stay, sir; there is so much."
"Your friends wish you, doubtless."

"He was alone. Surely this is the same Edward Lascine of yore—the same generosity. But he has received a great grace in ordination, minor orders, for he has hard work to do now. An hour's work wrought a change in the sacristy. Another hour and the high altar was arranged for the evening benediction. The sanctuary was resplendent; choicest exotics, gracefully arranged, breathing out their sweet lives near the tabernacle; stately candelabra resting on the beautiful marble altar. The glimmer of the sanctuary lights reflected in the costly cloth-of-gold curtains falling around the walls. The silence seemed to speak and say, "Have est requies mea, hie and say, "Hace est requies mea, hic habitabo," as if anticipating the peace

that falls on a soul from communion with Christ. High in the roof of the old Gothic church floated banner and streamers, designs were placed on the 'With pleasure.' "What time walls, and festoons of dark holly-leaves "Four till five." gracefully entwined round the Gothic windows. The very sun itself seemed

stained-glass windows, and tesselated the marble floor with myriad colors. A fair picture indeed, and a young Levite at the altar, with a mind as offerings already offered to the Divine Lord: in the eyes of God, that offering which was to be made "perfect through suffering," and "through much tribu-

anxious to do something for so fair a

picture, and threw its rays

the most beautiful.

As Lascine left the church to assist at the athletic sports, he encountered the Bishop of Beverley, the Archbishop of Westminster, and Father Irving, pacing the corridor.

Father Irving stopped. "Mr. Las-

cine, I must congratulate you on the church to-day, and also the quiet way the functions have passed."
His Grace of Westminister sniffed, "Well, Edward, have you heard from ome lately?"
"No, my lord."

The Bishop of Beverley laughingly said: "You heard of the fate of my letter, Edward?" "It is true; it arrived at Treven.

but was consigned to the grate immedi-"Probaby mine shared the same rejoined the Archbishop, "

fate,"

have had no answer. "I am sorry for the disrespect shown to your Lordships. I would rather they had visited their displeasure on Allow me to apologize for the

His Grace of Westminister, in his kind way, linked his arm in that of Edward Lascine. "My child," said he, "you have yet much more of the cross to bear — deeper and deeper orrows must pass over you — for, through much tribulation, you shall through much tribulation' you shall enter into the kingdom of God. The crown of thorns will press upon your herd, but, in your agonies, do not dish t from you, for in heaven I know of a dazzling crown balance this: and I see a name traced n letters of light. That name, Edward Lascine, is yours if you will cross in the spirit of your Saviour. And never forget, my child, to pray much to the Mother of Sorrows." "I will try, my Lord, to be all you

would wish me. "Then I fear not for you, my son in Christ. I have known you at Oxford have your name and your family, ave known you as a Catholic, and know when a Lascine has given his

word he will conquer."
"Lascine! Lascine!" The name rang through the corridor. rang through the corridor.

"The sports are waiting for you,"
Father Irving said. "In St. Osmund's
honor you must relinquish St. Osmund's
son, my Lord!"

Lascine sank on his knees and re ceived the Archiepiscopal Blessing.
As he withdrew, the Archbishop ad-

dressed the Bishop of Beverley: gratulate you, my brother, on having such a man in your diocese." "I love him. Your Grace, as my own

he has rare qualities, and doubtless will "Never; he has the pride of humil-ity—he will be a religious."
"I anticipate great trials for him. I wear the mitre yet.'

know the spirit of the Lascines well. They will not leave one inch of ground untrodden to break his vocation. "May I escort your Lordships to the

grounds Yes, Father Irving. Let us hasten

to see my brother's champion.

How gay the grounds were! The flags flying, the sunbeams glinting over the green grass, the background of carriages of the neighboring gentry, the rope encircled arena, round crowded happy, youthful faces; the bright-blue sky above, with its fleecy, white cloudlets; the slight breeze rustling the leaves, and the merry ring of laughter, and the buzz of chat, without the slightest crackle of care, those merry, musical peals of college-laugh ter : without the slightest forced sound one detects in the drawing-rooms, and receptions, and home-circles, of this

nineteenth century. Lascine would only suffer his name to be entered for two things—the long jump and the two-mile race. As he came on the field in his cricketing suit of white flannel, with black edgings, and the college arms embroidered or the breast, with all the grace of old times, the ringing cheer that saluted him argued well for his coming success. A deep-crimson flush gave him just the color he wanted to look handsome, and many a compliment from the assembled visitors was heard as he passed into the rena to his place for the long jump.

What penance are you to get for being so late? I think, as I am master of ceremonies for the sports, I will nake you jump first.

'I couldn't help being late, old fellow. I was engaged in the sacristy for to-night; and, as the boys had friends, I let them come on the ground, so I

was detained longer." "Well, I'll let you off. You will

jump last. As Weed left him, the jumping com menced. Lascine, unconscious that he was remarked, was gracefully leaning was remarked, was gracetury teaming against a post, talking with Father Clare. The blue eyes were gleaming with vivacity; the broad shoulders seemed broader as the light costume showed the perfection of the figure, and the tiny cricketing boots were eliciting

many remarks.

As he laughingly answered Fathe Clare, the white teeth shone out, and one heard: "For the honor of St. Osmund and Father Clare I entered the lists; I must look on every thing around me as non-existing but the aforesaid St. Osmund and Father Clare, then I shall

jump well. Success to you in St. Osmund's name, not in mine!" rejoined Father Clare.

You promised to give me an hour to-day, Father Clare?"
"Yes, but in my room or yours that

is impossible, on account of visitors.

Lest we should lose the spirit of recollection to-day, let us give that hour to the Blessed Sacrament."

"Oremus pro invicem."
"Then I get the benefit. I agree."

"Mr. Lascine," Robert Weed called. In a moment he was at his place. silence reigned a few seconds. neard a few steps; then a burst of 'hurrahs!" Edward Lascine was the victor by one foot.

An eager group was around him now. onsignore Witton came up. The Monsignore rowd made way for the rector.

"Before your hand is quite shaken off, Mr. Lascine, let me rescue you, and conduct you to the Duchess of Graham. who has been asking for you for son time. She has home news for you. I must not forget to thank you, and congratulate you on your triumph."

"No need of that, Monsignore. It is a simple effort for St. Osmund and

tutor; no merit of mine in it; thank Oxford, though my

He was flushed with his triumph, and brimming over with hilarity, as he sat in the barouche of the Duchess of Graam, and watched the sports.

And the duchess was waiting her opportunity to unfold bad news to him waiting he but, by the advice of Monsignore Wit-ton, she waited until the two-mile heat

was over.
"Promise me, Mr. Lascine, to come to me here immediately after the race reserve your home-news until then."
He eagerly promised.
"I saw the Honorable Ernest Trevyl-

ian yesterday. He knew I was coming here, and sent you many messages and this note. I was to tell you the reason was insufferably dull to him without you, and the club-house unbearable; and his only consolation is in going to Farm Street to the Jesuits. Lord Cecil de Grey is under instruction to Dis-raeli's Monsignore Catesby, and the Marquis of Marle is making a retreat at the High Church Mission of Cowley St. John.

'Lascine! Lascine!" "I must go, Your Grace, but I promise to return. Your Ladyship will kindly

The good duchess bowed her head. I have to tell of another triumph, and the conqueror returning decked with blue ribbons, and followed by a perfect

vation of hurrahs. As the footman opened the door, and ne stepped into the barouche, he said, to the congratulations

showered upon him: showered upon him:

"I came only for the home-news, not
the congratulations."

In every moment of triumph, the
knell of misery is heard; could be not
have one day of peace? No; thus we

have one day of peace? Not thus we learn to live truly our little life.

"I have" said Her Grace, "heard from the Countess of Castleton, who is

staying with your mether. She writes me: Herbert Crowner is unwell, very unwell; in fact, in a consumption. Pinton has telegraphed for four London doctors; the consultation is to-day. I have written to know the result; but fear we must anticipate the worst. Those thin, stern lips of Edward Las-

cine were closed tightly, the flush of triumph was gone; the blue eyes were moistened, but the iron soul would show Perhaps Trevyllian tells me some

thing," said he, after a lapse of ten minutes. "May 1 read his letter with-

out your thinking me rude?"
"Dy dear Mr. Lascine, do not stand on ceremony.

Hastily the coroneted envelope was torn open, and breathlessly he read:
"No hope, no hope!" the poor white face told, but the iron will showed

"Will Your Grace excuse me?" She had broken it to him as gently a she could; she saw the effort he made and slightly bowed her head, ther eaned forward, and whispered: 'I shall see you at the banquet?"

He glided to the edge of the crowd waiting for him knew it, he was gone

of carriages, and, before those who were hastily to his room, putting on his cassock. As he did so, the more his cassock. As he did so, the clock struck 4, he remembered the rendezvous with Father Clare.

At the banquet that night, though

not elated or gay, no effort was visible in his conversation. He heard hi health drank, and thanks returned to him for the pains taken with the chapel the sacristy, and the triumph of the sports. Being head sacristan, he was obliged to respond for the others. A simple, modest words:

few, simple, modest words:
"They had only done their duty. It was a pleasure to work in the church and they had not expected to be complimented for what was a simple ire, and was done ad majorem Dei glor

The Duchess of Graham drove hon and told Ernest Trevyllian:
"He has borne it bravely, better

than I expected.' A great deal had to be done in the sacristy that evening; the enforced rule of silence reigned. How grateful for it Edward Lascine was! And, having left the keys at the prefect's room, walking along the moonlit corridors to his own gallery, he slowly muttered those grand words of St. Augustine:
"Our hearts were made for Thee, C
God! and they shall never rest until

they rest in Thee." The morrow was coming-a morrow of suffering.
TO BE CONTINUED.

DR HAMILTON'S PILLS STIMULATE THE

LIVER

A Capital Cure for Sore Throat
Is to use as a garge a few drops of Polson's
Nerviline in sweetened water, and be fore retiring rub the throat and chest vigorously with
Nerviline. By morning the soreness and inflammation will have disappeared entirely.
Nerviline drives away the pain and cures sore
throat and hoarseness quickly, simply because
that's what it s made for. Buy a 25c, bottle
from your druggist to day.

DR. Hamilton's Pills Stimulate The
Liver.

Liver.

How to Cleaner the System.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the Liver and the Kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

## IN THE ACCIDENT WORLD.

Dr. Jenkins rushed into the room Sister Placide, head nurse of the Great Western Railway Hospital, wa

looking over the nurses' reports.
"There has been a bad wreck on the line and three of the company's me were hurt; they will be here by special in half an hour. Dr. Smith has go the yard in the ambulance. Have everything ready, Sister," he cried, rushing out again toward the operating

With characteristic energy Sister Placide directed the preparations of th rooms for the injured men, and when the ambulance arrived everything was in readiness. One poor fellow was past help, the second, but slightly injured and the third, Joe Moylan, the popular engineer of 987, was so badly crushed that Dr. Jenkins found it necessary to

amputate both legs.
"I fear he has a very slim chance,
Sister, but we'll do our best for him.
The brave fellow might have saved himself by jumping, as the fireman did, but stuck to his engine and through the bridge with her. Give him

best nurse, Sister." your "I will take the case myself," she

answered, with ready sympathy. Don't overwork yourself, you know we can't spare you from the head of this establishment. But still But still. give him as much of your time as you

can; he can't last long."

It was May. The Sisters who were off duty and many of the patients who were convalescent attended the simple service of the Little Office every evening in the chapel. Two days after the accident Dr. Johnson looked into Moylan's room.

Not at chapel, Sister! I thought missed your voice.

"I cannot leave my patient, doctor."
"I will sit with him while you go to service. I know you do not like to miss

enediction."
Thanking the doctor, Sister Placide hurried to the chapel, slipped quietly into the choir and joined in the "Tantum Ergo. After Benediction Sister Gertrude.

the organist, asked Sister Placide to sing her favorite hymn:

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining; Ave Maria, day is declining. Safety and innocence fly with the light, Temptation and Danger walk forch in the From the fall of the shade till the Matin shall shine. Shield us from danger and save us from crime, Ave Maria, Ave Marie. Ave Maria audinos.

The black-robed nurses bowed their eads reverently, and each heart voiced its own especial petitions. Even the flowers seemed to bow their heads prayerfully as the sweet voice filled the little chapel. Dr. Jenkins' patient noved his head uneasily from side to

side, then opened his eyes.
"Who is singing, doctor?" he asked weakly.
"The nuns are having their usual

May devotions in the chapel. I re-lieved your nurse that she might go to the Benediction."
"Ah, that dear hymn! It brings

back my childhood, Doctor. I sang it often when a boy.
When Sister Placide returned she

found her patient sleeping quietly.

"Your hymning soothed him to sleep,
Sister. Poor fellow! Is he always so patient?" Always patient and always grate-

ful for every little service."
"Sister," asked Joe the next day,
"who sang "Fading, Still Fading,
last evening?"
"I did. Why do you ask?"

"Your singing had a more soothing effect on me than the medicine. When am dying-for I know I will die-will

you sing it for me?"
"I will sing it any time you wish."
That night Joe, growing delirious, lived over again the awful scene of the wreck, trying with all his might to stop his engine before they struck the bridge Then he was a boy, tramping through blackberries or nuts; again he was at school reciting his catechism or an acolyte going over the responses at Mass. Then he raved of the May day procession and little Saint Cecelia. He grew more and more rest-less, and Sister Placide at last sent for Dr. Jenkins. Before he arrived — guided by an impulse she could not understand—she began, in her full, sweet voice, to sing "Fading, Still

Fading. At the first lines he quieted, grow ing less restless as the voice s through the room. As the singer reached the end of the first verse own weak voice joined faintly in the singing. Sister Placide knelt beside the sick man, gently stroking his hand as she sang:

Ave Maria, oh, hear when we call!
Mother of Him who is Saviour of all.
Feeble and failing we trust in thy might:
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our
light,
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night

taper burns, And wake in thine arms when the morning

Dr. Jenkins stood at the door an in terested listener.
"He is asleep, Sister. I think he will rest now without an opiate. Send some one to watch to night, for you must rest. He cannot last much longer.

and you may be needed to-morro "Did you sing to me last night, Sister, or did I dream it?"

Sister, or did I dream it?"

"Yes, my child. You were delirious for a while, and I sang to quiet you."

"I thought I was a boy again, that we were having May devotions, and Celia Norton was singing, 'Fading, Still Fading.' I love that hymn, Sister, and Lelivage against it, with Celier, and I always associate it with Celia— little Saint Cecelia we called her. She vas such an angelic little creature, and he sang be utifully. Father Varight always had her sing that hymn after Benediction. Sweet little Saint Cecelia! When I was fourteen and she was about twelve I carried her books to school, brought her the first violets the first wild strawberries and May apples. I remember when I bought my first valentine she showed it to me wondering who could have sent it, and was too bashful to let her guess that I had. How often I walked out to the Norton home and turned back times from the very door without going

in. When I was about twenty I detered to become an engineer. I cided, before going to the city, to tell Celia of my love and ask her to wait for me. In fancy I rehearsed again and again what I would say to her and how I would plead my cause, but when I found myself in her presence my courage failed. How well I remember that We sat on the porch—I in evening! rustic chair, she on the top slight figure outlined against the vine dress was blue as her eyes, and as she talked to me as she drew her heavy braids over her shoulder, idly plaiting and unplaiting the golden strands. discussed the weather, the chickens, the prospect for fruit and other com-monplace matters. At last I blurted

earn engineering."
"Are you? I am so glad, Joe, for I know you have been wanting to go. am going away, too."
'Where?' I asked.

" 'I am going to the Ursuline convent for two years, and then—it is a secret, Joe—I am going to be a Sister, if our dear Lord will accept me.'

You are going to be an Uranline?"

"I don't know yet what order I shall join. I will decide that later.

At present it is nappiness enough to know that I am to belong entirely to

our Lord. Will you pray our Lord. Will you pray for me, Joe? I shall say a prayer every day for your "Too dazed to think clearly, I left her. I had feared a rival, but not such a one! An overpowering sense of How had I dared to think such an angel could care for me? Before I finished my trade my mother died, and I have never been back to the old

home.
"For about five years, Sister, I had a run in Texas, where there was nechurch. As I had grown indifferent, found that a good excuse for neglecting my religious duties. One May, having received a leave of absence, I went to Dallas, intent on having a good time. In passing the cathedral one lovely evening I heard singing and went in. A chorus of children's voices was sing ing the sweet May hymns, 'Snow and Rain Have Vanished, and Daily, Daily, Sing to Mary. When a boy I was devoted to Our Lady, and the old love blazed up anew. I fell on knees and promised to receive the raments before leaving Dallas. I ized how wicked and ungrateful I had been, and I resolved to become a practical Catholic again.

"After Benediction the children ang my old favorite, 'Fading, Still Fading.' I felt comforted, for I knew Fading. that our Blessed Mother would inter-cede with her Divine Son for me. have tried ever since to put my faith i daily practice. Do you know, Sister, I often think that my little Saint Cecelia -wherever she may be—has kept her promise to say a prayer for me every

Dr. Jenkins, who had come into the room while Joe was talking, imagined that he saw a faint tinge of pink creep over Sister Placide's serene face and a great joy shining in her blue eyes as

she answered:
"I have no doubt of it, Joe. We nuns always remember in our prayers those of our old friends who are dear to It is certain that our Mother has always remembered you.

Just as the bells were ringing for evening service he passed away. ter Gertrude, kneeling beside the cot, held the crucifix in his nerveless fingers as Sister Placide sang the sweet hymn to Our Lady :

Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, And awake in thine arms when the morning

As her voice died away on the last

line, the soul of Joe Moylan appeared before its Maker. The tears which Sister Placide dropped upon the upturned face of the brave engineer were a tribute to the memory of the boy who had brought the memory of the boy who had brought first May apple to sweet Celia Nor-

SAVE THE BABY. "I can truly say that had it not been for Baby's Own Tablets, I do not believe my baby would have been alive to-day." So writes Mrs. Albert Luddington, of St. Mary's River, N. S., and she adds: "He is now growing nicely; is adds: "He is now growing fat." It is good natured and is getting fat. gratifying to know that in all parts of gratifying to know that in all parts of Canada, Baby's Own Tablets are prov-ing a real blessing to children and a boon to mothers. These Tablets are a speedy relief and prompt cure for constipation, sour stomach, wind, colic, diarrhea, worms, and simple fevers. They break up cold, prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Baby's Own Tablets re good for children of all ages from birth upwards, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drugsold by medicine dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, b writing direct to the Dr. William Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## DEVOTION TO MARY.

We honor Mary because she was chosen by God to be the mother of His Divine Son. The devotion to the Blessed Virgin is one of the most beautiful in the Church, and Mary's devotees are always blessed with great fervor and strong faith. It is one of the devotions which is always rewarded with an increase of faith, and is, therefore, one to be devoutly practised.

For those to whom the church service is not convenient or practical, there can be nothing better than family prayers in honor of the Blessed Virgin during the month. It need not be long or tiresome. A recitation of the rosary and of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin is enough, and surely it is little enough to offer to one who can do so much for those who ask her intercession.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

"Hark! the Angelus is ri Ringing through the fa In the heart of every blos Leave a prayer to-night out: 'Celia, I am going to the city

"All night long will Mar While our pleadings, fo On their scented breath a For us—while we sleep " Scarcely through the st Shall one trembling pet While they breathe toeir And our prayers to her

" Peace to every heart th All her children shall b While she prays and wat We will trust and rest.

MARY'S MONTH -TIC The month of May

Church for the prac

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