

A Red Hot Season.

During the hot summer season the blood gets over-heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost.

AT CAPHARNAUM.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

I saw Him as He passed; as from within a light shines from a lamp in holy place.

And on my sin The town is full of Him. Some even say That He is God,—they speak it not aloud;

I shall believe it soon; I love Him so; He looked at me into my heart straight down!

I dare not touch His robe, as others did; Afar off will I stand, and o'er and o'er Think of that look,—but follow evermore.

My very soul He saw,—its heart and core, Its very heart and all the loathsome things That in that heart from daily hatred springs.

Love in His gesture,—love! His eyes did shine Like veiled stars; He did not for me weep;

Since He can pity me, He must be God; He must be God since I can love Him so.

Can He be God? With tears my hard eyes brim,— He looked at me!—He must be from above.

He sees me as He passes,—God! one said; I know He's Love, and He is all for me.

And I for Him. Love leads me verily,— Love! Love to Faith! —Ave Maria.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

Although not a colporteur, or pedler, by profession, or habitual occupation, he was now occupied in that manner.

"I like to take it, and I take it, Nan, when it isn't forced down my throat. I know enough to tell a gentleman when I see him! Now this one," he pointed over his shoulder in the direction the visitor had gone.

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no use! You will be forever doubting. No confidence, no trust, not a bit! Leave you after what you saved me from, Nan! I'd sooner leave my skin and my bones for that matter.

"Could I save you if I did?" Rand?

He hung his head, weak and blustering, swearing and yielding in the same breath.

"You will still be dreaming, woman! When I tell you that this man is a gentleman. You would have told him the whole story yourself if you had talked with him five minutes."

"How did you get in with him in the first place?"

"O I was wandering around that grot, looking at the sick people, and he asked me to do him the favor of taking his spring overcoat into my care while he looked about awhile."

"Nan turned her head away. "When are you to meet him?"

"To-morrow sometime. I'll hear from him to-night when I'm to meet him. I'll have nothing to do but lend him the cart and have it well furnished with provisions."

"S) he has been to seek the child, been watching her! When did you begin to give him your confidence?"

"Yes, so I did, and while I've been getting over it he's been busy. But it's all in our interest; he don't want any of the reward. It's just three days since we first made acquaintance, since you must be satisfied on that head, and he declared to me, word of honor, over and over again, that it was just because he'd taken a fancy to me, and would be glad to help me make a tidy sum, now that I'm laid up, owing to that blamed foot."

"Did you tell him you were with me?"

"Yes, and he said he was sorry he hadn't brought his sister along. You could have chummed together, and not been so lonesome."

"O Rand! Rand!"

"But Rand, who had been putting the finishing touches to his toilet during this conversation, now suddenly slipped out, and Nan was free to look her troubles in the face."

"Who can this blind woman be?" she asked herself. "One of the nuns, perhaps, who took her when her mother died. Poor little thing! O if I had only been wise! If I had only been wise!"

"He will carry off the child!"

and obtain the reward. We will never see horse or cart again, that's sure." Oh, if that were all the loss!

She donned her walking garment, took the bundle under her cloak and set forth, after taking the precaution to tie up a parcel of odds and ends as nearly resembling it as possible, in case Rand should call for it or miss it on entering.

"People in crowds were there, moving about. She wandered till she was weary. Then she bethought herself of the dark crypt. She had passed through the long passages that led to a sombre chamber, where hung many lamps. She mounted by the viaduct and made her way thither. Dark, solemn, impressive, many red lamps lighted, circumscribed space. The painted windows gave color, but little light. For a few minutes Nan thought herself in gloom and alone, the silence was so deep. She hesitated till her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, and then she saw dark forms everywhere. In all the benches, around the confessionals, deeply set into the black wall, and even around the narrow aisles, for every row and then she saw prostrate figures rise, pause a few seconds and sink down by the close-set pillars. They were making the Way of the Cross, but Nan did not know the meaning of their movements. She did not even criticize them. She saw them, her object even here was defeated, and she retraced her steps, disheartened."

"She passed into the open air once more. All so bright without, and in her heart such darkness, like the vaulted room she had just left. Yes, but God was there; people were praying to Him there. Someone may have been praying for her without knowing her need. She was about to descend to the grotto once more, this time by the Laet Peyramale, so called because the spring path behind the basilica that communicated directly with the grotto had been traced by the hand of the Curate of Lourdes himself, the Curate of the Apparitions, our Blessed Lady's chosen instrument in her designs on the city called today by all the world "The City of Mary."

"As Nan descends the first winding of the Laet, she beholds the bent figure of the old man ascending the path just below where she stands. The first sight of that figure has struck her spellbound. The shabby black cassock, the stooping shoulder, the broad-brimmed, sun-discolored hat, but above all, the boots, heavy and of a size out of all proportion with the wearer's stature, brought her to a standstill. Nan held her breath in suspense. If it should be he! If it should not be he! The latter supposition made her shrink with terror, the former thrilled her with a wild hope. The old man mounts slowly, slowly turns the corner of the zigzag. "Oh, it must be that God is in this place," said the anxious girl to herself, "for He has raised up a friend for me."

"She sped forward to meet the pedestrian. "Abbe!" The old man looked up, touched his shabby hat and with a gentle "Good day, my child," was passing on.

"Abbe!" The voice was a groan. The Abbe turned and scanned the speaker's face more closely, then lifted his withered hands in surprise. "Ah, my poor child, is it you? I did not recognize you. What are you doing here?"

"Abbe, good Abbe! It is as if God had sent you to me to-day. If you cannot help me, my brother is lost. He is here, too, he has done no wrong, but he is in great danger. But you look weak. Come to my lodging. It is just there, below, look, Abbe; for Rand, my brother, is innocent, I swear, and unless you can save us he will be in prison this time to-morrow. If you can help him this time, Abbe, you may be gaining two souls."

"The Abbe raised his eyes to heaven in mute prayer. "I am old and feeble, my poor child, what can I do?"

"Come, that I may tell you better, and tell you what you may be able to do if the worst come to him. Here it is not possible to speak."

"A little later the old man was listening to a tale with part of which he had been long familiar, therefore the sequel, the events unfolding here, were more readily understood by him. But also, old and feeble, what can he do? Only oppose moral courage to brute force! But Gideon and the sword of God overthrew a host. The Abbe and our blessed Lady may safely face the threatened danger."

"AT EMPEROR B. DUOT N AND BRUCYR, We're Margaret and Blandine on the heights of Betharram, I feeling

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NINE BOILS. FOUR RUNNING SORES.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Some time ago my blood got out of order and nine large boils appeared on my neck, besides numerous small ones on my shoulders and arms. Four running sores appeared on my foot and leg and I was in a terrible state. A friend advised Burdock Blood Bitters, so I procured three bottles. After finishing the first bottle the boils started to disappear and the sores to heal up. After taking the third bottle there was not a boil or sore to be seen. Besides this, the headaches from which I suffered left me and I improved so much that I am now strong and robust again.

Yours truly, MISS MAGGIE WORTHINGTON, Galespie, Ont. Feb. 3rd, 1901.

before the church door. They had not yet finished their beads when Blandine's attention was attracted by a figure, enveloped in a long cloak, that had suddenly and without the least noise, stationed itself at the angle of the church wall. The figure was bent almost double. One hand leaned heavily on an immense stick, the other was outstretched for alms, while motionless as a statue, with eyes intently fixed upon her, stood the beggar. Not a leaf had stirred, not a pebble had crunched beneath his feet, to herald his approach. And now, not a word or single sigh escaped his lips, not a single movement to attract attention, still, mysterious, with outstretched hand and forcible gaze that compelled the child to look towards him, nothing more. His back was against a great tree. From his position he commanded a view of all the paths that led up to the church precincts in every direction. There was not a single human being in sight save those two still figures by the church door. In vain Blandine tried to keep her eyes away from the statue-like figure, she found it impossible to do so. The eyes became more compelling, the hand reached out, almost imperceptibly, a little farther, the body bent lower and lower, without sound or visible motion. Beggars were too common a sight at Betharram to attract the least notice, and in the appearance of this one, there was nothing unusual. A long faded mantle, the hood drawn well over the head, leaving only the eyes visible. Only the eyes themselves were different to any that had ever before rested on Blandine, or attracted her attention. At last she could bear the strain no longer. She touched Margaret's arm. "Mamma, there is a beggar there; and he is holding out his hand such a long time, and looking so—" She did not know what word to use for the gaze of those eyes. They were not menacing, yet they intimidated and compelled.

"Have you any soul, dear?" "Yes, mamma."

"Then give them to him, my child." Blandine drew forth the coins and arose. As she did so, the beggar withdrew a little behind the tree, but the outstretched hand was still visible. Just as she was about to drop the money into it, fell, as if the old man, tired of waiting, and despairing of receiving alms, was going away. Blandine hastened to put herself in his path. She held out the coins. No beggar is there.

"(To be continued.)"

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MISCELLANEOUS.

"A physician says that people who sleep with their mouths shut live longest."

"Well, people who go around with their mouths shut when they're awake seldom get killed."

Farmer Stackpole—How many stops has that 'ere new organ that ye bought for your daughter got? Farmer Hawbuck (grimly)—Three—breakfast, dinner and supper.

Passed 15 Worms—I gave Dr. Low's Worm Syrup to my little girl two and a half years old; the result was that she passed 15 round worms in five days.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl?" "I do, sir," (with emotion); "and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

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Mrs. Levy—Isaac! Isaac! I can't bear a man snoring under the bed! He must be a burglar!

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"It would be awful sticky," responded a wee chap at the foot of the class.

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