JUNE 10, 1898.

Many of the prevailing cerning the nature ar ecclesiastical authority s confusion of ideas as to civil and ecclesiastical not unusual for Protestan in question the allegiance the Constitution of our their loyalty to its in assigning to them relation civil authorities which h tion in fact. They als the extent to which Ca submission to the ecclesi and thus stir up agains loyal and law-abiding b bitter and unreasona It will not be amiss th forth briefly the Catl touching the relation in everywhere stand tow and so show how variance with the p teachings of the Church of those who insist that which bind Catholics to subordinate to and n with, those which bin

In the first place the teaches with the Apostl comes from God and to legitimately establish is no less a duty than o This fund Himself. places the power of the secrated pedestal when cavilings of Rousseau publican followers or assaults of Anarchists dislodge it. When the 'It is by me that prin lent a sanction to the State which it can i indelibly stamped it w of a divine origin. T cerning the divine power has constantly the Fathers and the Church, and surely st at once relieve Cathol putation that their su authority of the State

A few early Christi

joint heritage with t above the Gentiles th to have made them u civil law, but the ap abused their minds o by telling them plain be subject to the pow this has been the Church from the be Catholic writer from nineteenth century precept of submission constituted authorit has vigorously der and rebellion. The and rebellion. boldly unfurled the against civil power, of Faith paramount the arch reformer Lu in his work on "C that a Christian is Thus the head-wate tion were polluted b of ecclesiastical and sumed superiority of dividual to the law Luther f he lives. Luther f tical power, which directly in the pers through the intern And herein lies the

perfect harmony w the civil power a Church, when the properly understoo When God said t art Peter, and upo not only bestowed on an individual, that individual by designated deposit power. He thereb nature and extent grouped in brief a the duties to whi tion extended. the things of Cæs alone, while endo with supreme pow taining to the spi But God also d

source of civil podesignate by na whom it is bestow that function to s absolutely require it is but reasonab its own ruler and of government b ruled. Therefo guished Catholic society is the ch that it is by the sovereigns rule their power. T maintaining a p a ready and ch the part of the nized law of th guarantee agai abuse of civil po Of course th

power which i and denounce in political affa record of the

A DISTURBANCE

isn't what you want, if your stomach and bowels are irregular. That's about all you get, though, with the ordinary pill. It may relieve you for the moment, but you're usually in a worse state afterward than before. terward than before.

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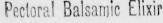
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The Leper of the Cumberlands.

Will Allen Dromgoole, in the Arena High above the valley, in solitary grandeur, towers the weird old sum-mit of the Milksick Mountains. Too distinct to claim close kinship with the Cumberlands, too remote to among the brotherhood of the Great mokies, it stands alone; a monarch without subjects, a banished king of a proud old range trending off to the eastward, even away from its accursed companionship. It presents an awe-some front, even in its affliction refusing baser fellowship than the clouds which sometimes drop a kindly veil across its rugged brow. The very fence surrounding it has a pitiful significance, as if it said, "Set apart!

The verdure, true, is always green here, summer or winter, making tantalizing temptation for the cattle constantly grouped without the bars, watching with longing eyes the hardy uxuriance which crowns the Milksick Mountain. But woe to the cattle ven uring beyond the prohibitory bars voe to the cattle, and woe to the lips that drink of their milk!

It had brought woe enough, indeed, to the humble dwellers of the valley round about, had this "mountain of poison," as they called it; and one by one, as the deadly milksick had left its mark upon them, the afflicted familie had moved farther on, and away from the dangerous locality, until only Grandad Corbin's little cabin remained in the shadow of the "Stricken Monarch. This is the name scientists have given it; for the Milksick Mountain has baffled science, lo, these years.

To the people in Bear Cove it is nown as the "Leper of the Cumberknown as the land;" and what to do with it, how to protect themselves from its uncompre hended curse, was a question finally settled by the erection of a great fence entirely surrounding it, and made doubly secure by placing a fine of one hundred dollars upon the hand lifted to lower the bars for any cause what-

The fence might be scaled at will, but the bars were not to be removed, lest by a slip of man's memory the cattle should find an opening into the deadly pasture. True, the bars might have been been dispensed with alto-gether, only that the mountaineer never dispenses with them, and the fine was found to be an ample protection.

Secure in this safeguard Grandad Corbid and his wife, Granny, had dwelt for more than fifty years under the shadow of the mountain, guarding the eastern pass to Hickory Valley. Poor grandad spent much wonde

upon the nature of the poison which affected the bright, tender growth but to granny it was neither a matter worry nor conjecture.

"I air not questionin' o' the Lord's would declare. made the milksick ez it air, so I reckin t air all right, bein' ez I ain't never neeard ez He ware give ter makin mistakes. I reckin it air all right.'

All right! That is just what the people of Hickery Valley, and more specially that part of it belonging to Bear Cove, would have expected Granny Corbin to say.

Indeed, Ben Sykes, surly Ben Sykes declared: "Granny air mightily noted for that word. Everything air 'all right' ter her. That air the chorus ter her song, an' she air tolerable steddy ter sing it. 'All right;' it air allers 'all right.' All troubles an' ailments that comes ter folks air 'all right' an just what ought ter be body listens ter Granny Corbin. But I'm a waitin' ter see ef things'll be so mighty 'right' when the trouble lays at her own door. Granny's had at her own door. Grainly's had a precious little ter fret over, an' it's mighty easy ter say trouble an' afflictions air 'all right' when they air sent ter other folks. Granny's got her name up fur that. Im awaitin' ter see how she bears her own troubles.

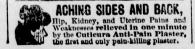
So she had, as Ben said, "got her name up" as a comforter among her humble neighbors. Where trouble went they had learned to look for Franny Corbin, and it was seldom, indeed, that they looked in vain.

She had such a gentle way of carry ng hope to afflicted hearts, such natural way of making trouble seem less hard than it was, she was a very welcome visitor among the suffering was dear old Granny Corbin.

None knew this better than Ber Sykes; for, despite his braggadocio and scepticism, Ben had very sad and ten-der recollections of the day his only girl died, and all sunlight and warmth emed to have left the world together with the little form they were laying away under the dogwood trees on the side of the mountain beyond Lost Creek; and when they had left her there alone, under the blooming dog-wood, he had crept back, when the

What Can Cuticura Do





rest were gone, to weep by the little grave that held his heart. For Ben's ife at home was not a sunny one; his wife was quarrelsome, and hard to please; and now that the child was gone, he dreaded what it might beplace he called home-for himself and his son, Ruben. Ruben, he knew, would not stand it very long, for he was full grown at eighteen, and only before had threatened to leave "if the etarnal fuss went or

It was the child that held the divided house together—the little girl sleeping under the dogwood trees. The little heart would grieve no more for the harsh words spoken, the little lips would no more kiss away the furrows of care and frowns of Ben sighed for his impatience. future peace as he crept back for a last moment on the little red mound that covered his child. It had seemed so bare and desolate, just as her little life had been. If the grass would only hurry and cover it, he thought would not be so hard to leave her there. He longed for, and yet dreaded to see it - the little barren mound But when he saw it, his heart gave great bound, and the tears started to his eyes, and ran down upon his rough cheeks.

"Granny Corbin," he sald, "i ware certainly granny ez done it. The little grave was literally covered with the delicate dogwood blossoms. First the petals, creamy and pink and pure white, telling how the trees had been violently shaken, until the grave beneath them was well-nigh covered. Then there were sprigs of the pretty blossoms, armfuls, grouped about the little mound until it was, seemingly, only a mound of bright blossoms.

It was a very simple thing to do, a very little thing may be, but it helped him in his sorrow. He never thought of his child again as lying alone in the damp, dark earth. She was asleep in a bed of flowers. It was a very sweet and comforting thought and in his heart he blessed the hand that had decked the resting-place of his darling.

The next week she had come to him again - dear old Granny Corbincome to him, as she always came, on the heels of sorrow. Ruben had left—run away; "gone forever," he declared. And granny had come over to tell him it was "all right" that his son should desert him, and his child should die, and his house "be give over ter tor ment." He was very angry, and he told granny to "cl'ar out," and to go ome and learn what trouble meant before she went out as comforter.

"It's mighty easy ter tell folks trouble air 'all right' so long ez it air not yer own," he declared. "But wait not yer own," he declared. tell it stops ter yer own door, an' see ef it's all so right. Wait tell it stops, I say, an' then come a sayin' ez it air all right, an' mebbe I'll b'lieve ye."

Ben was not the only one who coffed, however, and wondered it affliction would not weaken the old voman's faith, but at the same time was comforted and helped by her. There was the widow Larkins, whose

son Jeff was brought home one day with a bullet in his breast, and the scent of whiskey still upon him. Granny had slipped in behind the men bringing the dead boy in; and when his old mother, blind with grief, had reached herh ands across the bed in a helpless, stricken way, they had me; Corbin's warm, friendly clasp come to meet her from the other side. Sympathy was not abundant in the Larkins' neighborhood, for many had felt the effects of Jeff's drunken reck-

Death is death in the consider that. ousehold, whether it takes the pet lamb or the black sheep. So she helped to wipe away the blood, and smoothed the tangled hair upon the white temples, and folded his hands gently upon his breast, and laid a sprig of sweet azalea blossoms upon his posom, and another against his cheek; and then carried his mother to look at her boy, lying so still and pale and gentle among the white sheets and the sweet azalea blossoms.

He had never seemed so clean, so pure and child-like since the days when he slept upon her bosom—the far away days of babyhood. Into her heart there crept a hope, a faith, that was to cheer her always, that he might per haps be fit to die after all. It was he boy, her babe, come back again, clean and white, in the arms of death.

"It's mighty easy," Ben Sykes said when he heard of it, "it's mighty easy er comfort when ye don't know what trouble air. Jest wait, I tell ye, tell it stops for her door; then ye'll see ef it air 'all right,' though it air 'sent of the Lord.'" So Ben said, and said it until others began to say it, and began to wait, without really knowing it, for he trouble that was to unsettle Granny orbin's faith.

And granny lived on in the cabin under the shadow of the Milksick Mountain, "blessed of the Lord," she declared, for her son Ab and his wife and their five little ones shared the chimney corner with her and grandad.

"Not a chick nor a child missin'," Ben declared, "how can she know the sorrer of death an' of descriation?" True, they were poor, as the world went, but wealth was a stranger among the Bear Cove people, and granny was as well off as the rest of them. She had the cabin and the patch of ground surrounded it, and "old Star," the cow that had, according to granny,

'literally raised the two last chillen, I after mammy had the oldest ones after her." The land, true, was a trifle too near the Milksick to be of any great value; for the unknown poison was liable to spread, and had a way, the neighbors said, "of travellin" tin cups, bright and clean, came the mammy had the oldest ones appeared in the light of the light of the light of the misty morning. Polly and Docie, their frocks unbuttoned, and their tiny the neighbors said, "of travellin" tin cups, bright and clean, came the mammy had the oldest ones and timely wisdom is shown by She who had preached confidence must keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw-now prove her own, and that, too, to cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, this man whose future might depend cup the light of the bowels.

The land, true, was a three blandes. Great and timely wisdom is shown by She who had preached confidence must keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Straw-now prove her own, and that, too, to cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, this man whose future might depend cup the land. It had been standing in the sun-strate of wild straw-now prove her own, and that, too, to cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery, colic, this man whose future might depend cup the land. It had been standing in the sun-strate of the light of the land, true, was a provided the light of the land, true, was a provided the light of the light of the light of the land, true, was a character with land

round ekal ter the mumps an' the 'hoopin' cough." But granny troubled herself very little about the mountain. Grandad worried some, to be sure, but after all it was more wonder than worry that made him sit for hours under the low eaves of the cabin with his faded eyes fixed upon the awesome old summit.

"I alters wondered what ailed it." he said one day, as he watched dreamful shadow clouds drifting above the forsaken height. dered what ailed the Milksick any how.

Granny looked up from the heel she

was turning upon her knitting needles "I air not questionin' the doin's of the Almighty," she declared. "He made the Milksick ez it air, so it air bound ter be all right, scence He done it. But grandad could not accept the riddle so quietly. For half a century he had lived under its shadow, to wonder at the curse.

"Waall," he insisted, "I'd jest like ter know, afore I die, what it be ez hev prizened the Milksick Mountain.

granny. "Smarter folks nor we-uns hev been a docterin' of it, an a wonderin', an' at the last they-uns haint no wiser nor we-uns.

"Parson Orman, he lowed," said grandad, "ez it air a leper, an' hed er be sot aside, count o'its bein' on-It ware a likely sayin' clean. Parson Orman's; fur whenever I look at the Milksick, fenced off ther' ter tse'f, it seems ter be a sayin,' 'On clean! onclean!' ever time I look.

'Yes," assented granny, seem ez ef the hand o' the Lord ware upon it. Yit,' I'm thinkin' it air all right, spite o' its ailmints.'

"I ud like ter go over ther'," said grandad, "an' look about a spell, an' try ef I couldn't make out what ails it. Some o' the scienters lowed it ware the dew on the yarbs, an'ez it ware all right after the dew dried up. But the cattle ez went in in dew time went jest like them ez got in when the dew ware gone. All of 'em went a flyin' down ter the creek, ravin' mad, ter drink theirse'ves ter death. An' some lowed t'ware min'ral in the groun'ez pizened the yarbs above the groun'. But they digged, an' digged, an' ther' never ware no min'ral foun', not ter this good

day. So they jest h'isted the fence, an furbid folkes a projeckin' with the Milksick Mount'n any more. But I ud like ter try ter find it; 'twould be wuth consider'ble ter find out what air hid over ther' in the milksick pen." Granny's voice was "Obadiah!"

So they jest h'isted the fence, an

sharp in pronouncing grandad's name. 'Ye hev got no bizness ter be talking sech afore the chillen. Nex'thing we uns knows Burke an' David'll be lett'n down them bars, an' who's ter pay the hundred-dollar fine fur the life of me I can't see.

Grandad said no more; but he thought about it a good deal. always wondered at the old Milksick's curse. But public feeling was against any tampering with the poisonous growth. The folk had suffered too much from broken rails, and bars left down, and poisoned cattle, and deadly Their feelings were milk. emphatic on the subject. Grandad

knew it. "Ef a cow was ter git in fifty year from now, they'd say I done it, ef they once knowed I hed been in ther', "he said. So he never ventured beyond

the bars : discretion was the bette part of curiosity. But unfortunately grandad's caution

did not descend to his grandsons Burke and David, or else they were too young for its development. old man was asleep that night, th boys lay awake in the trundle-bed, whispering each other of the wonderful something which grandad had said was hidden in the milksick pen, and which must be worth so much to the

finder. The moon was flooding the poison ous pasture with her full, soft light whe two figures slipped noiselessly through the cabin door, and sped away toward the grim old mountain rising to the left of the garden patch.

Click! clack! the bars were dropped from nervous little hands-carefully But when a low "moo dropped. sounded among the azalea bushes across the road, both boys started with guilty fear, and the half-lifted rail fell with a crash that seemed to awake the

Both took to their heels, but stopped breathless and panting, when they heard old Star's bell tinkling among the azalea bushes. It was only the cothat had frightened them, but guilty consciences refused to face their fears They crept back to the trundle-bed where the little sisters were quietly sleeping. It was not long until they too were asleep. And while they slept, old Star was contentedly grazing within the poisonous limits of the milksick pen.

It was "sun-up" when Ben Sykes and Abner Corbin, returning from an all-night hunt, stopped at the gate of the Corbin place. Early as it was, Ab's wife had breakfast ready. The odor of broiling bacon came, deliciously appetizing, through the door when Ab's wife opened it a moment to bid Ben "come in an' have a bite of warm vittels along of Ab.

But Ben declared he must go on, and was about to do so when the sound of childish laughter made both men turn and look where the boys, Burke and David, were coming down the road, holding to old Star's tail, and shouting as they came.

In response to their shouts the cabin door opened again, and two tangled tow

Within the cabin another ear had eaught the familiar tinkle of the cow bell, and baby Bess turned in her

trundle-bed. Another turn, and the bare feet

touched the puncheon floor; then came a kind of swift, right-about move-ment, a half pull, half crawl, that brought her to the cabin door, where she sat, waving her hands and calling, 'Too Tow," as lustily as the rest.

Ben Sykes watched the little ones gathered about the docile animal. Burke was the real milker, and he sat with the piggin between his knees, guiding the streams of creamy milk safely through the tiny cups that were thrust now and then between his hand and the piggin, when the younger milkers found their own efforts a trifle slow. Close to Burke's side crouched David, estensibly "keeping off the calf"—in reality, waiting his turn on the milk-Polly and Docie crouched close well. to old Star upon the other side; so close "Ye can't l'arn it, Obadiah." said indeed, that more than once Burke called out .-

"Git back ther,' Polly, else ye'll be tromped ter death!" Or else, "Move back, Docie, afore ye upset the piggin!"

The two men at the gate watched until one tiny cup was full, and Polly ran to fetch it to the baby crowing delightedly in the cabin door.

"I declar," said Ben, "them babies of your air a plump pretty sight; an ole Star air a wonder fur gentleness. "Yes," said Ab, "them youngsters would find it mighty dry livin' with And then Ben said out the cow." And then Ben said "good-day," and Abner Corbin went in to his breakfast, and his family grouped about the modest table.

A frown darkened Ben's brow as he trudged homeward. No cheery welcome and happy children awaited him at the cabin in Bear Cove. bit of broiled bacon and corn bread, seasoned with his wife's ill temper, was the best he could hope for.

"No wonder they uns kin talk s cheerful," he muttered. "Not a chick No wonder nor a chil' missin'. granny finds thing 'all right' allers. Wait till trouble comes ter they-uns, I say ; jest wait till it comes.

came - swift and sharp and terrible. One of those blows which reason itself falls in the grasp of despair.

Ben himself tottered with weakness when a messenger went through the cove milksick poison that had appeared, with terrible fatality, in Granny Corbin's cabin.

Ben Sykes visited the stricken house. He could not bring himself to go sooner; he felt somehow as if he had expected he told himself, "oh, my God, not all and finding in Alice all the virtues of a Catholic queen, asked her heart

He had not expected patience and forbearance in the face of this terrible trial; it was too much to ask of the human heart amid such dire misfortune. The neighbors had shrouded the

dead when Ben arrived, and made them ready for their humble burial. David. Polly and Docie lay on a little piness was once more complete, and trundle-bed, fast-locked, pretty, sinless lambs, not in the sweet sleep of restless childhood, but in the old, old sleep of death—that sleep which locks alike the lips of childhood and of age, and seals alike the laugh or sigh upon the lips of grave or gay—that old, old sleep of death.

But in 973 Otho died, and Alice once more left a widow. She still structed her royal son, and guided

der the white sheet on another bed, Bess, the baby that had crowed in the sunshine on the cabin doorsteps, lay still and white—a little frozen mountain flower, poor little dead babe -by the side of grandad.

As for him, the old man upon whose silver-crowned temples death had lain a gentle hand, the smile upon his face night have been the smile of childhood come again, or, perchance, the smile of knowledge gratified, when death made clear the mystery that had baffled science, and led the old man to the light through that self-same riddle, the milksick poison.

Burke crouched in a corner, sobbing beside the bed where Abner watched the course of the poison throbbing in his wife's veins.

Granny moved from bed to bed, where lay the living and the dead, ministering to one, tenderly stroking the dead brows of the other. plow had failen heavily, mercilessly More than once the assembled neigh bors sought to speak their sympathy but words were choked by sobs. She, indeed, the stricken and afflicted, was the calmest of them all. It seemed as if she needed sympathy of none, nor asked for it. But they understood, those simple folk, she leaned on a stronger arm than theirs.

Once she stopped beside the bed where grandad lay, and lifted up the sheet, and gazed down at the calm, of action will find a model and dead face of him who had travelled at patroness in the Empress Saint Alice. her side for half a century.

While she stood thus, tearless and

The words came back with startling meaning; her faith was in the balance.
She who had preached confidence must now prove her own, and that, too, to this man whose future might depend upon her strength, sorely tried. She

bounding out at the first sound of old lighted doorway, then at her dead stretched in solemn stillness under white sheets.

The poor lips opened to speak. "It hey come, neighbor," she said, "the hand of the Lord air upon me hesitated for a single instant, and the silence grew intense. But it they expected any faltering, any swerving of the faithful old heart, they were mistaken. One faded hand was laid on grandad's marble brow; the other pointed to the trundle-bed, where the poor dead babies lay :-

"It air all right; all right, else it had not a been.

There was a hush of awe, and not devoid of reverence, in the room, as many a humble, doubting heart took hold again on hope. To Ben, the troubles that had well-nigh crushed him down seemed puny things, indeed, before that majesty of faith which wrapped still in the pallid arms of pain, could rise triumphantly among the ashes of despair to say that "All is

ST. ALICE. For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

The life of St. Alice, or Adelaide, as she is often called in history, is filled with such romantic incident that we may well endorse the old proverb Truth is stranger than fiction. But in all these vicissitudes of fortune ve see the Christian, the truly Catholic maiden, wife and mother. At the age of six, Alice lost her noble

father. Rudolph of Burgundy, and herefore her mother sought to obtain for her daughter a worthy alliance at the earliest possible age. sixteen she was wedded to Lothaire, King of Italy. Here her life was one of happiness and union with her royal husband, who left nothing undone to add to her happi-But Alice took great care to ness. preserve her heart from attachment

to things of earth. Young, joyous and exalted as she was, she lived a life of piety in the midst of the joys of her court. Well it was that the helps of religion were hers, for, after two short years of wedded happiness, Lothaire died, and Alice was left without a guide or helper in a strange land.

Then came temporal calamities. The Margrave of Yorea proclaimed himself king of Italy, and cast Alice into prison at Pavia. Here, in spite of her hardships and anguish of spirit she resigned herself to the holy at sunset telling the awful story of the of God, who was so pleased with her submission that He soon delivered her from her enemies and restored in's cabin.

It was noon of the next day when He had deprived her. Escaping from her prison, Alice fled to Germany, but on the way met the Emperor Otho I., whom the Pope had called on the calamity until expectation had to fight for the exiled Italian Queen become a wish for it. "But not this," Otho, having lost his first wife, Editha,

and hand as the reward of the victory he gained over her enemy. Otto was then crowned Emperor at Rome by the Pope, and our gentle saint found herself the wife and empress of the noblest monarch in Chris tendom.

For eleven years her temporal hap son having blessed their union, the good empress strove to instruct him in all sciences that would make him worthy of wielding the power one day to be his.

But in 973 Otho died, and Alice was structed her royal son, and guided him n the government of his but, after a time, urged by his wife, a Grecian princess, he banished his pious mother, and reigned without a elping or restraining hand to guide him through his difficulties.

St. Alice employed her time of banishment in praying for her undutiful son, and at length God so touched his heart by calamities that he recalled virtuous empress, and ruled under her direction until his death, which occurred nine years after that of his father. His young widow now became regent, and her most ordinary pastime was to ridicule and despise her pious mother-in-law. But God was still with his servant, and this time He directly avenged her. The haughty young em press, in the flower of her youth and beauty, was suddenly striken down by the hand of death, and now the regency again devolved on St. Alice.

She busied herself exclusively with the affairs of the kingdom, and spared no fatigue in doing good to the least of her subjects, and promoting the interests of religion. At length her checkered life, so

filled with faithfully performed duties, forgiveness of injuries and charity towards all, was crowned by that greatest of all blessings, a happy death. Although all do not fill position which our saint did, every mistress of a family in her little sphere of action will find a model

Experience has Proved it.

While she stood thus, tearless and heart-broken, a shadow fell upon the doorstep. It was Ben, the scoffer, but silent now and full of shame.

Granny turned to him, and lifted up her face, pale with grief, and scarred full deep with age. The memory of his words awoke in the poor brain—words spoken when his own heart lay crushed and bleeding.

"Wait till trouble stops at yer own door, then say ez it's 'all right, an' I'll believe ye."

The words came back with startling

The words came back with startling

The words came back with startling

Timely Wisdom.

Timely Wisdom.

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