In Time of Battle.

Swift on the steps of summer, in royal that acid condition of the blood which

A purple glow of heather mingles with the garin's ripe

A broad bright moon is burning over lochs clear, calm, and

And hills are flushed with crimson as of triumphs mani-

But our hearts are sore with sighing, hot tears our eyes are blinding,

From peaceful home and harvest our deepest thoughts must

On the gory field of battle afar from us they're lying-God of pardon, God of mercy have mercy on the dying !

Oh, the grey head sinking lowly the young life ebbing slowly Son or father, husband, brother, the brave, the kind, the true. Spent with fever, sick with suffering, and unutterable longing they know.

Not ours to be beside them, loving vigil keeping. The dry, parched lips to moisten

the drooping head to stay, To kiss and close dear eyes i that long, silent sleeping, To hear and keep for ever the last words they shall say.

No! We watch afar, apart, in bitter sorrow sighing.

pity on the dying!

Ah, "the falling of a sparrow' ages a chime of solace blest.

Who shall measure, then, the love that He on us bestoweth? Who shall measure His com keen the test?

Thy children trust Thee, Father on thy Fatherhood relying; In Thy pity, in Thy mercy, have mercy on the dying! -MARY CROSS LYNCH.

My Rosery.

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not

That gleams in kingly diadem

Ye know the history of my heart. For I have told you every grief In all my days of twenty years, And I have moistened you with

And in your decades found relief. Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed

Ye were my friend, my blessed

And ye consoled me when wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,
My weary fingers wandered

Thy circled chain, and always again, Mea culpia, mea culpia-

In some Hail Mary sweet relief. How many a story you might

Of inner life, to all unknown I trusted you and you alone.

Ye are the only chain I wear—

A sign that I am but a slave,
In life in death, beyond the

Of Jesus and His Mother fair. -REV. ABRAHAM RYAN.

ANDY.

It lay on the heart of the hills from whose granite it had been rudely reared, the little church, to whose modest rectory Dr. Philip Amherst bent his steps, amazed and half-indignant, at the fate that seemed to have buried David Denbigh in such ignoble obscur-ity

room-mates, nay, even soul-mates thirty years ago, when both were struggling through the miasmac of doubt and disbelief that befog

Aching Joints in the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that ar inflamed and swollen by rheumatism

after sitting or lying long, and the condition is commonly worse in we but have been completely cured by Hood Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grat ful." Miss Prances Smith, Prescott, On "I had an attack of the grip which left m weak and helpless and suffering from thei matism. I began taking Hood's Sa's saper rilla and this medicine has entirely care-

unguided wanderers in the labyrinths of scientific thoughts. Dr. Amherst had emerged into

brilliant, if skeptical, success as Where a sterner Reaper gathers, lecturer, practitioner, and brain with human sheaves for specialist; he had gained nationwide renown; but a more blessed Where our nearest and our light had fallen on Denbigh; it dearest in mortal anguish had led him through troubled and tortuous ways of self-sacrific, into the Faith; and with his departure for the foreign university in which he was to study for the priesthood the paths of the quondam friends seemed to seperate

By the merest chance Dr Amherst called upon to lecture at convention of noted scientists in the neighboring town, had heard of Father David Denbigh, the pastor of a mining village near by, For the faces and the home- and resolving to renew the acsteads, and the quiet fields quaintance had sent a brief note elling of his coming.

It was with growing and indignant wonder that he made his way this morning, through the scene of his old friend's labors along steep ways, blackened with slag and coal dust, edged by the wretched hovels of the toilers in the hideous depths below, echoing with harsh discordance of engine

wheel and lift, Only around the church was God of pity, God of mercy, have there a touch of verdure and bloom; spreading oak shaded the low belfry, and before the one-storied, little rectory was a bed of bright hued flowers that a boy of fourthe great Creator knoweth, teen was weeding with painstaking that fell strangely on Philip Amherst's ear-" Mea culpa," he was repeating, "mea culpa, mea

passion? though sharp and stopped and glanced up, with a wide, vacant star that told his story to eyes accustomed to read such signals at a glance.

The young gardener was in the anguage of the modern school "defective," and the great loctor's scientific interest was

"Good morning," he said "pleasantly, "you must be a clever lad to study and work together."

The boy stared at him for noment, silently. The dark eyes With one of you for richest that met Dr. Amherst's keen gaze were large and liquid, the features handsome as those of some fable god. But the blank was there that old the brain was of the feeble istorted kind, to whose relief the isitor's life-work was devoted.

'Mea culpa," the boy repeated mechanically, "mea culpa. If you talk to me I forget. Father Dave said that if I could learn it all I might serve Mass. Mea culpa, mea And joys have died; but in my culpa-what's the rest?"

"I don't know," confessed the great doctor frankly.

"Father Dave, Eather Dave; I nust ask Father Dave," cried the boy springing up, with a sudden light in the dull face, as a tall, spare figure, gowned in a rustic cassock, appeared at the doorway of the little rectory. "I've forgotten

'Mea maxima culpa," was the miling answer, as Father Dave, laying one hand upon the boy's noulder stretched out the other in cordial greeting to his visitor.

"Phil Amherst, my dear, dear But ah! you keep my secrets old Phil. I got your note this norning and put everything else aside to watch for you. How good it is to see you again, and, oh, how well you look, how strong, how rigorous! This is a joy, indeed

or which I never hoped." Warm, cordial, heartfelt as was he welcome, Phillp Amherst had a He had not changed perhaps, but that spare, austere man in shabby

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tated. The reason is plainit's the best. Insist upon having Scott's—it's the world's standard flesh and strength builder.

from the college chum of long ago the handsome, debonair David As they faced each other, Am-

herst, robust, full fed, in all the strength of his maturity had a consciousness of contrast that eemed almost antagonism. But after the way of this world he made cordial respond to his old drew him to the porch of his little Hood's Sarsaparilla dwelling, and placed a chair for him under the sheltering vines, while Dr. Amherst's keen eyes took in all the humble surroundngs-and again the contrast beween their two lives struck him vith strange repellent force. The picture of his own palatial home rose before him; its spacious

cooms filled with tribute from every clime, the glitter of crystal and silver on his bountifully spread table, the stately and eautiful woman presiding over all. There were no children-perhaps it was best-Dr. Amherst's riends murmured; his vision of the field of life was keener, clearer, ess personal than if obstructed by amily ties. Childhood-youthvere studies of development or egeneracy-nothing more; his skilful treatment of the abnormal the defective, had gained him

So it was that as Father Dave and he chatted on the vine-hung porch, striving vainly, as both oon realized to renew the ties of he past the great doctor's gaze vandered to the boy who had one back to mumble his Latin rayers among the flowers.

ation-wide fame.

"Poor little fellow," he mutored; "who is he?" "You mean Andy?" asked Tather Dave, with a touch of eproach in his tone, and his own

hildren. Not altogether right, as flammation. o doubt you can see; but a good boy for all that when rightly managed. He has no chance at school; the other boys tease and very morning for awhile, and try teach him as best I can,

"In Latin ?" was the guestion nd there was unmistakable irony n the doctor's tone and smile. "Well not altogether," answer

d Father Dave good humoredly We have our talks in English oo. Poor Andy can not learn to ead; letters and figures mean othing to him. But he has one

"Ah, that is a hopeful sign, aid the great specialist quickly

"To serve Mass," answered Father Dave, simply. Perhaps from being so much about the hurch, or perheps," the speaker's roice grew low and grave, "from annot see—the boys spiritual milk the cat. ense is strangely developed. His ne great desire is to learn Latir nough to serve my Mass. So, as reward for his good conduct in other things, I teach him a little very day. He forgets poor boy, of course it is impossible that he

ould ever attain his wish, but it s happiness, hope, help to him. Dr. Amherst's eyes were keen and cold, his lips compressed; he vas evidently holding in his

pinions with difficulty. "And—and is there no one who can do more? Has the boy no "His father and mother are

both dead," said the priest. "The father a wild, dissolute fellow! met his death in a drunken brawl; the poor young mother died of broken heart. An uncle and aunt take unwilling and indifferen care of poor Andy, with his heritage of sin and sorrow-"

Mea culpa, mea culpa," cam the low mutter from the garden bed; and Dr, Amherst burst out in indignant protest he could not

beg your pardon, Denbigh; I for got the distance between us: bu hem, every day. We can take here in hopeless idiocy, jabberin Latin parvers, and kindle his dul brain into life; not altogether normal life, perhaps, but still life tion. We can quicken latent powers into strength, action. We

can make the dull brain think and will and do." "And the soul," asked Father Dave gently.

(To be continued.)

Was All Run Down

friend's warm welcome, and N.S., writes: "Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I have first box I felt so much better I boxes, and am now well and strong. an truly say they are the best medicine have ever used. I cannot praise them o highly. I recommend them to anyue suffering from heart trouble." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, for mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

> Rev. Father O'Leary was off to atch the Dublin express. On the way to the station he ran into his

"Well, what's the hurry, 'Leary?" said he. 'Sure it's the Dublin express 'm after, your lordship."

The bishop pulled out his gold "Well, there are seven minutes et; let us walk together and ooth catch it."

They arrived at the station ust in time to see the train steam-Do you know I had the

reatest faith in that watch 'Leary," said the bishop. "Ah! my lord, what is faith without good works?" replied the angry O'Leary.

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Bore-f don't see why people should keep diaries, do

Miss Lenore-Why, to write own their thoughts, keep a reord of their affairs and-Mr. Bore (interrupted her)-

But that's all foolishness, I can eep those in my head. Miss Lenore-That's a very ood way; but then, not every ne has the room!

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Mother, asked Tommy, is it orrect to say that you water a orse when he is thirsty? Yes, my dear, said his mother

Well, then, said Tommy, pickng up a saucer, I'm going to Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont vrites:-"My mother had a badly

prained arm. Nothing we used id her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days Price W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stra-

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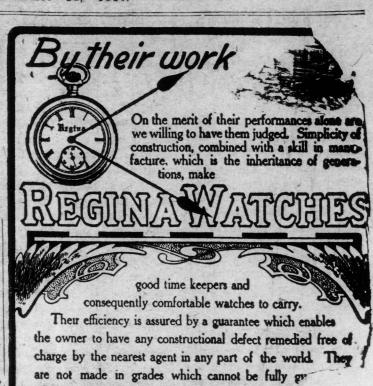
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