

ropo he tied his bundle carefully, lest he should lose a twig on his way; then he threw his cloak around him, and leaning on a stick he took the shortest cut that led to the village. His legs shook a little as he trudged on, for the load was heavy and the snow deep; often he was obliged to stop and take breath, leaning against a tree.

VII.

Walking on bravely, though wearily, he came to an open place where several cross roads met; it was the Treves. Formerly, in the days of the Romans, it had been called Trivium, for there were three roads branching off; the Latin word has been corrupted into the French word Le Treves. Formerly there had been an altar dedicated to Mercury, the protector of the roadside, the god and friend of peddlers and thieves. The Christians threw down the pagan altar and erected in its stead a large crucifix of granite; on the pavement, worn away by creeping plants, may still be read: An. Dom. 1314. During the Hundred Years War the image of Christ was broken, and its remains stored in the ground, but when the vicar of Joan of Arc had restored the Kingdom of France to "the little King Bourgeois," the statue had been put back in its original place, and was much treasured in the neighborhood.

On the pedestal, with extended arms, nailed to the cross the figure of Christ seemed to summon all sinners to take refuge in His embrace. The image was of large size, and in the folds of the girldie birds had made their nests, which had not been disturbed. The face was turned to ward the east; the eyes, opened wide by intensity of suffering, were raised toward Heaven, as if they sought for the star which guided the wise men, and appeared to the shepherds of Bethlehem. By the side of the great crucifix had been planted mountainash trees, whose red berries recalled the memory of the drops of blood which fell from the Saviour's brow.

Marguerite loved to pray at the foot of the great crucifix of Treves because the men who had brought back her husband's body, and weary, had rested there and had prayed for the soul which had so suddenly been taken by death. This is why she had said to her boy: "When you pass before the crucifix of Treves stop and say a prayer."

VIII.

Jacques had not forgotten his mother's desire; he put down his load of wood and began to say his prayers, while the wind moaned drearily round him. He repeated the prayers which he had been taught at the village Catechism, held by Monsieur le Cure, and other words also which came naturally to his lips for they sprang from his heart. As he prayed he looked at the face of the Saviour on which the driven snow was falling; he gazed at the parted lips, the upturned eyes, with their expression of infinite suffering, the limbs convulsed by the last death struggle.

Jacques had been well taught; he knew that what he saw was only a representation of that terrible scene on Mount Calvary which had been related to him; but the memories it recalled were so vivid that he could not bear to look at it; he seemed to be witnessing the death of the Redeemer, and he was miserable; he longed to do something to comfort the Divine Sufferer. When he had finished his prayers he took up his load of wood and moved away. But after walking a few paces he turned and gazed again at the image of the Saviour. A gust of wind covered the figure with snow; Jacques thought of Galvary, and the cold suffered there, in addition to all the other tortures and stoppings. "Ah, poor little Jacques! how cold you are!" and he came back to the crucifix, unwittingly standing on the very spot where his dead father had been laid.

He took off his cloak, and, by clinging to the stone girde, he managed after climbing the pedestal, to reach the shoulders of the figure so as to throw his cloak over them; he took out the thorns which had looped it up, and spread it in such wise as to cover the figure. He got down, stepped back to judge of the result of his efforts, and was pleased, saying in his childish simplicity, "Now, at least, he does not look so cold."

Jacques ran off, while the biting wind blew round him and through his poor little cotton blouse. He flew down the hill like a young colt, feeling mean while the hard wood shaking up and down and bruising his shoulders. Breathless, he stopped at the foot of the hill near a ravine sheltered by trees from the snow and wind. Oh, how tired he was!

He got down into the ravine and thought he would rest—only for a minute—before going home to his mother. He pushed the wood under his head and stretched his limbs, saying mean while, "I must not go to sleep—I must not go to sleep!" But, as he spoke, he fell asleep.

IX.

When little Jacques awoke he looked around and was greatly astonished. Where was he? The mountain, the dark sky, the forest, the wind? All gone; and there was his precious fagot of wood! That was gone, too; he thought he was dreaming, and rubbed his eyes. He had never seen the place where he was, nor had it ever been described to him. In vain he looked; he could understand nothing; but all was inconceivably beautiful. The air he breathed was soft and warm, and seemed to vibrate with delicious music.

Jacques rose, but he could not feel the hard ground under his feet; he seemed to float on something soft which bore him up, and all his weariness had disappeared. A bright halo of light seemed to surround him. But what a beautiful cloak was thrown over his shoulders! Who could have given him such a cloak? He had never seen any one like it; the stuff seemed all of luminous, yet blue like the sky and as if spangled with stars. His hands—his poor little hands—cracked with cold, swollen with chilblains, hardened by rough work—why, they were as white and soft as the tips of swan's wings! Jacques was astonished, but he was not frightened; he felt no fear or anxiety; not only was he peaceful and happy, but there was a wonderful sense of relief, as if he had got rid of a heavy burden which had weighed him down hitherto, and of which he thought no more, being now as

if imbued with wonderful joy and delight.

"Where can I be?" he asked. A voice, softer and sweeter than any music, answered: "In My Father's house, the home of the righteous and of men of good will."

Jacques then saw before him, in a blaze of glorious light, Being like the Christ of the crucifix. He was clothed in shining raiment, but it looked like the cloak which Jacques had thrown over the image of the suffering Saviour, only glorified, with the thorn, sparkling like jewels, scattered at his feet. Sounds of heavenly music rose and filled the space around.

Jacques fell on his knees.

The voice spoke again: "Fear not, dear child, to come to Me. Thou hast loved Me much; thy love was shown by the simplicity of a little child—but such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Enter now into the joy of My Lord."

Jacques extended his hands in supplication toward that Divine Vision and murmured: "Mother!"

But as he spoke he heard a great fluttering of wings, and in the distance there was Marguerite, borne by angels, coming toward them. Jacques prayed, but his prayer was not like those he had said on earth; it was a song of ecstasy more beautiful than anything which he had ever heard, and as he prayed he felt happiness such as he had never imagined.

Marguerite drew near, no longer pale, red and emaciated, but gloriously beautiful, with that spiritual light which is the imperishable beauty of the souls of the just.

The angels laid her at the feet of the Redeemer, and she worshipped Him in whom she had believed, Him whom she had trusted, and who now rewarded her faith and trust. When she looked up two rays of the Blessed were beside her; she was between Grand-Pierre and little Jacques.

Oh! the joy of that meeting—and to part no more!

X.

At the top of the church steeple the bells were talking together. The two youngest were cross as ever, and said to each other:

"The people of this village must be crazy! They cannot keep quiet! Do they suppose that we are not tired with yesterday's hard work? The midnight Mass, then the Mass of Dawn, then the Mass of the third Mass, then High Mass and Vespers, and the Angelus, and ever so much supplementary ringing—there was no end to it. And now we must begin again to-day, and we must be pulled, and shaken, and worried; there's the death knell, then the Mass for the departed, then the funeral! It is too much to expect of us. Will they never let us rest in peace? We are quite exhausted, and our sides are bruised by so much clanging. What is the matter with all those country people that they are hastening to church in their Sunday clothes? Père Monache looks more fierce than ever, his mustache is quite thick, and he keeps rubbing the back of his hand over his eyes; his cock hat looks ready for a fight, and the boys had better take care of themselves or they will have a hard time of it. Over there we see two coffins, a large and a small one; they are going to be put on the cart drawn by oxen; what is that to us, and why must we be forced to toll so loudly for those people?"

The old Bell, being wise and full of experience, soothed them: "Be silent, ignorant children! you have not even a proper feeling of your own high position. You are blessed Bells; you are church Bells; your voice rings through the country and springs toward heaven; to men you say, 'Take care of your immortal souls!' To God you say: 'Oh, Father, have mercy on human frailty!' Instead of being proud of your mission, of being steady and prudent as you ought to be, you tinkle foolishly, like the silly bells of a tambourine. Do not be vain of your bright complexion and your clear voice; in my young days I was just like you, and you will be just like me; age will darken your complexion, and hard work will make your voice hoarse. When, during years and years, and still more years, you have rung for the festivals of the Church, for weddings, for baptism for funerals; when you have tolled for floods and fires, or pealed forth the call to arms at the approach of a conquering foe, then you will not complain of your fate; you will understand the things of earth, you will learn from the tears shed here below spring the joys up above.

"Ring, then, sweetly, gently, without sadness and without fear. Let your voices be soft as that of a dove, in your most plaintive peal let the song of hope be heard; for a poor, tormented soul may be changed into a glorious mantle worn by the blessed in heaven." MAXIME DU CAMP. (Translated from the French by A. E.)

The Moon's Influence Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corn from the tender, sucking spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our column some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., of Boonville, Pa., has been published. A Treatise on the Horse and its Diseases, whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address to B. J. KENDALL & CO. (and enclosing a twenty-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

A MODEL ATTORNEY GENERAL BECOMES CHIEF JUSTICE.

Wm. Coll, who was found guilty at Maryborough, of the manslaughter of District Inspector Martin, seemed to stand a fair chance of having the verdict against him quashed in the Court of Crown Cases Reserved. The judges were amazed of the bare-faced manner in which the jury was packed and the Attorney-General for Ireland, Peter O'Brien, passed a hard time in the rehearing of the case. His ignorance of the law was scathingly expressed by Lord Chief Justice Morris, though perhaps his conduct arose more from impudent and unscrupulous disregard of justice than from mere ignorance. Coll's sentence, however, has been confirmed.

At the trial the principal witness, policeman Varelly, on cross-examination, admitted that he had previously made a deposition in which he declared that he had mentioned all he saw present when Inspector Martin was killed, but in this list Wm. Coll was not named. Varelly said that he had then made a mistake. This discrepancy made his testimony very dubious, especially as several credible witnesses testified that Coll was not present. The Attorney-General desired to correct the discrepancy by introducing a different deposition, which the judge would not allow him to do. The judge allowed, however, the general question whether Coll had been previously identified. This did not suit Mr. O'Brien, and, in the effort to correct, he wrote out the very words which Varelly had prohibited and got the witness to swear to them.

When this matter was brought before the Court for Crown Cases Reserved the Lord Chief Justice said, indignantly, "It was an attempt to do by indirect means what the judge had decided could not be done by direct means. Such an attempt could not even in civil proceedings be tolerated."

At another period of the proceedings the judge said he was "contaminating" the lives of the accused, and those the lives of the states if they lose. Besides all this the judge elsewhere rebuked him for ignorance of the law, and the whole court was convulsed with laughter when Mr. O'Brien cited what is known as "the blind case" which had no relevancy to the occasion.

Such is the man, unscrupulous and ignorant of his duties, who has had the chief management of the Government prosecutions in Ireland. He is just the man to serve their purpose. And now the news is cable that Mr. O'Brien has been appointed Chief Justice for Ireland. Owing to the bare-faced manner in which he has been wont to pack juries whenever the Government desired to secure the conviction of Nationalists, and notably at the Maryborough trials, he is commonly known throughout Ireland as "Peter the Packer." One thing is, at all events, evident from his appointment, that the Government have no desire to conciliate the people among whom he is to dispense justice. There is no other part of the Queen's Dominion where the Government would presume to make an appointment so directly in defiance of the sentiments of the people.

Among the 1000 Islands. Gananoque, Ont., is beautifully situated in the very midst of the Thousand Islands, but its citizens are equally as liable as those of other sections to Catarrh. W. B. Horton, Druggist says: "A prominent citizen of our town has been cured by your Nasal Balm. He has suffered for a long time from a severe headache over the eyes, and his head was so stopped up that he was in great distress. One application gave instant relief, and in two days he was entirely cured."

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

Minar's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CATARRH.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER. The microscope has proved that these diseases consist of the presence of living parasites in the internal lining membrane of the upper air passages and sinuses. These parasites, scientists, Tyndall, Huxley and Beale, endorse this, and these authorities cannot be disputed. The result of treating these diseases is to apply an irritant remedy weekly, and even daily, thus keeping the delicate membrane in a state of irritation, accompanied by violent sneezing, allowing it no chance to heal, and as a natural consequence of such treatment one permanent cure has ever been recorded. It is an absolute fact that these diseases cannot be cured by any application made oftener than once in two weeks, for the membrane must get a chance to heal before an application is repeated. It is now seven years since Mr. Dixon discovered the parasite in catarrh and formulated his new treatment, and since then his remedy has become household word in every country where the English language is spoken. Cures effected by him seven years ago are cures still, there having been no return of the disease. So highly are these remedies valued, and so great is the demand for them, that ignorant imitators have started up everywhere, pretending to sell the same. These remedies, they know nothing by, remedies, the results of the application of which they are equally ignorant. Mr. Dixon's remedy is applied only once in two weeks, and from one to three applications effect a permanent cure in the most aggravated cases. These remedies are a specific for catarrhal troubles generally.

Mr. Dixon sends a pamphlet describing his new treatment on the receipt of ten cents in stamps. The address is A. H. Dixie & Son, 308 King street west, Toronto, Canada. -Scientific American

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A PATRIOTIC ANCESTOR.

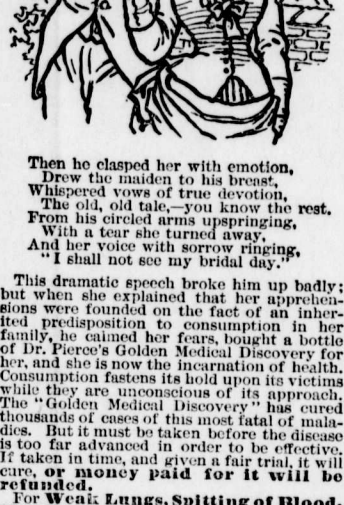
Father Fairbanks, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Milwaukee, and author of "A Visit to Europe and the Holy Land," is a relative of the great signer of the Declaration of American Independence. His mother's name, before marriage, was Franklin. Her grandfather, who was the youngest son of a large family, and who died in New York State in 1825 at the age of eighty years, was a cousin of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, statesman and philosopher, and a signer of the Declaration of American Independence. Although Dr. Franklin was a non-Catholic, he was an intimate friend of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and of Father Carroll, and being ambassador to a great Catholic nation, France, he chiefly influenced the appointment of Father Carroll as first bishop of Baltimore in 1789.

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Is a perfect cure for crump and colic. I can recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil, one bottle of which cured me of a very bad cold. I would say to all sufferers, make no delay in using it as it gives quick relief. W. J. KENNEDY, Stittsville, Ont.

Life in a Lumber Camp.

While working in a lumber camp a year ago I caught a severe cold which settled on my lungs, I got no relief until I tried Hagar's Yellow Oil, one bottle of which cured me entirely. I highly recommend it to you. J. S. L. WILSON, Magnetawan, Ont.



Then he clasped her with emotion, drew the maiden to his breast, whispered words of true devotion. The old, old tale—you know the rest. From his curled arms upspringing, With a tear she told her woes, And her voice with sorrow ringing, "I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic story broke him up badly; he said he would like to see her. Her relations were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family, her father had bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, but she had refused to take it. Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims, while they are unconscious of its approach. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. It takes time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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FR. WAYNE, Esq., Oct. 16, 1887. I hereby certify that I was very weak and nervous for several months, so that I could not sleep or work. Several physicians tried to cure me, but instead of getting better I became worse. In the month of April, of this year, I was advised to use Rev. Pastor Koening's Nervo-Tonic. I used it one month only, I could sleep all, and felt so strong that I was able to work all this summer and fall. I am able to do all my usual work.

Subscribed to before me, a Justice of the Peace for Allen County, Ind. JAMES CRIPPEN. Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free of any address, and poor patients will also obtain the medicine free of charge from this remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koening, of Port Wayne, Ind. For the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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