THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS

THIS DEVOTIONAL SERVICE DATES BACK TO THE EARLIEST DAYS OF CHURCH.

APRIL 4, 1903.

The "Stations of the Cross," or, as it is very often called, the "Way of the Cross," is a devotional service which dates back in its origin to the earliest days of the Church, when it became a general custom for Christians to observe in Jesusalem. At that time the service consisted in persons taking part in it going from place to place along the road from the court of Herod in Jerusalem to the spot on Mount Calvary where the crucifixion took place. Th custom continued throughout the ages and is still in vogue with the residents of the old Jewish city, and is often participated in by visitors from all parts of the world.

Those who travelled the ancient roadway made historical by the funeral procession over 1900 years ago say that the very stones at the fourteen different places where the march to the mountain was interrupted, have been worn hollo by the kneeling in prayer of countless hosts of devout worshippers. The story of this most pathetic part of the life of Christ, with all its external devotion and sorrowful reminders, was carried to distant parts of the world by strangers who had seen it in Jerusalem, and for all the centuries Christians have made right pilgrimages to the Holy City, that they might participate in the sad cere-

About eight hundred years ago the Franciscan order of priests estab a monastery in Jerusalem, and under took the custody of the sacred places of the Holy Land. Thus the " stations " or spots where the jour ney up Calvary's heights was inter rupted passed into their hands. It was then that the service was unde and spread abroad, and fr until now, the devotions of the stati or the Way of the Cross, as we have it our churches, has been cherished by devout Catholics in every part of the globe as one of the their dearest prayers.

MORNING ON THE 1RISH COAST. Baltimore Mirror.

The incident which prompted the writer of "Morning on The Irish' was often related by the author, the late John Locke, whose Irish nature was profoundly touched by it. The poet, on one of his voyages across the Atlantic, became acquainted with a felle passenger, an Irishman, who never tired of talking about the land of his birth to which he was returning after an a sence of thirty years. So ardent was his desire to see it that he asked the officers of the ship to tell him of the very first glimpse of Ireland be the time day or ight. It so happened that land the morning. In ac sighted early in cordance with his oft expre the old man was awakened. As h came upon deck the sun broke i splendor over the hills of Kerry, an splendor over the hills with its first rays illuminating and tear-stained face, he transfiguring his advanced, with outstretched arms the rail, exclaiming :

Oh, m'anam le Dia! But there it is, The dawn on the cost of Ireland! God's angels lifting the night's black will From the fair, sweet face of my surfland. Condition of the fair, sweet factor and you loo Difference of the second second second second And with all the pent up love in a I bid you the top of the morning

This one short hour pays lavishly back This one short hour pays having by For many a years mourning. Sure, I'd almost venuure another flight There's so much joy in returning. Watching out for the hallowed shore. All other attractions coorning. Oh, freiand, don't you hear me shout ! I bid you the top of the morning.

I bin you the top of this hand. Oh, kindly, generous Irish land. So ieal, so fair, so loving. No wonder the wandering Celt should pause And dream of these in his roving. The Western bomm may have gens and gold. Shadows may liver have gloomed it; But the heart will be to that absent land Where the lovelight first illumed it.

Sec. see ! Upon Cleena's shelving strand The surges are grandly beating;

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

in this chapter, and we shall meet him

unwelcome marks of care-on

Lascine's pretty face. So poor

ful scenes before we leave him calm

now, my heart bleeds at the

he has fulfilled in a short time

and quiet, which suffering

lids; but, when I see his face so calm

down to a fair, unknown beauty, an

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRIPLE BEQUEST.

BEING THE STORY OF WHERE TRUE HAP-

PINESS IS FOUND.

has toned

die?" "Perhaps, perhaps. He was a Stuart, and there is an old tradition— Well, he was the living image of King die

James II. whose crown—" "Yaas, M'sieu, the gol' crown. It was taken to Triel, in France, an" buried there, an' our ol' Monk's greatburied there, an' our of Monk's great-great-gran'fader bring it to Canadie, an' every Monk he hide it till now the las' Monk is gone dead, an' w'ere's gol' crown, ch, M'sieu Bonloi ?'' "Ah, yes, where ?'' echoed the notary, again giving the loungers his nearly, being mule as he passed down

ewly-benign smile as he passed down

the street. "It's a beeg joke, eh? but we go hear w'at our ol' Monk have left to us Macall same," decided Napoleon Murdy. So the next morning the three idlers

presented themselves in the notary's office. Napoleon was tidy and clean, Rene more spruce than ever, wearing velveteen coat and a gaudy green and yellow scarf, while Baptiste had gone so

yellow scari, while Baptisto have save far as to wash his face to the ears. "Aha, the legatees are here," said the notary, as he came in with the priest. "Shall we go on, mon priest.

pere ?" No need for delay," replied Pere DuCharme. "As you say, the bene-ficiaries are waiting," and he gave the From our first chapter you, deal three worthies a kindly greeting. must be at Lachine by 11; proceed From our nrst enapter you, dear reader, have gained a knowledge of the family. May Lascine, or Mrs. Crow-ner, is now a widow of three months, and it is for Herbert Crowner that the ; proceed, if you please, M'sieu Bonloi.'

Napoleon, opening his little peated eyes wide in wondering delight as Bonloi unfolded the last will and testa-ment of Charles James Louis Stuart lately became a Catholic, and is not on the best terms with the family. We have to follow him through many pain-Monk, Seigneur of Chateaureine. lawyer read the clauses in which the and happy, stranded high on the rock, with the waves that now buffet and toss him hither lying calm and peaceful beneath his fort. Seigneur bequeathed his houses and lands, moneys and chattels to the Reverend Etienne Francois DuCharme, Cure of Chateaureine, for the benefit of the village church, the parish school his feet. Poor boy! as I write of him thought of and the Indian mission. Then followed all he has suffered, and the " long space the tears glide slowly from beneath my eye

ve years after the death of the testator, and to be given to him on the fulfillment of the conditions imposed in hear his eloquent voice warning others of the dangers he has passed, and sav-ing them from shipwreck, I say, "It is others the sealed letter of instruction shall be placed in his hands in the presence of Reverend Etienne Francois DuCharme."

up and assumed the dignity of a per-son of affairs. "Pro-per-tee!" he murson of affairs. "Pro-per-tee!" he mur-mured, delightedly. But as the no-tary read exactly the same form of Monk must have an eccentric gen-tleman! "Have you made the best of your talents?" ran the writing. "Labor bequest to Rene Beausoliel and to the

was dead, and in the funeral notice every one learned his name at last. "La, la, la ! it must be ver' true-so," declared Napoleon MacMurdy. "Look you, he is been of blood royal, our ol' Monk : Pere Du Charme say with the state of the state of the base of the say leading the way to the next room. "

> as a woman, active as a child, strong as the warriors of your race, grave a the old chiefs, why waste your days in the company of idlers? You that the great martyrs died to save, why forget their sacrifices? Why anger of the Great Father? Why incur the Baptiste Leave the idle white begin to-day. Leave the idle white men : labor for your race ; show the men; labor for your race; show the Indian people how to be temperate, clean, strong. Help the old men; help the little children; be the medicine man of your tribe. First, make your peace with God, Baptiste. Go to vour Easter Communicate every month hereafter. At the end of five years apply to the Notary Bonloi He for the property. May you deserve to

ver' much I care for Gol' Crown," said "True King of Anglan' an' Cana-

Rene Beausoliel, stout and handbest clothes o ome in his farmer some in his farmer's best obtained Halifax tweed, came in with a little black-haired child in his arms, "Bon jour. Mor. Pere messieurs," said he. jour, Mon. Pere messieurs," said he. "You see I have brought ma son to get his propertee. Have I prosper, say you, M'sieur Bonloi? Oh, yaas, t'anks

to le bon Dieu. I have loss ma fade for years, you know, but after sorry for his dead, I have no more sorry, only but joy, messieurs. I have been work hard, yaas, but I have been well reward in fine crops. I have ocen well an' six cow an' new plow from Mon-treal. Ma moder she happy w'en I

marry Angelique, an' we have dis very fine leetle boy an' leetle sister now. Ah, is't posseebl, Napoleon ?'' For the ex-lounger came in with the back of a man to with the

For the ex-loanger cane in what the brisk air of a man to whom every mo-ment has a value. "Morning, gentle-men !" said he, bowing respectfully to Pere DuCharme and extending a pat-ronizing hand to the 'otary. "You ronizing hand to the votary. ee I have come to claim the property.

"You call a box property?

it; a crown piece. There was a little

ote, of course ; certainly Seigneur

crowns every gift; have you found your

ago," commented Napoleon. "But he is right, a wise ol' dead man; pity he

mecrown ; I'm a lawyer [in Montreal,

crown piece, too ! ' Rene Beausoliel,' he writes, "God gives you land to till

for corn and wheat; your golden Crown is buried in the earth; have you

dug it up?' Ya-as, but you have, Rene

your Crown is found, too. And you,

"The same, a crown piece," the priest

ever spik much." "I say God crown M'sieu Monk, who

or a box, used them acco

well and I am sure of my rest at

the minor ailments of children,

' they are just splendid."

most heroic.

directions and must say that I have

found them the best medicine for a techning child I have ever tried. One

Tablet every other day keeps my baby

I echo the words of my friend and say

Baby's Own Tablets will cure all

may be given with absolute safety to

even a new born baby. These Tab-lets are the only medicine for chil-

ren sold under an absolute guarantee

to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by druggists or sent by

mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mrs. Charles Willard.

was not King for all. Ya as,

A beeg joke, lak I said long while " commented Napoleon. "But he

W'at he leave you, Rene?

the Gold Crown ?

crown ?'

me.

Baptiste ?'

You have guessed

Rene ?

"His letter runs

why, this is not Rene—" "M'sicu Rene Beausoliel, the most prosperous farmer in Chateaureine, and the father of a fine young family," explained Pere DuCharme, smilingly, "And this is my dear friend, Doctor who put ten years Baptiste Renaud, into four and who study into four and who is my hand in the work of the mission. are well met, gentlemen. I hear that you have established yourself with a

Leg-a-tees ! ben'feec-i-aries !" w firm in Montreal, Napoleon ?" "True, Mon Pere ; I am kept busy. law firm in I have not married. I must find my wife among the good, pious girls of Chateaureine. I have laid up a nice sum of money, but I am quite willing to take the little property left to me by M'sieu Monk.' You spik lak an Anglish since you in Montreal," said Rene.
"I am an advocate, sir," responded Napoleon, majestically. I cannot afford to spik lak an habitant, me." "I have the pleasure of handing over

the surprising bequest : "To Napoleon MacMurdy, a certain your property, gentlemen." said the notary, as he opened the safe and drew forth three little boxes, one of which he gave to Rene, one to Napoleon and property to be held in trust for him for one to Baptiste. "W'at?" cried Napoleon, disappointedly. grumbling, he opened the lid and found

Napoleon immediately straightene Charles James Louis Stuart Monk bequest to hence Beausoniel and to the Iroquois strayaway, Baptiste Renaud, the Emperor's namesake wore an ex-pression of puzzled injury. The reading was finished ; the letwas dead, and in the funeral notice

ters of instruction were delivered. Baptiste, who could not read, was about to hand his letter to Napoleon, when Pere - DuCharme interposed. "Come with me, Baptiste," he said, instructions are secret," he whispered, and the silent Indian bowed gravely. When the door was closed, the priest read the following message from the

answere1 for him. "His letter runs thus; "Baptiste, labor is the golden value of every herb and root in our fields and forests, you that are tender crown of life, but the crown for life and for death is labor in self-sacri-fice. Have you found the grand Gold Crown, Baptiste ?' " Crown, Baptiste ?" "We are t'ree erowned Kings, it would seen," said Napoleon. "Tree Wise Men," corrected Rene. "You say noting, Doctor Batiste; you never spik

save' us !'' said Baptiste, solemnly. There are no idle vagabonds in Chateaurine nowadays; everybody is helping Pere Ducharme and Docto Renaud in the life-long search which may result in the finding of the Crown. —H. W., in Standard and Times.

Not for Gol' Crown, no,

lets:

Mon

Rene was urged

merits the big cult and ardu tained so fas programme t commendatio St. Joseph fo which their t crowned for unique positic certs under s finish and fin Ganey acted Guriy acted ant ability i ment is too w Cobourg Wo The follow

> Recollectio Mandolins-Piano-Miss '' Kindergar

APRIL 4 ST. PA II

The celebration Saint was marked concert of the pot School in Vicebri School in Vicebri cocasions were cel-anything hither tentertainment by those whose path by most decided the large saith whose heares you ation of the way ation of the way whose heares you whose heares you spiano including a transmer the stu-stander the stu-stander the stu-stander of the star-selection. Access for yithle stars of the the stars of the stars of the stars to the stars of the stars of the stars of the stars the star

tent touch of Hales A. R. Hicholl, M. Fo Carne, J. Boy

[Karns, J. Boy the audience itra audience itra the File formed the star the bright co these who s sylub like Bowen deling rendition of t and responde Karble Song, also deserves esting progra-finale by the 1 Nipper," in w played their p insished profi-that there n Irving or an

hat there m Irving or an Gwan in the l merits the hig

"Hobby Ho

Vocal Trio-Misses B "Belt Drill, Song and Dr

Toy Symp Piano, Vio Misses M Rumt M. Fo Bowe " Floral Da Song-" Th

Operetta-(Misses D panists.

The peop tionality, o Saint, in t celebrated ton, P. P. large num After Mas very eloqu Life and added a fe S., bringi flouriehin and fifty in Downe T. A. S. fifty mem In the a grand col at Enniso condition

adequate all sides t in their say the co may just matic tal

The fol speaks fo

Overture

Song-"

Song-"

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Banjo S

Song-"

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Song-

Song-'Con

Second Selection

Song a bla

Song-

Song-

Duet-

Recits

Song-

our ol' Monk: Pere Du Charme say w'at is just so, ma frien's ; he has pic-ture copy from one medal time las' Stuart King of Anglan', Jacques Deuxieme, w'at English say King Zhames Secon', an' our ol' Monk, he is been ver' imazh of picture. 'Sharles-Zhames-Louwee-Stuar' — ver' well, king's names. Ma frien's, our ol' Monk he is been right King of Anglan', an' he is been right King of Anglan', an' dead " Baptiste Renaud, you that know the

not Victorie, I tell you true ! Baptiste Renaud, the Indian vagrant, grunted ascent as he refilled his cob pipe. He had inherited the taciturnity his fathers ; he let the Frenchman listened. talking while he Napoleon MacMurdy and Rene Beausoiel were in the mood to discuss dramatic possibilities ; the death and burial of the grand old Hermit of Chateureine had stirred their emotional

hearts. He is been ver' fine looking man," said Rene; "I been tol' I look so ver' lak him as I might be his own son,

"" Yaas, you look lak a gran'son of kings, Beausoliel," sneered Napoleon; "you have not 'nough nose, you. W'at my Scotch gran'fader say, 'Ver leetle nose, knows ver' leetle.' He had been nose like ma namesake the Em-

LASCINE. BY AN OXFORD MAN. CHAPTER I.

" IN HAC LACRYMARUM VALLE."

2

The shadows of the early morning fell softly and caressingly around the old home; the perfume from the flowers, borne along by the slight breeze, crept borne along by the slight breeze, crept in by the open windows. The leaves of the great tulip-tree on the lawn rustled gently together, telling of a strange, unearthly peace, as if they knew that a good man lay dying within the walls that had sheltered him from big childrend

his childhood. Yes, the strong man lay stricken unto death. No more should that tongue speak words of kindness to those dependent on him; no more should those hands tend the flowers he loved so reall. for the ensure Meetre was call so well; for the great Master was calling him onward, into the lands where shadows are not, "and where beauty withers not, nor does love grow cold,

nor joy wane away, for there we gaze evermore on the face of the Lord God That terrible hæmorrhage had set in.

Terrible, indeed, was it to see the crim-son stream pouring from his lips, and know that science was powerless to help him more—sad, indeed, to see strong man lying there in such weakness—sad, indeed, to feel the chilliness of that indeed, to feel the chilliness of that marble-white forehead as one gently stroked back the black hair from his

eyes. A low, gurgling sound escaped the sick man's lips. A lady, clad in deep mourning, bent over him, taking in her own hand the basin which the nurse held. The bleeding slowly subsided ; he made an offort to gasp one word slowly and painfully the accents came

"Hush, my husband! I understand." Half an hour elapsed. He was sleep-ing from exhaustion. A tall, elegant young fellow entered the room, clad in a neglige mourning suit, the same regu-lar features and dark eyes proclaiming him the son of the dying man. "Weil, mother, any better news,

now "Hush! Be in the dining-room in ten minutes; I have something to talk over with you."

Bien, ma mere."

youth's handsome face as he left the room, which told, in spite of his care-less manner, how much he loved the dying man.

the lady in black noiseleasly entered the dining-room. His arm was on the window-sill; his eyes wandering over the garden to the great engine-chimney beyond, where the huge rolls of smoke were going up into the cloudless sky.

No answer.

and that too, when grasped, fades into shadow-land before some new object. No time for thought; always, ever the John ! The figure of the young man moved The figure of the young man moved this time, his thoughts coming down from the dream lands, where they were wandering. One could see the eyes dim with unshed tears. tramp, tramp, tramp, for the milestone; and, when it is reached, no rest-on, on, on, to the next. Thus in life the first early dawn passes to the noonday ; Well, mother ? then the descent; the border-land once

A silence fell over the mother and

of the church-yard, and the green gras waves over what

lady's lips. "Poor old boy! what a trial it will

has been animated with the breath of be to him! Do you know mother, I often think we are wrong to treat a member of the family like this ?'

far rather would I have seen him in his coffin. Ay, have put him there myself coffin. Ay, have put is he now is than have seen him as he now is -an

Eddy of the Crucified when he was last at a strange reverence to day, and he felt that that one look at the crucifix, with the dead lilies lying at the feet, taught him more than all those tedious Sunday services which bored him so. He turned to the well-supplied

"A sorrow's crown the words: row is remembering happier things;' then a foot-note, in pencil, from Dante

"Nessum maggior dolore Che ricordarsi del tempo felice Nella miseria.

that!" he said, as he closed the book and stole softly down to the sick-room,

CHAPTER II. PRESENTATIONS. "The past and present here unite Beneath Thine's flowing tide, Like footsteps hidaen by a brook, But ssen on either side."

family are at present in mourning. Edward Lascine, the younger -Longfellow What is the life that will bloom out randly in the sunshine of the second I know only one model life, but that wise earthlings counted then a Yet the one perfect life ever failure. Yet the one perfect life ever lived—devoid was it of wealth, riches, and same. Noiselessly and swiftly it passed to a violent death-agony of immension. Yet who dare question that Yet who dare question that ignominy. was the one perfect life this highest thought of divinity, uttered in human-ity-this low, sweet music of humility? Yet we turn to life, with its wondrous pleasures dashed in with deep shades of pleasures dashed in with deep shades of sorrow, and ask about this life, Who has realized it? who has read it? Has the aged, gray-haired man, on its border-land? No; for still he wishes to live

future to trip to grasp its something,

nore; the crimson and gold of the fad-

aves over what once has been the temple of the Holy Ghost," what once

to unlearn many things he has learned. Often from the death-bed the echo comes to us, "O God! would that my time could come oves again, how differ-ently I would act!" Has youth learned

the great problem of life? No; for, with arms stretched out to a shadowy

A look of intense pain stole over the

something in the future, it hastens o

ward, always to some pinnacle of fancied happiness. It is attained, and the gray ten minutes slowly passed, when light of dawn sees the pleasure turn to ashes in the grasp. It is attained-

carelessly thrown on one side for some other bauble. So it is with youth. What, then, of middle age? Ay, that too is ever stretching forward into the

. John

"John, he was asking for Eddy."

ing sun of life, and poor humanity, be-fore it knows, is held within the bounds son for some minutes. "We must send for him, then, mother," said John, breaking the sil-

"Yes, my son," came sadly from the

God. Humanity, with no time to think, with nothing thought out, with nothing done-this will not bloom out grandly in the sunshine of the second life. But the world has its thinking ones, its

noble men, its noble women, its noble children-noble lives, indeed, who have analyzed and found out life, summum bonum. Is it placed in pleasure, riches, apostate from our Church, a Catholic, irreavocably narted from us." No—the must pass, the riches will ta

chanical way he returned to the house chanical way he returned to that over which death was pending. He passed up-stairs to his own study, but, in the next chamber, he heard people moving. It was Eddy's room. He Mrs. Lascine was still a stately but one could discern in the beauty; but one could discern in the depths of her blue eyes a wondrous firmness, and could perceive now and again a curl of disdain resting on her moving. It was Eddy's room. He passed in; the hangings were white as ever; the books lay on the shelf as he pretty lips. The pure expression and profile on the whole were perfect, and, n the matronly grace of the woman of arty-five, one could judge of the beauty

had left them. There stood the prie-dieu, with its tiny retable above the two vases with the dead lilies in, that forty-five, one could judge of the beauty of the young girl of nineteen. Had this been a happy match, this had placed there about the feet love-match? Yes; in only one thing had Mr. and Mrs. Lascine ever dis-John looked at all these things with agreed. As usual, it was the money question. Mr. Lascine would keep in business when he had do need to do so. And why? Because he devoted the had

profits to his generous purposes, for the good of his tenants and the villagers. reace, and took up some volume, he knew not what. He opened it, and saw it was Tennyson. It opened at "Locks-ley Hall;" a deep pencil-line ran under Now and then this subject would cause disagreement. On these occasions Mr. Lascine would go out to his flowers, and the crows'-feet would faintly appear-

Mr. Lascine had gone on being good to every one, helping one here and one Mrs. there, giving money to this charity and

to that, thus quietly and noiselessly "Poor boy, I hope he has not realized opening the distant gates of heaver amid the bustle and roar of fashionable

where we will leave him.

cably parted from us. Well, mum, I don't see it. I am

determined to alter my tactics, and make up to the poor boy, as much as I can, for the past. The mother hastily turned her face

on one side. Her voice quavered as she said: "Write to him at once; or, better, telegraph, and then he come to-sight.

" All right, ma mere."

A L'AL

Almost before he could answer, he was alone. A sigh broke from his lips -"Poor old Eddy!" then a long, low whistle. "Nearly two years since we saw him, except for the few days at the "" stone. thus !

A carriage rolled slowly up the drive, and the wheels stopped at the front-door. The doctor alighted; then came the professional ring; then he was ushered into the drawing-room to wait the arrival of the other physicians for the consultation. One by one they came in, until the four physicians were there; then the steps passing upward to the sick-room; then the long, weary

minutes of waiting. At last they came, once more, on into the drawing-room ; once more the long waiting ; John and his mother alone

long waiting; John and ins notice able in the dising-room. "At length!" muttered John, as steps sounded in the hall. The door opened, and the familiar face of Dr. Pinton appeared. "Doctor, is there no hope?" burst from the lips of Mrs. Lascine.

"None," replied Dr. Pinton. "God is very merciful, though. Thank Hin dear madam—the end will be painless. Thank Him, She was stunned by the blow, the

force was so great. No pain came with it, only the dull, heavy, indescribable something that, for the time being, the mind could not grasp. "And Eddy, madam, must not he

come

Yes, yes, doctor, we will send for him !" Then the arms sank listlessly by the side, and, after a while, the face

was buried in the hands. "Mr. John, won't you telegraph for my dear boy Eddy, and Mrs. Crowner

John took up his straw hat, and went out mechanically through the soft air of the May morning along the white, dusty road to the telegraph-office. The the May morning along the white, asty road to the telegraph-office. The eople raised their hats, but he passed a unheedingly. The telegrams sent, in the same mepeople raised their hats, but he passed on unheedingly.

ke wing. the friends prove false, the foundation stone of the position fall away, and the whole edifice crumble. Philosophy would teach us to place our summ bonum in Him who gathereth the waters in the hollow of His hand, whose voice the thunders obey, and who watches each action of puny man from that habi-

No-the pleasure

tation whence the sun draws its light, and whose sapphire throne shall be the last milestone at which poor humanity shall hear its doom.

Let us turn now to poor Mr Lascine, ho has almost reached that last mile-

Perhaps, if we look at him on his bed, we may learn something. The high forehead, the regular chiseled features, with an expression of sorrow thrown over them, speak of intense refinement, a sensitive disposition, and great generosity. Ah, well can I say

so, who write! Mr. Lascine was a mill-owner. In early life his father had been unfortun-ate; but the rich Miss Treven had fallen in love with Edward Lascine, who, of good family, well educated, cul-

tivated, and refined, was a fit match even for Miss Treven. Her old uncle, crusty and testy to most of her suito could not refuse his consent to this match. "Never did God make," said

he, "two young people more fitted for each other." And so, after a short en-gagement, the marriage was celebrated at St. Winefride's, Holynton, the small church on the estate of old Mr. Tre-

With the marriage portion of Miss Treven the mills belonging to old Mr. Lascine were bought, together with the lovely estate which had been the home of Mr. Edward Lascine all his life

"A happy marriage," people had said; and for once they were right. Four children had blest this marriage: said; and

Four children had blest this marriage: Madde, now sleeping in the village cemetery that long, unending sleep. Even now one often sees the villagers stand by the marble cross, or the grave covered with white blossoms, them-selves twining the railings with the deathlese organization flowers and talk summoned to the reading to-morroy

morning in my office." "Intereste' in the will of ol' Monk selves twining the ratings what the deathless everlasting flowers, and talk-ing of the fair girl whom they had loved, and who slept at eighteen summers. Next came May—Mrs. Crowner—who will be introduced to our readers ver' excellen' joke, M'sieu Bon-loi," said Napoleon, impudently. "Did he leave us Chateaureine, may-be? Yaas, our ol' Monk he loved us shortly. Then John Lascine, of whom 80 ! "M'sieu Monk left almost everythin

to the Church; there are no heirs of his blood; he was the last of his fine

and the Gold Crown ! The young Indian stood with bowed head. "Well, Baptiste?" said the had been hose fike ma hamesake the Emr peror, who is been so better as all your Sharles-Zhames-Lou-wee Kings. But I say, Rene, w'at our Cure tell us in ser-mon, eh, ol' fella ? Some-bout gol' priest, looking keenly into the dark say, Rene, wat our cure tell us in ser-mon, eh, ol' fella ? Some-bout gol' crown our ol' Monk buried for some to fin', eh ?'' MacMurdy's greedy little eyes glittered as he asked the quesface. "Mon Pere, I geev you t'anks; you." an' M'sieu Monk, peace to his soul! I did not t'ink he knew me so. I will

do what he say. My gran-fader he is been medicine man of our "La, la ! If ma nose been too leetle,

tribe when he leev. I lak take he place, but firs' I lak learn read, Mon Pere. "Very good. And your Easter Com-

" La, la ! If manose been too leetle, your eyes be not so-much beeg 'nough, Napoleon. Ver' good sign you lak money, we know. W'at you say, Bap-tiste ?''[1] Baptiste blew a cloud of smoke be-fore he spoke. "W'at we care for gol' crown ? Ol' Monk hated you, Rene, munion?' "I come to confession to-night, Mon Pere. Pere, but for clean soul firs', so I be clean Baptiste, outside an' inside." an' you, Napoleon, an' me, Batise. Well, we're not much too good, maybe, Napoloen and Rene read their let-ters and avoided looking at each other but we do not steal, no, not even gol' crown. You tink ol' Monk geev it us ? I say no. Here is M'sien Bonloi ; you afterward, to the notary's amusement.

"Our business is finished, gentlemen," said Bouloi. Napoleon thanked him profusely and gave a cool nod to Rene, I say no. Here is M slot Bonol; you lak talk, Napoleon; you ask him." The notary, advancing, smiled for once upon the three black sheep of the village—Napoleon, the garrulous and

who returned as curt a saluation as they village—Napoleen, the garrulous and greedy: Rene, the vain and thought-less; Baptiste, the slovenly and lazy, all three alike only in idleness and in-difference to duty. They worked mere-ly to support their longing days; they went to Mass at Christmas, at Easter went to Mass at christmas, at easter of arted. The reader will have guessed that the three letters were of similar im-port. Napoleon was advised to make use of his gift of expression and his

talent for business ; Rene was ur, to be a credit to his father and to said and other high holidays for the sake of troduce his love of order into the manexcitement, perhaps, as they marched agement of the paternal acres. Both were commanded to return to the regevery year in the procession St. Jean Baptiste, just as if they had been good Catholics. Pere DuCharme had not given them up; he and his good ular practice of their religious duties and to avoid their former associates not given them up; he and his good friend, the late Seigneur of Chateau-reine, had scolded, pleaded, threatened without avail; the three vagabond chums were vagobonds, still. They knew how they were rated by all re-spectable folk, and they were not a little surprised when Bonloi greeted And the last words to each were ex-actly alike : " May you deserve to find

the Gold Crown !'

On Easter Monday five years later Pere DuCharme and the notary waited for the three. Doctor Renaud was the first to arrive. The "medicine man" them pleasantly. "I have been looking for you, mes had been up all night with a patient : but for all that he was as fresh and but for all that he was as fresh and clean as an Easter lily. His linen was sieurs," he said. " I have the honor to inform you that you are interested in the will of M'sieu Monk, and you are spotless, his finger nails pearly; it was easy to see that he practiced his favorite doctrine of daily baths. Anything more unlike the lazy, dirty In-dian of other days could scarce be dian of other days could scared be imagined. "With the help of le bon Dieu, Gratiot will be restore', Mon Pere," was his greeting to the priest. "And you have come to find the Gold Crown ?" asked the notary.

dark face of the Iroquois doctor The

Pimples, Blotches and Skin Eruptions. How unsightly, sometimes even disgusting, and certainly vory mortifying to the sufferer. They are merely an evidence of impure, poismed blood, and lowered vitaity of the ele-mentary organs, which can be quickly changed by taking Ferrozone after meals Ferrozone cleanses the blood of all poisone and eruptions, makes it rich in red corpuscies that manifest themselves in a heelthy ruddy complexion simply use Ferrozone regularly. Price 50c, per box, or eix boxes for \$3 50, st Drugsiets, or N. C. Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont. was illuminated with a rare, swift smile. "Pere Ducharme knows how

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTH And Kerry is pushing her headlands To give us the kindly greeting. Into the shore the sea birds fiy On pinions that know no drooping. And out from the cliff a million of wa With welcomes charged come troop We are permitted to make public the following letter, which is a fair sample of hundreds written by mothers through-out Canada praising Baby's Own Tab-

is

And doesn't old Cove looking there Watching the wild waves motion And doesn't out Cold waves motion : Watching the wild waves motion : Leaning her back up against the hill. With the tips of her toes in the occan. And I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells : Ah i Mag be their chiming's over, For 'is many a year since I began The life of a Western rover. Dunbar, Ont., March 18, 1903. Several weeks ago my baby was very ross and ill owing to troubles commo cross and ill owing to troubles common to children when teething. A corre-spondent highly recommended Baby's Own Tablets, saying she would use no other medicine for her baby. I sent

For thirty years astore machree, Those hills I now feast my eyes on Never met my vision save when they rose O'er memory's dim horizon : Even so 'twas grand and fair they seemed In the lat dacape spread be fore me— But dreams are dreams! And my eyes would ODE

To find Texas skies still o'er me.

And often upon the Texas plains, When the chase and the day was over. My thoughts would fly o'er the weary waves. And round this costs line hover : And the prayer would rise that some future day.

day All dangers and doubters scorning, would help to win for my native land would help to win for my nativ The light of young liberty's mo

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows What and truer the shore line shows, What ever a scene more solendid? I feel the breach of the Munster breeze, Thank God my exile's ended? Old scenes, old thmes, old home, old friends again? The vale, the cot I was born in ! Oh. Ireland, up from my heart of hearts, I bid you the top of the morning !

The Name of Names. Ever since the solemn investment of the Divine Infant with His name

night.

and

It was the only way ! The Father sent Him with some work to do : And in the morning light and evening dew The heavy load was placed, and He must life it, too. It was the only way ! The manger birth, the humble home, the life Of quiet solitude, the grief, the shife. The lone and weary pathway with temptations rife. and title, the lips of men and women and children have spoken the name of Jesus Christ in joy and sorroy in faith and hope and love and peni tence, in face of torments and in dis.

It was the only way it temptation Love took it; made it His; from day to day He lived our life; He saw the weak display. The sordid, idle sin that turned the old world gray. dain of allurements ; in the quiet of contemplation and in the whirlwind of temptation. The name Jesus Christ has been the watchword of all that was

It was the only way! Across the earth He walked a little epace. And where He trod is still a holy place : Still shines through misty years the glory of His face. best in humanity, more virtuous and

It was the only way ! The chalice ! He must life it. and the tree Whereupon He died — the world's lone tra-gedy ! The bitter way ! the bitter way ! that it should be ! Pimples, Blotches and Skin Eruptions

It was the only way ! Death !--and the Easter morn, crown of the

Joy, and the peace that cometh after tears. Joy, and the peace that cometh after tears. Hope is and the gift of Heav'n that lifts all wand rers fears ! —Helen Moriarity, in Rosary Magazine.

Song-Third The lengtl occas ton fi play out c are n no w in pl brisk ent perse Shau Lord Fers Dan Tom