

Labor Items.

Sudden accidents often befall artizans, farmers and all who work in the open air...

"TU ES SACERDOS."

"Thou art a Priest forever," To fit bread and wine—A mystic King of Salem...

For God lies on thy Altar Beneath the veils of Bread: The Wine thy Chalice lifted, His Precious Blood instead...

How oft that Cup has lifted Thy flock from hell to save! How oft that Bread of Angels Thy hand anointed gave!

Who then shall tell the story The court of Heaven hears? How oft this wondrous Priesthood Through five and twenty years Hath spurred the saintly onward...

O mightier thy power Than earthly kings may claim: More splendid thy glory Than Scer's or Sage's name: Who canst, with lip of human God's word of pardon frame...

To-day with joy thy people The silver chaplet see That crowns an epoch rounded Of fruitful ministry: O may the praise they utter A mystic preface be Of the unending triumph In Heaven's Jubilee—

Where thou, "a Priest forever," Shalt no more the Sign: The fat of wheaten harvest, The ferment of the vine, Shalt see no more the Symbols Of lowly Bread and Wine, But face to face the Victim In the New Salem's shrine!

(Rev.) H. T. HENRI.

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

And here Margaret did not guess that she was still inheriting the bene of her life, self-will, in craving forgetfulness. It is true the forgetfulness she now asks, is forgetfulness of the present. The past she is ready to lay down at the foot of the altar...

"With or without an excuse they do not," said the nun. "But this child, of whom we were speaking, by what name do you call her?" "She is called 'Blandine,' though that is not her real name. She wished to join our little class of Blandines. You are aware that the Blandines form a most respectable confraternity. They are trained to become honest, faithful, pious servants. Above all they resolve to remain steadfast to their profession...

"Dear little Blandine, I hear that you have been doing wonderful things for me—climbing the steep hill of Calvary, kneeling long hours in prayer, even making a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Dear child, I am so sorry I can never show you how grateful I am for all this." "O dear lady," began Blandine, and then she shook her little frame, and she wept as if her young heart would break. "My child! my dear little Blandine! why do you weep? Is it for me? O you hurt me,

dear. Come, put your head here, quite close!" Margaret drew the young head to her breast, and kissed the weeping eyes and stroked the soft hair caressingly. "Tell me, now, why do you weep thus?" "O, because—because I wanted our dear Lady of Betharram to give Madame back her eyes. To let her see just like before, to make Madame all well."

"God knows best, dear Blandine. There are better things than sight." "But Madame is so sad! Madame wants her eyes so much! Sister Superior says Madame cannot be happy without her eyes. And I am so sorry—"

"Do not be grieved any more, dear, I will try to be happy for me, and the prayers will help me to be resigned even if I cannot see." "You can always see God and our Lady just the same," said Blandine. "I see them better when I shut my eyes. And then—"

"Then what, dear Blandine?" "If I might be always your little maid, I mean to be a real Blandine some day, you know. I could wait on Madame and help," she was going to say, but she stopped, and dared not.

"The thought is very sweet, dear child, to have you always for my little companion. Not as maid, no, but just to see for me, to be eyes to me; to lead me by the hand, when I venture out. Would that please you, Blandine?" "O," said the child, with a sigh that was more expressive than any words. "I would be the happiest child in the world."

Margaret was touched deeply. "Tell me why you would be happy to be my little girl, Blandine." "Because you always speak to me like my own dear Mamma who has gone to heaven, and I—"

"Well, dear, tell me all." "I want my Mamma so much, O Mamma! Mamma!" Margaret could only gather the loving little one close to her heart. O if only she were not poor, not a beggar and had the power to make Blandine legally her own!

"It surely is the work of Divine Providence and a miracle in my eyes," said Sister Noella, to Pere St. Etienne, "to have sent that child here, to arouse in her an interest in life, outside herself. She is actually forgetting her affliction, while listening to her."

"Who is this child, Sister? She seems to be a great favorite of yours." "And not mine alone. The entire community, not to say all Betharram and beyond, love her. She is one of the little band so suddenly orphaned by the epidemic that ravaged these parts a few years ago. Her mother it appears was a lady. Of her father I have not inquired. The child is under the protection of the civil authorities for the present, or until they choose to name a guardian for her, since nothing is known of her kindred."

"Can you not keep her with the others?" "We would be glad to do so. But the city fathers limit the number of our inmates according to their good pleasure. Already we have a few more than the warrant admits. But we hold the balance of power for the present, having as deputy a good Catholic, and a practical Catholic as mayor. Besides that, the shadow of the Basilica of Lourdes, and the concourse of pilgrims hitherward make others, who would be aggressive, less so in view of the material advantages to be gained."

"I have not been here long enough to learn the intricacies of police supervision. I see they find frequent excuse to interfere in matters spiritual." "With or without an excuse they do not," said the nun. "But this child, of whom we were speaking, by what name do you call her?"

"She is called 'Blandine,' though that is not her real name. She wished to join our little class of Blandines. You are aware that the Blandines form a most respectable confraternity. They are trained to become honest, faithful, pious servants. Above all they resolve to remain steadfast to their profession...

"It is a rare pleasure, however, if repeated," says Margaret. Blandine was not glad to be relieved, but she was docile and prepared to obey. "It would do her good, she is too closely confined with me," Blandine shakes her head in earnest protest, but forbears to speak. "She loves her work," says the Sister, who notices the gentle shake of the head; "she loves it and will thrive on it. But now there is a little pilgrimage below, at the chapel door. Our children are to join it in making the Way of the Cross, and Blandine's voice will help in the responses. Her place must not be vacant."

"And she will say something for me on the road, I am sure," said the blind woman. "To be thought worthy of this charge is great happiness for little Blandine. There was silence in the apartment for some minutes after the echo of the child's footsteps had died away. Sister Noella judged by the expression of Margaret's face that she was prepared to speak. While Margaret was trying to find words in which to begin a conversation that would be painful, but which should be no longer deferred, she owned it to Sister Noella, and felt her debt too keenly not to be eager to lighten it at almost any cost. To begin was not easy, to hesitate longer, impossible.

"Dear Sister Christmas! "At last!" exclaimed the grey nun in joyful tones. "At last I hear the dear familiar name once more, and in a tone that cheers my heart. O let it, indeed, be Sister Christmas, and

"I have heard of this, it is very sad!" said the priest. "And your congregation of Blandines, is it numerous?" "Our congregation is yet young. But we have a goodly number of aspirants, some twenty or more. Little Blandine is their angel. She is so attractive, so sweet in disposition, and so remarkably pious for a child of her age that she unconsciously excites emulation. Then, her exceeding love for our Lady of Betharram earned for her the name she now considers her own, Blandine of Betharram."

"Do you know her real name?" "We know nothing positive, so much was destroyed in destroying the traces of fever, that the contents of her mother's apartments could not be recovered though the authorities sought for documents that might give them some clue to the child's parentage. Were they consumed or stolen, is still the question. The child was called by a Russian name, a diminutive of Alexandra, by her mother."

"If I ask further about your Blandine it is because my cousin, who passed here on his way to Jerusalem remarked her. She recalled some one in whom he is greatly interested. But he was too pressed for time to make further inquiries. I will see you again in reference to this matter."

"And if we could interest you, personally, in our Blandines and novices, dear Reverend Father, it would indeed be a great advantage to us. Without hoping to rival Toulouse, with its splendid and prosperous congregation so flourishing as to own a fine property, a home for its members when out of employment or ill, a regular Board of Directresses of their own members, under the personal supervision of the Vicar General of the Diocese who presides at all their deliberations, gives them retreats, in strict accordance to the season, and is indeed the virtual head of the good work, we would wish to do the best possible for these homeless children. Most of them are without means, and have no great aptitude for learning. They grow up to labor on their little farms. It would be dreadful to see them dispersed, and sent to towns, ignorant and uneducated. If we can fit them for trustworthy positions by making them worthy of the name of St. Blandine, we shall not have labored in vain. It seems to be the great want of the present day, the lack of capable and devoted household servants."

"I will do what I can, Sister. I promise you not to forget your Blandines or your novice. How is your charge, the blind lady, getting on?" "As I was saying, Father, this child Blandine is taking her out of herself. I hope ere long you will lead another penitent to the Heart of our dear Lord."

"It will be your conquest, Sister." "It will be the child's, rather." "So that the soul is gained, it matters little who may be the instrument," said Father St. Etienne.

There came a day when Margaret was strong enough to sit up in her bed, then to be placed in a low couch near a sunny window. Now she can walk up and down the room leaning on the arm of Sister Noella. Blandine is hovering about her at this moment, trying to anticipate her slightest wish.

"What should I do without you, dear child?" Margaret asks, as the little one deftly arranges cushions, footstools and wraps. "It was worth seeing, the look of pleasure that illuminated the sweet young face. Sister Noella, who has just entered sees it and is well content."

"If you Blandine would like a little holiday, and I am sure she deserves it, I can give you the rare pleasure of my society for an hour or so," says the nun. "It is a rare pleasure, however, if repeated," says Margaret. Blandine was not glad to be relieved, but she was docile and prepared to obey.

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Christmas indeed, joy with us, that is, gladness. Christ with us! Margaret's head dropped a little. "He is surely with you always!" "Yes, and with you, too, else why am I here? Was it not He who sent me? I am his servant, however unworthy, and would I be here if it were not His gracious will? But forgive me, dear! I am too quick, and you are not yet strong. Forgive me. Hearing the blessed name of Christmas, I forgot myself."

"How patient you are with me! Again, there is in your voice that tone that brings back my youth. I was going to speak of that." Her voice trembled in spite of her resolve. Sister Noella placed one of her hands on the hand that was trying to steady itself by stroking the folds of the black gown, Margaret placed her other hand over it and continued with more courage, "I must tell you what I wish you could know without any words of mine. Something about the blind stranger."

"Friend," said the listener, "friend, and not stranger, friend and very dear! It pains you to speak, let us wait." "It will give pain, but the longer deferred the greater will be that pain." (To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS. Life. The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to arise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them—to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abundant. We are glad to say these words in its favor, to the readers of our columns.

Chemistry Master.—What happens to gold when it is exposed to air? (student after long reflection).—It's stolen.

Richards' Headache Cure contains no opiate. "Doctor, don't you think that raw oysters are healthy?" "Yes; I never knew one to complain."

Milburn's Pills build up and sustain the nerves, brain and heart, give color to pale, sallow complexion, increase the appetite, cure sleeplessness, nervous prostration, brain fog, and renew vigor and energy.

"Give us a proof of your boasted wisdom," cried a lot of chattering magpies to the owl. "I will," he said, and flew away.

Waiting Doesn't Pay. If you neglect the going back, Urinary troubles and diabetes surely follow. Doan's Pills relieve backache, Cure every kidney ill. If you are troubled, try them.

GAINED 9 1/2 LBS. BY USING MILBURN'S PILLS. VICTORIA, B.C., March 8, 1901. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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"What reform are you interested in now?" "I am advocating that people be paid double for the work they do when they don't feel like working."

Richards' Headache Cure, 12 doses, 10 cts. A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the springtime. "Ah, yes, said the little miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."

His Own Free Will. Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is the remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it. It is truly a wonderful medicine. JOHN A. MAODONALD, Publisher Annapolis Chronicle.

A lecturer in Hastings inquired dramatically: "Can any one in this room tell me of a perfect man?" There was a dead silence. "Has any one," he continued, "heard of a perfect woman?" Then a patient looking little woman rose up at the back of the room and answered: "There was one. I've often heard of her, but she's dead now. She was my husband's first wife."

Richards' Headache Cure, by mail, 10 cents. A great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier. "And what are those, papa?" the son asked. "Honesty and sagacity." "But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?" "Always to keep your word." "And the mark of sagacity?" "Never to give your word."

Two men hired bicycles lately, and took a spin into the country. When they were perhaps ten miles out they decided to have a race. One of them got far ahead of the other, and in dashing around a turn, ran into a pile of stones. The wheels were demolished, and the rider found himself lying among the spokes. An old woman who happened to be passing was met by the second rider. "My good woman," said he, "have you seen a young man riding a bicycle on ahead?" "No," said the woman; "but I saw a young man up the road who was sitting on the ground mending umbrellas."

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