

Turn the Rascals Out

We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, bad blood, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., interfering the human system.

THE LOST PYX.

Some say the spot is banned; that the pillar Cross-and-Hand Attests to a deed of hell; But of else than of bale is the mystic tale...

Blandine of Betharram.

BY J. M. CAVE.

(American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

(Continued.)

The beautiful dream holds the sleeper long. The watchers gaze in wonder on the transfigured face. The look of anguish, and pain, and premature old age it wore, has given place to softness, sweetness, peace.

And Margaret dreams on. Ere long she smiles again, a happier smile, for it is she, Margaret, herself and none other, who now strips the altar and unveils the tabernacle, leaving them unadorned for a brief space.

By and by the sleeper sighs, a mournful sigh, a wail. Sister Noella, watching every change in the beautiful face, cannot restrain her tears, and little Blandine chokes back her sobs and comes to kneel close by the sufferer's bed.

"Good angels abide with, defend her," prays the weeping Sister. And Margaret dreams on. The altar and the tabernacle are still beautiful, but the long sigh heralded a change.

The nun buries her face in her hands. She is reading the story of the dreamer's life. She sees the world in all her thoughts, reads every transition of the mobile features. Triumph and pride and joy seem to be there for a brief moment, and then the face falls again, care-lined, drawn, aged.

And now begins a great struggle. The dreamer is trying to escape from something or someone. After a long battle she falls into a state of exhaustion that nearly wrecks her life. For days and nights the fever rages.

And Margaret dreams on, through all the phases of her life. In her dreams she sees herself still in the great world; she feels that her body still lives, but that her soul is dead. Its light and life have been quenched in tears that do not heal.

And now the bodily life is falling too. She is going on a journey. She is called by a voice that she hears at first faintly, as from a great distance, then nearer and nearer, louder and louder, stern in its menace at last.

"There is no escaping the germs of consumption; kill them with health. Health is your only means of curing them."

ter Noella, as she sprinkles the sick woman and the bed, and all the place around with holy water. "She is in torment! pray, Blandine, pray!"

Suddenly Margaret speaks. She appears to be answering one close beside her. She beholds the form of her who left her the dire heritage that defies the walls of the apartments; the poison that drugged her senses and held her back from God.

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But Margaret is not dreaming of a crucifix. To her feverish fancy has suddenly appeared the letter with its five great seals and she is feeling for it.

The flame of life flickers and trembles in Margaret's breast. It rises and falls many a time while the nun is doing her best to keep it alight, while the priest is saying Mass, offering for her the Holy Sacrifice, the highest, holiest, safest resource for suffering souls.

The sister reads again. She links here eyes deceive her. No, it is no illusion! And it is all she can do not to exclaim aloud: "Margaret Dunroby!"

Little does Margaret Dunroby guess whose prayers are keeping alive the faint spark of life left her, that it may burn, if only for one hour, for her God, before going out forever.

And Margaret dreams on, through all the phases of her life. In her dreams she sees herself still in the great world; she feels that her body still lives, but that her soul is dead.

"Dear lady," repeats Sister Noella, taking up the familiar appellation, as she bends anxiously over the sleeper. Ah, who had ever been dearer than that blind woman now struggling in the grasp of death, and such a death!

Mrs. I. STEVES, Edgett's Landing, N.B., writes on Jan. 18, 1901: "In the fall of 1899 I was troubled with a severe pain in the back. I could scarcely get up out of a chair and it gave me great pain to move about."



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shakes his head, claps his thin hands, almost weeps at the piteous sight. Sister Noella turns towards him with one more appeal. He sees her face strangely convulsed.

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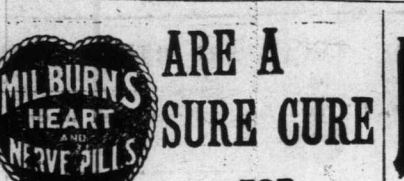
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"No, no! Not this! Not this," had been Margaret's cry when blindness fell upon her. And now the grey nun is lifting the same cry: "No, no, dear Lord, not this! O, not this unprepared death! Take her if thou wilt, but give her time to make her peace with Thee."

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