Cabinet-Maker of Nazareth

From strenuous dawn the Car penter hath bent Above his bench, toiling that set of sun

May find the polished aumbry fitly done, With cunning hand and tool subservient.

Blue shadows touch the threshold day is spent; The goodman marks the palm tree, where anon

St. Ann our Lady, and the Prince, her Son. Will rest awhile with folded

hands content. Heat broods on branch and flower,

no petals fall. St. Joseph, long outwearied drops the awl And with his apron wipes hi

brow amain. But the Divine Apprentice in the room

Works on, suffused with splendor 'gainst the gloom, Whilst golden shavings curl

'neath His plane. -EUGENE MASON.

Madonna Mia.

An open Rose, full fragrant of A bud of beauty nestling to its

heart : So did the vision of the Madonna

Into a painter's soul. His brush, asked. in sway Majestic, circling into moon-curves

Rose-tinted, delicate, on lips

And rounded cheek-eyes soft with tears that start s for all who and pray.

Nay, more than this! stronger yearning still Those eyes look out on souls that have no love

For her and none for him Calvary. "Father, forgive them!" He cried: that thrill

Of pitying anguish rent the realms above! Dear Jesus, it is still thy Mother's plea.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The Two Horses.

(BY A. BARRY, in The Ave Maria.)

It was the end of September 1804. Marcel Rollin, a ten-year old-boy, was feeling rather blu that morning. His mother had told him, as she woke him up:

"Well, Marcel, the holidays are him, won't you?" over. Today we leave for Lyons, where you will go to school once

for a long time, perhaps forever, this charming little Swiss town stuck on the side of a mountain Over, the long excursions, from but healthily tired out; over, the picnic dinners, the games, the races

All these thoughts had filled the lad with a strong inclination to cry,-an inclination overcome only by the prospect of a long trip in the stage coach. It is such laughed heartily if some one had good fun to drive behind our reminded him of his boyhood's horses And then the relays, dream of becoming some day-a where the horses are changed, the coachman. He dreamed now only fresh ones champing their bits, impatient to be off; while the longed to employ against the coachman cracking his whip, calls out: "All aboard, ladies and sabre that trailed at his side.

"When I grow up," said Marcel to himself as he pictured the scene. "I'll be a coachman." Half consoled by these reflect tions, he asked suddenly

"Say, mamma, can't I go the road for a while to say goodbye to the trees and things?

And Madame Rollin proceeded to do the packing for the whole family, while Marcel already outside, was getting astride a splendid mechanical horse. The big toy was a veritable work of art-a wooden horse mounted on wheels. The animal was of elegant shape. painted in striking colors, fitted out with a magnificent saddle and bridle, and easy to propel at quite a rapid gait. It was a gift from Marcel's rich uncle, who loved the boy and spoiled him not

An Ancient Foe prisoner by the Austrians. Des-To health and happiness is Scrofula-as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunches in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into con-

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them hom going to school for three months. Our timents and medicines did no good until f began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and he children have shown no signs of scrottle since." J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont. Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and per-

namently, as it has rid thousands

proudly, raising some little dust and watching a group of native boys who looked on him with envy. One of them about the same size and age as Marcel, was watching the latter with special attention. He was a slender, delicate-looking boy, whose yellow hair, all tousled, fell over his forehead down to his big blue eyes, just now full of wonder. His feet were bare, and his clothes more

ragged than whole. Marcel, after some fancy riding, drew up before this boy, and, jumping down from his saddle

"You haven't got a fine horse like this, have you?"

"I've never had any toys," came the reply in a queer accent and in a tone half friendly, half Never had any toys! Was it

possible that some boys were so badly off as that? "What's your name?" he

"Ah! My name is Marcel

Then he went back to his

original thought. "So your papa or your mamma does not buy you a box of soldiers nor tops nor balls and bats nor swords nor-anything?"

During his enumeration the bare-footed boy's eyes lit up for a noment, and then grew dull as he

"Papa is dead-and mamma is

For a second Marcel was ready to cry; but, controlling himself he began to ask himself which of his toys he would give this poor fellow, who had never had any. Suddenly, however, his mother's voice was heard calling:

"Marcel! Marcel, where are you? Come, hurry up! We are

Then the gallant little French man, resolving to do the heroic, said to Jacob Muller, as he handed him the bridle of his horse: "Here-take this. I give it to

"You give it to me?" "Yes; take it -take it quick ! Then hugging tenderly the horse's head, Marcel added: "His name is Toto. You'll take good care of

And he fled precipitately to the chalet, leaving the barefooted Jacob standing stupified, in an Accordingly, Marcel had to quit ecstacy of joy, before his suddenly acquired treasure.

Ten years went by. Marcel Rollin was twenty. He had just which he came back thoroughly left the special military school of Saint Cyr, established a few years before by the Emperor Napoleon 1.; and, a young officer

with an incipient mustache darken ing his upper lip, he aspired to martial glory. He would have longed to employ against the nemies of France the shining

Meanwhile, by dint of conquering Napoleon had tired out his fortune. After the Saxe Campaign, the Grand Army, still victorious, had nevertheless to beat a retreat Then began the immortal campaign in which the Emperor employed all the resources of his

genius to dispute every inch of "Go," replied his mother; "but French territory with the Allied not too far. Keep within sight of armies. It was in vain however; my window, so that I may see numbers counted, and a day came when the enemy was marching on

> Marcel Rollin, wounded at Montmirail, had been taken

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Try it is a little cold milk or mater.

pite his wound, which caused his left shoulder to suffer terribly, he managed to escape; and after walking a day and a night he

fell in with a group of French peasants-irregular soldiers, and mplacable ones, who occupied the woods and waged deadly war gainst the invaders. Marcel joined their ranks. It was not question now of great battles; was a question of sharpshooting, of waiting for the enemy, and of illing him on sight.

But the risk in this kind varfare was great. No sooner was sharpshooter taken than vas shot. The allies had determin ed on this action as the only on discourage these stubborn Frenchmen. Yet the latter kept up their attacks. Almost every hour, Austrian, and German patrols were assaulted and exterminated; every day officers disappeared; as often as the allied rmies came to a river or stream they found the bridges destroyed

Marcel experienced a bitter joy in thus resisting step by step the progress of the invaders. Nobody would have recognized in him nov the brilliant graduate, a few months ago, of Saint Cyr. Sombre and savage, clad in tatters rather than an uniform, grown thin and naggard from misery and privations, he looked more like a bandit than a soldier: but his eyes shone

valor and his patriotism. One day after a brief skirmisl with an Austrian troop, Marcel whose unfailing gun had already killed the head officer and several language, he understood perfectly it highly to anyone, the tenor of the conversation. He was to be shot and it was precisely for that reason that he had not een left to die where he had fallen. He was to be executed with a certain amount of solem ity, as a lesson to the other

harpshooters. For this purpose he execution was postponed until he?" he next day. The prisoner's guard having

noticed that Marcel had regained time on a hair-restorer; she buys consciousness, sent word to his hair." superior officer. The latter soon appeared and in good French

"What is your name?" " Marcel Rollin."

"You are a sharpshooter?" " Yes."

"You know what is in store

officer, impressed, said no more

It grew darker and darker all noises ceased; and one by one the lights of the camp were extinguished. Of war there was heard nothing but the measured read of the sentinels, and oc-

assionally the pass-word ex-

changed by the patrol. Marcel, burning with fever hought of his mother and of the tears she would shed; told him self sometimes that it was hard to die when one was only twenty and then, controlling his emotion he would murniur: "I'll show these invaders how a Frenchman

All at once he felt somebody ouch his arm. He looked up, and, by the light of a torch burning at short distance from him, he saw quite close to his face. countenance of his guard. Surely he had seen that face, those big blue eyes, and that tousled hair your favorite flower.

Said the guard in a voice tha shook a little and that spoke French with a strong German PALPITATION

"Is your name Marcel Rollin?"

Marcel nodded. Without another word, the guard cut the cord that bound

the prisoner's wrists, helped him to his feet, and beckoned the astonished Frenchman to follow him. Crouching low, they proeeded for a time that seemed very long to Marcel, whose left arm, was swollen, and very pain-

At last the guard stopped. Attached to a tree by the side of the road was a fine horse ready "Down there." said the guard,

pointing to the south, "is the French army. With a good mount

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He put the horse's bridle in Marcel's hand, adding in a voice which this time Marcel readily

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