### THE CATHOLIC RECORD

evinced it before beholders. MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

to make another appeal to him to have mercy on himself, but he waived her back, and she pressed her hands on her own heart, and cried when alone : "Lost, lost for all eternity !" Roquelare ! - the word seemed to have burned itself into Margaret's

One atternoon, three days before the great ball to which she and Hubert were to accompany the Delmars, her cousin rose from a late dinner without having tested the tempting viands. To ally Margaret's anxiety he said he had lunched a short time before with Plowden, but she followed him to the dining room door with imploring eyes.

"Don't follow me : I am quite well." would have spoken gayly. It gave her no peace but goaded her from agony to agony till she cried out in he said ; but she continued to look until he had ascended the topmost step of the stair. He went slowly and with a stooping gait, pausing once to press his hand heavily on his side.

Hubert gave no outward sign of his Margaret, with what calmness she nental suffering, even to Margaret. Again he sternly commanded that no reference should be made to his guilty could assume, turned back to attend to some little detail of her daily duties, and then she hurried to her room ecret during their Sunday morning pausing on the way at his door, for That walk was not once omitted, and though Hubert and any sound which might form a pretext for her entrance. But everything was Margaret both cast keen, suspicious still. glances at every one they passed, he who had given that strange card met She had fancied she would gain re-

pose in her own apartment, but the air seemed to stifle her, and hurriedly donning her out-door costume, she rushed abroad. The sunshiny thoroughfares were little better, and she turned into an unfrequented street, and lifted her veil that the crisp, frosty air might touch her face more brusquely.

A lady approached her - a lady wrapped in costly furs, and with ample velvet skirts sweeping the walk. Margaret turned to effect a rapid retreat, for she recognized Louise Delmar in the extravagantly dressed girl : but Miss Delmar's eyes were as sharp as her own, and in a moment Miss Del mar herself was down on her with a kiss, and, for the street, a too loudly spoken:

"Where in the world are you going my little pale bird ?" By a desperate effort Miss Calvert forced back the vex ation which was fain to find vent in tears, and she murmured some con fused reply about taking a walk.

"Then I shall accompany you, said loud Miss Delmar, " because it isn't often I can have you so entirely to myself.

Margaret sought desperately for some pretext by which she might escape from her provoking companion, but she could find none unless, in deed, she wounded the young lady' feelings : and that, even when agony pressed heaviest on her sore heart, th gentle girl would never consent to do. So the two pursued the same course, and Miss Delmar dropped at once into the light gossip which seemed to form part of her nature.

Margaret wanted to put her fingers in her ears, to cry out, to do anything rather than be compelled to listen to conversation which treated only of silks and laces, and the newest modes for the hair. It was additional torture to be obliged to reply to the frivolous remarks ; for Miss Deimar, not content

with the music of her own sweet voice, insisted on an answer to each one of her observations, and then she glided into the topic of Margaret's dress for

the approaching ball. "I had a peep at it yesterday, at Madam Dijon's. You cunning thing ! not to have told me that it was going to be white mauve " Indeed, I did not think about it,"

apologized Margaret, " and I simply chose the first material which sug-gested itself to my mind."

"What right has society to say such face under their searching look. things about me ?' "We shall not detain you," resumed Hubert, sternly still, but with a slight

Mr. Plowden again extended his

"Hubert !" she called in a half pas-

Will you listen to me?"

"Have you never thought. Mar

It was this supposition

that

Her voice had taken a slightly intouch of sarcasm in his voice. dignant tone, and her face had become suddenly flushed. "No doubt your late errand was an important one," with a peculiar em-phasis on the last words that Mar

little thing you are ! Society talks because Mr. Plowden is such a congaret sought vainly to understand. stant companion of your cousin, and he has paid you such marked attenhand with a few more lowly spoken, graceful words, and turned to the door, accompanied by Hubert. Forgive me if I believed the

Margaret did not keep on her way to the servants' quarters, but retreated to a part of the hall where the shadows Margaret, and she turned to resume lay deep enough to conceal her from

longer with her companion. view, and there she waited until the Such burning thoughts were crowdadieus were exchanged, and her cousin turned to ascend to his room. ing upon her, she felt that she must be alone to battle with them. When they reached the corner of a street which

ther. "I must ask you something to companion : "Pardon me if I leave you now my walk has been sufficently long, and am anxious to return to my aunt. "Certainly, my dear; and now

suppose I shall not see you until Thursday. Madam Dijon said your Thursday. dress would be at our house by so see that you come over early ; i will give me a chance to superintend your toilet. Au revoir!" Having Having estowed a very fond embrace on her inwardly recoiling friend. Miss Delmar

Margaret darted in an opposite direction, running rather than walk ing, as if she thought physical exertion might assuage her mental agony It had been sharper than any pain she had yet endured, to hear that Hubert avored Mr. Plowden's suit, if indeed Mr. Plowden had such a thought. Was Hubert, for whom and with whom, she had suffered-Hubert, for whom she had forsaken her God-was he willing, nay, anxious, to resign her to another; for if it were not so, how ould society discuss this topic so dibly? O God ! she was rightly garet, that suffering as sharp as mine glibly? is, would enable me to divine your punished. And the fever leaped more suffering and your struggles-yours iercely in her veins, and the flush have been only too apparent in your burned more brightly on her cheeks face at times-and knowing from our long association how sensitive your as she continued her way-anywhere ; he cared not whither it led her so that

conscience is, was it not natural for it did not bring her home. She could me to suppose that my secret must not return there yet. cause just such a struggle in your The bright afternoon had waned, soul? and the lamps were lit in the streets. But she did not heed the flight of time: made me extort from you the oath I did ; and, watching you when you

she was not even aware of the sharp little dreamed it, I discovered sufficient looks with which passers by surveyed to tell me that you also absented your self from confession. But, now, my her.

poor child, I shall not hold you longer The strains of an organ floated out from a church which she was in the act of passing. The cross on its spire to this bond of suffering. I release you from your oath, and if your con and surmounting the iron gate which stood open told of the Catholic Faith. cience cannot be otherwise satisfied. denounce me to the authorities. I am The music, slow, solemn, sweet, arrested her steps ; for there seemed so weary of this life of mine, Mar-garet, that shall I thank you for it." mething in it which echoed the cry A wild burst of tears answered him. that came up from her passionate Alas for her dutiful resolutions !-

She entered the building and they were utterly broken before the heart. sight of that pale, grave, suffering face, by the sound of those calm, yet hurried to an obscure corner where no curious eye might rest on her. The priest was already on the altar. touching tones ; had he maintained his

and the solemn, soothing evening serv sternness, she might have kept her ice had begun. resolution, but his manner now had

The congregation seemed composed changed all. His very release from entirely of people in the lower walks of life, but an humble devotion was visible in the demeanor of all. Willher oath, but bound her the more to keep it and she continued to weep with all the wild abandon of a woe that could ingly would Margaret have flung her know no comfort. "Why weep?" he continued in position in society, her wealth, her beauty, her education, to the winds, those same tones which were like dagave taken up the life of a menial, ger thrusts to her heart, " is it be and l could such a renouncement have brought her the peace which was so cause I have divined your decision a little sooner than you yourself would visible in the faces of the kneeling have told me?"

She found voice to answer him, but congregation. Just before the Benediction the officiating clergyman turned and said a few words of exhortation. Divested

heart-broken, came from her white lips that Hubert shuddered

It was as if the last chord in her overstrained heart had snapped ; and she clasped her hands together and looked at him in a manner which seemed to say :

AUGUST 10, 1895;

given. You are powerless to hurt me further."

What emotions were working in his own soul-how he longed to snatch this girl, who was only strong in her passionate love for him, to his breast, and to tell her that every beat of his guilty heart was a beat of love for her! But the bloody image of his murdered victim stalked between, and ROQUELARE in glaring letters danced had forsworn before his eyes. He had forsworn love and even the delights of human friendship, so far as he might do ; h had promised in the sharp moments of his remorse to deny himself every consolation, that by so doing with the physical torture which he inflicted on himself, he might help to atone for his sin.

What, then, had he to do with love? Repressing the passionate impulse which urged him to tell her that even as she loved so was she loved in return, he said calmly, but with an indescribable sadness :

"Margaret, you do not yet com prehend the extent of my suffering. Would you, if the choice were yours, unite your life to one whose course must be always in darkness and agony? Would you have your eyes ecome accustomed to see the bloody image that is always before mineyour ears to hear the cries and the wrangling of demons which I hear, and which often make me cry out in your my sleep? Would you have heart harrowed by the fear of detection which so constantly harrows mine ? would you feel that he to whom you were mated was living continually in some unseen presence which, sooner or later, would lay its iron hand upon him and bring him to justice ? Would you be the wife of a murderer, the widow of a felon who was hanged, when another and a happy home is open to you-when a good and pure man is waiting to shelter you in his ove? Contrast the pictures well, Margaret, and say which you choose. He folded his arms and receded a pace as if to contemplate her while she

decided. She did not wait an instant, but, rushing forward, she threw herself at

his feet, and said, passionately : "A murderer's agony, a felon's loom, I will gladly share all with you, Hubert.

He stooped and raised her, quiver ing to press her once, just once, to his aching breast,—the bloody image for-

"It may not be, Margaret. I have sworn that no wife shall ever clasp my red right hand: no child shall ever call me father ; no love such as you proffer ever bless my existence."

r bless my existence. 'I do not ask to become your wife," 'I do not ask to become your wife, "I broke forth the trembling girl ; ask only that you permit me to com-fort you as best I may; that you unburden yourself to me when your agony presses so sharp; that you let me enter into your sufferings as closely as I can ; that you do not ask

me ever to marry another. "Oh, wonderful depth of woman's love !" Hubert said, and then he averted his head for a longer look into those passionate eyes, into that upifted pleading face would have drawn from him an avowal as earnest and thrilling as Margaret's own had been. "Be it so," he said at last, without looking at her; "when my agony is

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very faces of those to whom she fain

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH. utter desolation of soul :

PAINLESS CHILDBIRTH. The FRED HUNT, of Glenville, N. Y., system of the second second

all the time. It was very cold weather and our room was Mss. Husr. very cold but I did not take any cold, and never had any after-pain or any other pain. It was all due to God and Dr. Pierce's Fa-vorite Prescription and Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. This is the eighth living child and the largest of them all. I suf-fered everything that flesh could suffer with the other babies. I always had a doctor and then he could not help me very much, but this time my mother and my husband were alone with me. My baby was only seven days old when I got up and dressed and left my room and stayed up all day." Delmar circulated among her friends

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He did not always see Margaret when he called, owing to her devoted attention in the sick room - an attention which no persuasion from Madame Bernot could induce her to remit.

A

OR. WHO WAS GUILTY ?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll

CHAPTER VI.

" Oh that I were dead !"

them no more. Charles Plowden became a frequent

visitor at the Bernot mansion, and Miss

hat Miss Calvert was the attraction.

walk to church.

It peered at her from dim corn-

O'Donoghue.

"Do not press me further, aunt," she said ; "I have already gone more into society because you wished it ; go frequently to the Delmars and receive them when they call, and, to gratify Hubert, I have promised to

accompany them to a fashionable ball next week-do not ask me to do more." "No ! my dear girl, I shall not ; nor

would I have pressed the subject but that you do not seem well, and yet you refuse to consult a physician.

"I am quite well," she answered, mentally adding, "in body," and then

turing secret.

she turned away lest the invalid's anxious gaze might discover her tor She was not aware of the report which coupled her name with that of

the talented young lawyer who was rapidly winning distinction, but she

received Mr. Plowden and exerted herself to be agreeable to him, imagin ing that such a course of action would prevent him from reviving that, which

had been so nearly a charge against her cousin. Alas! her mind held all sorts of fancied terrors now. And Mr.

Plowden drank in the tones of her peculiarly sweet voice, and feasted his eyes on her lovely face — lovelier of late than it had ever been, for its very

thinness and pallor added much to its spiritual expression, and the look of suffering which forced itself into the eves at times gave to ther whole coun tenance such an expression as a virgit

in the moment of martyrdom might wear. But the handsome, courtly man was

careful to betray neither in his manner nor by his words aught that could alarm in the least her maidenly re His attentions, while seeking to be

evoted, were never warmer than those which might be dictated by the very highest opinion of true womanhood and the charm of his conversion that drew all within its circle, frequently caught her also, and sometimes ever



and a second second

Margaret's sharp eyes detected it more than once. She strove to speak to him,

"Why, Maggie, what a sensitive

tion. rumor. "There is no truth in it," said

the walk. But it was impossible to continue

sionate, half supplicating voice, and he paused as if waiting to hear furwound in an indirect way to Mar-garet's home, she said to her chatty

night She had reached his side, and was excitedly whispering the last words into his ear.

Yes ; for I also have a question to ask of you. Come to the library." When both were within the apartment, and he had locked the door-su absurd precaution, for no one ever entered without knocking - he said.

sternly : "Mr. Plowden saw you enter a church to-night. Have you gone to swept majestically away. confession because at last you have satisfied your conscience by determin ing to inform upon me ?" She looked at him, startled and amazed ; how had he discovered that struggle of which she had been often on the point of telling him, but

still had never told ? And he, seeing

her alarm and amazement and under standing well their cause, said in tones which had quite lost their recent stern

ness

sharpest I shall tell you. I can ise no more now. Good night. He extended his hand, still without looking at her, and she went mournfully forth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# The Church's Maternal Love.

Like unto a mourning dove, the beoved Spouse of Christ, the Church, never interrupts her sighs and prayers for the faithful departed until they have arrived at the port of eternal bliss. She renews, in Holy Mass, our Divine Redeemer's sacrificial death, offering it up to His Heavenly Father; she invites the Church triumphant and the Church militant to join in persever ing prayer for the Church suffering. What a consolation for the dying, what a reassurance for the living to profess a religion so comforting : con soling to the dying, who though cleansed from all mortal sin by the holy sacraments, yet are uncertain whether they shall be found sufficiently pure and worthy of heaven, but rest assured that the Church triumphant and militant will come to their aid after death ; comforting for their surviving friends, because they continue to show them their affection in case they should stand in need of assistance in the purifying flames. Hence we can never be sufficiently thankful to God for having called us to a religion whose maternal care, charity and zeal go beyond the con-fines of our earthly pilgrimage and follow us even after our eyes have been closed in death.

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased ?" asked Macbeth. Certainly, my lord ; the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are "the sovereignet thing on earth.

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