THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The city of the Ghetto was becom-

from the room, and leaned out into the

night. Not many streets distant Hon-

ora Pembroke sat wakeful and mourn

ing, alone with her dead. By what fatality was it that the silent woman

lying there, and the weeping one be-side her, should have the power to

stand, with their softness and their pallor, between him and his remem-brance of that gloomy mansion of hate

time all anger in his heart. He sighed, thinking of that sad

household, and his gaze turned ten-

derly and steadily in its direction. He

would have liked to call down a blessing

so much nearer the source of all bless

ing than he was. She was right, no matter what she believed. All she

held good was good, at least as far as

she was concerned, and no blame of

false doctrine could be imputed to her.

the moon shining across his eyes at-

tracted his attention. It came from

F. Chevreuse's sitting-room, the one

window of which was at right angles

showed him the priest on his knees

there before a crucifix, his hands

clasped, his black robed form as

no other friend than a Christian priest

everything conspired to soothe him.

The air touched him with a breath too

soft to be called a breeze, the city was

Yet all was sweet and peaceful, and

for his hand and heart to cling to?

small, displaced fold of the curtain

with the window where he leaned.

A ray of light stronger than that of

on the head he loved had it not been

The

APRIL 15, 1893

APRIL 15, 189

driving and hurrying in the midst, who dra under a heavy cross.

The priest wrung h walking to and fro, before him. "O my half to himself, "is i Thee! Thy divinit small—so small that i fullness of my faith This man is covered blood. He hath fal load, and the dust o Him, on His hands, a with the blood and t buffet Him, they lau speaker faced his c denly, stretching out "A God ! a God !" h for a moment silent. Mr. Schoninger tu dering at this imag

the dust. Yet he had not g spite of him, his F. Chevreuse stoo

black and white cru did not seem to dare "The cup is at Hi has lost sight of t. Lord has laid upon of us all. All the adulteries of the w all the sacrileges at

brutality, the fould reacheries, the mea ties-they are all h All iniquities, past come, overclouded a innocence out of Father seeing Him spared Him not, 1 head the full measu our sins, as if He who was guilty of t Mr. Schoninger

lightning had fla uttered a faint cry the church. He knew why the

was rent and the fa ened : and he kne God had bled at ev He walked once

square, baring his olness of the air. the church again, finished speaking, ing away. But he Mr. Schoninger wa unconscious of the gation who gazed hurch had been e He knelt at the

"F. Chevreuse, that every one hea I have not yet which my God was F. Chevreuse dr from his girdle, a hands trembling down his face ; an tion fell on their kissed the cross on crucified. TO BE

Good Theme

The Interior, a Presbyterianism, "that the gospel profession, exer-influence that th should like to lea of this loss of inf terian ministers preachers as thei The majority of th dox, as has been own declaration preach sermons eloquent, well de

know how, and I never asked ; and it the opinions and the enmities of men writes this from my dictashould have struck such bitterness from his soul. What was it all but motes in the beam ? "Vanity of vanities, and

air: the dim lamp in the mysterious my marriage would have been pre-chapel of the *Colonna Santa* shone out vented, and my mother's heart would again inside its grating, and the walls have been broken. The debt was not glittered dimly back. He saw the a new one. I had not gambled for a out reading it. I think he has no must be done; and he took up the duties that came to hand, and per-formed them almost as if he loved proof against me. F. Chevreuse knows nothing except what he has learned in the confessional. This will be left with him, to be opened four weeks have waited. I was tempted to, but I resisted. It seemed to me better to take the money—I did not call it stealing—when I could get it, and repay it them.

from justice, he took a long, solitary for Mr. Schoninger."

party, and, searching there, he brought back handfuls of pale, nodding snow drops, and sent them by a trusty

Mr. and Mrs. Grundy were shocked ing would have prompted him to attend at the writer's insensibility; but then the funeral, but his good taste pre-Annette Ferrier always was queer, they added.

read that confession was aware of the sting it contained for F. Chevreuse, or pang of sympathetic pain when he saw moment of supreme misery, have been

fessed years afterward to F. O'Dono-van, "that when I first read those words, I realized for one moment how a man might be willing to kill another. The image of him flinging off my mother's clinging hands-well, well The time will never come when I can speak calmly of it. Fortunately for me then, it was Holy Week, and I had my crucified Lord before me, and plenty of work on my hands. Mr Schoninger helped me, too. I knew what he meant, though he made no explanation. He only said, 'Your Christ is strong, if He can keep your before the sermon without seeming

earthly things to think of, and a trial to endure particularly disagreeable to one of his temperament. He had to be a second time the lion of the hour, to be stared at, followed, observed in all he did, listened to in all he said — in short, to be the temporary victim of public curiosity.

sweetness and patience of that life which they called divine; but he shrank from the agony which crowned it as something weak and unfitting. ance, he chose the best method of making his trial a short one, by showing himself quite freely. He took rooms at a quiet hotel frequented by business A life so perfect ending thus was to men, and very seldom visited by ladies. If the mood should take him to him incongruous ; as though the eye, travelling up a lofty and exquisite column, should see a rude block at the pace his room at night, he did not choose that any sympathizing heart should be counting his footsteps. He top instead of a perfect capital. "If it does not prove the falsehood of the whole," Mr. Schoninger said to called on his former pupils, and made appointments with them, and himself, "it proves a great mistake istened with patience to their earnest, somewhere; and I would rather not and often tearful, protestations of re hear such a man as F. Chevreuse try gret and indignation in his regard. to make it seem reasonable. He gathered up into his hands, one by one, the threads of ordinary life, and But he would not be in too great a hurry to go. He lingered a little, arranged the music, and stopped at tried to interest himself in them again, and to renew some of his old pleasures but he could not unite them and weave the door of the choir long enough to hear the priest announce his text: The Lord hath lain upon him the inhis heart in with them as before. A gulf, of which he only now became iquities of us all. "My Isaiah!" he thought. aware, lay between him and the past. It was not the sense of wrong and loss wonder what he meant in writing that?" mag not oven that he a greate distrust of mankind; it was at once "Good Friday is, to my mind not so higher and deeper than anything merely personal : it was a disgust and much a day of sorrow as a day remorse," the priest began. fear of life itself, as he had seen and Jews were ungrateful, and we are unfelt it, a sense of instability and of hollowness everywhere. His desires grateful. for wealth and power and fame dropped "That "That dear, just soul !" Mr. Schoninger muttered with a smile, as he into an abyss, and left no sound to went slowly out. hat they were substances or had en-Going down the stairs he caught now and then a sentence. "We sin, and are forgiven, and then we sin countered any substance in their lescent. Like one who, walking over a bridge, suddenly perceives that, instead of solid arches of stone beneath, again; and we sin against a God whom we acknowledge; they sinned against a God in whom they did not there is only a thin and trembling framework between him and the tor rent, he felt that he might at any mo-And again : "Peter sinned once, ment fall through into the unknown but he never denied his Master a world, or into nothingness. This man had called himself a Jew, second time ; Magadalene was once sinner, but never again. partly from an inherited allegiance, Mr. Schoninger stopped at a narrow which ran in his blood, though it was pointed window near the foot of the no longer niched in his brain, partly, stairs, and looked out into the night also, from a generous unwillingness to He had half a mind to go back and desert the unfortunate. He cherished There was some listen to the sermon. the fragments of his ancient traditions thing enchaining in the way F. Chevas the poet and the antiquary cherish His were no cut andreuse preached. the ruins of an antique temple, in dried orations where the form is first which the vulgar see only broken rocks laid out, and each part fitted in as and rubbish, but from which their imexact as a mosaic, and where no fault aginations can rebuild portico and sculptured frieze and painted ceiling. can be found, except that there is such an absence of faults. He poured his Their eyes can discern the acanthus leaf where it lies half choked in dust, heart out ; he announced a trurth, and then, in a few sentences, he threw a and the dying glimmer of what once was gold, and, faintly burning through picture before their eyes to illustrate it ; he walked the platform where he its encrusting soil, the imperishable stood, and seemed at times so trans-ported by his feelings as to forget that color of that rare stone, blue as the vault of a mid-night sky. In the ruin he was not talking to himself alone. of his people Mr. Schoninger still beheld and gloried in that sublime race Mr. Schoninger paused in the lower door, and listened again, hating to which, in the early world, had borne stay, hating still more to go away, so empty did his soul feel. the day-star on their foreheads. But it was only a memory to him, The speaker gave a brief backward and the present was all vanity. glance over what he had already said. While in prison, he had thought that They had seen the agony in the garliberty was, of all things, the most precious. In his emptied heart it had

is she who tion. John, my mother's footman, found me out, and I have never asked all is vanity." him how. He will sign this, but with-But life must be lived, and work

One small pleasure, indeed, he gave from to day. With him, also, I leave himself. Escaping from the city, with a letter to my dearest mother, whom I am not worthy to name, and a letter as much care as if he had been flying

The letter to his mother was buried with her. No one ever read it, unless those dead eyes could see. The letter to Mr. Schoninger was simply to beg the forgiveness which, the writer added, he scarcely hoped to receive.

clear, even hand, with evident delib- ald, as she may choose," he said. eration and painstaking on the part of the amanuensis; and if the writer's heart had trembled, not a line showed it. Only here and there a large blister on the paper showed where a tear

Christ was strong, and the Jew was

Just at present, however, he had

Conquering his disgust and annoy

Nobody saw or heard me three, and, of course, be The I told her twice to let go, or I might hurt her. My blood was all in my head. If those two servants had come and seer me there, I should have killed myself before their faces. I heard their steps coming, and I pushed her with all my strength. I did not stop to think where we were. She let go then ; but I have felt her soft hands clinging to ne ever since. It maddens a man to have a woman's soft hands clinging to him when he wants to get away. After that, I ran back to Mrs. Ferrier's was going to die, and couldn't get reuse, and he forgave me ; but he told

walk in the pine woods where, nearly a year before, he had gone with a May

messenger to Honora Pembroke. "They are for her or for Mrs. Ger The confession was written in a

She made no answer, but the mes-senger saw her lay the delicate blossoms in the white hand of the dead while her tears fell on them, drop by drop. Mr. Schoninger's generosity of feel-

vented. He would have been too much observed there. He watched the vented. Perhaps only one of the many who procession as it passed by his window

-an old-fashioned, solemn, genuine New England funeral; no mourning dreamed that those "soft, clinging hands" would be felt by him also, as no hired bearers but a long line o no hired bearers but a long line of well as by the criminal, for many a day. Mr. Schoninger shrank with a with downcast faces, to stand by her the words, and almost wondered that Annette Gerald could, even in that ered her in. In a town like Crichton such a death

for such a cause would create a deep impression ; and crowds stood all about unaware of their cruelty. "I own to you," F. Chevreuse conthe cottage when the friends who were admitted came out from its doors, a grave silence prevailed in all the streets as they passed through them. It was Good Friday ; and that even ing, for the first time, the new organist was to take charge of the choir in the Immaculate Conception. There was but little to do, for the singers were not in training-only a hymn or two to sing before the sermon, and nothing after. Mr. Schoninger was glad that he should thus be able to leave the church

disrespectful to F. Chevreuse, as h would have seemed in going out and

coming in again when the sermon was over. He had not the least objection to hearing Catholic sermons, provided

they did not bore him-had, indeed, heard many of them; but he did not wish to hear F. Chevreuse speak on the passion and death of Christ. To him, that had always been the weakes

point in the Christian theology. He ould reverence almost to the verge of adoration the sublime humility and

of our street-door would unlock his Those two helps I regarded as an in-timation of what I was to do. I even thought them providential; and I promised God that if I should succeed in getting the money and paying my debts, I would lead a good life in future. I didn't know that I was blaspheming. Afterward I heard F.

Chevreuse say just how much money he had, and where he kept it. He was talking to my mother and me.

privately after my marriage. I knew that I could have it then, a little at a

time. I had known many men to be

excused for such things-men who had

used money that belonged to others,

meaning to repay it some time, and

the law had not punished them severely. Yet there was not a case where the need seemed to be as great

as mine. I thought of it a long time before I felt as if I could do it, and

then I didn't resolve that I would. I only felt that I would take advantage

of whatever chance occurred. I never

arranged anything. F. Chevreuse dropped his latch-key into the furnace

register one day when he was at my

mother's. I got it out afterward, and

kept it. I knew already that the key

cold and trembling hands he had took that as another intimation. kissed that night had quenched for a said, Such a good man as he would said, Such a good man as he would not be permitted to help me along in this way, if I were not to do what I am thinking of. Then I knew that for one night he would be away but still I did not resolve. but still I only followed wherever circum stances led me; and every circumstance led me straight on to crime We were at Mrs Ferrier's that even ing singing, and the night was dark. If it had been a bright night, I should

not have ventured to go to the priest' door. I said to myself that it was per haps God who had made the night dark for me. I went home from Mrs. Fer rier's, and went to my own room, taking the key of the street-door with me I stayed there till all were asleep ; and I thought that if my mother had left her chamber door open, I would not go out, for she might hear me going down-stairs. She usually left it open, but that night it was shut. I went

hand from clinching. vet to feel His might.

down the back stairs, and got out of a little window at the back of the house ; and even then I did not say surely to myself what I was going to "It was necessary that I should have

some disguise, and I had none; but I had seen Mr. Schoninger lay his shawl down in Mrs. Ferrier's garden, and I

still about him, and only a foamy murmur told where the sleepless river thought he had left it there. I took that for another sign. If the shawl were not there, I would go home again. Triumph, joy and sweetness he had felt, and at last came gratitude to God It was there, and I wrapped myself in and forgiveness of man. One of his it, and walked towards the priest's house, ready to turn back at the least obstacle. The only person I saw was last thoughts that night was of pity for a policeman, and he was behind me, so that I was forced to go forward. A

In that pity he was not alone ; for nearly the whole of Crichton shared it. They had known the young man from his childhood, had blamed and petted his childhood, had blamed and petted thunder-shower was coming up, and him, had put every temptation in his the sound of it deadened my steps. The way, and been ready to defend him when he yielded. In spite of his When I reached the door, I stopped haughtiness and assumption, there plan. If any one should find me un-was not a single person in the city, locking it, I would say that my mother the delirious dreams of a fever which had passed away. Indignation and a desire to revenge himself might rise again, would rise again; but for the present thay slow. The first interval of the first

had passed away. Indignation and a

Lawrence Gerald.

which had happened to him.

flowed.

hideous suffering from which he had but just escaped looked far away, and so alien that he could contemplate it almost with a cold inquisitiveness, as something in which he had no part. It was scarcely more to him than

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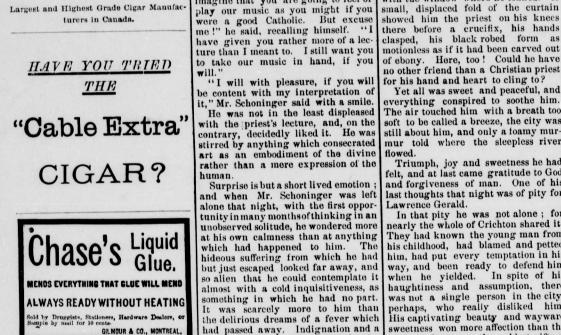
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M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC. CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED.

GRAPES AND THORNS.

thickets of camellias mantled with good while, and had resolved never to bloom under an April sky, a little do so again; and I have kept that forest of white at the right hand, and a resolution. If I would have broken it,

forest of voice at the left, and ever the fountains sparkling through. How strange it was! He set down his candle, almost impatiently, as if a "I would like to have you play in my church," the priest said. "Our organist is dead, and the singing is getting to be miserable. Our music beautiful vision were being melted in the light of it, and blew it out. How

would, I am sure, be more pleasing to you ; but, if doctrines make any differstrange it was! When he was in Rome, he had hated while he admired it; but now, as the thought of it came ence, you would find yourself more at nome with the Unitarians. I don't up, his heart yearned out towards it, and grew tender and full with long-ing for it. How strange that his dearest affections should cluster where see any difference between them and

the reformed Jews." "Doctrines do not make any difference, especially as I am not obliged to listen to them," Mr. Schoninger his deepest hates had pierced, and that,

whenever an accusing thought arose, replied with a dignity that verged on coldness. "In music I do not find an excusing one immediately answered any doctrines ; and it is not necessary ing to him also the city of the silvery

to believe in order to give the words their proper expression. Or rather, I might say that the artist has a poetical haired old man who had opened its gates. To remember him was like remight say that the artist has a poetical faith, a faith of the imagination, in all membering a pure white star that had shone out one still evening long ago. things grand, noble, or beautiful, and can utter with fervor, in his art, senti-Mr. Schoninger put aside the curtain that hardly barred the full moonlight

ments which have no place in his daily life ; or, if they have a place, it is not such as would be assigned to them by the theologian. In his mind a pagan goddess and a Christian priest may have niches side by side, and it would be hard to say which he preferred. Your Raphael painted with equal delight and success a Madonna and a Galatea. Your Mozart wrote Masses

and operas, and vastly preferred to write operas. He says that he wrote and crime, the shadow of whose portal had but just slipped from him i church music when he could do nothing else "So much the worse for them !" said

thorough Christian artist, it will be one

who will never lower himself to a sub

ject contrary to, or disconnected with,

religion. The others have been false,

and consequently have had only

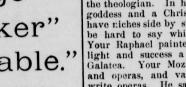
glimpses where they might have had visions. Some of them were great,

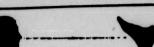
but they might have been immeasur-

ably greater. No, I repeat, do not

imagine that you are going to feel or

F. Chevreuse rather hotly. "Raphael would have painted better Madonnas— Madonnas which would have answered " Raphael their true purpose of inspiring holy thoughts—if he had devoted his gifts entirely to God; and Mozart would have written better Masses, if he had done the same. When you see a







present they slept. The first joy of freedom, too, was over. Nothing re-mained but a feeling of quiet and security. Doubtless he had, without knowing it, been soothed by the many kind and regretful words that had been addressed to him that day, and felt less disposed to dwell on his own tention. wrongs when he knew that so many others were thinking and speaking of

All round the room assigned to him hung the pictures that had belonged to Mother Chevreuse—an old-fashioned portrait of her husband in the uniform of a French officer, a S. Ignatius of Loyola, a S. Antony preaching to the

fishes, a print, on a gold ground, of the miraculous Lady of Perpetual Succor, and a Santa Prassede sleeping on her slab of granite.

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just, insisted on hoping that he would be brought to suffer the full penalty of the law. Fathers and mothers whose boys, scarcely more governable than he, had played and grown up with him, looked with terror on their own children ; and young men who secretly knew themselves to have been pre served only by what they would have called chance from crimes as bad a

als; and as he looked, the places where he had first seen them, the stately palaces and the quiet churches, nclosed his imagination within their walls. He saw again the lines of sombre columns leading up to the glowing mosaics of the tribune, where Schoninger's case had held no he vision of S. John hung petrified in Mr.

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me. I should have lost my situation,

confess the whole truth to her. I knew she would pity, and perhaps she would stranger and a Jew was accused, they could believe him to have been actuated by the most cruel malignity; but it was impossible to impute such feelings to Lawrence Gerald. He was me, I would confess to her, and beg weak and imprudent, and had become her mercy. till I had got the money into my hands, involved, and so led on beyond his inand was going away; and then it was too late to confess. All my irresolution Each one could imagine. even before the confession was made had gone away, and I was desperate. public, just how it had happened ; and It was no longer a question of confess-ing to one person, but of being exwhen they read the confession, the feeling was almost universal in favor

posed before of his escape. Only a few, sternly fore the world. All the excuses I had made for myself before became as nothing, and I knew that I was a thief. The money was in my hands, I had earned it, and I meant to keep it. rest is all like a flash of lighting. Why did she cling so to me?

Mr. Schoninger held his candle up to examine each of these, all but the portrait familiar to him in their originhis, shuddered at the thought of his being brought back among them to be tried for his life. A sort of panic seized upon all when they saw what horrors could grow out of that which had seemed to be mere youthful errors, and how criminal had been the leni ency of public opinion and of the law.

> moral for them, for he was an alien ; garden, and left the shawl, and then but what Lawrence Gerald was some of their own might be. They were I went home. "When I was sick, and thought I

conspicuously generous, these people, in that charity which stays at home another priest, I confesssed to F. Chevand makes excuses for its own little circle ; and for this time, at least, they me that I must consent to his telling regretted that their charity had not all in order to clear Mr. Schoninger as

gone beyond that boundary, and ex-tended to the stranger within their soon as I should be dead. I consented ; but I did not die, and so he could do gates. nothing. I hereby give him leave to tell all that I then told him. I have "I confess before Almighty God, to

the man who has been so wronged on my account, and to my friends and not been to confession since, because I didn't want to give him a chance to neighbors, whom I have deceived "so Lawrence Gerald's confession began -"that I am guilty in deed, though not in intention, of the death of Madame Chevreuse, for which Mr.

den, and now they were going to see what it meant. They had seen the say anything to me. I forgot then to tell him that I had the money still, but I shall give it back with this. Of course I did not dare to use it. I told the man I owed to do his worst about been the one object of longing ; and Schoninger is now unjustly con- the man lowed to do his worst about demned. I had gambled, and was in it, and he did nothing, only said he dobt to a man who threatened to expose me if I did not pay him at once. I had gained nothing, and lost I had gained nothing, and lost I knew that the exposure would ruin all.

With a rapid touch he sketched the l knew that the exposure would ruin all. I knew that the exposure would ruin all. "My wife found me out, I do not have had power to move him so, or that scene — the surging, angry crowd,

o the hearers highly rewarde The membership and it is compose able people. Ye The ministers are lo and do not comm

which they are ful fact. It is a to be explained good theme for Sun.

An Incid

The Kansas Ci lished the follo Archbishop Irela Smith: 'At the battle

4, 1862, Col. Kit third Ohio, wa He expressed a and Col. Henry of Butler count Guthrie, Ok., v He could hear on the field-the Methodist John Ireland, of and he conduct dying man. A amner receive bishop Ireland, of the field of C Col. Smith, and goes about his g and anon grea men whose face

> -----H

In saying that its proprietors m claim. Statemen people of what H for them conc for them, conc HOOD'S Sarsapa

who bring all

with the word

army. "

Hood's Pills a rousing it from to cure constipation II Thomas Robin writes : 'I hav atism for the la many remedies bettle of Dr. T found it gave in have had no att to all."

No other Sar and strength like of which can tre