THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD POOR LITTLE NINETTE. (ALBA

CHAPTER III.

"Now, let it be well understool," said Madame de l'Orme next day, at the conclu-sion of an interview-astorny one on her side -with her daughter, "let it be well under-stood : I give you one week for consideration. If, at the end of that time, you still refuse to meet our wishes, you will retire into the con-vent at A—, and take the veil. Half the sum I had intended for your trousseau will suffice for your dowry, and be amall fortune to the Religious house. Make your choice within the time I mention, and I, meanwhile, will have such things prepared as may be indispensible for your marinage." saying which. Madame turned on her heel, and quitted her daughter's apartent to her parents : nay, much more so, contrast-ing it, as she did, with her father's worried look as he returned her embrace, and her mother's stormy countenance as she coldly turned her embrace, and her mother's stormy countenance as she coldly turned her embrace, as she coldly turned her embrace, as she coldly turned her subject : but eyes more eloquent than any tongue had often t.ld the tale, and one less intelligent and sympathetic than Nina could hardly have failed to read it there. When her mother left her the tears she had managed to conter. Bu the returns on the subject : but eyes more eloquent than any tongue had often t.ld the tale, and one less intelligent and sympathetic than Nina could hardly have failed to read it there. When her mother left her the tears she had managed to restrain during the interview flowed freely, as she sat down by her bedside and buried her face in the pillow. The thought of Con-rad made her heart sink at her mother's un-feding sentence, but although she weet, she did not hesitate. "The would rather, a thousand times, go back to she sas given me a week of respite, I may as well take it. She can wait for her-answer till the end of the week. "That week saw Conrad depart for Germany has done? I am very sure I could not. If might give my mother her answer now, but so foreed to depart without even seeing her and

down and pen a he. Papa, do you disapprove?" Nina added, appealing to her father.
"He is not a had lad," said the old man, not answering directly, but addressing his wife, "Ninette might do worse – she might do mach worse."
"She shall do as I have said," thundered Madame, imperiously. "Am I to be bearded and rebelled against in my own house? Is a parent not to be obeyed? Is a daughter to have no respect for her mother? Look you!" she continued, addressing herself to Nina, "sit down can dwrite what I tell you, or you return this very day to the convent."
"But, Madame," said Nina, making no movement towards the desk, "Mother Genevieve and Father Louis have already told you that I have no vocation."
"A fig for Mother Genevieve and Father Louis ?' vociferated the exsperated lady ; their heads are no better than a couple of choux. Silly as you are, I doubt not you can make them think and say whatever you like. But, Mademoiselle, you shall not go back there ; you shall go to the Abbey at B—, You will find Mother Clotikle adifferent sort of person; you rimger." Sisters with a loving tenderness that contrasted strangely with her dismissal from ther home. Mother Genevieve, the Reverend Prioress, was asgente and bright-faced and mother dismissal from the same transformer dismission and the same transforme

never seen except in pictures. To add to the impression, the nun who accompanied the Reverend Mother had a most lugubrious cast of countenance and a subdued, downcast air which Nina at once connected in her own mind with harsh legislation on the part of the

with an unspeakable sense of relief; and for the first time since entering the house, she she have to once more at home. Mother Gene-vieve's note having preceded her. Malame de 107me hardly deigned to notice her daughter's presence; and Nina would have thet very missrable under her banishuent to "Coventry" had it not been for a certain spirit of hopefulness and elasticity which seemed to have been infused into her heart by her late interview with the Reverend Mother. "It was on the third day after Nina's return home that an incident occurred which broke up the lotty silence of her mother, and new sen of trial. It was after breakfast on the morning in question, that Nina, return on the morning in question, that Nina, return in the morning in question, that Nina, return on the morning in question, that Nina, return and mean of the to her kind ritend at the convent, according to promise, met in the hall her father huryring towards Madam's dressing room, with a troubled look on his face, and an open letter in his hand. On reaching her own apartment and preparing to write, she tound she had mislaid her pen, and immediately descended to the library to procure another. On entering, the first object on the table which meather eyes was an unopened envelope addressed to herself, The letter bore no stamp or post-mark of any kind. Puzzled beyond measure. Nina, after and began to peruse the contents. It was a passionate declaration of love from Conrad Neuendorf, and a modest yet manly entreatly for her hand, coupled with the information that he was now in a position to keep her in a style somewhat more suited to her merits than he formerly could have done, as he had suit obtained a lucerative and advintageous settlement in his own country. The letter father, in which hers was enclosed; and con-cluded with every loving assurance flat could be desired. "The would be imposible to say whether sur-prise or satisfaction was the feeling upper-dimentation for mother's voice, recalled in Nina's mind on the perusal of that het

mind with harsh legislation on the part of the swarthy Superiores. The had been Nina's intention to throw her-self at once on the sympathy and good-will of Mother Clotide, encouraged, as she was, to do so by the remembrance of Mother Genevieve. The knowledge that Conrad really loved her, and had mapping her with new courage, and she had mentally resolved to lay the whole matter before her new friend. The Lady Abbess's manner, however, although so noticeably mild as to be unex-pectelly out of keeping with her appearance, was still so abrupt and far from inviting con-fidence that poor little Ninette did not even make an attempt to rally her thoughts, but listened in silence to the few remarks the Superioress made and finally retired without a word, to the apartment prepared for her, under conduct of the grave faced nun, Sister Evangeline. — For three days poor Nina kept up her ornage hoping for an opportunity of making known the facts of the case. She took part in all the offices, and followed in all things the direction of Sister Evangeline, to whom, alone, she was permitted to speak. The speaking, indeed, did not amount to much, for the good Sister, who never raised her eyes from the floor, seemed bent on maintaining her rule of silence as far as was compatible with the task laid upon her : while Nina was to much wrapped up in her own troubles to care about asking questions or making re-marks. As the days went on, however, she began to lese heart, and it was no small relief to her when, one day. Sister Evangeline came to her cell with the intimation that the Lady Abbess desired to see her. She fol-lowed the nun to the parlor of the Superioress, and at the bidding of the latter, took a seat begine her. — "Have you nong desire, answered Nina, wetting straight to the point, for her feelings were threatening to overcome her, and she ord hor trust herself with many words. "It is not my own desire," answered Nina, wetting straight to the point, for her feelings were

summoned to the presence of the Lady Abbess. When she entered the room the Reverend Mother signed to her to seat her-self, while she enveloped and addressed a letter, which she then put away in her desk, not, however, before poor little Ninetto caught sight of a superscription which set her heart a-paphtating. Mother Clotidle then entered on a long conversation with the young girl; and at its close, she dismissed her weeping postulant—weeping, but with a light of renewed hope sparkling in her eyes— saying.

hight of renewal inspectively as I have now told "You will do, my child, as I have now told you. Take courage; be true to yourself, and all will be well. Meanwhile, I will notify the different members of your family that your reception is fixed for the octave of the Assumption."

<text><text><text><text> CONCLUDED. Powderly Makes Serious Changes. At a Knights of Labor mass-meeting at Archibald, Pa., May 5, General

Master-Workman Powderly, referring to the Reading combine, said there was no other State so firmly held in corporate power as Pennsylvania, which lacks the virtue in her executive

grace. He closed with the startling state ment that for some time past a Read-ing emissary had been in the Lackawana Valley to advance the interests of the combine ; that this man had seen nomination, to some of whom

The octave of the Assumption dawned bright and lovely as could dawn a summer's day in summy France. The birds sang cheerily, and splendid thowers adorned the abley church, where the ceremony of the abley church, where the ceremony was not a public one; only those invited by the presed heabit was to take place. At early mon the carriages containing the invited guests began to arrive. The ceremony was not a public one; only those invited by the present. Still, the gathering was considerable; for besides Monsieur and Madame de L'Orme, all Nina's brothers and sisters with their respective sponses and several junior members, as well as the more intimate friends, were Annt Cecile and her priestson — the to perform the ceremony. In the refectory of the abbey was laid out a collation for the face shift of the present of the solic out of the solic of the face and the set, rigid expression of her month, but, saving the most costly lace, and the set, rigid expression of her month, but, saving the most costly lace, and the set, rigid expression of her face, and the set, rigid expression of her face, and the set, rigid expression of her face, and the set, rigid expression of her month, but, saving the most costly lace, and a thar of silver would have taken the place of the rose which had been offered up for her then the cost out you for the face. Still, the solic of her face, rigid expression of her face, rigid expression of her face, rigid expression of her face. Still, and the set, rigid porations.

bishop of Westminster, is total abstainer and a strong advocate of temperance. He is a man of phenomenal energy, a firm believer in the utility of minister-

MAY 28, 1892.



or so to tell you something worth know-

ing. " Sunlight " Soap will make

your clothes clean and white. It will

not injure the most delicate fabric,

It will not shrink flannel and woollens.

It will not keep you at the wash-tub

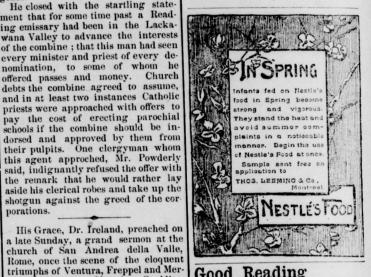
from morn to night, but will enable

you to do a large wash in half a day.

No hard rubbing is required, no hot

steam, no backache, no sore hands.

officers which would prevent her dis-Give it a trial. Beware of imitations.



Good Reading nillod, and where Manning, Spalding For the Month of May. and Ryan have more than once lifted their voices in defence of Catholic truth. The subject of the Archbishop's

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MAY 28, 1892.

FIVE-MINUTE Sunday Within the

Ascensio

AFTER A MI There is nothing, m which can give more tion both to pastor a mission such as that

last Sunday. Thank God, there had been living prev who really turned fi their whole hearts, and a happiness in those they had long before they had long before This happiness ough lives. God means th

can make it do so if t But how will it be too often, after such t fervor? We have ha which really seemed a new era in the histo but we look for the find them only few Too many of those went back a month the old ways of sin

What was the rea not persevere? Wh had the same sad s they came back this

a few years ago? Was it that they to be otherwise? I Christians-shame t think that moral sin Such do not really how can they? seriously attempt w be impossible? No as these fell ; the que made the purp which a good confess

them understand, a is possible to aban once and for ever. But was it, po thought they could h had got by their own that they could fig handed, or even th trouble them much ethren, if any of he made a terribl does not give up th once possessed so the advantage wh give him, and he is most of them. He you, and you are

alone, you will g cannot conquer hi you. But, after all, t Catholics who do no God's help to per almost every one v after confession if sin for the future, the help of God."

strong. If you une

Well, then, what we know that we that we can escap by God's help, wh come and save us I will tell you w

to do so I have onl words of to-day's call on me, and I deliver him and g That is the whol

God to deliver us, do it. In other

persevere, we mu not go to God to g we need, we must The sinner wh not pray often ward to keep the especially careful

ages, surrounded by very high walls which presented to the road a dead, unbroken blank, saving at two points : one, where the massive and heavily-studded oaken door, which opened into the coartyard, varied the monotony ; the other, where it was broken by the public entrance into the Abbey church, which served as parish church to the bright, sunny aspect, white floors, and cheerful windows which rendered Nina's former place of banishment so attractive, its parlors and other apartments were somber and gloomy, owing to the great thickness of the walls, the small size of the latticed windows which blinked at the far end of the deep recesses, and the dark color of the oaken flooring and other wood-work, toned down by the artistic hand of time. The bright little chapel, with its shrubbery of roses around the entrance which opened on the smiling lawn, was repre-sented by a magnificent church, built in the days when the best of everything was offered to Almighty God : an editice whose lofty pil-lars, groined arches, delicately sculptured stome-work, elaborate wood -carving, and with devotion in spite of himself, and bore with as to the piety, of the "Dark Ages "--those ages whose darkness is like the darkness of noon to a bilnd man. The very sound of the deep-voiced bell, as it rang for the various offices of the day, seemed to re-count the history of long centuries ; and even the long, low buildings that surrounded it, had a quaint and mediavel look about them. It was to this Abbey that Nina de l'Orme was sent, as soon as the reply of the Lawy Abbess to Madame's extremely conventional and generalizing communication permitted. All things considered, it is not to be wondered at that such sombre surroundings should have the most depressing effect upon the young girl. In fact, when the little wicket in the great oaken door was opened by the portress to damin her, and she found herself under the gloomy, pavel archway leading to the courty and, her heart sank within her, and she felt like one deposited in prison to serve it into a prayer for his spiritual and temporal iteration. The spiritual and temporal sources and the second states of the spiritual and temporal sources of the spiritual and temporal intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to be, and a varue but ever growing intended to the convent to the neg-fer of her true vocation, haunted her like an evil conscience. Her sleepless nights were solitude ; and it was with difficulty she could remark being addressed to her. These solitude ; and it was with difficulty she could mother Genevieve. She observed her silenthy for some time, and as her suspicions to fina had now been in the convent for about six weeks, when one day, at the hour of evening recreation, which, during the lovely Mother Genevieve withdrew from the other from the rest, proceeded to walk with her from the rest, proceeded to walk with her are acase. "You are not happy here, my child ?" said

Hown a shady alley where they could con-verse at ease. "You are not happy here, my child ?" said Mother Genevieve, in an enquiring tone. Nina tried to smile, and to mutter some-thing about how kind they all were to her; but she broke down with the first words that passed her lips, and threw herself on the bosom of her kind friend, in an agony of passed her bosom of

weeping. "I see how it is," said Mother Genevieve, while a shade passed over her face. "Your parents are pushing their parental preroga-tion beyond its just limits. They are forcing your inclinations, and compelling a choice between a hateful marriage and a life in the cloister. I will write to your mother this yery night." your mennations, and compensative a choice between a hateful marriage and a life in the cloister. I will write to your mother this very night." "Oh, Mother, dear !" exclaimed "poor little Ninette," "mamma will kill me if she knows I told you." "Told me what, my dear child ?" asked Mother Genevieve, quetty. "You have told me nothing." Nina pressed her kind friend's hand in

Mother Genevieve, quietly. "You have told me nothing." Nina pressed her kind friend's hand in silence, and the Reverend Mother at once changed the subject. Returning to the con-vont, the Superioress took Nina into her own room, and, sitting down at her table, wrote a short note to Madame de l'Orme, merely stat-ing that, after due consideration, both she and the Father Confessor were of opinion that Mademoiselle, her daugher, had no vocation to the religious life; which being the case, she would have the honor of returning Made-moiselle to her home. This note written, she handed it to Nina to read. The young girl felt deeply touched by this delicate way of re-assuring her as to the ground on which she stood with her mother in this matter of her return. She retired to her cell that night

"Parlon me, Madame, he is worthy," answered Nina with energy. "Conrad Neuendorf is worthy the best affections of any woran. "Neuendorf, did yon say?" asked the Abbess, looking up quickly with an expression which caused Nina to say engerly: "Do you know him, Madame?" "His family live at C—, do they not?" "Yes, Madame?" Then the Abbess rehapsed into another momentary reverie, while Nina, watching her face with intense emotion, could see it developing into an unmistakeable index of the resolute side of her character. Presently she said: "Yes, my dear child, I know him well, and also his family. He is a most excellent young man. When did you meet him? And does your father share your mother's disapproval? Tell me all about it." So Nina gave her Reverend friend a full account of everything, not forgetting the expressed sentiments of Aunt Cecile, as well as the negative approval of M. de l'Orne. Mother Clotikle listened attentively, and then, after another moment's meditation said: "Well, ny child, I will heel pour if I can. His Lordship the Bishop is expected here son, and I will any the whole matter before him. Meanwhile, recommend yourself fervently to your Divine Lord, and ask Him to order everything according to His holy will, and for your eternal welfare. The pleasures of the world are deceifful, and its affections unsatisfying. If it has pleased God to mark you ut for His own, you owe Him infinite thanks." "But, Reverend Mother, how can I know ? I feel no interior attraction to the Religious life; and I cannot help realizing that a world-duties which lie at the foundation of everything good and noble." "That is true, "answered the Abbess. The duties of a mother are the most important that can be imagine? and if none but the piving wild, which is often made known to us by external circumstances only, in order to try our obselfere. You will herefore, commit the matter wholly into His hands." "A the Abbess, the Abbess, concluded, she arose, closed, retired to her cell. When there she three therefore to tr

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