

ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Characters in the story.—Adrian and Theodore Daretto—the former a young baritone from the Royal Opera at Berlin; the latter, his brother, possessing a voice such as only angels are supposed to have. Madame Estienne, his mother, the elder brother's god-mother, a great contralto singer. Ramon Eugenio Dattone, his father's partner in the Grande Casierino. Agostini, a professor of mathematics at the Lycee de la Grande Casierino. Casimir, a violinist from the Conservatory of Orchestra. Oreste, the Daretto brothers' valet. Chapter I.—The Feast of Pentecost. The Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Paris. Adrian and Theodore are at the altar. His daughter, Espirita Santo, she sends, through the brother, the little flower of the Holy Ghost, after which she is named, Espirita Santo, to Theodore Daretto. Chapter II.—Closer acquaintanceship of the preceding characters. Casimir goes as solo violinist in the Opera's tour throughout Europe and the Madame Estienne's son accompanies him as the first baritone. Chapter III.—Adrian meets an old friend, Don Luis di S. Lucia. Theodore meets Espirita. Chapter IV.—Theodore in his boyish fancy falls in love with Espirita. Chapter V.—Madame Delapoupe endeavors to persuade Adrian to marry. She lauds Espirita. Madame Delapoupe leaves Paris five years. Chapter VI.—Theodore goes to his elder brother Bindo. His parting with Espirita. Adrian wooed Casimir. Her father discusses his proposition. Chapter VII.—After an absence of five years Theodore returns to Paris. He proposes to bring Casimir out on the Paris stage. She is informed of the Daretto's change of name. Madame Estienne's wish. Adrian brings two of the greatest living tenors to sing Casimir in her debut. One turns out to be Theodore. Chapter VIII.—Adrian and Theodore visit the Daretto's modest retreat at Passy. Their arrangement of the changes time is effected. Their groom evades the question. Chapter IX.—Death of Daretto's groom. Chapter X.—Theodore speaks and receives Espirita to Madame Estienne's surprise. Chapter XI.—Adrian is displeased with the recommendations of Madame Delapoupe and Monsignore Ianson. Chapter XII.—Victoire Ainsworth's sad experience. Adrian visits Monsignore Ianson and goes to confession. Chapter XIII.—Espirita receives an ovation at the opera. She and her friends discover Oreste to be any enemy. Chapter XIV.—Adrian proposes for Espirita's hand. He is to receive his answer the following Sunday. Chapter XV.—Adrian talks with his valet, concerning his (the valet's) fiancée. Chapter XVI.—Espirita is betrothed to Theodore. She tells him the secret of her father's second marriage. He is a poor manager. She also takes care of her young step brother Mademoiselle S. Lucia. Chapter XVII.—Adrian longs again to meet Margara. Chapter XVIII.—Adrian meets Margara and discovers her to be none other than Victoire Ainsworth, which name she bore since her unfortunate marriage. Chapter XIX.—Adrian in love with Lady Ainsworth. Espirita is betrothed to Theodore. Espirita is unable to appear in the 111 act of Cordelia. Louis Carson takes her place. Oreste returns to a duel. Chapter XX.—Espirita is unable to appear in the 2nd act of "Cordelia." Miss Carson replaces her. Oreste challenges Daretto. A duel to the death. Chapter XXI.—Espirita's illness. Adrian makes a sympathetic friend and proposes to Catalina. Chapter XXII.—Through the work of an unscrupulous, Lady Ainsworth's mind is poisoned regarding Adrian.

CHAPTER XXII.

"What art thou, then, O human life! Thou art only a road, an unequal road, long for some, short for others, but for all without return. We but search through it to reach the country beyond."

Teodoro had showed suspicions of Adriano, and he chuckled over them in private.

"He thinks I do not see anything!" and Teodoro seized the sofa-cushions and kicked them up to the ceiling in his delight. Then he gave another sly laugh.

"It would be just the thing," he thought. "She is so clever and so sweet, and she is Espirita's dearest friend. Oh, Sir Adriano! You think I do not know that your turn has come at last! But I will have a fine revenge!"

But when Adriano returned to the hotel early that evening, Teodoro lost all spirit of revenge. He knew in a moment that something was wrong, and yet Adriano was holding himself very erect and proud, and was smiling and laughing with reckless, gay bravado. His friends thought him more than usually whimsical and entertaining, but Teodoro's loving eyes witnessed the whitening of the hands, and Teodoro's ears heard a hollow sound to the laugh and cynical ring to the words. As the last friend took leave, Adriano threw himself wearily into an arm-chair.

"Well, well! The world seems to go on as usual, after all!" By-the-way, Teodoro, I am under the impression that I am to sing tonight. Do you happen to remember what I am to appear as?"

"Wolfiam," replied Teodoro, laconically. Then he too, dropped into a chair, and stared dumbly at Adriano.

"Indeed! Wolfiam, the rejected and dejected! Most appropriate, I am sure!" and Adriano began to rattle off the "Evening Star" in absurd parody. "Why, what is the matter, Teodoro? You look as if—as if you had been refused yourself!" and he burst into a loud laugh. "Never mind, Teodoro! Misery loves company. If Espirita throws you over, then you and I will go to the devil together!"

"Don't, Adriano, don't speak so! You break my heart! I never once, not once, thought of this possibility!"

"Neither did I! That sounds very conceited, doesn't it? I suppose I am very conceited, and that I needed a sharp discipline. I have certainly got it!" he added bitterly. He flung himself across the arm of his chair, burying his face in his hands, and there was a long silence.

"Well, Teodoro," he said, at last. "Why don't you triumph over me? My hour has struck at last. You very kindly wished, once upon a time, to see your big brother in torments of love and suspense, and now you have your wish, except that the suspense is unfortunately over and only the torments left."

"Dear big brother!" exclaimed Teodoro, affectionately. "Do not despair so! I am sure there is some mistake. Perhaps the family have made some difficulty about your profession, but they will surely yield in time. Be patient, and time will make it all right."

Adriano groaned. "If it were only that!"

"You cannot mean that she—it is not—" Then, with conviction, "But Adriano, she surely loves you!"

Adriano raised his head and pushed the disordered hair from his brow. "She did love me," he said, very low. "Then she loves you still," exclaimed Teodoro. "Those things do not come and go in a minute. There must be some misunderstanding."

"There is no misunderstanding," said Adriano, quietly. "She understands me only too well, and I have nothing to say. Oh, my God! I have often wondered that my past sins should have gone so long unpunished, and now that the punishment has come it is almost greater than I can bear!" He sprang to his feet and paced the room restlessly.

"There is no use trying to comfort me, Teodoro. There is nothing that can be done, and, what is worse, there is nothing that can be undone. I cannot bear to talk about it; I must fight it out by myself, and you must try and put up with my vagaries for awhile. No, I am not going to the devil. I know I suggested such an excursion, but I have too much salutary fear of hell-fire, when it comes to the point. I must live this down, and as for you, Teodoro, you must act as if nothing had happened. Be especially cordial with my family. You will be much thrown with them; it is inevitable, through their connection with our brother Bindo's wife, and through their friendship with Espirita and Catalina. You will say or do nothing to make her or them feel any awkwardness, and as for me, I shall simply obliterate myself. Teodoro, you young fool, I believe you are positively dying!"

There was much deep, unspoken sympathy between Daretto and Ainsworth in these dark days. Little confidence passed between them, but they clung to each other instinctively in their common disappointment. Choulex in his big heart. He would do all he could for Adriano's happiness, but, if any one else could do more, he would step aside and give up his place to that one. "Sintram" was finished now in rehearsal, which kept him very busy. Still, under ordinary circumstances he would have managed to find time to slip over to the Isle of Wight for a day, but such a visit now would have seemed like a direct slap in the face both to Daretto and to Ainsworth, and Choulex satisfied himself with a weekly letter to Madame Delapoupe about the progress of the opera. Perhaps the ladies would miss his visits a little, and that was all right.

The widowed Marchioness of Palafox planned to spend the summer with Popella near Genoa, and Lady Ainsworth took a cottage at Ventnor, to be near Catalina Disider. Her two younger brothers were with her, and Guy had put a pretty pair of ponies and a saddle-horse at her disposal. Victoire was glad to see Catalina improving in strength and gaining daily in courage and hopefulness. Sometimes she imagined that Catalina's eyes looked at her a little wistfully, as if there were something she would like to ask, but the days went by and there were no questionings or confidences between the friends.

It was well on towards the middle of September, and Casimir Choulex had not been to the Isle of Wight for two months. He was in Paris overseeing the rehearsals of "Sintram" all this while, but Catalina judged from the weekly bulletins that the rehearsals were hardly so frequent as they ought to be. She had not realized before how necessary to her the silent devotion of years had become, but now that it was withheld from her, for no apparent reason, she began to miss it sorely. No one had such a delicious touch on the piano as Choulex, no one entered so naturally into her moods, no one was so unobtrusive, so unobtrusive a friend in prescience, so staunch and faithful and untiring in adversity. And now he had suddenly deserted her! Madame Delapoupe and Victoire did everything in the world to make her happy and comfortable, and, of course, she was most grateful to them and enjoyed their dear companionship; but the two boys were as gallant and chivalrous and attentive to her as an crown man could be, and yet there was something lacking. The one stronghold that was most helpful in all the world was not there to assist her, and the scene did not seem quite so fair unless a pair of heavy eyes were gazing at it with her. She had set herself to learn a new lesson of love, feeling that the task would be long and difficult and that there would be much to unlearn, and now, in less than three months, the lesson was already learned, and so quickly and easily that she could hardly believe that she had not always known it.

She was sitting on the veranda with the violets, watching a beautiful sunset of early autumn over the sea, when suddenly the sound of exquisite music came to them from within the little drawing room. There was but one such touch in all the wide world, and the delicious tones fell upon Catalina's hungry soul like dew-drops on a parched land. The color rushed all over her face, she clasped her hands and rose to her feet with an inarticulate murmur, and then impulsively moved to the open French window and stood on the threshold of the little room.

Choulex saw the shadow, which seemed to glow rather than darken the atmosphere. He looked up. She was standing there with tearful eyes and out-stretched hands.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed, and then burst into tears.

"It seemed the most natural thing in the world, that he should be standing by her with his strong arm about her and that she should lay her head on his broad shoulder and clasp her hands round his neck."

"Oh, how have you been all this long time?" she cried. "I missed you so! I missed you so!"

He pushed her a little away from him and looked into her face as if he would read into her very soul. "What he saw in the depths of those dark eyes apparently satisfied him. He drew her close to him again.

"Catalina," he said, gently, "when did you learn your lesson?"

"Casimir," she sobbed, "I believe I have known it always!"

Victoire Ainsworth, left alone on the veranda, still gazed out to sea. "Poor Guy!" she murmured. "It is all over with him! Dear Catalina! She will have a noble husband to turn to in all her troubles."

One morning that autumn a quiet little wedding took place on the Isle of Wight. The same-day a brief note went out by mail addressed to his excellency Adriano dei Conti Daretto, Mannfeld, at the Ponte a Seraglio, Lucca. It contained the following words:

"Catalina has learned a new role, to the entire satisfaction of her teacher, and to-day makes her first appearance as his wife."

"It takes a man who cannot win a wife for himself to make matches for his friends," thought Adriano. "See how well I have done by Theodore and Oreste, and now by Casimir! It seems as if the gods ought to reward me for my labors in the cause of matrimony. I flatter myself that I have accomplished particularly good work in Oreste's case. What would he have done without me? These good people in their pride thought best to delay and consider, and reconsider and delay, all to impress him with the idea that they had not been waiting for years to justify his offer. Poor Oreste, in his humility, would have given up in despair if I had not worked for him with all the diplomacy I could muster. Now he is safely betrothed, and will be married at Christmas, and I have only myself to thank for a lonely and blighted career without him. How I shall hate my new valet!"

Adriano had now passed two months among the chestnuts and firs of the Apennine mountains, or at his brother's shady, pleasant villa above the Baths of Lucca. The mountain-air and outdoor life was usually all that he needed without a shadow of jealousy in his big heart. He would do all he could for Adriano's happiness, but, if any one else could do more, he would step aside and give up his place to that one. "Sintram" was finished now in rehearsal, which kept him very busy. Still, under ordinary circumstances he would have managed to find time to slip over to the Isle of Wight for a day, but such a visit now would have seemed like a direct slap in the face both to Daretto and to Ainsworth, and Choulex satisfied himself with a weekly letter to Madame Delapoupe about the progress of the opera. Perhaps the ladies would miss his visits a little, and that was all right.

The widowed Marchioness of Palafox planned to spend the summer with Popella near Genoa, and Lady Ainsworth took a cottage at Ventnor, to be near Catalina Disider. Her two younger brothers were with her, and Guy had put a pretty pair of ponies and a saddle-horse at her disposal. Victoire was glad to see Catalina improving in strength and gaining daily in courage and hopefulness. Sometimes she imagined that Catalina's eyes looked at her a little wistfully, as if there were something she would like to ask, but the days went by and there were no questionings or confidences between the friends.

It was well on towards the middle of September, and Casimir Choulex had not been to the Isle of Wight for two months. He was in Paris overseeing the rehearsals of "Sintram" all this while, but Catalina judged from the weekly bulletins that the rehearsals were hardly so frequent as they ought to be. She had not realized before how necessary to her the silent devotion of years had become, but now that it was withheld from her, for no apparent reason, she began to miss it sorely. No one had such a delicious touch on the piano as Choulex, no one entered so naturally into her moods, no one was so unobtrusive, so unobtrusive a friend in prescience, so staunch and faithful and untiring in adversity. And now he had suddenly deserted her! Madame Delapoupe and Victoire did everything in the world to make her happy and comfortable, and, of course, she was most grateful to them and enjoyed their dear companionship; but the two boys were as gallant and chivalrous and attentive to her as an crown man could be, and yet there was something lacking. The one stronghold that was most helpful in all the world was not there to assist her, and the scene did not seem quite so fair unless a pair of heavy eyes were gazing at it with her. She had set herself to learn a new lesson of love, feeling that the task would be long and difficult and that there would be much to unlearn, and now, in less than three months, the lesson was already learned, and so quickly and easily that she could hardly believe that she had not always known it.

She was sitting on the veranda with the violets, watching a beautiful sunset of early autumn over the sea, when suddenly the sound of exquisite music came to them from within the little drawing room. There was but one such touch in all the wide world, and the delicious tones fell upon Catalina's hungry soul like dew-drops on a parched land. The color rushed all over her face, she clasped her hands and rose to her feet with an inarticulate murmur, and then impulsively moved to the open French window and stood on the threshold of the little room.

Choulex saw the shadow, which seemed to glow rather than darken the atmosphere. He looked up. She was standing there with tearful eyes and out-stretched hands.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed, and then burst into tears.

"It seemed the most natural thing in the world, that he should be standing by her with his strong arm about her and that she should lay her head on his broad shoulder and clasp her hands round his neck."

"Oh, how have you been all this long time?" she cried. "I missed you so! I missed you so!"

He pushed her a little away from him and looked into her face as if he would read into her very soul. "What he saw in the depths of those dark eyes apparently satisfied him. He drew her close to him again.

"Catalina," he said, gently, "when did you learn your lesson?"

"Casimir," she sobbed, "I believe I have known it always!"

He was allowed to go there alone, something he liked very much to do. There he sat looking slowly about the meadow that lay at the entrance of the woods, gazing at the meadow itself and at the high mountains in the background. But in the forest he had a favorite spot upon the soft moss under the big tree on the bank of the brook. There he laid down and gazed through the branches up into the sky and clouds—and thought of nothing.

That had always made him happy. But to-day, after he had been the entire morning in the company of all the strange children, it pleased him still more. It seemed to him as if this mellow dawn beneath the warm spring sunshine comfortably stretched itself and pursued like the cat at home in the fireplace. And to-day how fresh the mountains looked against the sky, and in the forest even the rustling of the trees sounded so familiar, and the water flowed so joyously! It was as if they all rejoiced and held sweet communication with him.

His mother spread his evening bread for him earlier than usual. He must go to bed early, so as to be fresh in the morning for his studies.

But the whole night Emil dreamed of the beautiful forest, with the brook, and of his Sunday clothes and bags of candies and picture books.

"Amo, amos, amat, amamus, amant, amatis, amata, amati, amant."

The lamp stood upon the table. Emil sat before his Latin grammar, studying. Near him his mother was busy with her embroidery. On the other side sat his little brother, opposite his big one. One wrote his exercises in a fine show copy book. The other had already finished, and could now read "Leather Stocking Tales," all was. Even the rascals on the back seats trembled perceptibly.

And Emil? Yes, he was the saddest of all, for his seat was the very last one. He knew only too well that no one would contest the place with him. His face was chalky white and his lips trembled. Never before had he had such fear of the reports as to-day.

It was his mother's voice that made him so uneasy. She treated him with more and more severity. Finally, when she saw that nothing would help, she began desperately to implore him to do better. She spoke more kindly and said that he must, for her sake, try harder, and cried when he came home with bad marks.

That touched his heart deeply. He worked harder, was more attentive and tried to seem more energetic. And now what good had it all done? The reports that he would get to-day, he knew, were just as bad as the last. How could he comfort his poor mother? And could he still promise her to do more?

When the reports were distributed most of the boys' faces lightened up. Out of respect to the approaching festival of the teacher had, in regard to the reports, been as lenient as possible, with the exception of Emil's—from such a poor scholar there was nothing to conceal. Particular notice was drawn to the report and the following advice added: to put Emil out of the gymnasium, because he certainly would not be promoted at Easter and there was as good as nothing to be hoped for the future.

What now? Like a poor sinner he slunk through the street, step to step. Christmas trees for sale along the way; in the show windows were beautiful things, but he saw and heard nothing. What now? He could not get rid of that one question: it bored deeper into his brain. "What now? Go home. Nothing else remained. But his mother! Couldn't he really spare her this sorrow?"

He would put off telling her as long as possible. First he would seek once more his old favorite retreat in the woods. After an hour he could be in the home. Possibly something would happen on the day by which he could comfort his mother. So he made for the woods.

He stood in the meadow. The sun was just going down. How beautiful! Here the rest of the evening was most vivid tender; little clouds arose in the heavens and a light wind blew them toward him. And they moved along with their edges touched with gold it was as if they brought to earth greetings from the setting sun.

Emil looked dreamily behind him and noticed how they stretched out in all directions. A wonderful longing took possession of him. It seemed to him as if some one were stretching out his loving arms to him, and that he must fly to that breast.

But as the clouds flew along they piled up all together again and became more dark and colorless. Finally they were entirely swallowed up in the night. As it was now beginning to grow dim in the West Emil, began to feel a deep sadness.

But now the woods!—du lieber Gott!—looked to-day for the first time gloomy and unfriendly. The fallen leaves, the brook half frozen, the birds all flown. Not a sound. Exactly as if the entire world would not speak with Emil any more, because he had gotten such a bad report and had pleased his mother so little. Then Emil commenced to cry—to cry bitterly.

But what good would that do? It was dark and he must go home now. Home? Certainly. But how would it be at home? To-day it was not beautiful in the wood.

But when he thought how it would be at home, with the holidays before him, and how after the holidays he must go to school again to Herr Doctor, then after day for long years, it then seemed to him lovelier here in the cold, bare forest. He would not go away yet. If he waited a couple of hours he would still get home in time.

He let the report fall and crouched together in the snow, between two roots of a big tree. It was bitterly cold, but Emil did not feel it. He thought of his mother. Then it seemed to him as if consciousness had suddenly left him. Had he not just now cried? But why? Nothing bad had happened to him. And now—how beautiful it was! The stars in the skies transposed themselves into

he easily heard. For an hour and a half Emil had stood near the writing table where Herr Doctor sat correcting the examinative papers with red ink. If it had only not been the part from Quintus! Now when her copy book came up he would be right there. Oh, my! The shouts from outside became nearer, together with him except a great, fragrant, golden light. He did not even see the forest or a piece of earth. It was as if he soared up to heaven. And the higher he got the happier he was. He seemed tremendously big; he could have spanned the entire earth.

Finally he could perceive nothing more. Nothing solid, or which he could take hold of was to be seen or felt. As the lights ahead, so had he himself melted away into the far-reaching golden fog.

Poor Emil! No schoolmaster could trouble him any more.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

That Grace is to be Hidden Under the Guardianship of Humility.

And, if they will rather follow their own judgment than believe others who have more experience, they will be in danger of coming off ill if they refuse to be withdrawn from their own conceits.

They, who are wise in their own eyes, seldom humbly suffer themselves to be ruled by others.

It is better to have little knowledge with humility and a weak understanding, than greater treasures of learning with self conceit.

It is better for thee to have less than much, which may puff thee up with pride.

He is not so discreet as he ought to be, who giveth himself up wholly to joy forgetting his former poverty, and the chaste fear of God which apprehends leaving the grace which is offered.

Neither is he so virtuously wise, who in the time of adversity or of any tribulation whatsoever carrieth himself in desponding way, and conceiveth and repositeth less confidence in me than he ought.

He, who is so secure in the time of peace, will often be found too much dejected and fearful in the time of war.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

How am I to obtain devotion to the Sacred Heart? Only by the remembrance of the *memia dilectio quam dilexit nos*; that He loved me so much that He died for me. He lives for me, and in living for me, longs for me; dwelling on it, that He does long for me, that He is always living to make sacrifices for me, and then from this to say: "And what can I do for Him? How can I love Him?"—Father Dignam, S. J.

The custom of publicly and solemnly consecrating children to the Sacred Heart of our Lord at the moment in which their young hearts first receive Him is becoming more and more general. We are told that recently in the Cathedral of Tours, France, a numerous band of first communicants were thus offered to the Heart Which loves them so much; and that in the Diocese of Tours this custom is followed in all the city parishes, in a large number of rural parishes, and in many of the country parishes.—Sacred Heart Messenger.

Here especially, under its aspect of sacrifice, does the Sacred Heart become the consolation of the suffering. "I will comfort the souls devoted to My Heart," said our Lord to Margaret Mary: "I will console them in their afflictions." Having thus assuaged their sorrows here below, He will hereafter—following the promise which He made,—"write their names in His Sacred Heart, from which they shall never be effaced"—give them for the eternal recompense of their sufferings, His Sacred Heart itself.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Cure all Minor Ills, and Bring Joy and Comfort to Baby and Mother.

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best things in the world for all bowel and stomach troubles of the children. They act quickly and gently, and always cure indigestion, colic, constipation and diarrhoea. They are also a great help to teething children. Mrs. Gabrielle Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets reached me just in time as my baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble. I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses. He is now doing splendidly with just a Tablet now and then when he is restless. I am the mother of eight children and have tried nearly all the old remedies, but have never found a medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets."

The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, feeblest child with a certainty of good results. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Turning Down the Doctors.

The marvelous cures of Catarrhazone are being much talked about. Thousands are daily recognizing the exception made, and simple inhaler treatment, and instead of running to the doctor with their winter ills they protect themselves by Catarrhazone in a few minutes, or in ten minutes, or in half an hour. Catarrhazone is very pleasant, safe and convenient to use. It is recommended by the most eminent physicians; try it today. Price \$1.00, small size 25c., at Druggists.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption died from a cold troubles from exposure, followed by a cough which settled on the chest, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Catarrhazone, their colds would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Holloway's Cure Cures the medicine to remove all kinds of cures and warts, and cures the small sum of twenty-five cents.

PURGATORY AND THE D.

(Abridged from Catholic Encyclopedia.) The Catholic doctrine of purgatory is often held up to scorn, and it is said to be a superstition. No one will venture to say that there is no difference between blooded and delib-

erated and into which we sink inadvertently, look on inquiry. He requires what presence to be before him; and we might think there should be by them who are in offence, between degrees of perfect purity of the other, may be des-

The tower of less passed over as of a better condition, bitterly lamented angry words, our mean little joy, and self-con-

twists and turns of prayers, or such things as with grief that they are worth. Yet who will do compatible with? "The just man is not into death—

meanness and covetousness. Strive quickly wipe away many good people, atone for, and so whatsoever is left by dress must death, for and heaven (Rev. xii) words of Scripture be judged according to a bearing here.

But besides the offences in purgatory there is a to be understood or mortal, after the sinner from that before forgiven soul must alty, either here that is so in your mind, that who the guilt of mortal of the eternal penance, this much the entire power exclusively a According to minister of any do no more, he does in the or the celebrat

And now let ordinance than grace, and thus in some despotism edly it is, and a first instance individual. Wh falls upon him, punishment for his strictly re and family re time we may ent sin? We are pure offences by them they are unselfish, det it is impossible of appeal to sin committed

When, for sin of David, the savior does pardoned your cause of sorrow must, all at ation hast gain of the Lord the child to surely die." I punish his I people of Israel have the of appeal to with ashes, tears, had and held his We also see their trifling was pardoned promised, restly sight had exceeded doned for clearing their ashes (Job

Comings of the Lord's ential work finetly and our Savior's usual way committed Does He that when? Does He ve shall generation Jonas the ashes? (2 And those of St. I Colossians in My s those who suffering body this does this done by ing, tony to the the d those th heads: r mission ment in sinner, fasting, and ter averseq