ST. JOSEPH. PATRON OF THE me

CHURCH AND THE MEN.

Model of Men—The Protector of God and His Mother—The Holy Family— The Home at Nazareth—[Compari.

CHAPTER V.

"I'm blind, Kathleen blind! Oh, my od! why can't I die?" Ah, Heaven! it was bard to listen to ceaseless, anguished wail, to watch the arms to sing above the dark head and the features writhing in convulsive agony and then to feel that crushing powerless ness to offer the least relief. bent yearningly over the couch where her stricken sister lay, tossing and mosning in frenzied rebellion against the fate she might not withstand.

"Evelvn, listen, my—
"On, Kathleen, I'd rather be dead!" God is so good, my darling; if only-

But again her voice was drowned "He will not help me now. My life is spoiled. Why doesn't He let me die? I'm blind! I'm blind!"

Kathleen turned away, a sick despair at her heart and every feature quivering with almost uncontrolable anguish. She clasped her hands together and pressed them close against her forehead, as if to still the throbbing there. For hours she had been struggling against a faintness, which at intervals, threatened to overpower her. Now it was on her again. The darkness was oppressive. Staggering to the window, she drew aside the curtain, and in an instant the room was bright with a flood of morning sunlight. as the tender warmth fell about her and upon her darkened vision there flashed a dim perception of the light, just flashed a dim perception of the light, just enough to whisper mockingly of the radiant daylight and all the beautiful world, which she might never see again. The blind girl started up, and flinging out her arms, cried passionately; "Shut it out, Kathleen! close it away! I hate the sunlight. If you believe in God, why don't you ask Him to let me die? What am I going to live for now?"

Kathleen's hands groped about to find the curtain, and when she had drawn it back, she clung to it for a moment, spas-

back, she clung to it for a moment, spas-modically, as if for support. Then she sank on the floor, and, for how long she knew not, everything was blotted out. At length she became conscious of hearing some one calling her name. She listened. The voice seemed to come from far away; "Kathleen, I'm blind! I'm blind! Why can't I die?

Oh, that delirous cry! Through the long watches of the night it had never ceased. She tried to cover her ears tha ceased. She tried to cover her ears that she might ship out the sound. But it haunted her brain; it had burned its way into her very soul. Visions that in her half insensible state, she could scarcely distinguish from reality, floated before her eyes. She seemed to see her sister's form home past her, but it was mo jonform borne past her, but it was me ion-less. The blind eyes were closed, the hands cissped upon the breast, and the pale lips mute forever. She was just sufficiently conscious to force back the cry that a most broke from her. She roused her-self and tried to think. On, if only some one were near to help her, to teach her what to do! Never in her darkest hour had Kathieen Desmond felt so utterly alone. She shivered, and a sense of terrible desolation came over her. She struggled to kneel upright and pray. Her lips never moved, but surely the word-less cry that went up from the depths of her breaking heart, was borne to the Throne of God, for, even as she knelt thare the approximation. there, the answer came. A new strength diffused itself through her being, and he heart was warmed and comforted again

with the old, sweet, childish trustfulness in the great All-father's love. Rising, she steadied herself a moment against the table, and then took her place once more beside the conch. Evelyn still tossed and monaed. Kneeling, and lean-ing over the bed, Kathleen drew the struggling figure towards her, and restin the head against her breast, she bathed the fevered face, smoothed back the tangled curls, and sought by every silent demonstration of love, to soothe and comfort her. At length, in an interval of comparative quiet, she began, in a low, clear voice to sing-

Heaven our home! Heaven our home! Frasping at phantoms, not long shall we roam Heaven our home! Heaven our home! Soon we'll be going to Heaven our home.

As the first words fell on her ears, Evelyn started up with a hoarse exclamation -"Don't Kathleen, don't!" But, p sistently the sweet voice sang on-Autumn's pale leaves, withered and dying, Bloom of the illy that lasts but a day, Mists of the morn, on the breeze flying, Tell us how swiftly we're passing away. Beautiful things, born but to parish, Go as the snow-flake is lost in the foam. Passing away, all that we cherish; All things are telling that Earth's not out hobble.

Beautiful earth, dearly we love it,
Though in its bosom we shortly must lie;
Teeming with forms angels might covet.
Though in the grasping they wither and die.
Beautiful earth! thou caust not hold us,
Faith that looks upward to Heaven's high
doma. Sees out-stretched arms, soon to enfold us.

How can we murmur that earth's not our

List, the faint tones, nearer and nearer! Earth has no voices with music like this. Thrillingly sweet, clearer and clearer! Angels are hymning their chorus of bliss. Eapturous sight! over the river! Frosts cannot wither nor age bring decay. Beautiful things, bloom on forever! Nothing in Heaven is passing away.

Like an Angel's benediction the tender notes thrilled through the room and sank into the listener's soul. Gradually the low moaning ceased, the strained features relaxed, and an expression of wrapt listen ing crept into the dark face, and at length before the last note had trembled int before the last note had trembled into silence, with a long, shivering sigh, the

sufferer sank to sleep.

For more than an hour Kathleen knelt there, not daring to move and scarcely to breathe, grateful only for this respite to to the troubled spirit. But her strength was failing her. The long weeks of watching and anxiety had already told sadly upon her, and only the full realization of the responsibility that there was no one else to share, with its stern de-mand upon all her firmness and self-con-trol, had upheld her under this last most cruel blow of all. But now, with the strain in part relaxed, in the quiet and silence, when thought would no longer be exercised, the reaction came. Heavenly tears gathered and rolled over her face and a nervous trembling crept through her frame. Fearful that her uncontrolable agitation should disturb the sleeper she lifted Evelyn's head from her bre aid it gently back among the pillows, and

hurried into the next room.

Flinging herself on the sofa, she buried her face in its cushions, and her over-charged heart found relief at last in an outpouring of the auguish whose pent-up bitterness was consuming it. The unrestrained paroxysm of grief wore out the

last remnant of her strength. By degrees the 'passionate sobbing sank low till, at length, there was silence in the darkened rooms, and in both storm-toesed souls the

rooms, and in both source-count of a merciful reprive.

The time that followed was the hardest trial of Kathleen's life. Evelyn awoke from that sleep, which meant life to her. She raved and railed no more against her she raved and railed no more against her doom, nor called on death to end her misery. She was blind. Her life was wrecked. Her hopes broken—yet she must live. She would sit all day in the darkened room, answering tauntingly when Kathleen would have admitted the sunlight, that everything bright and beautiful was only for those who could see and across. The prefume of flowers the twikenjoy. The perfume of flowers, the twit-ter of her bird in its cage, everything that served to remind her of her misfortune became unbearable to her. At times she would remain for hou, without speaking a word, only answering by a petulant mo-tion of the head when Kathleen sought to rouse her. Again when some unhappy occurrence would stir up the brooding an-gnish of her despair, after the fashion of some characters who find their sole relief from the misfortune that is inevitable, by aying the burden of its cause on son one, she would launch against her sister a torrent of recriminations, charging her with selfishness and neglect, and taunt-ing her that she had escaped the ruin that had fallen. Poor Kathleen, whose every hour was a sacrifice to this cher-ished sister's welfare, whose every care was hers, whose very heart was breaking was hers, whose very heart was breakin for her sake! Poor Kathleen! Learne

weep in silence.

In the arrogance of her young strength in the perfection of every sense and ever faculty. Evelyn had been used to loo faculty, Evelyn had been used to look upon infirmity, either of age or disease, with a contempt, which, except, in as far as the thoughtlessness of youth could excuse it, was cruel. Now at one fell blow, she herself was stricken down so that the weakest, the most miserable, might pity her. Pity! At the thought the fierce blood scorched her face. She, so high-nicited ages of relief at the weak-declared piond scorened her face. She, so high-spirited, so self-reliant, she who had gloried less in the love she won than in the envy her gifts excited, she the petted, the flat-tered, the ambitious, to have sunk into an object of pity! How could she bear it

at length, how worse than vain was every

attempt at remonstrance, she would only

and live? So it was that her affliction and its at tendant helplessness developed in her a morbid sensitiveness, which at times bordered on madness. At every ring of the door hell, at the sound of an approach

ng footstep, she would cower out of sight ike a criminal in hiding. With sullen persistance she refused to hear any mention of her sister's resum near any mention of ner sisters resulting her work. She could not bear her from her side a moment. To Kathleen, too, the thought of leaving her to brood and grieve through long hours alone was unspeakably painful, and she shrank from it while she could. But the necessity was inavorable. The last weeks had accumulated inexorable The last weeks had accumu lated expenses, and she saw with alarm the growing need. It was only through the kindness of her employer that her position was still held open for her. She dared not risk its loss. She arranged with her landlady that no one should be permitted to intrude on her sister in her absence. Then she nerved her heart for the struggle that she knew was inevitable. As usual Evelyn put the idea from her impatiently; when Kathleen insiste she grew angry and bitterly reproachful but, as the possibility she dreaded to con-template, assumed the aspect of an im-

peding calamity, her anger sank into pite-ous pleading.

"Oh, Kathleen, don't go away from me! Don't let any one come near me. I can't be alone. Kathleen, Kathleen, stay

A wave of anguish swept over Kath leen's soul. She bent forward and caught the girl to her heart. "My darling!" she cried, "I would stay if I could. You know that. But I must.. must go. I will never be away one minute longer than I can help."
All day long she worked in a mechani

cal way. She strove to fix her mind on what she did, but she was haunted always by the thought of her blind sister, sitting alone and desolate, trembling at every foot fall, and yearning for her return. the days wore on and she was not subjected to any unusual annoyance, Evelyn became accustomed to being alone and ignored to any unusual annoyance, Evelyn became accustomed to being alone and did not seem to mind it. But, Kathleen's heart was only a little lightened of its burden. No sooner was one anxiety in part removed than another, and graver, took its place. While she had remained home with her, she had perceived no change in her sister's appearance, but now that she was much away from her, she began to see, or fancied she did, the poor thin face growing every day more year and shadowy. And surely it was and shadowy and surely it was a shadowy and surely it was a shadowy and surely it was a shadowy. And surely it was and shadowy. And surely it was a shadowy and surely it was a shadowy. And surely it was and shadowy. And surely it was a shadowy and surely it was a shadowy and surely it was a shadowy. And surely it was a shadowy and surely it was a shadowy and surely in the white brow with its premature lines again, the cottage, hidden away among again, the cottage, hidden away am velled in warmth and brightness, should droop and die in the close air of the room, which had become to her a prison.

## CHAPTER VI.

One evening, returning from the office Kathleen found her blind sister crouch ing in her chair, trembling violently while great, tearless sobs seemed to tear while great, tearless soos seemed to tear their way up from her heart. The floor about her was strewn with torn and trampled flowers. They were ample ex-planation. Kathleen knelt behind the chair, but her love and her comfort were like repulsed.

alike repulsed.

"Keep away from me! What do you care? You leave me alone—alone!" and her hands went up with a passionate gesture and clasped themselves above her head. Praying silently Kathleen waited, ready when the paroxysm should have worn itself out by its own violence, to soothe the tired spirit to rest.

When she saw Evelyn lying quiet at last from complete exhaustion, she hur-

when she saw Evelyn lying quiet at last from complete exhaustion, she hurried downstairs in search of Mrs. Leacy. "You promised that you would not allow any one to disturb my sister while I should be away!" she said, and there was a tone of angry reproach in her voice unusual in gentle Kathleen.

unusual in gentle Kathleen.
"I'm very sorry," Miss Desmond." It
was the Sisters and two of the young
ladies from the convent. I told them
Miss Evelyn was not strong and it was
thought better she should not see any
one, but they were determined, they said
she would wish it and it would do her
good and I thought myself maybe it good, and 1 thought myself maybe it

In the morning Evelyn was weak and tired. She seemed to be still tired. She seemed to be still much under the influence of last evening's emotions.

When Kathleen was preparing to go out she called her back.

"Kathleen," she said, "I can't stay here; we must go away." It was the echo of Kathleen's own thoughts.

"Yes, we shall go," she answered. "I

have thought of it too. But where would you like to go, Evelyn?"
"Back home."

"Back home."

Did Kathleen hear aright? The words seemed to come to her from a long way off, even from her father's grave, from the dear old days when she knew no care. Ah, to go "back home!" Her head leapt at the suggestion, but sank heavily again. No, it could not be. Meantime Evelyn was waiting a reply. In her face was a wistful, expectant look. Kathleen's voice was very low and sad.
"But we can't go home, dear."

But we can't go home, dear." "The place is not ours now."
"Neither is this place ours."

some one living there, and besides—"
"Oh, I see. You do not wish to go.
you did it could be more easily m aged." But there was no anger in her voice this time, only a weary hopelessness which went to Kathleen's heart.
"We would, both of us, be better there," she answered, "and if it can be there," she was shall go. At

"But the old house is rented. There

accomplished at all, we shall go. At least I will try my best." That evening when her work was done she sat down before her desk to write to one sat down before her desk to write to Dr. Morley. It was long since she had heard from V. Her friends there had been deeply hurt by what seemed to them her uncompromising rejection of their friendship, and by degrees they had drifted apart, till all communication had cassed batween them. But row in her ceased between them. But now, in he ceased between them. But now, in her perplexity, her first thought was of the large-hearted, kindly old man, who, in every need had stood her friend. She wrote him all the sad history of their trouble, telling him of Evelyn's longing for home, and asking if there was any long that it might be greatified.

hope that it might be gratified.

Two days passed, and Kathleen was any housely watching the mails for an answer to her letter. Evelyn, too, had begun to show an unwonted interest. the sound of the door-bell she roused her postman, Kathleen?

"I think so." They listened, and presently heard step ascending. Kathleen hurried out into the hall to meet the messenger. "A letter for me?" she asked eagerly. "No, Miss, but there's a gentleman

lownstairs waiting to see you. Kathleen was disappointed. She went back into the room to speak to Evelyn, then came wearily down the stairs and into the reception-room.
"Dr. Moriey!" Bravely she forced back the tears and tried to smile a wel-

"My dear child," he said, as he rose to meet her, "You are looking very ill, I am afraid you have worn yourself out."

"Oh, I am well," she answered hurried ly.
"Why did you not let me know before of all this trouble

"It was so sudden. I had not time to think And the little one, how is she?"

"She is very miserable."
"But, she is quite recovered from her

illness?"
"Oh, yes, she was well before she left
the hospital. But it seems as though she would never be strong again.

air will de for her."

The girl looked up quickly, a bright flush on her face, Oh, "doctor, can we really get the cottage then?"

"We may manage that too after a little.

In the meantime, Mrs. Morley insists that you and the little sister shall come home with me to-night." You can never know how grateful I am for your kindness. But we cannot

"Oh, but you will have to go. I cannot go home without you."
"It is impossible."

"Why, impossible?" a little sharply then more gently, but reproachfully still—"My dear child, what does this mean? We have all been pained by your persistent refusal to come to us. Now tell me why you cannot, or will not, return with me to V."

"Evelyn would not wish to go; Oh,

doctor, she is terribly unhappy. She can-not bear to see—"Her whole face quivered pitifully as the words died away in a sob

on her lips.

He looked into the thin, worn face, and

Poor little Kathie! Poor little Birdie!"
he said, calling her by the old pet names.
And Kathleen, so tired of toiling and
bearing alone, wept out all the accumulated bitterness of her heart on his breast.
He soothed her tenderly as her father
might have done, promising that no effort
should be grared to bring about the fulshould be spared to bring about the ful-

filment of Evelyn's yearning for home.

"Mr. Craig does not live there him self?" Kathleen said questioningly. "No if he did the thing might be managed more easily. He moved away three years ago to the North-West. The place is rented. But I apprehend no diffi-

culty."
"I am so sorry. The task will be un-pleasant, for you, and I know how un-reasonable it must seem."

"Now, my dear child, you must not worry any more about it. I understand perfectly. Under the circumstances, it is the most natural thing in the world that our little Evelyn should wish to come home again; and so she shall trust the business to me only he patient."

business to me: only be patient."
"Of course, I must have something to
do. Do you think I would have any
trouble in securing a class of music pupils?

"On, that will be easy enough to do. And it just occurs to me that Father Vin-cent is in need of an organist. He is our parish priest. Of course, you heard of poor Father Selwyn's death? His niece was our organist, but she has gone to her brother. Helen played during the holidays, but since she went back to school we have had no permanent organist. I think you used to sing sometimes in the

Yes, during the vacations, I shall be glad to play in the church."

"Father Vincent was asking for you. He says he must see you the first time he comes to the city. You will find him very kind."

He talked on cheerfully, wishing to rest her mind from the cares, which, plainly, weighed heavily upon it. He insisted no longer on bringing her and Evelyn home with him, and, with a delicate appreciation of circumstances, finally rose to go without even asking to see the blind girl.

"You may expect to hear from me. As soon as possible I will write."

Her eyes were humid with tears as she raised them to his face. "You are so kind," she said simply. An answering mist blurred his vision. He kissed her forehead almost reverently.

"Keep a brave heart, little Kathie: all will be well yet."

When he was gone she came back into When he was gone she came back into the little parlor and sank on her knees with a piteous moan. "All will be well yet." Even to Kathleen, with her trust in God that was deep-rooted as life itself, the words seemed a bitter mockery. Some misfortenes might be retrieved, but who would make the blind eyes to see? Who would gather up and knit aright the ravellings of the fair life web. so rudely torn?

ings of the fair life-web, so rudely torn?
The weeks that ensued were very long
In spite of Dr. Morley's assurance, Kath een's faith in the success of the task she had set him, was very slight, and in striving to cheer Evelyn's spirits and foster her hopes she unconsciously kept a feeble flickering in her own. Thus, more than a menth had gone, when, returning home one evening, Mrs. Leacy met he

on the stairs;
"Miss Desmond," she said, "a gentleman is in the parlor waiting to see you; a priest. He called early this afternoon and asked what hour you would be home. I told him and he was here just on the minute. You are a little late."
The girl looked anxious, as she always did now when she learned that any one had called to see her in her absence.

"Did he ask to see my sister?"
"He asked how she was, but that was

Kathleen was relieved. She turned and went into the parior, guessing that her visitor was Father Vincent of V.; and she was not mistaken. The kind old priest adopted the orphan girl into his heart at once. Such a big heart it was too, where every one but self found room. He gave her a letter from Dr. Morley desiring her to read it at once. Her face was a study as she read and understood that the longing, she had not dared to call a hope, should be realized. Her old home was at her disposal again. When she had finished the letter, the priest read it. "The dector has comprisinged me "The doctor has commissioned me to bring you home. I have business in the city that will keep me till nearly the end of the week. Can you be ready by

that time?" "I think so. I told Mr. Willis some time ago, I should probably be leaving the city soon. I do not think he will have any trouble in finding some one to replace me in the office. I should be very sorry to inconvenience him—he has been so kind to me. For the rest very little

time will suffice. There is not much to do."
"We have got fourteen music pupils "We have got fourteen interest purpose for you. Will you be able to attend to so many?"

"Oh, yes, easily, Father. I am very grateful for your goodness to me and to my sister."

grateful for your goodness to me and to my sister."

The hurried preparations for departure were completed, and the sisters, under the care of the good priest, quitted forever the scene of so much sorrow.

Through the crowd of former friends and neighbors, who had gathered at the little station at V. to witness this strange the meaning. Finding and had been decided in the state of the state o home-coming, Evelyn was hurried into the doctor's carriage, which awaited them, and driven to her childhood's home. Her face was heavily veiled, for she shrank, not only from the touch of she shrank, not only from the touch of the sunlight, but from the intolerable thought that stranger eyes should look upon her misery. She was very still.

Kathleen had hoped that the prospect of
coming home might rouse her to some
little interest in life; she was bitterly
grieved to find that after the first involuntary motion of satisfaction, with which she learned that her wish should be gra which was really but the restlessness of suspense, died out of her face and manner. She seemed like one stricken unto death, who, assured that her last earthly wish shall be fulfilled, waits with what patience she may the Angel of Raleage

wish shall be fulfilled, waits with what patience she may, the Angel of Release.

In truth it was no lingering love for this old home of hers that prompted her imperious desire to return to it. But she had known the place so well. Into every nook and corner of it, blind as she was, she could wander at will, without the mortifying necessity of being led. Then again, the cottage, hidden away among

her shrinking from observation, her desire to be left alone. With Kathleen, now as always, every other care was subordinated to her all-absorbing solicitude for her sister. Without any seeming for her sister. Without any seeming effort she stood between her and the least

annovance that threatened her. Arrived at their destination, they alighted, and Evelvn feeling secure in her rememberance of the place, and impatient of the guiding hand, broke from her sister and went on towards the house. As she ascended the steps the door opened and her old nurse came out to meet her darlings. With a cry, in which all the joy of recognition was lost in the wail of a great sorrow, she caught the veiled figure to her heart calling on her haby's name to her heart, calling on her baby's name and uttering incoherent lamentations. The girl writhed as in intolerable agony. Fiercely she flung the clasping hands from her, and with a low moan, tottered backward into her sister's arms. When Kathleen had helped her into the house and done what she could to quiet and and done what she could to quiet and comfort her, she hastened back to reassured Mrs. Mason, who astonished and bitterly wounded, still stood where they had left her. It was not an auspicious ushering in of the home life,

## CHAPTER VII.

The people who had known them when they were children had a warm welcome for the orphan sisters, and would fain have lavished upon them every care and kindness. But as gently as possible Kathleen gave them to understand her sister's desire for complete seclusion, and with instinctive delicacy, the wish was

posing of her own plane and harp before leaving the city, but they were such precious relices of the past she could not bear to part with them; and, unconfessed even to herself, her heart still cherished a hope that their music would yet gladden Evelyn's lonely life. So they were brought back to V. and stood untouched in the places they had occupied long ago, when their tones had filled the old house and her father's heart with melody.

and her father's heart with melody.

Except that her movements were freer from restraint, Evelyn's life now was much what it had been. Crushed beneath a sense of her own uselessness, cut off from every interest, in very truth "world forgetting, by the world forgot," she, nevertheless, exacted from Kathleen the most unremitting attention, jealous of the interference of her other duties with the care she gave to her. During her absence she would brood in silence till her heart would swell to breaking with the heart would swell to breaking with the passion of her despair; then, on her sis-ter's return, at the least fancied neglect, the pent-up torrent of bitterness would burst its bounds, sweeping everything be-

Poor Kathleen! her lot was very hard, and she was weary sometimes, so weary that she too, could have prayed God, in His mercy to let them both lay down the burden of their blighted lives, and rest But these were only passing moments of weakness. Her own brave spirit would reassert itself, and meekly she would bend to her cross again. In the silence and darkness, while the blind girl tossed in her uneasy sleep, she would bring the trouble of her heart to Him, Who has promised to give the heavy-laden rest.

Mrs. Mason, who since her late employer's death, had lived with a nephew in the village, would fain have returned to her old charge, had circumstances permitted. As it was, she spent most of her time at the cottage. At first she was third of intending the cottage. timid of intruding upon Evelyn, but the girl soon grew accustomed to her pres-ence. In fact, she seemed a part of the place, and her being there, a matter of

place, and her being there, a matter or course. The orphan girls were to her as her own children. She had nursed them both, and they had grown up to fill in her heart the place of the little ones whom, long ago, she had laid to rest. Deeply she mourned the blight that had come upon her bud of promise, the little, wayward darling, who had heen at one wayward darling, who had been at once the plague and pride of her life. With a pathetic longing to give what comfort she might, she would linger around her, striving to anticipate her wants, and ready to obey her least behest. But there were times when her compassion and love for the blind gir!, and a burning indignation against her would struggle for mastery in ber heart; when the haunting sadness in Kathleen's eyes and the growing languor of her step, appealed to her as strongly as Evelyn's affliction; times, when looking on them both, she was doubtful to which had fallen the more cruel fate. True Evelyn was blind, and her loving old heart ached, and her pity yearned anew at the thought, though it was not possible simple-minded and unworldly as she was, that she should have comprehended its diresignificance to this gifted, imperious, ambitious nature. Yet, what availed it that she should break Kathleen's heart and wreck her life because the brightness had gone out of her own? It chafed her, beyond expression, to see Kathleen, gentle, patient, self-devoted, the slave of her sister's unreasening exactions. For some time she had been tarning over in her mind the expedience of giving voice to the thought that so troubled her. But still she hesitated. In truth it was less the fear of Evelyn's re sentment than of Kathleen's reproach that deterred her. One day when Evelyn sat, as usual, lost

in her own dreary reflections, some one came into the room. Mistaking the footstep, she called -Kathleen.

"Kathleen is out, dear;" the nurse answered.

answered.

The blind girl's face flushed darkly, then grew white again. It was just such mistakes as this one, serving, as they did, to emphasize the pitiful helplessness

old, to emphasize the pittril helpiessness of her condition, that goaded the proud, tortured heart beyond bearing.
"Yes," she cried between her set teeth, "She is out! She is always out. It is very fortunate for her that she is able to

bound? It she lost her eyesight now, she would only regret it for your sake. As for giving up—she has nothing to give, for long ago she gave up everything she had for you. And, Miss Evelyn, it is a shame for you to treat her the way you do! Will you be any better off when you have worn her life out, like this? What would you be or how could you do with would you be, or how could you do with-

out her?"
It was a cruel thrust, but her anger had risen as she spoke. The words were no sooner uttered than repented, but her re-

morse was unavailing.

"Go away from me! Leave me!"
Evelyn almost shrieked, flinging out her
hands as though she would have struck
the woman who had dared to taunt her
with her wordshed.

with her wretchedness.

Trembling, Mrs. Mason quitted the room. Though she regretted what she had done, she was still unable to convince herself that she had been wholly wrong, and, even now she was more troubled at the thought of Kathleen's auger than at the sound that reached her ears, of the blind girl's piteous moaning.

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sarily much among them, received gratefully every mark of symapthy and friendship. But she was careful that no suspicion should reach Evelyn of the interest and pity her presence excited.

Always deferring to her wishes, without counting the cost to herself, she had arranged to give her lessons at the homes of her pupils. She had thought of dis-

THE LORD AND GIVER OF LIFE.

In the Nicene Creed we say that we believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life. Here is the animat. and Giver of life. Here is the animating principle which makes the Catholic Church the ever youthful, ever strong, vitally permanent marvel that she is. Within her there dwells the very Lord of life Himself. Here is the secret of that unfailing, irrepres. sible and ubiquitous existence that provokes the wonder and admiration, openly and often expressed, of learned men outside her fold. Neither the persecutions of the Roman emperors nor the horrors of the French Revolution can avail against her finally. Out of the horror and the apparent ruin she arises, as serene, as vigorous, as glorious as before. The very shocks of the tempest seem only to strengthen her. The darkness of the hideous background only brings out into clear. background only brings out into clear-er light the immortal beauty that is her imperishable gift. The long line of her sovereign pontiffs surpasses Europe's proudest dynasties, yet that line is only of frail old men, often upon a seemingly insecure and tottering throno. Heresies arise, grow mighty, then fossilize, or decay and pass away; the smoke of battle darkens the sky pestilence devastates the nations westward the star of empire takes

its way," and realms that were proudest once are by words now. whatever else happens, and whatever else disappears, never does the Catholic Church fail or disappear. The life in her is a more than human, a more than transient life. It came down to her from the E:ernal God, and it is God, and it abides with her forever. In that life, which is no less than God the Holy Ghost the Giver of Life, she too abides.

Moreover, it is a universal life. You meet her everywhere. Everywhere she is unmistakable, and she is Where the ice floes surge heavily against the gloomy shores of Alaska or Patagonia, — where the torrid sun beats on the sands of the Sahara or the jungles of India .- with the cannibal head-hunters of Borneo, the Boxers of China, the red men of America-there she is. She keeps pace with the explorer and the scientist, when she does not carve out the way before them; and the physician finds her in the pest house and among the lepers, more fearless, more absolutely devoted, than himself. She is beside the king on his throne and the philosopher over his books, and she is in the slave's hut and beside the ragpicker, raising them into the crowned assembly that fills the high courts of heroic holiness. Everywhere flows the clear, luminous, lucid flood of her immorial life that sets her apart, unmis akably, as the most wonderful organization the world had ever seen, vivi-fied and glorified by nothing less than the boundless and absolute and essen-tial life of Him Who is Life, the Lord and Giver of Life, the Holy Ghost.

How could the Catholic Church ever We say of a man, fail or disappear? he is dead, when the spirit, the life, departs. But to His one true Church, its Master, Jesus Christ said: "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, - the Spirit of truth. Whom the world can not receive; be cause it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him: but you shall know Him; because He shall abide with you, and shall be in you.'

Here lies the secret, then, of this perennial, exhaustless, inexhaustible life, plainly recognizable in the Cath olic Church. Upward rings the jubil ant, Pentecostal cry of her children, the wide world over, and from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life."-Sacred Heart Review.

## THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

There is a something in prayer that harmonizes beautifully with the sweet mpressions of a hidden life-that life I the soul which holds its deep communion apart from the busy maze of the world. It is as it were a chain binding hearts together, ever drawing them upward to Him Who said, "Ask and ye shall receive." This is the promise indelibly stamped on the soul of the Catholic, that through every danger, every grief, brings the light of courage to his desponding spirit and whispers, "Hope-hope on, thou trust-ing soul, for even beyond the grave one prayer has power untold."

How often in the peaceful evening

of life do we, looking back through the shadows, find perchance a light cast about us by the remembrance of our childhood days, when in the twi-light hour we knelt at mother's knee, our hands folded in earnest, simple prayer that God might lead us safely to the threshold of life, or to moments in its rosy morn when we began alone to brave the storms of this world's sea of care, influenced by a spirit of prayer, which ever glowed in our hearts and radiated therefrom over every circumstance of our fears.

Life.

The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist, for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong—to arise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them—to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run-down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abounding. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

The BEST should be your aim when buying medicine. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have the best medicine MONEY CAN BUY. Life.

JUNE 8, 1901;

The following sermon, preached at the Chicago Cathedral by Rev. Joseph Selinger of St. Francis' Seminary, Wis., can not fail to entertain and instruct all who may read it. And it has a peculiar charm for all Catholic And Jacob begot Joseph, the husband of Mary, of whom was born Jesus, Who is called Christ," with these words St. is called Unrist, with these words St.
Matthew concludes his geneology of the
Messiah. They prepare the reader
for the subject and its division. Although the day on which the Church commemorates the patronage of St. Joseph is past, yet it may be well to call to mind the reasons of a peculiar devotion to the Foster-Father of our Lord, all the more since it lends dditional help to understand the life of Jesus and Mary.

The third Sunday after Easter is devoted to St. Joseph. In October, how-ever, the Church recites that memorable prayer to him, begging him to protect the Church of Christ as he protected the Holy Family. On that day, therefore, the priest prays in Office and

in Mass the mercies of God through the merits of St. Joseph; while the month of May and of October alter-nately bring before us Mary, the Queen of Saints and of the Holy Rosary, still they are not fully appreci-ated unless we remember the head also of the home of Nazareth. most powerful religious organization of ancient and modern times, should fetch such a Saint out of oblivion and set him up for the respect and imita

tion of a world, which considers him obscure! Why does she not go into the halls and galleries of great men and famous women! There a grate ful nation places the statues and effi gies which looking on children might admire and take courage. Our age, we are told, wants examples of heroes of flesh and blood, who have contributed to its material progress. A though it owed nothing to the past Is not St. Joseph of flesh and blood? Is he a myth? Does he not deserve the regard and devotion of the world for having watched over its Re deemer, for having protected the Mother and the Child?

Is it not strange that our Church, the

The difficulty is not with the Church, but with the world. The world has grown too material; it has changed its standard of life ; it has lost its moor ings. Alas! too, many Catholics have lessened their confidence, and in un-guarded moments taken hollow phrases of unsympathetic believers seriously.

But it is stranger still-while the century was closing and human society stepping down from one pedestal and on to another, all things being in change and "upheaved by central convulsions"—that such enlightened Pontiffs as Pius IX. and Leo XIII. should cling so fondly to old traditions, and direct attention to St. Joseph as great helper of the world, and guard ian of the universal Church. these trying times," writes Pius IX, "let us pray the mercy of God against all evils by the merits and intercession of St. Joseph." Again, Pope Leo XIII., with the fondness of a child, takes his flock to Nazareth, there to study Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the

Holy Family, directing men above al to look on St. Joseph as their model. Who is St. Joseph that such notice should be taken of him by the univer-

sal Church and by mankind? It ought to be unnecessary to tell this age who St. Joseph is. It boasts a knowledge of Jesus Christ that is deep er, and pretends a faith that is more reasonable than the knowledge and faith of past ages. Yet who does not know that now the very beginnings of Christianity are misconstrued, that its substance has been lost in many quar ters; that arrogance in matters of faith has taken the place of the sim

plicity, characteristic of our fore fathers ! St. Joseph by the providence of God was the guardian and protector of the Holy Family. He was honest, he was just, he was faithful and chaste though he was poor and simple, he was yet of royal blood. He was indus trious, bent on his care alone. He was content with his lot, submissive t God's will. An instrument of God, th husband of Mary, the Foster Father Jesus. His love for Mary was not sulled by any base motive. His espouals with her were a union of soul an of mind. Their marriage, St. Augu tine and St. Thomas tell us, was per

feet, except in union of body. (Sun ma P. III. q. 29, a. II.) For further information, reflect of the notice taken of him in the ear parts of the gospel narrative.

The geneology, given by St. Ma thew, assures us that he was of the royal house of David. His soul, being a true child of Abraham, was fille with the expectation of the fulfillmen of God's promise. His modesty as single purpose of life never incline him to believe that the Messiah wou ever be given into his care. An ang was sent him from Heaven, to assu "Joseph, son of David, fear I to take unto thee Mary thy wife; is what is conceived in her, is of the Ho Ghost." (Matt. 1, 20) Thus the lo between Joseph and Mary was strengthened. Union of body was strengthened. necessary to make their marriage tru "By their example," St. Augusti declares, "the faithful in wedlock a taught how marriage is still true, whe by common consent, continency is rved." Above and beyond carr affection their hearts throbbed in sunshine of chastity. Mary in her i