THE CATHOLIO RECORD


## VOLUME XXI.

The Catholic Finecord. $\frac{\text { London, ERturday, June 3, } 189}{\text { "ESPIRITU SANTO." }}$ The ordalal reception ertended


 deeply before permittring it to
from thefr workshop. To.day,

 Is a welcome visttor to every fireside,
sid the publisher is, by giving it a prominent place amonget his wares, endean
for the past.
The story is well told. It is not scriptive scenes and perfunctory lovemaking: bot in a record of huma ful characters by men and women who
were for the most part stumbling on
 remedy for the miseries of the soul
There is a tone of sadness in it $;$ bu dity ings the elear gled notes
however earthly dream
may vantsh, and earthl
elude the grasp, there
awaith
home.
The
hat is "a cold fury and dreary ani nalism, but of a love that has its roo
n the reverence and reserve, in the great, all surrounding atmosphere of
modesty which makes the distinctio between the true refinement and bar "I suppose," sayss the grandmother Espiritu Santo," " that her name ha a strange sound to Ncrthern ears, bua us. She was born on Whit Sunda
und mornngg, the feast of the Holy Spirit
the city of Mexico. As soon as th nothe city of Mexico. As soon as the aptize it. Just before he came, tion nuns of a neighboring convent sen
over a flower, a little white flower tha he Mexicans call • El Espirtu Santo
The priest came hurriedly, and as h he nuns chanting the ' Veni Sanct ittle pale, almost lifeless figure the Holy Ghost, and, without asking u and pouring the water on its brow,
and the name of the Father and of the Teodoro Darettl,
$\qquad$ at a festive gathering. He is at
tracted to her because she pitte his lonellnese, and between the two grows gradually a bond that nothlng
in after years can sever. Teo oro becomes a great tenor singer-
and this gives the authoress an
apportusity to int opportuaity to inititate her readers int
the mysteries of stage-life. Tenderly and gracefully is his love for "Espir
itu" depicted. The plaudits of th andences, the flattery of the gre
never caused him to be unfalthul for had plighted his troth. Bat the piace. Tepororo was speeding to
piritu, her voice ringing in his eat and beckoning him on to happines: her in heaven. height came the sound of voic helight came the sound of voic
singing - for it was the eve the first Vespers of the feast, and the bells rung with sweet and joyfu
clangour. Espiritu Santo opened he eyes a last time and smiled at
all. The rosy sunset light touched then face that lay on the plllow: 8tretched her hands towards it.
luxe beatissima!' she murnured, lux beatissima!' she murmured, a
with a soft glad ery the gentle spi breathed itself out
And he-where
have been wh her side, and for whom
She called in infinite longing from her the

