

HER TWO TRIALS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.

WON'T tell her what I am going to say to you? It might spoil all. 'I promise you,' she answered, 'she shall hear it, if at all, from you alone. 'Well, then,' he said, 'I was wrong to have given it. It was not mine but confided to me for another. I don't know by what sudden impulse I acted, for impulse it surely was, as far removed as could be from purpose, or even deliberation. I had had it three years—more—three years last July—and since then I had sought the poor child whose name it bears. I was put under promise to do so by a dying friend of hers, whom nothing could reconcile to die except my undertaking the task. 'Father, I will pray for you and her, he said—they were near his last words—and mark me, you or God will find her yet. But pardon me,' said Father Grosvenor, 'you seem tired; and when I get on the topic of these poor creatures, the old man comes on me and I become garrulous.' 'No, Father, no; you are interesting me beyond measure. Please tell me, for good may come of it. But,' she said, 'perhaps I am asking what you may not tell. 'Not at all; I am perfectly free. I shall tell you all, leaving to your discretion what use you may make of it. 'Father, thank you,' she said, as she turned her chair from the light and under pretence of adjusting her veil, slightly lowered it. 'Well, it is a very short story. Some four years ago a clergyman called on me—a tall, slight, priestly-looking man, with silver-gray hair in advance of his years, I imagine. He was slightly stooped. I think I never heard anyone speak with a voice so gentle and so sweet. He wanted permission to say Mass in my church, which he did every morning for well nigh a month. Many a time, late and early, I met him walking through the streets of my parish in every sort of place, and I thanked God every time I saw him. The sight of him was a sermon to my flock—so priestly, so venerable, so thoughtful, gazing with the privilege of a stranger at every old place. The people used to come out of their doors to look after him, and the little children, just to have a word with him, asked if there was no one he was looking for. 'A month went by and brought the first morning he did not come to say Mass. A whole week passed, but he did not come. One night, before I had retired to rest, I heard the bell ring violently. It was a sick call to a house in Sydenham Villa, where I found the dear holy priest. He was ill, but not very ill—able to talk cheerfully for a long time, and seemingly glad to have someone to talk with. As I rose to leave, my eyes fell on a beautiful cross of dark ebony lying on his table, and I remarked how beautiful it was. 'Yes,' he replied, and suddenly I saw his face grow pale, and big tears stand in his eyes; 'It is beautiful. I am very fond of it. It was given to me by the dearest child I ever knew; and Father,' he added, 'in a few days it shall and must be yours.' There it is on my writing desk, behind your chair,' said Father Grosvenor to his visitor. 'Good God!' she said, 'what a lovely story,' and she slightly turned her chair from where the writing desk stood, and clutched its arms to keep herself steady. 'Am I tiring you?' said the Father. 'No,' she answered, 'indeed you are not. Only, I am such a poor bundle of nerves. Please don't mind me, I am so interested. 'Well, then, I will hurry on. Every day I called, for I knew his illness could not last long. My sixth visit was my last, and never till I see a saint die again shall I see such a death. 'Now, Father, he said to me, 'you have done all for me, or nearly all; but there is one thing yet. Look at that medal. There is a name upon it you may read. I lost her and came here on a slight clue to find her. Three things were my hope had I succeeded—her first Communion medal, her devotion to her mother, and her love for me. Keep that and give it to her, and give her this also—'tis her mother's picture, with a few words written on it—and give her, lastly, my blessing on earth and promise her my prayers in heaven. Mind, you'll find her. In less than a quarter of an hour he was dead, with the ebony crucifix clasped in his hands. Her mother's picture,' said Father Grosvenor, 'is in the drawer of that table.' All was now becoming very vague to the poor girl, but with one supreme effort of the will she rallied and said: 'Father, will you show me the picture?' 'Certainly,' he said, opening the drawer and presenting it to her. It was a large cabinet photograph, with these words under-written in a feeble hand: 'Emily, dearest, come back. I have forgiven you. 'Well, she may, but God in heaven never will!' exclaimed the poor creature, with impassioned ardor. 'If ever girl sinned against the Holy Ghost, it is she.' 'Oh, child,' said Father Grosvenor, 'do not say so. There is no such sin except final impentence, and surely you won't say that to her you have come about. Don't you remember that God says, should even a mother forget us, yet will not He?' 'Is there, then, power in heaven or on earth to forgive her?' she asked, clasping her hands.

'Yes, child, if she were a thousand times worse,' he said, alarmed at her fierce passion. 'Then, Father, hear my confession. I will tell the worst before I kneel down—I am Emily Mary Hargrave.' 'God is good and God is great—who is like God?' was his only answer. 'Just wait a little here—and shall not keep you long; and when I send, come to me in the church.' She turned round, knelt at the writing desk, then looked at her own crucifix and kissed it again and again. The sealed fountain of her heart was loosed, and in an outburst of grief she bathed it in a flood of tears, saying: 'My God and my all, I have found Thee again!' In three days she was gone from the world forever. But for one interesting episode in which another plays the chief part, the poor girl's story might close here. There were other alternatives open to her, but by choice all her own she put herself under the care of the Good Shepherd Nuns at Highland Park. When all the little she had was given away, she found herself at last in what seemed to her a shelter, and in a way, a home. The thing that made her to herself a hell—her conscience—was at rest. Joy seemed to be enwrapped for her and grief behind. She could look within herself again, nor try to stifle anguish by suppressing thought. The peaceful solitude was paradise to her, now that her heart had ceased to be ill at ease. But alas for the harm a passionate word may do! Her second trial was before her. 'Mother,' she said one evening, to the Mistress of Penitents, 'I am going to leave.' 'God forbid! my child.' 'Yes, Mother, I am going to leave. One of the girls, before them all, has wounded me to the quick. All my happiness is gone and all my good, but don't fear—I shall be true to God wherever I go.' Everyone in the house loved her, but all the kindest words of kind hearts could not prevail to shake her purpose, and after three or four days her little trunk was packed with everything she might need, and her wardrobe furnished with a generous hand. About 12 o'clock the car drove up to the door. 'Oh, Reverend Mother,' said a young nun, rushing into her Superior's room, 'God has put a thought into my heart.' 'What is it now, dear?' said the Reverend Mother. 'A vision, I suppose. You are so silly; six weeks received to-day, and not a bit wiser. But what is it, dear?' 'If you give me leave, I am sure I could keep Emily from going.' Sister Gertrude was a very young, very beautiful and very holy child, for 'child' is exactly what describes her best. Innocent, ardent, arch almost, her little ways got her into many a trouble—above all, her incurable habit of taking three steps at a time coming downstairs. She had an extraordinary love for the poor Magdalens. Every new arrival was a new joy and every departure a fresh trouble. For the last few days she had been unusually serious. 'I know I could do it,' she said to herself, 'and there would not be the least harm in it; only I shall be in another scrape, and maybe they will not give me my votes for profession. So, God help me! I don't know what to do.' That was her frame of mind when the roll of the car on the avenue settled it all. A new and bright idea struck her; and in she rushed, as we have said, to get the Reverend Mother's leave. Reverend Mother,' she went on, 'I am sure I could.' 'Well,' said the Reverend Mother, 'you surely are a queer child. But in the name of wonder, what is your plan?' 'Oh, Mother,' said Gertrude, 'don't ask me—trust me this once. Give me leave to do and say what I like. It is not the least harm, and I suspect that my plan will yet be adopted as part of our holy Constitutions.' 'Go, in the name of God,' said the Reverend Mother, laughing. 'Sometimes the foolish succeed where the wise fail.' Sister Gertrude scarcely waited to express her thanks, but made straight for the room where Emily was putting the last finish to her toilet before the only mirror the whole establishment possessed. She knelt a moment outside and then gently opened the door. 'Emily,' she said, 'they tell me you are going, and I came to say a word to you.' 'Oh, Sister,' she answered, 'how good you all are to me. What a world of trouble I am giving! I know I am wrong—my pride has vanquished me, but it is useless to say anything. All the same, God will bless you. Don't trouble for me, however. I will earn my bread with these hands, and, though father and mother I have none, God and his Blessed Mother will find me a home somewhere.' 'Emily,' said Sister Gertrude, and her beautiful face became waxen pale and her voice trembled, for she really feared to utter the words, 'Emily, I only came to tell you that I am thinking of going too.' 'Good God!' said Emily, 'you, dear Sister! what put that into your head?' 'Well, Emily, if you ask me, I will tell you. It was you. The thought never occurred to me till I heard you were going. Bless me,' she continued, going over to the glass, 'bless me, what a fright I am, thinking of going home to papa and mamma! And I shouldn't mind them, only

George and Kathleen will break their hearts laughing at me. But no matter—I often settled them before.' 'It was now poor Emily's turn to get pale. 'Sister Gertrude, did you say I put that into your head?' 'Certainly—no one else; but what are you so frightened about? I am only a novice. I have no vows, and I have what you have not—would to God you had!—a dear father and mother and a happy home, as holy as a convent.' 'My God!' said Emily, 'was I born for misfortune? Trouble never lights on earth but it lights on me! This is the greatest of all the crimes I have committed!' 'Crime?' said Sister Gertrude. 'What crime?' 'To take you from your God and Spouse—to destroy your holy vocation. Only a few weeks ago I shed tears of joy when they took all your fiery away, out of your beautiful hair and brought you in before the altar in your novice's habit. I shall never forget with what emotion I heard you say that God was your portion forever, and now I have ruined it all! Oh, Sister,' she said, and the color came back to her face, 'I feel as if the hand of God had touched mine eyes. How good He is to me in this moment of peril. My pride is fallen, and I bless and thank Him for sending you to me as an angel of mercy. Sweet Jesus, I have found Thee again!' Once more the fountain was loosed and she rained down tears in one unbroken flood. Wetting the Feet she sea-depths wetted not. Sister Gertrude stood by completely overawed. 'Sister,' said Emily, raising her head, 'Sister, look here,' as she took out the pin that bound her hair and let it fall in glossy curls on her shoulders. 'Sister, look, and with a steady, unflinching hand she tossed the scissors from Sister Gertrude's cincture and deliberately cut from her fair head lock after lock, letting them fall in waving wreaths to the table. 'Sister,' she said, 'I'm not going. Won't you stay?' 'Stay?' she answered. 'Yes, I'll stay. If I had a thousand hearts, I would give them to my God instead of taking a little one I have away. 'But,' she added, with real earnestness, 'I'll never be forgiven for what I have done.' 'Do not fear,' said Emily; 'you have done no wrong. I know one to whom God has forgiven much and terrible, though she loved Him less than you.' 'Oh,' said the poor Sister, for whom the tragic denouement of her little plot was too much, 'tis not that I mean,' and taking Emily's hand and looking at her with a sweet, imploring look, she added: 'This, your dear, will never forgive me.' 'Forgive you what?' she answered, 'Is it for being an angel to me? God help me, too much the wrong I have had to forgive, to find a difficulty now in forgiving such a blessing.' 'But,' said Gertrude, 'you don't know it yet,' and she could say no more. 'Tell it to me,' said Emily. 'I'll forgive you anything.' 'I pretended,' she sobbed out; 'I never meant it. 'Twas the love of you made me do it.' 'Ah! Sister,' said the poor girl, smiling, 'is that all? Would to God I had never to forgive but plots of love like yours! May heaven reward you with its choicest gifts. But gracious mercy,' she added, laughing as she looked in the glass, 'what a fright I am!' 'Nearly as great as myself,' said Sister Gertrude, as she pushed her affectionately and fled, leaving her to finish her toilet. 'I told you, Reverend Mother, I'd do it,' she said, as she rushed into the Reverend Mother's room. 'And how did you do it, dear?' said Reverend Mother. 'I told her I was thinking of going, too, and that she put it into my head.' 'Oh, dear child,' said the Reverend Mother, trying to look shocked, 'will you ever have sense? Why did you do it? I had but known it! I'm afraid you will never be a nun.' 'Mother,' said Gertrude, 'of course you know I did not say I was going or mean it, only I was thinking of it.' 'I know, dear,—I thank God you did not mean what you said; but child you said, or went dangerously near saying, what you did not mean. Yet I cannot be very angry with you. Go, try to be a good child, and who knows but you may be yet professed?' 'Reverend Mother,' said Gertrude, 'won't the novices get hot cake this evening in honor of what I have done? And what about the Constitutions?' 'Away, dear! you are perfectly incorrigible,' said the Reverend Mother, no further able to keep up a serious look. That evening there was hot cake for tea.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

There is nothing to prevent anyone concocting a mixture and calling it 'sarsaparilla,' and there is nothing to prevent anyone spending good money testing the stuff; but prudent people, who wish to be sure of their remedy, take only Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and so get cured. Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. It attacked me last day in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease. Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses great curative value. You should try it. MARGIOTTA'S LEMMI. VI. For the CATHOLIC RECORD. The infamously Lemmi labors night and day not only to destroy the Catholic Church but to erect on its ruins the temple of Lucifer. Pope Leo XIII. always knew what was planned, and raised his warning voice frequently and strong. The liberal press endeavors to convince the world that the Holy Father is exaggerating. But Lemmi and his fellow-Masons are in dead earnest, and the king, as well as his Prime Minister, Crispi, are nothing but tools in their hands. As a proof of this behold the following authentic document, or secret circular, issued by A. Lemmi, as chief of the Grand Orient of Rome, to all the Italian lodges: Valley of the Tiber, Oct. 10, 1890. To the Venerable Brothers of the Italian Lodges: The edifice which the brothers of the whole world are now erecting can not be considered well built as long as the Italian brothers have not completed the ruin of the institution of our great enemy (the Church). Our work is progressing quickly in Italy and the Grand Orient of the Valley of the Tiber was able to proclaim on the anniversary of 1789 that in Italy the laws are made in the light and spirit of universal Freemasonry. We are about to apply the chisel to the last refuge of superstition and the fidelity of the brother at the head of the political power is for us a sure guarantee that the Vatican will fall under our vivifying hammer. 'But in order that this work may proceed without trace,' it is absolutely necessary that at the approaching elections at least four hundred brothers enter the Legislative Chamber. Now we have there three hundred brothers. This number is insufficient for the coming work; because the work of delivering humanity must at last be completed, and our last efforts will meet with the greatest obstacles from the part of the chief priest (Pope) and his miserable slaves. 'The Lodge of the Tiber (Rome), in agreement with the numerous Italian lodges, succeeded in obtaining that its Venerable Crispi prorogued the dissolution of the chamber, in order that we might be able to draw up a complete list of our candidates for the national representation. Our lists are ready, and I forward a copy to all the Italian lodges. All the candidates, without exception, are willing to follow Crispi, who, in his turn, submits himself to and receives orders from the Lodge of the Tiber, the depositary of all the Italian and foreign lodges. At the same time our candidates will never lose sight of the Pact of Rome which was agreed upon for the good of democracy. Indeed the programme of the present Government must give place to a more progressive one. 'Hence the brothers of the various lodges must work upon the Prefects, who, for the most part, belong to us; upon the Departmental Councils, and upon influential persons generally, for the triumph of our candidates. The priests, the press of darkness and the irregulars who attacked us in the last session of parliament, on account of the Tobacco question, must be placed in such a position that they cannot harm us. We also use this occasion to remind you that the means of making money for a fruitful propaganda of our principles are legitimate and that these means will always be employed for the interest of the order. 'The Grand Orient invokes the Genius of Humanity in order that all the brothers may labor with all their strength to scatter the stones of the Vatican in order to build up the temple of Emancipated Reason. 'Given at the Grand Orient of the Valley of the Tiber 'ADRIAN LEMMI, 3rd. The elections of 1890 were therefore held at the dictation and under the direction of Lemmi. The government officers all over the country were his agents. The money which Lemmi received by millions from Berlin and America, and the millions which Lemmi and Crispi forced from the coffers of the Roman and other Italian banks, formed the greatest bribery fund ever known to ancient or modern politicians. No wonder, then, that the legislative hall of Rome was filled with a body of men—malefactors, whose place should have been in the penitentiary! No wonder that the 'Pious Works' were secularized and that a large number of impious laws were enacted by the parliament, elected and directed by Lemmi! No wonder that such a parliament could not investigate the Tobacco and Bank scandals of its supreme chief, A. Lemmi and company! Yet its glory did not last long. Crispi fell. But he had the satisfaction of plundering the chest of the secret funds at the disposal of the Government so thoroughly that his successor did not find a cent in it. However the new Minister and Lemmi still had a rich and handy mine to draw from, in the person of M. Taulogno, the manager of the Roman Bank, who, nifty willy, furnished 600,000 francs, at least, for the new elections. Nearly everyone needs a good tonic at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true tonic and blood purifier. Still Another Triumph—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: 'For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since.'

Christian Unity. An organization of clergymen of all denominations to be called the United Religious Association, has been formed at Ayer, Massachusetts. Its members, so far, are thirty-one Protestant ministers and one Catholic priest. Its objects are: 'fellowship and acquaintance with each other's religious doctrines, local co-operation with each other on the basis of love to God and man, and to the furtherance of all social reforms and the bringing into the kingdom of God.' At its first meeting, the Reverend Mr. William J. Batt, of Concord Junction, spoke of the need for unity among Christians and referred with praise to the letter of Pope Leo of June 17, 1894, the writer of which he said was one of the first and most influential workers for the removal of divisions. He thought that that letter should be answered, and he added: 'What should be the characteristics of such reply? First it should be irenic from beginning to end, and we should be careful that not one discordant note be struck; second, it should be a grateful reply. The Pope should see that we are sincerely grateful to him personally for his letter; third, it should be an expression of our gratitude for this appeal, regarded as a providence; fourth, the reply should be written on as high a plane of thought as that upon which the Pope has written; if it should be as broad, as statesmanlike (if we may use that term), and as Christian as is the letter of the Pope; fifth, it should contain strong expressions of our personal desire for a larger unity. Catholic priests and Protestant ministers now live together and yet they live apart: it is certain that good Catholic priests and good Protestant ministers will draw together by and by; we have the same ideals, the same great standards, and substantially the same work to do in the world. Sixth, it should contain some expression of the faith we have that something will come about by the grace of God, from the great number of movements that are abroad in the world today, especially that noble letter of the Pope, for the greater union of all Christian people.' Why should not the Rev. Mr. Batt be selected to write out the answer to the Pope's letter that he has so well outlined?—Catholic Review.

Knowledge and Religion. Speaking to the members of a reading circle, Archbishop Ryan said, recently: 'The last one to fear knowledge is the consistent Catholic, who believes religious truth most firmly because it is a revelation from God. The Catholic has a perfect fearlessness of scientific truth. If I have only an opinion, then, I have to fear the revelations of science and of historic fact; I must move timidly; if I am not quite sure of my religious convictions, then there is a ground for timidity; but if I have absolute certainty, then I say welcome to scientific truth, it is only the ignorant who fear. Like the great Leo, who threw open the Vatican Library to the world, saying, 'Come and read the secret doctrines of the Church; we are not afraid of the light. In the brilliancy of the truth which goes out from God there is no fear.' Science has made yet no discovery that conflicts with religion. Some scientists have put out theories against the truths of revelation, but theories are not demonstrated facts. No, the truths of creation and the truths of revelation all come from God. They will be found to harmonize. It is man's ignorance that makes them seem to clash.

If we only knew how much our actions in supreme moments in life—in times of crisis—depend on the little thoughts and acts that precede them, we should keep vigilant watch on the little foxes that make way through the gaps in our hedges!—M. F. Egan.

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