THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

would be now.

regard ?

vou !'

mind.

even a right to the name he bore !

him such an injury as that ?" "An injury, Armine, when he loves

lingering a little on the thought.

one moment, of marrying him.

"Does he?" she said softly, as i

ARMINE. BY CHRISTIAN REID

CHAPTER XLL

"I have had difficult things to do in ing the normal ac-tion of the deranged ny life," said D'Antignac to his sister organs and functions, it builds the flesh up the day after M. de Marigny's request, "but I hardly think I have ever had to a safe and healthy standard — promptly, pleasantly and nat-urally. The weak, emaciated, thin, pale and puny are made anything more difficult than the affair I have undertaken now. It would not be easy under any circumstance to tell Armine of Gaston's proposal, but to tell her in the same breath of her father's positive command to the con-trary—if the matter were not so serious

one might call it absolutely absurd ! "I do not think," said Mlle. d'An tignac calmly, "that I should tell her of her father's command at at." "That would be at least an easy means of escaping difficulty," said her brother, with a smile; "but would it be an honorable one ?"

"And by what possible law of honor are you bound to be the executor of M. Duchesne's wishes ?" she asked.

"I am not bound to be the executor of his wishes at all," D'Antignac an swered. "But since I have prevented Egerton-who is so bound-from tell ng Armine of them, I am obliged to ake the duty upon myself, or else be guilty of letting her make an imporant decision in ignorance of what might affect that decision."

n the matter, in my opinion," said "You acknowledge that the Ielene. command was a mere ebullition of groundless hate, yet you feel bound to cell Armine of it, in order that she nay have an opportunity to sacrifice her wn and Gaston de Marigny's happi less. I confess that I do not under

" I am quite sure that you would de prother. If I did not speak he would. Egerton. "Then he is very foolish," said she.

ear reason. "My dear Helene," said D'Antignac, one who did not know you as well a

"And so I am really desirous," she interposed, "I should not call it concealing, however. I should simply call it ignoring.'

and whatever you might call it, an be no question.'

cated. nerself. that it will very well serve the purpose of Duchesne, which certainly nobody should wish to serve?" And so she

"If there is such a thing as defeating the designs of Heaven, I should ogether ?" 'I confess that the same idea has

not tell for what end these two

a pang of inconsistent apprehension, thought, "What if she is already attached to him! It may readily be; and if so, how terrible that will make the struggle! O my poor Armine !

are you never to know any peace?" stand her, but if this emotion was the As she asked herself this question expression of gratitude or happiness Armine, with a very peaceful face, entered D'Antignac's chamber and advanced to the side of his couch with a note in her hand.

" It is from Miss Bertram," she said. answering his look of interrogation. 'She sends me some books which she promised, and makes such solicitous inquiry for you that I thought you should see what she has written.

D'Antignac took the note and read with a smile the dozen or so lines traced in Sibyl's characteristically bold handwriting, then he handed it back. "Make my grateful acknowledg-ments," he said, " and tell her how little l am exhausted by the society of written, come back," he added, as Armine turned away.

She returned in a few minutes, and, sitting down in her accustomed seat by the couch, went on speaking of Miss Bertram.

"I am so much interested in her," she said, "that, if you will pardon me for making a suggestion to you — who was ! always know without suggestion what is best for people - I wish you would explain to her something of those problems of life which once troubled me, and which you made so clear. She is very clever, but she seems to be drifting on a sea of opinions, without rudder or guide.

"My dear Armine," said D'An-tignac, "I think that you are perhaps a better guide for her than I am. For one thing, she knows that you speak with the advantage of practical knowl dge- that you have seen face to face all that has fascinated her from afar. 'But what weight can my knowl

edge or opinion have ?" cried the girl quickly. "O M. d'Antignac! how quickly. can you say such things? Do I know anything save what you taught me? And if, by that means, I hold some truths, have I your power of sending them home to the heart? Ah! no; you humble me when you talk so! But I think Miss Bertram is worthy of your attentioa.

"Every immortal soul is worthy of our attention," he said ; "but if mental gifts constitute any peculiar claim - which I do not grant - Miss Bertram certainly possesses it. She interests me also very 'much. She is exceedingly brilliant, and more sympathetic than brilliant people often are. The basis of her character is very noble ; and where there is so much sincerity and so much earnestness the attainment of truth is only a question of time. Do you not know that haste often defeats its own end Let us do what we can and be content to imitate the patience of God. Thi soul will come to Him at last. Have no fear."

"I have none-when you speak so." she answered. "But it is sad to see mindagroping in darkness when one knows where light is shining.

"If it is groping toward the light the face of the world ; and what would the world say of such a marriage? I we need only lead it gently and pray much," he said. "The end is cerwould bring scorn and disapproval upon him; it would lessen, perhaps. tain. But now, my Armine, it is of yourself I wish to speak - of your life, his influence among those whom he de your future.

with one who did not belong to his She looked at him with something order and who was strange to his life startled and a little apprehensive in O, M. d'Antignac ! you must see tha her eyes. such a thing is impossible, and that

"What can you have to say of my life?" she asked. "Is there any reason why we should think of it?" self would ever have thought of it." nswered. "You are called upon to hake an important decision, one which fill influence your whole life—" She interrupted him quickly. "If is of anything comparison of its in the has thought of the happiness of his marriage would secure and not be believes that such a marriage would secure and not be believes that such a ills of anything comparison of its in the base of the secure and not be believed to serve humanity and to lessen its in the base of the secure and the answered. "You are called upon to make an important decision, one which will influence your whole life-'

longer, as if unable to believe, then suddenly sank on her knees and buried her face on his couch. D'Antignac did not break the silence

he might exert such an influence which followed. He did not under-D'Antignac began to believe possible ; and, this being so, was it not necessary that she should hear of her father's last charge? He said to himself that he felt a pang of keen pity to think of the blow which was in store for her, and which he knew would fall it was necessary, and he was nerving himself to the effort of telling her such crushing force. He waited, therefore, in a state of painful suspense He waited. when she spoke again :

"Yet this reason, though sufficient in for some sign which should tell him what she was feeling and what it itself, is not the only reason why I must decline the honor which M. de would be best for him to say. For, Marigny offers me. I might be tempted—oh ! yes, it is possible that I well as he knew the girl, and accurately as he had foretold her course of might be tempted, despite my better action in other cases, he was absolutely judgment; and the memory of my father, if I had not already devoted of my at a loss to conceive what her impulse It seemed a long time to him before this poor life of mine to another pur-

she lifted her face ; but in reality the clock had not marked more than the pose "To another purpose !" repeated passage of a minute when she raised

D'Antignac, somewhat startled. "What do you mean ?" "Can you not tell ?" she said. She was still kneeling by him, and, as she her head and looked at him with a strange, bright look which absolutely startled him. For did it not mean happiness, and must he not dash that happiness with pain? "O my poor Armine!" was his inward ejaculation clasped her hands with the old familiar gesture that always indicated her deepest and most earnest feeling, there was a light on her face that before she spoke. But when she spoke how soft and even and proud her voice made her look like a saint at prayer. 'I told you once that I have in me "I can hardly believe what you comething of my father's spirit-that

have told me, but since you tell me it must be true," she said. "But how my heart is with the poor and the suffering, and that, like him, I wish to can I tell you what it has made me feel? Yet I think you will under-stand; you will know that it is not of myself that I have thought, but of him. cast my lot with them and to count nothing too much to do if I may bind up a few wounds or wipe away a few tears, if I may even in the least degree lessen the misery and the despair that is in the world. For I am not That he should offer his heart and his life to me-that is incomprehensible save on the ground of his own noblelike those who have never thought of ness. And this nobleness-is it not something for which to be grateful to these things, whose lives have been cradled in softness and in ignorance God to have known such a man, and something also of which to be proud of the wretchedness that lies all around us. The sound of it has always been in my ears, the sight always before my eyes, and I could not, if I would, that he has found in me-me, so poor and unworthy!-anything to attract his It is an honor which I shall forget it. My father-mistakenly but never forget-never while I live, M. d'Antignac. But I do not think of most devotedly - spent his life in laboring to relieve this wretchedness, that as I think of what it is, in him, to and I desire to do the same.

put aside all question of worldly ad-" How ?" asked D'Antignac, though vantage, and be willing to give his he felt sure what the answer would be. She looked up at the crucifix with name and rank to the daughter of one an exquisite smile. "'If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell all that who, to him and to the world, was only an obscure Socialist, with not thou hast and give to the poor, and come follow Me.' That is what I "Then," said D'Antignac, divided between pleasure and pain, " am I to

would do, M. d'Antignac." Their eyes met in a gaze in which understand that you will accept him?" "Accept him !" she repeated. soul was laid open to sou!, and words "No. Can you think that I would do

were unnecesary. Never, perhaps, was sympathy more full, understanding more complete, between two human beings than between these two at this moment. All that one glance asked the other answered, until at length

D'Antignac said : "It may be God's will. But you must believe that he does-else he never would have asked this-but that must decide nothing hastily. To whom have you spoken of your deis no reason why I should do him so great an injury as to think, even for sire ?"

"To no one," she answered. "Do "But how would you be doing him an injury?" asked D'Antignac, you think that I would speak to any one before I spoke to you ?'

anxious to learn what was in her " And how long have you thought She looked at him in surprise. "Can you ask ?" she said. "Do you not see? Whatever he does must, of this ?" How can I say? The desire was

with me long before it took positive form. Perhaps the first time that it rom his rank and position, be done in took such form was when you said to me — have you forgotten? — that I might be intended to make reparation for my father's war against religion, to atone by prayers for blasphemies, sires to lead; it would burden him and by good works for evil deeds. The suggestion was like a ray of light -an inspiration from heaven. It was what I had longed for-to aid, to labor, to atone—and thus the way was made clear to me. It has been growing only one who too little considered himclearer ever since. Yesterday some words in Notre Dame seemed spoken

LE PERE PHILIPPE.

Mary Boyle O'Reilly in Catholic World for May).

MAY 25, 1895.

" Le bon Dieu vous beni," murmured le Pere Philippe, laying his hand gently on the head of little Myrtle; and as she shyly answered "Merci, mon Pere," he continued in the soft Franco-Indian patois :

"And now, my little one, hasten to gather bright blossoms that the shrine may be dressed for the morrow." And happily important, away sped little Myrtle to perform no easy task, for few flowers were to be found so far north in early May, and well knew le Pere Philippe that the shrine would again be decked with tall, tree like bouquets of brilliantly dyed straw flowers before which nature's sweet handiwork would fade in very shame. Down the straggling village street slowly went le Pere Philippe, his tall, slight figure clothed in a close-fitting, black soutane. Past the scattered shanties that sheltered his little flock, past the barely cultivated tracts of land from which they drew their scanty supply of cereals, through the dark, cool wood where the foot of the tres-passer sank noiselessly on a cushion of mouldering leaves, and out again into the sunlight that flooded the bold face of the cliff. There the sad eyes were lifted from the open book, and looked over the sparkling waters of the broad

river, gazing wistfully eastward to the far away beautiful land of his birththat land which had been all sunlight and gladness and love, with never a cloud to dim the brightness of the long days as he roamed the woods with his gun and dogs, struggled with his books and his tutor in the great library of his father's house, or dashed through the streets of the little town at a mad galop, causing sundry dames to peer at him as he passed and exclaim with uplifted eyes and hands, that "monsieur's eldest son was a wild youth and would come to no good end :" and always beside him, inseparable as his shadow, ally in all ventures, imitator in all pranks, was his only brother Alec, his junior by five years. Unlike as it were possible for brothers to be were the swarthy black-eyed Philippe

and the gentle younger son. " Philippe must be sent away to school ; he is leading my delicate boy into positive danger," wailed the mother plaintively.

"Tush, tush, Louisa ! He will but toughen the lad ; make him strong and manly, not a statuette with yellow curls," replied the big, bluff father, watching his boys on the lawn as they brandished long swords stolen from the library. But alas, alas ! for Philippe : even as the parents looked the fun grew fast furious, until, carried away with excitement, Philippe dealt his more timid opponent a heavy blow on

the brow. With a cry of pain the child fell back and in an instant Philippe knelt beside him in an agony of remorseful terror. Only for a moment-then he was roughly pushed aside by an irate father, who caught the boy in his arms and carried him swiftly to the house. And then came days that the boy-now grown to manhood-could never for-Days when his grief-stricken get. mother passed him with averted face, on her way to the room where learned men held daily consultation about the little bed.

No one spoke to him-no one seemed to see him. Even the dogs in the court-yard avoided him, and from the servants nothing could be learned save that Alec was still alive. And so one day the heart-broken boy found courage to creep softly into the sickroom. There were a great many people present, and it w as some time ere he caught a glimpse of Alec-poor, gentle little Alec! his white face almost ghastly beneath a wreath of bandages. It was awfully quiet as bandages. one of the doctors spoke, in a grave, low voice :

light la doct nly, the sum with \$3.50 for M. J. COLEMAN, ESQ. nd derived no M. J. COLEMAN, From you there relief in one hour from you there relief in one hour from you is I have done, he will never regret it." dyspep RABIY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BUTLES VE FUMMEN EDGLE OTHER BULLESE OMENTELY & CO., PULEST, BES WENT-TROY, N.Y. BELL-METAL WEST-TROY, N.Y. BULL-METAL CHIME, E.F.C. ATALOGUE BELL-METAL THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURGH BELLS EPEALS CHURGH BELLS EPEALS

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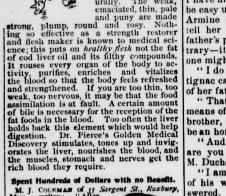
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'There are too many fine scruples

stand your point of view. I should uppress it, and feel that I was doing perfectly right."

othing of the kind, if the responsibilty were laid upon you," said her "But you forget that it is ot wholly laid upon me. There is

Leave him to me. I will make him

do might think that you were really lesirous to conceal this thing-

"Unfortunately, changing the name

does not change the nature of a thing : would be concealment-of which there

He spoke quietly, but with so much decision that Helene said nothing more—for a minute. But she was in earnest in the view which she advo-'What possible purpose can such a disclosure serve ?" she said to " Or, rather, is it not plain

observed presently :

say that you are about to defeat them. For Armine will never consent to marry M. de Marigny when she hears of her father's prohibition ; yet such a marriage must have been intended. How else can we account for the manner in which they have been brought

'But it is not safe for us to decide with regard to the designs of heaven.

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have been permitted to know each other. A marriage would be very romantic, and, as far as we can judge, would insure their happiness. happiness is not the end of life." But said.

It is a very good thing, however, f one may possess it with the blessing " said Helene. f God.

With the blessing of God one cannot well miss it," her brother answered.

"You always contrive to silence "But I am sure you one," said she. "But I am sure you would be glad as I if the sad morning of Armine's life could turn into such

noonday as Gaston de Marigny's bride would have. "I should be inexpressibly glad,"

D'Antignac replied in a tone of deep feeling. "But I am sure of this: eeling. that the clouds of the morning have done her no harm, and that her noon day is safe with God. He will give her what is best.'

" And meanwhile you intend to tell her of her father's command ?" " I must."

To this there could be no answer and Mile. d'Antignac went away say ing to herself that, after all, perhaps Raoul was right, yet mourning over the certain defeat of De Marigny's "And it would be such an

hopes. "And it would be such an ideal marriage!" she thought, as Egerton had thought before her ; for except D'Antignac, no one knew Armine so well as herself or recognized

so clearly all the possibilities of the girl's nature. Then, with a turn of reflection, she blamed M. de Marigny for precipitation. "He should have for precipitation. waited: he should have given her

time to forget and to become attached to him !" she said to herself ; and then suddenly she remembered Armine's tone and look when she had spoken once or twice of the vicomte, and, with

ACT AS A FOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES) ETH'S LIQUID MALT! STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS stage of consumptions of strength PRICE 40 CENT SPER BOTTLE it is of anything connected with --Marigny, that you are speaking," she let me tell you that it is useless. Everything has been settled. I am to

be troubled no more about that. He could not refrain from smiling.

"I might play upon words and tell you that what I am speaking of is ertainly connected with Marigny, though not with that to which you allude," he answered ; but it is a matter too important for trifling. My child, have you ever thought of -- marriage

Still larger and more startled grew the dark eyes. She did not answer for a moment : then she breathed, rather

"han said, one word, "Never." "Never !" repeated D'Antignac. somewhat surprised. The word would not have meant much from most girls lips; but from Armine's he knew that

it meant a great deal, for she never spoke carelessly or at random. "And et," he said, "you must know that it f the state on which the vast majority

of the human race enter." "Yes," she replied, "but it has nothing to do with me. Why should you speak to me of it, M. d'Antignac?'

" Because one who is deeply attached to you and fully worthy of you - one who seems to have been brought by the providence of God into your lifeasks permission to offer you the devo

tion of his heart and life He paused, but she did not speak. No soft flush of color rose to her face, nor did any light of expectant happiness come into her eyes. The last still kept their grave, startled look, and for the rest she sat as pale and still as a statue. After a moment D'Antignac extended his hand and laid it gently on hers.

it is he.

"Shall I tell you the name of this

something like a gasp. "It is impossible that it can be..." The Vicomte de Marigny ? Yes, mine.

She looked at him for a moment that D'Antignac felt sure she would

marriage would secure, and not at all ills-is within my reach. I may work of the opinion of the world, which is not worth a thought."

" It is for one in his position," said Armine. "His life's work is in the world ; and, in order that he may do it well, men must respect as much as they admire him. He must do nothing to lessen his own power to serve great cause, nothing which can give his enemies an opportunity to accuse him of inconsistency or folly. You know this, M. d'Antignac, and you know the world; you know what would be said of him if he married one whose political surroundings have been such as mine.'

D'Antignac did not deny this, but he replied : " There would be no need for any one to know who you were. You belong now to the house of Marigny.

" Even if that were possible, which it is not," she replied, "what would you think of me if I could forget my past and denv my father? And what would my father think, M. d'Antignac? Could I take such a step without asking that question? And you know what the answer would be. Can I forget

that I disregard his commands whenever I speak to M. de Marigny ?" "Have I not told you," said D'An-

tignac, "that such commands have no binding force upon you ?'

"By the letter of the law, perhaps she answered : "but feeling not." takes no account of law."

"But it should !" said he, "else it may fall into wild extravagance. Your father was, unfortunately, filled with an unreasoning hatred of M. de Marigny, and you only perpetuate that hatred by observing his com mands

"His commands have nothing to do with my decision in this matter," she said. "If he had never spoken of M. man?" he asked. "It cannot be !" she answered, with de Marigny I should still feel that I could never do him the injury of suf fering him to unite his life with

She spoke calmly, but so positively

for his end, I may in some sort fulfil his purpose and atone for his errors. And more even than that"—her eyes filled with radiance as she lifted them again to the crucifix-" while I strive to relieve the misery of humanity I shall touch, relieve, reach Him Who could have dreamed of it, if He

Surely, if the world had not said it? would only think of it, we should have again the ages of faith, when the noblest and the greatest felt themselves honored to serve Christ in His poor And to do that-to spend one's life doing that-O M. d'Antignac ! is it not better than the sweetest cup of happi-

ness which the world can offer to one' lips ?' If there was exaltation in her look

as she asked the question it was not the exaltation of a visionary, but of one who had counted the cost and knew the meaning of that of which she spoke and to whose lips that cup of human happiness had been held in sparkling brightness only a little while before For a moment D'Antignac could not speak. Then he extended his hand and laid it on her head with the solemn-

ity of a benediction. "It is God's will," he said. "May He bless and sustain thee, sister of my heart !'

TO BE CONTINUED

Mutual respect implies discretion and re-serve even in love itself; it means preserv-ing as much liberty as possible to those whose lives we share. We must distrust our instinct of intervention, for the desire to make one's own will prevail is often dis-gnised under the mask of solicitude.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsapar-illa possesses great curative value. You should try it.

should try it. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring cer-tainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. A. E. Cairneross, Shakespeare, writes : "I consider Parmelee's pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them mysolf for some remedy for Biliousness and Dorang on the tiver, having used them myself for so

" Unless something unforseen occur the boy will live, but he will lose his sight.

Are you sure ?"

"We are well-nigh certain, monsieur.

With down-bent head the stricken father turned away only to encounter the wretched cause of all his agony. "Is that you, Philippe?" he thu

he thundered, forgetful of the little invalid-'you have succeeded in spoiling a prother's life ! Leave my sight, miserable boy, and never let me see you again."

The passionate words sank deep into the aching heart, and Philippe interpreted the speech literally. Not until vears after, when vainly searching for his parents in the place he had once called home, did he know of the terrorstricken search, the widespread inquiry, and the passionate grief that tollowed his flight.

All this and more was in the mind of the man who stood gazing into the sun lit river; and so deep in revery was he that he did not see coming out of the woods the tall, gaunt figure of an Indian woman whose dishevelled hair fell about her bowed shoulders and half hid her sunken cheeks, while from her parted lips came a weird, guttural sound which shaped itself into the rhythm of a rude improvisation

With stealthy rapidity she advanced until she seized his arm, crying :

"Can you see him? Can you see him, coming in the flying canoe? is time he returned. There was little light when he left and now the light is

going. Oh ! when will he be here ?' "Hush, hush ! my child," murmured the priest soothingly ; "wait yet a little. I cannot see him now,

but the sun has not yet set; perhaps-"But it is so long," moaned the poor

mad creature ; "it is so long and the