times." In his wounded pride he felt as if Miss Burram had done him a gross wrong, and his resentment and his desire to be revenged were deep and equally strong. TO BE CONTINUED.

A THREAD OF PURE GOLD.

Uncle Richard is sitting near the window, with the wintry sunlight streaming over his white hair, illumin-ing the kind old face bent over the children, who, clustering around his have are begring for a story. The children, who, clustering around his knee, are begging for a story. The voices get so tangled up with the thoughts I am striving to write out, that, in despair, I lay down my pen and become an attentive listener to the conbeauty.

hands on his knees gaze with wonder-ing, trustful eyes, on his time-furrowed

Once upon a time," he begins, "there was a big brick schoolhouse where two boys, Dick and Harry, went to school." "Didn't any other boys go there,

"Didn't any other boys go there, Uncle?" questions Will. "Why, yes, any number of them ; but you are going to hear about these two only. They were taught by a Sister of Nazareth. These Sisters wear white caps with pretty frills, and under them their faces look like angels. Dick is an old man now, but I have often heard him say that the face of Sister Agnita (that was his teacher's name) is as freah in his memory as it was when he was a boy; and that many a time when he has done wrong her brown eyes have looked s

boy; and that many a time when he has done wrong her brown eyes have looked reproachfully into his, while he seemed to hear her low sad voice of warning. Dick was not what you would call a good boy. I think he tried often to do what was right, yet it appeared that ody knows but elf, and Miss urram go with gain ; then she r for him, and ade it clear to

THE CATHOLIC RECORDappointment as school officer, and his
rations with her never would be again
what they wore.game. Yet they bore each other no ill-
orgeniality. While Harry's was no
the finer, it was assuredly the greater
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or evelation to the lady.one of the beds. Dick wrs no longer all
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and Francis Xavier. Like all developed slowly, and few of
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and Francis Xavier. Like all developed slowly, and few of
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again living over the past, the priest
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who delight in appearing as "freed"And as they great at 'the second of the your has
heat into the girl's keeping and has
believed that nothing coul Sister Agnita's clear eyes saw deeper than did the others, as I remember her care of him, which used to seem to us direct neutrality.

direct partiality. Harry was not a re direct partiality. Harry was not a re-ligious boy because he did not stop long enough to think on any subject. He went through prayers as he went through the regular routine of the day. It was a duty he had to per-form but he performed it scrupulously to the letter. A step further than that, however, he did not go. The litany that touched Dick's heart like the peal of a golden hell, was to Harry as so

of a golden bell, was to Harry as so many words he must repeat every morning with his class; but his attention in repeating them was ample compensation for his lack of appreciation of their

"Several large trees stood in the

thoughts I am striving to write out, that, in despair, I lay down my pen and become an attentive listener to the conversation.
"Led an attentive listener to the conversation."
"Led it be a story of the war, turnele," eries my boy-soldier, brandishing an imaginary sword. But Julia, objects.
"Tell us a ghost story, Uneleplease," she petitions, in an awed little voice.
"What does Mary want?" asks Unele Richard, lifting my five-year-old baby to his knees.
"What does Mary want?" asks Unele Richard, lifting my five-year-old baby to his knees.
"Pease tell me a 'tory 'bout the Blessed Virgin," she answers, raising to him eyes not unlike those of the pieture of the Blessed Virgin, "she answers, raising to him eyes not unlike those of the pieture of one he loved so that may be, I know he never entirely torgot the pieture of one he loved so that may be, I know he never entirely torgot the pieture of one he loved so that he insisted reaction of my desk, whereupon I become suddenly busy with my seattered papers. But I see his eyes travering a papers. But I see his eyes travering a papers.
"I am always telling stories of the window over the wide expanse of landscape with its light power with its hight power with its hight power with the heyes come back, and, folding and erose. These of the other have so well acquainted with his lift."
"I am always telling stories of the window over the wide any so well acquainted with his lift."
"Oh I we don't mind. Uncle," providenting a gift, made it all the dearies any story." They draw nearer to the parting their data or proved irresistible his grays trans around Mary, he says:
"Oh I we don't mind. Uncle," provide irresistible his and resting their chaped hands on his knees gaze with wondering, trustulu eyes, on his time-fureware and shots to you and Will, Julia ; it in the data on his knees gaze with wondering, trustulu eyes, on his time-fureware the store of the playthings. Harry's unerin obedient, wheeled around in search of a mark for one last shot. Sighting the

white edge of the picture, he cried. "'Watch me, boys, hit the top of the picture !" As he spoke, the wingod arrow was sent and stuck in the picture. Like a shot tiger, Dick bounded for-ward. His face was like ashes, his eyes like a fame, and every nerve guivered like a flame, and every nerve quivered with passion. He snatched the bow from Harry, and in another instant it lay on the ground broken in pieces.

ay on the ground broken in pieces, then turning on his surprised compan-ion, he hurled at him such a torrent of epithets, that for once Harry cowered before another. Harry stood as if turned to stone until the second bell rang, when from mere force of habit he fell into rank and marched into the school. Shooting at the picture had been nothing to him, but under Dick's scorching words it appeared a heinous crime.

Dick was not what you would call a good was the tried often to do what is wrong ; and that was very perverse. Many fulls we must be there. The arrow had minsed, it was very perverse. Many fulls we must be the tree. The arrow had minsed, it was very perverse. Many fulls we must be the perversity can be perverse is to be perverse perverse is to be perverse is to be perverse is to be perverse is to be perverse perverse is the to isone to the state of must be the perverse perverse perverse is to be perverse perverse is to be perverse perverse perverse perverse perverse perverse is to be perverse pervers Sometimes she forced a way, but she never destroyed that opposing barrier. It took a stronger arm that hers, my children, the arm of the great God Himself; and when He threw it down, beneath its ruins were buried all that was most dear to His heart. Do you re-member the Gospel Father Austin read last Sunday of the king who planted a vineyard and let it out to husbandmen, who, in return, killed the servant he had inst Sunday of the King who planed a vineyard and lot it out to husbandmen, who, in return, killed the servant he had sent to collect the tribute? He sent other servants, then, his own son; but all shared the same fate. At last the king himself came and destroyed the husbandmen. So, children, it has been with Dick. He resisted all God's mes-sengers, but neither man nor angels can resist the Almighty hand of God. "Yet, with all his faults, Dick had one redeeming quality—love for the Blessed Virgin. He has gone for years without ever seeing the inside of a church, but he has never forgotten to church, but he has never forgotten to say her litany. Often when he thought himself alone I have heard him singing softly, 'Mystical Rose, Tower of David, Tower of Ivory.' The musical turn in the first epithet pleased his exceedent of the second the strength employed in the second the strength employed in the second the strength employed in the second the based his restless nature, while the beanty of the last awoko his admiration. I have never known any thing more touching than his love for the Blessed Virgin. It was not idola-try, as a Protestant might call it, but love, purely, simply human love. He had never known his mother, and all the try, as a Protostant might call it, but low-sources, in one of field. I want to die there.' In one of the last great battles that was fought, the last great battles that was fought, between the rider. The life almost hours, suffering the most horrible pain, hours, suffering the most horrible pain.' hours, suffering the most horrible pain.' hours, suffering the soldiers found the wildy begging death to come to his repathetic was the been intuition it gave him of the pain his evil ways caused her his eyes if he chanced to raise them to his gibtare of Our Lady that used to hang above Sister Agnita's desk. "Now, Harry's character was widely different from Dick's. In fact, so little was there in common between them, that they rarely, if ever, spoke to each other, and never entered into the same

men. "'You, Harry?" cried Dick. "Yes, Dick, it is I,' he answered. After a while when Dick asked Harry how it happened that he had thought

"Yes, Dick, if is 7, he relived is the main theory of the section of the sectin the section of the sectin the section of the sectin

It lay within as anguished, as broken, as helpless, as its pure human cage; then God, Whose mercy is as great as His wrath is powerful, sent His healing balm by the hands of His minister, one who owed his first good impulse to the openly professed love that poor erushed heart had ever held for God's own Mather.

heart had ever held for God's own Mother. "Many years have passed since then.

"Many years have passed since then. Sister Agnita is long since dead, Harry is laboring among the Indians in the West; Dick still lives, a helpless crip-ple like your uncle." The sad voice ceases. Golden-haired Mary is lying against her uncle's shoul-der fast asleep. Julia's and Will's little faces wear an awed expression, but Uncle Richard does not see them, he is looking over their heads at the distant hills. The most of the story has been beyond them, but they understand with that fine intuition of childhood that something has deeply affected their usually gay companion; and presently usually gay companion; and presently II. II. The Metropolitan Opera House was in

they steal away from his knee and leave the room. Poor Uncle Richard, I, who know his past so well, readily recognized him in Dick, but I did not know how through the solled, ill-woven warp and woof of his life had run the precious, golden thread of love for Mary. Poor Uncle Richard, poor misspent life! Yet, dare, we say it is misspent, remembering that its example gave a great, strong earn-est soul to God's service; remembering that she, the Mother of the Sinless One, holds it under her protecting mantle; remembering that he, for wasting it, is holds it under her protecting mantle; remembering that he, for wasting it, is remembering that he, for wasting it, is now making bitterest atonement! With this thought I leave him sitting by the window, the sleeping baby against his breast, his sad eyes fixed on hind which is spread the winter unset's glory.—Anna C. Minogue in New World. MADONNA PENSEROSO. stayed him with an imperious gesture, and the next instant the strains of the "Adeste Fidelis " rang through the house. As the silvery notes soared alot, men trembled and women sobbed. The unearthly sweetness of her voice made their hearts vibrate. When she left the stage, none moved spelbound. He wings the director accosted her, and wrathfully demanded why she

There are some shallow young men who delight in appearing as "free-thinkers." Some even of Catholic ancestry are among these; and while they would, perhaps, declare them-selves to be Catholics, they show very plainly they are not possessed of the true Catholic spirit by the manner in which they declaim against Catholic customs and observances and even against tenets which involve faith in Christianity. They would be insulted between them. But a great impresario tempted her away, aud when Rafael Petroni heard that she had blossomed into the famous diva known as Livia Capello, he realized that she was lost to against tenets which involve faith in Christianity. They would be insulted if called heathens, but their denomin-ation as infidels they would probably regard as a compliment to their mental ability based upon their advanced views in the matter of religion. They remind one of the story of a certain French priest who asked a member of his flock why he did not come to Mass. "Oh, Father." was the reply, "I am a free thinker." I am a free thinker."

"Have you ever read the Bible ?" isked the abbe. "No," was the re-

sponse. 'Chateaubriand's Genius of Chris-

tianity i "The writings of St. Augustine or of

"The writings of St. Augustine of Bossnet?" "Well, do you know the contents of the little catechism?" "I think not." "My dear man," said the priest, "you are not a free thinker. You are only a ignoranus." So it is with numbers to-day who proom themselves free-thinkers or

esteem themselves free-thinkers or rationalists, when if the truth be known, their mental equipment incapacitates them from almost any exercise of

The priest's expression enanged into one of divine compassion, and as she turned away he murnured pityingly. "Peace be with you !" She hurried into the church and prostrated herself before the altar. Old memory through in user here more thinking. There are men who occasionally go to Church and are esteemed Christians of one denomination or another; some-times they are reputed Catholics, and their professions are of just this order. Whatever the state of their conscience, whatever of faith and reverence they may inwardly possesses, they are ashamed to manifest in their conversaashamed to manifest in their conversa-tion much respect for piety and religion, while they evince indeed a certain sense of pride in their liberalism, their agnosticism and free-thinking, which are indeed but their ignorance.

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A Sick Stomach is always relieved, and its unpleasant conse-quences averted by taking thirty drops of Pol-son's N-rviline in a little sweetened water. It instantly relieves the cause, and by its sooth-ing and etimulating powers, calms the stomach and enables it to complete the process of dige-tion. Nerviline has been proved more than a million times the best remedy for stomach and bowel troubles. Nerviline will cure you. 25c. Good News comes from those who take Hood's Sarsaparilla for serefula, dyspepsia and rheumatism, Reports agree that HOOD'S CURES.

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be greatest benefit. Manufactured by the
Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn
Cure will remove them i Give it a triat, and you will not regret it.
There are cases of consumption so far advance that Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so had that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It for instea a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phigm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to head.
If you feel too tired for work or pleasure, take Hood's Sarsaparilla-it cures that tired for the second second

There is nothing else to live on or by. When strength is full and spirits high, we are being refreshed, bone muscle and brain, in body and mind, with continual flow of rich blood. This is health. came, but they loved her, and as she moved amongst them like an uncrowned queen, blessings and prayers followed in When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not Livia Capello, the brilliant, erratic sleep, we are starved ; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it. Back of the blood, is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take Scott's Emulsion was no longer heard save when whisper-ing words of hope and comfort to the dying. The hands that had sparkled with jewels, and over which princes had bent low, now wiped the death-dew from the brows of the Milanese peasants. The beautiful, gifted woman for whose spiles thurs had such and before whom of Cod Liver Oil. It sets the whole body going again-man woman and child. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, is agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists The beautiful, gifted woman for whose smiles kings had sued, and before whom palace doors had opened wide, moved amongst the sick, the poor, and the diseased, bringing aid and consolation to

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rheum, Are signs of diseased blood. Their radical and permanent cure, there-

fore, consists in curing the blood. Angus Fisher, Sarnia, Ont., and Paul Keeton, Woodstock, Ala., were greatly troubled with boils; Mrs. Delia Lord,

mar, S. Miller St., Fail liver, Mass., was afficted with eczema so severely that his hands became a "mass of sores." These sufferers, like others, have volum-tarily testified to their complete cure by

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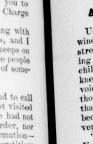
We live by our blood, and on

it. We thrive or starve, as

our blood is rich or poor.

Blood.

Outside all was bustle and excitement. A continuous stream of carriages passed up and down Fitth Avenue. Pedes-trians jostled each other on the side-trians jostled each other on the side-marks and at the crossings. A brougham, drawn by a magnifeent pair of bays, whirled by. One of the horses slipped and fell heavily on the asphalt. A policeman left his post and hurriedly wrenched open the door of the vehicle. Its occupant, a beautiful woman, sprang out. The night was cold and despite the fact that a fur cloak covered her evening gown, she shivered



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nd," he stammered me here with the

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h Miss Burram ; sho hought, resented his

He preached with all the fervor and fiery earnestness of his Italian nature. His sonorous voice was the only sound that disturbed the stillness in that flower-scented, incense-laden atmos-phere. There was not even the faintest rustle amongst the listeners; their eyes i were riveted upon him, their ears strained to eatch his every intonation. 1 Outside all was bustle and excitement. A continuous stream of carriages passed of

covered her evening gown, she shivered

covered her evening gown, she and the in the keen air. The great white Cathedral loomed up before her. Moved by an irresistible impulse she mounted the steps and en-tered. When she saw the preacher, her dark eyes dilated and a strange gleam crept into them. Father Silvio Petroni spoke on, un-conscious of her intent gaze. His

ediction. A moment later the choir began the "A deste Fidelis." The woman who had just entered rose and joined in the hymn. Her voice rang high above the others. It was clear as a bell, sweet as the lark's greeting to Dawn or the nightingale's serenade to Evening. The congregation listened breath-lessly to that liquid melody. At the sound of it the Dominican

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