THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

understand it.

GRAPES AND THORNS.

BY M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

How it must have been branded on the souls of Adam and Eve to last so The race grew, and broke into fragments that scattered far and wide For centuries they never met, and we shake hands. But though Mr. Schoninger did not go they lost all memory of each other. Their habits and their languages changed; the faces of some grow dark; there was scarcely a sign of brother-hood between them. If they met, they were as strange to each other as the inhabitants of different planets. Some one God, some believed in In spiritual matters, there was adored one only one point which they held in common. You have, perhaps, seen the little Agnus Dei that Catholics wear—a' bit of wax with a lamb stamped on it. Well, sir, every soul that God sent into the world had the sacrificial idea stamped on it, like that lamb on the wax. The devil blurred this image, of course, till men fell into all sorts of errors, and even sacrificed dwelt there. Then he turned av and walked slowly down the street. each other ; but he could never efface The hand of God graves deeply, and the inscription wears out the hand sufficiently manly. If the long pur-suit of money had been dry and disthat rubs it.

But the Jews, my sublime spiritual ancestors, kept the truth. They adored the one God, Jehovah ; and by their sacrifice they were perpetually reminding him of the Redeemer he had promised them. It is true, they became corrupted, and rejected Him exercising his will; perceiving, also, when He came; but I do not forget a goal ahead where such sordid strife that He was a Jew, that His first follow ers were Jews, and that His Immacu late Mother was a Jewess. I tell you I glory in the history of that people. It is you who throw contempt on them. not I. Catholicism proves and honors If all were false, we might Judaism. then be deluded ; but the Jews would be the deluders. We only complain of them because they call themselves

and a soothing sweetness that had fallen on the wound like an unguent, liars. Judaism, past and present, would fall with Catholicism, and fall that he realized how utterly without sympathy his life had been, and how underneath. All the truth held by the reformed Jews is a weak reflection of the light cast by the Catholic Church back on old Judaism. To deny the authority of the Church is as though ing long in a frozen desert, sees the moon should proclaim herself the source of day, and try to extinguish the sun. If it were possible for the attempt to succeed, the result would be an utter spiritual darkness, followed by barbarism. Christ is the light of the world ; and all the light there was in the world before His coming was like the morning light before the sun touches the horizon. The patriarche and the prophets were the planets and the moon of the spiritual system ; they saw Him afar off, and told of Him. Strange inconsistency ! Men usually laugh at prophecies till they are ful filled, then pay them a retrospective homage; but in this, they bow to the prophecy till the instant of its fulfilment, then reject and scorn both together. If you believed in Christ, all your altars would blaze up again, making a spiral circle of fire from the creation to the redemption. He rounds to him happiness. That is a cruelty the circle. 'I am the beginning and without which no love can exist; it the end,' He says."

Whether he perceived or acknowl-edged any truth in what he heard or not, it certainly had the effect of making Mr. Schoninger ashamed of his ill temper. "I have to apologize, sir," he said,

" for having made a personal attack

like a bird over its nest, when the drapery her artist-husband had ar-ranged on her hair would drop for-The other and most troublesome part ""Did he say anything ?" demanded led him so far as to extend his hand t open the door. Ah ! if we did but yield to generous ward and hide her profile from him. and affectionate impulses as we yield Once, when he wanted an outline, he to bad ones, how much happier the world would be! How often they are stretched his arm, drew her face round the chin, and seemed playfully to had left the room, and walked away ide her excessive baby worship. with you, I felt pained, not for him, checked by distrust of others or of ourchide her excessive baby worship. But it seemed that the soft, blue fold selves, or by the petty fear of being unconventional, when, if followed, they might warm a little this cold, had hidden something more than a mere loving gaze; for a tear slipped human atmosphere, in which we stand from the brown lashes as they so frozen that one might almost expect peared. She clasped the chiding hand our fingers to rattle like icicles when n hers, and uttered a few words.

How well the looker-on outside could guess what sad thought had called up that tear! She had feared that her in, neither did he turn c. relessly away. We wonder if any of our readers will understand how much affection was expressed in what he did. It was a happiness was too great to last. The husband's answer was, evi

dently, cheerful and reassuring ; and triffing act, apparently. He laid his right hand, palm forward, against the door, and let it press the panel a soon the work and the drawing went on, and the smiles were restored. Recollecting himself, Mr. Schon-to wish to marry one. That is out of the question. And there is no need of the question. moment. From some it might not mean much, but this man never gave nger continued his walk. he to do with such scenes? He was as his hand lightly, nor used it lightly; and it was one of those hands which shut out from all intimate friendships as though he had been invisible seem to contain in themselves the those about him. If he should be ill, whole person. It was a hand with a heart in it; and while it rested there, the doctor and the hired nurse would take care of him ; if he should die, his face wore an expression more ten-der than a smile, as if he gave both a strangers would bury him, without pity and without grief; and his posbenediction and a caress to all within sessions in Crichton, such little belong-ings as friends cherish when those those walls for the sake of one who Then he turned away

they love are gone, would be tossed then is the time to fear. about and prized only at their money Mr. Schoninger was essentially and value. Never had he felt more despondent. The momentary pleasure derived from tasteful to him, he had made no comthe friendship of F. Chevreuse faded plaint of the necessity, even to himself. away like sunlight from rocks, leaving she asked. That which must be done he attempted only hard and sombre facts behind. There never could be a real friendship and carried out as best he might, feeling, it may be, a certain pleasure in exercising his will; perceiving, also, between him and the priest. An insur-

nountable obstacle separated them. This solitary walk brought to his would end. It may be that even in the mind one night, months past, when he fascinating and delightful exercise of had walked the streets of Crichton, as his art, there had still been a sense of solitary and wretched as now, from sontary and wretched as now, from evening till day break. "I will not think of it!" he muttered, and cast the recollection aside. "O my God ! who shall pray for me, who cannot something lacking ; for the artist is, above all things, human, and this man was alone ; but he made no sentimental moan. The want, if it had a voice, And there was my fault, Father. was never listened to. It was only pray for myself?" A sound of singing caught his ear now, in the moment of a sharp and bitter pain that had cleft his heart.

He was passing a Protestant church, where they were holding an evening meeting, and they were singing plain chant, with only a thread of ac companiment. It sounded tuneful and they, and that I could decide perfectly all that had made it tolerable had earnest, and he stepped into the vestieen a looking forward to something bule to listen. They sang :

better. He was like one who, wander

unexpectedly the warm, red hearth

light shining toward his feet. It was

longer

pectation.

Hear, "ather, hear our prayer! dering nknown in the land of stranger, Be with all travlers in sickness or danger, Guard thou their path, guide their feet from the

not his home-light, but another's ; ye it touched him so that his heart woke up with a cry, and demanded some Hear, Father, hear our prayer !"

Some one was praying for him with-ut being aware of it! There was in thing in the present, and could no ut being aware of it ! be satisfied with a vague exthe world a charity which stretched He was angry with himself that he out beyond the familiar, and touched

had not refrained from speaking to the unknown sufferer. As he was leaving the vestibule he Miss Pembroke, or that, having spoken, he had not been more persistent. He would not believe that he could noticed two men, one standing at either side, on the steps without the door. Rather annoyed at being found in such give so much, and receive no return a place, he passed them hastily, and went on. When he thought himself and it seemed to him certain that by waiting he could at least have suc ceeded so far as to render it impossible free from them, his memory went back for her to refuse him without a regret to that prayerful strain : "Guard thou heir steps, guide their feet from the snare " too great for concealment. That was

all he now thought attainable, and, in Yes, they were praying for him, these comparison to what he had, it appeared strangers, who had seemed so alien. Presently he became aware that he was not free from the persons who demands the power to make its object had been observing him at the church door. The steps of two men were following him. He quickened unhappy in parting, if it is denied the privilege of making it happy in

"I was a fool!" he muttered, toss-ing the hair back from his burning face and head. "I took my refusal as promptly as though I had asked for a flower. A woman whe is ready with her confession of love at the first word

the priest. of the story followed immediately, "Not a word !" breathed out with a kind of terror "And after I had refused him, and he

"Did not he ask to see me?" "No, sir !" The face of F. Chevreuse darkened with perplexity and disappointment. After what had occurred between them the night before, if the man had but for myself. I almost wanted to call him back ; though, if he had come, I should have been sorry. I do not trusted him then, and if he were innocent, surely he would have sent for him

She looked like one who expects a severe sentence, and scarcely drew breath till the answer came. at on

'When I have said that I love him,' he thought, "how could he suffer me to rest a moment in ignorance of what The priest spoke quite carelessly : "Oh ! it is natural that we should feel had happened, or to wait for his assur kind of regret in refusing an offer-Or does his very silence prove ance? ing meant to be good, though it may his trust in me and confidence in his own acquittal? Well, even if it does, not be good to us. You need not accuse yourself of that. Of course, you are not going to marry a Jew, nor

I prefer a confidence that speaks.' He looked the officer steadily in the "Sir," he said with emphasis, face. "J wish every one to understand that searching too scrupulously into those vague and complicated emotions which I believe this accusation to be a mistake, and that I regret it exceedingly. I shall go to see Mr. Schoninger, if I are for ever troubling the human heart. It will only confuse the mind and sully am permitted, and say the same to the conscience. They are like mists that float over the sky. Keep your eyes steadily fixed on the Day-star, And now, gentlemen, if there is him. nothing more necessary to be said, will you spare me the saying anything unand do not fear an occasional waft of necessary on the subject ?

scud. As long as the star shines, all Jane had been trying to talk to Miss is well. When you no longer see it Pembroke, who put her back gently, Honora looked relieved, but not altogether satisfied. "But must there without answering a word; and as soon as their visitors had withdrawn, she approached F. Chevreuse, and atnot have been some fault in me, when tempted to finish the story which Miss I could feel even the slightest regret in Carthusen had begun. But he stopped rejecting one who has rejected God ?' her even more peremptorily than he had done the other. "I have but to repeat what I have

"That young lady is not a Catho-lic," he said, "but you are. Do not said," was the answer. "You need not disturb yourself about the matter. "You need forget charity. You have no right to hold any person guilty till his guilt is Dismiss it from your mind, except so far as it is necessary for you to think proved, and even then you should not in order to conduct yourself properly toward him in future. I take for rejoice over his condemnation. oid your saying any more on this sub granted that your intercourse must be ject to me or any other person, except when you are questioned in court. a little more reserved than it has been. "Oh ! yes," she exclaimed. "I am displeased at the spirit you have would rather not see him any more. shown.

Jane withdrew, convicted, and, per

have been very presumptuous. Both Mrs. Gerald and dear Mother Chevhaps, a little indignant. Then F. Chevreuse looked at Honora Pembroke. She had sat perfectly pale reuse were dissatisfied to have me associate with him. I could see that, and silent through it all. " Can you though they said nothing. But I fancied that I was more liberal than go home without assistance, child ?" he asked.

She understood his wish to be alone well for myself. I had almost a mind to be displeased with them for wishing to and rose with an effort. "I am not faint; I am horrified," she said. "I keep him at a distance, as if they were uncharitable. Now I am punished, is a monstrous injustice. I wish you would come to us by-and-by." "Oh ! well," the priest said gently.

looked at him imploringly. "I will go to Mrs. Gerald's directly after having seen him," he promised the allusion to his mother. "We all When he was alone, F. Chevreus locked the door, and began to pace the room, tears running down his cheeks. "O my sweet mother!" he said, "so it's all to be dragged up again, and wish to be generous, but have not much experience, prudence seems a But believe me, my child, it is your dear name associated with all that is cruel and wicked in crime !" possible for really kind and generous feelings to lead to results far worse

He opened a closet, and took down a little faded plaid shawl that his mother had used for years to throw over her shoulders in the house when the air was Only have a care of going too far in chilly. It hung on the nail where she left it; and while he held it at ring of the door bell so unusually loud arm's length, and looked at it, her form seemed to raise up before him. He saw the wide, motherly shoulders, They heard Jane open the door : then

the roll of thick, gray hair, the face faintly smiling and radiantly loving And then he could see nothing ; for the tears gushed forth so passionately as to wash away both vision and reality.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ANCIENT CH LAN

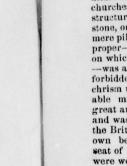
The Anglican Theor

On Sunday night Vaughan, continuing mons at the Churc Heart, Camberwell "The Ancient Chur try," dwelt upon "" and the Mass." From of Christianity in En Holy Mass was the co votion, and although period was separated generation by more years the celebration those days differed tion and liturgy t that could be called portant. In those tongue was the langu and liturgy, and if transport ourselves t

ANGLO SAXON

and to assist at the would certainly reali were worshipping were present at a se it in no way resemble Church of England, same as that of the The churches at th altars such as were churches to day, i. structure was someti stone, or even of wo mere pillars or brack proper-that was to on which the Holy S was always of ston forbidden to conse chrism unless it con able material. T great and chief feat and was spoken of b the British before own beautiful exp seat of the Heaven were well aware how Protestants were to . nified than a wooden in their temples. I latter days, when the grotesque theory of tinuity" was being service, that an a made to introduce into the Church of worship. But the Church was so div that what the High striving to build u party were determ and apparently th Here is stronger. ping (said Father Daily Telegraph beautifully which struggle between t the difficulty of sec ternal semblance of English Church " and the Cath lished by Christ. CHURCH OF ENGLA STONE

The following le by the Secretary Alliance, 9 Strand Bishop of London o My LORD, -1 hay Protestant Alliance Your Lordship's a posed consecration Philip, Stepney, in don, on the 27th in Wakefield, under t Lordship. This novated by the V Lady chapel and worship which are service of the Chi established by lay which the Protesta direct Your Lords erection of brick a church, which th Protestant Alliand are not communic lawfully be subs will be seen by rel Parker v. Leach field, Masters v. I. Westerton. The testant Alliance the hope that You the removal of altars, and will w for the consecra until the said alta respectfully ask t of this letter. I h Your Lordship's f A A copy of this warded to the Ri of Wakefield. from the Bishop o his attention wo matter. The Sec ant Alliance is g stone altar in the and stone altar have been bodily tables erected in the thanks of th have been duly f of London. Father Vaugha ciated with the f existed in all THE EARLY CI was due to what sacrifice. Anoth illustrated the cl between the east and ourselves, a its contrast with of Protestantism ments. These v us. " with very differences, the shape, material which to the pr priesthood in Er Christendom we Anglo-Saxon priests do still, maniple, stole a difference bein priests did not obreasts as the



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DECEMBER 31, 1892.

DECEMBER 3

instead of using argument, and for her confession of love at the first word having acted like a whipped school-boy. My only excuse is that I was of asking must have expected and prepared herself for the proposal. Even snarting under punishment. I am usually just enough to judge a prin-ciple by itself, not by its upholders."

They had now reached the step of the priest's house, and paused there, Schouinger declining mutely a mute invitation to enter.

earnest. That proposal which he fore-sees and intends takes her by surprise, "That is a point-that relating to and, even when willing to advance, persons-which we will discuss some her instinct is to retreat at first. other time, when we both feel more like it," F. Chevreuse said. "But, inconsistent we are to expect and re-quire that shrinking modesty in a my friend," he added, with impassioned voman, and then complain of her for earnestness, "let the faults of individ uals, and communities and nations go.

They are irrelevant. Let God be true, though all men may be false. Ecc Agnus Dei! If a naughty conquerer should demand your submission, I could understand why you would feel like rebelling. But here there is nothing but love to resist. Here there or sewed, raising their faces now and is only infinite sweetness and humility then to smile at each other ; they con Did He ever persecute you? Did He versed, or they rested, leaning ever revile you? He wept over you. n their chairs.

'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! Coming to a secluded little cottage Standing on his own threshold, the in a quiet street, he leaned on the priest suddenly put his arm round the garden fence, and looked into the "Love Him, then Jew's shoulder. sitting-room. He was acquainted with the people there; they met him pleashate whom you can. Love Him, and do what you will," he said. "I don't ask you to listen to the Church, to antly in public, but it had never occurred to them, apparently, to invita him to their home. All his friends indeed, were of that public kind. listen to me, to listen to any one, to behold the lamb of God. Look only at Him, study Him, listen to Him. The room was lighted by a shaded O my God ! that I had the tongue of an angel! I love you ! I am longing lamp that made a bright circle on the for your conversion, but I cannot say table under it. A man sat at one side sketching what a nearer view would a word. Good-night ! May God bless have shown to be a Holy Family you and speak to you !"

Now and then he lifted his head and The Jew was alone, overpowered by gazed at the group opposite him, the models of his Mother and Child ; and the sudden and tender passion of that appeal, feeling still the pressure of that more than brotherly embrace.

face showed how his soul strove to fan If his mind had recognized any truth, that visible spark of human affection he did not at the moment perceive of think of it, so moved was his heart at into a flaming vision of divine love. The woman sat weaving bright the vision of love that had been opened wools into some fleecy shape, her to him. If divine love was added to the human, he did not enquire ; he only

slight fingers flying as the work pro-gressed under them. Her eyes were knew that the priest was sincere, and lowncast, and a faint smile shone on was at that moment on his knees pray-ing for him. He would have liked to her happy face. One foot kept in gentle motion a cradle, wherein a babe go in and beg his blessing, not, per-haps, as that of a priest, but as that of lept, its rosy little hands curled up under its chin, like closed flowers.

an incomparably good and loving He checked the impulse, though it the sleeper, seemed to hover over it, F. Chevreuse nodded again, and did sort of man on the outside; though I Now and then the mother bent above

him, which might be either anger or awakens in us ever after something of the same terror and distress. Jane had followed Miss Carthusen to

Schoninger is in jail."

and I know that I deserve it.

vice.

his face growing thoughtful and sad a

make mistakes; and to persons who

very cold virtue, sometimes almost a

than even an excess of prudence migh

have caused. Don't distress vourself

either way." Their talk was here interrupted by

"A sick-call," said F. Chevreuse.

a light step ran through the entry,

and, without any ceremony of knock-ing, Miss Lily Carthusen burst into

the room. "O. F. Chevreuse !" she cried, "Mr.

as to betoken an excited visitor.

fear. He paused one instant, then turned and faced his pursuers. a profound affection may be a little hidden from her till after it is asked The next morning, after Mass, Honora Pembroke went in to see F. the sitting-room door, and, the moment for, though visible to others. Besides, she sometimes draws back from timidshe heard her announcement, broke hevreuse, waiting in the church till out into exclamations : "I know it ! she thought he had taken his break I have known it all the time ! O poor ity, or to see if a man is really in Mother Chevreuse !" fast

"I did not see you at Communion F. Chevreuse stood up, as if to take this morning," he said, after greeting her pleasantly. "Why was that, young woman?" freer breath, and his face grew crim-How

"In what way does this arrest con-They were in the sitting room that had belonged to Mother Chevreuse. cern me particularly, Miss Carthusen? he asked, striving to speak calmly. Her son now occupied these rooms, and all the little tokens of a woman's pres-"F. Chevreuse, cannot you guess ?"

He wandered on through street after she returned. street, glancing at the lighted winence had disappeared. No work suspected, if you have not. I believed dows of many a city home. In some basket, with shining needles and it almost from the first." houses, the curtains had been pleasthimble, glittered in the sunlight ; no antly left up, and he could see the shawl nor scarf lay over any chair back; no flower nor leaf adorned the charming tableau of a family gathered about the evening lamp. They read All the grace had gone. place.

back

Honora perceived, by the mome tary clouding of the priest's face, that he understood the glance she had cast force about the room and the involuntary sigh that had followed it, and she into tears.

hastily recalled her thoughts. "I am an unfortunate sister

Proserpine," she said. "Some one sent me a pomegranate vesterday as a since that day ; and . F. Chevreuse was leaning up against the wall, with his face hidden rarity ; and this morning, while I was dressing, and thinking of my Comin his arm ; but he recovered his munion too, I ate two or three of the All his friends self-possession immediately, and put a seeds

stop to these revelations. "Say no more !" There was a certain severity "You are a careless girl !" F. Chev reuse exclaimed, with that pre-tence of playful scolding which shows both in his voice and gesture. "I do not wish to hear any surmises nor parso much real kindness. "But, forticulars. I should suppose that some person in authority ought to bring me your banishment is not so unately, long as that of your Greek sister this information. But I thank you for taking the trouble ; and perhaps you will be so kind as to stop at Mr. was

"I was not thinking without dis traction," Honora continued. "There was something else on my mind, or I the expression of his fine, spiritual Macon's door on your way home, and should have remembered my fast. On the whole, I am rather glad that I ask him to come to me, have gone out yet. I would like to see him at once. could not go to Communion this morn

and "Yes !"

tence :

ing, for I was not so quiet as I ought The young lady had no choice. She was obliged to go. to be. I have come to tell you about

Mr. Macon was, in fact, already on A faint blush flitted over her face his way to the house; and soon the She looked up for the encouraging not story received authoritative confirmawhich were not wanting

and then told half her story in a sen-"Mr. Schoninger told me last night that he thinks a great deal of prised, sir," said the officer who had made the arrest. "He is a very cool

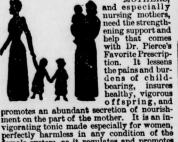
". "He did not seem to be at all sur-

He cannot

story, one of many thousands that could be told by any physician whose experience has led him to the hospitals. poor "soiled dove" lay dying in the smallpox hospital at North Brother Island. She had been born and bred a Catholic, but had fallen away from all religion, all self-respect, all decency. Nevertheless some lingering sparks of her old self still re mained amid the dreary ashes of her degradation. For though she had refused, even with blasphemy, the ministrations of a priest, she one night begged that a Sister of Mercy "Many others have might be admitted to her bedside The Sister came. The dving girl gazed up into the calm, kindly of the nun, and as she read nothing

"I do not believe it !" he exclaimed, there save utter pity, she whispered and began to pace the room. "I will with piteous eagerness, "Sister won't you kiss me?" And the holy woman not believe it ! It is impossible !' And then, whether believing or not in this accusation, he felt anew the whole threw her arms around that other, whose body was as loathsome with of that terrible blow. "0 mother, mother !" he cried, and burst disease as her soul was leprous with "I suspected him on account of the

sin, and kissed her, and that other, weeping, begged to be held, and was so held for an hour, and when the shawl." Miss Carthusen went on. 'His has not been seen in the house nun at last sought gently to disengage the clinging arms she found that they were the arms of a corpse. woman had died in her embrace.



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