# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

#### APR'L 4, 1891.

#### The Handsomest Woman. A FARMER'S PHILESOPHY.

DEAR BON-Your letter of the 10th came in there is a lady in the picture. the mail to day. And so you want to marry, and you wonder she doing ? And so yo

hothei's letter, still it takes a man of knee. ive advice. letter says: "She's beautiful and "Gr andsome as a queen." As a m

Beauliful feet are those which go in answer to duty's call; And beautinu shoulder are those which bear their daily bardens all. Remember this in a xim true, my boy, when-ever you choose a wife: "The handsomest woman of earth is she who lexds the handsomest life." I therefore trust that the woman you wed (if you really love each other) May be the bandsomest one in the world-excepting one-your mother. -Frank S. Pixley.

THAT PICTURE OF THESACRED HEART.

Anna T. Sadlier, in Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

I. An early Spring had come to Canada. It had touched the buds into life; it had clothed the trees with a delicate green. Cattle were lowing, sheep bleating, the air was full of faint fragrance, as in anticipa-tion of those many odorous plants which should later fill the gardens and the woodlands with their profusion. Mary Leonard sat noon the porch of

Mary Leonard sat upon the porch of her father's little stone house. Tangled her father's little stone house. Tangled creepers of honeysuckle fell about her. A lilac bush beside the door was sending her its grateful sweetness. A bird or two sang in a neighboring tree. Mary was absorbed in a letter—four pages of closely-written school girl news from a convent friend. On the last page a few lines caught her attention particularly:—"We are all busy here about the League of the Sacred Heart. I am a promoter and have are all busy here about the League of the Sacred Heart. I am a promoter and have got a cross. Lots of our old convent friends are in it. But, perhaps, you do not know what all this means." A brief explanation followed, and Mary mechanically took up an enclosed printed

A brief explanation followed, and alary mechanically took up an encices d printed card, "The Promises of Oar Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary." Mechanically, too, she began to read. Her thoughts were busy with that madeap. Lucy Nearu, the wildest citel in the class. transformed the wildest girl in the class. transformed now into a promoter of the Sacred Heart. One promise particularly appealed to

Mary : "I will bless the houses wherein an Image of my Heart shall be exposed and

Acting on a sudden impulse, Mary honored." Acting on a sudden impulse, Mary went up to her room and took from a drawer a colored print. It was of no particular valud. It had been given as a reward of merit in the young girl's con-vent days. It was an Image of the Sacred Heart. She brought it downstairs, end with some hesitation hung it up in the sitting room, just above a rude little when some hesitation hung it up in the sitting room, just above a rude little when some hesitation hung it up in the sitting room, just above a rude little when some hesitation hung it up in the sitting room, just above a rude little when some hesitation hung it up in the sitting room, just above a rude little when some hesitation hung it up in the shelf. She did not know what her father might say, and his opinions. She passed out into the garden and gathered a handful of early Spring finw ere, and put them in a vase upon the shelf. Then she sat down at the window, and looked out over the fields just turn-

and looked out over the fields just turn-ing green and the road stretching away into the distance. At last she could see afar off her father approaching, a bent and tollworn figure. His clothing was rough, his air and manner, as he entered

ently dead. The picture had been in its place a week or more when Mary surprised her father, one evening, standing, with a light in his hand, attentively examining it. She stole away, unheeded, and again she caught him painfully speling out "The Promises," which had been left upon the shelf.

Once a grandchild came from a still more

shelf.

blizz urd holds up." "But I have a horse and sleigh," objected the traveller. "Taere's an out house for them. I'll see that they're all right." The stranger yielded, and having par-taken of the humble but plentiful upper set in the little sitting-room, watching Mary knit and her father smoke. All at once he said, glancing, with a smile, at the lamp before the picture : "That must have been the light which guided me here. It was like a tiny red park in the darkness. But it answered the purpose. Had I not seen it I should have wandered on in the drifts or have gone down an embankment." "I fyou hadn't found your way here, somehow," said Leonard, "you wouldn't have been a living man to-morrow." "A very little thing to save a life," said the stranger, rising and going over to examine the print. "Will you permit me to inquire," he added, involuntarily addressing Mary, "what this picture is intended to represent, and why you burn a light before it?" rough, his air and manner, as no entroted the house, dejected and even morose. Thomas Leonard's life had been one of hard and prosate labor. He had had but little time to attend to his religious duties, and the suburb where he lived gave but and the suburb where he make give than the narrow scope for anything more than the baldest practice of religion. It was only occasionally visited by a prisst, the Cath olics in the vicinity being the merest handful. After supper Mary Leonard carried the After supper Mary Leonard carried the lamp into the sitting.room, where her fa'her usually emoked his pipe. Scarcely had he seated himself when the light of the lamp fell full upon the picture and the fregrant blossoms before it. Thomas Leonard started as if he had seen a ghost. The Divine face and figure rudely outlined, but yet full of meaning and mejasty, strangely awed him. a light before it ?" Mary, summoning up all her convent lore, gave as clear an account as she could of the significance of the picture and her reasons for burning the lamp. The stranger listened attentively, asking many questions. He read over "The Promises" more than once, and returned to the sub-ject of devotion to the Sacred Heart with a persistency which astonished Tom Leon-ard. strangely awed him. "What's that ?' he said shortly, jerking his thumb in the direction of the Sacred ard. "What had men got to do," he thought, "with all this religious business. The women were the only ones who had time Image. "A picture of the Sacred Heart, women were the only ones who had time for that. Unconsciously, however, he learned a great deal, no less than his guest. The inclemency of the weather detained the young stranger for two or three days under that humble roof. During his stay he conversed more than once with Mary upon the subject of religion, examining her beads, her prayer-book and a catechism, which last he jestingly begged from her as a memento of his visit. Perhaps it was because of the lamp which had saved his life, but he talked most of all of the Sacred Heart. father. "Who put it there ?" "I did "Humph." No more was said. Many was rejoleed that her father had not ordered the pic-ture to be taken down. So hard and abcorbed in material things had he become that beauty, sweetness, spirituality paused without the stone porch. Work and economy were all the duties that Thomas Leonard imposed upon his daughter. If she wanted to say her prayers—short ones Leonard imposed upon his daughter. If she wanted to say her prayers—short ones —well and good. If a priest came she might go to Mass, but there must be no humbug. At first when a priest came at Easter Thomas Leonard was careful to receive the sacraments Of late, he had contrived to be out of the way at that particular time, and his faith was appar-ently dead.

you.

And so your moile to marry, and you wonder Well, doe, your moiner here and I have read your serms to think that I'm the one And no year may to think that I'm the one For, though in most aff the of course there's nothing quite on the As a mothed deter. Set it is takes a man to as mothed wind deter.

Your letter says: "She's beautiful and handsome as a queen." I hope, so, Joe and hope yon know just what hope is one when tells of a beautiful tool within: A hear some face is one which tells of a beautiful tool within: A har some face is one which wears no damage to bog the glow: Beautiful too ghts glow: The handsome hands are those not ashamed Hands that are patient and brave and kind, Beautiful feet are those which go and kind, Beautiful feet are those which speak for a trinkil bear toe as do and kind, Beautiful feet are those which go and kind, Beautiful feet are those which go and kind, Beautiful feet are those which go and kind, Beautiful feet are those which wear a mo to duty's call; A har some face which speak for a beautiful too are those not ashamed Hands that are patient and brave and kind, Beautiful feet are those which go in answer

clevical dress.

years. No one could replace him when he was absent, and he taught many of the new hands their work. But he had never taught one to pray. He had almost for-gotten how himself. As the weeks and months went by the

As the weeks and months went of the picture and Mary's daily offering of flowers before it made a spot of beauty in the house. The tare walls of the sitting room seemed less dreary. The perfume of flowers had replaced that of new carpet on of site same the or of stale varnish.

Oace when Mary spoke of removing the picture to her own room, her faiher almost sternly hade her "Leave it where it was." It had so far worked its way into his

hardened and toll worn heart. II.

II. Spring had softly stolen away at the touch cf Sammer, and the ripe fruits of Autumn had failen before the vigorous blast of a northerly Winter. Icteles hung upon the trees, the garden of the little stone house was piled high with snow. The roads were blocked, so that Thomas Lsouard could scarcely get to his work in the neighboring town. Mary was shut up in a dreariness which she callwaned by decorating, as best she might, the space around the picture. She had begun to burn before it a small oil lamp, which was another echool day relic. Her father had at first said something about the made no very grest objection, and seemed at last to look for the light, on his return at evening. The little sitting room had an end window, through which the red glaam of the lamp shone out upon the gleam of the lamp shone out upon the

One particularly wild and stormy night One particularly wild and stormy night came about the end of December. Defits of snow were whitling, blizard fashion, up and down the road. The wind howied about the house and rattled the frost-bound trees. Just as the father and daughter sait down to supper they were startled by a stamping of feet outside and a loud knocking at the door. Thomas Leonard threw it come, and discovered a picture of the Sacred Heart. a loud knocking at the door. Thomas Leonard threw it open, and discovered a young man, evidently belorging to the higher classes. The stranger billing residence of a gentieman—whose name Thomas Loonard at once recognized—some distance further on, he had got off the distance further on, he had got off the direct road and lost himself. "You had better stop here to night,"

"You had better stop nere to inquit, eaid Leonard, with rough civility; "there's no chance of making your way before day-break, and not then, unless this blizz with holds up."

"But I have a horse and sleigh,"

"Oh, I den't know; Mary can tell you." "He has a beautiful, kind face; and there is a lady in the picture. Weat is be doing? "Praying" "Praying" "Dray ou over pray, grandpaph?' asked the child earnestly. Grandpapa growled something. He did not want his young iquirer to learn that for ycare he had scarcely ever bent his knee. "Grandpapa is too basy," he added Noud. "If you tell me how, I will," ask the thild eagerly. Something like an expression of pain there has visit he has sent them docasional tokens of filendly remembrance, then there had been slience. Mary recog-nized him at once. To her wonder, he wore a distinctly predecessor, now almed at those who dis paraged the divinity, now the humanity of our Lord, till every phase of His char acter had been thoroughly discussed and

defined. So of every other article of the The explanations which followed were Creed; all were disputed by able men, who started new and ingenious theories "I shall not try," said the stranger, "I shall not try," said the stranger, smiling, "to unravel for you the tangled skein of my experiences since we met. The clue must be looked for in your pic-the light not in accordance with the traditions of the faith, and all were condemned and elenced at the end of a vigorous intellectual warfare, in which the ablest theolo-glans took part. Each decision was an ture of the Sacred Heart, and the light burning before it, which saved my life. Do you remember how we talked religion during my with how you we talked religion additional development from the original deposit, and was, therefore, not a new and original addition to the faith, but during my visit; how you gave me a cate chism; above all, how you made me ac-quainted with that wonderfal devotion to eimply a legitimate expansion of the germ as it was originally given by the Apostles of Christ. The great lesson which we wish to draw ine Divine Heart? Olce set thinking,

the Divine Heart? Olde to: tailing, studying, the path was clear to the priesthood. My the crash and to the priesthood. My the great lesson which we wish to draw The great lesson which we wish to draw from this view of the case is the perfect absurdity of taking the Apostles' Creed as and thank you for your hospitality of long and thank you for your hospitality of long and thank we have the perfect absurdity of the case is the perfect absurdity of taking the Apostles' Creed as a basis of Christian union which it is be coming fashionable among some our Pro-

a basis of Christian union which it is be coming fashionable smorg some our Pro-testant filends to propose. Of course if their object is comprehension—not truth —the plan is not so objectionable; since the history of development proved con-clusively that a profession of bellef in the Apostles' Oreed is compatible with every sort of heresy imaginable. You have only to see *Cordo* and you may be an Arian. ego." "Perhaps you can do more than that for us," said Mary, quietly. "My father is dying, and has rejused to let me go for a priest, even if I could have left him and other way to twyn. He will see you. made my way to town. He will see you. My prayer to the Sacred Heart is answered."

to say Gredo and you may be an Arlan a Sabellan, a Monophysic, a Monothelite or any one of the hundred heresies that An April evening was closing in dream-ily. Sunset was failing from the land-scape, a faint breeze was sirring the elm-tress, wherein were heard the songs of birds, an echo, perhaps, of the canicle of joy which the angels were singing for one that had done penance. Thomas Leonard had passed beyond earthly speech or sound. Bat at his bedside was the priest, the stranger of ten years before, and in his hand was a Crucifix. His last words had been an appeal for mercy to the Divine Heart. His dying eyes had rested upon the picture. The red light from the An April evening was closing in dreamwere spawned upon the Church in the were spawned upon the Church in the early ages and sgainst which the Ohurch protested in such constant, unvarying and consistent fidelity. If your object, how ever, is truth in unity and not merely comprehension with liberty of opinion, you will find it only in the Catholic Chart ways to battoric chain of devel Church, with its biatoric chain of devel opment which binds the present with the past in indissoluble bonds of logical continuity .- N. P. Catholic Review.

### Don't Feel Well,

Divine Heart. His dying eyes had rested upon the picture. The red light from the lamp fell as a benediction over the pailid and stiffening form from which the spirit was passing with the last April sun. It fell, too, upon the bowed figure of Mary Leonard, who, through all her grief and desolation, could perceive that the pro-mise had been realized. Great bleesings had come from the bonor paid to that And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends-we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dan gerong condition. into a state of good out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dan-gerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and » cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

BOW TO BECOME KOSY CHEEKED WOMEN.

The process of the development of Ohristian doctrine was a very simple and a very natural one. The Apostles' Greed, as we remarked on a former occasion, contained the germ of Christian doctrine from which the present doctrinal system of the Catholic Ohurch was gradually, logically and with unbroken historical continuity developed. The Apostles of course knew perfectly well what our Lord tanght them. As Rufinus, the early his-torian, declaree, the apostles, realizing the importance of unity in teaching, before their separation, agreed upon that "form of sound words" webraced in the Apostles' Creed as the symbol of unity and the The political battle is over, but the battle with disease must be constantly and unceasingly waged else the grim reaper will come out victorious, and loved ones will be gathered to their long home. On all sides may be seen pale and listless girls who should be enjoying the health and glow of rosy youth. Everywhere we are met with women Everywhere we are met with women young in years, yet prematurely old, who suffer in silence almost untold agonics, the result of those ailments peculiar to the female system. To all such, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a such, Dr. Williams' Pick Pills come as a bleasing. They restore wasted vitality, build up the nervous system, enrich the blood, and transform pale and sailow complexions into glowing, rosy checks that alone follow perfect health. In a word they are a certain cure for all these distancing complaints to which women Greed as the symbol of unity and the fundamental basis of their teaching. They went forth, each to his own sphere of labor, and imparting instruction, while they made their symbol of faith a condition of fellowship in the Church of word they are a certain curs for all indese distressing complaints to which women and girls are peculiarly liable. A trial of these pills will convince the most sceptical of their wonderful merit. For Christ, they were of course careful to give the proper explanation of each article as they had received it from their Lord and suffering men Dr. Williams' Pink Pills But at a very early age controversies But at a very early age controversus arose as to that meaning. Then, as now, there were liberals, private judgment men and freethinkers, who, with the inordinate pride of hereey, though oftentimes with remarkable talent and persuasive elo-quence, insisted upon an interpretation forcing the exhausted system and re



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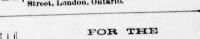


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III.

Ten years had passed away, and again the April blossoms had replaced the Cana-dian snows. The honey suckle was climb-ing once more once the porch of the dian snows. The honey suckle was climb-ing once more over the porch of the stone house, and the leaves were fast eprouting on the trees. Mary Leonard was all absorbed by one thought : Her father lay dying; there was no priest nearer than the neighboring town, she dared not go so far, leaving the sick man alone. Besides, he had repulsed her so sternly when she touched upon the sub-juct, and had broken forth into so savage threats, that she was fairly terrified. The picture of the Sacred Heart had been brought with its little red light, and hung in view cf the bed. Before it stood the vase of epring flowers. It seemed to have

quence, insisted up quence, induced upon an above of the Apostles and contrary to the traditional teaching of the Ohurch. This rendered it necessary that the bishops and doctors of the Caurch should come together and, in solemn conclave, decide what the true interprets

Master.

conclave, decide what the true interpreta tion was, that the minds of the people might be set at rest. It is very evident that the notion so prevalent in our day, that every man should think and decide for binneelf, even in the gravest and most important points of Christian doctrine, found no favor with the early Christianr. They insisted that Ohrist taught a logical and homogeneous system, and hence that in determining the true interpretation of the Creed it was not enough to appeal to reason or to Scripture true interpretation of the orea of Scripture or both but that they mos: also and especially take into the account tradition and the analogy of the faith. Hence when the councils of the Church assembled when the councils of the Unarch assembled for the sitting of controversies the enquiry was made as to how the question in dis-pute had slways been understood in the various portion of the Church represented in the assembly. Of course they appealed to Soripture as collateral, historical evi-dence, but it was felt that the analogy of the faith as devoluted in the historical dence, but it was feit that the analogy of the faith as devoloped in the historical continuity of the traditional teaching of the Ohurch must be preserved. When the decision was made, that interpreta-

the decision was made, that interprets-tion was added to the original Creed and became a part of the fundamental faith of the Ohurch. This development was most strikingly illustrated in the doctrine of the divinity of Christ. Previous to the definition of alternized doctrine more or less loosences a disputed doctrine more or less loosenes of expression prevailed even among the most orthodox of the Fathers, and it canmost orthogon of the rathers, such t can-not be denied that the language of the Antenicene Fathers on the subject of our Lord's divinity may be more easily accom-modated to the Arian by pothesis than can the Pustnicene. It is a well attested fact of biscur, too, the at one time it assumed mother was a Protestant. The child had been tanght nothing of its father's relig-ion. One day Mary overheard a conver-setion between her father and the little lad. "Grandpapa, who is that in the pto ""Its our Saviour, I suppose," said the man shamefacedly, the name was coun-familiar on his lips. ""What is He doing ?"

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