

Again the heavy lids lifted, and again fell.

"Mr. Tyrconnel!" Cecil cried, this time bending her face close to his.

The utterance of this name—the only name she had ever called him—was like a spell in its effect.

"You!" he said, his thin, nerveless fingers making an effort to clasp hers.

"I—Cecil," she answered.

He looked at her steadily for an instant, then turned his gaze to his sister, who was close beside Cecil.

"Kathleen," he said, very feebly, "I see—her—face. Am—I—dreaming?"

"No, darling brother, you are not dreaming; she is here," answered the girl, in a choking voice.

"And you, oh, thank God, you are better—you will live!"

"If it is—God's will," he said.

"I knew it!" said Mrs. Bernard to her husband, when she received Cecil's letter announcing her engagement to Tyrconnel.

"I knew that if Cecil went to Europe he would marry—and stay there!"

"I thought myself that it was most likely she would," was the reply.

"And I don't think her doing so is to be regretted."

"I do!" said the lady, in a tone which had a suspicion of tears in it.

"From what Craven says—oh, by the way"—he interrupted himself with a laugh—"did I tell you that Craven is about to be married?"

"What?"

Mr. Bernard repeated what he had just said.

"Mr. Craven! I don't believe it!" said Mrs. Bernard, in a very positive tone.

"I have only his own word to depend upon for the truth of the matter," observed Mr. Bernard, with affected gravity.

"But I was going to remark that, from what he says, Tyrconnel must be just the man to meet Cecil's rather exigent demands in the way of a husband."

And she will have plenty of use for her money in the rehabilitation of an Irish estate. Depend upon it, the whole business will suit her admirably.

And it does, as she gratefully acknowledges while using the fortune which so nearly kept the lives of Tyrconnel and herself apart, in "doing some work in the world" for the glory of God and the benefit of her neighbor.

THE END.

THE STAGES OF SIN.

Discourse by the Rev. Luke Livingston.

Preaching on Sunday night at St. Charles's, Ogle street, from the text, "The soul that sinneth, the same shall die" (Ezekiel xlviii., 20).

There is in every sin a history, and although the detail is different in many respects in each separate case, still the history is, in its substantial features, the same in every case.

We find the history and the course of sin in the record of the miracle which our divine Lord worked upon Lazarus.

One of the features of our Lord's miracles is that they were not merely wonders, not only signs of His divine power—they were that—and more still—they were wonderful types and figures of that which would happen within the Church of God after His ascension.

And so this is the case with the history of Lazarus. We read, first of all about him, that he was weak, sick, languid.

The first thing that takes place in the history of sin is that the soul becomes weak and languid, it is sick; the various duties of life become to it irksome that it gives them up, it is no longer faithful to the inspiration which God is always giving it, it ceases to be regular in its religious duties, everything becomes tiresome to it—that is to say, everything that has to do with God and His religion. What it does it does in a half-hearted way, it does not put itself into them, there is no energy about them—it has become sick, languid.

When a lamb came up to the sacrifice unwillingly, the Israelites assumed that it was a sacrifice not pleasing to God, and so when the soul came slowly and falteringly to the various duties it had to perform, it was the beginning of sin, the first stage through which the soul passes.

When a man looks at some grievous sin, and sees that at that time when he was first languid in the service of God, when he went halting and lame in his devotions, he never dreamt of what it would come to, it would seem to him impossible that he should be what at last he has turned out to be.

In the history of the soul's sin there are stages: some pass from one to the other with great rapidity, or may stop for a long while in one. It is said of Lazarus that he was asleep. There first comes a certain torpor, a sleep, upon the soul, and so the soul does not fear, and so the soul does not fear, as the prophet said, "Herein they fear not."

It was as though men heard voices all round about them; but were so intent upon something else that they heard with the outward hearing only; and if you asked one what passed before him, what was the turmoil and noise all round about him, he would be obliged to say "I don't know; I was not attending to it; I was wrapped up in something else."

And so it was when a man fell into the sleep of sin; he did not hear anything, just like those foolish virgins in the parable, who slumbered while their lamps went out, because they had not

replenished them. The soul needed to be replenished from time to time with grace; it must act, its energies must be employed, otherwise there will come upon it that deep sleep such as Jonas was in; while the tumultuous waves were tossing about him, while the ship was heaving to and fro in the danger of the storm, he heeded not; and even so, there was danger all round about their soul.

Oh! if their eyes were open, to see how there was danger in everything that came across their path, how the storm was lowering, how the evil ones were gathering round about them, how they were in the midst of danger, and yet the soul slept the heavy sleep of sin; it did not see that there was the slightest danger of its shipwreck.

When the sun withdraws itself the earth becomes cold and the ice thick; even so, when God withdraws the grace which we would not use, the soul becomes harder and yet harder, and as cold as ice; you can do nothing with that heart, you cannot touch it, it is not sensitive to danger or fear, or the love of God—it is sleeping a deep sleep.

Our Lord came to the disciples and said to them "Watch," when He found them asleep in the Garden of Gethsemane; and so, He comes to us again and again and says: "Watch!"

There is no chance for you unless you do. The foes are pressing on, they are round about you, they are eager; it is for you, therefore, to arouse yourself, and unless you do you may fall into that heavy, deep, dead sleep.

The next stage that comes upon the soul is that it tells a most deliberate and malignant lie; it gives way deliberately to the indulgence of the passions. Years ago it would not have thought such a thing possible in its case, but everything had been preparing the way for it, and at last it passed into that terrible sleep in which it no longer heard the voice of God. It may be honest, industrious, respectable. There are two people, for instance: one hands something across a counter, and the other hands back something; one of these may be living in the grace of God and the other absolutely accursed before Almighty God. If they could see that soul, they would see it was dark and black and motionless as a corpse—it was a dead soul! It required a miracle to raise up that soul from that terrible state of death, because it placed such an obstacle in the way of God's grace. They read of Lazarus that he was four days dead. There he was in the tomb, and his feet enveloped with the shroud, and there was a great stone rolled against the door; and even so it was with the man who had not simply committed one mortal sin, but did it again and again, and got into on and done it again and again, and got into all sorts of complications, contracted all sorts of ties which it is difficult to break at once—he is tied hand and foot. It was now a question of restitution, perhaps, of reparation or satisfaction. "Oh!" says St. Augustine, "what it is for the soul to have that heavy weight of custom keeping it down! That soul becomes offensive; it has round about it the infection of sin; it does not savor of God but of the Evil One; and so, wherever it goes, it succeeds, sometimes unintentionally, in spreading an atmosphere of neglect of God, of contempt of God, by its very look, its tone of voice, creating that thick atmosphere of sin in which men live, and spreading the various maxims and principles upon which the world acts, so that men hardly suspect the real evil in them, helping others all round about to be the same as itself. It does not do to Mass, and so assists someone else not to go. So they helped others, by the offensive infection of their evil life, to commit sin. What they had to be careful about were the first little beginnings of sin. Every one of those who came to tell that sad tale of sin had to say that they began with dislike of God.—The Monitor.

At midnight our Saviour Jesus Christ was born. "While all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word, O Lord," says Holy Scripture, "came down from Thy royal throne." At midnight, thirty-three years afterward, that same divine Saviour rose triumphant from the grave. In the early ages of the Christian Church, no Mass was celebrated on Holy Saturday; but, all night long, the faithful kept vigil, and the Mass of the Resurrection was celebrated during those sacred hours.

But, as we have seen, the great hour of the Church found it impossible to repress her joy in her unfailing possession of the Living Jesus, and gradually the offices of the holy night became those of the previous morning, and filled it with a singular beauty and delight. There is a special lesson to be learned from these hallowed prayers and ceremonies, teaching us how, in our earthly existence, sorrow may be turned into joy, and gloom into brightness; and we exiles from our heavenly home may, nevertheless, rejoice always, because of the grace of the Holy Ghost.

A passage from the spiritual works of St. John of the Cross bears strikingly upon this matter, that the wonderful words should be quoted here: "When man has become spiritualized and refined in the fire of divine love, which purifies him, he then receives the union and inflowing of the loving illumination with the sweetness with which an angel receives them. There are souls who in this life receive a more perfect illumination than the angels."

But how is this accomplished? How can it come to pass? Note well the epistle for that wonderful midnight Mass which is read now on Holy Saturday morning.

"Brethren: if you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above; where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God: mind the things that are above, not the things that are upon the earth. For you are dead; and your life is hid with Christ in God."

Now hear St. John once more. "The soul, by a certain fitness, discerns the divine light, if it shuts its eyes against all objects whatever, and opens them only for the vision of God."

The soul that finds no pleasure out of God can not long be united with Him. He is the light of the spirit, denying thy will in all things, and praying to thy Father in secret. Then thou wilt enjoy Him in secret, and delight in Him in secret, in a way that no tongue or language can express."

It seems, perhaps, as far beyond us, this denial of earthly joys and wishes,—as does this more than angelic illumination and unearthly bliss, promised as its reward. Yet,—what does St. Paul say? "You are dead; and your life is hid with Christ in God." What does the Church say? "Inflame us with heavenly desires. As the stag panteth after the fountains of waters, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God. Seek the things that are above, where Christ is sitting at the right hand of God. Pour forth on us, O Lord, the Spirit of Thy love."

This month (April) the intention of the League of the Sacred Heart is for "more interest in the lives of the saints." Let us study the lives of the saints, keeping in mind this idea of a more than angelic illumination of the soul, possible even on earth by means of self-denial and self-restraint.

Study them with a wish to see how a life may be hidden even here, with Christ, and become divinely bright, if men will only consent to be dead with Him to the love of earthly things. We shall be overwhelmed with the knowledge that is easily to be obtained upon this special subject, the saints' joys on earth.

Great theologians and doctors of the Church have tried to portray them, and have confessed their inability to do so. Nevertheless, this they do tell us, that such unworldly delights are possible, and beyond the power of man to describe in words worthy of their greatness," writes the great St. Basil, "are the lightning which flash and dart forth from that most dazzling fount of the divine loveliness. No speech can worthily portray them, no hearing comprehend them, though you should liken them to the surpassing brilliancy of the morning star, to the splendor of the moon, or to the most radiant brightness of the sun. It is known to the mind and the thought only, and but in a certain degree. Whenever it hath but chanced to shine upon holy men, it hath left deep fastenings in their souls, the sting of an insupportable longing; for they were used to break forth into these words: 'When shall I come, and appear before the face of Christ?' And again: 'To be dissolved, and to be with Christ, a thing by far the better,' or else: 'My soul hath thirsted after the strong, living God.' So hard did they find it to contain their souls, whose minds were smitten with the love of God."

Al! not alone to St. Teresa was it given to have the heart pierced with a flaming dart of love from the Holy Spirit's fire. Hers was indeed a more visible thing to the human senses than is often to be found in saintly annals. The pain of the wound, she declared, was so violent that it forced her to break forth into repeated groans; and yet "so excellent was the sweetness to which this intense pain gives rise, that one desires not to be freed from it, and naught is pleasing to the soul but God Himself."

This effect of the wound is what the

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A NIGHT AS LIGHT AS THE DAY.

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saints of all ages and conditions knew. They cared for nothing but God and the things of God, their very life being hid in Him with Christ. The Resurrection season, when, with a supernatural naturalness, there comes to the Christian a homesickness for heaven, is a fitting time to think what that night, bright as the day, symbolizes—the blessed self denial and self conquest that led to the illumination of the soul in the light of God.—Sacred Heart Review.

Professor Harnack, who enjoys the highest authority in Germany as a Protestant divine, in a recent address delivered before a coterie of his co-religionists gives expression to the fact that Protestantism in the Fatherland is tending toward what he calls Catholicism. "The old, narrow, doctrinal form of Protestantism," he says, "is disappearing; the old relation between theology and Church no longer exists, the ancient system of religious instruction has proved insufficient; there is a tendency towards extending, remodelling, organizing, while the clear conception of the fundamental condition of Protestantism is vanishing."

The learned professor very seriously warns his countrymen and co-religionists against this movement. Such development and organization of German Protestantism, would, he thinks, be a weak and ineffectual species of Catholicism, having none of the safeguards and advantages of Roman Catholicism. "Roman Catholicism," says Harnack, "has the Pope, it has the saints and the monks. (The latter are Harnack's.) These we cannot obtain. The monastic tendency towards the formation of saints, the self-sacrifice, contempt of the world and devotions in the Catholic Church form a mighty barrier and corrective against worldliness and formalism which we do not possess. In the Papacy, on the other hand, lies the power of adaptation to circumstances, personal authority as against the authority of the letter, the firm conviction that the Church of God in the highest instance is not to be governed by a tradition, but by living men guided by the spirit of God. But Protestantism, if it should continue to develop on the lines of Catholicism, could not reach these ideals; for they are excluded from its first principles."

The only logical advice for Professor Harnack to give his Protestant fellow-countrymen would be to submit to the Pope, and the "monks and the saint" would soon be forthcoming from the now sterile soil of German Protestantism. Strange, that an historian and divine of such broad and liberal views should shrink from this conclusion. But stranger still that a rationalist, to whom Christ is a merely human being, and the Christian religion is merely human work, should be so eager to preserve in the Fatherland the rigid forms of Lutheranism and be so shy of the slightest symptom of Catholicism.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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Why Protestant Ministers Avoid Priests.

Rev. Wm. E. Starr, pastor of Corpus Christi Church, Baltimore, said in a recent sermon, in referring to the pseudo Evangelical zealots:

"One would suppose that now and again you would find a man with zeal enough among these people to carry the war into Africa—to go to the fountain-head of 'error' and try his skill and devotion upon the priests. There was one such a few decades ago—a man of real piety and of true zeal for the diffusion of Christian truth. He observed the conduct of certain priests in his vicinity; that their earnestness in the service of the poor and unfortunate and their kindness of temper were no less than his own. He was grieved to think that men like those should be the victims of the Roman Catholic error, and he determined to go to headquarters and lay siege there for the glory of God. He went to Montreal and called to see the Fathers of St. Sulpice; told them the object of his visit, frankly admitted that his purpose was to win them away from what he deemed soul-destroying error."

"He was received with perfect courtesy, listened to with attention, answered in all points with unaltered sweetness and calmness. The result did not answer his expectation. He became a Catholic, and lived for years as a Sulpician priest in Montreal. A young Bostonian, a good many years ago, after leaving college went to finish his studies by travel abroad. In Rome he became a Catholic. His family, grieved beyond measure at what they considered a disgrace, despatched a bosom friend of his across the ocean to find him and bring him back to a sense of his duty. Again the issue was not what was looked for. The messenger in turn became a Catholic. Both young men returned to America, entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Frederick, in this State. The messenger died there after a few years. The other is still living and working for the holy Catholic faith, beloved by all Protestants and Catholics alike."

"There is, I fear, in the midst of many of our enemies a lurking suspicion that a like fate would befall them under similar circumstances, or that, at least, they would be deprived of any shadow of justification for perpetuating the Protestant tradition."

Where Bunyan Got His Idea

The main idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was taken from the "Pilgrimage of Manhood," by the Cistercian monk, Guillaume de Guilleville, a translation of which fell into the hands of the religious tinker and led him to literary immortality.

Never speak of anyone's faults to others till you have first spoken of them to the offender himself.—P. Henry.

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