

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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VOLUME XV.

THE SACRED HEART.

For the Catholic Record.

Hath the wounded dove no place to rest?
Let her fly to her Saviour's open breast;
There, from all temptations and storms apart,
She may rest and repose in His Sacred Heart.

Whatever evils and ills befall,
Secure will she be in His wounded side;
Nor poisoned arrow, nor fiery dart,
Shall disturb her retreat in the Sacred Heart.

In the path of life with thorns beset,
And each step you take with blood-drops wet?
Bear bravely the pain and the cruel smart,
For His worth is deep in that Sacred Heart.

Is the cross you carry too heavy a load?
Do you murmur, and struggle against the god?
The cross was never bid depart
When its banner waved o'er the Sacred Heart.

Do you look for affection and true love in vain?
In this valley of mourning all love is pain;
But you'll find his bright flames, if, from cross
You place all your love in the true Sacred Heart.

—A. San Jose.

THE MISSING DEED.

For the Catholic Record.

The first rosy beams of morning
were shining over the hills: the trees,
waving in the light breeze, seemed
nodding a greeting to Aurora, and the
river, hastening on to join the great
ocean, formed a low, melodious accom-
paniment to the gay carols of the
merry birds.

A low, rambling old farmhouse that
stood on a hill overlooking the river
still lay in the shadow, an overtopping
peak in the rear standing like a
grim intruder between it and the sun.
Just as the great sun rose high above
the intercepting mass, the door of the
old house opened, and a young girl,
as fair as the dawn and bright as the
sunbeams, appeared. She was not
beautiful in the usual acceptance of the
term, but her face was fair and child-
like; her long, dark hair strayed in
rich luxuriance over her shoulders,
and her clear blue eyes, whether
grave or gay, glanced into your very
heart.

She stood looking at the golden sun,
the rolling river and the warbling
birds flitting about from tree to tree.
Then, casting one look at the old house,
she started off up the steep hillside
and was soon busy gathering all the
blossoms within her reach. She
wandered about, seemingly gifted with
the fairy wand, for every mossy nook
that she explored yielded her a rich
harvest of fragrant blossoms, and at
length she set off on her return path,
fairly laden with the sweet woodland
trophies.

As she neared the old home she saw
that great wreaths of smoke were
curling up from the chimney, and
signs of busy life were abroad in all
directions. Pausing at the open glass
door of the dining-room, she saw that
the morning meal had already begun.
At the table were seated two persons
—a gentleman considerably advanced
in years, and a lady, whose widow's
weeds and unmistakable likeness to
the young girl, gave at least one chap-
ter of their family history better than
words could do.

A shadow intercepted the golden
sun that irradiated the pleasant room
and its inmates. Both looked up, and
the smile of welcome which greeted the
new-comer could have only one mean-
ing—she was the sunbeam of the old
house and the silver lining to the cloud
of grief with which widowhood had
overshadowed the heart of the mother.
Aurora herself, laden with the
latest productions from the master-
pencil of her artist, the Sun?" ex-
claimed the old gentleman. "Truly
we have gone back to the Homeric
age, when the Goddesses deigned to
walk on earth and hold converse with
mortals."

"The Goddess is very hungry
grandpapa," replied the young girl,
laughing, "and her painter the sun
employs a heated brush which pen-
etrates not only his works, but the
flower-gatherer herself."

"Put your flowers in the shade
where they will not wither, and come
at once to your breakfast," said her
mother. "I am glad the mountain air
has given you an appetite, Erna."

"I wish it would put some color into
your pale cheeks, mama. Grandpapa,
why do you let her worry over that
paper? It does not make very much
difference, does it?"

"More difference than you imagine,
Pussie. How would you like to see
your mother and your old grandfather
reduced to beggary in their old age?"

"Oh! I'm strong, and able to work
for you both. But, grandpapa dear,
please tell me all about it to-day. I'm
sixteen now and old enough to share
your troubles."

She looked from one to the other,
and was surprised to see great tears
stealing down her mother's white
cheeks.

"Well, Erna," replied the old man
slowly, "I shall tell you all about it,
you only go on eating your breakfast,
and do not lose your appetite over it."

Thus warned, Erna applied herself
to her breakfast, and her grandfather
continued:

"This farm, with a large tract of
land on these hills was purchased by
my grandfather. He built the origi-
nal house—what now comprises the
kitchen and servants' apartments. My
father added what seems to be the
main building; and I built the wing
on the south-west. You will see the
difference in the style of construction,
the newest part of the house being the

only one which has high-ceiled rooms
and large windows.

My grandfather bought the estate
from the Government; and in the
course of time, when the county became
more thickly settled, land became more
valuable. Parts of our estate were
sold from time to time, and the amount
realized by each separate transaction
was more than what my grandfather
paid for the whole concern.

About six months ago, as you heard
at the time, a valuable silver-mine was
discovered on a portion of my estate.
I at once went to the Government
office to prefer my claim, and was re-
quested to produce my title-deed to the
land in question. On searching for
the deed, I failed to find it. No note
of the transaction was to be seen in
any of the Government transfers of
land.

Last week I received a letter from
the officials, telling me that if the deed
was not forthcoming by the end of
June, I would be prosecuted for selling
Governmental property and receiving
money; that such money was to be re-
funded with interest; that my build-
ings would be seized as provincial
property; and that rent for the
occupation of the lands during the
past century would be demanded of
me as the present occupant, and the
successor of the preceding generations.
Now, Erna, don't you think that is
enough to make your mother look
pale?"

"Indeed, grandpapa, I do. But
you will find the deed. To-day is the
last of May—the feast of Our Lady of
the Sacred Heart. See all the lovely
flowers I have gathered for her! And
then June, the month of the Sacred
Heart, begins to-morrow. If I only had
a lovely statue! But I shall pray all
the same without one. What will you
give me grandpapa, if I find the
deed?"

"Anything you ask, Erna. But it
is not likely I shall have a millionaire.
If it is found I shall be a millionaire,
as that has all the appearance of be-
coming a very productive mine; and
if it is irretrievably lost, I shall take
leave of you to go to the poorhouse."

"Now, grandpapa, it will be found,
and then remember your promise."

It was twilight. The hush of even
had fallen on the tired earth, and all
nature seemed resting after the fatiguing
brightness of the day. Erna, too,
was quiet, and she sat on a low stool
at her mother's feet, her head resting
on her hands. She was thinking
deeply. What should she do for the
month that opened on to-morrow? If
only she lived near the city, where she
might pay a visit to the Sacred Heart
each day, in one of the churches! But
that was impossible. What should she
do?

The sound of wheels aroused her
from her reverie. She raised her head,
and saw a carriage returning from the city.
It was John returning from the city,"
said her mother. "He went in for
some groceries."

"I must see if he brought any let-
ters, mama," and Erna flew out to the
barn.

"Any letters, John?"

"Yes, Miss, here's one for you; and
I've something else for you too—a box
that looks for all the world like a baby's
coffin."

"Where did you get it, John?"

"'Twas at the *Dipp's*, Miss. I think
it's all the way from *Pennsylvania*."

"Hurry and bring it in, John, and
unpack it for me. But, no, you have
not had your tea yet. I'll read my let-
ter first, and when you are finished
your tea and when you are finished
into the library and we'll unpack it there."

"Yes, Miss, I will," said John.
She's so thoughtful," he muttered to
himself, "she'll never inconvenience
no one."

"Mama," cried Erna, bursting into
the sitting-room, where her mother
still sat in the twilight. "I've a letter
from my god-mother, and she says that
she's sending me from Philadelphia a
statue of the Sacred Heart, that I may
send a very fervent month of June.
John has a box out in the wagon.
That must be it. Aren't you glad?"

"Indeed I am, dear, if it gives you
pleasure. How kind of Mrs. May-
field!"

"Yes, indeed, mama; now we'll be
sure to find the deed."

In a few minutes John and Robert
were seen approaching the house with
the box, which indeed resembled, as
John had said, "a baby's coffin."

It was taken into the library, the
nails removed from the cover, and a
beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart of
Jesus revealed, amid ejaculations of
joy from Erna.

That evening she went to the kitchen
and asked the servants if they would
all come in and say the Beads of the
Sacred Heart with her, as all the
family were very anxious to find a
missing paper, which, if irrecoverable,
would cast her with her dear mother
and grandfather as beggars on the
cruel world.

The servants, who were deeply
attached to the service of their kind
master, and who had heard rumors of
the approaching trouble, gladly
assented. The entire household knelt
before the statue; the deeply-wounded
pointing to the more compassionate
Heart, and the kind, compassionate
eyes of the Redeemer, bent upon them;
and there they prayed most fervently
for the request of their little favorite.

"Every evening this month we will
pray together," said Erna, "and
surely the Sacred Heart of Jesus will
not refuse us."

After the prayers were finished
Erna and her mother, accompanied by
the piano, on which the former was a
skilled performer, sang a hymn to the
Sacred Heart.

"Grandpapa," said Erna the next
day, "Friday will be the Feast of the
Sacred Heart. I wish we had a real
altar to put the statue on for the Feast.
Indeed we need a place to keep it alto-
gether where we can have a real oratory.
Do you know what I would like?"

"What, Erna? You generally have
what you like here."

"You know the niches in the library,
where the family portraits are?"

"I could scarcely remove one of the
old pictures, Erna."

"No, grandpapa, I do not want you
to, but couldn't we have another niche
cut? The mantel in the sitting-room,
is very low and wide and would hold
lovely decorations. Besides, the old-
fashioned chimneys are so thick that I
am sure a niche could be cut there."

"Well, Erna, send for the masons
to-morrow, and have it done. Thank
God! I am rich enough yet to yield
to your whims."

"Thank you, darling grandpapa;
once I get the men at work, I shall
lock the room until after the feast and
then you shall see what taste I have."

The next day the masons came, and
with locked doors the work went on.
The statue was left in the library
until everything was ready for its
reception, and there, as on the first
evening, the devotions were held.

On the eve of the feast, when the
prayers were over, Erna asked John to
carry the statue to the library and
place it in the niche, adding that she
intended to remain there and decorate
it, as she had gathered a quantity of
flowers during the day.

"Aren't you afraid to be alone,
Erna?"

"No, mama, I am afraid neither by
night nor by day. In this particular
case 'solitude is the best society,' you
know."

"Don't stay up too late, dear, and
take a lunch before you go to bed."

The cheerful little mother that it
is," said the girl laughing. "And
you need taking care of so much more
than I. What will you do when we
are poor and I have to work to support
you?"

"I hope that day will never come,
dear; and the mother's eyes filled
with tears."

"And it won't. I'll tell you a secret
if you promise not to tell. I've found
the deed."

"Erna! do you mean it?"

"Yes, dearest; it is a solemn fact.
To-morrow my grandfather shall have
it and then I shall tell you all. Good-
night."

The next morning dawned bright
and clear. Erna was the first one
down, and awaited her mother and
grandfather in the breakfast room.

"Are you very hungry?" she said
as they appeared. "Do you think
that if breakfast were delayed I would
be in any danger of an attack similar
to that attempted by Red Riding
Hood's grandmother?"

"The mistress of ceremonies shall
give any orders she wishes to her
obedient servants," said the old gentle-
man, with a profound bow. "Let us be
happy while we may."

"I predict that we may for some
years at least," said Erna. "Follow
the mistress of ceremonies, if you
please."

They entered the sitting-room.
Above the mantel was a deep niche,
hung with crimson velvet fringed with
gold. Within the niche stood the
statue of the Sacred Heart and, form-
ing a canopy of light, was an arch of
golden lilies, in each of which blazed
a tiny candle. Wreaths and bouquets
of flowers tastefully arranged in hand-
some cases completed the decorations.
The servants were kneeling on each
side of the hearth and the entering
group also knelt while Erna began
the beads of the Sacred Heart, and
then the sweet notes of the hymn
"Sacred Heart, in Accents Burning,"
floated out on the morning air.

When the devotions were ended
Erna said, "Now, grandpapa, what do
you think of my taste?"

"All is very beautiful my love, but
see, you have left an old tin box on
the mantel just before the statue. It is
a wonder it did not offend your artistic
eye."

"That old tin box, as you are
pleased to call it, will soon be the most
artistic feature of the decorations in
your eyes. Open it!" and she put it
in the old man's hands.

It was full of great blue papers, tied
with red tape.

"Behold your missing deeds," said
Erna. "When the masons had taken
out a few bricks they told me that
there was a door in the partition be-
hind them. It flashed across my mind
that my great-grandfather might
have kept his papers in the little cup-
board in the chimney. I investigated,
and found it so. Now you will be a
millionaire, and you can give me my
reward."

The old man was too overcome to
speak. He threw himself on his knees
before the statue of the Sacred Heart,
and poured forth fervent prayers of
thanksgiving.

When they were seated at the break-
fast table, Mr. Tyrrel said:

"Erna, my child, I am most
grateful to the Sacred Heart and
to you for this great blessing. I re-
member my father's building that new
chimney-piece when I was a little boy,
and one day while the work was going
on they stood looking at it and my
grandmother said: 'A few bricks
removed would do, before the men wall
it up entirely'; and he answered:
'It's not worth while for such a trifle.
They will never be needed.' Now I
understand what they meant. The
papers were left there thoughtlessly,
and my father did not think it would
ever be necessary to prove his claim to
the property. Now, Erna, what is to
be your reward?"

"Grandpapa, the poor men from the
mountain have to go away down to the
town to Mass on Sundays, and on week
days and days of devotion they build a
church dedicated to the Sacred Heart.
You have lots of land now, and the
silver mines will make you richer than
ever. Then a house for the priest,
and I am sure the Bishop will send
one to the new mountain parish."

"Very well, Erna; I told you that
anything you asked should be done,
and I am only too glad myself to
restore to its source the wealth regained
for me by the Sacred Heart."

So the chapel was built, with the
hearty approval of the good Bishop;
and tourists who visit the little moun-
tain church wonder at the richness of
its decorations, and above all at the
costly silver statue of the Sacred Heart,
which stands in a most artistically
decorated niche in the sanctuary.

A. SAN JOSE.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT.

True Temperance is Abstinence.

At Columbus hall in the Art Insti-
tute the Catholic Temperance Con-
gress began its labors on June 8. Three
meetings were held, each being
largely attended by leaders of the
Church and members of the laity.
The discussion took a wide range, but
the keynote of each speaker was total
abstinence. Among those on the plat-
form at the opening session were:
Archbishop Fechan; Right Rev. J. B.
Cotter, of Winona, Minn.; Rev.
James M. Scanlan, of Chicago; Rev.
A. P. Doyle, of New York; Philip A.
Nolan, of Philadelphia; J. Washing-
ton Logue, of Philadelphia; Rev. J. M.
Cleary, of Minneapolis; and Miss M. A.
Cramsie, of St. Paul, Bishop Cotter
presided.

After invoking the divine blessing
Archbishop Fechan opened the con-
gress with the following address:

"I find a very great pleasure as well
as a great honor has come to me to-
day in having the opportunity of open-
ing the Catholic Temperance Congress
—in finding here those interested in
this great work of temperance coming
from different parts of our country, in-
spired by one great motive, and united
together by the greatest of bonds, the
bond of common faith. To me it is a
sincere pleasure to welcome to the city
the members of the Catholic congress.
Our city at present is the center of
many great activities. The great ex-
position is bringing people not only from
this great, broad land, but from all the
nations of the world. There are repre-
sented all the developments of human
genius and human industry, giving us
an idea of the condition of mankind
towards the close of our century. Men
of great talent and great administra-
tive ability have brought together here
the products of the land and of the sea,
and they have brought the lightning
down from heaven and have given
specimens of man's highest and best
genius and industry."

MORAL WELL BEING OF MEN THE
OBJECT.

And, yet after all that can be said
in praise of this wonderful work is
said, we will acknowledge that this
after all is not the highest achieve-
ment of humanity—that there is some-
thing better, something greater and
that above all this great material pro-
gress and advancement is the moral
well-being of men. Whatever tends
to make human life better, higher,
holier, happier—this is more to earnest,
thinking men than the mere material
progress that we witness. And when
earnest men and women come together
from various points of this vast do-
main it is an indication that these
higher ideas of human good and real
human progress prevail among men.

You come together to hold a congress
by which you hope to benefit your-
selves and your fellowmen; to advance,
as far as you can, each one in his own
sphere and place, the higher, better,
greater interests of mankind. You
come to meet, as far as is possible for
you, one of the great evils of the world
—the evil of intemperance. We all
know that there are in the world very
many evils that always have been and
that always will be; and we are not
dreamers, nor do fancy that we can re-
alize any Utopia, or that we can re-
move and put an end at once and in
our generation to all the evils of the
world; but we believe that we can
soften, lessen, ameliorate some of them
at least.

Some men in our time, even men re-
cognized as leaders of human thought
and distinguished in the world—men

who are great philosophers, orators,
great poets—look out upon the world
where evil exists in countless shapes,
and, disappointed many a time in their
ideas of the progress of mankind, of
the amelioration of the hard conditions
of mankind, become pessimists, take
an unfavorable, and depressing view
of mankind and of the world. Their
ideas are not realized. The world goes
on. Its faults do not disappear. They
find—those men of whom I speak—no
real remedies, I may say, even no less-
ening of the evils touching humanity.
And if we were only to listen to those
men our sanctuary would disappear in
gloom. One of the greatest poets of the
day acknowledges this, and sees in
his old age nothing better than this,
and the refrain of one of his songs is:
"Chaos and cosmos! Who can tell
the end of it?"

PESSIMISM NOT AN ACCEPTABLE
THEORY.

But we do not accept this theory of
pessimism in view of the evils that
afflict the world, for we know that the
light that enlightens every man that
cometh into the world is still in the
midst of us. We know that God's
presence is in the world; that the light
of His truth shines through a divine
society, through His Church that
will never disappear from the
world. We know that the presence
He promised is always here, and that
the spirit of truth and light and holiness
that He promised never disap-
pears, and that the soul, the spirit, His
animating principle, is now and
always in the midst of man and in the
midst of the world, and His spirit is not
only the spirit of light and truth, but
is also the spirit of grace and the
spirit of strength in man. Men try to
follow the guidance of the light; they
try to avail themselves of the grace
and of the strength that comes from
their religion; and as long as men do
this their souls rest on an immutable
and infallible basis, and there is hope
for every man who does so.

Therefore, we hope for and believe
in the benefit of mankind, because we
believe in something outside of man—
something better, higher, wiser, holier
than he is—and because we find this
visible world of ours is surrounded by
an invisible and supernatural world,
and that man finds his highest, best
and holiest inspiration and strength
and grace to come from God to carry
out his best and highest motives and
wishes. Among all the evils of this
world there is one which we must
reckon among its greatest, and that is
the evil of intemperance, which has
been in the ages that are gone the
curse of our fallen race. It is one of
the great evils of the world, and it is
one of the greatest. It is worse than
war; it is worse than famine and
pestilence, because, after the war,
peace comes, and the famine and the
pestilence cease when they have sated
their thirst for victims.

The speaker read a letter from the
Pope, in which the Vicar of Christ
urges the faithful in the cause of
temperance. Continuing the eloquent
speaker said: Where is there, I
would ask, a loyal Catholic who can,
after this message which I have just
read, doubt for a single moment the
justice of the cause of total abstinence?
Yet there are countless numbers of
people who never give this important
matter a moment's consideration.
Once while walking along Broad street,
in the City of Richmond, Va., I noticed
three colored men approaching me.
The middle one stopped and addressed
me thus: "You are, I believe, Bishop
Keane who preaches every Sunday
night up there in the Cathedral." I
answered yes. The colored man said
he often went to hear me preach; but
there was one question which he would
like me to answer. I told him to proceed.
"The question is this: Bishop Keane,
if you say your religion is the only
true and right one why is it so many
of your people sell liquor to ruin the
people of our race?" Well, to be can-
did, I was really at a loss to answer
the question, and very frankly told the
colored man so at the time; and what
is more, I have never been able yet to
answer that question. Therefore, I
say to you, it matters not what the ques-
tion may be, tell the truth and shame
the devil."

My friends, do you understand the
power which arises from the force of
habit—a habit which silently grows
upon you? The man will say, "I can
stop drinking whenever I choose to do
so," but the habit ceases not; like a
silk thread it is wrapped around your
body: "Yes, I can easily break it."
Nevertheless, it continues to grow into
numerous silk threads, this habit,
until it becomes formidable as a rope,
aye, like an iron chain which event-
ually drags you down, down into the
cesspool of despair. Such is the force
of habit.

I will call your attention to what
the Supreme Court of the United States
has to say touching this vital subject.
The Court stated in a case that came
before it in 1890, that no other cause was
a more terrible source of crime than the
use of liquor, and especially its sale
in small quantities at retail. And,
furthermore, it is a business attended
with danger to every community, and
should be limited or even prohibited.
My friends, that is what the Supreme
Court of the United States has said in

brief upon the matter. Will you,
therefore, dispute their verdict?

But this grand movement should be
led and countenanced by men of honor
and respectability, who should take an
active pride in such an organization.
Reformed drunkards are not all that
is needed. Every good citizen who
loves humanity should take an earnest
part in the labor.

Once on a voyage across the ocean,
to while away the time I happened to
glance over a book entitled Lord Rose-
berry's fascinating *Life of Pitt*. The
drinking habit of his days was sad
indeed, and impressed me how poor
Pitt, a splendid, good-natured fellow
among his class, as the book says,
lived on port and at last died of it.
Oh! what an epitaph for a monument.
It was once considered respectable to
get drunk, and the byword of that time
was "Drunk as a lord."

The real and only thing to-day that
the Catholic Church in America needs
to be ashamed of, is the horrible fact
that so many of her unthinking chil-
dren are engaged in this ruinous busi-
ness. By such unholly trade they are
in a great measure deprived of pray-
ing in a proper and devotional man-
ner to Almighty God, as every detail
of the day should be offered up to God.
The shaver of the plane, the wielder of
the axe, the breaker of stones—it
matters not how humble the avocation
in life may be, so long as it is
legitimate—each laborer can
fervently offer up his toil for
the honor and glory of God; but for
the poor unfortunate who stands be-
hind a bar all day and frequently far
into the night, how would it sound for
him in supplicating tones to say,
"Oh my God, to Thee I offer up every
glass of whiskey that I sell to-day?"
How would such an offering sound, I
ask you? And when he retires at
night to sleep and dream such dreams;
to behold the forms, perhaps, of broken-
hearted wives, innocent children cry-
ing for bread, the ruined homes and
blasted futures. I only wonder that
such people can sleep at all.

A LESSON OF LIFE.

The Manner in Which the Soul May
Be Uplifted and Purified.

"The only way to get rid of your
past is to get a future out of it. Get
the pattern of your life from God, and
then go about your work and be your-
self."—Phillips Brooks.

Few words that have been spoken
within the present century are more
deserving of being taken as a motto of
life than those that were uttered by
the philosopher preacher of Boston.
Man never escapes from his school.
As a boy and as a young man
his lessons are learned mainly from
books, but as he grows older he passes
from the hands of the tutor into the
wider school where experience is the
teacher. Still he must learn even to
the end, for the step into the life that
lies beyond death is like opening a
book into which one has never peered,
—a book replete with mystery and
subjects that never have been studied,
Amid all these earth-lessons man-
kind seems to be influenced by a
desire to learn how to forget the past;
to brush it out of life into the Never-
have-been. However much he may
wish to do this, he never can be
rewarded with success. The past still
remains, often like a huge blot on the
pure white page, and he cannot re-
move it.

Phillips Brooks' words, therefore,
present the only remedy that can be
applied to this illness of the soul. If
man will only get his pattern from
God, and then set to work to get a
future out of the past, he will rid himself
of its memories far better than in any
other way.

Because man has sinned it is not
necessary that he should remain in
sin. If he has been unfortunate or
unhappy, there is no reason why his
life should always be darkened by the
black stains. The future always lies
before him, and it is his own fault if
he does not avail himself of the bless-
ings that it will certainly offer if his
heart is ready to receive them.

God's love and charity and mercy
are not measured by earthly standards.
If He judged man's soul as men would
judge him and then punished as they
punish we should have good reason to
tremble. But God can forgive. Man
may not, but the infinite Father is
possessed of infinite compassion and
He extends it to His erring children.

The way is open to every man,
therefore, for every man can go to
God. There he may learn what is
demanded of him. He can get his
pattern from God, and by following the
divine rule he may make a bright and
meritorious future for himself.

To do this, however, God does not
demand that man shall change his
entire nature. He wants him to be
himself, just as He created him. Of
course he must eradicate all of the
alien desires and conditions with
which he has surrounded himself,
for then only can he obtain the
blessings. God's pattern does not
allow for any physical deformities.
If the lines are followed, however, the
future will open up with renewed
promise, and the sorrows and sins of
the past may be forgotten in the realiza-
tion of the joys and virtues of that
life that will daily become the present.

—Catholic Columbian.