THE CATHOLIC RECORD

MAY 28, 1895.

MAY 28, 1898

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1898.

Recommended to our Prayers by His

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart."

The Blessed Sacrament has been well aid to be a compendium of our faith.

How true this is will appear when we

consider how it implies the belief in the

three great fundamental doctrines-

the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Redemption. Without the accept-ance of the dogma of the Triune God,

how could we admit the Real Presence of God the Son in the Holy Eucharist?

Without believing that the Word was

made Flesh and dwelt among us, how

could we accept His assurance, "This is My Body?" Without acknowledg-

ing the Atonement, what would the declaration that the Precious Blood

there present was shed for many for

ly a commemoration, a memorial of

past fact, but it is the true extension of the Incarnation ; for Jesus Christ Him

self, true God and true Man, is really

and substantially present in it. It is

besides, the reproduction of the Passion

and death of our Saviour, the earnest

of our resurrection, and the pledge of future glory. For, by the words of

consecration, uttered indeed by man,

but expressing the almighty power of

God, that which was before bread becomes the Body of Christ, and that

which was before wine becomes His

Blood, and because the Body and Blood of the living and glorifiedChrist, HisBless

ed Soul and His Divinity are there too

as theologians say, by concomitance, for Christ is indivisible, and so the

whole Christ is there present. Obey-ing, as He does, the voice of the priest.

and coming, as He does, under the

lowly appearances of bread and wine,

to be man's food, allowing Himself, as

He does, to be treated in any way man

sees fit, suffering a mystical separation

of His Blood from His Body by the two

edged sword of the words of consecra

tion ; permitting Himself to be carried

about through the streets where no one

recognizes Him, rejected, contemned,

despised in this Sacrament of His love

by those who deny the dogma; truly may we say that the mysteries of His

Passion and Death are reproduced. As it is the same Christ present who

died, was buried and rose again, so have we, by our union with Him, an

earnest of our resurrection ; and since

He ascended into heaven and there

prepared a place for us, so have we,

The Blessed Sacrament has a marvel

Does he need a sacrifice to

In this he can offer to the

lous adaptability to the various wants

enable him to fulhl aright, as God'

subject, his four great duties of wor-ship, atonement, thanksgiving and

petition for new favors, then has he a his disposal the Holy Sacrifice of the

Eternal Father a perfect act of wor

ship, that of His divine Son, the God

Man, to which the offerer unites hi

own imperfect homage. Is there question of reparation? Then can he pre-

sent the all atoning Victim, whom Go

Himself gave to be a propitation fo

aspect of the Eucharist, and man join

his own feeble expressions of gratitude

Are fresh graces to be asked? The

man shall ask them, not in his ow name, but in that of the Son of God

love, the beloved Son in whom He

Is a worthy thanksgiving to b

Then does Mass take on th

too, a pledge of future glory.

of man.

sin.

made?

Moreover, the Eucharist is not mere-

the remission of sins mean?

Holiness, Leo XIII.

full hour until dinner." They followed his advice. Florence, glad enough under the pretext of rest to throw herself upon the bed, while Agnes tried to read "Spiritual Perfection." But, somehow, there was no relish in the volume, and she put it down after a struggle to peruse it, and gave herself up to the strange and painful theoretics. She had certainly told the truth, but she She had certainly told the truth, but she had told it in such an enigmatical way, that it was most likely her simple, trust-ing, unsuspicious companion would never dream of the facts that prompted such a confession; and she was right; poor little Florence saw in it all only another proof of the ardent piety of her friend, and she exclaimed in her generosity: "Agnes, you are so good, I really think you are intended for a religious. Oh, dearest Lord ! how much ashamed I ought to be of myself. Do, Agnes, love, pray for

to be of myself. Do, Agnes, love, pray for me, that I may become like you." And Florence, with her dress still hang was hardly able to lift her head from the pillow; but even then, lest it should make Agnes anxious to the verge perhaps of in-terfering with her appetite, she was silent ing ludicrously about her, sat herself upon the floor, and looked up into Miss Hammond's face with a most wee-be-gone upon her suffering, and though every ex. ertion made her head throb in a sickening way she kept her lips sealed on that expression. To do Miss Hammond justice, she did

To which message Anne returned with-

ment.

upon Anne would she have vented her wrath, but upon her guests as well. been brave enough to ask her permission to do so. Poor Florence's hope of being able to Her wrath, however, received sudden Her brother asked with seeming care

"The afternoon," she answerd some what snappishly; "having so much house-keeping to attend to," darling a little spite-ful look at Miss Hammond—" I can't get the time some folk can for going abroad." Sydney gave her a warning glance; then

not having observed her friend sooner, making her voice sound piteously : "Oh, Florence! you are dreadfully ill." At the same time Sydney was saving

"Are you sick, Florence? you do not seem to be eating a mouthful." She tried to disclaim their charges, and

Yes; to their church, a Romish rch," answered her brother with ex-"But it is only a headache, and if you asperating coolness. "And do you intend, Sydney Wilbur to enter that church-to be present at their

"But you are positively too ill to con-—his voice changed to an appalling stern-ness of accent, "I desire and insist that you no longer insult our guest by the use of that word Romish—you will please emtinue at table," said Agnes in great dis-tress, and looking as if she would like to leave the table herself, for the purpose of

attending Florence. "Indeed, I am not!" and the young girl roused herself and tried to look very much better, though the effort seemed to send for an instant the table spinning about her, and to make her head throb

as she did so : "When Sydney Wilbur forgets for th horribly. The tea being brought and drunk, she sake of his guests, the consideration due to his sister, it is time that his sister declared she felt better — well enough to join in any proposition for she afternoon. "Anything—anywhere, that you can suggest, Uncle Sydney," she said, as she And she bounced from the room leav ing the guests looking a little frightened, but Wilbur without a ruffle in his counten-ance touched the handbell for Anne, and desired her to remove Miss Wilbur's oured herself out a second cup of very strong black tea, and drank it without cream or sugar, heroically determined to test to the utmost the virtue of the cure. "To ask your uncle to propose anything

for this afternoon, and Miss Wilbur so ill," said Agnes with a sort of shocked air that might, or might not be real. Sydney Wilbur went to church with his uests a second time that Sunday, and at he second service his fastidiousness wa

your uncle will propose for this afternoon a total and absolute rest for your head." "Miss Hammond is right," replied Mr. Wilbur; "that is just my proposition for you, Florence."

him indeed from doing anything bu "For instance "interrupted Agnes, "we watching Miss Hammond, when he could do so unobserved. To all appearance Miss Hammond was intent alone upon her deare all tired, having been up at an abs y early hour-" glancing archly at W our-"and we need rest. I at least shall take it, regardless whether anybody else loes, or not.

rational devices that a state of the second anguage. His words sank into Miss Hammond's soul, and for the time made her strong in all that she felt she ought to threw herself into the easy chair by the bedside and assumed almost uncon-sciously, the attitude of painful thought in

or dearier mistake. Could Miss Deborah Wilbur, at that in-

cindling at the breakfast table.

hould retire.

IX.

hesitation all the morning.

struggle to peruse it, and gave herself up to the strange and painful thoughts that had obtained such sudden and complete mastery of her. When the dinner hour arrived, Florence

subject. She knew she should not be able to eat a mouthful, but she hoped to conceal that fact by a pretense of doing

At table, Sydney said to Anne ;

"Go and see how my sister is, and whether Miss Liscome will favor us with her company at dinner."

That Miss Wilbur was so very ill, Miss Liscome could not leave her for a mo-

and then have gladeed cown into a brother's room, where he, instead of seek-ing any repose, was sitting at his dressing table, his face bowed upon his hand, and his whole attitude expressive of deep and ment. Neither Anne nor Mr. Wilbur knew how the heart of the spinster yearned to accept that invitation, and but for the wrathful flash of the black eyes of the little heart in the hod che wilch the taken a more than usually acid turn, and if were it given to her to know the object of her brother's troubled cogitation, not alone the little body in the bed, she might have

conceal her lack of appetite under pre-tense of eating, was futile. Both Agnes and her uncle speedily discovered it, and the former discovered also, that to which ever since their return from church she had been so selfishly blind, Florence's heavy eyes, and fever-flushed face. She dropped her knife and fork at the sight and exclaimed, her keen self-reproach for said again in his apparently careles

Her astonishment and indignation mad attempted to laugh gayly; but it was a very sorry little effort, and at length she had to admit she had a headache.

will just order a cup of strong tea for me, Uncle Sydney and not mind if I do not eat, I shall be quite well in an hour, or "I do intend so doing, and Deborah,

ploy the term Catholic." His reproof, administered in the pres-ence of her hated guests,made her so angry that it inspired her with a very unusua and sort of desperate courage. She abso lutely jerked herself from the table, saying

"I rather think," she continued, " that

not quite so much offended by the coar appearance of the congregation. The lat-ter contained many evident ladies and gentlemen, and there was a polite usher

to show him and his companions to desir able seats, but his preoccupied mind kep him from feeling the same curiosity h "For me, it may be, but it need, and should not include anybody else—for inhad experienced in the morning, kept stance-

There was no appeal from her decision.

Rejected for Conscience's Sake. BY CHRISTINE FABER.

CHAPTER VIII. - CONTINUED.

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would always be sickly and delicate, and

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Them.

The efforts of the women to pull the old an out of his narrow quarters were al-nost as ludicrous as his fall had been, nd Florence to shut out the sight had lasped both hands tightly over her face, was shaking with suppressed

In vain, Agnes who had not even miled, pulled her and whispered to her o control herself; Florence but shook the nore, drawing upon herself at length the oud-spoken censure of an old woman

" Do you know it's in the house of God you are? you disrespectful snip! Get off your knees and go outside, and don't be desecrating this holy place with your

and laugh she did until as usual, her cheeks were wet with tears. "Don't look so horrified, dearest-J

dreadful judgment upon yourself if you continue in this way. Just think of all you have been guilty of this afternoon; disedifying those poor people in there: besides making me angry." And Miss Hammond looked so thor-

bughly in earnest, that, as usual, Miss Wilbur became affrighted and penitent

could control myself like you do, but it is no use, I cannot. You go back to your place, like a dear good girl, and say a prayer for me, and by that time I think that old woman whom I so terribly disedified will be gone, I shall go in also. Until then, I'll walk up and down here, and ex-

Acts of Contrition." Miss Hammond obeyed the request, the

hought she had certainly waited a sufficient ient length of time for the old woman to be at least safely within the confessional but she had miscalculated, for there was the same old person with actually three to be heard before it should be her turn, and only Agnes kneeling below her. And as she very gravely and humbly took her lace she tried not to see the scowling ook with which the old woman raise er eyes from her beads to look at her. Whatever could Agnes have to tell to

florence did not have much time for c ecture, her own turn came so speedily. Miss Hammond had missied the periton she was fervently making Miss Wilbur was kneeling beside her, praying with all her guileless, affectionate heart to be made as pious as was her beloved friend. All the way home, Miss Hammond was unusually silent, and Florence thinking,

with a little pang of generous envy, that her silence was due to the recollection her silence was due to the recollection she desired to maintain in preparation for the Communion of the morrow, forbore to interrupt it. Only, as, they neared Hubert Street, under the influence of a

udden thought she exclaimed :

A command that Florence gladly obeyed, waiting only to bless herself hastily, and make as hasty a genuflection.

hastly, and make as hasty a genumection Agnese extremely mortified, and not a little angry with her friend, followed. Out on the porch, Miss Wilburgave un restrained way to her mirth. "Scold as much as you like, Agnes; i know f deserve it all; but I must laugh, and laugh she did until as usual, her cheeks were wet with tears.

hall confess every bit of it, and tell my confessor into the bargain all about Miss Liscome and Mr. Mallaby; and I shall isk him if it is my fault to laugh, when

God sends such ridiculous people in my way, and he will say: 'Bless you my child, you have com-mitted no sin, for God loves a merry

Florence Wilbur, you will bring son

and hastened to say : "I really am sorry, Agnes, and I wish I

mine my conscience, and make fervent

woman looking at her respectfully and admiringly, for her dignity, contrasted with the levity of her companion, had very much edified them. Poor Florence stole back when she

keep her in the confessional so long, hought Florence; and actually, her cheeks were wet with tears when she came out, and her whole face wore a most ouchingly sorrowful look, as she went to he altar to make her thanksgiving ; but Her confession was, like her prayers hort, and it did not seem to call for much advice from the Confessor ; so, even before Miss Hammond had finished the petition

'clock now

"There! we forgot to inquire the hour of the Masses on Sundays." "I did not," responded Agnes, in a sort of preoceminal manager and a sort preoccupied manner. I asked the est who heard our confession, and he old me the first Mass would be at six Oh, Agnes; how I envy and admire a) highes, how I envy and minite a) burst from generous-hearted Flor-ie, "you forget nothing pertaining to ritual interests—now poor me, I never uight until this moment of the hour of ng to Mass. Oh! dear Lord! forgive and make me heiter." and make me better '

out so early in the morning, for breakfast is not until nine on week days; it is prob-ably much later on Sundays, and conse-quently the rising of my respected uncle and aunt must be late in accordance. I shall find out from Anne the mechanism of the fastening of the front door, so that we shall have no difficulty about egress, and certainly none about our ingress, for I shall contrive to smuggle a latch-key." But, with all her precautions—precautions so cleverly managed that Anne thought the information about the fastening of the

door was only desired by Miss Florence in a spirit of mischief, and Sydney did not know his niece had secretly appro-priated his latch-key—the next morning when she and Agnes, bonneted and closely veiled, stole down to the hall-door closely veries, such to the the name of a solution of the second neither could open it. Either Anne had not explained fully the mechanism of the lock, or an extra catch had been put on after they had retired. In vain they tugged at the great key; in the way that Anne had shown, it seemed to turn, but no effect was produced, and in blank and wretched dismay they looked at each

"What shall we do?" whispered Florence, throwing back her veil, and prepar-ing for another attempt. Agnes threw back her veil, and stood by, red from excitement and even fear, least the clicking noise made by the key should awaken somebody. Not that there was anybody in reach of its sound save Sydney, and he

ing in a sort of extension at the rear of that floor. Aunt Deb occupied a room directly over that of her guests, and Anne an apartment next to Aunt Deb's. But for the latter fact Florence would have gone to Anne to relieve them from their

difficulty, and have bribed her to secrecy. At length, both girls in nervous desper-ation began to tug together at the key some evidence having been given that it it could be turned in a certain direction

in courd be turned in a certain direction the desired effect might be produced. "Say a Hail Mary," whispered Agnes in a perspiration, and just as Florence had begun to obey the request, the key under their united efforts, turned in the bek with a tremendous thud; it startle hem both, and penetrated to Sydney W ur, light sleeper that he was. In an in tant he had donned slippers and dress ng-gown, and was out in the hall con

onting the dismayed girls. His stern demeanor, and his sternly asked : "What is the meaning of this ?" frightened them both for an instant : then Flor

noce, recovering her self-possession, ap-proached him, drawing Agnes with her, and when she reached him she whispered est the sound of her voice might awaker unt Deb "Come into the parlor, Uncle Sydney and I shall explain ; if I did so here, Aun

Deb might be aroused.'

He allowed himself to be drawn unre istingly into the partially darkened par lor, and he listened very patiently to her account of how she and Agnes came to be in their present unpleasant predicament. Of course her account had to include a or course her account had to include a very special and extended reference to that which she had been so anxious on the previous day, to conceal, confession, but she also explained to him how all her secrecy had been to spare his feelings.

"Thinking I was such a bigot, that even in my character of host I could not toler-ate the devout practices of my guests, I suppose," he answered, when she had in-

"I am much obliged to you, my dean niece, for your tolerant opinion, and as a punishment for the same, I command that you both wait for me to dress in order to

"Uncle Sydney!" exclaimed Florence in absolute dismay, "You to accompany us to Mass !" "Do you want me to be guilty of the

unmanliness of suffering you two girls to go forth unescorted, at this early hour. I hall be ready in a very few moments." And before Florence could reply again e had gone from the room, leaving Agnes gazing at each other in dumb ent. Then Agnes recovered sufnd her

amazement. Then Agnes recovered suf-iciently to whisper: "We shall be late—it must be almost 6

"I have been so waiting in granded, in courtesy," she whispered breathlessly, "I have not yet once thanked you for you kindness of this morning. I" — she stopped abruptly, being a little abashed To which Florence in the same low tone

Wilbur was absolutely startled by the sudden and simultaneous kneeling of everybody in the church but himself — Florence and Agnes were almost pros-trate in the ardor of their devotion. There was no one to observe him now did he look about him; he might do so as rudely as he wished to, and he did, feel-ing in spite of himself an awe as he saw the prostrate forms, and then turned his

yes back to the altar where the priest as making his own deep genuflection. When the time for giving Communion o the people came, he was further tartled by the bustle about him; every

pew seeming to give up one or more of i occupants to the line of people mevin toward the altar; even his companion arose for the purpose, and as he stepped into the aisle to permit them to pass, he felt within him a sort of savage protest that Miss Hammond should be placed in shrink a little this time from the compli-ment of her friend. "Intended for a re-ligieuse!" Never had there been a bigger such vulgar contact. Singularly enough, the protest did not then include his niece; perchance, because there did not appear to be such a vast difference bestant bestirring herself from her morning slumber, have looked in upon her guests, and then have glanced down into her tween plain-looking, undersized Florence, and the plebian crowd, as between the latter, and beautiful Miss Hammond. He

watched Agnes as she gently urged her way, her slender, willowy figure showing an admirable "contrast to the flabby, dowdy forms about her, and the thick coil of her abundant dark hair disclosing When she returned to her seat, her countenance attracted him still more. It

eminded him with its rapt, devout lo of an exquisite painting he had seen abroad, and he found himself, despite all his efforts to the contrary, looking at her constantly, and wishing that she would take her hands from her face so that he

take her hands from her face so that he might see at least its profile. But Agnes did not gratify his wish until the Mass was finished, the priest had retired from the altar, and Florence had gently touched her as a hint that i was time for her departure. Then she arose quickly and accompanied them out way: "Then, since you are not going until the afternoon, I shall attend our young ladies to their church." "To their church.—a Romish church?" regation had waited about the church door in order to have a better look at the legant Protestant gentleman, and his

elegant Protestant genteman, and his Catholic companions. The three were unusually silent on their way home: Wilbur because of a rush of strange, and impetuous feelings re-lative to Miss Hammond; Miss Ham-mond, owing to the fervor of certain reso-lutions which she had made, and consid-erate little Elegance because she would er lose all guard. church, erate little Florence because she would

not interrupt what she felt to be the pious silence of her friend. Not even Anne was stirring when they Not even Anne was stirring when they reached the house, and Sydney searching in his pockets, had just began to deplore the absence of his latch-key, when Flor-ence with a laugh produced it. "Some good spirit, I think," she said, "made you leave it on your study-table yesterday and I seized it." "Thus adding pilfering to the rest of your virtues my evenplary niece." he re-

your virtues, my exemplay niece," he re-torted playfully, as he opened the door, when he stole a look at Agnes. But that young lady did not return it; she was evidently very much occupied with her He looked at his watch when they were

in the hall. It wanted a quarter to 8, and as he put it back, he said in a whisper: " As breakfast will not be until 9:30, 1 think you two had better go to bed for an hour, or else, Florence, you might awaken Anne, and have her make you plate.

awaken Alle, and have her make you some coffee immediately." That speech aroused Miss Hammond. "Please do nothing of the kind for me. I assure you I am not in the least need of it. Indeed, both Florence and I have

fasted quite as long in the convent; have

we not, Florence ?" Florence yawningly nodded. "Well

get up stairs, then, or Deborah may find

And he turned to go to his own room.

The girls had begun to ascend, and had mounted a step, or two, when Agnes, as if prompted by some extremely sudden im-pulse turned, and darting past her com-panion, ran lightly to Mr. Wilbur, over-

taking him just as he had reached the threshold of his apartment.

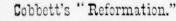
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And the little prayer was put up from a ost humble and esrnest heart, while in he heart of her beautiful companion was etition of that throb of vanity which nade her on an occasion before, rejoice n the superiority of her piety to that o

er friend. On the stoop of the house Florence paused to say : "We can manage very well about going



assuringly rejoined : "Well, if we are, dear, it will not mat-

ter so much, for we intend, you know, to get back to the High Mass." And d'rectly after those whispered re-marks, Mr. Wilbur returned, looking, despite the incredibly short space of time he seemed to have taken, as neatly and faultlessly attired as ever he did when he

accompanied the girls on their daily exursions. As Agnes glanced at cursions. As Agnes glanced at him, when having gained the street, he took his place between her and Florence, she thought his face, with its clear, dark com-plexion and fine eyes, looked unusually handsome. And then she took herself to severe task for having had such a worldly thought in the midst of the recollection the use and envery to maintain and the him

she was endeavoring to maintain, and she drew her veil closer, and murmured be-hind it very fervent Acts of Contrition, at the same time remembering with a great deal of pain what the Confessor of the revious day had replied to her troubled dmission regarding this same Mr. Wil-

By the time they arrived at the church. the first gospel was nearly over, and the congregation was so scattered about that there were many vacant pews especially in the middle aisle. To one of these in the middle aisle. To one of these Florence, finding there was no usher, boldly piloted her companions, sending Agnes into the pew in advance and leav-ing Sydney to follow them. When abroad, Wilbur had visited Catholic churches because of his interest in architecture, or painting, but he had never been present at any Catholic serve-

ever been present at any Catholic service, and now while the two girls knell, and howed their faces into their hands, he leaned back in his seat (an attitude that immediately stamped him as a Protest-ant to everybody in his vicinity) and looked at the altar with its vested priest, and two little acolytes with an air of keen curiosity. He was too well-bred to look

as ridiculous-looking as the old man who weak in the matter of resolution.'

stopped abruptly, being a little abashed by her own boldness, and by the penetrat-ing, though kindly look of his eyes. He retorted playfully :

"Are you sure that you are really grate-ful?" and then for one instant he flashed involuntarily upon her a look that told en to her, that deep regard in which he held her

She turned from him, her heart beating wildly, and her cheek so brightly blush ng, that Florence who had waited for her,

inquired curiously: "Whatever have you two been saying? your cheeks are like peonies." "Oh! I was just thanking your uncle for his escort," replied Agnes half pettish-ly, and when the two had gained their room, and Florence announcing her in-tention of taking her uncle's advice with tention of taking her uncle's advice with regard to going to bed for an hour, had be-gun to disrobe. Agnes having removed only her bonnet, threw herself into the easy chair and sat staring before her with "Agnes Hammond!" ejaculated Flor-ence, when she had watched her for a few

minutes, "is it your devotional meditation that gives you such an expression? if it is, I shall not have a word to say—though, is, Ishall not have a word tosay—though, even in that case I do not see why devo-tion should make you so sad-looking. If it is not the case, do say what is the mat-ter, and whether you are coming to bed, like a respectable Christian, or if you intend to sit there looking as if you saw the

ghost of somebody." For reply to which speech, Miss Ham-mond suddenly burst into a fit of uncon-trollable weeping. "Agnes! dearest, darling Agnes! what

ant to everybody in his vicinity) and looked at the altar with its vested priest, and two little acolytes with an air of keen curiosity. He was too well-bred to look openly about him, but he seized occa-sional opportunities—as when the people knelt or bowed their heads—to do so, and he was, it mast be confessed, a little dis-gusted that his companions should be thrust, for even a short time, among such coarse, vulgar-looking people. The congregation, at that early hour, was similar in caste to the penitents of the Jay before, the only difference being that there were more men among them; a good many of the latter being old man who as ridiculous-looking as the old man who for, and that lady was now by Miss Wil-bur's bedside; to which information Mr. Wilbur made no reply, and Anne as she retreated to the kitchen wonderful at his indifference, remembering his anxiety in a former occasion when Miss Wilbur had only complained of not feeling well

"Do you think, Uncle Sydney, I ought to go to her?" asked Florence, looking heavy-eyed enough herself to be in bed, though with heroic self-control she had though with heroic self-control she had not said a word of her headache, lest it should cause any anxiety to Agnes. "No, child ;" he replied with an unmis-

And Miss Hammond locked very earn- takable decision of tone. Go to your The bell rang for the Elevation, and estly and very pitifully at her friend. room, both of you, and rest; you have a

which recently she seemed so wont to in-Inlee

do. Upon Sydney Wilburthe impression of the forceful words was a little peculiar. It brought to his mind what he once acci-dently read, but thoroughly disbelieved, of the sacrifices in the life of a Catholic The soothing application put Florence into a slumber, and the house seemed to have a death-like stillness. There was account with the ascetic appearance of the present speaker. And then, oddly enough, his thoughts wandered to the not even the rattle of a vehicle over the stony street, and Miss Hammond's thoughts seemed to grow in intensity in proportion to the silence about her. emale saints of the Catholic Church, and

She looked at Florence: the girl was from that to the religious orders of both sexes, and at length, with a jump to the fact that Miss Hammond, in her piety, sleeping like a baby, and with her calm, fair-flushed face almost as much a picture of touching innocence as a slumbering baby could have been. She could not remight be thinking about joining one of those religious Orders. He absolutely shuddered at the thought of shutting under one of those hideous bonnets (his sist kissing lightly the smooth white brow, and then there burst from her in an involuntary whisper: mind reverting to the Sisters of Charity

"Darling Florence! you have envied my seeming piety, but could you see the struggle in my heart you would think far whom he had sometimes met in the street,) Agnes' beautiful face; and turning otherwise.

his eyes from the preacher to her-he could only see her exquisite profile—he shut his teeth hard together, and then and there made up his mind to do that about which he had been in such painful horized in all the mersion Florence stirred slightly as if she were about to awake, at which in some con-sternation, Agnes resumed her position in the chair. But, after a while, when the in chair, but after a while, when the girl's slumber seemed to gave grown even heavier, and the silence to have become more grave-like, Miss Hammond's con-Florence, seated between her uncle and her friend, and trying to be as attentive as the latter, was, nevertheless, wishing a science resumed its old struggle, and the little that the long sermon would come to struggle was even fiercer, for tion to which at first she had the temptaan end. Despite what Agnes had said of an end. Deeple what Agnes had said of the harmlessness of their fast, either that, or the concern produced by Miss Ham-mond's extraordinary fit of weeping, had brought on an incipient headache that now in the close air of the poorly venti-lated church, threatened to become very violent. It made her restless to the verce deaf ear, presumptuously feeling that she would never vield to such, now clutched her mercilessly. She felt, she knew, that she must either free herselt by one des-perate stroke, or yield to it entirely. She wrung her hands, and murmured to heriolent. It made her restless to the verge

of indevotion, and she was most thankfu then at length Mass was over, and they rere once more on their homeward way. Immediately that Anne admitted them, he informed Mr. Wilbur that his sister

wring her hands, and mirmured to her-self: "My God! my God! help me! Oh Blessed Mother! come to my aid." And then she dropped softly on her knees, and prayed with such fervor that the tears rolled down her cheeks. Strength seemed to have been given her, for when she arose her resolution was taken. She he arose, her resolution was taken. She leaned over Florence, very pale, but very firm-looking, and wishing a little that her friend would awaken. But Florence slept on for a half hour longer; then, however, she opened her eyes quite refreshed and well, save for a dizziness when she at-tempted to lift her head. "Don't try to raise it, dearest," said

Agnes.

good.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If you are not feeling well, why don't you take Hood's Sarsaparilla? It will purify and enrich your blood and do you wonderful

well pleased, who pleads in man's favo for future grants in spite of his pa ingratitude and misuse of benefi conferred.

Does man long to be like God and be a partaker of the Divine Nature Does he crave for union with God This is a heaven-sent longing, th noblest tendency of his being, reaching out to the infinite God and the infinite Truth. Shall it have t realization in this world, in this life Is this hunger and thirst of the soul have no fruition in time? Must wait for eternity? The Blessed Sacr ment, as Holy Communion, is the su lime answer. No, the heart of m shall have its passing gratificati here on earth, a foretaste and a pled of the unpassing and eternal banqu of the Lamb in heaven.

Does man envy the little childr whom our Lord blessed, and would fain kneel down that Christ mis stretch over him His sacred arms a lay upon his head His sacred hand Then shall his desire not be vain ; f in the Benediction of the Blessed rament, does our Lord bestow blessing as He did of yore on those sought it. Not a mere expression an earnest wish is it, but an actual parting of peace and calm, of joy a zeal, and hope and confidence. S even have received the gift of fa when the Eucharistic Christ gave benediction. Several instances such marvellous and instant eous conversions suggest th selves; perhaps the best known that of the celebrated music Hermann. Asked by a friend to di the music in a Catholic church Benediction one day in May, the consented. When the monstrance uplifted by the priest, the maestro impelled to kneel. The blessing given ; for Hermann it was faith. corresponded to the grace, becar Catholic, a Carmelite priest, and a martyr of charity as chaplain in Franco Prussian war. Another, Anglican chorister, was simili blessed, was faithful to the grace entered the Society of Jesus, in wh after living an edifying life, he di saintly death.

But beautiful and consoling cheering as is Benediction, it is