### 1895.

that of aiding extinction of nity.

his feeling he hom he spoke, d had underathy for him. e was wander y passed, and at the gate of rock, she fel nd of succor to d of shadows

cide what was e for the egot een betraved began speak ou understand that if you ration, if you ecret bearing give me the

ly," she said. I think I will little egotism better," he

was silent. and ds clasped to her eyes fasflashing water asin, it seemed s looking into he future, and

gan to speak

nk it strange ago as when more than of childhoodhave described It was singu lid not accep But I could a questioning found mysel to the mystery dle of history inite sorrow oroblems, and should notess and weight vils of the world and their rem lvocated. But uld I believe in lutions unrave the establish nd its sorrow und in the cries not know then f mankind ha rests on the But when men an race only 'superstition me great and ver history and

l us, and wer d any warrant said Egerton e, too, heard the the same ques-ife? "But it that you should

nclusions alone

m incredible? d to me that the edulity was the d without God, all the manifold of life there o compensation. in suffering, no

stence in which those hopes are id. "But, as I o, we can't shut cause they are

t them to other etly, "because nk, the advancorld has turned ht close his eyes that the sun

### JANUARY 19, 1895.

heroic patience with which that suf-

fering was borne. Then I begin to

ask what was the secret of the wonder-

phere—you know it—of peace that no storm can ruffle. The beauty of his

faith thus dawned upon me first ; the

choice. But it is a choice for all eter-

"There is only one way by which

we can know that or anything else," she answered. "By the voice of the

Church which is 'the pillar and ground,' the teacher and guide of

"you have said many words

which I shall not soon forget. But

this is not adieu ; may I not come to

see you?" "You know that my father is

always glad to see you," she answered gravely; " but I fear his influence for

"You are very kind to fear for me,"

he said ; " but, with all his power and magnetism, M. Duchesne has never

been able, and I am ouite sure never

will be able, to rouse me to enthusiasm

in his cause. I admire his devotion to that cause; but it is—as you remarked

a little while ago-one must believe in the fatherhood of God before one can

acknowledge the brotherhood of man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Whose Fault Is It?

went on.

nity

Egerton.

truth.

of some length.

quickly,

ful calm in which he lived, that atmos

#### CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

## FROM THE SHADOWS. BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

Life, Genevieve, is a drear, Genevieve, A blossom that blooms but to fall, Life, Genevieve, is a dream, Genevieve, And dreams, Genevieve, are we all."

glory and majesty afterwards. When I began to speak to him of the difficult-The words, sung by a voice with that undertone of infinite yearning we ies and perplexities with which I was sometimes catch in a pealing bell, struggling, then-and not till thenmaking us think a human soul is im-prisoned within its iron sides, floated he led me into the temple of faith and showed me how all creation finds meaning and harmony there." about the bush of a summer's evening, She paused an instant, and there was and a girl, passing, paused for a From the heart of the city almost a rapt look in her eyes as she moment. "It was like a vision of the came the echo of humanity's rush, and new Jerusalem," she said, " of a world save that echo, and the occasional trip of a light step on the brick pavement, no other sounds broke the twilight's reconciled to God. It was no longer a thing of chance and chaos, a mad pandemonium of crime and suffering spell. And when the voice, so clean and sweet and ringing, lifted up the there was a motive and meaning to all. song, it penetrated the heart of the If men suffered, it was that through listener, awaking a swift, great longsuffering they should rise to heights where suffering alone could lead them; ing to make of the dream something better than she had yet done, to send and if they sinned, it was because God gave to the being He created free will, the fragrance of her soul's blossom up in order that His service might be to the Giver in untained freshness But earthly passions soon closed the voluntary and possess merit. There is no merit in the service of a slave. There doors of her mind against the gentle thought, and she passed on. Good and evil are placed before us. and God disdains to lay a fetter on our

"Heaven alone, Genevieve, is our home, To win it our constant endeavor ! Oh ! the beautiful rest that is waiting the black

blest, In the roses that bloom there forever !" "How can you know that?" said

The words, lighth winged, flew after They clustered around her heart, her. beat against its closed doors, but only bruised their wings in their efforts to enter. She had left her father's home that

evening in anger and bitterness of spirit, because he had, in words whose And you are, then, absolutely a Catholic ?" said Egerton after a pause meaning there was no mistaking, for bidden her to hold further communica-She hesitated an instant, then said :

tion with a man she loved. "A heretic and a rascal," her father 'I have long been one in belief, but I have never openly confessed the faith, had called him. on account of my father, fearing his The first she could not deny. Pergrief even more than his anger. It is haps, she felt a little pride in him that terrible to wound one whom we love; and that will wound him very deeply. he was different from the other girls' lovers, that he was no "saint," as he But it seems as if the time has come contemptuously termed the young men of the parish. Reared as she had when I may no longer be a cowardwhen I must act and bear the consebeen in a true Catholic home, his quences. I told you that I was seeking views of religion had, at first, shocked nspiration here. It was the inspiraand repulsed her ; but gradually, as she tion necessary for such a step." "But is it essential that you should yielded to the spell of his undoubtedly

charming personality, she began, in the words of Pope, to "endure, then pity," and it was a question of time take it ?" asked Egerton, startled ; for he felt instinctively how terrible Duchesne's anger was likely to be. until she, too, would embrace. He was her hero, the first of an "There is no compulsion but that

of my own conscience," she answered. over imaginative nature. She clothed That has been weak enough heretohim with all the qualities of a hero, fore ; but now-" She rose suddenly, for she saw Madelon coming down the even transforming his admitted faults path toward them. "I must go," she said ; " and I fear that, after all, I into virtues, or finding excuses for them. "He will not always be an unbe have not been able to give you any

liever," she had said to her father, help." "On the contrary," he replied and he laughed at her words. horrid nightmare. "The woman who marries a man

The priest lighted a candle, and the addicted to drink, hoping to reform him, is a fool," he said ; "but the sight she saw sent her on her knees. her face hidden in her hands. Merci woman who marries a man of a differful God ! that Your creatures must ent religion or, what is worse, of no suffer so ! The sunken, ghastly face, religion at all, thinking to convert him, is a fit subject for a lunation asylum. the mouth open, in the feeble effort They were harsh words, but he was

to breathe in the stifling atmosphere a wise parent, and knew of what he of the low room spoke A gleam of recognition came into Yet she could forgive the words

her eves as they fell upon the priest against his religious views, because but she motioned him from her she no longer regarded them with her former horror ; but the word "rascal" was a bitter pill to swallow. He was her thin, weak hand. Not heeding her, he poured a little wine into a glass and held it to the parched lips. She hesitated, but the physical pain not that, could never be ! She knew, or thought she knew, his nature too overcome the hatred of his garb and she drank the wine. Then he knelt well. Bitter, burning tears stood in her eyes, and bitter, burning words were hurled at her old father in deand began to pray. Agatha raised her The woman's eyes were fixed in fence of the man she loved. They had head. stuck like so many knives into his a hard stare on the wall. And what heart, but he was firm in his resolu-did they see there? Pictures of her

so am I, yet she will need a woman's at heaven's gates, for its mother, and administration before the night is asked her if it must wait through all over. Come !" eternity. And for the first time the The evening's engagement sent the face softened, for the first time another look came into the dim eyes. Oh, tiny vords of excuse to her lips, but they baby hands reaching earthward, you died there unspoken, as she turned Quickly they walked have drawn many a soul to heaven ! back, with him. But soon the old despair came back.

through the dark, narrow streets, and as they went, he told her the woman's "There is no heaven, there is no God," came in gasps from the livid lips, while the death-rattle sounded in her throat. The breath was coming in quick, short catches. Both watchers Her father had been one of the leadng merchants of a Western city, a man of stainless reputation and a devout Catholic. His children had been reared in affluence. All the pleasures wealth could give, the adknew in a little while all would be over. He moistened her lips again Serion on the Mount ; as surely as no with the wine. Oh ! to hold the life in other heart approached the love and vantages education bestows, were the body until repentance came. He theirs in an unlimited degree. This pleaded again for her baby, but this woman, the youngest child, had ever lived a model life until she met time in vain ; and then despair began to creep into the priest's heart. Freichman, an infidel. She had

The rattle in her throat grew louder, the breath came in quicker, shorter gasps. Agatha hid her face in her hands, and closed her ears against the been warned against him, but to no purpose. She married him. There was a brief spell of happiness, then a dreadful sound. She did not see the separation. She had gone to the stage. She had had a meteor like career, followed by downfall. She had gone priest raise the woman in his arms nor hear the clear, ringing words he from bad to worse, and now was dying spoke. She never knew how he conquered that despair. Then a stillness that made itself felt in other way than in an attic-and dying in despair. "And I have fought for that soul for through the organs of sense, surprised fifteen years !" he cried, in anguish.

forgetting the strange listener, and, her into glancing up. The eyes of the woman were fixed only read the assertion of the supreme for the first time, she looked at him closely. A flickering stream of light on the priest with an expression of unclaims of the service of God ; and the utterable love, as with crucifix in upexplanation comes in the next verse showed his features as clearly defined as if chiseled out of stone. There was lifted hand, he made over her the sign but one : "He went down with them of the Christian's redemption. A quick, convulsive shudder disturbed to Nazareth, and was subject to them. not one touch of superflous health on Here we find theduty of the state of life the face, yet it was not one to suggest the shrunken frame, then a stillness, never to be broken, settled over it interwoven with the duy to God. The duty of the state of life an ascetic. Perhaps the eyes had a sadder gleam than kindles those of other men; perhaps the stoop of the again. And the priest bowed his head springs from the duty to God ; and so above the dead woman and wept. shoulders hinted weariness of the its discharge depends for its true character on the discharge of the latter burden laid upon them; but you After a long while he raised his caught no trace of these in the clear. head and became aware of the girl he duty. had brought with him ; and as she met strong voice, nor in the quick, springy

step. They were in the lowest part of the his eyes she marvelled that he should thus sorrow for a stranger. He went city. She had known the place, as she knew the wickedness that made it to her and asked her to do for the dead the last office human hands could do. what it was, existed ; but never had When all was finished they knelt by the dead woman's side, and between the law by His wisdom. His lot was she been brought into such close contact with either. The streets grew sobs she told him from what that night's not the one to choose from a worldly darker and narrower. Coarse laugh scene had saved her. He said little. but a look of unutterable peace came ter and vile oaths were the only sounds heard. The very air was pollution. She shuddered and looked at her comover his face, a great joy into his sad As the grey of morning crept in panion. Ah, no! walking in his

shadow there could be no pollution. they retraced their steps down the narrow, dingy streets, and parted at the church door. She returned to her ployers ; that He should be cheated or put off, like all the poor of the world, And human beings lived here and died here in want and suffering, while not a mile away their brothers laughed father's home impressed and repentant and the priest went within to pray and made merry unconscious of it all "I did not know, my God," he whis They turned in at a low door and went up the stairs. Not a ray of light pered in his heart, as with bowed head he knelt before the altar, " illumined the place. They stumbled why the along, holding to the frail balustrade, until they reached the attic floor. The prayers, the sacrifices, the labors of ifteen years could not obtain from priest opened the door, and they went You repentance for that soul. All I asked was that soul. But you would in. Darkness reigned, but the still Gospel of the day. We see how im-portant it is to observe the duty we ness was broken by gasps of breath. not give it to me. At times I almost despaired. At times my faith shook Agatha turned faint. It was like a But now, my God, I see your purpose. It was delayed until the last minute to save another soul. Blessed be the name of God for ever !" The woman who had died that night

for whose conversion he had sacrificed framed by a mass of tangled black his life fifteen years before, was his God's good time to reap the reward promised to those who serve Him.

#### "Via Crucis Est Via Lucis." UNTIL THE DAY BREAK AND THE SHADOW

FLEE AWAY. Star Jan. 5, 1895 The shadow of the Cross ! Christ. may it be The shadow of the great rock over me, Shade in a weary land, boat in a wintry sea— Shade of the Cross, remain, remove each

with

Thy loss, dear Cross, my gain. The shadow of the Cross ! how light its shade Compared with that, which for our King was made, made, That heavy cross,—upon His Royal shoulders laid; Crown of the Cross, each thorn, pointed with scorn—

The most remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for all blood diseases.

#### The Past Second Sunday After Epiphany. Guarantees "How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be about my Father's pusiness?" The Future

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

OUR TWO DUTIES.

Mother with a love worthy of such a

The surpassing excellence of this love was mutual. We feel how her heart poured itself out in Bethlehem

when she first saw Him : we read it in

he prophecy of Simeon which makes

We see how perfectly Our Lord re

sponded to the claims of His condition

over Him. He sought no immunity

on the score of being an infant pro-

digy who had astonished the doctors of

point of view. It was His Eternal

Father's will that He should belong to

this humble family ; that He should share in their troubles, anxieties and

privations ; that, like them, He should

meet with scorn or rebuke from em-

necessity. It was for us He took it,

and for us the Father imposed it on

Him. We see all this folded up in the

owe to God on the one hand and the

duty of our state of life on the other

In this way His Mother understood Hi

answer ; in this way we must under

Handsome Features.

His example.

of life in being subject to those placed

her love a sword to pierce her heart

Son and such a Mother.

such a love as this.

This was the reply of our Divine The fact that Hood's Sarsapa-Lord when, finding Him in the temple, His Mother said, "Why hast Thou rilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you. It makes pure, ation of the counsels given in the rich, healthy blood, tones and strengthens the nerves, and adoration of the Sacred Heart for God builds up the whole system. the Father-so surely did He love His

Remember Hood's Sarsa-parilla Cures

we hear it in the cry from the foot of the cross, "See if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." It would dis-honor Him to say He did not return Be Sure to get HOOD'S and Only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be aken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box. Therefore, in His answer we can



We have a large assortment of Moulded Bees-wax Candles, Wax Tapers, Sterine and Paraffine Candles, for which we solicit

early orders.

MISSION SUPPLIES.

We kindly solicit the supplying of mis-dons or Ketreats with all religious articles required, of which we continually have large mantitles in stock, such as

sion Prayer Books. optional, Instructive and Controversial

bevoltonat, instant sizes and styles. Books in all sizes and styles. Brass Bound and Nickle Mission Crosses. Crucifixes to stand or hang.

Holy Water Fonts. Scapu ars. Medals in Brass and Silver. Pictures for Framing in all sizes.

When ordering please state :

Who is to give the Mission. About how many families will altend. The day the Mission will open. How the goods have to be shipped to reach safely by the dishonest or the insolent when asking for what was due to Him, and then He took His place to teach us by His place was not there through

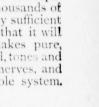
We will make the Selection of Saleable Goods. Careful attention given to the packing and shipping of all orders.

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.

Catholic Publishers, Booksellers and Sta-tioners, Church Ornaments, Vestments, Statuary and Religious Articles,

69 Notre Dame St. 115 Church St. MONTREAL. TORONTO.





Mary. A

3

he said. "I am willing to ou-surely duryou speak you th?"

id. "Not the "My mother y life, and the was educated as the last and ons of mankind, gnorant myths this, the idea of ew of it-had an presume it must o does not entire-side of nature." n, "I fancy that med materialist longing and the

But we are oth that impulse of which you

wered, "that we verything by the Yet what is nis universal need t for which our ave? Let those g of an inherited other deeply-im-an, found in all ugh all ages, has on a delusion.

r speech and the ght moved Egerand more. erest in drawing spected to receive ut now he owned message for him. reach a final con ked presently. ; "I had a help-e not always a se who need and

was the hand of was attracted to uffering and the

ence,

Catholics, be united ! Disunion is he only thing that can retard our pro-gress. We have no fear for the barque his. And as she remembered she hur the only thing that can retard our proman she would be no longer a child of gress. We have no fear for the barque his. And as she remembered she hurof Peter, for she, buoyed up by the ried out of reach of the words of the promise of her Divine Founder, will song and the clear, sweet voice. She ride safely o'er the foaming billows of was on her way to a friend's house, hatred and bigotry. But to her and to where she knew she would meet her her rulers let us be loyal. Let obedi lover. She could not give him up, she ence be the watchword : so that when thought. The breath of her nostrils an order comes to take decisive action was not dearer to the young, undis-ciplined heart. Take away the pleason a religious question we will be found ready and united. Organizaure of seeing him in the evenings and how could she endure the long days tion is the secret of success, and the sooner we understand it the better. bent over the type-writer? Take away Why should a Catholic young man be the joy of thinking and dreaming of him, and what would life be worth? him, but no light softened their despair. The very click of the keys spoke to He spoke to her of repentance, but she come a member of an organization antagonistic to the interests of his her of him, and the letters were always Church? Why should he seek exclusively the society of non-Catholics? spelling his name. Why should he give utterance to opinions lax, and not held by those to whom God has imparted the sacred persons we meet are dwellers therein trust of guarding the deposit of faith? On the street on which she walked Not that we wish to deprive any human being of the privilege of frank the two extremes of life came into close and fearless speech, but there are times She left the peace and refinement of contact. There were no gradations. when silence is a duty. Again, we often hear the remark that Protestant the rich to step into the turmoil and squalor of the poor. Her path led societies do more for young men in the between two lines of humanity ; the way of earthly advancement than men and women, ragged and hungry, Catholic organizations. Perhaps they do. They, as we know from experihave certainly an ingenious method of placing this and that person

into advantageous positions; and if not agreeable. It may have forced Catholic societies possess not a like facility and influence, to whom must the fault be ascribed? We wait an life one sided, deny there is a God to faltered. It was the first time she had answer. Is it not the fault of our young men who will not stand by their And And yet, in their midst, stood His church. "Never pass by your Friend !" her mother had once said ; priests, or second their efforts?

The folly of prejudice is frequently though, of late, prayer did not often pass her lips, she always remembered shown by people who prefer to suffer for years rather than try an advertised remedy. The millions who have no such notions, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood diseases, and are cured. So much for common sense.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Myther Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manmer to the little one. Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off— pain night and day: but relief is sure to those who use Hol-loway's Corn Cure. 'There is a woman dying. 'There is a woman dying.

Minard's Liniment for sale every-where.

face grew as white as the one on the "My God! My God!" he cried, 'hear me! hear me! Give me this soul ! I demand it of you for my life of labor, of suffering, of sacrifice?" Agatha sprang to her feet, every drop of blood in her seeming to run along her veins in fire. She had been thinking of her lover, and in the first was clean, the icicle remained clear, moment she thought the words were and sparkled brightly in the sun; but

ing, for it was reflected on the face

and in the eves of the woman Agatha

looked at the priest, and his expression

hands and prayed.

shook her head.

death.

sitting on the doorsteps, the children meant for herself. She looked at the if the water was slightly muddy, the more ragged and hungry looking, immovable face against the pillow, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was Agatha hurried on. The scene was fell on her knees again. not agreeable. It may have forced thoughts on her she wished to avoid, thoughts on her she wished to finding "Why do you want my soul?" she

spoken. "Because I love you," he said, bend-

ing over her, "Because I want to meet you again. Repent! Repent! there is still time."

She shook her head while her eyes

the voice, there was also command. not of Christ's suffering and death, but

Into this heart of mine

For me, by Thee, was borne.

The shadow of the Cross ! Hush ! ev'ry grief, Each sigh we breathe, and breathe without re-lief. wrung her heart. She, too, clasped her Each tear we weep, each doubt, each weak be-

The hours passed. The priest knelt lief, Shall form a rainbow cloud, of glory bright, "Love in a mist," diaphanous; — Thy light, Spirit of sorrow—radiates my night. as motionless as if carved out of stone, and the woman's eyes never left the

Rough as the road may be, I'll share with Thee Gladly each misery : Welcome each scalding tear, each haunting fear, Borne for Thy sake, Christ dear : wall. But a change began to creep over the face - the stiffening of He saw it and bent over her.

She withdrew her eyes and looked at

Then when " the golden bowl " is broken quite And all is dark—when " silver cord is loos d " and fears prevail—The Cross is light ! The "day will break, the shadows flee away," A cruce salus," Jesus ! in that day. The clocks chimed midnight; his

-F. S. L. Montreal. The Feast of the Circumcision, New Year's Day, 1895.

Forming Character.

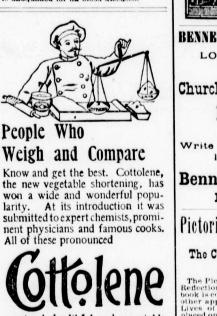
Have you ever watched the icicle as t formed ? Have you noticed how it froze, one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more? If the water agonized one of the priest; then she spoiled. Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling The eyes of the woman were on the at a time add to its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and

wretchedness.

Thousands of cases of rheumatism have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is abundant reason for belief that it will cure you

pass her lips, she always remembered<br/>the injunction. It may have been only<br/>the force of habit, but I like to think it<br/>was God's great, fatherly care that led<br/>her up the stone steps that night.She shook her head while her eyes<br/>returned to the pictures memory was<br/>mearing on the wall. He took her<br/>ready growing cold. The end was<br/>haid on her arm.<br/>"'Pardon me!" said a voice, hur-<br/>riedly. "You are a Catholic — can<br/>you come with me?"She shook her head while her eyes<br/>weaving on the wall. He took her<br/>ready growing cold. The end was<br/>haid to nher arm.<br/>"'Pardon me!" said a voice, hur-<br/>riedly. "You are a Catholic — can<br/>you come with me?"Meesses. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the<br/>measing. The wretched sin-covered<br/>was laid on her arm.<br/>sold must soon go forth to meet its<br/>both of his, and bending over her<br/>whispered words in her ear. Not of<br/>God's mercy or anger did he speak,<br/>hot of Christ's suffering and death, butMeesses.<br/>Meesses.<br/>Meesses.<br/>Nothick is heir tor.<br/>wasted frame. To the farmer<br/>it is indispensible, and it should be in every<br/>house.

ne voice, there was also command. he turned and saw a priest. "There is a woman dying," he con-dead. He told her of the white robed hod's Saraparilla. It makes pure blood. tinued : "she is a stranger here and baby, waiting through the long years Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.



a natural, healthful and acceptable food-product, better than lard for every cooking purpose. The success of Cottolene is now

a matter of history. Will you share in the better food and better health for which it stands, by using it in your home?

Cottolene is sold in 3 and 5 pound pails by all grocers.



MR. O. LABELLE HAS OPENED A FIRST-M Class Merchant Tailoring establishment, on Richmond Street, next door to the Rick-mond House, and opposite the Masonic Temple. He will carry a full range of the very choicest goods. Prices to suit the time? Satisfaction guaranteed.

# THE RITUAL OF THE P. P. A.

We have published in pamphlet form the entire Ritual of the conspiracy known as the P. P. A. The book was obtained from one of the organizers of the association. It ought to be widely distributed, as it will be the means of preventing many of our well-meaning Protos-tant friends from falling into the trap set for them by designing knaves. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 6 cents in stamps: by the dozen, 4 cents per copy; and by the hundred, 3 cents. Address, Thomas COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London. Ontario.

LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 418 Talbot street, London. Private fund