

near and when the last word had fallen from the old man's lips, they both exclaimed — and their words had a tone of sorrow in them—"But surely the 'lily of the prairie' will never forget us?"

"No, no!" stammered Angela. "I am nobody's child—mother is dead. I am a child of the wilderness—a child of the mission. Mother always told me so. O, take me home to the mission!"

"That cannot be," answered Father Harrison. "Angela, your mother asked me to bring you here to grandmother and grandfather. Will you not love them for your mother's sake?"

"Yes," said Angela, sobbing loudly, "but will Nightstar and Mahtoree also remain here with me?"

"Later on we will see each other again, Angela," came the answer, "but Nightstar will stay a few days." Thus speaking, Mahtoree placed Angela in the arms of his wife and with the word "Wachcondah" (which means, the Great Spirit protect you) on his lips, he darted off with the Indian guides, and was soon lost with lightning rapidity in the dark, green woods which bordered the dusty road. The others then entered a wagon going in the direction of the city, and in a short time Angela lay safely in the arms of her grandmother and her aunt. "She is really a gift sent from heaven," they both uttered, under their breath, their eyes wet with tears of joy.

Father Harrison, knowing that Angela would be well taken care of, now smothered those paternal feelings in his bosom and bade good-bye to the world forever, and true to his promise that he would serve God in the calling of a missionary priest he left for those distant fields in the course of a few days with Nightstar, who had been richly rewarded by old Mr. Harrison.

Colette and Angela, the children of both sisters, soon learned to know and love each other, and they grew like summer roses, their red

cheeks aflame with love—a joy and a consolation to parents and grandparents.

Father Harrison had learned and realized the great eternal truth and he was grateful. To good people afflictions are but crosses, laden with thorns and blessed on the altar of Love, sent from heaven in order that the despairing ones may not tear themselves away recklessly from the fraternal bosom of their heavenly and merciful Father. Sweet indeed are the words of the poet when he sings:

"Sometimes, I think, the pitying tears,

Like rain on parching sod,
Bring forth new life from bygone years,

And bring a soul to God."

THE END.

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

New York, August 17.

Dear Fathers,—Enclosed please find an offering for the Holy Sacrifice in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel as a thanksgiving for a special favor granted through her intercession.

A DEVOTED CHILD.

Brooklyn, Sept. 1.

Rev. Father,—Enclosed you will find \$10.00 towards the building fund of the hospice, in honor of our Lady of Mt. Carmel in thanksgiving for obtaining for me my request, after promising to give a donation towards the hospice fund.

W. B.

Albany, N.Y.

Dear Fathers,—I wish to thank our Dear Lady of Mt. Carmel for a great favor obtained through her intercession. I promised her to ask you to publish it if obtained.

Yours faithfully,

A READER OF THE REVIEW.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 13.

A child of Mary wishes to return grateful thanks to our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained through her intercession.