

be doubled in size. It will be made a people's magazine. Prominent churchmen, labor leaders, and literary men will contribute. It will be the only religious magazine that will aim to express the wishes of the working people. This will be in line with our new Pope and our Carmelite Cardinal Gotti. They belong to the working people. The new Carmelite Review will be the working people's magazine.

The Review will be published from the Carmelite College, 6413 Washington Avenue, Chicago, Ills., and will be edited by the Rev. Eneas B. Goodwin, a professor in the College.

The Lost Inheritance.

DOLOROSA KLINE.

Chapter XXX.

Back to the old life in the attic room, on Bartley Square, back to the prosaic music teaching, had Rosamond Raymond been brought, and that with a patience and sweetness that surprised even her mother. Great had been the astonishment on the Square, when the young girl had re-taken up her residence with her mother and her music again, but with the exception of Mrs. Curran, no one knew why the landlady, after Father Madden, was the only person to whom Rosamond and her mother had confided their latest trouble, they knowing that they would have the little woman's sympathy, with no danger of her tattling abroad.

Mrs. Raymond had a little money saved, enough to keep them floating for the time being, and Rosamond had sufficient in case she would not find pupils immediately, to pay the next few weeks' rent. But full of faith, she set to work to pray to the Queen of Heaven, and her pleading was heard, for very shortly after her dismissal from Staunton house, Mrs. Curran gave her little Charlie, who was proving to be a most apt pupil, and Father Madden secured her two of his nieces. The kind priest was deeply sorry at the sudden change in his young parishioner's fortune, and he prayed for the proud woman who was responsible for it, that no ill feelings had prompted her to send the young girl away from beneath her roof.

So the days passed, and Rosamond, because she had faith and prayed, added to her pupils, and she was to a degree happy. She missed the grandeur to which she had been growing accustomed at Staunton House, its gayety, and easy every day existence. Still she was thankful that she had left it all. But Mrs. Raymond was watching her daughter, and the mother saw how at times, especially towards evening, when the little lamp was lighted and they talked over future plans, a dreamy sadness would steal into the fair delicate face, and the wide starry blue eyes would wander around the room as if in search of something that was appealing constantly to the sensitive imagination within.

"Darling, what is it?" she asked one night in early May, as her daughter sat thus, "tell mother what is weighing on her little girl."

"Nothing, mother. How could there be when I have you. But I was just thinking." And a dark handsome face, whose musical voice had ever sounded in her ears, was photographed in her mind's vision, but the commandment—"Thou shalt not covet"—and she compelled herself to forget.

"Of what, dearie?"

"Many things, mother. Mother, did God intend that this world should be divided unevenly when he made it?"

"That is not for us to ask, my child. God is ruler of destiny and the universe, and He has given to each of us as much