

ONWARD.

Though the shadows loom around us, like wild specters from the tomb, And the hand in grief and sorrow struggles through the lightning gloom; Though the tyrant hath no mercy for our bravest and our best, And a mute and vengeful sorrow rankles in each manly breast. We shall never bow before him—we shall never bend the knee To the guilty blood-stained straps of a despot such as he! Like the gladiators let our voices ring along the arena of our life: "Onward!" be our motto ever—"Onward!" be our marching cry!

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A TRUE INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A CATHOLIC GOVERNOR IN EUROPE. Little Messieurs of the sacred Heart. "Y-n are a Roman Catholic?" "Yes, sir." A middle-aged gentleman, stern and proud-looking, addressed this question to a lady who presented herself as applicant for the position of governess to his three motherless girls. "Madam, said the gentleman, 'your letters of introduction, without these papers, is quite sufficient.' He handed her back the testimonials she had placed in his hands. 'I would be glad to secure your services for my children,' he continued, 'but there is one condition.' He hesitated, and looked long and searchingly into her face. 'Please name it,' she said at length; for his earnest and questioning gaze seemed to ask that permission. 'That you never, under any circumstances, name the subject of religion to them.' It was her turn to hesitate now. 'Will you give me till to-morrow, at this time, to think about it?' 'Certainly.' 'You will find it difficult,' said Father L., the good priest whose advice she sought, 'but try to let your every word and action speak for your holy faith, though religion be the one forbidden topic. Example is better than precept.' So she accepted the condition and became governess in the family. He who made this condition was the descendant of a long line of Catholic ancestors. He had never renounced their faith except (alas, what a terrible exception!) by marrying a girl of another faith, and binding himself by oath to bring up their children, should there be any, in their mother's religion. Not a pious woman herself, she had cared very little about their religious training. So they were not Catholics, that was enough. All else was a matter of indifference to her, and to him, too, since he neither believed his own, nor followed that of any other religion. He was honorable, high principled, not ungenerous, but cold and silent always. Not in good health either; though he strove not to allow that to interfere with his watchful care for his children's temporal welfare, at least. The governess kept her word for many years, trying always by earnest devotion to her duty and the strict observance of her religion, to show that her silence on that most important subject was not indifference. She learned after a time that the father of her pupils ought to have been a Catholic himself; so, when some poor creature was in dire distress and she could not find other aid, she ventured to appeal to him—never in vain. Though no words might be spoken by him, he listened always and the help was given. At Christmas and Easter, when the very poor throng about our church doors, her purse was heavier for distributing its contents among them, thanks to his open hand. So these poor prayed for him, for she told them: "Pray for the giver, this money is not mine." His health failed in these years, and he was obliged to leave his children often in her care and seek medical help in other countries. All was in vain. The best medical skill in Europe failed to help him. Her health failed, too, and she went away to her own land and people. She had not been long gone when letters came to ask her to return. Her pupils loved her tenderly, and had been exceedingly kind and generous to her nearly

always. If there had been trials now and then, dark days of impotence and illness, it was forgotten when the sick man wrote, with trembling hand, that he would be glad if she could return to his children; he was dying. So she returned to them. During her stay at home she had become greatly interested in St. Joseph's Union, and the Home for Homeless Children. She had become a member of the society herself, and earnestly wished she could inscribe upon its rolls the names of all she loved, that they might benefit by its prayers and Misses. "You know," said Miss A., the kind friend who had first interested her in it, "that you might become a *Zelotica* for that unhappy land. How much good you might do!" So she had visited the noble institution, had become acquainted with its inmates, its objects and the world-wide good it was doing in many ways. She had seen the hundreds of children gathered into its safe shelter. Kneeling in its quiet chapel she had prayed that she might become a worthy member of the Union, and do some good to those loved ones who knew no faith, acknowledged no God, and had no thought of wish or hope beyond the narrow limits of this world. Once more far from her own home, by the side of those young girls, so soon to be orphans indeed, she stood the cold, silent man dying, as he had said. His eyes brightened as she approached to salute him. The satisfaction of seeing his well-beloved children rejoice at her coming lent this transient brightness to his aspect. It was a question of days, the medical man said—there was no hope for him. "Must he die then," she asked herself, "without one thought of eternity—without the least preparation to go before the judgment seat?" "Has he seen a priest?" she asked of his sister. This sister had been, like her brother, indifferent as far as his behalf was concerned; but, having married a Catholic, their children had been brought up in their father's faith. She was a kindly woman and had been from her first coming much attached to the governess of her niece, and this gave the governess courage to ask the all-important question. "Has Monsieur seen a priest?" "No," was the reply, "he has not, and I dare not mention the subject to him without the consent of my nephew and niece." "Speak to them," urged the governess. "Only think of the danger of dying without the Sacraments. If it is no use, they will not hear of it," was all the sister could bring forward in answer to that earnest prayer. A second appeal obtained an angry and positive refusal and put an end to the other's timid efforts. A few days after this last fruitless attempt, the poor invalid asked to be carried into the garden. It was a gloomy midwinter day and they were all gathered around his chair. His son paced up and down near him, his daughters were grouped around their governess just beside him. The girls were quiet and silent. The invalid propped up with cushions, looked from one to another. No one spoke for so long that the silence became painful. Then, quite without premeditation, as if the words and the subject were put into her mouth, the governess began to describe to her pupils St. Joseph's Home for Homeless Children. She spoke of the five hundred she had seen gathered there, the admirable arrangements for their health and comfort and training. She spoke of their singing and the effect of their young voices as they praised God in that lovely chapel and prayed for their benefactors. She told them how they were supported by subscription, and the benefit of the Messes said for subscribers, and she added: "Those who are too ill to go to church and in the benefit of these Messes by becoming subscribers to the 'Homeless Child.'"

She was silent. No one had interrupted her by word or motion. The sick man's large earnest eyes were looking steadily at her as she spoke. When she ceased, he raised his feeble hand to command attention and after a brief pause said slowly and in a loud, clear tone: "Be so good, Madam, as to inscribe my name." Then to his eldest daughter: "Give Madam the money for this." Madam had only bowed her head in gratitude for a little space, then timidly she asked: "Will you allow me to inscribe your children's names also?" She thought he would not answer at all, the reply was so long in coming. Then, as before, loud and clear: "I beg you, be so good as to inscribe them. See that Madam has the money for this, my child." And so, thank God! he had the benefit of the Messes and the orphan's prayers for a few days. Then the doctors said the last day had come, he could not possibly survive another night. So the relatives were all summoned. One near relation, an atheist, reminded the son that Christian burial was not permitted unless a clergyman were called in. Why not call one? There was no danger now. There was no Catholic priest nearer than twenty-five miles. One must be called to rare appearances and fulfill the law, but he would come too late. This gentleman approached the governess: "Madam, you are, I know, a Catholic. Might I beg of you a very great favor? We would like to invite a clergyman to see Monsieur—a Catholic priest." "There is no priest in this place—none nearer than X—," said Madam. "Is it possible? Well, to-morrow will do quite well, if you will be good enough to invite a clergyman of your faith?" "Have I the permission of his children?" "Yes." She waited for no more. "Tell the coachman to harness up quickly," she told a servant as she hurried to her room. Her eldest pupil entered as she was hastily dressing. "Where are you going in such haste, dear Madam?" "I cannot not ask me, love." "The young lady frowned. "Ask Mr. —, he will tell you." "No, no! please tell me yourself, I beg, I insist; please, you must tell me!" "Will you be calm if I do? And try to remember that I do not go without permission, I am going for Father G. "A Catholic priest! never, never! A priest shall never enter this house!" And she ran from the room to prevent it if possible. But the governess was gone. She had barely time to catch the last train—it would take near an hour to reach the city. It was nine o'clock at night when she started, past ten when she stood by the convent gate. Father G. — had left town. She did not know who else to inquire for. She thought herself of a relative of the dying man, who would help her. Another hour lost to seek him and bring him with her! Once more at the convent gate. They enter. Yes, Father B. — would go. He knew the invalid well. Then back to the station once more. They were just a few minutes too late for a train and must wait an hour. Father B. — walked up and down. The governess seated herself in a quiet corner of the nearly deserted waiting room. That hour seemed long to both, but it passed at last, the train started— one more hour would bring them there! "Yes," mused Father B. —, half aloud, "they do this, call a priest when the man is speechless. They have fulfilled the law of man; the priest was there, the man was alive, his body is safe, that can go into consecrated ground, but the soul, the soul, for what reason is that prepared?" The coachman was waiting for them. The sister met Madam at the gate. "I have not had the courage to tell him," she whispered, "and no one else will." She placed herself almost as if she wished to bar the entrance. The governess made way for the priest to enter. "But you will tell him," she pleaded, "you will try to save his soul, now!" Three times the poor lady entered her brother's room to announce the priest's arrival, three times her courage failed? Father B. — was robed to perform his sacred office, ready to be conducted to the sick man's side. At this last failure the governess threw herself on her knees, oblivious of all around. At least she might say a prayer for the passing soul. With hesitating steps the loving but weak sister went once to the sick chamber; this time she found courage to say a priest was in the house—"Father B. —, a friend of the priest entered. Will her brother see him?" He would and did. As the governess entered he raised his head, saluted him, kissed his hand and presented him to his sister, asking pardon at the same time for not rising to do him honor as he would have done. They were left alone. The last solemn rites were administered, and absolution given. Humbly he had confessed his sins and prepared himself for his passage to eternity. Gratefully he had kissed the hand that had absolved him; and, calling his children to his side, had blessed them and given them his last, his dying counsel. He called his sister, too, and thanked her for the service she had just rendered him. The solemn morning broke—and he still lingered—lingered and suffered, lingered for three days; prayed for by the good Fathers at the convent, prayed for by the poor governess, but, above all, prayed for by the little children gathered in that far off Chapel in the New World, the Chapel of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin. May they pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

A JOYOUS REUNION.

TWO BROTHERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THE WAR. In 1861 when he broke out there were living in Cincinnati, O., two orphan brothers named George and William Thomas. The first named had just reached the years of manhood, while William was but thirteen. Both responded to the call of their country, the elder enlisting in the 13th Ohio Infantry, the younger entering the ranks of the 23rd Kentucky. The regiments of both were in time assigned to the same division, and during the campaigns about Chattanooga in 1863, the brothers had many opportunities of association. At last the attack on Missionary Ridge was planned and the boys went forth with their comrades. The history of that bloody assault is familiar to all. When the rolls of the 18th Ohio and the 23rd Kentucky were called after the battle, neither of the brothers responded, and like La Tour d'Auvergne, the first grenadier of France under the great Napoleon, were accounted for as "Mort sur le champ d'honneur." But it happened that both were taken prisoners by the Confederates; George was sent to Liberty prison, while William was placed in the pen at Andersonville. The war ended, and upon investigation of the records each brother learned that the other had been killed in the engagement at Missionary Ridge. George drifted to Mendocino county, in this State, where he became a successful stock raiser, while William, strange to say, after many vicissitudes, became a prominent fur-grower in Los Angeles county. Yesterday both brothers, whose existence was unknown to the other, were in this city, and recalling the events of twenty-four years ago, visited the panorama of Missionary Ridge, at the corner of Market and Death streets, and while each was enjoying the faithful painting of the assault their identity was established, and rushing into each other's arms, and affecting scene took place, which brought tears to the eyes of hundreds of visitors who happened to be present to witness the joyous reunion of two brothers long thought to be resting quietly beneath the sod on the field of battle.—*Alta California.* \$500 Reward. The former proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for years made a standing, public offer in all American newspapers of \$500 reward for a case of catarrh that he could not cure. The present proprietor has renewed this offer. All the suggestions of this Remedy, together with the "Douches," and all other appliances advised to be used in connection with it. No catarrh patient is longer able to say "I cannot be cured." You get \$500 dollars in case of failure.

NORAH.

She was sitting dejected and tired-looking on the hard benches of the intelligence office, hushing a crying baby in her weary arms, when some ladies came in to look for a girl. She saw them glance at her, and heard what the woman who kept the office was saying. "A widow—husband died of ship fever coming over—will work for very small wages—wants to keep the child with her." She could not help hearing this for every sense was alert and strained, nor the comments of one of the ladies. "She looks strong enough to do my work, but the child is a nuisance; can't she give it away?" He went on persistent in his search. If he could not find what he desired at once, he would linger before the plant and examine it minutely, turning over leaf and forcing open the buds that he might peer into their fragrant hearts. I wondered much what it was he was searching for so diligently and at last I quickened my steps and overtook him. "You, too, are admiring these beautiful flowers?" I said to him, as he glanced up at my approach. "What a beautiful garden this is, and how carefully tended the flowers in it must be to bloom in such perfection and luxuriance." An evanescent smile was in the man's face as he listened to my words. "So you think they are beautiful, do you?" he asked scornfully. "That is because you have not examined them. All of them, even the ones that make the most pretensions to beauty, have a blemish left somewhere, or harbor some ugly worm or slug. I suppose you would call this fly fair and pure, would you not? Wait a moment, and I will show you its harbor." The man searched patiently and at last drew from beneath the broad green leaves a little worm which had sought shelter there. With an expression of delighted triumph the man dropped it into his bag, and as he opened it for the purpose, I saw that it was nearly full of crawling insects and slugs and other loathsome things. "See all I have discovered," said the man. "It pleases me when I find these ugly things hiding about the flowers that every one admires so much. And there is not one that is perfect; they all have their faults somewhere." He went on to the next flower and began his search while I looked after him in amazement. Was it possible that any one could find greater happiness in detecting and treasuring the loathsome insects that in admiring the beauty and fragrance of the flowers? Surely this is a strange story, you think, but it is not a true one! Are there not people in the world who search for the faults and blemishes in the most beautiful characters instead of admiring their excellencies? There are many people who go about this beautiful world which God has made for us, like this man with his bag only enjoying their discoveries when they find something that is hurtful or wicked, and exulting when they find good people indulging in some secret fault. All the goodness and beauty of their characters is as nothing when a single imperfection can be found. Do not begin this habit of unkind criticism. It will grow upon you till all that you see will be faults and imperfections. You will be the fault and imperfection of your neighbors, instead of the beauty of their characters.

A STRANGE QUEST.

The morning was fine, as, walking slowly along the gravelled walks in a beautiful garden, admiring the loveliness and inhaling the fragrance of the flowers, I saw a man at a little distance before me, who seemed to be engaged in the same occupation. He would pause before some beautiful rose and look at it long and carefully, as if he were drinking in its beauty; then his face would light up with a gratified smile, and leaning forward, he would eagerly pluck something from the heart of the rose, or from its green leaves, and drop it into a well filled bag that he carried on his shoulders. He was very persistent in his search. If he could not find what he desired at once, he would linger before the plant and examine it minutely, turning over leaf and forcing open the buds that he might peer into their fragrant hearts. I wondered much what it was he was searching for so diligently and at last I quickened my steps and overtook him. "You, too, are admiring these beautiful flowers?" I said to him, as he glanced up at my approach. "What a beautiful garden this is, and how carefully tended the flowers in it must be to bloom in such perfection and luxuriance." An evanescent smile was in the man's face as he listened to my words. "So you think they are beautiful, do you?" he asked scornfully. "That is because you have not examined them. All of them, even the ones that make the most pretensions to beauty, have a blemish left somewhere, or harbor some ugly worm or slug. I suppose you would call this fly fair and pure, would you not? Wait a moment, and I will show you its harbor." The man searched patiently and at last drew from beneath the broad green leaves a little worm which had sought shelter there. With an expression of delighted triumph the man dropped it into his bag, and as he opened it for the purpose, I saw that it was nearly full of crawling insects and slugs and other loathsome things. "See all I have discovered," said the man. "It pleases me when I find these ugly things hiding about the flowers that every one admires so much. And there is not one that is perfect; they all have their faults somewhere." He went on to the next flower and began his search while I looked after him in amazement. Was it possible that any one could find greater happiness in detecting and treasuring the loathsome insects that in admiring the beauty and fragrance of the flowers? Surely this is a strange story, you think, but it is not a true one! Are there not people in the world who search for the faults and blemishes in the most beautiful characters instead of admiring their excellencies? There are many people who go about this beautiful world which God has made for us, like this man with his bag only enjoying their discoveries when they find something that is hurtful or wicked, and exulting when they find good people indulging in some secret fault. All the goodness and beauty of their characters is as nothing when a single imperfection can be found. Do not begin this habit of unkind criticism. It will grow upon you till all that you see will be faults and imperfections. You will be the fault and imperfection of your neighbors, instead of the beauty of their characters.

THE LEGEND OF TWO SACKS.

From the "Woman" Magazine. There is an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of traveling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you. In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view; and he soon forgot all about them. In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day. One day, to his surprise, he met a man walking just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack. "What have you got here, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke. "Stop, don't do that!" cried the other, "you'll spoil my good thing." "What things?" asked number one. "With all your good deeds," answered number two, "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate on Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ grinder; and here is even the benovolent smile I bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door; and—" "And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveler, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end. "Tut, tut," said number two, "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes." "It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one. Number two frowned. He had never thought of that, although he had put what he called his "mistake" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when happily a third traveler, also carrying two sacks, as they were, overtook them. The first two men at once pounced on the stranger. "What good do you carry in your sacks?" cried one. "Let's see your goods," said the other. "With all your goodness," quoted the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others." "Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed number one. "The weight of my mistakes," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward." "Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it." "I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see, I have no weight to drag me down backwards." SILLY BIGOTRY REBUKED. The following from the New York Catholic Review might with advantage be studied by the editor of the Mail and the ministers who "run" the "popular" churches in Toronto: "In a striking contrast with the body of Congregational ministers of Boston, who recently invited that crazy bigot, J. D. Fulton, to address them on the subject of Catholic parochial schools, it is pleasant to note that the Boston ministers are not all of that stripe. At a union meeting of Congregationalists and Baptists on Thanksgiving day, at the First Baptist church, of which the Rev. J. T. Buryea, D. D., is pastor, that gentleman preached the sermon, and the topic chosen was 'The Immediate Duty of the Citizen of this City.' After alluding to and commenting upon certain evils which were said to exist in their midst, such as loss of reverence, the evils of a partisan press, and the want of integrity, honor and fidelity, public and private, he gave utterance to the following manly, independent and praiseworthy sentiments which do honor to his heart as well as his heart. 'It is alleged, also, that our public school system is in danger from attack from Roman Catholics. Let no man say the Catholics are hypocrites. We have invited the Roman Catholic Church here and given it a fair field. Let it beat us if it can; it ought to. The speaker argued that he was more secure to-day in his property, and his daughters were safer because of the Catholic Church. So much in the way of fairness. If he was in the Roman directory, he would urge the same measures they do. We wished we had in our American Government anything like such magnificent statesmanship as is exhibited in the Papacy. We should have order, prosperity, happiness.' Three Great Truths. These two are from the New York Sun. A great truth: Lager beer is a better drink than whiskey on a hot day. Another great truth: Ice water is a better drink than lager beer on that same day. Still another great truth: Hot tea or coffee, or better still, buttermilk, is a better drink than ice water any day.—*Catholic Examiner.* Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Is very palatable and much better than the plain oil. Dr. W. H. Cameron, of Halifax, N. S., says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites for the past two years and found it more agreeable to the stomach, and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever tried." Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

The City of Ia.

Deep under the waves of Britany's shore And the sailors' last thro' the still night air The voice of a bell that is tolling there, And a dirge for the days that are o'er, And calling its dead to prayer. Deep under the waves of our hurried lives Like many a city is so far, And we often hear thro' the still night air The sob of the past with its deep despair, As eons of days when our lives were a race, The rings in our hearts, in a voice so sad, A dirge for the days that are o'er, —*Roland King, in the American Magazine.* SAINT TERESA. The Fairest Flowers of Carmel and the Weakest of Women.—The Eventful Period that Witnessed Her Birth. EARLY TRIALS AND EARLY SANCTITY.—GRAND RESULTS OF HER WONDROUS ZEAL AND ABILITY.—THE EXALTED MERITS OF HER WRITINGS. Saturday, October 15th, was the feast of St. Teresa, the following extract from a sketch of her life has a special interest. It is from the pen of "J. M.," an occasional contributor to the *St. Teresa*. It is deemed no exaggeration to say that St. Teresa has impressed her genius upon the world's history in a most striking and lasting manner, and has left behind her a record of splendid deeds that have never been surpassed. It was at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and its procession of civil and religious movements, Francis I. was twining together the crown of Spain and the diadem of a Roman emperor; America was just opening wide to the conquests of the Church which Luther was shortly to trouble so profoundly, when there came into the world at Avila, a city of Castile the child whom God destined to succeed his Church, to immortalize Spain and protect France. The same day she was born into the life of grace and received in baptism the name of Teresa, which, in the language of holy Scripture, signifies "beautiful beyond all," or pre-eminently beautiful. Like all the great saints of the Church, Teresa was blessed with Christian parents who loved virtue and led exemplary lives. Alonso Sanchez de Cepeda and Doña Beatriz de Albornoz were models of exalted piety. The lucky event possible care to instill into the minds and hearts of their children the salutary lessons which their piety and love for virtue dictated; and their efforts were abundantly rewarded, especially in the case of the young Teresa, who advanced rapidly in grace, as we learn from her biography. From an early age she gave proof of solid virtue, and her desire for martyrdom and plans for its accomplishment manifested the presence of that wonderful heroism which afterwards became so prominent a trait in her character. There is, however, a martyrdom which implies greater sacrifice and demands greater courage than even that of laying down one's life for a cause. It is the patient endurance of great trials and the heroic submission to LONG CONTINUED SUFFERINGS which fully attest our fidelity and prove our devotedness in the service of God. To these the saint was rigorously subjected, as we shall see. At the age of 12 she was deprived of the care of a loving and affectionate mother, her heart was overwhelmed with affliction. She mourned over the death of her mother, whom she loved tenderly, and felt as though her heart would break under the weight of her bereavement. In this desolate condition she had recourse to one who is justly styled "the comforter of the afflicted." The Augustinian nuns that the foundation of her religious vocation was laid. Having arrived at an age when it was permissible and proper to make choice of a state of life, she selected the order of Mount Carmel, and after due preparation entered upon her novitiate in that order. In separating from her father, she was left with a heart as pure as a silver thread. She herself tells us that she experienced the feelings of martyrdom. But grace triumphed over nature, and enabled her to achieve a victory which otherwise would have been impossible. Nor did she find much consolation within the cloister for a considerable time. It pleased God to permit her to endure many trials and privations. Still she remained firm, sustained by His grace and carried onward by the impelling force of His love. He was preparing her for a great mission, of which, however, she was not aware, and so had allowed her heart to be tried in the furnace of affliction that she might grow in grace and increase in strength by the accomplishment of big purposes and holy ends. It was not until THE CLOSE OF HER NOVITIATE that she began to experience those consolations which brought peace and joy to her troubled soul. They were but the prelude or pledge of the still more precious gifts to be conferred upon her at a later period when God revealed to her plainly His designs in her regard. Moreover, these were not to be unattended with anxiety. Teresa, mindful of her unworthiness of such great favors, and of her humility, distrustful of the source whence the favors emanated, found their possession causes for the greater apprehensions. She feared that she might be deceived by the enemy of her soul. Hence her revelations occasioned her profound anxiety. At length she had recourse to holy men, with whom she conferred regarding her doubts. From the lips of that marvel of sanctity St. Peter of Alcantara, she heard the comforting assurance that God was the author of all her inspirations. Father Bernardino of Alcantara, whose extols for rare wisdom and holiness of life, also confirmed the judgment of St. Peter of Alcantara. Thus the soul of Teresa was restored to tranquility by the counsel of those saintly men. But her peace of short duration. Still other greater trials were in store for her. Her right arm was called upon to end for them. This time the trials did not come from herself or from God, though doubtless, permitted them for the good of His faithful and devoted servant. The order of Carmel, whose welfare and spirituality were dear to the heart of Ter-