tried to win a heavenly crown. At last one cold night he found a poor little baby lying in the snow. Something seemed to soften his heart and he carried it home and had it taken care of. You see his lily has only one drop, but I think some more will come very soon. Now, my child," the angel said, "I must leave you, but before I go you must look at this lovely flower and jewel." He led her to a splendid lily with one lovely bright drop, which sent its rays in all directions. "Oh!" said the child, "how beautiful that is!" "Yes," the angel answered, "it is the reward of forgiveness. It was very hard to win, but see how bright it is." He then led her to a high arched gate, and stooping down he kissed her and said, "Good-bye, my child, for a little while. You will soon be coming again." He placed a lily in her hands and was gone.

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It was Christmas morning. The bells were ringing, and people, old and young, rich and poor, were coming to Mass, and to receive Holy Communion. Soon a number of people gathered round a little figure, which lay on a seat. It was a little girl, with a sweet expression on her face, but she was so still that they knew she was dead. In her hands was a lily, a tall, white lily. "Poor little girl," said a lady, as she was going to take her in her arms, "she must have died of cold and hunger. But where could she have got a lily in wintertime?" "How happy she looks," whispered the others. Just then the sun burst out in all his splendor, and streaming down through a window, it encircled the head of the little beggar girl and gave her a golden crown.

MONA.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY P. A. B.

"The flowers of earth, as if one golden bell,
The *Aves* of an endless Rosary tell."

The poet here reminds me of another kind of flower which bloomed for a short while here, and is now in heaven praising the Queen of Angels.

This flower was none other than a sweet-faced child whom her Italian father called

Mona, after a Holy Bishop of Milan, St. Monas.

I came to hear of little Mona through what seemed an error, in a list of names and figures which went through my hands. A subscription was being raised to erect a chapel in a certain locality, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In the list of contributors the secretary had written, "from an anonymous friend,—60 cents." I thought, perhaps, the secretary couldn't decipher the sender's caligraphy, and had cut the Gordian knot by writing the convenient word, "anonymous."

I ransacked the waste-paper basket, and was rewarded by finding a card which partly solved the mystery, but I didn't find the sender's full name, at least not then. I have since.

Mona was a beautiful, most amiable child. Before her fatal illness her mother got her a little money-bank, and Mona put all her spare pennies into it, saying, "Some day I am going to do something for the Blessed Virgin." But the money was left untouched, for the Mother of God took Mona to herself. Mona's mother thought it almost a sacrilege to use that money for any common purpose, so she sent it as a help to raise a new temple in honor of Mary, which I have mentioned. The money was accompanied by a little card, the same which I found in the waste basket. It read:

"From departed Mona's bank."

THE necessity lies on all who confess their sins to resolve against them with earnestness. Confession is not a process of rubbing out old scores and running up new ones. The penitent must be really penitent, or he can not be absolved. It is a part of real penitence to sin no more. Moreover, this resolution must be firm, such as is likely to stand the brunt of trials and difficulties in serving God. It must be effectual; not a vague determination in general. The penitent must propose to himself to procure means to improve and use them. He must resolve to surround himself with safeguards against a relapse into his sins, also to avoid the occasions of them. Without a total aversion for mortal sin, which is the death of the soul, it is plain there can be no true conversion to God, who is the life of the soul.—*Catholic Youth.*