

whether I am so good as my name seems to imply is another question, and—"

"Indeed he *is* good," interrupted Mrs. Wright and Jus in chorus, "and I hope you will pardon me, Miss Reinheart, if I take such liberty with a newly made acquaintance as to say that your own name suggests a golden quality in any lady. I hope I need to make no apologies for my blunt way of saying things."

"If any one is to offer an apology, Mr. Guttman, I think it is myself, and I ask a thousand apologies for anything I have said against your good name. I must confess I did say something about you to Jus that was not right. But I was deceived by evil reports, which I might have still believed if I had not fortunately heard the truth," said Olive.

After this Olive and Gottlieb became fast friends, and often met at the same or some similar abode of poverty. So far they had had no opportunity to speak with one another except in company.

A few evenings later they both met accidentally, as they were both going to the same place, Wright's house. Guttman, who carried a parcel under his arm, opened up the conversation by saying: "I have something here for some of the boys."

He then pulled it out to show Olive. It was a soft, felt, Alpine hat.

"Why, Mr. Guttman, that's a girl's hat!" said Olive, who couldn't restrain her laughter.

"I might have known better," said Gottlieb. "I did think there was something wrong when I saw that long pin running through it, but thought perhaps it was some new s'yle in boys' hats. I am very thankful to you for telling me of the mistake. After all, two heads are better than one."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EVERY man will die disappointed who does nothing to make the world brighter and better.

ALL other religions have been either national, like the Jewish religion, or territorial like Mohammedanism, or State religions like the Anglican Church. The Catholic religion alone, as the name implies, is universal, cosmopolitan, worldwide.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Miss Matilda Cummings.

I am glad to think

I am not bound to make the world go right :

But only discover to do

With cheerful heart, the work which God appoints.
—*John Ingelow.*



WHAT a world of thoughtful meaning lies in the simple words of the gentle English poetess. They are full of the wisdom which Sir Walter Scott would have called "canny," and they are sin-

gularly appropriate in these days when so many of us are sorely perplexed because of the mass of things that go wrong, while we go away from sheer helplessness to *right* the wrong. Thomas a Kempis has a chapter in his "Imitation" which was very aptly termed the "mind your own business" chapter. And, after all, notwithstanding the very strong desire to help the neighbor which is uppermost in many well meaning people, there comes a time in the experience of all when one's own little field is the true God's acre, and the thought which it most behoves us to dwell upon, this: "Mine own vineyard I have not kept."

Some people are very much given to what Fr. Faber calls "hugging their beloved melancholy," and this is of a piece with the very prejudiced view which so many take of the world and its seething cauldron of iniquity. August brings us, in the Assumption, the crowning glory of the feasts of Our Blessed Lady; Lady Day in harvest, as our own more Catholic neighbors over the sea still delight in calling it. From the hour when the glad archangel's wing broke the silence of the midnight hour in the holy house of Nazareth, up to the time of her blessed deliverance from earth's thralldom, she was the creature *par excellence* who kept all things in her heart. Surely she, above all others, with her exquisite sensitiveness to the very shadow of sin, could not have been blind to the evil of