



## TWO NEW YEARS.

ANNA T. SADLIER

**I**T was New Year's time, the season of good cheer, of good hope, of good resolution. Christmas had passed, with its memories, its associations, the green of its holly and the glow of its fires. Christmas with its holy thoughts and suggestions, bringing the beauty and grandeur of the Incarnation mystery once more to mind. Christmas with its story of promises fulfilled and of a Saviour revealed to men.

It was New Year's eve. Marion Phillips sat alone in her apartment. The room was fairly littered with costly tinkets. The air was lieavy with perfumes. Luxury prevailed, and extended even to the figure of the young girl reclining in an easy chair in her rich dressing gown. She had just finished reading a letter from a friend absent in Europe, and was still pondering its contents. She was thinking, too, how this friend, young, rich, accomplished, whose talents and whose beauty had delighted society since she had left the convent, should be, as Marion Phillips put it to herself, so eccentric. She had married a wealthy man, and was what people called a social leader. Nevertheless, her delight was to labor among the poor and ignorant and afflicted. She rarely missed the daily Mass, she belonged to various charitable associations, she was a frequent communicant.

"Carrie Bolton might as well have been a nun at