



"Regina Coeli"



## Immortal Rome.

(Reminiscence of Ordination)  
in St. John Lateran's.



IMMORTAL Rome! how far-famed

Thy classic ruins old!  
What memories historic  
Thy seven hills unfold!  
Yet brighter still the lustre  
By Christ around thee cast;  
More beautiful thy records  
Of martyrs in the past.

Through catacombs and churches  
Their sainted names resound,  
Their blood, "the seed of Christians,"  
Has sanctified the ground.  
The scientist, the artist,  
And tourists far from home,  
Oft visit shores Italian,  
To see "Immortal Rome,"

What bands of holy Priesthood  
Our Holy Father greet,  
And seek a benediction  
When kneeling at his feet!  
But there is one remembrance  
More sweet than all to me;  
Thy name, "San Giovanni,"  
Now steals melodiously.

That seal of holy pilgrims  
Which ne'er shall pass away;  
These words "In es Sacerdos,"  
"Thou art a Priest for aye."  
The Sacred Host and Chalice,  
The mystic oil of grace,  
All these our loving Saviour  
Imparted in this place.

Immortal Rome! around thee  
My best affections twine,  
Like flow'rets round the Altar  
Where rests His Heart Divine.  
And this, my peaceful Carmel,  
From thee so far away  
Is e'er embalmed with odor  
Of "Roma" day by day.

\*Ps. CLX, 5.

—ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

# The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

## Chapter I.

"Oh, mother, such good luck! I've got the two new pupils I was hoping for, aren't you glad?"

The speaker was a fair haired, blue-eyed girl of perhaps seventeen summers, slenderly proportioned, and with a delicate spirituelle face, whose every varying expression bespoke the beautiful pure soul within.

Her words were addressed to a woman who might still be counted young, was it not that mental and bodily suffering had traced heavy lines across her brow, robbing it of its one time youth and beauty and turning the golden lustre of her hair to almost white.

A wonderful smile of love at sight of the fair lovely face in the doorway parted her thin lips, and she beckoned it's owner to a seat beside her on the old couch.

"Glad!" she echoed softly, and kissing the warm rosy lips. "For your own sake, I am more than glad, Rosamond; your hardworking efforts deserve to be rewarded. So Mrs. Quinn has been pleased to give you her other two children?"

"Yes, mother, she is so satisfied with Nellie's progress, under both you and I, she thinks I will do well by Annie and Emma. Surely these additions to my little class will enable us to have more comforts now, and perhaps later we will be able to move to a nicer place, though we are comfortable enough here, and it is so quiet." She opened her beautiful eyes widely, and took a quick glance around the attic room, which, with its unpainted walls, and uncovered floor, constituted their present home.

Everything in it, from the well scrubbed window sills to the bed curtained off at the end of the humble abode, was scrupulously clean and neat, but strangely out of place, indeed, both mother and daughter seemed, in its poor surroundings. Who this woman, calling herself and her daughter by the names of Raymond was, and from where she

had come ten years before, were questions that constantly harassed the curious minds of the comfortable neighbors on Bartley Square. In a vague undefined manner, it was felt amongst them that the two were vastly superior to themselves. Something there was about the proud and gentle dignity of the mother, that told she might have seen better days; something there was about the rare beauty of her child, that told of good blood being in their veins. Something there was about the persons of both which showed they did not belong to the ordinary class of people who surrounded them.

Mrs. Curran, most astute woman, had more than once hinted to her gossiping friends that she believed her upstairs tenant to belong to "quality folks" come down in the world, and was hiding with her child and her poverty, in their quiet neighborhood. The two kept entirely aloof from any one. They had no friends, nor appeared desirous of making any, and a visitor crossed their threshold never. Mrs. Curran was the only one they made any freedom with, but, slight as the intercourse was, it flattered the landlady, not a little.

For the past nine years that they had been on the Square, Mrs. Raymond taught music to children of parents in the ordinary walks of life, and sold needle work to a dealer in such, by name James Holland. But when an attack of acute rheumatism laid her low for many weeks, she was forced to transmit her work into her daughter's youthful hands, and depend solely on her for her daily maintenance. Of a gentle, retiring disposition and perfectly ignorant of the ways of the great seething world, it would seem that the young girl must shrink from coming in contact with it, but she did not. On the contrary, she entered it bravely and uncomplainingly, and took upon her willing shoulders the burden of earning a living. To her loving, dutiful heart, it was such an easy task, to work for the mother she idolized.

ed, and when she had grown better and stronger again, and desired to take back her duties, Rosamond would not hear of it. Her pupils were few and her task arduous, but she never complained, and it was with delighted pleasure she had hastened home to-day to tell her mother of this late addition to the limited class. "Mrs. Raymond's eyes followed the glance of the soft blue ones, in the survey of the room.

"Yes, dearie, the seclusion we enjoy here, could scarcely be found elsewhere; no one interlopes with us, and we are, as I wish to be, unknown and unsought, but perhaps it is selfish of me to expect you to lead such a life,—a desolate one perhaps!"

The white arms were thrown up, and placed about her neck. "How could my life be desolate, when I have God and you, mother; Him to believe and try to serve in it, and you to love and obey in it?"

Mrs. Raymond was surprised. The unexpected answer was so childlike, so full of trusting simplicity.

"But you have so little variation in your days, so few enjoyments, dear, like other young girls, that sometimes I reproach myself for not having done better and placed you in different circumstances."

"Hush, mother, don't say it; you could not have done more for your little Rosamond, than you have done, and she can never repay all she owes you."

"If your father had lived, I know it would have been different for you and for me, yet since it was God's will to call him to Himself, we must be resigned and who knows but that brighter days may yet dawn for us."

Had not her words the spirit of prophecy in them? Had the veil of the future been lifted, and she permitted to look into its depths, and there see the wonderful change that was to come, at least into her child's life; but, only after suffering had crossed that beloved child's path, even as in the long ago it had crossed her own.

"It is a long time since father died; too long for me to remember!"

"How could you when you were only two years of age, darling? Ah! that was a sad day for me, when my earthly

support and loving adviser was taken from me, and had I not the comforts of our holy Father, I should have lost my reason, for years previous to that I had been the victim of much sorrow. Then when your three beautiful brothers followed father into the Blessed Land, very shortly afterwards, I was like one here, but you, my sweet comforter, were still left to me, and by degrees your baby prattle and childish affection drew me out of the gloom into which the deaths of my beloved ones had plunged me, and my burden ceased to be so heavy. We had never been rich in this world's goods, even when your father lived, but our little home in Georgia had all the comforts we wished. When we went away I was obliged to sell it for the sake of needed money, and I turned my back on the South, and the three graves that represented so much to me, and came here with you to New York, and to this very attic room."

Rosamond was deeply interested. She looked attentively into the patient face beside her, and some hidden power impelled her to ask:

"But what do you mean by having suffered even before the time of father's death, mother?"

A shadowy smile curved her lips, and she put her hands for a minute across her eyes, as if shutting out the memories of a painful past.

"You must not ask, Rosamond, for that epoch in my life is buried, buried far down in the tomb built for it, by a merciful oblivion, though at times its bitter sweet memories come crowding back to me as if it happened only yesterday. But, enough! I must not further excite your curiosity on matters which I can never explain to you, and you must promise me never to return to this subject unless I do."

The young girl looked up wonderingly. Never had she heard such strange words from her mother's lips before, and the desire to understand them further showed undeniably in her eyes and face. But accustomed to obey at all times, and in all things, she did not persist in seeking an explanation. "As, you will mother. You must have good reasons for being silent on a subject you never once hinted



to me before, and I am sorry if my question hurt you."

The mother placed her hand on the golden head. "It was only a natural one, darling, under the circumstances, and has done no harm, and may God bless you for your filial, unquestioning obedience. Tell me more of your new pupils. Have they ever learned music before?"

"No, mother; they are just little tots, but I'm sure they're going to be smart; they are nice children."

"Well brought up too, dearie. I always liked Nellie. You have four in your class, now?"

"Yes, mother. Our rent will be easier to pay, won't it. That was an answer to my prayer, surely; I feel quite elated."

"I do not blame you, dearie, and I hope more good luck will follow in the train of to-day's."

#### Chapter II.

There may be riches in the world to satisfy every desire of ambitious men. There are precious stones to dazzle the eye by their rare and prismatic beauty, and there exists countless other treasures that men love to possess. But which of them has the lasting beauty, the weight and the worth of that rarest of gems, contentment? It was well for Rosamond Raymond that she had been endowed with its possession. As we may well be sure she had many difficulties to surmount, many obstacles to overcome, in the work she had taken from her mother's hands, and constant poverty to battle with. But she was perfectly contented and happy, and forgot, in her anxiety and ambition to give her mother material comforts, that such unpleasant ogres, as sometimes slowly forthcoming wages, or, more frequently, dull, uncomprehending pupils, existed in her life at all. Time there had been when Mrs. Raymond could not have believed that the day would dawn when the child she had nurtured so carefully would have to earn her bread. But as we already know, an overruling Providence had seen fit to prostrate her plans of always keeping her daughter from knowing of the vicissitudes of the outside world, and cause that to happen which she did not wish. She bore the act bravely, and submit-

ted with that admirable fortitude that had ever distinguished her long suffering mind, and said only: "Thou knowest best." She had one consolation, Rosamond did not appear to have as much uphill work as she had first feared and expected she would; or could it be that the girl's natural sweetness showed her only the bright side of things? Not once did she make a complaint, or speak of her work as hard, but went out to its fulfilment, and returned from it, with the same smiling countenance. Often in the night, when the fair face laid on the pillow in the repose of peaceful slumber, the mother was awake, studying its delicate features, and wondering if it was ever destined to show the lines of care that her's did. To-day, as she watched the slender form passing down the square in the direction of town, the thought of each night reverted to her, and she turned imploringly toward the Ecce Homo, hanging on the wall.

"By Thy gracious mercy, oh, Holy Redeemer, by Thy great goodness in drawing thy servant Millicent to Thy Holy Faith, in the long ago, permit that her child will not know much sorrow in her life as Thy servant has; nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt."

Mark how swift, how sudden the change! The first part of her prayer was human, merely human, in which she begged the removal of any waiting sorrow from the path of her offspring, but how different it's ending! She crushes all rebellious feelings, as it were, and bows her own will to the will of the Most High. She wished her child's road to be a thornless one, and yet if He, who rules all things, ordained it to be otherwise, in this, as in other matters, she was resigned. Then she reproached herself, that perhaps after all she was fearful when there was no necessity. Why should she dread her child's future? Could not faith support her in any and all trials that might be sent to her, as it had herself, in the well remembered past? Assuredly so, and resolving to hope for the best, she turned from the picture reconciled and comforted, and busied herself about the room.

Besides having to give two music lessons, Rosamond had some business to transact for her mother, with Mr. Hol-

land. She decided it was advisable to hasten there first, and have that part of the morning's work over.

As she went along the crowded thoroughfares, she was thinking deeply.

What had been the inexplicable meaning of the words her mother had spoken to her in the beginning of the week? What had been the epoch that had marked her early life, and which would not bear a verbal repetition now? It was true that her mother had always closely guarded the history of her former life. How it had been spent, or in what circumstances, keeping even her name. Until now the young girl had not noticed this, and she wondered that she had a single instant did she doubt that the pages of her parent's life were not all clear, all spotless, but there must be some great reason, that made her wish to keep them closed. Had her's been a mind fond of romancing, she would probably have imagined her mother to be some ruined heiress or dethroned princess, and believing this, been fit for nothing else than to dwell delightedly on a faded glory, but, fortunately, Rosamond was not of this stamp. She did not think her mother as being either one or the other, but only as one who had a sorrow marked past, and for whom she must have unbounded sympathy. Try as she might she could not solve the problem, so she would try to obliterate it from her mind and cling to the faint hope that in years to come, it would be unravelled.

The establishment of Mr. James Holland was a small dingy place, within a stone's throw of busy throbbing Broadway, and contrasted very oddly to the large, up-to-date establishments around it. This did not affect the owner in the least, nor cause him to improve it's appearance, for year in and year out he allowed it to remain the same. But despite its uninviting aspect, the proprietor did a good trade in it, and counted some of the best families amongst his steady line of customers. Always well stocked with various kinds and devices in fancy goods, and all necessaries for needle work, and its finish or development, his store proved an acceptable market to fashionable woman constantly looking for new embroideries or de-

signs for their own hand work. Mr. Holland purchased his goods without exception from wholesale houses, but for several years back he had been accepting Mrs. Raymond's hand work, generally offering her a good price for it. He had easily perceived, upon her first application to him, that she was a woman of much refinement, and being a kind, philanthropic man, conceded that to patronize her would be a charity well bestowed, and the articles made by her hands always sold well and found favor in the eyes of his critical purchasers. At all times deferential to the mother, when she had ceased coming, he remained the same towards the daughter she sent in her stead and enjoined upon his limited number of clerks to do likewise. As he saw her appearing at the opposite counter, he immediately made his way towards her.

"Good morning, Miss Rosamond. Ah, yes, here is the centre piece, very pretty, very pretty! I'll give you two dollars for it. Just sit down a minute," and the fussy little merchant moved her to a bench, and then went towards the till a few paces lower down.

In the interval that passed before he returned with the amount, Rosamond became conscious of being closely observed. She turned her eyes to the seat near her, and there encountered the half wondering, half admiring gaze of a dark luscious pair of eyes, belonging to a queenly girl a few years older than herself, and elegantly attired. Rosamond felt uncomfortable under the penetrating glance, and she was relieved when Mr. Holland had paid her due, and she was once more out on the street. Was it an overhanging Fate who had arranged this meeting of the two, who were later to be drawn into her silken meshes, and made like playthings in her rude hands,—the one to gain, the other to lose?

Outside waited a luxurious carriage, with a pompous liveried coach and footman, both sitting stiffly erect as if their importance was unquestioned, and which Rosamond concluded belonged to the last arrival in her patron's shop, and who must be a lady of means. She hastened away without further thought of either, to the homes of her pupils, and when she reached home at noon, she sank grate-

lully into the old couch and folded her small hands with a sigh of satisfaction. "Some more good luck to-day mother. Mr. Howland paid cash for your centre-piece, instead of keeping us waiting as he sometimes does.

"He must be sure of disposing of it pretty quick, but he is very kind. Were there many people in besides you, dear?"

"A few, good mother; there was one young lady there and she stared at me as if I was some being from another land."

Who could but help to look at that bewitching face, so fair and flower-like, and to whose delicate cheeks the cool November air had given the faintest tinge of color, making them resemble the glow of pale pink coral.

So thought the mother to herself, as she watched it proudly and listened to the remarks with an amused smile.

"The lady may have thought she had seen you before, and was trying to place you in her mind, dearie."

"That could not be, mother; she is some rich man's daughter by the way in which she was dressed and the carriage she came in. I guess she must have been comparing my clothes with her own, but I don't mind; they are neat and becoming to my purse strings, so miss rich lady was welcome to inspect them," and a silvery laugh burst from her lips.

Her mother laughed, too.

"What a funny little seventeen-year-old you are, to be sure, but quite right in dressing according to our means, and fine clothes do not always make the lady, no more than they do the gentleman. Are you tired?"

"Tired? No, mother, but just pleased to be back with you, though I was only away a few hours," and the blue eyes were lifted trustfully to the tender ones above them.

#### Chapter III.

Brought up without companions of her own age or friends of any kind, Rosamond was of a deep studious nature. She had never gone to school, her mother teaching her lessons and music at home, and for this last accomplishment the child had shown remarkable talent. She loved it devoutly, and the old, time-worn piano that stood in one corner of

the attic room daily yielded to her light touch in two or three hours of careful practice. To some, the art that has nothing material in its wonderful conception is useful, to others, pleasure merely; but to this gentle girl, it was both. She earned her bread through its means, thereby gaining a meagre support for herself and her mother, and she found infinite pleasure in it, and often, while her mother sewed at night, she would draw from the yellow keys made so by age, some old sweet song, or one of Sullivan's favorite compositions. Of books, she was passionately fond, and read over and over the few of which her mother was possessor and which comprised good religious reading, some delightful fiction by well known authors, and a couple of volumes of poetry. Her's was a rare mind, and good literature developed it, as a shower of rain expands the waters of the ocean, giving it more strength, and possibly newer beauty. What undeniable truth there is in what the great transcendentalist, William Channing said of books? "Books are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them,—the society, the spiritual presence of the best and the greatest of our race." No companionship is equal to the intellectual one, and from her earliest years, following the sound teaching of her mother, Rosamond had recognized it, until now she counted them as friends who would ever be true to her. "Whatever would we do without books, mother?" she asked, looking up from the pages of Whittier's Snow Bound, over which she had been attentively pouring since tea time.

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what you would do, dearie, aside from all others, and I am glad you find your recreation in it. Good reading uplifts the soul, refines the mind, and it is for the poor as well as the rich. Do you like the Quaker poet?"

"Do I, mother; how else could I do? he writes so happily, and then I like him because he knew what poverty was, as we do."

"So you think that makes a bond of sympathy between us," and Mrs. Rosamond looked smilingly up from her knitting, at the lovely face seated opposite her.

"Yes, mother, he belongs to us. My! how cold it is here. I must put some more fire on; we are like Whittier when he was snow bound, and a rippling laugh burst from her lips.

"Would it not be nice, mother, if we had a large pretty room, and I had lots of music and more time to practice?" and Rosamond turned from her contemplation of the brightly burning coals, she had just put on and laid a caressing hand on her beloved piano.

"Yes, dearie, we would be fortunate, did we own such, but you are not dissatisfied with our little best?" Her voice and manner at once betrayed her anxiety, lest the young girl was at last becoming discontented with the attic, and its inartistic environments.

"No, mother, that would be impossible, while you are here, but I only made the remark; I was supposing, you knew?"

"I see, you are happy here but if we could have better you would not mind. But would you really like to be rich, dearie?"

"No, mother, perhaps I might be proud and vain, riches do not always make happiness."

"No, indeed, my child, sometimes quite the contrary. I once knew a lady of wealth who failed to find happiness, and she got it only when she had relinquished worldly honors for Faith and the sweet joys of a life of labor."

"She must have been good. I wonder if the young lady I saw in Mr. Holland's shop was an heiress?"

"Probably so, dear. You seem very interested in that class of people."

"Yes, mother, I have read several stories lately and they were very much of it. I am not in their world and they are not in mine. They may be happy, and I am happy."

"The sensible conclusion of a most sensible little brain. Now help me finish my knitting and you will have a warm pair of stockings before bed-time."

Next afternoon Rosamond persuaded her mother to go for an outing, and once alone she became very busy. Generally at the end of the week Mrs. Raymond gave what she called "a general tidy up" to her room seldom allowing her daughters to assist for fear of hardening her

hands, or roughening them by the work. Rosamond always protested, but without avail, but this time, seeing that her mother was not well, she was determined not to be outwitted, so she arranged the outing, with that sweet persuasion which Mrs. Raymond could not resist.

The floor Rosamond scrubbed to almost milky whiteness. Dusting the few pictures on the wall and the odd pieces of furniture, and put a fresh drapey on the mantel that held the brass clock and one or two nicknacks. And when her mother returned she had just finished, and was sitting to wait for her.

"What good fairy has been here in my absence, and did this?" Mrs. Raymond enquired, looking around with beaming eyes.

"A very every day fairy, mother, but have I made things look like you make them?"

"You have, you naughty girl; this was your eagerness to get me out for a walk this afternoon, but I am afraid you have ruined your hands; scrubbing is not good for tender palms."

"It cannot hurt me any more than it does you, mother. I'm glad things please you."

"Very creditable, dearie; you are becoming a famous housekeeper, and I shall be able to give you good recommendations."

"Will you, mother? How kind!" and she smiled happily, and began to play an old air on the piano.

In the evening Mrs. Raymond went down to pay Mrs. Curran her monthly rent.

Mrs. Curran was a plump thrifty little woman, fond of her home and her only child, and a favorite in the neighborhood. Her husband travelled in the interests of a city hardware firm, making a comfortable living, but with none to spare. Besides the house she shared with her tenants, Mrs. Curran owned two smaller properties on the square, and whose rents she always banked as soon as she received them, so as to be in reserve, in case of a "rainy day," which showed her thrift and economy.

"I was a-listening, ma'am to Miss Rosamond playing this afternoon, and it sounded like an angel's touch; where did she get all her smartness?" and with a

respectful throwing back of the door, as if her visitor had been some lady of renown and fortune, Mrs. Curran invited her into her cosy little parlor, where her son and heir lay tossing on the mat, with a toy lamb.

"From her father, who was very musical, and who died eight years ago," Mrs. Raymond replied briefly, and then centring her attention on Master Charlie, who had stopped his play and stood regarding her pale thin face and kind eyes in open mouthed astonishment.

"Shake hands with the lady, Charlie," promptly commanded his mother.

Six year old Charlie was not partial to visitors as a rule, but from his boyhood he had loved both Mrs. Raymond and her daughter.

"Speets I'll s'ake," he said, coming slowly towards her, and holding out his chubby hand. "I like you; you got a pretty face; does you like little boys?"

"Yes, I love them, my little man. I had three like you one time, but they are in heaven now."

"Are they? That's where dood peoples go, mum says. Where's the big girl what has gold hair. Don't she live with you any more?"

"You must say Miss Rosamand, Charlie," corrected his mother severely; "not the big girl; that's rude."

"He is all right now Mrs. Curran; he speaks just as a boy would. Yes, Charlie, the big girl lives with me yet, but you have not seen her, because you have been sick. Are you better now?"

"Say, 'yes, thank you,' Charlie. Indeed, ma'am, the croup hasn't all left him yet, and I'm going to keep him in the house till it does."

"Yes, do, you cannot be too careful; send him up sometimes; Rosamond is very fond of him, and will be pleased to have him come."

The landlady was much flattered to think that her child should be so much noticed by "quality," and thanked Mrs. Raymond with all the warmth of her good nature.

#### Chapter IV.

Time might have hung heavily on Mrs. Raymond's hands, for the duties of her one room did not occupy much space, had she chosen to allow it. But long

ago she had learned to fear the awfulness of minutes lost, and to know the sweet satisfaction of moments well spent. Never weary were her fingers of work, never tired of her needle or knitting, and she rested only when night came to close her labors, or in the hour she devoted to the close perusal of that book of books, the Imitation. From its inspired pages she gleaned the comfort the solace and the interior peace that filled her patient, resigned soul, and healed the wounds with which her heart had once been torn by the sharp sword of sorrow.

Her child was her one earthly treasure and she centred on her that love and affection that is so beautiful in a mother, because it is so pure and holy. And when it unites the spiritual with the human, it approaches high to the sublime. Beautiful, unselfish and devoted, Rosamond, even as a little child, had never given her any anxiety, nor trouble, but seemed to be naturally endowed with unquestioning obedience and a strong sense of duty. Her mother's word was law with her; she knew no other will and at seventeen she was just as docile, just as obedient.

"Here is the bread, mother; now I will get some milk, and we can have our dinner," and the young girl set her purchase down on the table, and picking up a small granite jug returned to the shop a few doors away, from which the two bought their amount of groceries. Mrs. Raymond, while she waited for Rosamond's reappearance, carelessly took off the newspaper wrapping of the bread, and began to scan, indifferently, the many columns it contained. An item in the personal notes caught her attention, and with burning eyes she read: "Judge and Mrs. Staunton, of 'Staunton House,' have returned from their six months' trip to Europe, and their many friends are pleased to see the Judge so much improved in health, and to welcome back in their midst his charming wife. Miss Staunton arrived home from Washington on Wednesday, in time for her parents' coming."

A low cry escaped her, and she threw the paper from her. "There is no hope for me then; I am altogether supplanted; strangers have taken my place;

oh, father, father!" Hearing Rosamond's light feet returning up the stairs, she had only time to wipe away the tears, and to destroy the source of this sudden grief, when the sweet smiling face again appeared in the doorway, and without noticing that anything unusual had occurred to mar her mother's serenity, Rosamond set the milk down and prepared to do the waiting on the little table, covered with its snowy white cloth, and its blue and gold dishes, and as neatly set as if guests were expected.

All during the meal Mrs. Raymond was thoughtful and preoccupied, and her daughter seeing it, became alarmed for fear her parent was ill.

"What is the matter, mother?" she asked anxiously; "don't you think we had better send for Dr. Brantford, I'm afraid you are sick."

"No, dearie; not at all. I've got a slight headache only. I'll go to bed early and sleep will cure it."

"But you look so pale, mother?"

"Do I dearie; more so than usual? why do you look so at me; do not be afraid, there is nothing serious the matter with me."

"Are you sure, mother; it came on so suddenly?"

"Yes, very sure. Loving little heart must not worry so."

And she patted lovingly the tender cheek.

"I'm going to act doctor, and I'm going to prescribe for you mother. I will first bathe your head with some ammonia you have there, and you've got to put this shawl around your shoulders and sit by the fire till bed-time, because I think you are catching a cold. No use to object; I'm doctor now," and she shook her head in such a decided way as to make her mother laugh outright.

"Well, Doctor Raymond, since there is no alternative, I must submit, but really your prescription is unnecessary."

Rosamond pretended not to hear, but hurried about, and taking a small bottle of ammonia off the shelf applied it to her mother's head, and wrapped her in a black knitted shawl. "It is so comforting to have soft hands touching and

doing for you. I wonder what I'd do without my Rosamond."

"And what would I do without you, mother? I told Mrs. Curran to send Charlie up this evening, but perhaps she had better not now."

"Why not. He will not make my head any worse, if that is what you are considering. Let the little fellow come. That is him now, I expect," as a slight tapping sounded on the door.

Rosamond opened it, and there stood Master Charlie attired in Sunday clothes with his dark curls neatly brushed, and holding in his hands what looked very much like a big orange.

"For you, pity girl; I'se mean Miss Rosamond," he said, placing it in her hands, as she caught him and drew him into the room. "It's an orange, I bought you."

"What a kind boy you are. I will just put it here, and by and by we will enjoy it together. See mother is wanting to shake hands with you; sit down and talk to her till I wash my dishes, then I will see what Charlie and I can find to do."

Mrs. Raymond clasped the fat little hands, and caressed the plump round cheeks.

He reminded her so forcibly of the little Charles she had buried, and who slept his last long sleep in a Virginian graveyard. It was little marvel that he endeared himself to her.

"Did Charlie find his way up in the dark?"

"Yes, muzzer held the light to I got up, but I wasn't frightened. Does you like my new suit?" and he stood up and proudly stroked his velvet coat and trousers of blue corduroy.

"It is a very pretty suit. What a good mamma you have. Ask Rosamond how she likes it."

Rosamond passed her favorable opinion, and well pleased the youngster seated himself with the remark:

"That was my birlf day present. I was five last Monday,—I mean six; play Charlie a song Rosamond."

The young girl sided her dishes away, and sang and played for her visitor, until further orders. He stood beside her all the time watching very interestedly the movements of the white fingers over

the yellow keyboard, and not knowing exactly what to make of it.

"I like that, but what makes that sound?" he asked curiously, when Rosamond had finished.

"Those keys that I strike. See?"

"Oh, yes! I hears you down in our place sometimes."

"Do you? Come, we will play some games, and have some of the nice orange you brought me."

"And give the lady a piece. Muzzer said I weren't to take any, 'cause I buyed it for you."

"Oh, but I could not eat a great orange like this all by myself; that would never never do."

Rosamond divided the fruit and soon she and Charlie were engaged in a game of parchesi. A pretty picture they made—the fair girl and the dark eyed boy. So, at least, Mrs. Raymond thought, as she followed every movement of both, and listened to the rippling laughter that Charlie's droll sayings frequently drew from her daughter's lips, and which promised to seriously retard the progress of the game.

When Charlie's bed hour arrived and his mother came up for him, he was loathe to depart.

"I 'joyed myself so much, mum," he said on the way down, "an' did you see how the lady kissed me good night?"

"Yes, and I hope you were nice to the lady and Miss Rosamond, and didn't call me mum, when you mentioned my name?"

"No, I called you muzzer, 'pon me word, 'and Rosamond, I mean Miss Rosamond, said I were a polite boy, and for me to come soon again."

"That is a dear child, Rosamond," Mrs. Raymond said when they were left alone again.

"Yes, mother, so nicely taught. He is very cute, but not the least bit spoiled, and I love to hear him talk, he has such a lisp. I must shake your pillows up, you know what you said about going to bed early. Is your head better? Charlie talked so much, he must have tired you."

"Helped me, rather, for, in seeing you enjoy yourselves, I forgot my pain, and it is all but gone. You come to rest too, because you are tired, and to-morrow brings its own work."

To be continued.

### *A November Thought.*

J. WILLIAM FISHER.

How sad the peal, that rings high o'er the trees  
 And bids our thoughts be still! How sad the toll  
 That from yon belfry steals! Some weary soul  
 Is gone to rest, and, soft, the morning breeze  
 Sighs deeply 'neath the mournful sounds, that steal  
 And fill our hearts with sorrow's note so sad.  
 We muse and dream and happy thoughts so glad  
 From us have flown and deep our hearts now feel,  
 That some day, too, yon tolling bell will ring  
 Alas! for us; e'en now its throbbing breath  
 Doth fill our weary souls—yet doth it bring  
 With it remorse—for though we sleep in death  
 Not it, the end of all, O soul! Be brave!  
 Thy trust in God! There's life beyond the grave.

## *Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.*

*Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.*

Year 1418.—A monastery was erected at Culmbach in Bavaria. It was destroyed during the reformation.

Year 1419.—The Carmelite library in London is said to have been the best in the city this year.

A general chapter was held in Monte Pessulano (Montpellier) in Narbonne. This chapter ordained that in future the provincial chapters shall assemble every second year. James Mogonde of Barcelona, who had obtained the title of doctor of divinity in a surreptitious way was declared deprived of all the honors and privileges of the title, until he had humbled himself to his legitimate superior.

Year 1421.—Martin V sanctioned the erection of a monastery in Gavi, given by the bishop of Genua. Mention is also made of a convent in Asaro in the diocese of Catania in Sicily.

Year 1422.—Archbishop Corsini of Florence consecrated this year the new Carmelite church of that city, Apr. 19.

Year 1423.—About this time monasteries were reported in Salemis in Sicily, and in Castro Vaterans and in Partano, all in Sicily.

A convent was constructed in Anghien in Belgium. The Carmelite, William Quaplud, was bishop of Kildare.

Year 1424.—A convent was opened at a place called "Fair Gift" in the province of Tours.

Year 1425.—In the general chapter at "Appanica," in the province of Toulouse, there were present 17 definitors. Portugal was cut from Catalonia and established a separate province. 23 provincials were appointed. It was forbidden to go from convent to convent or change the province without the permission of the provincial.

The Mantuan reform took in also the convent at Gerunda, and on Augdst 18, with the permission of the general, they had a chapter, in which Francis Thomas was elected president. (But the Mantuan

congregation was not canonically established until 1442.)

Year 1426.—In Hungary there were the monasteries of Praebidu, Buda, Epperi and Funckircher. In Syracuse a hospice was opened, which in 1543 was transformed into a monastery.

Year 1427.—Bl. Francis of Amboise was born this year as the daughter of the Duke of Brittany.

Year 1428.—In Regio, Bl. Joan was born, a Carmelite nun.

Year 1430.—Thomas Walden died. He was a prolific writer, and took an important and active part in the extinction of the Western schism. To make up for his loss Thomas Scropus, an ex-benedictine, joined the Carmelite Order.

At the general chapter at Nante in the province of Tours, John Grossi resigned his office on account of age and infirmity and had for a successor Bartholomew de Roqualo, who had been the provincial of Toulouse. The chapter left it to appoint his successor until the next general chapter.

A monastery at Calatafine in Sicily is ascribed to this year; also at Castelmuos, on the same island.

Year 1431.—Bartholomew de Rolaqui was general but for a very short time, when Eugene IV appointed him bishop of Marseilles, and nominated John Faci as general vicar. In Germany at that time a Simon Riser is mentioned as V. general, because of the schism between the Pope and the council of Basle. But three years after the matter was settled again.

Year 1432.—Pope Eugene IV, in February, 1432, by a bull, mitigated the rule of the order regarding the eating of flesh meat, fasting and the staying in the cells. The original rigor deterred the young men from entering the order, hence it was to provide for its continuity that the mitigation was made.

Year 1433.—The church of the Carmelites at Cologne was consecrated. The



most famous religious of this convent at the time was Conrad of Arasberg.

Year 1434.—John Lanbton, doctor of Oxford, died in Basle during the council. By the general chapter held at Ravensburg, John Faci was elected general, although the council of Basle had appointed another one in opposition to the Pope. 18 definitors were counted and 21 provincials appointed. The appointment of the provincial of Provence was left to the general. To the theologians present at the council, was left the selection of a Cardinal Protector. The doctors of divinity, who had been regularly promoted, were given an active and passive voice in the provincial chapters. Those not regularly promoted, were deprived of all privileges. A monastery was erected at Clairveaux.

Year 1435.—On April 2nd, the generals of the four mendicant orders under the advice of many provincials, addressed a general letter to their subjects, the tenor of which is to promote peace and friendship amongst them. Any odious comparisons between the saints and doctors of the orders are strictly forbidden. Tenets of the schools may be refuted objectively without personal allusions; no mendicant monastery can be built nearer than 140 cubits from the nearest mendicant convent, unless with its special permission; no one shall be persuaded to leave one and join the other order; disputes must be settled within three months by the respective superiors, or in the case of their disagreement, by 3 appointed referees.

Year 1436.—Eugene IV gave to the Carmelites the monastery of S. Lucia in Bologna, but they declined it. In Prague the religious had been driven out by the Hussites. After the victory of King Sigismund they returned thither.

A convent was erected at Astigi.

Year 1437.—A monastery was instituted at Castrobarco in Lombardy; another one at Jaslen in Poland; a third one in Ploch in Poland, and one at Roverdo in Tyrol. About this time John Grossi, the ex-general, died.

Year 1438.—The ex-general Bartholomew Roquali, bishop of Marseilles, died.

Year 1440.—The city of Florence, having gained a victory by the intercession of S. Andrew Corsini, pledged itself to

an annual procession to the Carmelite Church, and an offer of wax candles there as an act of thanksgiving.

The general chapter convened at Asti in Lombardy; 20 definitors were present. The province of Bohemia was divided into Bohemia and Saxony. The convents in Hungary and Poland were added to the upper German province. The province of Bohemia (under this name) became extinct. 23 provincials were appointed. Rules were made regarding the noviciates. A monastery was opened at Desenzano (under Mantuan observance.)

Year 1442.—The general, John Faci, was called to Florence by Eugene IV to consult with him about the establishment of the Mantuan congregation. The Mantuans had introduced a stricter observance in three monasteries, and in order to prevent the disturbance caused by the accession of men, who were hostile to this severity, or the migration of others to other convents, the Pope, with the consent of the general of the order, who ruled them through a vicar appointed. This was the beginning of the Mantuan observance, now extinct by a reunion with the general order.

A monastery was founded in Poland at Lemberg (Galicia).

Year 1443.—The convents composing the Mantuan observance, elected at Gerunda, the Frenchman Peter Stephen, as prior of the convents of the woods, and in the provincial chapter at Monta Catinini as vicar general. As the general refused to sanction this election, the Pope sanctioned it and declared that in future any vicar elected by a two thirds majority had full power, ipso facto, without the approbation of any one.

Year 1444.—The general chapter at Chalons was attended by 15 definitors. Provincials were appointed for 24 provinces. The election of a provincial for Portugal was left to the convents there. The monasteries in Poland and Bohemia were attached to the Saxon province. The provincial of Bologna was charged with the revision of the constitutions till the next general chapter. Cologne, like Paris and Rome, was subjected to the general directly.

Year 1445.—The Mantuans elected in the Convent of the Woods Anthony de

Fonte as vicar for two years. Their vicars could be re-elected. The Convent of Cologne rebelled against the discriminating sentence of the general chapter, which, in the next general chapter, was cancelled.

Year 1446.—The monastery church at Padua was consecrated on the feast of S. Peter.

Year 1447.—A general chapter was held in the palace of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome. 17 provinces were represented. 21 provincials were appointed. The question was discussed about giving up or retaining the convent of San Martino de Monti, but it was retained. Catania (Sicily) was made an house of studies.

The Mantuans the same year elected in Mantua for vicar the father John Huss.

Year 1448.—Bl. Baptist of Mantua, the future general of the order, was born.

There was a monastery at Heilbronn, Germany, which was ruined by the heretics of the next century.

Rhedon in France also saw a convent.

Year 1449.—In Gerunda, the Mantuans elected for their vicar William de Fonte. Thomas Scroppus, who had been made bishop of Dromore in Ireland, resigned his charge and another Carmelite, Richard Messin, was made bishop.

Year 1450.—The general, John Faci, was made bishop of Requin in France, but seems to have acted as general of the order till the next general chapter. A convent of nuns was founded in Astigi and a monastery at Morciani in Apulia.

Year 1451.—The general chapter congregated at Avignon on All Saints' day. 15 definitors were present, and 20 provincials appointed. The province of France, of which the new general, Bl. John Soreth was the provincial, was to be ruled by a vicar until the next chapter, and the appointments of Castilia and Portugal were left to the general. The decrees passed were but a repetition of former decrees.

Year 1452.—Nicholas V extended all the privileges granted to the dominican nuns, etc., to the Carmelite nuns, etc. In Mezarini, in Sicily, a monastery was founded.

Year 1453.—On the occasion of the fall of the Byzantine empire, the Carmelite

hermitages of the East that had survived until now were destroyed and the monks either killed or sold into slavery. John Stamber, who in 1448 had been made bishop of Bangor, was this year transferred to Hereford, the bishop of which he remained until 1474.

In Geldern, Holland, a convent of sisters was formed by Beguines, who had taken the habit. The Mantuans opened a monastery at S. Peter in Hungary.

Year 1454.—The general, John Soreth, commenced a reform of the order, and first reformed the monasteries of Malines, Maine, Atrebat, Ghent, Paris, Anjou and Bondon. He also erected five convents of sisters in Hennegan, Brabant and Brittany.

Year 1455.—Pope Calixt III wished to nominate John Soreth bishop and cardinal, but he refused to accept these dignities. This year monasteries were founded in Louvain, Rastemburg near Roenigsberg and Sparneck.

Year 1456.—The general chapter gathered at Paris on Pentecost Sunday. 17 definitors were present, and 23 provincials appointed. The election of local priors was ordered and the change of a religious into other monasteries forbidden, unless the prior and the community consented. The brief of Nicholas V, by which he approved the favors granted to the Carmelites by Boniface VIII and John XXII, was attacked as spurious by some members of the Sorbonne, whereupon John Soreth hastened to Rome, laid the matter before the Pope, and obtained complete justification.

Year 1457.—A monastery was founded at S. Ann's de Collares near Lisbon in Portugal.

IIIFly Sheets

Year 1459.—The reform of John Soreth met with a good deal of opposition and even violent resistance; on account of which Pious II, supported by his own authority, that of the general, granting him all the powers of coercion necessary.

The monastery at Lucca was handed over to the Mantuan congregation.

Year 1460.—The monastery of the Mountains near Auvergne was founded. The Mantuan congregation founded S. Felice.

Year 1461.—John Soreth excom-

municated the rebellious portion of the convent of Cologne.

Year 1462.—A general chapter was convoked at Brussels. 16 definitors were present, and 23 provincials appointed. Sweden and Norway were made a province; Bohemia and Poland again united. The Cologne rebels were forgiven by the general, but were soon after carried off by an epidemic disease. A new breviary was published.

Yegr 8463.—Monasteries were opened at Cremolino in Lombardy and Pattani in Sicily.

Year 1465.—A convent of sisters was destroyed in Dijon, but they obtained a new concession at Hoge in France. The Mantuan congregation elected in Ferrara for vicar, Julian of Brixen.

Year 1466.—Paul II granted power to John Soreth to remove all superiors who resisted reformation. A monastery was founded at Gerardmont (in Rome called Valley of Jehosaphat) and one at Armaroco near Florence.

Year 1467.—The Mantuans elected at Brixen, Anthony of France, their vicar. Bl. Frances of Amboise made her vows. In Namur a convent of sisters was opened.

Year 1468.—At the taking of Liege, Bl. John Soreth saved the Bl. Sacrament under peril of life, and carried it through the midst of infuriated soldiers to the Carmelite monastery. The convent of the sisters was burned.

Year 1469.—At Orleans, a general chapter met. 19 definitors were present and 19 provincials appointed. The decrees passed refer to uniformity in dress, prayer and chant. The same year Louis of Cremona was elected vicar by the Mantuans at Brixen.

Year 1470.—A convent was founded in Camerata in Sicily.

Year 1471.—At Nantes the general, John Soreth, with two of his companions, died of poison. Whether this was by accident or a crime has never been explained. He had ruled the order over twenty years. The Mantuans at Ferrara elected Thomas of Caravaggio their vicar. Convents were commenced at Cilsenti, province of Naples; Castelli de Mari, same province, and Terra Della Lambuca, Sicily.

Year 1470.—The general chapter at Asti, Christopher Martignon, who had been appointed vicar by the pope, was unanimously elected general; 17 provinces were represented. A new apportionment of provinces took place, according to which there were in future 32 provinces in this order of precedence: the Holy Land, Sicily, England, Narbonne, Rome, France, Lower Germany, Lombardy, Aquitain, Ireland, Aragonia, Provence, Scotland, Tuscany, Bologna, Toulouse, Catalonia, Upper Germany, Tours, Saxony, Gascogne, Castilia, Portugal, Bohemia, Sweden, Mazzacia, Naples, Genoa, Florence, Posa, Venice (or the Marches) Ancona, Calabria and Aquila.

Year 1473.—Some provincials had protested to the Holy See against the new division of provinces, and also the Mantuans had claimed some monasteries. Therefore William Cardinal of Ostia, by order of Pope Sixtus IV, adjudged the difficulties in upper Italy and imposed silence on the appellants. Martin of Bergamo was elected vicar of the Mantuans at Bologna. A monastery was commenced at Marche in Belgium. It was burned in 1615, but was rebuilt. Also Reveri, between Mantua and Ferrara saw a monastery rise.

Year 1474.—A question arose about the color of the habit—brown or black. Though the Mantuans were told to conform to the whole order, they obtained a verbal exemption from the Pope. The Mantuans opened a Monastery at Trini.

Year 1475.—At the instance of King Ferdinand of Sicily, the Pope allowed the opening of 12 new monasteries on the islands. Besides the Carmelites opened a monastery at San Jacomo in Sicily. Anthony, a Frenchman, was elected vicar of the Mantuans. A convent was founded at Gurgulago.

Year 1476.—Sixtus IV in a bull confirmed all the favors, privileges, mitigations of rule, etc., granted by his predecessors.

Year 1477.—Bl. Francis d'Amboise moved her sisters from "Fairgit" to the convent of Scots near Nantes. The Mantuans elected William of Barg as their vicar. A monastery was commenced at Dondossola in Lombardy; also at Lucini.

Year 1478.—At Brixen a general chapter gathered, which was attended by 27 definitors. The appointment of provincials of the Holy Land and Venice was left to the general. By power of the Holy See the general granted to all provincials the right to dispense their subjects in regard to fasting and abstinence. At Esslingen, a quarrel broke out between the mendicants on one, and the parish clergy on the other hand. The Cardinal Protector, by order of the Pope, settled the matter in favor of the mendicants.

Year 1479.—Angelo Capreoli was elected vicar by the Mantuans. In the province of Lombardy a monastery called Nove was founded. In Savoy a monastery was opened at Dogliana.

Year 1480.—This year the order obtained possession of S. Crysogono in Rome. The Mantuans resided there. The monastery at Narsi in Sicily received a large royal endowment. In Germany a convent was opened at Gollingen. This monastery at later times fell into the hands of the Lutherans and was destroyed.

The first mention is made this year of the monastery at Salamanca in Spain, which became famous for its learning, and furnished a number of professors for the university at Salamanca.

Year 1481.—The general, Christopher Martignon died on May 17th, in the monastery of San Martino dai Monti in Rome. He was general for nine years. Under the title of vicar general, Pope Sixtus IV appointed William Ghric, and after his death, the same year, Pontius Rainaud from Avignon was substituted.

Thomas of Caravaggio was re-elected vicar by the Mantuans, who the same year opened a monastery at Loncini, in the duchy of Milan.

Year 1482.—Sixtus IV forbade the members of the Mantuan reformation to go into the monasteries not following this reformation. In Avignon, the general chapter was opened on Pentecost Sunday. 21 definitors were present. The vicar general, Pontius Rainaud, was unanimously chosen as general, and 23 provincials appointed. The appointment of his own successor as provincial Provence, and of the provincials of Venice and Portugal was left to the general.

No decrees were passed, because of the pest raging in and around Avignon, in which more than two hundred Carmelites of Avignon, and coming thither for the chapter, perished. Hence the chapter was closed the day after Pentecost.

Year 1483.—The Cardinal Protector of Rouan died and was succeeded by John Bapt. Cibo, who, the next year, became Pope.

The Mantuans elected for their vicar Baptista Mantuanus. The trouble about the color of the habit broke out again, and they received from the Pope one year's time to determine what color they wished to wear in future.

A monastery was opened at Aquaoera in the diocese of Cremona.

Year 1484.—The Mantuans determined to wear brown habits, conformable to those of the whole order. George Jerome Delg Rovere was appointed Cardinal Protector.

Year 1485.—B. Joanna Scopelli founded a small convent of sisters at the church of S. Bernard, porta del popolo, Rome.

A convent was built at Rochelle in Provence. The Mantuans elected as vicar Baptist Panoti of Ferrara.

Year 1486.—The Carmelites of Pavia, aided by John Galearri, built a new church on a different site. Monasteries were mentioned at Christburg in the palatinate of Marienburg, Poland and Prabit in Prussia.

Year 1487.—The vicar of the Mantuans elected this year was Martin of Bergamo. At Raconisi in Savoy a monastery was built, and a convent for sisters was commenced at Broages.

Year 1488.—A general chapter assembled at Rochette; 21 definitors were present and 25 provincials appointed. The appointment for Portugal and Sweden was left to the general. It was resolved to build a new monastery at S. Martino dai Monti at the expense of the order in general. A compact made with the Marquis of Chiambra, about the building of a church at Rochette was ratified.

Year 1489.—The Mantuans re-elected for vicar the celebrated Bl. Baptist Mantuanus. The holy house of Loretto was given to the Carmelites by Cardinal della Rovere, and occupied by the Man-

tuans. The Mantuan sisters opened a convent at Ferrara. A monastery was built at Ancona.

Year 1490.—There is mention of two monasteries this year; Corea in Venice, and Del pino in Lombardy.

Year 1491.—The Cardinal Protector was George Costa of Lisbon. Bl. Joanna Scopelli and Thomas Scropus, bishop of Dromore, died. The Mantuans elected Thomas Caravaggio for the third time for vicar.

Year 1492.—The general chapter opened at S. Martino dai Monti, on the eve of Pentecost. The Cardinal Protector was present. 25 provinces were represented. The appointment of provincials for Narbonne, Toscana and portugal was left to the general. The statutes were revised. It was forbidden to any province to receive a member of another province unless with the consent of his provincial. A difference was made in the difference of priests and lay brothers. A monastery was founded in Alpini, Lombardy.

Year 1493.—On Oct. 22nd, the cornerstone was laid of the new grand monastery at Antwerp. A monastery was founded in Coriolani in Calabria. The Mantuans elected for their vicar Baptist Panati of Ferrara and opened the monasteries at Milan and Galeazza.

Year 1495.—Baptist Mantuanus for the third time was elected vicar for the Mantuans. Monasteries were built at Praeneste and Taranto.

Year 1496.—A monastery was founded in Vidoguera in Portugal. The monastery of Prague was restored, and a monastery at Lauda in Lombardy.

Year 1497.—The Mantuan vicar was Peter of Traverso. A monastery was opened in Cremona in the province of Venice.

Year 1498.—A general chapter gathered at Nimes, France; 20 definitors were present and 27 provincials appointed. The appointment of the provincial of Naples was left to the provincial of Rome, who was vicar general for Italy.

Year 1499.—Peter of Novolaria was elected vicar of the Mantuans. The constitutions were printed at Venice.

Year 1500.—The monasteries of Paris, Albi, Rouen, Meldun and a few others formed this year a congregation like the

Mantuans and all the privileged of the latter were extended to it. Monasteries were opened or commenced at Alcamì in Sicily, Antigari, Gange and Del Greco in the province of Naples.

Year 1501.—The new congregation of Albi caused trouble in the order by their attempt to draw other communities to their side and appoint superiors for them. They were ruled by the French court and bishops and savored national factions.

Year 1502.—The general, Pontius Reinand died after a rule of 21 years. Petrus Terrassa, the vicar general for Italy, was made vicar general of the whole order.

Year 1503.—At Placenza, a general chapter was opened on June 3rd. Peter Terrassa was elected general. 18 definitors were present; 25 provincials were nominated. The appointments for Scotland, Saxony and Bohemia were left to the general. Louis de Lyra, the leader of the Albi congregation, was forbidden, under excommunication, to receive novices or reform other convents. The Mantuans elected Martin of Bergamo for vicar.

Year 1504.—The general instituted canonical visitations of France and England.

Year 1505.—Julius II revoked all the favors granted to Albi, placing the congregation simply under the general, who continued his visitation in England, France, Germany and Flanders, and commenced also in Italy. A monastery was founded at Pontolio, in the diocese of Brixen. Francis of S. Felice was elected vicar by the Mantuans.

Year 1506.—Monasteries were founded on the isle of Sardinia at Boyt and Teilli.

Year 1507.—The Benedictine Convent of S. Salvatore de Scrino was, at their own request, incorporated in our convent at Naples.

The Mantuans elected Baptist Mantuanus again for their vicar.

Year 1508.—In Spain the Bethic province was formed, and a convent of sisters opened at Granada. The Mantuans who for two years had lived in Florence, left their monastery and for twelve years lived together with the Augustinians.

Year 1509.—A convent is founded at Madonna del Melo in Romandiola. The

vicar of the Mantuans was Martin of Bergamo.

Year 1510.—At Naples, on May 19th, the general chapter was opened. 22 definitors were present. 27 provincials were appointed. Ireland and Portugal were left to the general. The Bethic province was cut off from Castilia. The Cardinal Protector was Ligismund Gonzaga. The Mantuans commenced the monastery de la Forma and of Mary of Loreto near Mantua. In Romandiole a convent was opened at Mercati Saraceni.

Years 1511—12.—The general, Terrassa died either at the end of 1511 or the beginning of 1512. His successor as vicar general was Bernardine Landucci of Siena. The Mantuans had Anthony Aovari for their vicar. A convent was opened at Rivoli in Savoy, and at Gieme in Spain. Pope Julius II, on account of the wars raging, postponed the general chapter one year, and changed the place from Barcelona to Siena.

Year 1513.—The general chapter as-

sembled in Rome, in San Martino dai Monti. Bl. Baptist Mantuanus was elected general. As the elected was not present, the Cardinal, Ligismund Gonzaga appointed Bernardin Landucci a president of the chapter and vicar general. Only 15 definitors were present; 25 provincials were appointed. Scotland and Toulouse were left to the general. The decrees were but repetitions of former decrees.

The Albi congregation again sought and obtained the recognition of the apostolic see, like the Mantuan.

In Viena, Poland, a monastery was erected; also at Antigo in Spain; a convent for sisters at Hispalis. The sisters convent at Abule joined our order.

Year 1514.—Leo X reduced the tenure of office of the provincials from six to three years, at the request of the general. In Sicily monasteries were founded in Tripe and Heraclea. The Mantuans obtained from Leo X a monastery at Picotoga.

The End.

### *A Thanksgiving.*

Rose C. Conley.

#### Spring.

For a new world clad in verdure  
And beauty of blossoming trees;  
For the faint wild flower fragrance,  
Borne on the wandering breeze;  
For the music of unfettered waters  
Flowing through pastures green;  
For all the spring-time beauties  
That our glad eyes have seen—  
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

#### Summer.

For the flower-crowned hours of summer  
Whose passing was all too fleet,  
As we wandered thro' dark pine forests  
Where the wild birds carolled sweet;  
For dainty fruits and dewy morns,  
And the fragrant blushing rose;  
For all the tender graces,  
That only summer knows.  
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

#### Autumn.

For the rich stores of abundance  
Thy golden harvest yields;  
And the vivid dying glories  
Of autumn woods and fields;  
For our country's peace and honor,  
Which all true hearts elate,  
And for all the gracious forms  
Thy many blessings take—  
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

#### Winter.

And now for health and plenty,  
As winter's snow descends;  
For shelter from the storm king,  
And true kind earthly friends;  
For the good gifts of each season,  
Sent from Thy home above,  
And for that dearest treasure,  
Thine own great gift—great love—  
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

## "Lazy" Monks and the Progress of Science.

(A true story translated from The Katholische Volkszeitung.)

There was once a professor who generally embellished his lectures with the remarks: The priests are good for nothing; in fine to express myself briefly, the priests always hated science, art and every progress, they loved and loved only, returning to darkness.

One day after school, there came to him a student who was a good young man, intellectual, and not easily scared, always looking for new fun. He goes to the professor and says to him: "Professor, would you be kind enough to solve for me some doubts that bother me since I have assisted at your lectures?"

"Why not, my friend, with pleasure. With the greatest of pleasure. Out with it."

"Only a few questions, professor. Who has reserved for us the ancient classics? How is it they did not perish when barbarism flooded the whole of civilization,

"Monks have in their cloisters copied them, and thus saved them to us."

"What! Monks?"

"Yes, monks; especially the Benedictines."

"Well, then, monks. Monks have copied those ancient codices and thus saved them for us? That must have been a tedious work, was it not? And, of course, they contracted consumption from the library dust? Certainly; indeed, it was in those days when regents could not write their own names. Curious times and curious these monks that they delighted to copy letter by letter from Livius, Caesar, Cicero, Virgil and moreover from Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, etc. And how do these codices appear? Carefully written as if printed, and the initials are real works of art!"

"Oh, these monks!"

"Wait, Professor. Is it true that without those priests we would not have a Columbus and Vasco de Gama? A monk, Fra Mauro, they say, made in the year 1450 that celebrated chart that aroused Columbus?"

"It is true, but any one else could have made that chart."

"Certainly; but why should only priests have such smart thoughts? Listen, professor, I read, too, that in place of the awkward Roman ciphers a Pope introduced the Arabian ciphers in arithmetic. Pope Sylvester II introduced them,"

"However, any other one could have done that if the Popes had not always pressed themselves forward."

"Well, they say, too, that a pope had invented the telescope and microscope."

"That can't be true. These priests want to claim everything."

"That is to say it is indeed true. The Franciscan Roger Bacon had invented those instruments."

"But that was a modern Franciscan, and not one of those cowlmen of the dark ages. That rascal Bacon, when did he live?"

"He died in the year 1292. He was modern very early, was he not? Again, lately I have read who was the first to proclaim the theory that the sun stood still and the earth moved. Surely you don't even know that, professor."

"Copernicus!"

"No; this canon has not that honor. Nearly one hundred years before Copernicus taught that—who do you think, who? The Bishop of Regensburg, Regiomontanus, in 1476!"

"It may be."

"Kindly excuse me. Why is the age when the sciences, art and literature especially shone forth called the 'Golden age of Leo X'?"

"Why?"

"Because Leo X. was the special patron of scientists, artists and literateurs."

"What! Leo, Pope, and at the same time patron of all cultured triumphs. It seems to me, boy, you want to make fun of me."

"No, indeed. These are only doubts, unbearable doubts! I would like to get at those priests and tell them that they are only of the dark ages, but those doubts don't give me any rest. Well,

is it true, professor, that the first free schools were opened by La Salle?"

"Yes, the Frenchman, De La Salle."

"The priest De La Salle. The priest. And that the first who looked after the deaf mutes was Pedro de Ponce, and after him L'Epee?"

"Yes; the Spaniard De Ponce, and after him L'Epee."

"The monk De Ponce and the priest L'Epee. Do not be angry, professor, it is not our fault that the priests don't give us any peace in history. Pray, and I read too that the monk Berth Schwarz invented powder and the monk Guido D'Arrizzo the scale and the foundation rule of harmony; a monk from Tagernsie in Bavaria, in 1000, glass painting; a Jesuit, Cavalieri, 1747, polychromy; the Jesuit Sechi, spectrum analysis—"

"Stop, I see you want to make fun of me. Blitz and thunder!"

"True, true! The first lightning rod was not invented by Franklin, but already in 1754, the Primonstrant monk, Pastor Procop Divisch. Even Kurschmer in his conversation dictionary, proves this."

"Hold your tongue, boy, talker that you are."

"Ah! The greatest polygot of our time was indeed Cardinal Mezzofanto."

"Sufficient of your nonsense; see you get hence."

"In what direction surely only Deacon Givya can tell us that. He discovered in the year 1300 the compass."

"Your brain is on fire."

"What, if I am burning I must call for the fire engine, that no conflagration takes place. The fire engines were first used by Cistercian monks and the Parisian Capucines were until the 17th century the firemen of Paris."

"If you don't be silent you'll fly out."

"Perhaps into the airy heights? Right. The first balloon was invented by the monk Berthold Gusmas 60 years before Montgolfion, who in 1720, in the presence of the whole Portuguese court, ascended into the air. What, you rub your eyeglasses, professor! That is an invention of the priests. The Dominican Alexander Spind, invented them in the 13th century! Are you so much in a

hurry that you look at your watch? You should not do that at all. The watch is an invention of the priests. The first watch we have from the church—historian Cassiodorus (505) improved by Gerbert, afterwards Sylvester II. whom we have already mentioned. The first astronomical clock was made by the Abbott Richard Wallingsord in the year 1316. Well, but I go now. The gas lights are already burning. Only this, yet, professor, I suppose that you don't know that the Jesuits invented the gas—these born light shunners. For certain the Jesuits invented it, and used it in Stanyhurst, in England, 1794. The Jesuit, Dunn, established in 1815 in Preston the first gas company. Good-bye, professor, I hope you will excuse me. What, you have a bicycle, too! That thing was invented by the priest Pianton, who already used it in 1845. Good night. Pray, do excuse me. What is true remains true. Let the searcher of history speak only the truth."

Once more said the student, "Good-bye."

But the professor said nothing. — (Catholic Register.)

---

Uniforms are often masks.

Temperance is a bridle of gold.

Pleasure's couch is virtue's grave.

Suspicion is the bane of friendship.

Politeness is the flower of humanity.

Secrecy is the chastity of friendship.

Temperance is the nurse of chastity.

"Pry" and "Trust" will move mountains.

Search others for virtues; thyself for vice.

Vows made in storm are forgotten in calm.

Only a man of worth can recognize worth.

Rebuke with soft words and hard arguments.

We reform others unconsciously if we walk uprightly.

We talk little if we do not talk of ourselves.—Hazlitt.

Perseverance performs greater works than strength.



## The Inestimable Gift of Faith.

It cannot be very difficult for us to form a true idea of human life, for daily experience compels us to notice, how that partial happiness and painful suffering, how momentary joys and heavy crosses, how smiles and tears follow each other in rapid succession. We must feel that this present abode of ours is a place of exile, a valley of tears illuminated occasionally by the feeble rays of fleeting enjoyment and rest. And we see, too, that sooner or later we must leave this abode; an invisible hand severs the ties that unite body and soul; a secret power—we call it Death—puts an end to our life.

These are facts well known to us all. But this idea of human life is, as yet, incomplete; there are other facts which it comprises, facts that are no less certain but which perhaps are less heeded, and which are more disputed. And these facts are, that an Almighty God, the Creator and Ruler of the universe, has ordained this, our present life, to be but a preparation to another life that begins with death, and will have no end; to a life of eternal bliss or everlasting woe; that this God has laid down laws for man to observe during his earthly career, in order to attain that future life of happiness; that these laws and all that God requires of us are made known to us by the Divine Messenger, Jesus Christ, and after Him, by the Church, which he has instituted to teach all nations His heavenly doctrine; which Church is no other than the Holy Catholic Church.

Yes, the truths revealed by God to mankind and preached to us by Christ's holy Church, are a necessary ingredient of our lives; without the faith in these truths our present life has no meaning and no object; without faith life is not worth living, nay, it becomes a burden that is unbearable.

To the atheist and unbeliever there is no God; there is no Supreme Being that made all and rules over all that we see around us, there is no loving Father, no Rewarder of the good and

Punisher of the wicked; there is no future life; with death everything ends. Indeed, a cruel doctrine, that is condemned even at the tribunal of human reason. It is not the understanding that utters these cold blasphemies, it is the wicked and sinful will. Men that are slaves to their passions, to whom the idea of a just God and of a future life is a hindrance in their sinful career, only such men could proclaim such maxims. They are cruel to themselves and cruel to those that follow them; for how empty must not this life be to them! They have nothing to live for, nothing wherewith to console their poor heart that yearns after immortality and happiness,—for with death everything ends. How can they bear the hardships of life. How can they endure suffering, sickness and losses of any kind! Indeed, it is a well known fact that a violent death, that suicide, is frequently their only refuge.

I know dear reader, that you condemn such infidelity; I know that God has bestowed on you the gift of faith; you know the divine truths brought into this world by Jesus Christ and taught by His Church; you believe these truths, and you have every reason to believe them. For it we believe what history tells us of a Cicero, of a Caesar, a Napoleon or a Washington, why should we not believe what it tells us of Jesus Christ; namely, that he proclaimed Himself the Son of God, and in proof of His truthfulness performed most astonishing miracles which only God can work; that this Divine Personage went about preaching a most sublime and consoling doctrine and finally instituted His Church to preserve and propagate this doctrine to all future generations. And this Church is no other than the grand old Catholic Church, for its origin alone dates back to the times of the apostles. Leo XIII alone is the successor of St. Peter, who was the first pope appointed by Jesus Christ over his Church, and hence the teaching of our Holy Church is the teaching of Christ, who is God, and therefore worthy of our belief.

And, again. Do you think that such great minds as a S. Augustin, a Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, and now the great Leo, our present reigning Pontiff, at whose feet the whole world lies in veneration and in admiration of his learning and power; in whose presence, mighty kings and emperors that come from all parts of the world to pay him homage, tremble before the prisoner of the Vatican, because there is something divine about the Pope,—he is God's vicar here on earth, do you think, I say, that such minds would acknowledge a teaching as divine, if there were not the best proofs for it!

No, indeed. Our Catholic Church, and it alone in this wide world possesses the full truth; every fair minded person that earnestly seeks the truth is convinced of this fact. In numbers, our separated brethren return to the faith of their fathers; the minister turns Catholic, often followed by his whole congregation.

And what salutary effects does not this faith work on those who possess it! It is not a dead element, but a living, an all penetrating power. With it in our bosom, this life has an object; with it there is something to live for. There is a loving Father in heaven Whom we must strive to please by being His obedient children; there is a Benefactor, to Whom we must show our gratitude for the great and numberless gifts he bestows upon us; there is a Heaven to be gained by the faithful discharge of our duties, by the conscientious observance of the laws God has laid down for us; there is a hell to be avoided by courageously fighting against our unruly passions and sinful appetites; there is a soul to be saved, our own immortal soul which so ardently longs for complete and never ending happiness. Indeed, a noble and important object of our existence.

In our faith, moreover, we possess something to brighten up this valley of tears; in it we have something to console us in our misery and suffering. The faith makes our crosses light, it makes our present life bearable, it enables us to suffer patiently and even joyfully, it and it alone can give us happiness amidst all our hardships. Because our holy faith teaches us that all our crosses come from the hands of a loving Fath-

er, Who sends them not to torment us, but for our own good; to detach our hearts from the transitory and unworthy objects of this earth, to which it is but too much attached. He sends them to give us a chance of becoming like to our suffering Redeemer, a chance of meriting an imperishable crown in heaven.

Then, again; the battle we have to wage against the devil and our passions is a hard and painful one, indeed. But faith makes it easy. It teaches us that prayer will obtain for us God's assistance in the struggle; that a tender mother in heaven, that a host of friends are there interceding for us, ever aiding us by their supplications.

The tortures of a conscience steeped in sin are terrible; but faith shows us the Confessional, where our sins are washed away, where our soul is cleansed and peace with its God is restored to it.

The ardent desire of our heart for happiness that is not satiated here below is to us a source of sadness and affliction. But faith reminds us that we must be patient for a little while, that all our desires will be amply fulfilled in the life to come.

We stand at the sick bed of these we love; we see how death snatches them from us; we accompany their mortal remains to the grave, our heart is bleeding our sorrow intense. But faith also now consoles the afflicted soul; "They are not dead, they have gone to a better world, where we shall again be united never more to be torn asunder." These are the soothing thoughts it awakens in our mind.

Finally, we have to die ourselves. We must leave all our friends, all our possessions, everything near and dear to us. It is a painful separation. But faith assures us that death is the gate through which the soul passes from a land of exile to its true home, which is Paradise; that death is the end of a life of sorrows; the beginning of an eternity of happiness. O, the inestimable gift of the faith!

How miserable and sad, therefore, is not the lot of the unbeliever. Indeed, he well deserves our pity. To help him to the true faith by prayer, or by an instructive word spoken when the oppor-

tunity offers itself, would be the greatest act of fraternal charity.

And we, who are so happy as to possess this inestimable gift, what care should we not take to preserve it to ourselves and our children. Cruel to himself is the man that falls away from the faith; cruel the parents that neglect to bring up their children in the true faith that deprive an exiled suffering soul of its only consolation.

Yes, let us thank God for the gift of the faith; let us frequently ponder over its consoling truths; let us pray for the unhappy unbeliever, and especially, let us live according to our holy faith, in order, finally, to attain the happiness it promises them that serve their Lord.

---

#### READING AND THINKING.

---

Sir Francis Bacon did not say, "Reading maketh a wise man." He knew better. He said, "Reading maketh a full man;" and the man who fills himself with words is an entirely different individual from the man whose mind is filled with useful and uplifting thoughts and ideas. A man who has read very little or one who indeed has never read anything, may be far wiser than the one who reads and reads, but never thinks.

In these days of cheap literature the tendency to read to much is very great. It is no uncommon thing to see people, who have read, "not wisely but too well," arise and give opinions on matters about which, correctly speaking they know nothing. They imagine foolishly that because they have read superficially some newspaper articles or books about a certain subject that they know it all. There is no greater mistake than this. They may fool simple people (and themselves) with a dazzling display of imitation erudition. But they only make the judicious grieve.

There is a great difference between being widely read and being deeply read. A string of mouth filling phrases, a list of names and titles, a lot of dates, all glibly rendered—this is not learning, nor culture, nor wisdom. A man may have all such outward signs of scholarship and yet be an ignoramus of the most pronounced type. It is only a very ill-in-

formed person indeed who would be deceived by such claptrap.

It is to be regretted that, in these days, vulgar displays of pinchback learning are mistaken for the real thing. Newspapers, magazines and books are full of it. The lecture platform and the sectarian pulpit exhibit it. The drawing rooms of the rich and the "socials" of the poor are infested with it.

Too much reading and too little thinking is the cause of it. Let us indeed be readers of books, but let us be willing to give some time and thought to what we read. Let us not accept everything as true which we see in print. Let us acquire facts, and let us give some attention to arranging such facts in our minds by placing them in their proper relation, one to another. Let us not fill our minds with a jumble of half formed thoughts and images. One clear idea is worth any number of vague, shadowy, indistinct notions.—(S. II. Review.)

---

#### LOST HOURS.

---

We have all wasted many precious minutes. Perhaps it has been over a foolish book; may be mere indolence. A gentleman travelling in England was reminded very forcibly of his "lost hours" as passing through an old castle he saw these words on the wall of the nursery:

```

: ..... LOST. ....
:
: Somewhere between sunrise and
: sunset,
: Each set with sixty diamond
: minutes.
: Two golden hours,
: No reward is offered
: As they are gone forever.
: .....

```

The very uniqueness of the idea startled him. He read it again. "It is true, they are gone forever," said he sadly. "All those hours I wasted at school instead of studying are lost. The many opportunities I have had for doing good are neglected and gone." When you are inclined to waste the moments which are so valuable, think of the lines in the English castle and the sorrow of its reader..

## To Late.

By C. J. Anderson.

Though they had been married three years, George Maner and his wife, Jean, had never gotten along well together, but this was not the fault of the kindly and loving spirit of George. Following a short acquaintance, their marriage had been a hasty one. The parents of George Maner objected to his marrying Jean Duncan, a girl with whom he was so little acquainted, and whose antecedents were almost unknown. But George did not think the unwillingness of his parents just to the girl herself, and so he followed his own wishes; he argued, moreover, to himself, if the girl herself is all right, what's the use of bothering about her great-great-grandmother and her great-great-grandfather. Why should he care about them? Jean Duncan took his fancy and so he married her.

Jean herself was beautiful and vivacious, well educated and clever. But there were some traits in her character which George Maner did not and could not perceive in his short acquaintance with her; she was impulsive and suspicious, or better, impulsively suspicious, and opinionated to such a degree, that when once provoked to a desperate resolution, all the kindness and blandishments of her most intimate friends and well-wishers could not move her to change her will. This bent of Jean's was the cause of untold sorrow for her.

Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Maner in the course of three years, a boy and a girl. These seemed to draw the wife closer to her husband and to smooth the way to a more peaceful course of life. Both parents were attached to the children, and through them they seemed to be more attached to each other. But, alas! the bond was soon broken asunder. The children died, and again Mrs. Maner seemed to become more distant to her husband. Her suspicious and impulsive nature would never allow her husband to rest quite in peace. Something was always happening which annoyed or angered her. George tried to the best of his power, to

him in all his endeavors to prove to his wife his love and devotion.

Though Jean had not the least ground for reasonable complaint against her husband, she had, for some time past, been suspicious of the singleness of his love toward her. She had looked wrongly on several of his actions, and misconstrued the meaning of some of his words. In vain did George protest. She would not believe him. Finally in an untoward moment, she found her husband in what she thought a compromising situation,—and that thought was his death.

She had gone off for a few days, with some of her friends to a summer resort. She said she would be away for about two weeks, if her husband didn't care. George, of course, told her to stay as long as she pleased, and to enjoy herself on her vacation, and said he would be happy to think she was away enjoying herself. Suspicious by nature, she foolishly imagined her husband's words implied but little love toward her, and that, perhaps, he was glad to be rid of her for a few weeks. This ungrounded fancy grew stronger as the days of her visit passed by. At the end of a week she grew so restless and suspicious in desiring to know precisely what her husband was doing, that she resolved to return home the next day, without telling him a word about her return.

At six o'clock Monday evening, eight days after his wife had gone on her vacation, George Maner was sitting in his study reading the Evening Post. Suddenly the door bell rang. He went to the door, and opening it he saw a young woman who smiled sweetly upon him and said:

"Well, George, how glad I am to see you!"

George drew back and did not offer his hand.

"You don't know me?" asked the please and conciliate her, but, somehow, things seemed to be in league against young woman laughingly. "Well, that's not a bit nice of you. If you weren't so

sour looking I'd kiss you. Anyway, I'll do it."

"Mary! is that you? How you've changed!" exclaimed George, recognizing his half sister, and allowing her to carry out her threat.

"You were a little girl with red hair when I saw you last, and now your hair is golden. How's that?" asked George, innocently.

"Oh, you were always too inquisitive, George, and you're just the same as ever," replied Mary, evasively, laughing off George's too pertinent question,— too pertinent for a pretty young girl, who wasn't so pretty when she was young, and who then had fire red hair.

It was fifteen years since George had seen Mary, and the little girl of eight, with whom he had often romped over the countryside, had grown up into charming womanhood. She had lost, or rather, hidden to the world at large, those charms which so endear children to us. But she had gained other and as attractive qualities which gave her charms of another order. Whether she had gained or lost more by the metamorphosis would be difficult to say; but in the world's judgment she had gained immeasurably; and, after all, to a young woman the world's judgment, which is seldom wholly wrong, and often wholly right, is worth almost its weight in gold, for the world must be the theatre of her earthly life, as it is the novitiate of her life to come.

"Why did you not tell me you were coming?" asked George.

"I was going to California to my aunt's, and as I didn't know when I'd again have such a chance as this to see you, I thought I'd come to surprise you," said Mary, as they went through the hall to George's study. "Is your wife well?"

"Yes, very well," answered George, "but, I'm sorry to say, she's not at home at present. She went out to Cragg's End last week for a vacation. I'm alone here, and we'll have to go out for dinner."

"Oh, that's too bad. I was so distressed of seeing your wife. When will she be back?"

"Not before next Monday," said George; "that is, unless I send for her,

but I hate to do that. You can stay till she returns?"

"No," replied Mary; "I must leave on Thursday at the latest. I've promised to be in Sacramento by Monday. Aunt Lizzie is going to Vancouver for the summer, and she wants me at home for a few days before she goes."

"Too bad! I really don't know what to do about it," said George, sitting down beside his sister on the sofa.

As George and his sister walked towards the study, Mrs. Maner drove up to the house. She had turned into the street on which the house stood as Mary Driven stepped over the threshold of her husband's home. She caught a glimpse of Mary from the cab, and at once her most malignant suspicions were entirely confirmed. Hastily alighting, she hurried up the steps leading to the door, which she opened and cautiously entered. Silently, and on tiptoe, she went along the hall to her husband's room. She could hear the voices of her husband and Mary. As she drew near the half open door of the study, she listened to hear what they were saying.

"Too bad! I really don't know what to do about it," were the words she distinctly heard.

A moment's silence followed.

"Do you think, Mary, we should let Jean know immediately?" asked George in his characteristically kind tone.

Mrs. Maner imagined she grasped completely the situation. Her husband and that girl with him were about to elope. They were considering whether or not they should let her. Mrs. Maner, know of the affair immediately. Her anger rose to rage; her blood boiled in her veins; she awaited no further words, but with a rush, was in the room confronting the surprised brother and sister.

"You villain! hypocrite! deceiver! I've caught you at last!" she shrieked into his face, as she stamped the floor in rage.

This enigmatic and frantic conduct of his wife confused and muddled Mr. Maner completely. Neither the brother nor the sister could grasp the meaning of Mrs. Maner's frantic conduct, and the more she fumed the more confused and thunderstruck did they become. This confusion assured Mrs. Maner only the more that they were guilty. George recover-

ed himself partly and was about to speak, but his wife broke out, interrupting him:

"You liar and traitor! How dare you insult me in my own house, by bringing this baggage to it? You wanted me out of it, that you might do as you liked. I'll never again enter it or live with you! Make her your associate, your mistress. I'll go home and never bother you again."

Mrs. Maner uttered these words in a frenzied manner and could not possibly have recognized her husband's sister, even if she had had some knowledge of her appearance. Like a flash, before Mr. Maner could utter a protest, Mrs. Maner fled from the room and was in her cab whirling along to the railroad station.

George Maner sat as if petrified, gazing blankly before him. His sister had turned pale with fright, but as Mrs. Maner slammed the front door, Mary realized her position and burst into tears. Her sobs brought George to himself and he rushed out of the house in pursuit of his wife. She was gone. As he burst out of the front door her cab sped away. He called to the driver, but the latter heeded not. George knew that his wife would carry out her threat of going home. He rushed into his house and telephoned for a cab to come in double haste.

It came in twenty minutes, but too late,—the train that carried his wife had just left as he reached the station. The next train would not leave for two hours so he returned home, still dazed by his wife's unaccountable conduct.

When he returned his sister was still crying and lamenting the misfortune she had brought upon her brother. George endeavored to quiet and console her, saying he would go to his wife by the next train and explain all. At length she became calmer, and begged leave to accompany him. He at first refused, but believing the presence of his sister would dispel all doubt from his wife's mind, he agreed to take her with him.

They took the 8.30 train, and expected to arrive at the home of his wife's parents next morning. The night was pitch dark. The rain poured down in torrents, and the lightning flashed over the wooded uplands.

"What an awful night for the poor engineer," said Mary to her brother, as the

train sped along. "He mustn't be able to see beyond the window of his cab."

"Yes, I wouldn't want to have his responsibility on a night like this," said George, as he looked out of the window. "It is very dark, and the rain is so heavy that it must be like a curtain before the engineer's window."

Suddenly there was a jar, a mournful clang of the engine's bell, a crash,—and the fast Pacific express was hurled fifty feet downward into Henly's Glutch. The rush of water had loosened the track. The weight of the speeding train was too great, and as a consequence the express was a mass of debris fifty feet below. All the train hands were killed, and but few of the passengers escaped alive.

Early next morning Mrs. Maner arrived at her old home. Everyone was surprised to see her; but her explanation was short,—her husband had proved unfaithful, had prepared to elope, and she would have nothing more to do with him.

As she picked up the morning paper, her eye caught sight of the heavy headlines which told of the disaster at Henly's Glutch. Her face turned pale as she read it, for she knew she had passed over that place but two hours before the accident. She glanced hurriedly over the names of the dead and wounded. She started as she read the eighth name, but the start was soon turned into a sort of revengeful joy, as she read:

"Geo. Maner and wife killed; Maner's neck broken; wife mangled beyond recognition."

"It serves him right," she exclaimed, in scurvy satisfaction. "And wife! Oh, the wrong of fate and sin!"

She seemed to harden as she pondered over the awful misfortune that had befallen her husband, and instead of showing the slightest sign of sympathy, she rejoiced, to think that her husband had paid the penalty of his crime.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, the Evening Post came. Full details of the wreck were now given. Mrs. Maner began to peruse them with a feeling of self-justification. The dead list was considerably changed. Her husband's name did not appear to be there. With cruel haste she read the list. Wasn't his

name there? Wasn't he killed? Yes, at last she came to it. Her eyes glowed as she read:

"Geo. Maner killed instantly, neck broken.

"Miss Mary Drexen, killed instantly; terribly mangled. Name found on card in pocket and on linen."

As she read the angry glow faded from her cheeks.

"Mary Drixen!" she exclaimed, her face becoming like marble.

A single moment of suspense followed. Then falling in a swoon, she shrieked:

"My God! It was his sister!"

---

### *The King's Pilot.*

A glorious Saint to-day we sing,  
Who reigns with God on high,  
And who will intercede for us  
From realms beyond the sky.

O Blessed Dionysius,  
Whose praise I'll ever sing,  
What do they mean by calling thee:  
The "Pilot of the King?"

"'Twas mine," he answered, "far from home  
Across the angry wave,  
To bear the Holy Cross of Christ  
And sinners' souls to save."

How didst thou learn, O blessed one,  
To sail on this world's sea?  
"Our Holy Rule," he gravely said,  
"Daily instructed me."

Where was the chart to point the way  
Amid the rocks of life?  
"The laws of Holy Church," he said,  
"Sufficed me for the strife."

What was the food, O, answer me,  
That strengthened all thy need?  
"The flesh of Christ, my risen Lord,  
Ah! that was strength indeed!"

What was the watchword, glorious Saint  
That fired thy soul each day?  
"To die," he cried, "ten thousand deaths  
Rather than not obey."

O, Blessed Dionysius,  
Whose praise I'll ever sing,  
Be thou to me, a Pilot true,  
And guide me to the King.

### THE SNARE THAT BINDS.

(Denver Catholic.)

The moderate drinker says: "I can drink, or I can let it alone." He goes on drinking and when outraged nature compels him to own that he is ruining himself, and he tries to "let it alone," he finds entwined with every fibre of his being invisible chords that are stronger than steel. It is not his hands, his limbs, his feet, that are bound about by the unseen net, but every quivering fibre is caught in the cruel mesh, till the feet are forced to run at the behest of the appetite, and the hand is forced to lift the crime-breeding liquor to his lips. Desire is his master, and even his mind is not his own. His thoughts revolve around the one idea, gratification of his uncontrollable appetite. He imagined himself free until he attempted to prove his freedom. Then he found that the soft words of his own desire had trapped and caged his manhood, and made him a slave.

Just so it is with all sin and all sinful pleasure. Men dally with it, and think it is their servant. They play with it as a fish nibbles at a tempting bait, but when they have swallowed the hook, they find the barb is fastened in their soul. The servant is the master, the master the servant, and to break away from the chord that binds them, the hook that holds them, requires a power that they do not possess, a power which they have hitherto spurned; and too often it is the case that they have no desire for release, no desire to know the only power that can make and keep them free.

Tarry not at the wine; have no fellowship with the pleasures of sin. Are the pleasures of sin sweet to you? Then know this, that when the great net of sin has fully encircled you, there will be a bitterness and disappointment in store for you which only a look into the abyss of eternal death can make you realize; tarry not—turn face heavenward; speed and slumber not.

Laudamus.

---

The more sand has escaped from the hour-glass of our lives, the clearer we should see through it.—Jean Paul.

## The New Carmelite General.

A cablegram from Rome announced the election of Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., as General of the whole Carmelite Order. The general chapter is held in Rome every six years, and three representatives of each province take part in it. At the last chapter, in 1896, Father Pius being provincial, was present and received some votes for general.

He was born in 1848, in Riedlingen, a beautiful town of Wurtemberg, situated on the Danube. He came to this country as a student and entered the Seminary of St. Francis, Milwaukee, Wis., where he completed his studies with great honors. He was ordained to the priesthood in June, 1874. In 1874 he



joined the Carmelites, who only a few years previously had come to the western world to establish a new home for themselves. His unusual talents were soon noticed by the other members of the Order, and in 1877 he was appointed Prior of the Monastery at Niagara Falls. In February, 1883, he was made Prior of Pittsburg, Pa., where the people will long remember his great work, especially in the cause of education. In 1886 he was appointed Com-

missary General of the American Carmel, and when the Commissariate was erected into a province in 1890, he was appointed the first Provincial. At the first Provincial Chapter of the Province held at New Baltimore in 1894, he was, by the unanimous vote of all, elected Provincial. At the Provincial Chapter of 1897, he was chosen Prior of the monastery at New Baltimore, Pa. Since the last Chapter in 1900, he was principally engaged in giving missions till December of last year, when he was called to Rome to assist the General, Very Rev. Simon Bernardini, in his arduous duties of the government of the Order. During this time he was also professor of moral theology in the new International Carmelite college in that city.

Father Pius possesses unusual talents and always made good use of them. Besides discharging the office of Prior or Provincial with great prudence, he was generally engaged either in teaching theology or giving missions in various parts of the country. He is well known as a preacher. All who have heard him will remember his powerful eloquence on the missions.

Father Pius will not be a stranger in Rome. He visited the city different times, and for the last year he has made his home there. He is fairly well conversant with the Italian language, and speaks Latin fluently. We all wish him success in his new office, and hope that this will be a step to something higher. Ad Majora.

---

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.

Reputation is what men and women think of us. Character is what God and the angels know of us.

Let everything turn upside down, not merely above us, but within us; let the soul be sad or gay, in sweetness or bitterness, at peace or in trouble, in light or darkness, temptation or repose, gratified or displeased; let the sun burn us or the dew refresh us; we must rest with eyes fixed upon the will of God, our one sovereign Good.—St. Francis de Sales.



## PERSONALITY AS CAPITAL.

A pleasing personality is of untold value. It is a perpetual delight and inspiration to everybody who comes in contact with it. Such a personality is capital.

Very few people ever come to your home or ever see your stocks and bonds and lands and interest in steamship lines or corporations, but your personality you carry with you everywhere. It is your letter of credit. You stand or fall by it.

What indescribable wealth is packed into some fine, beautiful personality we meet now and then!

How the character millionaire dwarfs the mere money millionaire! How poor and despicable does a man who gained his wealth in a questionable way appear before a superb personality, even without money and wealth. The millionaire of brains, of self-culture, puts to shame the man who has dwarfed and cramped his soul of his money-millions.

What a boon it is, when you meet a friend on the street for a few moments, to be able to fling out the wealth of a rich manhood or womanhood into his consciousness and to make him feel that you have wealth much superior to that of mere money!

How unfortunate it is that young people in our homes and schools are taught the value and importance of personal wealth, which they always carry with them and which is on perpetual exhibition in a world's fair!

We should never begrudge any expense time or effort within our reach which will add to our personal wealth—which will enrich and beautify the character of those about us.

No matter how deformed your body may be, it is possible for you to throw such a wealth of character—of love, of sweetness, of light—into your face that all doors will fly open to you and you will be welcomed everywhere without introduction. A beautiful, sweet heart, the superb personality of the soul, belongs to everybody. We all feel that we are personally related to one who has these, though we have never been introduced to him. The coldest hearts are warmed and the stubbornest natures

yield under the charm of a beautiful soul.

To be able to throw the searchlight of a superb personality before us wherever we go through life and to leave a trail of sunshine and blessing behind us; to be loved because we scatter flowers of good cheer wherever we move is an infinitely greater achievement—a grander work—than to pile up millions of cold, unsympathetic, mean, hard dollars.—(Pittsburg Catholic.)

*My Lilies.*

"Pure lilies of external peace, whose odors haunt my dreams."—Tennyson.

Fragrant lilies! they are blooming  
In "the fields of light" above;  
Yet they haunt my shady dreamland  
With sweet odors of pure love.

Odors from that land of Angels,  
Where all pains for ever cease;  
Where "the wicked cease from troubling"  
And the weary are at peace.

One was gathered in the spring-time,  
Others gently passed away  
With the lovely snow-white blossoms,  
In our Lady's month of May.

When September's tints autumnal  
Seemed like sunset in the west,  
Angels sought a natal-offering\*  
For the Virgin Mother blest.

Two—how peacefully they're sleeping,  
Deep amidst the snow driits white;  
Yet, they too are lilies, blooming  
In the radiance of His sight.

Blossoms of the fields clycean!  
O, how sweetly they embalm  
Dreamland shades, with mystic odors  
From the Kingdom of the Lamb.  
"Enfant de Marie,"  
St. Clares.

\*—In allusion to one laid to rest on the 8th of September. R. I. P.

Secrecy is the chastity of friendship.  
Search others for virtues; thyself for vice.

Tell me what you like, and I'll tell you what you are.

## Editorial Notes.

On Sunday, October 12th, at Niagara Falls, Rev. Brocard Koehler, O.C.C., was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto. Fr. Boniface Hund received minor orders and subdeaconship. After the Mass the young Levite gave his blessing to all present in the church.

Meantime the Roman Catholic rejects the right of the Church of St. Ignatius to call itself a "Catholic" church, refuses to recognize the validity of its clerical orders, looks on its priests as mere laymen, and regards its "high mass" as an idle and impious ceremony."

The Roman Catholic rejects the right of the church of St. Ignatius to call itself Catholic, and with full right. For if you were to travel the whole world over, you would not find another church where the services are performed in the same way. The Catholic Church does not recognize their clerical orders, because a commission appointed by the Pope several years ago to examine them pronounced them invalid. If their clerical orders are invalid, their priests are mere laymen, and their "high mass" is consequently an empty ceremony.

President Roosevelt, since his elevation to the presidency, has in general been impartial to the selection of persons for the various offices, regardless of their religion or politics. Lately he has given another instance in the appointment of Judge Smith, a Catholic, to the Philippine commission, and of Bishop Spaulding to the commission that is to settle the great coal strike. A short time ago, when the President stopped a few hours at St. Vincent's hospital, Indianapolis, to have an operation performed, he there met a sister who had nursed him during the Spanish-American war. He shook hands with her, and recently the sisters of the hospital received his photograph with a letter from his secretary. On the picture was written: "To the Sisters of St. Vincent's hospital, with the grateful regards of their patient, the President."—President Roosevelt, Oct. 1, 1902."

Premier Combes, in the French Chamber of Deputies, according to the Boston Pilot, defending the expulsion of the religious communities, said:

"We have reached a turning point in our history. The country would perish if we yielded to the congregations. We wish to arrest the monastic invasion and depend upon the support of the chamber."

Perhaps the best commentary thereupon is Ernest Daudet's "Deserted Cloisters," in *Le Soleil*, of which an excellent translation appears in the latest issue of our esteemed contemporary, the *Ave Maria*. The distinguished novelist had visited a Carmelite convent from which the nuns had lately been expelled, and where "everything spoke of brusque and forced abandonment." He continues:

"Why have they been expelled? How did they interfere with the ascent of ambitious politicians? What fetters did the prayer of a Carmelite or a Little Sister of the Poor place on the inordinate cupidity of a petty official? And what evil was done to our statesmen by the Trappist, bent in silence over his plough, or the Benedictine devoting his time to study, meditation and prayer?"

The general intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for November, is true love for the dead. All of us try to show our love towards our dead friends and relatives, but how many of us do it in the right way. We weep bitterly over their loss for some time and that is about all we do. We are not forbidden to grieve at the loss of our dear ones, but our sorrows should be tempered with the hope that they are better off now than before, and that we will be united with them again,—not like that of the pagans who have no hope. But, if we only weep for our dead and do nothing more, our love is not very strong. What would we say of the love of parents for their children, if they refused to relieve them when they were suffering extreme want. It is the same with the love for our departed ones. If we only weep for them and do nothing more, our love is not

can help them in so many ways. We can have the holy sacrifice of the Mass offered up for them, and offer our good works for them. We can pray for them, and nowadays especially, there are so many prayers and good works enriched with indulgences, most of which are applicable to the Poor Souls. In this way we will show our true love for the dead.

On the first day of the month our Holy Mother, the Church, wants to forget for a short time the fleeting pleasures and joys of this life to direct our gaze to what awaits us beyond the grave, if we are faithful to our Baptismal promises. The Church opens, as it were, a little of the gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and letting a few rays of that ineffable glory which God has in store for saints, shine upon us, says to all rich and poor, learned or ignorant. These good things you are putting by are hardly an image of the good things awaiting you beyond the grave. Labor is, indeed, a condition of your earthly condition, but while laboring for time, labor eternity, Heaven alone is worthy of your care.

In her own eloquent language, the church speaks of our dear fatherland. The epistle of to-day encourages our weakness; it tells us that Heaven is filled with persons of every tribe, tongue and nation; that the saints were all that we are, weak, tempted sinners, even in a word, children of Adam, like us, that it only remains for us to be one day what they were.

The Gospel of the Feast shows us the conditions on which Heaven will be given to us. It consoles us by teaching us that the simplest virtues from humility, which delights in being concealed; to patience, which calumny puts to the severest tests, are so many royal roads that lead to the haven of rest and happiness. The saints have shown us the way, we are to follow.

The Ritualists continue to drift towards the Catholic Church in their rites and ceremonies. Recently they opened a new church in New York, on which occasion the Ritualist bishop of Wisconsin celebrated "High Mass." The New York Sun, commenting on the ceremonies, says:

"The services approached closely the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. The robes of the priests, the incense, the Sanctus bell and the genuflections suggested Catholicism, and the preacher, the rector of the extremely Ritualistic and exceedingly prosperous Church of St. Mary the Virgin, proclaimed with emphasis that "this church is a part of the Catholic Church, and not a part of the Protestant sect," is the church of the worshippers in the Catacombs and through the Middle Ages to to-day," "is the Church authorized by Christ through St. Peter." He promulgated the doctrine of the Real Presence, defended "the right of the priest to grant, through the confessional, absolution according to the warrant of the Gospels," and contended that this faith and these practices "are growing all over the land" in the Episcopal Church.

It cannot be denied by any one familiar with the development of that Church in this country that the preacher had reason for this exultation. The most aggressive party in the Episcopal Church is now the High Church party and it is steadily pressing ahead to further extremes in Ritualism, toward mediaevalism, sacramentarianism and sacerdotalism. "The priests of the church for the last fifty years," said the preacher, "have been cleaning out the wells; do not let the wells fill up again with rubbish and prejudice." And they have done the work very thoroughly. High Churchism both here and in England, has advanced far beyond the dreams of the most enthusiastic leaders of the Oxford movement at its beginning in 1833. Even a generation ago, Episcopalians would have been horrified by the "Romanism" of the service, and the sermon at this opening of an Episcopal church last Sunday, no matter if they had been included in the High Church party as it then was. But now the teaching of the Real Presence and of confessional absolution in an Episcopal church produces no alarm, no unusual sensation.

---

There are words which are worth as much as the best action, because they contain the germ of them all.—Sweetshine.

*Book Review.*

"Relation of Experimental Psychology, to Philosophy," by Mgr. Desire Mercier, is a valuable contribution to the literature of philosophy. Every student of the higher sciences will derive advantage from the perusal of this masterly essay.

Published by Benziger Bros. Price, 35c.

A Child of the Flood, by Rev. Walter T. Leahy.

The heroine of the story is a child who narrowly escaped from the destructive Johnstown flood. Her life and that of her brother is beset with various phases of fortune, which the reader will follow with unabated interest to the very end. The writer gives a good description of student life in our Catholic colleges and academies, the greater part of the story being taken up with this. The book, although intended for children, will be interesting to older people, to whom it will bring back the happy days of their college life.

Published by H. I. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

"In the Days of King Hal," by Marion Ames Taggart, is an interesting novel from start to finish. It brings us back to the turbulent times of Henry V. The cruel and unjust sufferings and persecutions of the principal characters, together with the fortitude and bravery with which they bore them, are touching as well as inspiring. After rain follows sunshine, so also did the hardships of the maiden Isabel have a happy close in the matrimonial union with the son of her father's murderer. We can recommend this novel to young and old, and are sure it will afford them a few hours' delightful reading.

Published by Benziger Bros.

A Round Table of the Representative German Catholic Novelists.

Benziger Bros., New York, publishers. Price, \$1.50.

This is a fourth volume of a series of Catholic fiction of the representative Catholic writers of different countries. The previous volumes of the series embraced the American, English, Irish and

the French Catholic novelists. This volume is a round table of the German Catholic novelists, and contains the twelve best short stories of the foremost German Catholic writers, some of them of world-wide fame. We need only mention the names of Conrad von Bolanden and Jos. Spillman, S.J. After reading Long Philip, by Father Spillman, no one will feel disappointed, except that he would not believe the venerable, old-looking man capable of laughing so much. The book is well printed and contains besides the stories a portrait and a short biographical sketch of the author.

Benziger Bros. have done a great service for English speaking Catholics in publishing these volumes, and we hope their efforts will be duly appreciated.

A brief of the Spanish Inquisition, by Eliza Atkins Stone; reprinted from the Ave Maria.

This is a lucid and impartial dissertation on that all important and misrepresented question of history, the Spanish Inquisition. As the publisher remarks, this essay derives greater interest and import from the fact that the author is a non-Catholic. The author begins by giving three reasons for the misconceptions that exist in the minds of so many writers. She makes a remark which corrects an error into which so many have fallen, viz., that the acts of this tribunal, although mainly ecclesiastical, not the papal, but the royal hand was on the lever. She shows that the Protestants were even worse in this regard, for as Hume remarks, the Inquisition, without its order, was introduced into England. The treatise, though short, will accomplish its purpose,—that of dispelling from all minds the terror and dread with which the very mention of the name Inquisition used to inspire the minds of Protestants and some ignorant Catholics.

Published by the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

We expect everything and are prepared for nothing.—Swetchine.

We do not judge men by what they are in themselves, but by what they are relatively to us.—Mme. Swetchine.

*Letters of Thanksgiving.*

A child of Mary desires to return thanks to our Blessed Mother for obtaining her recovery from intense nervousness, from which she had suffered for a number of years.

Dear Rev. Father:

Will you kindly return thanks through your Review to Our Lady of Mount Carmel for my two children being successful in their examinations.

E. H.

A reader of the Carmelite Review wishes to return thanks to the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony for a spiritual and temporal favor received, after many prayers and novenas were offered. Prayers will be said in thanksgiving.

A Subscriber.

---

GREAT FROM THE FIRST.

---

The world's most famous men have usually shown in their youth that there was good material in them, out of which brave and useful and honorable and clever men might be made.

A boy used to crush flowers to get their color and painted the white sides of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow, who amused himself with making drawings of his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a highly sensational novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Come, this will never do. I get too much excited over it; I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.—Monitor.

---

The highest nobility is natural or divine, and may belong to him who walks barefooted in rags; but he who is without it, though clad in purple and gold, remains base and ignoble.

A VISIT TO THE CHURCH.

Professional and business men will find much appreciation when things problematic arise, if they pay a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament at the nearest Church. It takes but a few moments, and the Sacred Heart of Jesus that throbs with love for us will more than doubly repay us for the time that we spent in His Divine presence.

Churches are handy in all parts of the city, and the little lamp that burns in the Sanctuary is the only companion of our sweet Saviour and loving God, save His countless angels. Let us for whom He died also visit Him occasionally, and we will be rewarded, for He is in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist not as a severe judge, but as the consoling refuge, wherein we may find solace. "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you."—Monitor.

---

When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

A millionaire once said to me, "I never got real happiness out of my money until I began to do good with it." Be useful if you want to be cheerful. Always be lighting somebody's torch, and that will shed its brightness on your own pathway too.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

There exists in human nature a disposition to murmur at the disappointments and calamities incident to it, rather than to acknowledge with gratitude the blessings by which they are more than counterbalanced.

If a Protestant tourist or missionary goes into some avowedly Catholic country and finds churches and clergy few and far between, he writes home about the way the Church is neglecting these poor people. If, on the other hand, he finds the Church well organized and the clergy comparatively numerous he raises a wail on the cruel ways in which he is "priest ridden." He is bound not to be pleased, no matter what condition presents itself.

*Petitions Asked For.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers.

That a person may obtain a certain position; that a teacher may get pupils and a position that was promised; three special intentions; that a husband given to drink may reform.

---

 OUR LADY OF SORROWS.
 

---

Who can describe the sufferings of the Mother of Jesus? Alas, they were continual and excessive! The whole life of the Blessed Virgin was one long protracted agony, a perpetual Martyrdom. The bleeding tragedy of Calvary was ever before her eyes and present to her mind.

St. Bernard assures us that Mary suffered in her soul more than all the martyrs, and for this reason the church calls her the Queen of Martyrs and Mother of Sorrows. Knowing that it was the will of God that Jesus should die to save the world, she co-operated with him with all the powers of her soul. What a wonderful example of patience and resignation does not Mary give us?

Let us ever feel a tender compassion for the Queen of Martyrs, and sometimes reflect that it is we who have been the cause of her long and cruel martyrdom. When we have crosses to bear, let us unite them with hers, and follow in the footsteps of the Son and the Mother. She esteemed herself happy to drink with Jesus of the chalice of His humiliation, and to drain it even to the dregs.

Alas! how little do we resemble this perfect model. A single trial, the slightest suffering is sufficient to dishearten us, and to cause us to murmur and complain. Thus it is that we lose all the fruits of our trials and sufferings. Why are we so weak? Ah, it is because we do not know how to lean upon the cross as Mary did. If we thought often of the sufferings of the crucified Saviour, it would support us in our trials, and instead of pitying ourselves, we would say with the Blessed Virgin, "Father, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."  
—The Casket.

*Our Lady's Own.*

Scapular names have been received at a Falls View, Ont., from St. Finnan's Church, Alexandria, Ont.; Trinity, Trinity Bay, Nfld.; St. Vincent de Paul's church, Niagara, Ont.; St. Basil's Novitiate, Deer Park, Ont.; Yonkers, N. Y.; Michigan; St. Mary's Institute, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Joseph's Monastery, Winsted, Conn.; Bay City, Mich.; St. James' church, Rockford, Ill.; St. Peter's church, Oshkosh, Wis.; St. Patrick's church, Scranton, Pa.; St. Dominic's Monastery, San Francisco, Cal.; Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.; La Crescent P. O., Minn.; Gorham, Kan.; Hannah, Mich.; Newport News, Va.; Brechin, Ont.; St. Andrews, Ont.; St. Dunstan's church, Herington, Kan.; Staples, Ont.; University of Notre Dame, Ind.; Church of the Nativity of the Bl. Virgin, Williamstown Ont.

New Baltimore, Pa., from Nicholson, Pa.; St. Mary's Gaylord, Mich.; St. Louis' University, St. Louis, Mo.; Plymouth, Wis.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Ambrose church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Mary's church, Cleveland, O.; St. Vincent's Orphanage, Cleveland, O.; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, O.; St. Michael's church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Mary's church, Bloomington, Wis.; Sacred Heart church, Morrilton, Ark.; St. John's church, Scottsdale, Pa.; Abbey of Gethsemani, Gethsemane, Ky.

---

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good act to all eternity.

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.

Would you see God? Look at these exquisite flowers, at those waves curling on the current of rivers. Breathe the gentle western winds that bring health and comfort on their wings. Vast seas, wide plains, snow-capped mountains, all that we see, all that we hear speak to us unceasingly of our Father's love.

### Obituary.

Hugh Kelly, of New York.

Sarah Doyle, who died in Alliston, Ont., on Aug. 16th.

John Graham, who died suddenly on Feb. 14th, 1902, at Metuchen, N.J.

The following lately deceased are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

Mary Ann Spaunhorst, who departed from this life on Sept. 13th, at St. Louis, Mo.

Sister Macrina, who passed away peacefully, at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

---

### BOOKS.

---

Books are teachers whose influence is peculiar to themselves. They speak not to you unless you speak to them. You must go to them, or they will not come to you. They teach when other teachers sleep, or travel, or die. In the silence of the midnight hour, or in the seclusion of a mountain or forest retreat, with none but you and your book, there you and it, in stillness and solitude, may converse together. Not one sound shall pass from either to the other, yet you and it shall talk as though you had a veritable living person by your side. In the indelible form of printed words, passing as rapidly as the weaver's shuttle before your eyes, it then holds conversation with you in the secret chamber of your mind. Enfolded in those magic syllables and sentences, in a voice which none can hear but the visible ear of your own silent soul.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

---

Neutral men are the devil's allies.

The hardest step is over the threshold.

The less men think the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.—Cervantes.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

The ideal of friendship is to feel as one while remaining two.—Mme. Swetchine.

"The least said is the easiest remedied," is an old saying, but contains such a powerful amount of truth that when our glance falls on the expression we cannot help but ponder over it. In these days of worldly strife, we are prone to criticise our neighbor and many cases of enmity lasting to the grave have been caused by the tongue of the willing talker. We should be careful as to what we say, and as to the manner we say it, when we are speaking of another. We should avoid confidences with our intimates for therein lies the thread of so much after-sorrow. Man is prone to error; if he has done wrong we should be the first to assist him. We can never make a man better by continually letting him know that he was once the subject of much criticism.

---

To do nothing by halves is the way of a noble mind.

We are liable to be corrupted by books as by companions.

Resignation is putting God between ourselves and grief.

Thy actions, and thy actions alone determine thy worth.

Trifles make up perfection, and perfection is no mere trifle.

Stab at thee who will; no stab the soul can kill.—Raleigh.

We all bear the misfortune of others with heroic constancy.

To be misunderstood is the cross and bitterness of life.—Amiel.

Our greatest misfortunes come to us from ourselves.—Rousseau.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.—Solon.

Say not always what you know, but always know what you say.

Religion is as necessary to reason, as reason is to religion.—Washington.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, and innumerable to the vain.

Usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a traveller just returned from abroad.—Swift.

The meditative heart attends the warning of each day and hour, and practices in secret every virtue.—Goethe.