



Our Lady of the Scapular.



Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

(Addressed to Carmelite Fathers.)



IS said of virgin souls above
 In land of blissful calm,
 Their robes are "white," their song is "new,"
 They follow "Christ the Lamb."

To-day a festal radiance shines
 O'er Carmel's Mount of prayer,
 And sweet those mystic whisperings
 That waft in gentle air.

We see Elias' holy sons
 Arrayed in mantles "white";
 And hear them praise with gladness "new"
 The Lord of life and light.

Who called them to the narrow way
 His sacred footsteps trod,
 Where, strengthened by angelic food,
 They reach "the mount of God."

And with their plaintive melody
 That murmurs to and fro,
 More soothingly than summer breeze
 Or mountain streamlet's flow.

It is a "salve" to their Queen,
 The "sweetness" of our life,
 Whose watchful "eyes of mercy" beam
 Like star-rays o'er its strife.

Who pleads as "advocate" above
 With Christ, for every grace;
 And "after exile" shows, unveiled,
 The beauty of His face.

Sweet summer feast! to Carmelites
 So glorious and so dear;
 The brightest of "bright days" that strew*
 Their firmament each year.

O may celestial blessings fall
 Like dewdrops from above,
 My fathers, on your souls to-day
 And those of all you love.

Enfant de Marie.

*—"Bright days that strew the year
 like stars."—Faber.

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XXVIII.

When he had gone from Rosamond, Mr. Dorane was angry and mortified. Angry with himself because he had not waited for a better opportunity in which to approach the woman, whom, it must be said, in justice to him he truly loved; and mortified, because he, Cyrus Dorane, was rejected by this mere slip of a girl.

What a great target for the arrows of some of his clever friends it would be, should they ever find it out on him. And what a field of amusement it would extend to the principal figure in their exclusive club, the brilliant Bruce Everett. Dorane could better bear the ridicule of any number of the others, but this man's satire he could not.

But still, as he had said to Rosamond, time works many changes, and he was firmly convinced that she would yet turn to him, and if he could keep present conditions from being known to his friends, he was all right. But there was one whom he decided to tell, and that was Mrs. Staunton. For, if any person could help him out, she was that person. He knew well that he was in her good graces, and she would be willing to exercise all her influence on his behalf with her companion. Yes, he would consult the Judge's wife, very soon.

"How independent she is," he had muttered to himself, as once he had looked back after Rosamond, "that she can afford to spurn Cyrus Dorane. I will teach her the difference—Papist though she is—and she will grow to love me. Such a pretty girl would please even my fastidious mother, in the end. Even if she does not, I love her. What's this?" as just outside the door of St. Mary's, he saw lying a white pearl object, which, stooping, he picked up.

"Popery!" he muttered when he found what it was. "Papist talisman and urgh. 'She' belongs to it. Queer object this; worth keeping," and examining the rosary intently for a couple of seconds, he dropped it into his coat pocket, unconscious of whose property

they were. In his present humor, he was not disposed to go to the National, nor home either, so he began to wander aimlessly about the suburban roads until nearly dark, when he returned to the city and went directly to the club.

"Some Burgundy to steady the nerves," he said to Dr. Greeley's spendthrift son Arthur, who with several others was seated at the card table. He had risen up at Dorane's entrance, proffering the newcomer a glass of wine.

"Yes, you need it, old fellow; what in hades is the matter with you? You're as white as the steed of Pollux. I always said bank business was too arduous a work for you," Greeley rejoined, while Dorane drained his glass in silence. "Come and play roulette."

"Not just now, thanks; I'll look on for a while."

At the other end of the richly appointed room, quietly smoking a cigarette, and silently contemplating the many players the different tables had, and of Greeley's group in particular, sat Bruce Everett. "That's all they are fit for," was his mentally voiced opinion, "wine and roulette. Poor fools! they are deserving of pity."

As soon as Dorane had seated himself he felt those gleaming, cynical eyes to be upon him, but hating this knight of the law as he did, he ignored noticing the attorney altogether, and began to talk politics, (of which he knew nothing) with Hilton Carton. When the subject of Democracy and Republicanism was exhausted Cyrus said pleasantly to Arthur Greeley, who seemed to be growing tired of the game, and was centering more attention on what Dorane and Carton were saying. "Oh, yes, Greeley, I have something here that's bound to amuse you. Look at the Popery idol! I picked it up to-day outside the Catholic church on Grantly road. The property of some superstitious fool, I warrant," and drawing the white beads from his pocket, the young man dangled them over the card table.

Everett, from his place, saw the contemptible action, and what was more, recognized the beads as those he had seen in the hands of Rosamond Raymond in Saint Mary's some three weeks ago.

The lawyer sprang to his feet, and before Dorane was aware of his nearness or could prevent him, Everett had snatched the pearls out of his hand.

"Hand them back, Everett," he commanded, grinding his teeth in anger at being thus toyed with in his present mood. Though he had been talking on any and all subjects, he had done so only to try and forget the disappointment the afternoon had brought him, and being tampered with by an enemy now did not serve to improve his temper.

"Hand them back, my dear Dorane? Why, of course I will," was the lawyer's courteous reply, "to the person to whom they belong. You might know very well that such dainty articles could only be the property of a lady. By insulting them, you have insulted her and a religion that even to a pessimist like myself, represents one of the noblest and grandest of any Divine institutions, and Bruce Everett can never sit under that sort of thing. But I shall restore these to the one to whom they belong, whom I may be pleased to inform you, is the young lady you pretend to admire so much, and that is Miss Raymond."

At once Mr. Dorane's countenance underwent a change. Why had he been so stupid, and not surmised, as he might have done at another time, that this article of Catholic devotion had belonged to Rosamond Raymond? Finding them so near the church he should have known it, at the hour when she had been the only worshipper there. Everett would not spare him to her, and whatever chances were still left to him of winning her, when she would be told of his bigotry, it was natural they would be spoiled. "How do you know they belong to Miss Raymond?" he asked doggedly, and making an ineffectual attempt to regain the rosary from Everett's strong hand.

"Oh, that is my affair, Mr. Dorane. The lion asked the fox how he felt when he was done with him. The rest you may think out for yourself, if your feather brain is capable of that much."

"Give those beads back!" and this time Mr. Dorane shouted, in scarcely a gentlemanly voice. While his friends looked on, serenely interested in the contest, but too lazy to interfere, and too wise also, when Bruce Everett was one of the contestants. "I can return them to Miss Raymond; I got them first and I have a right to them."

"No, I shall not. You are a bigot a cad, Dorane, and have no right whatever to hold an emblem of religion, which you have insulted. To-morrow, possibly, will see me at Staunton House, so I shall carry them to the fair shrine to where they belong."

"Nice conduct for Miss Staunton's intended husband," Dorane said sneeringly, "seeking interviews with other young ladies."

Everett looked at him and his eagle eyes fairly blazed with suppressed anger.

"If you value your own name at all, do not dare to bring the proud one of a lady like Miss Staunton into this card den, although you are a bigot and a cad. I would advise you to leave here for a while now, and when you come back you will be all the fresher for your night's lucrative pastime,—the delightful gambling in which you occasionally indulge," and with a sarcastic smile on his handsome face, the lawyer put the pearls, he had so lately rescued in his vest pocket, and saying a cold good-night to the rest of the company, departed for his apartments at the Waldorf.

"What did he call me again?" Dorane exclaimed, jumping to his feet, and looking around at his friends, the friends that money and joviality begets, "a bigot, a cad! ha, ha! You will repent those words yet, Bruce Everett. More wine Greely. Fill up the cup; it will help to ripen the scheme that has just come into my head to humble this high flown fellow, but it may be some months before it comes to anything."

"Don't get excited, Cy," Carton advised soothingly, "it is bad to be in cold water with a man like Bruce Everett, and there is no use saying rash things. There will be other chances for you to see Miss Raymond."

"Hold your tongue, Hilton Carton," was the polite rejoinder, "and keep your-

opinion until it is asked," and swallowing the claret that Greely poured out to him, the irate Cyrus threw himself on a couch, and for the remainder of the evening treated his boon companions to a gentle exhibition of sulks, that made them think there was something more the matter with him than this petty quarrel he had with his foe—the brilliant lawyer—and they had their own surmises of the case.

XXIV.

True to his word, and as early as was opportune for him, the day after his quarrel with Mr. Dorane, Mr. Everett made his daily visit of course to Staunton House, but with something more bearing on him than the time he would spend with his betrothed. While he waited in the library for Beatrice to appear, he took from his pocket Rosamond Raymond's rosary, and was wishing he could see the young lady now, in order not to defer their restoration.

He fingered them with delicate care, wondering what value, apart from their own precious worth, was to be set on them. "What simple faith," he thought, "and whatever good they may be to her. It is odd, or must be, to say prayers on them." And this was the second time the man of the world and earthly ambitions ever dwelt on religion. Was it productive of any good? We shall see.

As if in answer to his unexpressed desire, the door opened and the slender figure of Mrs. Staunton's companion stole softly into the room.

When she caught sight of the tall form seated before the brightly glowing fire, Rosamond stopped short, in the act of returning a volume of Browning to the shelf.

"Do not mind me, Miss Raymond," he said rising up, "and I am glad to meet you, as I have a small matter of business with you. Tell me, have you lost anything on the street, in the shape of pearls, during the week?" He bent his fine black head towards her, and under the admiring gaze of his eagle eyes, her blue orbs fell, but recovering her self-possession she looked up at him again, and replied quickly, "Yes, Mr. Everett, I dropped a pair of beads yesterday, I think it was, near St. Mary's," while in-

wardly she was making all kinds of conjectures as to how the lawyer came to find her rosary, or how he knew it was her's.

"Here they are, then," he said, giving the beads into her hands, "I am glad to be able to return them." The lovely face lit up with the rare smile, that was undoubtedly, though he had not yet realized it, becoming a subtle fascination to this man, as she replied: "Thank you, Mr. Everett, I am so obliged to you. These were a present from the priest of our parish, Father Madden, to me some few years ago, and I was regretting their loss so much."

"The pleasure is all on the one side," he returned gallantly, "though I must admit I was not their first finder. They were given me by a certain gentleman, who picked them up near St. Mary's, and imposed upon me the acceptable task of being their bearer to you." Honorable to a fault, he concealed the name of their first finder and the way he had acted in the playing room at the club towards them, and Rosamond divined that he did not wish to be questioned as to who it had been.

Beatrice on her way down stairs, and coming so softly that the two did not hear her, stopped in her descent, and the color flickered in her olive cheeks. What meant this action of her lover's, and her mother's paid companion, as they seemed to her to be in earnest conversation? It appalled her, but making a slight noise on the marble step, with her slipped foot, so as to warn the "guilty ones" of her approach, she hastened down. She expected to see Miss Raymond make a quick exit, and her lover to show some confusion at being caught thus, but it was neither. Rosamond murmured another "thank you," without the least show that she felt guilty of having done wrong, and Everett said slowly, "You are welcome, Miss Raymond,—words that Rosamond remembered having heard once on a day long before.

Swiftly the lawyer noticed the look of pained displeasure on the countenance of his betrothed. The first time to his recollection he had ever seen it there, and he knew by its expression, when Rosamond had left the room, that Beatrice

demanding an explanation of this unlooked for occurrence.

"I owe you an apology, my dear Beatrice," he said, drawing her to the Roman couch near the window.

"Our friend, Cyrus Dorane, found a pearl beads yesterday, and as he seemed prepared to make a toy out of them to amuse some of his followers, I thought it time to take charge of them, and to restore them to their owner. Hence your discovery just now."

Her face cleared, and she appeared satisfied with his words of explanation. Nevertheless, she asked, with just a very slight coldness in her voice, "How did you know they belonged to mamma's companion, Bruce?"

The question staggered him for a minute or two, as he had not anticipated it, but with the self-possession that was never known to desert him, he answered: "I saw them in Miss Raymond's hand a couple of weeks ago in St. Mary's out here, into where I had wandered, after a ride with you, as I was desirous of seeing the gothic interior, of which I have heard a great deal."

To all appearances she believed him, but the tiny canker-worm of jealousy began to gnaw at the young heart-strings, and love's voice whispered that some stronger motive, than a mere liking and admiration for art and architecture, had drawn her lover into a Catholic place of worship. If she was not careful, her citadel was being attacked by an unintentional enemy, for her generous nature would not allow her to have wrong thoughts of the fair girl whom she really and truly loved, and who had the respect and liking of all in her father's house.

"Tempora mutantur," she said with rather a forced smile, "when Bruce Everett would cross the threshold of a temple of religion even though it should hold marvels of art and architecture."

"Peccavi, my own, but you will forgive me. As an assurance that you do give me just a leaf from your most dainty of bouquets."

He leaned over to her face, and the mastery of his own eloquent one and the deep voice that captivated all who ever heard it, conquered her suddenly acquired coldness. Plucking the purple pansies fastened in the lace of her cream cash-

mere robe, she loosened them, and with her white fingers, pinned one in his buttonhole, as he requested her to do.

"Now I shall have no qualms of conscience since my queen no longer accuses me of having committed any misdemeanor."

He smiled and she smiled in unison, but still she had her misgivings.

In her own room Rosamond Raymond stood before the window busy with many and different reflections.

Her mistress and her husband had gone out after luncheon, for a ride. She had been given her choice of going or staying, but since yesterday's happenings she had not been quite herself, so she had chosen the latter, but half wishing that Mrs. Staunton would say she could go home for a while if she preferred. She had so much to tell her mother, and she could not rest until she had relieved her mind, but her mistress was not so thoughtful this time, and there was no alternative for the young girl but to remain where she was.

"It's not my day out, anyhow," she contended; "I mustn't expect too much." She had consoled herself with reading, until desiring another book, she had gone down to the library, and there taken part in the little scene that was proving such a disturbance to Beatrice Staunton's mind.

"It's strange how Mr. Everett found you," she said confidently to her beads, "or got you from the gentleman who did, I mean," and she never suspected who the gentleman was. There was a knock at her door and it was pushed in by Mrs. Barret.

"I ain't come to stay, Miss Raymond" she said as the young girl invited her to a chair, "I just want to know if you have any mending you want done, as I am taking some linens to the sewing woman."

"No thanks, Barret. I had rather do my own. You don't ever come in now. Are you busy?"

"I always am at this time of the year, dearie, and I've been a lot over to Mrs. Williams' since she took sick," said the housekeeper evasively, keeping to herself that her mistress had forbidden her Miss Raymond's room, and the holding of any prolonged conversation with

the young girl. Our readers know why.

Mrs. Barret went on her way, and Rosamond was left to her reflections, but before long they were interrupted again by another gentle knock on the blue-panelled door of her room, and this time it proved to be Miss Staunton.

"Mr. Everett has gone," the heiress said, seeking a dainty rocker, near Rosamond's inlaid work table, "and papa and mamma have not yet returned, Miss Raymond, so I have come up to find company in you. There is something I want to ask you. What use do you Catholics make of those strung beads, which Mr. Everett restored to you to-day?"

Rosamond blushed, and showed by her smiles how much this visit pleased her, and how willing she was to answer the question.

"We count prayers on them, Miss Staunton," and she held them up to the other's curious eyes. "To the Queen of Heaven, who, as the mother of our God, we Catholics all love and honor, but we do not adore her, as many outside of the pale of the church think we do. We simply ask her protection, because of the relation she bears to our Divine Redeemer and because she is the Queen of Heaven."

"I see. It is a pretty thought. Say one of the prayers you make to her, for me; I have never heard one." Rosamond, in some surprise, repeated the Hail Mary, for the hearing of this child of darkness, and at the conclusion, the heiress clasped her hands, exclaiming: "Oh how lovely! Miss Raymond, I wish we had prayers like that in our church, but you see it would not do, because we only pray to the Saviour. The Virgin does not receive any honors from us, and do you not think, now, that it is a peculiar teaching of your church, that she should?"

"The mother of God is holy and Immaculate, Miss Staunton, and being so, she is our model in all virtues. Because she is the mother of God, we are always honoring her. A child loves its father, but by asking its mother to plead for some favor it may want from him, it knows it will get it all the more readily. So it is with us Catholics, and very often through the intercession of

our Heavenly Mother with her Divine Son, we obtain any amount of favors, spiritual and temporal.

This was all new to the Presbyterian enlightenment of the Judge's daughter, and, just now, novelty. As yet she saw only its poetry.

She would have questioned the gentle exponent of this Catholic practice still further, but the sound of carriage wheels outside and the anticipation of attending a musicale with her lover, later on in the evening, at Colonel Compeigne's, prevented. Rising up, she thanked Miss Raymond, and playfully asked her to say a prayer for her intention to the Virgin. Rosamond, wondering much, prayed for this soul to be led into the light.

When Beatrice descended to the hall, she found her mother and father just entering, and both parents seemed quiet and disturbed over something.

"What is the matter, papa?" she cried, her first thought being for her father, "Has mamma been lecturing you?"

"Yes, ma chere," said her mother, promptly, "but I do not think he likes it, and it is on your account. Perhaps it will be well for you to go with papa to his study, and he will tell you what I already know."

"No, we shall go to the library," Beatrice replied, while Sampson, the footman, helped his master to remove his fur coat and heavy boots. "It is a pleasanter place to hold a consultation than in an upstairs room, eh, papa?"

"So you say, daughter, and I expect you are right," and catching his daughter's arm, while his wife still wrapped up in her costly furs, swept grandly up the marble steps, the white-haired Judge entered the library, and the two seated themselves.

"Has Bruce been here this afternoon?" he asked by way of preface to future utterances.

"Yes, papa, he came to know if I was going to Compeigne's to-night. Did you wish to see him?"

"Some other time will do. But I must begin with the real business that has been troubling mamma and myself, too; it is this: Does my Beatrice think she could sacrifice her Bruce's presence for a couple of weeks in distant Virginia, in the interests of her father?"

"Is it to investigate the new search that you spoke to him about some time ago, for Millicent, papa?"

"Yes, darling; and I thought now would be a good time, because later on, near your wedding day, I could not presume to take him away from you. Even as it is, mamma thinks it is a cruel wrong."

"Is that why she lectured you, and was looking so displeased when you came in from your drive? She should not have thought like that, for, though I shall miss Bruce greatly the weeks he may be away, I am so happy to think I can give such help to my Judge, and the expectation of Bruce's prompt return will keep me from becoming lonesome. Can I do any more for you, papa?" and her lovely Southern face shone with dutiful love.

"No, darling, and you have done too much. But you must speak of your willingness to do as I have asked of you to mamma now, so that she can no more accuse me of cruelty."

Mrs. Staunton was greatly opposed in truth to this Southern trip of her daughter's lover, especially to its nature, because, possessing the knowledge of certain things which she did, and that with no small feeling of triumph, she knew, despite the brilliant lawyer's cleverness and determination, he would not find the clue he wanted there. Not likely her husband would demand that he should continue it here in New York. "It was all cruelty," she had said to her husband, "to deprive Beatrice of her fiance for such a space of time, and he was only going on a wild hare chase." But her scolding was harmless, and when her daughter told her that night of her willingness to let her lover go, to please her father, the lady had to be quite satisfied, or try to appear so.

XXV.

"Mamma, what is the matter with Miss Raymond these several days past, that she is so quiet, and why is she staying in so much?" queried Miss Staunton, looking up from her embroidery, several mornings after the events narrated in our last chapter.

"That is partly my fault, her remaining in, Beatrice," Mrs. Staunton replied

carelessly. "My head has been so bad this week, and it seems to me my companion is the only one whose administrations can in any way help me. That stupid Anna makes me nervous when she is about my person. Really, I must try to find another maid."

"I might have come to your assistance, for really it is a shame to have kept Miss Raymond so confined; why, she has actually grown pale."

"That is not my affair, dear. However, I have been selfish in keeping her in, on her days out, but she may take to-day, if she chooses"—a permission which the lady carried in the afternoon to her companion, and which the young girl gladly availed herself of. As yet she had had no chance, since her last encounter with Cyrus Dorane, to go home to the Square to find a confidant in her mother.

When she did reach the old familiar place, she was as a new being, and before long she had poured into her mother's ears all that she wanted to tell. Mrs. Raymond was not surprised. Ever since her lovely daughter had spoken of Mr. Dorane's friendly advances to her, she expected such a result, and pressing the golden head to her breast, she applauded her for her firm refusal and answer to a man that was in no way suited to her. She warned her if he still pursued her, to hold her own against him, in precisely the same manner.

"You see, mother," she said, while a deep blush dyed her cheeks, "I met him twice on Tuesday. When I was coming home to you, and when I was going back to Staunton House. The first time he walked as far as St. Mary's with me, and I couldn't be rude to him, and it was the second time, oh—well, you know what happened, mother," and she nestled shyly to her parent's side.

Yes, dearie, and it was a pity it came to pass, but you could not help it; but tell mother, is there any other whom my sunbeam loves? I know, though you are so pure and good, that you are not destined for a religious life, therefore, I do not refrain from asking you a question on what, sometime, must come into your life in the world?"

For a second Rosamond did not reply, for before her mental view there arose a

tall, kingly figure and face, that more than once she had likened to one of the dead knights of chivalry, whose picture hung in one part of the Staunton art gallery. But what was this man to her? Was he not the promised of another, and why should she, the poor paid companion, presume to think of him? Was she not guilty of a wrong?

She looked up into her mother's face, and answered elusively, "I love only God and you, mother, and with you, I am contented," then she stood up to go, and Mrs. Raymond was once more left alone.

"It is all in a life-time," she said, looking abstractedly out over the surrounding house-tops. "Things always go contra, but you are blessed, Millicent Kingsley, in having a child so strong in faith and purpose. How everything has changed in the home of my youth. Mrs. Reeves is dead, and a new set of servants fill the old places of the faithful ones I knew and trusted, and father is happy in a second wife and daughter, and my child finds her living with him."

A light tap sounded on her room door, and it was Mrs. Curran come up to enjoy a chat with her, but the little woman, finding her tenant rather silent and preoccupied, was somewhat frustrated in her desire of being agreeable, so she did not remain long, and perhaps Mrs. Raymond was not altogether sorry.

Rosamond took the car back to Staunton House, and when she got out, she looked neither to the right nor the left, for fear Mr. Dorane might be hovering round. He had not been near the mansion of her mistress, nor had she seen him, since the day she had refused to listen to his declaration of love. She went straight up the cedar walk, and into the house. She felt herself grow dizzy, when passing the Japanese sitting-room, and chancing a glance in at the open door, she saw her mistress ensconced in a comfortable tete-a-tete chair with Mr. Dorane seated near her, and both of them were buried in a low, earnest conversation.

The souave and smiling Cyrus had brought his troubles to his sympathetic hostess of so many occasions, giving her the whole facts of his unsuccessful wooing of her fair companion, and begging

her in his blind eagerness to do something to help him out.

"The idea of a girl refusing you so point blank, Cyrus," the lady had said, indignantly, "and the honor of becoming your wife. Miss Raymond must be mad, or, perhaps, she is coquettish, and is waiting to be asked again."

"I wish I could believe that," Mr. Dorane had replied in his silken voice, "I should not have troubled you, my dear Mrs. Staunton, with my perturbed state of feelings. Miss Raymond is a very determined young lady, as I have learned in the three or four months I have known her, and I fear she says what she means. But you can help me to approach her again, for I am bound to win her." Very strong terms for Mr. Dorane to use, but just then he meant them, Mrs. Staunton had just been going to reply, when the ring of the front door bell, and Sampson's "Jes' in time for dinnah, Miss Raymon'," arrested her attention. Quickly arising she opened the door of her Japanese room, in order that they might get a full glimpse of her companion, as she passed up the stairs.

When Rosamond, with a disturbed heart, had passed from her admirer's sight, and that of her mistress, Mrs. Staunton closed the door again and sought her chair beside her young friend.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," she said, in her most engaging manner, "and you can hope yet, my dear Cyrus; leave it in my hands, and I will promise not to fail you." She was rewarded by a deep look of gratitude from the small-featured face, and narrow black eyes, but she could not prevail on him to remain to dinner. Under present conditions, it was just as well that he did not. Mrs. Staunton rang for her companion, and Rosamond came down to her a little flushed in the cheeks, but otherwise looking better than she had been for the last few days. Not a mention did the wily lady make of Cyrus Dorane to the young girl, except to casually remark that her young friend was feeling badly, over the near departure of his parents and sisters to Italy, and she was consoling him. It was a pretty fib, well clothed in nice language, and given with such sincerity of voice that simple, trusting

Rosamond believed her. She felt really sorry for Mr. Dorane, and to think that he was so attached to his parents and sisters. He had some good points after all.

"Am I intruding, or is there room for one more in this inviting square," said a pleasantly modulated feminine voice, and pretty Mrs. Aiden from C—, closely followed by Miss Staunton, advanced into the room.

"Why Clara, how do you do," was Mrs. Staunton's greeting, as she shook the young widow's hand. "I thought you safe in C—, but I am real glad to see you. You will remain a while with us, of course?"

"No, I thank you. I have just come in for a couple of days. I met Cyrus Dorane and bowed to him from my carriage window as I came along. My! but what has changed him so? He looks worn out, Madeline, as if he was being deprived of his nightly sleep." Mrs. Staunton glanced at her companion, and saw the confused blush that overspread the delicate face, but her visitor and daughter, having no conception of the truth, noticed nothing, so she said, and with some relief to Rosamond: "I expect he does not like the family's going abroad to live, and he will never go himself. Poor Cyrus was always such a nice boy." Before the bell rang for dinner, she had repeated this sentence twice, intending it more for her companion's ears than any one else's, but it was lost upon Rosamond, and she never showed in her expressive features that she heard it at all.

Mr. Dorane had gone from Staunton House full of hope, voting the Judge's wife the most clever and kind-hearted of ladies, for the way she had taken up what had seemed to him, before his visit to her, a hopeless case, and her promise of future aid, in securing to him the prize he coveted. That she had a personal interest at heart was not in his mind, and his despicable vanity was flattered at her readiness to do him good service.

XXVI.

"So you are off to-night to the South, Everett? Well, I wish you lots of good luck in this new enterprise. If you suc-

ceed, it will mean a great deal to you, and, Great Christopher, you will succeed!"

Frank Heathcote clapped his hands, and then held one that was as hard and chubby as a school boy's, out to his partner, as that gentleman scanned a train schedule to see what hour the next special would go out.

"Don't shout until you are out of the woods," is an old adage, but a very true one, Heathcote. I might not be so successful this time, as you would imagine, though I am most desirous of pleasing Judge Staunton. As for what I shall make out of it, that does not amount to shucks. It is not for any interests of my own, I assure you, that I would make such a trip, at this season of the year, but it is made to satisfy the longing of an old man's noble affectionate heart."

"His daughter is following in his footsteps then, for that. She has proved it, now, by her generosity, in letting you go. Plenty young ladies would object to it.

"Miss Staunton is not like other young ladies, and her father's happiness is first with her, before all others, and her own, too, if such is to be gained in her knowing Bruce Everett. Nine o'clock the special goes out, and it is four o'clock now. Must start for Staunton House right away, or I will be accused of tardiness. I shall not come back here again Heathcote, but I will see you before nine to-night."

"Yes, I'll be at the station. I suppose you would not be anxious to see Cy. Dorane there. Might bring him along for company, you know."

A slight sneer showed itself about the lawyer's finely cut lips. "I guess Cy. would not be over solicitous to come himself. There was a grand rupture between us over a trifling thing, too, a couple of weeks ago, and judging by Dorane's revengeful and hurt cast of features, when we occasionally meet, he has not recovered himself. I feel badly; you know how much! Oh, no, Frank; come yourself to-night, and leave our friend to his card and wine." And laughing good-humoredly, Everett ordered his horse, and in due time arrived at Staunton House.

Beatrice had not felt lonesome until the minute came that he could stay with her no longer, then her heart sank, and the white hand, resting in his, trembled. Somehow, the heiress felt that through this parting possibly a change was coming into her happy, unclouded existence. She could not define it, but it might have been that the little scene that she had witnessed in the library, some days ago, with her lover and her mother's golden-haired companion, as its principal actors, had much to do with it.

She said good-bye to him in the drawing room, but her mother and father, the latter in high spirits over his future son-in-law's speedy departure in his dearest interest at heart, accompanied him to the door, while upstairs against her window pane was pressed, a fair, spirituelle face, whose blue eyes watched the carriage roll away.

"Why were you not down to see Mr. Everett go?" Mrs. Staunton asked her companion, when they were retiring that night.

"I had a headache, Mrs. Staunton," Rosamond replied, "and I was resting. I only got up in time to see Sampson drive Mr. Everett away."

"Miss Raymond, I am coming in. I want to speak to you very particularly, before we start for town," Mrs. Staunton said, a couple of mornings after, as knocking at her companion's sitting-room door, she pushed it in. "No, I shall not sit. Anna is waiting to dress me, but what I want to say to you is this. There is to be a ball at Staunton House in two weeks' time, in honor, and as a farewell to my friends, the Compeignes and the Doranes, and I wish you to be present. No, no, I shall take no refusal, and you shall choose your dress to-day," and leaving her companion to think what she might, the lady returned to her dressing room. Soon after her daughter, attired in fur coat and black plumed velvet hat, joined her.

"I regret so much, mamma," the heiress said, "that Bruce will not be home

to participate in our ball."

"He might be, darling. He said he hoped to be through with his investigation in two weeks, but I have sent him an invitation anyway, so even if he arrives that night he will show his brilliant presence to us for a little while. When do you expect to hear from him?"

"He promised to write as soon as he reached Virginia, mother. I should receive his letter very soon now."

Next morning, while they were at breakfast, and the mail was brought in by the smiling Sampson, there were two addressed envelopes, which Judge Staunton immediately seized, and handing one to his daughter, kept the other himself. Opening it he found the few brief words: "I have no clue yet, but hope to in a few days. Yours, Everett."

"And that is as good as saying he has found one," the Judge said, passing the concise letter to his wife, at which that lady felt more like frowning than smiling upon. She took a glance of peculiar interest at her companion sipping her coffee, right beside her; then she looked towards her daughter, as Beatrice with a happy face, began to open her lover's letter.

"We will excuse you from table, darling," she said "if you would prefer to read what Bruce has said all to yourself." The heiress, smiling and blushing, stole away to her father's study, a place she often visited, and with eager hands she opened the precious missive that had come so far to her.

It was written in a fine, bold hand, and in his graceful, polished way, but still, though it contained many loving messages, there was a warmth lacking to it, off the absence of which only she could see and feel. It chilled her cruelly, but brave heart that she was, she spoke only of what was nice about it to her mother and father, and the rest she kept.

Another week passed, and the Judge was again in receipt of a letter from Virginia, and this time it held much for him.

To be continued.

"To Suffer or to Die."

Translated from the French by a Religious of the Presentation Order.

"Aut pati aut mori—to suffer or to die!" It was Saint Teresa's word, wounded to the heart with one of those mystical, incurable wounds; incurable upon earth; which find no relief but in the heroic follies of the Cross. "To suffer or to die!" But why? Why that thirst for suffering which cannot be exchanged, but for the thirst of death? And how comes it that the Saints, when they are deprived of it, have no other consolation than the consolation of the tomb?

First, because suffering is the most assured token of the love that God has for a soul.

The Creator loves His creature He loves it so well that for it He has bowed the Heavens and come down; He loves it so well that for it He has given His life. "Greater love than this no man has than to give his life for his friend."

Among creatures so much loved there are those that God distinguishes in a special manner, and to whom He communicates Himself intimately. in this life. In this celestial communication between God who bends down towards a soul, and that soul to whom He has given wings to rise towards Him, there is nothing that ought to surprise us, since every soul, whoever it may be, has been loved even unto death; but upon this earth such sweet and tender relations between the Creator and the creature can only exist as exceptions; if it were otherwise all the order of the present life should be reversed. This order was founded upon faith, and not upon experimental knowledge of Divine things. It is necessary then that God should make a choice and that, casting His eyes upon the earth, He there discovers souls for whom He shall have His preferences. What are the motives of the Divine choice? What is the foundation of the Divine preference? That is the mystery. To penetrate so touching a mystery, it is necessary to be in the secret of God, and to plunge into the soundless depths of His tenderness and His mercy. But what we know is that

when God meets one of these souls, He commences by making it suffer. He loves that soul and He loves it with a jealous love, and as He does all things as God, He loves with a Divine jealousy, that is to say with a jealousy that has something infinite, and that makes the suffering of that soul. Let us see Teresa: She asked nothing of the world, but innocent pleasures and sweet affections. In all there was nothing but what was pure; but the Divine jealousy pursued her; God made her bear reproaches so penetrating that she was obliged to decide to obey Him. He led her by degrees to a universal detachment. She fled to Carmel. But the world followed her even to her cell, and occupied her mind still. The Divine jealousy did not cease to follow her; during eighteen years the God who loved her and who willed to be loved by her, tried her in every way; in her body, by sickness; in her soul, by sorrowful feelings of being forsaken, and long dryness. He forced her also to break the last thread that attached her to creatures and to herself. But that is not all. God is jealous of His own gifts. And then commenced incomprehensible trials! The well beloved Master appeared to Teresa, but each time that he appeared, she was obliged, under obedience, to take holy water and throw it on the vision, to break what she had been told was a deceit of the angel of darkness, appearing as an angel of light, and Teresa did it, and when the glorious apparition looked at her with a long look of love, when her whole heart said to the Lord: "Come! Come!" she took the holy water; she threw it upon the sweet image, and she said: "Be gone!" Thus God detached her from his own gifts, and after having detached her from herself by inexpressible sufferings, He detached her still more from herself by sufferings a thousand times more sorrowful, and left her in a fearful doubt, between obedience and humility, which said to her: "You deceive yourself," and the warm certainty of her pure and tender soul which said to her: "It is truly Himself!"

And it was only when this was accomplished, when Teresa, after the agony, could have said: "It is finished," it was only then that God recompensed His servant, and He came to her with joys of which she with all her genius and all her heart was powerless to describe the incomprehensible sweetness. Suffering souls, behold your first consolation: "Aut pati, aut mori,—to suffer or to die." Since suffering comes from God, it is a token of His love. God strikes you in that which you hold most dear; He asks you the sacrifice of that which is nearest to your heart. Why? What does He will from you with all those multiplied strokes? He wishes to have your soul; He wishes to have it purified; He wishes it entirely. The cause of all your sufferings is the Divine jealousy; you wish to give to creatures the heart which was made for God; you wish at least to divide between the creature and Creator, and God will not have this division. And if you resist,—and, alas! who does not resist, at some time—God will follow you, will strike you, will crush you; He will crush in the depth of your heart all that is most tender and delicate. When all shall be destroyed, then the light will shine and the face of Jesus will appear to you all covered with blood, but shining with the love He has for you. Who can doubt but that it appeared thus to Teresa, and that she did not find in the contemplation of it the key of the mystical palace, into which she wished to bring all faithful and generous souls. Aut pati, aut mori,—to suffer or to die! Again, why? Because suffering is the most assured token of the love God has for a soul, but also the most fruitful source of the love that a soul has for God. According as a soul purifies itself, is detached, that she finds herself in the universal desolation and abnegation the holy poverty to which the Divine jealousy wished to reduce her, in the measure that soul is loved, the soul in turn loves more and more. Whosoever will have a celestial love, must be resigned to celestial rigours. Celestial love is not a thing that can be purchased at a low price. What says one of our poets: "Thou knowest Lord if lightning and

tempests are not necessary to the pearl in the depth of the sea."

Who knows? In the physical order doubtless we are ignorant; but in the moral order, the thing is certain. Yes, tempests of the heart are necessary; long and painful sorrows, desolation, weakness, mortal obscurity in which all appeared lost. Yes, lightning and tempests are necessary to form in the heart that precious pearl, that divine pearl, that only true pearl,—divine love!

Aut pati, aut mori!—To suffer or to die! Why, again? Because it is in suffering and by it that we do the divine work best, that souls are transformed and saved.

The immolation of Jesus upon His Cross has been the salvation of the world, and all souls that wish to have a part in the work of Jesus must have part in His sacrifice. Teresa understood well; she wished that her daughters should be victims and apostles, victims before being apostles; she was the first to immolate herself and to pray upon that cross, upon which she loved so much to nail herself. She offered to God her tears, her ardent desires, her penances, her secret sufferings, for the conversion of pagans, of heretics, and of sinners. And who can tell the fruit of such a holocaust? Who knows how much the prayers and sufferings of a St. Teresa weigh in the balance of the divine mercy? Her daughters still continue her work, they immolate themselves, and, by their immolation save souls, who perhaps will never in this life, know to what unknown devotion they owe their conversion and their salvation. A young man passed through the streets of one of our great cities at an advanced hour of the night; he returned from his pleasure, either frivolous or sinful; he entered his solitary chamber. Suddenly, without his knowing why, memories of a far-off past returned to him; memories of forgotten prayers which his mother had taught him; memories of a pure and pious childhood; memory of his first communion. His heart softened; tears fell from his eyes; the evil of his life appeared to him; he fell upon his knees, and his eyes sought the image of the Holy Virgin or that of God crucified. He found perfume remaining in the vase,

—the faith of his first years. Who has worked this miracle? He knew not, but while he returned carelessly through the streets of that great city, there was in a cell in a Carmelite convent a poor daughter of St. Teresa, who suffered, who prayed, who wept, and these tears, these prayers, these sufferings, rose towards Heaven on the wings of love, and have descended upon those of grace, and have fallen in a shower of light upon that soul then converted.

To suffer or to die! If I cease to suffer, I might almost believe that God has ceased to love me!

To suffer or to die! If I cease to suffer, I might believe that I myself cease to love God, or at least to increase in His love!

To suffer or to die! As it is in suffering that souls are saved and that prayer is never so fruitful as when it comes from a heart broken by sorrow!

"To suffer or to die!" All are not called by God to say such a generous word; there would be, perhaps, some rashness in asking suffering or death, without being drawn thereto by secret attractions of grace; but all, at least, when suffering comes, they can receive it as a heavenly visitant, which brings the most tender token of the love of God for their souls, the surest means of returning God's love and the divine secret, of giving to their prayers, purified in tears, an all-powerful fecundity.

The Sanctuary Lamp.

In the chapel dimly burning,
With its softly flickering light,
Hangs the lamp of the Sanctuary
Before the altar day and night.

Like a censor swinging always
In the courts of Heaven above,
Fit companion of the Tabernacle
Where dwells the God of love.

Humble resting place on earth
Yet He deigns to live therein,
Where the sorrow-laden pilgrim
Can bring his grief and woes to Him.

And the little lamp keeps burning,
To guide the pilgrim home,
Seems to say: "Come you burthened,
The living God awaits thee here!"

Knows he's coming to God's altar
Sees the friendly light afar,
And the weary pilgrim rises
On wings of Fate, and Hope's lone
star.

Gentle guard of silent worship
Casting shadows on the floor,
Little lamp so true and faithful
Burn thou on forever more.

Dolorosa Kline.

Nocturne.

I.

O'er the lone city, night winds are sigh-
ing,
Quickly, O, quickly, the hours are dying;
Bright glows the angel-star,
Through Heaven's azure bar,
While o'er the past afar,
Glad thoughts are flying.

II.

In the white star-light, shadows are
creeping,
In the green meadows, daisies are sleep-
ing,
Laden with precious tears,
Thy face dear, sweet, appears
Through the sepulchral years,
Safe in love's keeping.

III.

Face of my childhood, tender and beam-
ing!
See, now the pure smiles gently are
streaming,
From its blue sunny eye,
Bright as the opal sky!
O, what a picture! I
Saw in my dreaming.

William J. Fischer.

John Penryn's Renunciation.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

II.

That these two, of whom I have told you, should meet from time to time was only to be expected, seeing how they loved each other. They went to the same church, as I said, and were doubtless, the cause of many distractions, he to her, and she to him. But Ellen, as a favorite with the Vicar's wife, taught the infant's class in the Sunday school, a task for which she certainly had a vocation, as she has shown since, so that when the Vicar took his Sunday school children and teachers to Hampton Court, for their annual "treat," it was only natural, as one may say, that John and Ellen should wander off into Bushey Park together. If the Vicar saw them go, he did not worry about either of them, but, good man, he was, most probably, far too much occupied in organizing the sports of his beloved choir boys who adored him, as he well deserved.

At all events they wandered off together, as was "only natural," and perfectly innocent. It was a day on which it was good to be alive, when all nature seemed to be in harmony with their hearts. Then as they both came from that fair west country, about which I said so much—perhaps too much—at the beginning of this story; they fell to talking about the places they both knew and loved, which was a fairly safe topic of conversation.

"Did you ever see Edinborough Abbey?" he asked after a silence which was certainly less safe—if love be danger—than their previous talk.

"Once," he answered, 'a friend of mine and I went there from Battlemister Mission House to a Corpus Christi Procession,'—a remark that showed that the "act of schism," still remained unforbidden. Perhaps—who knows—unrepented as well, however sincerely he may have tried to persuade himself to the belief that it was a "sin."

"Do the Romanists have Corpus Christi processions?" she enquired, quite simply. Coming as she did, from Eastbury Saint Simons, she was "a well in-

structed Catholic," but she honestly believed as her question showed, that "devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, as evidenced in such processions, was peculiar to "the church in these provinces." It was "our branch of the Church Catholic," when John and I were at Battlemister, but our friends have travelled a long way since then, though it is not so very many years ago.

Whereupon, there ensued a change of confidences in respect of another common interest, stronger, even, than their Wessex patriotism, namely, the religion which was so much to both of them, the life of life to each. Else, had it been far otherwise with her, at least, by vow; with both, maybe, in days that were nearer than they dreamed. In truth, they dreamed of nothing but happiness, together, a life spent in work for God's poor and for God's Church—as it was to them. How far, in what way, their dream came true, you shall know if you will follow me to the end.

In the meantime, a few hours of such intimacy brought them, by those convergent paths I spoke of, nearer to one another than weeks of ordinary intercourse could have done; so near, in fact, that the paths—his love and hers, that is—may be fairly said to have converged. If so, could they ever be held to have diverged again, in reality, however widely they may have seemed to do so? Certain it is that ere they joined the others, he had asked her: "May I call you Ellen?" and she answered—almost, he fancied, with a shudder—"Not that, not that!" from which he guessed that the name reminded her of her unhappy married life.

"What shall I call you then, little one?" he asked, gently, glad to think that she would wish to banish past associations from her memory, and begin, as it were, a new life with this new, surely this first, real love of his and hers.

"Call me little one, won't you?" she whispered, not meeting his gaze, but letting her eyes rest on the grass on which they two were walking.

"Little one, Parvula," he returned, more gently than ever, and so he called her to the end. "Pray for Parvula," he said to me, when I saw him last, and, now that he is with his Lord, I feel sure he prays for her still. It was a fitting name for her; so fitting that even the Reverend Mother at the Convent of the Retreat in Bruges, speaks of her as "la petite soeur Helene," which is her version of it. For it is among the English and Irish orphans there—rescued from London slums—that Parvula exercises her vocation. It was the Vicar's wife who remained her friend to the end, that suggested this to her, and the priest who received her gladly arranged matters for her. That her charges worship her, I need not tell you. And Parvula's daughter will, I doubt not, follow in her mother's steps.

This, again, is anticipating the course of my story. The weeks and months went by, uneventfully enough, for a while Ellen, more wise than her lover, made a confidant—and accomplice—of the vicar's wife, who quite approved, and won her husband's approval, without any difficulty at all. Moreover, Mrs. Vicar, who knew the girl's character, and how worthy she was of her coming happiness, suddenly discovered that she needed a companion in the vicarage, and asked Ellen to supply the need. So that John, who lived at the vicarage, saw his darling every day and all day long, when in the house, which was not so much or so often as, doubtless, they were both sorely tempted to wish.

But, at the end of the summer, an outbreak of cholera occurred in a peculiarly filthy slum, and John, who worked as the Vicar knew he would do, ended by catching it, and was ordered a sea voyage. He begged to be married before starting, and to take Parvula with him—so they had all grown to call her—but the Vicar was inexorable, and he had to go alone, much to his distress and Parvula's. Afterwards, they had cause to thank God, as you shall see.

It was the doctor who had named Australia: the Vicar, who knew that the late Bishop of Woolloomooloo was working as a "Roman priest" in the suburbs of Melbourne, would have preferred some other port as safer under the

circumstances, for John would, of course, visit his brother. Away from "Catholic" influences—for Australian churchmen are sadly Protestant—what might not happen?

Now, I should not like to say that Father Henry Penryn set out—as we say—to convert his brother, but the two certainly talked a great deal on what is called controversy, in a very uncontroversial spirit, and the priest certainly prayed, as well he might, that God would reward his brother's good faith, with the gift of true faith. But, humanly speaking, it was John's love that made him a Catholic in the end. You will remember my saying—as excuse for a love-story—that a higher love—the love of God—underlay and over-ruled John's love for the girl he would fain have made his wife. That divine love had, hitherto, underlain the human, had made it pure, innocent and unselfish. Now, the higher was about to over-rule the lower, and bring it to such consummation, such perfection—ending, I may not call it, knowing what I know—as only God can bring about, and only in His elect. That is, the earthly love, ignitum vehementer, as the Psalmist says, set on fire exceedingly at the heart of God, was to be absorbed therein; was to be, henceforth, solely love to Him, and to her, in Him and for Him—to quote Thomas a' Kempis—in a sense and to a degree, unattainable and unimaginable till then. It was to be, purgatum septuplum, purified sevenfold, in the furnace of affliction, that it might be precious in the sight of the Most High. Truly, *Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus*, a troubled spirit that turns to Him—"ad Dominum cum tribularer clamavi, when I was in trouble, I cried unto the Lord"—is a sacrifice well pleasing to God.

How the trouble came you shall hear. Father Henry, returning one day from the hospital, said, half-jestingly, half-seriously: "I wish you were a priest, even if only an Anglican one."

"Why?" asked John, looking up from the Summa of Saint Thomas, which he was studying with a sense of forbidden pleasure, to be sure, yet, also, as if a new world of thought had been revealed to him. Why had he never come across

anything like this before, deep, sound and pious as many Anglican divines undoubtedly were, the early XVII century ones, especially? "Because there is a 'case' in the accident ward," returned the priest, "who doesn't seem likely to recover, and who badly needs, by his own account, to go to confession, or to 'open his grief,' as we used to say, at the very least. "They told me he was a Catholic, but I found, on questioning him, that he was one of yours, and even in extremis, as he seems to be, he won't be 'guilty of schism,' as he says, by confessing to me. I admire his consistency, but I am sorry for him, I must say."

"Will none of our men hear his confession?" enquired John, with a serious earnestness that befitted the occasion.

"Your men, my dear fellow," replied his brother, "are Protestants to a man, in your sense, to say nothing of mine, with the exception of Duncombe of All Saints, St. Kilda, who happens to be in England. So that our would-be penitent must confess to me or to you."

"To me! How could he?" John was honestly shocked.

"Well, you see," was the reply, "from my point of view, it is a choice between a layman and a priest, and since a priest he won't have, he may as well unburden himself to a layman who is in sympathy with him, as you would be, failing our good friend, Duncombe. You must forgive plain speech, even if it hurts your feelings, but truth is always wholesome, if not always palatable."

"Then you really think—" began John, but his brother did not allow him to finish.

"My dear fellow," he said, kindly, "I don't think, I know, that 'your men'—to use your own expression—have no orders, in our sense of the word, nor in the Greek 'orthodox' sense, for that matter, or I shouldn't be where I am; but that," he added, "is too long and too serious a question to discuss at present. "This man, Henshaw"—John started at the name, with a sense of coming trouble, "as under the shadow a cross," he said later—"is probably dying, and you must urge him to make an act of contrition, at the very least. If he makes a clean breast of it, at the same time, I shall have hopes for him; not other-

wise. 'With the mouth confession is made unto salvation,' you know."

And John went, knowing as he told me afterwards, to what it was he was going; a premonitory consciousness not so uncommon as we might think, particularly with those who live close to God. He surely gives them some such foretaste of the cross He is about to lay on them. Sometimes, that is, not always. John declares he knew what was coming, and I believe he did. Of course you may say, if you will, that the name "Henshaw" which Father Henry had mentioned, was enough to account for this presentment. Possibly, yet, even so, it does not alter my view—or his—of God's dealing with him in this matter. He would say—as I do—that the "mere mention" of the name in question was God's hint—may I use the word?—of what he had to expect.

I do not say that the full truth, when he learnt it from Henshaw's lips, did not come to him with a shock that seemed to pierce his very soul to the quick. He knew—as he said—the cross that he was about to take up, but it bore him down to the very dust, none the less. But love conquered, as love will; the love of Christ swallowed up the human passion, absorbed, transformed and new-created it. He loved Christ more, not Parvula less. In truth he loved her more, I really believe, after he knew all, than he had done theretofore, if that were possible, but it was a love in which there was no taint of passion or desire of possession, no hope of fruition in this life; he loved her as we love the dear ones who have passed within the veil. She was dead to him, and he knew it. But he did not love her less, only differently. The divine love that underlay the lower love had begun to over-rule it, and would finish by making it one with itself. There could be no end to this love, since it had been made part of Love Infinite.

But Henshaw did not die, nor, I think, did dear old John ever think he would; happiness was not, he felt sure, to come to Parvula and to himself, by such a simple road as that; he would have shrunk from wishing for it as from deadly sin. So he wrote a letter to his love, no longer his in the old way,

though more than ever his in the way to which the old one had been meant, all along, to lead him, and her as well. I have the copy, which he kept, but it seems to me too sacred—I use the word with all deliberation—to quote from. If I have drawn anything like a true picture of him, you will not find it hard to guess how and what sort of a letter he would write.

But, at the end, he told his love, that he was about to become a Catholic. I said that it was, humanly speaking, his love that made him one, but it was his love after it had become absorbed in his love to God. So that it was more than "humanly speaking," it is the simple truth. It was not merely disappointed, hopeless love that led him to the Fold of Christ, our Lord; it was love transformed, new-made by God Himself, whereby He brought His chosen servant to his desired haven. That he should implore Parvula to study the matter for herself, was only what one would expect him to do, that he should pray for her, was only the natural outcome of his love. In fact, had he not always done so?

That he should have chosen the Brown Scapular of Mount Carmel, rather than the black, one of St. Benedict, was due, I fancy—under God, of course—to the fact that a holy Belgian Carmelite from Bruges, was his room-mate on the return voyage to Europe. That is how, when I was at Bruges, some years ago, I found that the celebrant at High Mass on the feast of St. Joseph, was none other than my old friend, John Penryn, whom I had not seen or heard of since the announcement which reached me in Canada, that his brother, Father Henry, had received him into the church. What our meeting was like and how we talked, you may imagine, but I cannot tell you here.

I saw him once more, last year, in Bruges, but it was on his death bed. His love, the Prior told me, with tears in his eyes, for they all loved him, had worn him out, "An a brule le coeur," he said, and I really believe it was so. He told me what he had learned from his old Vicar, who, still an Anglican, had visited him the year previous, and was still most cordial and friendly, that Par-

vula was a nun—or sister, I am not sure which—at the Convent of the Retreat in Bruges, but that she did not know how near they had been to each other, for months. "Don't tell her," he whispered faintly, and added, with the smile we all knew so well, "We have been nearer still—in God's Heart," which I feel certain, was literally true.

He lies at rest, in the Carmelite cemetery, with "Frater Johannes" and the date, on the headstone, followed by those three letters which mean so much, R.I.P. And Parvula, as I told you, is in charge of the little London orphans at the Convent of the Retreat, who love her as she deserves. Her husband never attempted to claim her; if he had, I am sure the Vicar would have intervened, and proved desertion, so that she would have been safe from him, in any case. She does not know, to this day, whether John is alive or dead, nor does she seek to. Still less that he and she were so near each other for months. She knows they are nearer still—as they always have been and always will be in this life or the other—in the loving Heart of that Lord who loves them, whom they love, and who has given to their love for each other such a consummation. Not an end, for since they are His, and He theirs, and their love one with His to them, and theirs to Him, it will and can have no end, in time or in Eternity.

Francis W. Grey,
Bath., England.

Feast of S. John ante Port: Lat: 1903.

Rebuke with soft words and hard arguments.

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

Position honors no man; the man should shed glory upon the position.

Perfection consists in uniting oneself to God; and the surest means of being united to God is by His Communion.—St. Liguori.

How can we wish to be a Christian without desiring to unite ourselves with him who is the author and finisher of our faith.—Mgr. del la Bouillerie.

Stories of Travel.

By Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakey, C.P., Vicar General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

I.

Everything here below comes to an end! And so it turned out with my visit to "home and native land." Three years of happy toil in divers parts of the United States,—meeting on all sides with good will and encouragement in my task of seeking aid for the poor mission confided to our care in Bulgaria,—and behold me once more en route for a country which is now the theatre of revolution and bloodshed, a boiling cauldron whose seething contents may at any moment overflow, deluging both the Orient and the Occident with all the horrors of internecine strife! A last fond farewell to those "near and dear" (whom I had left just nine years before on a similar voyage) and our good ship the "Liguria," of the Italian line, steamed out of pier 64, West 34th street, and we were soon in the "Narrows" and well out of New York's majestic harbor. The weather was such as boded anything but well for a favorable trip across the Atlantic,—high winds and driving rain having prevailed during the night previous to our departure, which took place at 11.30 on April 14th, and lasting for some twenty-four hours thereafter. Copies of New York papers brought on board, ere we weighed anchor, telling of destruction wrought in the city and at more distant points by hurricanes and floods, and prognosticating disasters at sea, cast no slight gloom over the passengers; whilst tales of shipwreck by different members of our party—some of whom had undergone fear-inspiring experiences of that nature—created a feeling among us that was far from reassuring. We had before our minds, moreover, the recollection of cherished friends as they stood on the end of the pier to catch a last glimpse of us, exposed the while to the pelting rain and chilling blasts, their apprehension stamped visibly upon their countenances, yet striving to look cheerful for our sakes. Who, I ask, under circumstances like these, would not feel uncomfortable, to put it lightly, at the possibilities before him?

All of the first day and night the ship pitched and rolled dreadfully. We distinctly heard the timbers creaking under the severe strain to which they were being subjected. The waves splashed up even over the upper deck and crashed against the sides of the staunch old vessel with seeming determination to crush her. Added to these ominous portents was the wretched malaise known as seasickness, which prostrated nearly everyone on board. I may confess, without vanity, however, that I with a few other "good sailors," escaped the indescribable horrors of this distressing malady. Still, though I did not miss the call to meals even once, I passed through what the French aptly term *un mal quart d'heure*, on one occasion.

About the third day a change for the better set in. The winds ceased partially, and the sea grew reasonably calm. A somewhat cheerful spirit began to prevail. Many were still hors du combat, it is true, but even for them the worst was over, and we, who had been spared a notable participation in their woes, tried to cheer them by telling them how well we felt, and how greatly we were enjoying the trip, etc. Yet, strange to say (?!), they were ungrateful enough to resent our good offices; and one even went so far as to say that he would willingly suffer another dose of his misery, if thereby he could enjoy the pleasure of seeing us similarly afflicted. Others again wished they could but navigate sufficiently to throw us overboard, etc. Thus was our well-meant sympathy requited!

It would be trespassing on your patience to enter into the minutiae of our voyage, particularly as there will be so much to be told of sight-seeing on land after its termination. Still, it may not prove uninteresting to some who read these "stories" to learn that we had the privilege of celebrating the holy sacrifice of the mass, while crossing the ocean. The steamship company, "Navigazione Generale Italiana Florio e Rubatino," (which has some hundred and twenty vessels plying between different ports),

makes ample provision for this sacred purpose. One of the officials is charged to see to it that every requirement for Mass is constantly on hand. A large and commodious portable altar is erected every morning in the saloon of the second cabin; neat vestments "of the color of the day" are set out; chalice missal, altar cards, wax candles, wine and altar breads—all of the best—are at the disposition of priests wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them to exercise their sacred functions. Before sailing from New York we obtained the necessary faculties from his Grace Mgr. Farley, hereunto; and after the first three days of our voyage, not a morning passed without several Masses being offered up.

In all, we were seven priests, viz., Very Rev. John Baptist Baudinelli, C. P., Visitor General of the Passionist Communities in the United States (returning to Rome, where he resides); the Rev. Fathers Daniel D. and Henry T. Regan, O.S.A.,—the former, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, and the latter pastor of St. James' Church, Carthage, N.Y.; Very Rev. Athanasius Butelli, O.F.M., Provincial of the Italian province of the Minor Conventuals in the United States, residing at St. Anthony of Paduas' Church, New York; Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, pastor of the Church of our Lady of the Rosary, Detroit, Mich., and the Rev. Joseph Hallissey, pastor of Church of the Sacred Heart, Hudson, Michigan.

These, including my unworthy self, I christened the "Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost. By a unanimous vote, we elected "Father John" our captain and gave him the seat of honor at our table. He appointed Rev. Daniel Regan, his first lieutenant, the latter being the biggest man among us, turning the scales at 260 pounds. I sat on the right of F. John, as "Understanding" (he being "Wisdom"); next followed F.H.T. Regan, F. Daniel Regan (brothers), F. Hallissey, F. Van Antwerp and F. Athanasius, as "Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety and Fear of the Lord," respectively. There were also seven physicians on board—the "Seven Wise Men of Greece"—and had there been as many lawyers, I think I would have dubbed them the

"Seven Capital Sins." Fortunately, for the peace of the company, however, there was not so much as one, and, consequently, there was no litigation to disturb our equilibrium. (The sea acted the part of the lawyers in this respect!)

On the first Sunday of our voyage, April 19th, two public Masses were celebrated; the first at 7.30, by Father John, for the steerage passengers, and the second at 10.30, for the cabin passengers. The latter fell to my lot, and my congregation was composed of Catholics, (the captain and officers of the ship, except those actually on the "watch," assisting), Jews and Protestants, among the latter a Ritualist minister—the Rev. H.J. Meigs, of Philadelphia—who edified all present by his reverential attitude, remaining in a kneeling posture and in devout recollection throughout the services. After the "Communion," I preached from the gospel of the days (St. John, chapter 22nd) viz.: on our Saviour's manifestation of Himself to the Disciples after His Resurrection. Father John did likewise after the gospel of his Mass. On the second Sunday the services were held at about the same hours, Father Van Antwerp officiating and preaching at the second Mass, and Father John at the first. The non-Catholics expressed themselves as favorably impressed on both Sundays. Indeed, the priests were great favorites with them, and the invitations to call on them on our return to the U. S. were both numerous and cordial. The two weeks spent on board were pleasant in the extreme. Favorable weather prevailed for the most part, after the first three days. Games of "shuffle-board, etc." were common during the day, and in the evening music, both vocal and instrumental—the ladies on board favoring their fellow-passengers with occasional selections—helped to while away the time most agreeably. No one could have been more gentlemanly and entertaining than our worthy captain, Chevaliere Francesco Ausaldo, who made himself all to all. Several times he invited all hands on the Bridge—particularly when land was sighted, such as the Azores, the coasts of Portugal, etc., etc., giving us free use of the ship's telescopes, and explaining all points of interest. In

these courtesies he was vied with by other officers of the ship. What impresses every traveler at sea is the fact that days sometimes pass without seeing a single vessel, and the thought comes naturally: What would become of us in case of disaster—fire or shipwreck, for instance? The captain told us that in event of our being obliged to abandon the steamer, we would take to the life-boats, and steer for the nearest course of incoming or outgoing vessels. We saw the working of the "boats"—how both fresh water and "hard tack" for several days' consumption were stored in them, and we breathed a silent prayer that we might be spared availing ourselves of so perilous a means of rescue. We passed Gibraltar in the night-time, but did not stop there. On coming from Naples to New York three years before, I landed on this famous rock, and I saw the sights it affords to those who visit it. Our present voyage was, I may say, without incident. Of course, we saw the usual sea porpoises (dolphins), etc., and early on the morning of April 28th, the feast of our holy founder (of the Passionists), we steamed into the "Bay of Naples," said to be the most picturesque harbor in the world. Certainly it has many claims to this distinction, both because of its natural beauty and its historic associations. Yet, the "Golden Horn," of Constantinople, which I had every opportunity of inspecting on occasion of my four different visits to that world-renowned city, is, to my mind, its superior in several respects. The harbors of San Francisco and of Rio de Janeiro, too, dispute the honors with "Il Golfo di Napoli." Quite a sight met our view as we cast anchor. Side by side lay fourteen British men-of-war,—dark, slate-colored monsters—forming part of the convoy which escorted the royal yacht that bore King Edward VII to Italy just a couple of days prior to our arrival at Naples. They could have entered the lists with Mount Vesuvius, (which was likewise in full view), and have rivalled it in laying waste the territory for miles around. Their mission on this occasion, however, was one of peace.

As we could not disembark before eleven a.m., Father John and I said

Mass on board in honor of St. Paul of the Cross, whose sons in religion we are. About the hour just mentioned, we descended the ship's ladder and took seats in the small rowboats that were waiting to convey us ashore. We found the Italian customs officials courteous and lenient to a degree that surprised us. We declared the few dutiable articles we had, set them out ourselves for inspection, and the "Doganieri" took our word that we had nothing more of that nature,—not opening any of the trunks and numerous valises of our party (seven, as already stated), but marking them with the customary sign indicative of their having been duly examined. Thus we were spared much trouble and annoyance, to say nothing of the delay to which persons coming from foreign ports are often subjected.

As our time in Naples was limited, we made the best of it. Our entire party (i.e., the "Seven Gifts") put up at the Hotel de Geneve, and, after a brief rest, set out "to do the town." As I had spent a week in Naples three years previous, I had a pretty good idea of the city. On this occasion, however, we visited the ancient Benedictine monastery, known as "San Martino," which (like countless other religious establishments throughout the country) has been sequestered by the anti-Christian rulers of "United Italy." This monastery is situated on a very high eminence which dominates the entire city, and from whose summits a ravishing view of the "Bay" and the surrounding country is obtained. It abounds in magnificent works of art, painting and statuary, rich wood carvings and mosaics,—the fruit of generations (I might say centuries) of patient toil on the part of the Fathers and Brothers to whom it belonged. Richly illuminated missals and choir books, marvellous frescoes of great antiquity, and by some of Italy's greatest masters; admirable specimens of "Majolica work" are to be seen everywhere throughout this wondrous cloister. But now it is a national monument (which means that the State has appropriated it,—stolen, would be a better word), and it has been converted into a museum, where visitors on the payment of "rena lire," i.e., twenty cents in our money,

can feast their eyes upon triumphs of art wrought by the spiritual children of St. Benedict during ages past. I must not omit to say that when the suppression of monasteries and convents took place, after the unification of Italy, Religious, in many instances, were indiscriminously told to "get out," and to take nothing with them but their immediate clothing, a miserable pittance being assigned to them by the robber government, in lieu of all their rightful belongings—hardly enough to keep them alive. This was the case with the monks of San Martino. Even the consecrated vessels, to wit, chalices, ciboriums, ostensoriums and the vestments used for the celebration of Mass, etc.—many of them of richest material and exquisite make—were "confiscated," and are now sacrilegiously exposed to public view in glass show-cases. There is not a city in Italy where similar acts of vandalism and desecration have not been perpetrated—and perpetuated. And how numerous have these suppressions been! Under Napoleon the First, towards the beginning of the last century; under Victor Emmanuel—"Il Re galantuomo"—in whose time the Kingdom of Naples (and, later, the Papal States) were aggregated to the Kingdom of Savoy; and, finally, upon the entrance of this "Robber King," and his Garibaldian supporters into the City of the Popes, through the "Breach of Porta Pia."

I shall have more to say on this subject later on. For the present, let us return to our sight-seeing. Whoever has beheld Pompei and Herculaneum, as has been my fortune both times I visited Naples, can form an idea of the treasures of ancient art contained in the "National Museum" of that city, whither the most valuable objects—comprising a wide range of matter—have been transported from the excavations made until now in those monumental ruins. This institution I visited in company of the Rev. Fathers Regan and Hallissey, and we were simply overwhelmed, not only by the multiplicity of bronze and marble statuary, household utensils, objects of vertu and bric-a-brac—for the ancients had even this modern (?) fad,—etc., etc., but also by the exquisite taste and consummate knowledge of art everywhere

displayed. We felt (as was the case when we walked through the resurrected streets of deserted Pompei) that we were living in the past. It were impossible to give even a faint idea here of the chef d'oeuvres which abound in lavish profusion in the "National Museum"; but several hours spent within its walls would more than suffice to convince even the most skeptical that the art of our times is but a dim shadow of that evolved by the masters of two thousand odd years ago. It was with regret, however, that I found in the galleries of paintings in the museum many sacred subjects stolen from San Martino's and other churches.

Our next excursion was to the justly celebrated "Aquarium" (said to be the finest in the world). Here almost every known representative of the finny tribe—excepting, as a matter, of course, the larger species—is to be found. The arrangement of the glass-faced tanks along the walls is at once perfect and strikingly unique. I must confess, in this connection, that the aquariums I saw at the World's Fair in Chicago, and at the Pan-American Exposition of Buffalo did not afford me as much pleasure or instruction as this one. (Let the grand coming exhibition at St. Louis take notice.) An attendant was at hand to wake the fish, etc., if dormant, and, so to speak, to put them through their evolutions, as also to explain interesting data, when asked for information. Samples of luxurious sea vegetation, corals, crustaceous substances, etc., of multifarious descriptions, and many wonderful minutiae from the ocean's depths were most artistically, and withal, naturally arranged in the respective tanks, giving a lively idea of the world beneath the waters. The Aquarium is situated in the "Piazza Vittoria," (a park bordering on the Mediterranean), which, in itself is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

My companions visited several noted churches, and among them the "Duomo" (Cathedral), where the head of St. Januarius, the protector and patron saint of Naples, together with vials containing a portion of his blood, are preserved with greatest care and veneration. But as I had seen these sacred edifices when in the "City of the Gulf" (Citta del

Golfo) in May, three years ago, I did not accompany them. On the occasion just referred to, I witnessed the stupendous miracle of the "Liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius," and kissed the reliquary in which it is contained, some six times during the eight days including and following the first Sunday in the "Month of Mary," assisting on one of these at the solemn pontifical Mass, celebrated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples in the magnificent chapel of the Saint.

But the, in many respects, most memorable event of my sojourn in Naples this time was the ascent of Mount Vesuvius. I had read various descriptions of this feat, but I learned from personal experience that "seeing is believing." In company of my indefatigable co-voyagers, the Revs. Regan and Hallissey, I went by train from Naples to Pompei, on Thursday, April 30th. I had traversed the winding mazes of the latter city in May, 1900, but I found that fresh excavations and discoveries on an extensive scale had been made since that date. When we had seen all there was to be seen, we wended our way to "Cook's Hotel," where we dined, and then took a carriage for the volcano. This vehicle conveyed us by a serpentine road up the side of the mountain, (4000 feet elevation) to the "station," from which the Incline Plane starts. This, in turn, brought us to the point whence the rest of the ascent must be made on foot or in a species of palanquin, carried on the shoulders of brawny mountaineers. Those who do not like so seemingly risky a means of transportation can take hold of a rope or strap fastened around the waist of the guide, (without whom no one is allowed to proceed, after leaving the car of the "Incline"). I chose this method of locomotion, as did also Father H.F. Regan. But after about half an hour's extremely difficult and fatiguing plodding through ashes and cinders ankle deep, (our shoes being, by this time, full of both) I grew so tired (though by no means exhausted) that I thought it wise to accede to the suggestion of my two guides, viz.: to let them carry me upon their shoulders the rest of the way. This then they did with great deftness, each

putting one arm around the other's neck, and I placing myself upon the human platform thus made. This rendered further progress easy (for me!)

"Father Dan," as we loved to call the dear fellow, whose heart is as big as himself, ensconced himself in the palanquin or sedan chair. But Father Hallissey, whose ambition surpasses his physical endurance, resolutely refused all aid, and bravely struck out for himself. The effort came near costing him very dear; for when we got part way up the almost perpendicular, one hundred and fifty yards intervening between the last station of the "Incline" and the summit of Vesuvius, he began to give out and had to be helped forward by a couple of guides in spite of himself. Arrived at the top and within some thirty feet of the crater, he was completely outdone, and sank to the ground in a dead faint—caught as he was falling in the strong arms of "Father Dan." The guides applied such restoratives as were available under the circumstances; but it was quite a while before the poor man came too, and we were all greatly alarmed. Altogether, we were half an hour within the distance just mentioned of the blazing crater (which was vomiting forth smoke and lave every few moments) instead of the ten minutes we would otherwise have remained in such dangerous proximity to the "Mons parturicus." When our patient finally began to show signs of returning vitality, I ran to the edge of the crater, with one of the guides and gazed down into its yawning depths, at a moment of comparative calm; but all on a sudden the guide pulled me away, bidding me run for my life, and hardly had we gotten back to where my companions were grouped about our still prostrate friend, when another eruption took place, hurling large stones and clouds of smoke high into the air; but, fortunately, none of us was struck. This was the third eruption during our half hour's stay on the mountain-top, and we were unanimous in the desire to get away as soon as possible. So, several of the guides picked up Father Hallissey and carried him tenderly down the precipitous slope; but, once more he swooned away, and they were obliged to lay him on the hot ashes and rub his breast

and limbs, as they had done before, and bathe his face with the "Lachrima Christi" wine, pressed from grapes grown on the sides of the volcano (but very far from the summit), a supply of which they carried with them. Again he revived, and the farther we proceeded on the down grade—the air becoming constantly more suited to human respiration—the better he grew. We were all most thankful to God that matters turned out thus, and our satisfaction even showed itself in amiably twitting him for his ambition to "go it alone," and in reiterated, but good-natured, "I told you so's." The gladdest man amongst us, however, was himself, and he piously registered a vow never to climb any mountain, whatsoever, again. We had taken five hours to reach the crater, i.e., from Pompei; but once out of the car of the "Inclined Planes" on the descent, we let our Jelu trace down the balance of the road at a vertiginous speed, so eager were we to return to our comfortable quarters at the Hotel Geneva. We had left it at seven in the morning, and we got back to it at eight p.m.—having gone nowhere but to Pompei and Mount Vesuvius. I must not omit stating that one of our guides after the third eruption, pressed pennies into molten lava, and gave them to us, thus environed as souvenirs. We were told that the volcano had been unusually active for some twenty days, and that at times within that period, the ascent was considered too perilous to be attempted. Surely, it was bad enough as it was. At least so thought my companions and I.

Father John and I made some very delightful social calls on friends of his, notably Count Carlo Chiranda, whose elegant residence fronts on the superb "Piazza Vittoria," mentioned in connection with the celebrated Aquarium. We dined, by invitation, with this gentleman and his interesting family, comprising his wife, a son and a daughter, and we enjoyed that delicate and cordial hospitality for which noblemen of the count's type are justly renowned. We also paid a visit to our Passionist brethren near Naples in the afternoon of the festival of St. Paul of the Cross, and were present at solemn vespers with

them in his honor. What a pleasure it was to meet these, our dear Fathers and Brothers on so happy an occasion! I had made their acquaintance when setting out from Naples for New York in 1900, and was delighted to renew it. Our appearance among them in our civilian's attire was a revelation to them; for Religious in Italy never use this garb, but always go about in the habit of their Order, even in the cities, or when making long journeys. The community referred to have recently acquired a quaint old monastery of three hundred years' standing, and a pretty little church built in picturesque style of the Middle Ages. Both are situated on a high hill abutting on the private road leading to the royal summer palace of Victor Emmanuel the Second. It is a most attractive, but withal a most solitary spot, eminently favorable to the exercise of prayer and meditation. On the day following our call, two of the Fathers returned our visit at the hotel, coming in their coarse, black tunics, and with sandalled feet. Imagine such an apparition in an American city!

On the first of May, at 8 a.m., Father John, Father Hallissey and myself left Naples for Rome, where we arrived about one o'clock in the afternoon. The Fathers Regan remained behind for further sight-seeing. Father Van Antwerp had preceded us to the Eternal City on an errand which I shall state in my next contribution. Until then, farewell!

(To be continued.)

Honesty controls many friends.

Books without the knowledge of life are useless; for what should books teach but the art of living?

Scenes, circumstances, conditions, events, actions, environments of days gone by, can never be reproduced. In the future it will be the same. Each generation has its day, each nation, each man. History never repeats itself. Its revolutions are always evolutions of new combinations, new forces, new transactions, new results. You can never do again what you did, and, in a every important sense, you can never undo what you have done.

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XV.

St. Albert Avenges His Desecrated Tomb

After a glorious reign of one and forty years in the year 1387, King Frederic died. He had peacefully terminated a life spent in struggles for the independence of Sicily. The island, at least for the time, remained separated from the kingdom of Naples.

Two conditions, however, had been imposed on Frederic I. He was to marry Eleanor, third daughter of Charles II., king of Naples, and to assume the title, "King of Trinacra." This name was formerly given to Sicily on account of its triangular form, and the three capes which terminated each of its three angles. These conditions had been filled from the year 1302, and some years of tranquil prosperity had Sicily enjoyed.

But in the history of nations we find such seasons to be all too brief and fleeting.

The reign of Peter II., who succeeded his father, was a proof of this. Happily it lasted only five years. This short space was sufficient to inspire his subjects with as much hatred for Peter as they had had love for his father. Most unfortunately he vested with full authority the Palizzi family, illustrious and noble, but of an insatiable ambitious spirit. This family was the soul of a powerful faction against which was ranged the race of Clermont, with its adherents. The Clermonts, children of Robert, sixth son of St. Louis, had also numerous adherents. Both contended for the confidence of the king, and this confidence was to be only a prelude to the authority to be enjoyed by the happy favorite. The struggle between the rival factions was not confined to words. Weapons were brought in play. Then to the hatred borne to Peter II. evinced itself in frequent revolts. War began to devastate Sicily and to spread conster-

nation throughout the provinces. And now it was civil war,—a thousand times more terrible than the invasion of a foreign foe. A licentious soldiery went through the country putting everything to waste; they did not even spare the churches. The tombs of the Saints did not meet with any more respect from this infuriated mob. As the rebellion continued to spread, Messina, of course, came within its disastrous path, and the sepulchre of St. Albert was, in a measure, deserted. No one dared to go thither, and render to the venerated remains the defence so justly due them.

One day the sanctuary—the scene of so many benefits to mankind—was invaded by a numerous band of soldiers, who had evidently cast aside all sentiments of respect and thrown every feeling of restraint to the winds. Their object was to desecrate the sacred place by using it as a stable, as an arsenal. They did, indeed, dispose their arms and ammunition as best suited them; then scattered straw upon the floor and led their horses into the nave. God could not permit such a sacrilege. All the horses fell dead.

Instead of entering into themselves, the enraged soldiers fell upon the tomb of the Saint, for their passion forbade them to act like reasonable beings. To open the sarcophagus they went for fresh horses, and placed them in position to pull away the stones; one at the right, the other at the left. They urged them on with loud cries and oft-repeated blows. With one great effort the poor creatures moved. Suddenly the stones parted and the sepulchre opened! Whilst the unfortunate animals also fell dead. Behold a prodigy! The Saint became visible, kneeling in his coffin and apparently asking God to avenge the injury which had been perpetrated. And, truly the Divine Majesty did not wait long to punish the authors of such an outrage.

Terrified, they took refuge in flight, but that did not prevent the justice of God from overtaking them. All were attacked with a fatal illness, to which they succumbed in a very short time. And from that moment no one ventured to attempt any such impious manifestation.

It was admitted that the Lord protected the tomb of His servant. It was henceforth respected by all parties.

For some reason, after several months, the religious of this monastery, fearing new attacks, resolved to change their place of residence. They reverentially raised the precious remains of the Saint and established themselves more in the centre of Messina. Meanwhile, the war continuing, they reasoned that before very long the body would not be secure against outrage. They dared not, however, propose a new translation, for the whole population would have arisen to oppose it. They took counsel, and decided to retain at Messina only a portion of the same.

As to the other—and better—portion they took it to Trapani, and presented it to the monastery at that place. It was there exposed to the veneration of the faithful. In this way the two monasteries had the happiness of possessing the relics of their patron. This was only justice! For, if Albert had passed the greater part of his life at Messina, it was at Trapani that he first opened his eyes to the light. It was there he made his religious profession. Thanks to the above decision, the devotion of the Messinians was not left without their beloved object, and the people still placed all their hopes in the protection of the Saint. As always the latter demonstrated every day the efficacy of the prayers addressed to God in his name.

Not far distant from the new residence of the Carmelites, there was an establishment belonging to a Genoese family. For some reason not known to the authorities already cited, they called it, "The Lodge." Shortly after the fathers moved thither it took fire, and was soon a burning mass. Into the flames, when they were most fiercely raging, a child, called Antinelli, fell. In the fall she was heard to invoke the protection of St. Albert, through the mediation of the Queen of Heaven. To the amazement of

the spectators, Antinelli remained safe and unharmed in her dangerous position, and was found tranquilly awaiting until they came to release her. When they rescued her, she declared that she had not suffered from contact with the flames, and that God had protected her through the merits of his servant, St. Albert.

Antinelli became very much attached to the Carmelites, and as she grew up she remained their faithful friend. During her whole life she was one of their most generous benefactors.

As may be seen, if the Saint cured those who had faith in his powerful intervention, if he rescued from the flames an innocent child, he knew well how to punish those who, in the person of his devoted servant, outraged and insulted the majesty of God.

CHAPTER XVI.

Saint Albert Curses King Frederic II.—
He Ransoms Prisoners. — He
Saves a Vessel from Shipwreck.

The disastrous reign of Peter II ended in the year 1342. Louis, his son, succeeded to the throne. He was too young however, to assume the responsibility of royal power. In his name the Duke de Randazzo, his uncle and tutor, governed wisely and well until 1348; when he died. Howsoever, it happened that this reign was disturbed by the Palazzi, who now vanquished and exiled, then called back, and victorious, were not completely subdued until Frederic II came into power. Louis died in 1355, leaving the crown to his young brother, who, later on, was surnamed "The Simple." The reign of this sovereign gave promise of being a troubled one, and it was so, in truth. Civil war and the invasion of a foreign foe wrought desolation in the land. Such was the sad state of affairs until the year 1372, when Frederic concluded a treaty of peace with Jeanne Queen of Naples.

During this long period he lost and regained Messina and Palermo, by turns.

In the year of grace, 1364, the young king, whose cares and fatigues had already been multiplied, fell seriously ill.

From the very beginning of the illness, the physicians evinced great anxiety

then as it seemed to fasten itself upon the patient with death-like grasp, with one accord they pronounced the case to be hopeless. The patient was, indeed, at the very gates of death. Every moment they thought would be his last. As his nearest relatives stood around his bed, they suddenly had a heaven-sent inspiration. They addressed themselves to the Queen of Carmel and to St. Albert, and in the name of the prince, made the following vow: If the Saint, if the Blessed Mother of the Saviour would obtain his restoration to health, he would, for three years, wear the Carmelite habit. Then they summoned the religious of the Carmelite monastery, at Messina.

The monks immediately responded to the appeal, and brought with them the relics of the Saint. They laid them upon the dying prince, and then made him drink some drops of water in which, for a few moments, a portion of these precious relics had been steeped.

As soon as the prince had tasted the water, he felt better; his anguish ceased; he awoke to consciousness. The next day, assisted by his infirmarians, he was able to sit up and to take a little nourishment. Soon he was in condition to walk. Finally, his health was restored, and he returned to his ordinary duties. He ratified the vow made in his name and assumed the religious habit. He always had maintained the greatest devotion to St. Albert, for he knew how his grandfather had loved the Saint. They had also told him of the engagement made by Frederic I, to go to the canonization of the venerable Carmelite Father.

Meanwhile the various circumstances of his life, the catastrophes of a war, sometimes victorious, and again inimical had postponed the coronation of the king. The time had arrived when the people claimed the fulfillment of this wished-for gratification. But the time during which Frederic was to wear the holy habit, was not yet accomplished.

In consideration of the importance of the affair, the dispensation was obtained, and upon the eve of his coronation Frederic laid aside the tunic and mantle of Carmel for the cuirass and sword of the chevalier.

The anonymous author noted by Vincent Barbe, wherein we find related the preceding facts, adds: "The prodigies,—the recital of which would elicit the greatest admiration, are numerous. I cite the following from among a thousand."

And he continues: "In the same year, some pirates of Africa, with certain Saracen vessels, captured a galley which came from Trapani. They towed it along to the port of Tunis, which was their rendezvous. Scarcely landed, the sailors were loaded with chains, thrown into prison, and subjected to the most frightful tortures. They were forced to remain thus for a long time. They felt unable to endure it longer; but to whom should they have recourse? No human aid could reach them. With one accord they implored the protection of St. Albert, in the following prayer:

"We know, O great Saint! that thou art the faithful servant of God and of the most Blessed Virgin, His Mother. Deign then to extend to us the powerful influence of thy patronage. Come! and by thy merits deliver us from our captivity." The fervent recitations of this prayer went on daily for two weeks. Several times a day it was borne heavenward to the Saint. Not content with the abstinence which the cruelty of their tormentors imposed upon them, they took upon themselves a more rigid fast. They denied themselves even the greater part of the wretched food given to them. Already enfeebled by the privations of every kind so long endured, they certainly could not have maintained such a rigorous course for any great length of time.

One day, nature gave way, and they said they would soon be forced to discontinue it. One morning, before day-dawn, they beheld St. Albert come into their prison cell. The narrow place was illuminated with so dazzling a light, that their eyes, accustomed as they were to semi-darkness, were almost blinded by its glory.

The Saint encouraged them. Then he spoke some words of reproof: "Why did you appeal to me so ungenerally for a while, only to lose your fervor so soon?" The poor prisoners hung down their heads at this reproach; then, taking

courage from the radiant vision, they replied: "We invoke you, O blessed Saint, and we venerate you. We implore you to aid us, without delay, and to set us free lest our despair should impel us to take that which would expose us to everlasting perdition." "Have confidence" replied Albert. "Calm your fears, and henceforth, let your faith be stronger. God has seen your works and approved of them. It is He who sent me to you. Follow me." At these words the prisoners saw the doors of their dungeon open of themselves. At the same time their chains fell off, and they were no longer harassed by their weight. They arose, and without hesitation, followed the miraculous light which indicated the path they should take. They thus reached that door of the prison which opened upon the harbor. This door was open, and they passed out without difficulty. At that moment the light which had guided them vanished. But God would not abandon them! At some little distance they found a boat, equipped with oars and supplied with provisions. They embarked without losing an instant, and were soon upon the high sea. They had a happy passage. Arrived at Trapani, the men went barefoot from the ferry to the Monastery of Carmel. Tears of joy and gratitude bedewed their emaciated cheeks, evidences of the trials they had endured.

Their families and friends participated in their sentiments of gratitude. They made an offering to our Lord of the Carque, given them by the miraculous intervention of St. Albert. They also offered a portion of their patrimony, and never ceased to address to heaven their fervent protestation of thanks.

We cannot refrain here from pausing some instants to admire the munificence of the goodness of God. If, in all the miracles of St. Albert, we find cause for salutary reflection, not one tends so greatly as the preceding one to inspire us with serious thoughts, with firm resolutions. Do we not see there in the irrefutable proof of the efficacy of prayer, of the necessity of perseverance in our supplications? "Why did you give up so quickly?" asked the Saint. Do not those words contain a lesson for the majority of mankind? There are

many, even amongst those who fulfill their duties as Christians, who are surprised that their petitions are not granted the moment they have formulated their request. And perhaps they are sent heavenward from frivolous or indifferent hearts! How far removed are those tepid ones from the ardor with which those poor prisoners prayed! For fifteen days they never ceased repeating their invocations, and yet the Saint reproaches them with having grown weary! And what a lesson we might learn from the generosity of those unfortunates! Already exhausted by their sufferings, they make additional sacrifices to obtain, through the intercession of St. Albert, the protection of heaven! They were almost famished, and yet they willingly inflicted upon themselves a more cruel hunger! Their strength was exhausted, their frames emaciated! What matter! They persevered until life was ready to merge into death. What a sublime example for those laggard Christians who imagine they will climb the loftiest heights, but who stop discouraged, at the first turn of the route.

But the divine goodness is incomprehensible. God wished to try His creatures. He wished to give them an occasion to prove their real merit. He did not wish this proof to be beyond the strength He had given them. The poor prisoners were, owing to the frailty of human nature, about to give up. But their prayers, their courage, gained for them the celestial indulgence.

Our Lord would not permit this little defection of His servants to deliver them over the spirit of darkness. He sent to them the blessed one whom they had invoked, and who, after delivering them, sent them safely to their homes and their country.

They lived only to render thanks to God for His goodness, and to teach us the lesson that in those days of faith, ingratitude towards Divine Providence was very rare. When such a vice was manifested, it was then, as well as today, severely punished. With this difference, however; then such punishment was recognized as coming from the hand of God, and a generous atonement for the fault was the result. To-day, in the

face of evidence, when illness afflicts one, or disaster overwhelms him, such recognition is refused, and the penalty is declaimed against, as an injustice, or, in other words, "fate, or destiny." Far from repenting or doing penance, the present style is to "lay the blame" upon our Lord, instead of condemning oneself. Behold the difference between the two epochs of time!

But to return to the manuscript from which these narrations are cited.

Shortly after the return of the prisoners to Trapani, a vessel set sail from that port to go towards the port of Ostia, which is situated at the mouth of the Tiber. The sailors in charge were all gamblers and blasphemers.

Howsoever it happened, two Carmelite fathers had been obliged to engage passage upon this vessel, where Satan seemed to reign supreme. Without paying the slightest respect to the presence of the monks, they had passed the greater part of the day in gambling, meanwhile making the aid hideous with their abominable blasphemies. One afternoon they seemed more eager for gain than usual,—more enraged at losing than ordinary. Insults came readily to their lips; these led to oaths—blows followed oaths.

Suddenly the heavens were overcast, a violent wind arose, a storm burst forth with indescribable fury. The waters of the sea became a surging mass. Sometimes the heavy vessel was borne to the top of a foam-crested wave, sometimes it was plunged into a deep valley, or ocean cave. The ship was well constructed. Yet it cracked as if ready to part. The masts swayed, and with weird, mournful whistling, seemed ready to be torn asunder.

Then the two priests, trusting in St. Albert, knelt and invoked aloud, their holy and venerated protector. The sailors looked on, amazed. The most wicked amongst them were ready to hurl their gibes and sneers at the kneeling monks. Meanwhile, the tempest redoubled its efforts. The dark gloom assumed a deeper shade, and enveloped the vessel in obscurity. The sails were torn asunder, the rudder broke, and the ship, deviating from its course, went rushing on to dangerous points where it would

have been certainly dashed to pieces. Terror seized upon the hapless mariners. Many of them yielded to the impulse of divine grace. These knelt and prayed with the Carmelite fathers. Some even joined promises to their fervent supplications. The monks took the deepest interest in them, encouraged them to hope and did not fail to aid them with salutary words of advice. In the face of dangers the most unbelieving are conquered. They all, without exception, went to confession.

But the tempest brew more violent every moment, the peril more imminent, the sea surged and rose, the elements seemed to conspire in one furious attack, to destroy the dismantled vessel. Certainly it could not avoid the rocks! Shipwreck seemed imminent. The masts could no longer withstand the storm but with a loud noise were precipitated into the sea. In that supreme moment terror rose to the highest point; the entire crew broke forth in cries and sobs. Prayer grew more supplicatory than ever. Suddenly, like an angel, a man sent by God, became visible to the eyes of the trembling creatures. He was surrounded by a luminous halo, and seemed to be bore upon a cloud of dazzling whiteness. He spoke with great sweetness to the poor creatures, so guilty but a little while ago, so penitent, so fervent now! "The devil," said he, "destroys in blasphemers the life of grace, But God restores unto them that life." The poor men prostrated themselves before the apparition. They implored him to obtain pardon and deliverance for them. St. Albert—for it was he—encouraged them to hope; then he ascended towards heaven. The sailors followed him with awe-stricken gaze. At the moment of the Saint's disappearance, they ascertained, on the opposite side Satan, who fled, uttering demoniac yells.

Suddenly, the wind ceased, the surging waves grew calm, and the placid waters bore them happily towards port. A gentle breeze sprang up and accelerated their progress.

After a happy voyage, from that day on, they arrived at the mouth of the Amo, and soon reached the quay of Lisa. Their first care was to make known their wonderful escape from death, and

to give public thanks to God and to His holy messenger of mercy.

CHAPTER XVII.

St. Albert Cures a Poor Little Child.—
He Cures the Son of the Count de
Peralta.—He Effects Several Other
Miraculous Cures.

In the year of the Incarnation, 1375, at Palermo, a poor mother was overwhelmed with grief at the suffering endured by her child from a very severe attack of dropsy. Her extreme poverty would not admit her to bestow upon it the attention which she otherwise would have given. She was almost ready to despair. The malady growing worse, she begged money enough to purchase medicine, which, however, had no effect, whatsoever. The child did not improve. The desolate mother then thought of seeking aid from St. Albert. She went to the Church, where, before an image of the Saint, a little lamp perpetually burned. She knelt and, whilst the tears were not slow to come, in tones scarce audible for sobs, she prayed thus: "Oh! great Saint! I know well that thou art infinitely loved by our Lord. I know that He honors thee with an intimate affection. He has deigned to operate great miracles,—wonderful prodigies—in favor of those who invoked thee to secure thy protection, and who promised thee the tribute of their veneration. I wish also to supplicate thee. Deign to cast thy eyes upon a despairing mother. Oh! bend thy ear to my prayer, and cure my beloved child." After this invocation, the poor woman took a small portion of the oil from the lamp which kept watch and ward before the Saint, bearing to him the loving thoughts, the fervent homage of his numerous and devoted clients, and left the Church for her home.

Arrived thither, she moistened a piece of cotton in the oil, and anointed the poor little sufferer with it. As soon as it had been applied the latter felt very much relieved, and fell into a peaceful slumber. When he awoke, the swelling had disappeared, the water had vanished and the malignant humor entirely departed. This cure was soon widely circulated through the city.

The great ones of the community gave

him in the person of His servitor; the thanks to God, and rendered glory unto people gave testimony of their joy. Many visits to the chapel were the result of this miracle.

In the same year a cure of a similar nature was effected at Sciacca. This time the subject was a child of noble birth, as if to prove that the mighty and the lowly, provided they are disposed for prayer and sacrifice, possess the same privileges with the Saint.

The young Nicholas, son of the Count de Peralta, fell dangerously ill. He suffered greatly. The most skilful physicians of the island had been employed; they had exhausted all the resources of their art, but no satisfactory result had been obtained. It became their sad duty to announce to the grief-stricken parents that their beloved son was almost at the gates of death.

Still they ordered new remedies, but the intensity of the pain never ceased. The youth suffered even more. The sorrowing parents wept constantly. They deplored their helplessness. They not only could not keep death from their child, but they even could not diminish his pain, which had increased to an insupportable degree. This father, this mother, had reached the climax of their desolation. Not one moment's repose could they take. Their days and nights passed in cruel apprehension. An attack more severe even than the preceding ones threatened to be the last. It was hours in duration. During the night when the crisis seemed to be at hand, a religious whose reputation for sanctity was very great, and who knew the family, had a singular dream. He saw a Carmelite monk go to the apartment of the young invalid, take him in his arms, and embrace him. The boy seemed overwhelmed with joy at the visit.

In the morning the recollection of the dream came vividly to his mind. He was fond of Nicholas, he had prayed for him, and thus it was that he was inspired with hope. He hastened to the castle, and related to the countess his dream, of whose celestial origin he had no doubt. She asked him what he supposed to be its signification. The monk replied that he interpreted it thus:

If her son could not be cured by human skill, he certainly could through the merits of St. Albert. "And," he added, "that should not surprise you, for he receives honor and veneration from every member of your family, and you all acknowledge him to be a wonder-worker. The countess accepted the interpretation of the dream. She promised the Saint to fast on the even of the anniversary of his death, to solemnly observe his feast day, and to have his statue fashioned, by a skilful artist, in silver, with drapings of purest gold. This should be placed upon an altar dedicated to the Saint. In honor of their venerated protector, she would distribute clothing to the poor, and, finally, she would, for a certain time, have her son wear the habit of Mount Carmel.

Then the monk brought the relics of the Saint, placed them in a glass of water, and after having thrice recited the Pater and Ave Maria, he gave a drink of the liquid to the young invalid.

Scarcely had the boy taken it than he felt an extraordinary warmth steal over him, and not a vestige of the pain remained. The next day witnessed the beginning of the fulfillment of all that the countess had promised, and immediately the sick child arose from his bed. He was saved! His noble parents hastened to comply with their engagements. Here is another fact, which, like the preceding is taken from the anonymous author previously cited by Vincent Barbe, and later by ourselves.

In the year of grace, 1385, at Catania, a child who was also called Nicholas, was tormented grievously. He suffered from a painful hernia. Upon the day when the feast of St. Albert was celebrated, he assisted at the exercises with great devotion and fervor. Afterwards he presented himself at the monastery and obtained an interview with the prior. His appearance sufficiently betrayed his suffering, and the father was moved with compassion for him. "What troubles you?" he enquired, "and what do you desire of me?" The child requested permission to tell the cause of his affliction. "Do so," was the rejoinder.

The child then removed his clothing. Several of the monks who were present were astonished at the grave nature of

the malady. The prior was most kind and considerate to the little sufferer. He led him to a tiny oratory, where there was a picture of St. Albert. There he bade him kneel and implore the saint to cure him. In return for this he was to promise to consecrate himself to the service of God in religion. The child obeyed and thrice renewed his prayer, to which he added three Paters and three Aves.

Then he drank of the water, blessed and enriched with the relics of the saint, and rose up entirely cured! He never left the monastery, and after the time of his probation, was solemnly received into the Order of Carmel.

It is recorded that he lived in great holiness until the day of his death.

Catania witnessed another miracle in that very year. A noble dame, whose family was of the highest rank, had for a dreary length of time been afflicted with a cancer of the breast. It was of the most malignant type. Living indeed, but almost devoured by worms!

She had undergone many painful operations to no avail. None had been successful, and the evil only grew worse. The Feast of St. Albert arrived, and despite her sufferings, she wished to assist at the solemn ceremonies which were to mark the day. She therefore went to Church.

The Priest chosen to deliver the panegyric of the saint related a great number of miracles wrought through his wonderful power.

His discourse inspired the noble lady with the idea of asking relief at his hands, for the happy termination of which desire she made the following promise:—

"If God," said she, "will deign to heal this hideous wound, I will offer to the saint a silver statue, I will present ornaments of the purest gold for his altar, and I will celebrate his next feast day with the utmost devotion and fervor."

Then she took away with her a small portion of the water blessed with the relics of the saint.

She bathed the wound with it, and those horrible larvae, of themselves, fell from it, and contrary to all hope, she recovered her health.

Here the author adds this reflection: "There are many incidents of the above nature which might well have a place in this abridgement, but I have selected these as being the most fitting to increase in the hearts of his clients a devotion to the venerated St. Albert.

Meanwhile, to accede to the pious desires of those who intended seeking their cure at his hands, I will, with pleasure, explain how the greater number have been benefitted:

"Take a vase of water and place there in a relic of St. Albert, then repeat, with the attendants, and the patient, if the latter be able to speak, three times the Lord's Prayer, and the Angelical salutation. The priest will afterwards recite the prayer, will make the sign of the Cross over the water, and give it to the sick person to drink. Whilst the latter is taking the water the priest says the following prayer: "O, God, Our Lord, deign to bear a salutary help to this affliction that those who venerate the memory of Thy blessed confessor St. Albert may obtain through his merits deliverance from their ills, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

The Scapular.

The devotion of the scapular is one that is very dear to the Catholics and justly so. The little squares of coarse brown cloth that we wear serve for a double purpose. It is intended to honor the Blessed Mother under the title of Our Lady. The confraternity of the livery and marks us as her devoted servants. To it are attached many spiritual favors and the special protection of Our Lady. The confraternity of the Brown Scapular takes its origin from St. Simon Stock, an English Carmelite monk, to whom it pleased our Blessed Lady to reveal this devotion. Since that that time popes and bishops, kings and princes, have esteemed this simple livery of Mary above that of royal ermine, and millions of the lowly children of the Church have found sweet comfort and consolation in being numbered among the servants of Mount Carmel.

To gain the indulgence of the Brown Scapular it is not absolutely necessary

to say any particular prayer in its honor, though it is a common and laudable custom to do so. It should, however, be worn with the consciousness of its purpose, to honor the Blessed Mother of God, and not for mere careless habit. A daily prayer will be a helpful reminder to this end. To receive the indulgences attached to the wearing of the scapular, one must be regularly enrolled by a priest and his name inscribed on a register kept for that purpose. Once enrolled, it is not necessary to have future scapulars blessed. Should the one we have, become worn out, or broken, or lost, we have to but get another and put it on. This we should do without fail, and never, day or night, be without it.

The particular grace we ask for is the grace of a happy death. Some there are who look who look for temporal favors rather than spiritual ones from the wearing of the scapular, and it is a common superstition that one cannot be drowned while wearing it. This is a mistake. The scapular is not a life-preserver, but a grace-preserver, if worn with the proper disposition. That it may some times please our Blessed Lady to reward simple confidence in her all-powerful aid and to save the life of her client is not at all impossible, but we have no promise of hers to that effect. We knew a brave sailor lad, whose skin was black but whose soul was white, a devout son of Mary, who leaped into the sea in a hurricane to save another washed overboard. When rescued his scapular hung over his sailor jacket, and one of the crew, taking a hold of it, asked what it was. "Never mind," said the other, "that's what saved my life." Perhaps it was. But not long after the poor fellow was blown up with the battleship Maine. The scapular did not save his life then. Perhaps it was because Mary, this time, would save his soul instead.

One of the uses of the Scapular is to identify our Catholic dead. In any Christian community a body with such a mark of faith upon it will surely have a Christian burial, a last resting place in consecrated ground.—Selected.—An Exchange.

Editorial Notes.

Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, who was elected General of the whole Carmelite Order last October, is at present paying an official visit to this country. During the week, beginning June 21, he gave a retreat to the priests of the arch diocese of Toronto. He is at present residing in the Monastery at Niagara Falls, and will remain here till the end of the Provincial Chapter, which began June the 29th, and which is being held at present in the Hospice of Mount Carmel, overlooking the great cataract of Niagara. On his way here, the Rev. F. General visited the houses in New York City and Englewood, N. J. After the Chapter he will visit the remaining houses in Chicago, Ill.; in Leavenworth and Scipio, Kas.; in Tucker, Miss.; in Pittsburg and New Baltimore, Pa. After that he will either visit the houses of the Order in Brazil or return directly to Rome, where he has taken up his permanent residence.

The Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which we celebrate this month, is not only a special Feast for the Carmelites, strictly speaking, but also for all the wearers of the Brown Scapular. It was on this day that Our Blessed Lady appeared to St. Simon Stock and gave him the scapular as a pledge of her love and confraternity. Just as soldiers experience a feeling of pride when wearing the uniform of their sovereign, and people of the world consider it a privilege to wear the badges of great societies, so we should be only too eager to clothe ourselves with the livery of Our Blessed Mother, and never lay it aside.

On July the 16th, a special train for the pilgrims will leave Buffalo at 7.30 a.m., stopping at Black Rock in coming and going, and will leave the Hospice again in the evening at 6 o'clock. The services at the Hospice on the Feast of Our Lady as usual will be very solemn and imposing.

A short time ago, in a certain town of Massachusetts, the foreman of a mar-

ble quarry decided not to let his men work in the quarry on a holy day of obligation. That same day several large pieces of marble lying on the top of the pit, the support giving away, fell back into the pit. There is no doubt that if the men had been at work, very few would have escaped with their lives. However, this may be, it is certain that these men will be exact for the future in the observance of the holy days.

Very few of the men that ever lived have heard the notice of their death as often as the Holy Father. Only recently again the word came back to Rome that he was dead.

Many Americans seem to be shocked at the recent crimes committed in Russia by a infuriated populace, but as far as we can learn it was done without the knowledge, and the Government has taken measures since to prevent similar occurrences in the future. But what about similar or even worse atrocities committed, not only by the Americans, but by Americans in the service of the Government and wearing its uniform.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, with the priests of the Archdiocese, made a retreat at the Hospice from June the 22nd to the 27th. The retreat was conducted by Very Rev. Father Pius R. Mayer, the General of the Carmelite Order.

The Hospice is now open for guests. For families who wish to spend a short time far from the din and cares of the city, we can recommend no better place than the Hospice. Here the young people and children are safe from the corruption which is so rampant in many summer resorts, and every one is made to feel quite at home, all seem to form one large family. Then there is so much beautiful scenery in the vicinity, the great cataract and its magnificent surroundings, and many opportunities for short excursions to the neighboring cities and country.

We are sending out a circular this month to some of our subscribers who are in arrears, and we hope that all who receive them will kindly attend to it at once. The printer, and the others who are engaged in the work on the Review, look for their payment every month, and with so many subscribers in arrears, you can easily understand that it is sometimes difficult for us to meet all payments.

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One of the notable events in the history of St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont., was the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Very Rev. Father J. R. Teefy, C. S. B. The jubilarian was honored by the presence of His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, and a great number of priests, many of whom were alumni of this famous institution of learning. The Rev. jubilist has a well-known reputation as an educator, and much of the success attained by this famous college is due to his untiring zeal and efforts. We unite with his many friends in wishing him many years in his great educational career.

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A worthy successor has been appointed to Archbishop Quigley, as bishop of Buffalo, in the person of Father Colton, from New York. We wish to congratulate the prelate on the high honor conferred upon him, and we also wish him success in the arduous and difficult labors incumbent on a pastor of Christ's flock. May he lead and guide his people on their path through life to the eternal mansions in Heaven.

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On the missions which our Fathers have given all over the land, the devotion of the people to the Holy Scapular of Mt. Carmel is most edifying. The devotion is so simple yet so expressive of the Catholic's love for their Heavenly Mother, and so solid and true since our Blessed Lady herself, with her own hands gave the Scapular to her children promising all protection in life and death to all those who wear the Holy Scapular.

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On July 16th, the Feast of the Holy Scapular, all can gain a Plenary Indul-

gence for themselves or for the departed souls, every time they visit a Carmelite Church and pray for the intentions of our Holy Father. The thousands of persons who visited our Church at the Hospice last year show how this devotion is increasing in the hearts of the children of Mary.

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The Novena in preparation for the Feast of the Holy Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will begin July the seventh.

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The annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady at Niagara Falls will take place this year on Thursday, July 16th.

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All who wear the Scapular should be sure that their Scapulars are made of wool and brown in color. The strings of the Scapular may be of any color or substance.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received at:
 Niagara Falls: From St. Cecilia's Church, Glassport, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.; Somersets, O.; Harbour Bouche, N.S.; Holy Rosary Chapel, Deer Park, Ont.; College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.; Crysler, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Mt. Clemens, Mich.; St. Paul, Minn.; St. Peter's Church, Fort Wayne, Ind.; St. Peter's Church, diocese of London, Ont.; Walkerville, Ont.; Saginaw, Mich.; St. Patrick's Church, Caledonia, Ont.; Sydney Mines, N.S.; St. Patrick's Church, Oshkosh, Wis.

At Pittsburg: from St. Richard's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Paul's, Pocahtontas, Ark.; St. Edward's, Hackerville, Wis.; St. Joseph's, Verona, Pa.; St. Augustine's, Pittsburg, Pa.; R.C. Church, Linton, Ind.; Holy Cross, Marine City, Mich.; Stillwater, O.F.; Latrobe, Pa.

At New Baltimore: from St. Louis University, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Scranton, Pa.

There are none so blind as they who won't see.—Swift.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dears Sirs :

I ask you to publish the following favor. My husband has stopped drinking after fourteen years. We prayed to our Blessed Mother, and our request has been granted at last.

Truly yours,

A member of St. Peter's congregation.
Stanley, Ky.

• • • •

Dear Fathers :

Please find enclosed an offering for Mass, which I promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in thanksgiving for a favor recently granted. Please publish this in the Review.

Respectfully,

M. J. L.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

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Rev. Dear Fathers :

I, a reader of your Review, promised to have a Mass said in honor of S. Joseph and the Bl. Virgin for a favor obtained. Please publish it in the Review.

I remain yours faithfully,
Paterson, N. J.

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St. Louis, Mo., May 14, 1903.

Dear Father :

Enclosed please find an offering for two Masses; one in honor and thanksgiving to the Sweet Infant of Prague and Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for my recovery from a serious illness. The second in honor and thanksgiving to St. Joseph for the souls in Purgatory for favors granted. Will you kindly publish this in your next issue.

M. L.

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Brantford.

Rev. Fathers :

I had a severe cold and promised the Infant of Prague if I was relieved to have it published. Please publish it.

Mrs. J. J.

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Two things are against all possibility—to enjoy more of this world's goods than was from the beginning decreed, and to die before thine appointed time.

Obituary.

Kindly pray for the soul of Mrs. T. F. Manning, who died on March 12th last, fortified with the Holy Rites of the Church and clothed in the Scapular of our Blessed Lady.

Book Review.

"Compendium Juris Regularium," by P. Augusterius Bachofen, S. T. D., published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$2.50 net.

After a detailed examination of this work, we are glad to be able to compliment the compiler. It is a most practical summary of the whole body of canonical rights and obligations of regulars. It contains the latest decrees of the Holy See. All the different kinds of religious bodies, of men and women, are explained, and their rights and duties specified with due regard to the peculiar conditions of our country.

This is done in as condensed a form as compatible with a full treatment of the subject, and without omitting anything real important. We know of no other work on the subject which we can so heartily recommend to the study of all American religious bodies, and to those whose duty, or whose wish it may be to become well acquainted with the rights and duties of the religious orders, congregations and associations in America.

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Man cannot reflect the Creator unless he puts himself in contact with him. Fools that we are! If we wish a mirror to reflect the sun, do we turn it toward the earth?

Unworldliness is this—to hold things from God in the perpetual conviction that they will not last; to have the world and not let the world have us; to be the world's masters and not the world's slaves.

One great object of an education is to develop practical power, to add to one's ability to cope with men and things, to become more efficient, and to be better fitted to grapple with the practical problems of life.—"Success."