

Ecce homo.

Carmelite Review



VOL. XI

WELLAND, ONT., APRIL, 1903.

No. 4

Address communications and make orders payable to **The Carmelite Fathers**, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Easter.



HE joyous bells are ringing,
Te Deum choirs are singing
Glad Easter day is here ;
White lilies on white altars,
White souls whose white prayer falters
In that white Presence near.

No more His Heart is grieving,
Our Father's love retrieving
In Gethsemane's dark bower ;
No more He feels the blows that fell
On those bowed shoulders cruelly well,
In one cruel hour.

'Tis past—the thorny crowning,
When with taunts and angry frowning
They pierced His sacred head ;
No more He bears the Cross for me
O'er that sad road to Calvary,
By love and hatred lead.

'Tis past ; 'tis Resurrection morn,
Sweet bells ring clear, ring loud, ring
long
Thy song's glad triumphing ;
"He is risen ! He is not here, you see !"
O grave where is thy victory ?
O Death, where is thy sting ?

Rose C. Conley.

CARMELITE
MT. C.
NIAGARA FALLS
ONTARIO,
CANADA

One Easter at Highmore.

DR. J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I.

On a cold October morning in the early eighties, the humble little rectory at Highmore held two happy hearts. The final, decisive words that made Kenneth Cameron and Cecile Emery man and wife had just been spoken, and in the eyes of good old Father Francis—God rest his soul—there lurked a look of intense joy. Often in the twilight he had knelt before the altar holding sweet converse with his God, asking blessings for his children of the parish, and Cecile's name was never forgotten. Often he wondered whether she would really marry Cameron. He was rich, but what, after all, were riches, when the man she loved possessed not even that priceless pearl,—the true faith?

Kenneth Cameron was a man about thirty-five, well preserved and quite good looking, and in his open, frank countenance there was a look of strong determination. His father had been a minister in a little village surrounded by Scottish hills, and shepherds who tended their flocks on the hills were his parishioners. He was a good, honest, old soul, and when Kenneth, his only child, kissed him good-bye years ago and left Scotland to make a fortune in other lands, his heart nearly broke. Kenneth came right to Highmore; he was poor then, but he had pluck, back-bone and endurance, and thus, in a few years, he had made and saved quite a fortune. Now, he was the wealthiest man in the city, and his marriage to pretty Cecile Emery—the brightest rose in all the country side—was just, at this moment, the general topic of the hour. Cecile Emery came of good, sound Catholic stock, was quite accomplished, and in every way suited to become the wife of Highmore's wealthy broker.

"May God bless you both!" Father Francis said thoughtfully, as they were about to leave the rectory. "And remember your promise, Kenneth! You have plucked the fairest flower in all my parish and I hope that bitter sorrows may never mar or blight its beauty—good-bye!" and he shook hands

with both of them vigorously and closed the door. When they were gone, Father Francis sank down before a statue of the Blessed Lady and prayed that the man, whom he had just made happy, might not be lost to the Church, and some day would receive the gift of faith. Cecile was a saint of earth, he, thought, and surely her pure, Christian character would do much to this end. Words and exhortations had been useless; they had fallen on barren, hard rocks. Cecile had married the man she loved; she was happy, but in all her joy, there was the undertone of a regret, and she dreamed of the future and wondered in her soul if her dream would ever come true.

For days and days Father Francis' words rang in Kenneth's ears: "Remember your promise!" the strange mystic voices said, and he could not hush them. Perhaps, in some far-off day these self-same voices would remind him of his sacred pledge. Let us hope that, when they did speak, he heard them!

Thirteen years had passed. The Camerons were still counted the wealthiest family in Highmore, and, to outward appearances, really deserved the distinction. Kenneth had changed little in these years, and Clyde, his young son, now ten years old, was the dead picture of him. Cecile had changed much in looks. One would hardly have known her, with her troubled, sad face. The years were weaving light silver strands through her hair, and no one in all Highmore but herself, knew the reason. Kenneth had been a traitor to the promise he made to Father Francis years ago, and this was the strange power that made her so unhappy. The fires of bigotry that had been burning in Kenneth's soul, lit up in all their virulence, one morning after breakfast. The baby was a month old and had not yet been baptized, and Cecile's suffering, mother-heart was bleeding with anguish.

"Don't you think it is time baby was being baptized, Kenneth?" she asked, gladly.

"Baby baptized?" he interrupted hot-

ly. "Cecile, are you going mad? Baby baptized—well hardly! That boy will go to his father's church, so you can put all your little scruples aside," he added, sarcastically.

The color in Cecile's cheeks reddened, and for the moment she was stunned. She thought that she had known Kenneth, but now, alas! she divined in him another self. After a few minutes, she was quite composed and said, in a trembling voice: "But your promise, Kenneth! Have you forgotten how you promised Father Francis that if any children should be born to us, they were to be baptized and raised Catholics. Have you forgotten so soon? It pains me deeply."

"Promises count for nothing," he stammered forth scornfully. "I never for one moment, intended to do it, anyway—and, pshaw! the priest is dead."

"The priest is dead, 'tis true, and more's the pity," added Cecile sadly. "But, Kenneth, there were other ears than his that heard the promise. There is a God in heaven, and He understood and I am glad that there is One who remembers your words still."

"Enough of this nonsense—this old-woman talk!" shouted Cameron madly, and there was a look of deep scorn in his eyes. "My child will never—never, I say—be baptized by a priest," and he stormed out of the room in a great fit of anger.

During the years that followed, Cecile had never again, except on a few thoughtless occasions, mentioned baptism or anything pertaining to Clyde's condition, and when she had done so, it ended in bitter quarrels and strifes. Often she felt as if her heart would break, but she was afraid, and she sealed her lips for the sake of her child—for peace, after all, was very sweet. One day, Clyde came running to his mother with a face pale and frightened, and exclaimed: "Mother, poor Tim Flannagan, next door, has just died. I was at his bedside when the end came, and he beckoned me with his little, pale fingers, and then kissed me good-bye. But, oh, mother, he had such a nice death, and the priest from the Cathedral prayed with poor Tim all morning. Poor Tim! how I will miss him. He was about the only

boy I ever knew, and—and—I—." Clyde could not speak another word, for the deathbed scene he had just witnessed, had made him think of too many things and he burst into tears, and the kindly ring of his mother's voice could not assuage the pain of his little, wounded heart.

After some time Clyde's little rain of tears was over, but the feelings of deep sorrow still penetrated his soul, for he realized that he had lost the first little friend of his heart's kingdom, and that for years to come there would be an empty place nothing could fill.

II.

On the evening before Tim's funeral, the Camerons were seated in their cosy drawing room, when Mr. Cameron suddenly rose, after consulting his watch, and exclaimed: "By jove, Cecile! I almost forgot. It is past seven, and I should have been at the office long ago, fixing up my monthly statement."

"Since you will be away then for some time," interposed Mrs. Cameron, "Clyde and I will take a run over to Flannagan's. Clyde so wishes to see poor little Tim before he is taken away." Cecile's cheeks burned; she would have liked to have taken Clyde to church with her in the morning, but she was afraid lest her husband might enact another scene in their household drama. The very mention of it would bring forth such a volley of abusive, sarcastic words that Cecile once more smothered those feelings that her honest heart had known so well.

When Clyde and his mother returned from the Flannagan's, neither spoke. Their hearts were too full for utterance. Clyde was sitting in a rocker before the fire place, running his fingers carelessly through an open book, while his mother's lips moved silently and her fingers counted pearly beads that lay hid in the handkerchief on her lap.

Presently Clyde broke out tenderly: "Mother, why won't you let me go to the Sisters' school, so that when I am sick they will come to me and pray for me, like they did at Tim's sick bed? I am not like other boys at all, and I just hate my old tutor. He never mentions God's name to me and it all seems so strange, and now I am nearly eleven

years old—and, oh! how I do wish I could say half the prayers that those children do. And, mother, I would like to go to your church on Sundays and do just what you do and learn to pray to Mary, like Tim used to do. Even if father does get angry, I don't care -- I want to be just like Tim."

There was a momentary pause. "Never mind, my boy, my prayer, I am sure, will some day be answered," she said, "and then everything will be all right."

"But I want to learn how to pray, now," he interrupted. "That some day may be too late for me, mother. I want to be one of Mary's children, like Tim, and when I know how to pray, I will have much to ask for."

The clock struck eleven. "Come, Clyde" Mrs. Cameron said, sweetly, "it is time you were in bed. When the child was ready to retire, he came to his mother, climbed on her knees, and whispered into her ears: "The prayers, mother! teach me your "Our Father," and that "Hail, Mary," to-night. I am sure poor Tim needs a prayer. Let my first one be for him."

Mrs. Cameron kissed the little red lips and then went to the boy's room, closed the door gently and said in a trembling voice: "Remember, Clyde! that your father hears nothing of this. Come, let us kneel down together."

The moonbeams stole through the fine lace curtains and threw their light upon Clyde's golden, curly hair, as he blessed himself and repeated, word after word, the "Our Father."

Just then the front door opened and in walked Mr. Cameron. The house was unusually quiet, and thinking Cecile and Clyde were fast asleep, he took off his overcoat and tip-toed into the drawing room, so as not to disturb their slumbers.

That very moment the voice of a child came ringing across the hallway—it was sweet and tender, just like the first song of a young bird in spring—and the words stole into the drawing room, reverently and distinctly: "And lead us not—into temptation—but deliver us from evil—now—and at the hour—of our death—amen. Hail Mary—full of grace—"

Kenneth Cameron stood still for a moment, a dark shadow crept into his pale face, his teeth were set and there was a wild look in his eyes, as he tip-toed across the hall and then stood at the door of Clyde's room. It was partly closed, and there, in the corner, he saw all. There was Clyde in his white robe, and beside him knelt Cecile, and his boy was being taught how to chatter "papist" prayers. Was it possible? The fires of a fierce hatred were consuming Cameron's soul. His muscles twitched; he could hardly stand it out. Out upon the silence again came the voice of the child,—"Holy Mary—Mother of God—pray for us sinners—" The excited man bit his lips in anger. "Oh, I cannot stand it," he thought, "the idea of teaching my boy to pray to a woman. I will yet bend Cecile's haughty will and she will yet have to cower down in the dust at my feet and beg my pardon." A thousand thoughts flashed through his mind. Now came the sweet voices of mother and child. They were making the sign of the Cross—"In name of the Father—and the Son—" Kenneth Cameron thought of his promises to poor Father Francis, thirteen years ago, and again he brushed it away carelessly. The battle was on. It had reached the climax. He could not stay the wild impulses of his haughty nature -- his face was the picture of a madman's, and in he darted, into the very room where mother and child were kneeling, and roughly snatched the little one from the floor, amid a cry of curses that would have put to shame even Lucifer himself.

"Cecile Emery," he roaned, "let this night put an end to all your foolish fancies! That boy will never be a Catholic and mumble monotonous prayers and bend his knee to the priest, and if you persist in making my life uncomfortable I will tear your heart in two. You do not deserve my love and you are degraded in my eyes for having planned and schemed and plotted against me and my child when my back was turned. By heaven, I swear! you shall yet suffer for this!" Clyde stood transfixed—a witness to another act of high society drama—and in his eyes the tears gathered fast.

Mrs. Cameron knelt at the bedside.

Her eyes were dry, and her hands held fast her throbbing temples.

"Cecile," he shrieked, "do you hear me with your mumbling witchery of prayer? Remember, this night ends your trickery with that child!" and he stormed out of their sight and paced the hall with the fury of a caged lion.

When he was gone, Clyde stole over to his mother's side, put his trembling, childish arms around her neck, and planted a kiss on her feverish cheeks. Then in the moonlight, he knelt down again beside her and, I really believe, his lips moved in prayer.

III.

Two months had passed and the Cameron house was bright and cheerful as ever. Kenneth seemed to have forgotten all about the fatal night, and Cecile tried very hard to forget. Every day she made a visit to St. Peter's and God only knows what her thoughts were.

One day, early in February, when steel-gray skies were dull and cheerless, Cecile stood at her window, gazing down the long, empty, desolate street. It had just begun snowing a little and the streets were very slippery. She had sent Clyde with a message to the grocer's, and he had not returned, though he had been gone a full hour. Just then, the ambulance swept around the corner, and for an instant a mighty fear swayed her inmost feelings. The ambulance halted before her very doors. She felt getting dizzy, everything was moving around her and she came near falling to the floor, but she held fast to a chair standing near by. She stared through the window almost wildly; she saw her husband, and then came the ambulance surgeons carrying an almost lifeless, pale body on a stretcher. The door opened, she stared at the men; she could not speak; she stared at the being on the stretcher—it was the body of a child. She threw her hands into the air and shrieked: "My God! it is Clyde." She moaned as she sank into Kenneth's strong arms.

Another of the many accidents that take place in our large cities had occurred, and again, as usual, the unhappy victim was a poor, little, unsuspecting child. Clyde, on his way home, tried to hurry over the King street crossing

just as a west bound car was coming up a number of yards behind him. The streets had just frozen hard after a thaw, and the poor lad slipped and fell with the back of his head upon one of the iron rails. It was an awful fall; the child was dazed and uttered a sickly cry. A policeman saw the child falling and made for the crossing. The motor-man also saw the child lying there, and tried to stop the car; it was going at a slow speed, thank God! There was a heavy thud and the child's body would have been crushed under the wheels had not the policeman's strong arms just then been active. The child was in a state of collapse, and restoratives were administered, until the ambulance arrived that was to convey the little sufferer to his home.

All next day Clyde lay in his little cot, to all appearances dead. His breathing was shallow; his little pulse almost imperceptible. Not a word had yet passed his lips, and he seemed to be in a continual stupor. Dr. Von Hartmann the eminent specialist, had been called into the Cameron house, several days after, by the family physician, and upon examining the child, the famous German professor at once said: "My dear people, I am very sorry, the child will die; its chances to live are very meagre. The symptoms at first were those of concussion of the brain, but during the last twenty four hours meningitis has set in, and this makes the progress so unfavorable. I have seen quite a few traumatic cases and out of their number, only two recovered."

Mrs. Cameron was almost wild; the excitement had been too much for her. If Clyde would only speak, how much better she would feel, and then to think that her only child had to die—and to die unbaptized. O horrible thought! The agony of it sickened her deeply, but she bore up bravely and found a consolation in prayer. Three weeks had passed and Clyde's condition had not changed much, although Dr. Von Hartmann seemed more hopeful. Anyway, she resolved to make a novena to the Mother of God, and one morning she placed a little white marble statue of the Virgin at Clyde's bedside. Before this, a candle was to burn all day and

all night. She cared not what Kenneth would say, but she expected a few words of reproach from him that afternoon. But strange, he saw the statue and burning candle and not a word passed his lips, and Cecile was glad, for she felt that his cold, icy heart was beginning to thaw. I wonder if she was mistaken? Perhaps the sight of the sick child had put a check on his tongue, so as not to desecrate the quiet serenity of the sick chamber.

One evening, shortly after the lights were turned low, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron watched at the bed of their sick child. Clyde moved around nervously on his pillow, his soft blue eyes opened, and for a moment he gazed into the two tear-stained faces over him; then his lips moved, for the first time since the accident, and he whispered:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace—" Then he raised his fingers to his forehead, as if to bless himself, and a stupid, far-away look came to his face, and his hand fell down helpless at his side. Cecile wept bitterly, and upon Kenneth's troubled face there was a look, as if a storm were brewing within his soul. The days wore on, and dark, cheerless days they were, but they were getting somewhat brighter. Clyde seemed more himself; he was less drowsy and tried to speak with great fervor, then, almost as suddenly, his mind would become a blank. But, all in all, the doctors were well pleased with his condition. Day by day his power of speech grew stronger, and he would converse quite freely with those around him. Not one moment was he free from pain, and when his temperature would run up and wild, fever tempests consumed his energy; then he would sink into a low, muttering delirium, and often, very often, raise his fingers to his forehead, and there they remained until tired and exhausted he fell asleep.

One afternoon, when he awoke out of a refreshing sleep, he motioned his father to his bed-side, and said, in a slow, weak voice: "Father, I am not going to get better, and I am going to ask you one favor before I die. It is the last I will ever ask of you," and he halted as if to catch his breath.

"Go on, my dear," said Mr. Cameron.

"I would like to have Father Doyle come to see me," the child continued, "so that he could speak to me the way he spoke to poor Tim one afternoon when I was there. He has such a large, clean, warm heart, and he will make me very happy. Will you go for him, father?"

"Yes, my child, I will have him come" he answered.

"I wish, father, that you yourself would go for him," Clyde interrupted.

Kenneth Cameron's eyes opened widely; he waited an instant, then he said nervously, "I will, my boy!" Cecile overheard the conversation, and in her soul a fresh, new light was just then shining.

Good old Father Doyle—he of the gentle face and snow-white hair—came daily to see Clyde, and stayed long hours to speak and read to him. After one of these visits, Clyde said to his father: "I don't know, but every time I see Father Doyle coming in the doorway, my heart gives a jump, and all the pains in my back leave me just as rapidly as they came. His kind voice and his gentle smile do more for me than Doctor Von Hartmann does with electricity and drugs. And, oh, father, I am so happy, for I am getting to be more like Tim Flannagan every day,—and he smiled gently. It was the first smile Mrs. Cameron had seen on Clyde's face all during his illness, and that smile lit up the darkness and the gloom of all her succeeding days.

A great change was also coming over Kenneth. He had taken off the mask of his other self, and in Cecile's eyes he was again the upright, manly heart and ardent lover of those early years. One day the little tallow candle on the table in front of the Virgin statue burned out, and to Cecile's great surprise, Kenneth himself lit it,—and with that same match the Virgin herself lit the fires of faith and understanding that were smouldering in his soul, while the embers of his former, vague, religious persuasions were turning cold in death.

IV.

It wanted but two weeks of Easter, and Highmore, with its rich avenues of spruce trees, was beginning to look its prettiest. The lawns were changing to green in the sunlight, the birds were re-

turning in flocks, and flowers were everywhere beginning to push their heads through the wet earth. April's coming had been very welcome, and still he lingered, breathing fresh life into valley and meadow, and from his golden chalice, wreathed with the buds and blossoms of spring, he poured forth fresh, cooling showers. It was a grand awakening, and it spoke to Kenneth Cameron's soul more deeply and more clearly than words or actions had ever done. He, too, felt an awakening, but it was an awakening of the soul—an awakening profound and majestic. He was beginning to think of eternal springs and eternal sunshines, and he stood at the gates of the dreaded dawn, no longer the doubter and scoffer, but the believer ready to pass out into the perfect day of prophetic faith,—a day filled with joy and love and peace.

Mrs. Cameron was also breathing easier, for Dr. Von Hartmann had expressed every hope of Clyde's recovery. The pains had left his back, the temperature was down to normal, his mental faculties were perfectly restored, and the only remnant of the old disease was a slight headache, that Clyde experienced at times. But the poor child was only a shadow of his former self, yet mother and father were both overjoyed to know that God had spared their little one. Clyde grew stronger daily and was now sitting up in bed, and when Dr. Von Hartmann promised the lad a drive with his father on Easter Sunday, the acme of childish happiness was reached.

One evening just as Mr. Cameron was going out the front door, his wife called him back: "Kenneth, are you going out again? My! we haven't had you home with us one evening since the middle of March, and this seems so strange, for you never went out much before. Kenneth, I am beginning to have strange misgivings."

"Calm yourself, Cecile," he answered smilingly. "You see I am so busy, and I have come home so often during the day since Clyde's illness, that my work is never finished. I am, just now, balancing accounts and soon, my dear, I will be able to hand you the receipts."

"To hand me the receipts," Cecile thought. "What did he mean? Had

he been in financial straits that she knew nothing of?"

Cameron, in parting, only smiled, and I wonder if Cecile noticed the merry twinkle in his eyes. No, he had not been in financial straits, but his soul had experienced spiritual difficulties that his wife knew nothing of, and he thought of settling a debt, which he owed her. It all came about in this way:

One Sunday evening early in March Kenneth was out for a walk. A soft breeze came sweeping up from the lake; it was so cool and refreshing. The streets were just crowded with churchgoers and the pealing Cathedral chimes drew his footsteps in the direction of St. Peter's. For some time after, he stood at the Cathedral doorway, doubtful whether or not he should enter the sacred edifice. He had just turned his back on the church and was making for the pavement, when he felt a gentle touch at his elbow. He turned about nervously, and stood face to face with Father Doyle, the gray-haired rector.

"Ah! Mr. Cameron, it is delighted I am to see you," said the sweet voiced Father, gently. "Now, that you are here, won't you step inside a little this evening. The learned Archbishop is to speak, and there is a feast in store for the congregation." The chimes ceased pealing and the great organ pealed forth volumes of sound, as Father Doyle showed Mr. Cameron to a pew in front of the pulpit.

"Divine Providence again," whispered the priest to himself, as he entered the sanctuary.

That very evening Father Doyle had a call at the rectory. It was Mr. Cameron. The archbishop's sermon on faith had set his brain thinking, and every truth in his eloquent discourse had taken deep root in Kenneth's soul. What passed between the two men that night only they themselves know. And for evenings after you could see a dim light in Father Doyle's study at a certain hour, and the venerable old man, catechism in hand, instructing Hightmore's wealthy broker. And now we can guess where Kenneth spent so many of his evenings.

Easter dawned, bright and rosy, with the ringing of bells over the roof-tops of

the city. The heart of the morning beat joyous and free, and Clyde could hardly wait for his mother's return from early mass, for this was to be the day of his drive.

"Won't you have breakfast before going out driving, Kenneth?" asked Cecile lovingly. Kenneth shook his head and answered somewhat strangely: "Thank you, Cecile! I little feel like eating anything just now. After the drive, a morsel will taste all the better, my dear," and he laughed a bright, cheery laugh, that sent a thrill of joy through Cecile's heart.

When father and son were comfortably seated in the coupe and speeding down Central avenue, Mr. Cameron turned to Clyde. There was a look of almost superhuman joy in his face, and he asked, in a trembling tone of voice: "Clyde, you have seen so much of Father Doyle — would you really like to become a Catholic?"

"With all my heart, father," came the answer, in a fine, soft childish voice. "I often thought of it, but I dared not ask you."

"You may ask me now, Clyde," proceeded the father. "I have kept a little surprise from you and your mother. Last night I went to confession to good old Father Doyle, and this morning I am to be baptized and receive Communion in the rectory chapel. And now, Clyde, you see, why I could not take breakfast this morning; it would have broken my fast. Little your mother dreams of the surprise that this Easter will bring her"—and he laughed gladly.

Clyde opened his large, blue eyes; he was almost dumb-founded and could hardly believe his father's words. "Oh, father!" he at last broke forth, amidst a flow of tears, "I am so happy. Can't I also be baptized with you? Do speak to Father Doyle. I am sure he won't refuse me."

They had to wait at the rectory some minutes. The housekeeper had told them that Father Doyle had just gone to the Cathedral for hosts, as the Archbishop was going to say his mass in his private chapel in the rectory.

Fifteen minutes later both father and son had been baptized and received into

the church. The Archbishop himself kindly performed the ceremony, and, trembling old man that he was, he seemed still very active and strong for his years, as he mounted, with heavy step, the altar, to administer the first Holy Communion to Kenneth Cameron, while Clyde in his heart, thanked God that his first sweet prayer to Mary had been answered. Father Doyle was sponsor to both baptisms. After mass, the Archbishop blessed both father and son where they were kneeling, and went to the Cathedral to preach the Easter sermon. Mr. Cameron and Clyde occupied front pews, and as the venerable Archbishop spoke, large, heavy tears rolled down Kenneth's cheeks. He thought of the Archbishop's former sermon on faith, and he thanked God inwardly, for having directed his footsteps to old St. Peter's on that memorable Sunday evening.

When the coupe again stopped in front of the Cameron residence, the Archbishop was the first to alight, and he remarked thoughtfully: "You should have told your wife of this, Mr. Cameron. I dare say, she little suspects what has happened, but, after all, it will be a pleasant surprise for her, and a moment of happiness, the like of which she will not experience again."

"A moment of happiness, your Grace" added Father Doyle, as he stepped to the pavement, "into which can be crowded all life's years of sorrow." Just then Kenneth Cameron's face lit up with a smile. He had seen Cecile's face through the lace curtains and his heart gave a wild thrill of joy.

The Archbishop himself took Clyde in his arms and lifted him from the carriage, and together they walked into the house. Mrs. Cameron's eyes sparkled as she knelt to kiss the Archbishop's ring. He had been a dear friend to the Emery's in the days gone by, and as he stooped to bless Michael Emery's only child, his saintly old heart felt a pain that was akin to sorrow. "May all your days be filled with sunshine," he said, "and may God bless you and yours!" Just then a thought pierced Cecile's soul. She thought of Kenneth and wondered in her heart if her prayer would ever be answered. She raised herself from her knees and smiled to

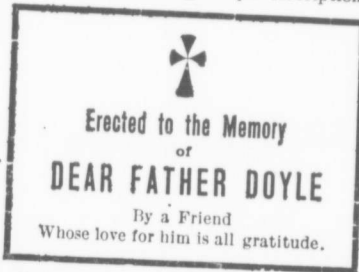
Father Doyle, as she clasped hands, then turning to Kenneth and Clyde, she noticed a strange look in both their eyes, which spoke of a secret something she dreamed not of.

Kenneth rose to the situation and laid bare the secret, that up to now had been hidden in his heart. "Cecile," he exclaimed, with much feeling, "the accounts are balanced—the debt is paid. Here are the receipts," and he handed her two souvenir documents. They bore the particulars and date of her husband's and son's baptism and entrance into the church.

Cecile trembled and held the documents to her gaze. The tears were gathering in her soft eye-lids. The surprise had totally upset her. "Oh, God!" she cried "I thank Thee," and she kissed Kenneth and Clyde just where they were standing.

Many years have gone since that happy day. One of the figures in that familiar Easter scene has passed to the great beyond. Within a magnificent mausoleum in the shadow of dear old St. Peter's, lies good old Father Doyle, and should you ever pass by that way

you will read at the foot of the beautiful statue of Mary, that guards the entrance, the following simple inscription:



It was a last tribute to the gentle priest by Highmore's wealthy broker.

Archbishop McFee, now eighty-five, is still hale and hearty and manages to pay the Camerons frequent visits, and on all these occasions he always states, in his simple way, that of all the memories ringing down the pathway of his years, none are brighter, none are dearer than those which remind him of that one and only Easter at Highmore many years ago.

Reflections.

It is always amusing to hear the narrow-souled deny mysteries. They will tell you that they believe only what they see, and yet they believe—*mirabili dictu!*—in their own brains that they have never seen. There is a mystery within and without us everywhere, as well as in religion. The fluctuations of feeling are unintelligible; the spirit of the landscape eludes the brush of the painter; the ancients represented mountain, river and plain with *genii* (spirits representing mystery) that the hand could no more grasp than the mind seize. Mystery! the child marvels at the restless spirit of the mill-wheel, the while man is worshipful of the sea. I believe more in mystery than I do in myself. If we had no mystery, we could have no poetry, for it is that ineffable spirit that we feel but cannot understand that gives poetry its character. Why is it that with all our boasted science the violet evades us and leaves us only humbled in admiration? When we

come to the analysis of things, we can only subdivide them into their constituent parts; when we ask what the part is, Echo answers—"What?"

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Speaking of Mystery, reminds me of our Faith. A man lies when he says he has no faith. He could not travel without faith in the engineer; nor need his child go to school without faith in the directing voice of the teacher. Faith is a condition imposed on him despite the insanity of his rebellious mind; faith yields him each day rich fruits—the happiness of his hope, where love is based on trust; his children show possibilities and he never wanes in his faith in their power when matured years will have brought the opportunities for success. Every living human being around him in his day's doings is to some extent believed in. If this is true of the lesser, how much more true is it of the greater things presented to his mind as good and true and beautiful? Pity the man so blinded in his own conceit that he can say he has no faith.

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 VIII.

Albert Continues to Prove Himself the Apostle of the Jews.

During this same year the servant of God travelled through the province and bent his steps towards Agrigente—Girgenti—to labor for the conversion of the Sicilians. They stood in need of such efforts, as well as the heretics and pagans. Their zeal had grown cold during the civil wars, and constant conflicts had excited the most evil passions in their hearts. Hatred had taken the place of charity. Hope, to them, meant only the hope of revenge. As to Faith, they had not utterly lost it. A people must have arrived at the last stage of decadence, before they forget or deny the existence of a God. But this virtue was not of sufficient brightness to overshadow the dark deeds of their iniquity.

The Saint, therefore, redoubled his eloquent discourses. One day he followed the course of the river Platazzi, anciently Lycus, which flows between Siacca and Agrigente. Although generally speaking, this stream was calm and placid and of little importance, it presented to-day a very different sight. The Saint had been deeply engaged in fervent prayers as he walked along a portion of the shore which looked down upon the terrible scene.

Swollen by sudden and unexpected torrents of rain, the waters had burst through their boundaries, and went raging towards the sea, leaving ruin and desolation in their path. The Saint silently looked upon the scene. He recommended to God all travellers who were in peril of their lives, and begged him to watch over their safety. Suddenly he heard himself called by name. It was the Jews who thus appealed to him, as they were in very great danger. They were engaged in some undertakings upon the shore opposite to that where

the Saint stood. They came to a point where, generally speaking, there was a ford, intending to cross the river. Just then the rise began, as violent as unexpected, and the unfortunate people found themselves in the water, tossed hither and thither by the force of the waves, and even thrown down by the current. Scarcely could they succeed in gaining a little isle on a sort of rock which, happily, was there. There they waited! But the water continued to rise and threatened each moment to engulf them within its depths. Soon the little islet would be submerged. It was at that critical moment that the Jews perceived Albert and called to him. They recognized him at once, and the thought of what they had heard of his marvels rushed to their terrified minds, and in imploring accents they begged his assistance. "In the name of Christ, whom you adore, come to our aid." "Be converted!" cried Albert, in a voice whose solemn tones pierced the tempest's angry roar. "Promise to receive Baptism, that I may pray for you in the name of Jesus Christ. Then, and then only, will you be delivered." At these words divine grace touched their hearts. "We will be baptized," they replied. "We have heard you preach, and we believe in the truth of what you proclaim."

Immediately Albert stepped upon the waters, and walked firmly upon the angry waves, until he reached the islet. Without losing an instant he baptized the Neophytes, then led them to the other shore in perfect safety. The new converts offered grateful thanks to our Lord and his faithful servant, and ever afterwards walked in the way of holiness. Meanwhile, the Saint had already passed through the greater part of his earthly career. He did not wish to die without having visited the places rendered hallowed by the presence of our Lord. He, who so tenderly loved that

Lord, who had had the happiness of clasping the divine babe in his arms, surely he should kneel at the humble crib of Bethlehem, and follow with breaking heart the road to Calvary. It was in the year of grace 1295 that Albert set out on his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. We faintly enjoy with the Saint, the ineffable happiness which he experienced in visiting those privileged places, the scenes of our Saviour's birth and divine mission up to His painful crucifixion. Let us follow Him in fancy to St John, to the mountain where the precursor was born. There the Virgin Mary visited her cousin, St. Elizabeth; there she intoned that magnificent canticle the "Magnificat," which was to resound until the end of the world, through "the corridors of time." It was upon "Mount St. John" that the dwelling of Zachary was situated. Leaving this mountain we will visit Carmel and taste the impression of peace, the interior joy which permeates souls during the passage over that blessed solitude. We will evoke the memory of Elias, of Eliseus, and of all the pious solitaries who meditated in those picturesque grottoes in ages past away. But alas! when the saintly monk visited these holy places, they were, in sadness, bearing the weight of the Saracen rule. Leaving Carmel, we will haste to Nazareth to adore the Divine Saviour in the very place where the mystery of the Incarnation was accomplished. With the Saint we will fervently recite the angelic salutation.

Then we will go to the scene of St. Joseph's toil, where our Lord gave the example of labor and of obedience, the ancient temple where the Divine Child showed Himself more wise by far than the ancients and the sages. We will visit the fountain where the Queen of Angels drew the water required for the wants of the holy family. In this blessed country one might say that traces are found of the steps of Jesus, Mary and Joseph at every turn. From Nazareth to Jerusalem, in passing by the Tiberian Lake, all the marts are marked by the souvenirs of our Redeemer's terrestrial existence. Here is Cana where our Lord performed the first miracle of his public life; there the lake of Genesareth whose splendor is some-

thing marvellous,—its perfect tint of azure might well be taken for a part of heaven's own blue. Was it not upon these shores that our Lord, after his Resurrection, addressed to Peter those touching words: "Simon Peter, lovest thou me?" Then we will ascend Mount Thabor, and upon its favored summit which Jesus illumined with such radiant glory, we will repeat the words of Peter: "Lord, it is good for us to be here; let us erect three tents." Let us next go to Naim, where Jesus restored to life the poor widow's son; to Sunam, where the prophet brought back from death the child of the Sunamite, and afterwards, we will wend our way to Bethlehem. Before arriving there, however, we will pause at the well of Jacob. It was there that the Divine Saviour of mankind, weary and athirst after the fatigues to which his humanity had been exposed, sat down. There it was that the poor sinful woman, through compassion offered him a drink of water, in return for which he poured forth upon her soul the bright and sparkling waters of eternal bliss. But it was Bethlehem—Jerusalem—which above all attracted the traveller's fervent soul. Bethlehem where all was joy and hope. Jerusalem where the soul, tortured by the agonies of the Passion, awakes to joy in the glories of the Resurrection! At Bethlehem, the Saint could only prostrate himself before the simple crib where the Son of God, a helpless babe, reposed. Where he received the homages of the shepherds, the gifts of the Magian Kings. He could only repeat the sublime words made use of by the Church on Christmas day: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will." But, if at Bethlehem, the soul sings to the Lord a new song, because He has done marvellous things, how many tears fall from pitying eyes in treading the pathways of Jerusalem. With what realistic force one calls up to view the too painful scenes of the Saviour's Passion. With our Lord Jesus Christ the saint repaired to the Garden of Olives, shed bitter tears at Gethsemane, and, in fine, walked the dolorous way of the Cross to Calvary. And all the while that his pilgrimage lasted, as usual, he performed many miracles. Untold mar-

vels marked his way through Palestine. He healed the sick and converted several Jewish families. Historians have not given the details; they contented themselves with publishing facts. To those who wonder at this, we reply that such reticence should excite no surprise. In the first place, communication was limited, except for the purpose of commerce or during the time of war. In the second, printing was not invented. Only through tradition, therefore, were facts transmitted from family to family, from neighbor to neighbor, from city to city. Each related the events to which they had been witness. Clever chroniclers who sometimes followed in the wake of armies, such as Villehardouin, Froissart, the Sire de Joinville, sometimes lived on familiar terms with sovereigns, kept "en courtant" of all that took place and recorded all the interesting facts of which they knew. In the cloisters the monks transcribed them in most precious manuscripts, and thus from age to age the history of the people was established.

As regards the miracles wrought by St. Albert, it was the favored ones who had been their objects, the throng of spectators who witnessed them that made it their special charge to proclaim them. But this was not, could not be the case with those performed in the Holy Land.

The sick whom he healed, the families he converted did not follow their benefactor, and it was not probable that the Saracens, in whose midst he was, would transmit the memory of those marvels. Albert would have had, on his return, to relate them himself, and his humility would never have permitted him to do so. Meanwhile, the holy religious visited the tomb of his Divine Master, also Carmel. Alas! that those places of such hallowed memories—all Palestine and Jerusalem—should be in the grasp of infidel hands! What a source of sorrow and humiliation for the Christian heart! Albert had now reached the end of the time he intended to devote to his tour, and soon we find him en route for the monastery at Messina.

CHAPTER IX.

St. Albert Goes to Leontium.—A Sick Person is Cured by the Mere Touch of His Garments.—He Heals a Child at Palermo.

Shortly after his return from Palestine, St. Albert retired to Leontium, a city on the eastern coast of Sicily, where he imagined he would not be known. He went thither through a motive of humility in order to escape the homage of which he was constantly the object from the populace. He thought that he would no longer be taken, regretfully, from his devotions as was the case both at Messina and Palermo. But our Lord had ordained otherwise. At Leontium, as well as at Messina and Agrigente, the Saint, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, wrought the most wonderful miracles to which the entire city was witness. They were promulgated far and wide, and the details have been handed down to the present age. Here, for instance, is one which cannot fail to arouse wonder and admiration. A youth called Admolphus, who belonged to one of the most illustrious families of Lamai, fell dangerously ill. He was soon declared to be incurable. The physicians had already prepared the family for the worst, and suggested that they should think of the last sad rites.

The weeping mother could not resign herself to see her son cut down in the flower of his youth. She could not accept the verdict that he would die. "If men abandon my child," said she, "the good Father Albert, whom God has sent into our midst, will know how to restore him to health." And she hastened to the convent, accompanied by sympathizing friends. Arrived at the church, her hopes re-animated, and full of veneration for Albert, she called out: "O! Servant of God, whose prayer is so acceptable to heaven, come to my aid. I will not leave until your merits have obtained for me the cure of my son. And from this moment I devote him to the service of God in the Order of Mount Carmel." The holy monk did not make his appearance, and the tumult of her grief penetrated the quiet cells: bringing forth several monks, who en-

quired as to the cause of her sorrow. "My son is dying," she replied, "and no one but Father Albert can restore him." But Albert was absent and would not return all that day, to they assured her that it was useless to wait. Pitying her grief, however, one of the monks said that they might allow her to have some portion of Albert's clothing, which had no sooner been spoken of than she insisted on being permitted to take something worn by the Saint. "I am sure," she said, "that I will thus obtain from the divine goodness the restoration of my son." The monks yielded to her wishes, and accompanied her to the house. Partaking of this pious mother's faith they laid the coarse serge upon the couch of the dying youth. Then the family knelt and prayed. O! wonderful prodigy! The youth, who was at the point of death, in spirit, beheld Albert close by, who ordered him to rise. "In the name of Christ, who heals thee on account of thy mother's faith, arise!" The favor was granted soon after the invocation of that sacred name. The youth beheld the Saint extend his hand. He grasped it, and awakening from a profound unconsciousness, he arose from what had well nigh been his bed of death. His voice was strong and clear; his tones perfect. He related all that he had experienced during that eventful time. Then as if to prove that he was really cured, Admolphus acknowledged to feeling hungry, and after having partaken of a collation, he felt strengthened and refreshed. Informed by his mother of the solemn promise she had made in his regard, the youth generously ratified the sacrifice. He entered religion. However, youth is frail, its fervor is often evanescent and can swiftly lose its first warm glow. The demon, who knows how to profit by every occasion, never fails to present the most alluring temptations. As he had in former years done to Albert, Satan reminded Admolphus of the distinguished rank his family occupied in the world, of the honors to which he might aspire, of the terrestrial joys of which he could be assured. Admolphus was not possessed of the virtue which had fortified Albert's heart from earliest youth. He thought regretfully of the world he had left; be-

fore the termination of the year he was disgusted with the monastic life, and eventually returned to his home. He thought the military life would accord better with his taste, and he more appropriate for one of his rank. But the Divine Majesty does not permit such forgetfulness of the gratitude which is due Him, nor such severing of engagements so solemnly made. The false traitor sooner or later will be found out. Divine vengeance was not long in tracing Admolphus. The unfortunate youth fell, pierced by the sword of an illegitimate brother. His mother passed the remainder of her life in the deepest sorrow and sadness of heart. Whatever might have been his intentions, the Saint did not remain long at Leontium. New labors, new calls for sermons, new fields for announcing the word of God, summoned him to Palermo. He went thither. There, too, everyone knew him, every one recognized his virtue, every one venerated him.

In His divine goodness, the master of all things prepared a new triumph for the Saint. One day, whilst playing with her little brother, a girl, younger still, was so unfortunate as to put out one of his eyes. The physicians, hastily called, declared the loss to be irrevocable. They exhausted conjecture as to how it could have happened. They could not understand how a frail little girl could have been the cause of a wound, so serious, so terrible. But their dissertations did not remedy an evil which they persisted in pronouncing to be incurable. Seeing this, the mother gave up all thought of human aid. She resolved to seek the assistance of St. Albert, and to implore, through his intercession, the clemency of the Divine Majesty. She took her little girl by the hand, and went to the monastery. She related, with tears, the terrible accident, and presented the innocent cause thereof. The servant of God said: "Cease your lamentations; God created man; he arranged the structure of his body, and disposed its members as he thought best. God alone has the right to destroy His work. But the poor mother could not restrain her tears, she implored assistance, she besieged the Saint with her importunities. Always compassionate to the

grief of others, the Saint bade her be calm, and then withdrew to a little garden, where he could be alone. He prostrated himself upon the hard ground, and his face bedewed with tears, thus implored our Lord, sole witness of his ardent prayer. "O! my God!" he exclaimed. "It is not for yourself, and by your ineffable power that you have created the human race? Is it not through an effect of your clemency that you call us to partake of your glory and share in the delights of Paradise? When the first sin condemned us to submit to death, did it not please your bounty, your merciful goodness, to redeem us by the blood of Your Son; to unite us to you by our faith and your great mercy? You have redeemed us from the stigma of original sin, and veiled our dishonor with the splendor of your glory.

And, now, behold this work fashioned by you from clay, this work of your hands, whose limbs and articulations you have disposed as you thought best, whose beauty you have ennobled, whose destiny you have exalted by the gift of an immortal soul; this work is a victim to Satan's attacks. Satan! the father of hate, of pride, in the excess of his jealousy has mutilated this body, which you have created. Deign, O Lord to reconstruct your work. Deign to heal this affliction. Restore this lost eye that your power may be glorified and the malice of the enemy confounded." The Saint repeated this prayer three times. Then he returned to the poor mother. Addressing her by her

baptismal name, he adjured her to trust in God, whose power is boundless. Then having consoled and encouraged her, he bade her go in peace. The unhappy mother recommended herself to his prayers, and begged his blessing, which he gave her with his whole heart. Then she left, her heart aching, her soul a prey to despair.

However it happened, notwithstanding her great faith, she could not divest herself of a certain anxiety which grew more poignant as she approached her home. And yet, scarcely had she entered its portal than her little boy, bright with health and vigor, ran to meet her. "Mother," he cried, as soon as he saw her, "some one came, while you were gone, and rubbed some oil upon my eye, and now I can see as well as ever." "What was this charitable person like, and how was he dressed?" "He was an old man, with a brown habit and a white mantle." Then the mother knew that the Saint had come. Besides, the cure of the child was so perfect that it was ample proof of the reality of the vision. The happy mother poured forth ecstatic thanks to God.

This marvellous prodigy soon became known far and wide, and every tongue proclaimed the wonderful power with which the Saint had been favored by God. "It was this miracle," say the chronicles, which, after the death of the Saint, "afforded ample ground for using oil or water, in which some of his relics had been steeped, and a great many were healed by the application thereof."



Life of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre

Martyred in China.

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

John Gabriel Perboyre, was born in Peuch, parish of Montgesty, in the diocese of Cahors, on the 6th of January, 1802, of parents who were poor in the goods of this world, but rich in the endowments of grace. It was on this day that the Magi, guided by a miraculous star, came from the East to Bethlehem to adore there the Saviour, and to offer Him in their persons, the first fruits of the Gentiles. The star of God arose also on that day upon our Blessed One; it has conducted him safely in the narrow ways of wisdom, and has shown him the Kingdom of God. He has not only, like the Magi, found Jesus in His crib, but he found Him on Calvary, where he had the happiness of dying for Him. This day of the Epiphany coincides well with the birth of a man who went to evangelize infidel nations; who followed the footsteps of Christ and shed his blood for the confession of the Faith. The following day he was carried to the baptismal font, and with the names of John Gabriel, he received the robe of innocence, which he preserved without stain even to his death, as is believed by all. He was filled with grace from his earliest youth, and during his whole life, the grace of God was manifested in him by his constancy in walking in the path of perfection; but he showed himself above all in the admirable firmness with which he confessed the name of Jesus Christ before the infidels, and bore the most horrible torments.

Childhood of John Gabriel—His First Communion.

The first years of John Gabriel did not present the character of careless gaiety, which is the common portion of childhood. His language, his bearing, his gait, all breathed in him a gravity beyond his age. Scarcely five years of age, he showed a great love for holy things, and the divine love with which his young heart was filled betrayed itself visibly in the manner in which he pro-

nounced the holy names of Jesus and Mary, and in the religious attitude which he preserved in the church or in praying. At eight years of age he was sent to school, and his disposition, joined to his virtue, won for him the esteem and respect of all. At catechism he showed neither less aptitude or application, and he merited to be admitted to his first communion a year earlier than his young companions.

The fervor with which he performed that important act in the Christian life was not a passing fervor. After his first communion the young Gabriel hastened to join the confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, erected in the Church of Montgesty; he fulfilled the obligations of it with not less fervor than exactitude, and soon became the model of the whole parish. And none were surprised when at the age of fifteen, he entered the little Seminary of Montauban, to prepare for the ecclesiastical state. In three years he had completed his studies, and even, towards the middle of the third year, when charged to take the place of a professor who had left, he so gained the esteem and affection of his pupils, that they, thirty years afterwards, could not speak of him without tears of tenderness. A short time after his arrival at Montauban John Gabriel felt an interior attraction to enter the congregation of the mission called the Lazarists, and to go and preach the faith to the infidels of China. Having solicited and obtained his admission, he was clothed with the poor and holy livery of Missionary in the month of December, 1818. On the 20th of December, 1820, he had the happiness of pronouncing his holy vows and of contracting with Jesus, the Spouse of his soul, that divine alliance which later on he was to seal with his blood, like the Holy Innocents, whose Feast was celebrated on that day. Named director of the Novices, John Gabriel, by his example, not less than by his solid and persuasive

words, formed apostolic men who were to go to preach the Gospel to infidel nations. But he wished to pay to these far off missions a more immediate and more personal tribute. This desire had been the first motive of his vocation to the priesthood, and the reason which determined his entrance into the Congregation of the Mission. The weakly state of his health seemed an insurmountable obstacle to the realization of his desires. But in February, 1835, the house physician, after having given, in the evening, a contrary decision, came afterwards to declare to the Superior general that he no longer opposed the departure of F. Perboyre. It was Saturday, the 21st of March, under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, that he quitted the shores of France, with a sweet calm and joy that grace alone could have given him. After a voyage of five months, John Gabriel landed at Macao, on the 29th of August, the day on which the Church celebrates the martyrdom of his august patron, St. John the Baptist. After some months, which he employed in learning the Chinese language and customs, he was sent to the mission of Ho-Nan, where he only arrived after fatigues and dangers of all sorts, about the middle of July, the following year, 1836. There, in company with a Chinese priest, he undertook his first mission, which succeeded marvellously. Encouraged by his first success, he threw himself with ardor into the evangelic career in which his labors were most fruitful. Two years had not passed, when an order from his superiors obliged him to leave the province of Ho-Nan, to go and fertilize with his labors that of Hon-pe. Fatigues not less great, but of a different kind, awaited him in this new mission. To the labors of the holy ministry were added the privations of a poor and mortified life. And as if all that was not sufficient to satisfy his love for the cross, he imposed severe austerities upon himself; he scourged himself with bloody disciplines, and wore a rough hair-cloth. Thus God visibly blessed his ministry, giving him grace to instruct the ignorant, to convert sinners and apostates, to enkindle in the tepid their former fervor, and render each one strong to confess their faith before the tribun-

als, in the midst of the greatest tortures. He himself appeared to prepare, by an assiduous reading of the Acts of the Martyrs, for the glorious combat he was so soon to sustain. When John Gabriel penetrated China, there existed a law of prescription against the Christian Religion, condemning all those who made professions of it to death, if they were Europeans, and to banishment, if Chinese. Betrayed by one of his own, John Gabriel was soon arrested. Dragged before a Mandarin, he declared that he was a European and a Catholic missionary. The Mandarin, transported with rage, ordered him to be separated from his companions in captivity, loaded with chains and thrown into prison to pass the night there under a strong guard. The next day, and the following days, he had to submit to many questionings before the Mandarins, both civil and military. Each of these examinations was, for him, the occasion of a new profession of faith, and new torments. Finally he was sent to On-chang-fou, the metropolis of the province of Hon-Pe, to be there judged by a higher court. Arrived there, he was thrown into prison with the most notorious criminals. He only came out of this infected place to appear before his judges, who in that single city, made him submit to more than twenty interrogatories. Brought before the Viceroy, who had, throughout the Empire, a reputation for most ferocious cruelty, he was put at different times to the most horrible tortures; the pagans themselves were disgusted. But the invincible hero never ceased to confess his faith generously, and to triumph over the barbarity of the tyrant, condemned to be strangled. He languished in his frightful prison during eight entire months. On the 11th of September, 1840, a courier brought the Imperial edict, ratifying the sentence of death, and which, according to the established custom of China, should be carried into execution at once. Immediately then, and without the judgment having been made public, he was taken from his prison. The servant of God was brought out to die quite suddenly. It was Friday, and by a disposition of Providence, which was to give him a new resemblance to his Divine Master, they wished to render

his execution more ignominious by leading him to death with some malefactors. Come to the place of execution, he knelt to pray, while waiting the moment of his suffering, and the pagans were moved when they saw him so calm and recollected. Then, when the five criminals, who had accompanied him, were beheaded, it was the turn of the Confessor of the Faith, whose sufferings were to be longer and more agonizing. The executioner fastened him to a cross. His hands drawn to the back, were bound to the transverse piece of the cross and his feet bent backward, giving him the appearance of a man upon his knees, about five or six hands from the earth. After each of the turnings the executioner tightened the cord, to make his victim feel better the horrors of death. Finally he gave a decisive strain, and soon the martyr expired, without any alteration in his features; and his face resplendent with beauty, ravished all the assistants. The glorious martyr has been beatified, on the 10th day of November, 1889, by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

Prayer.

Angelic martyr of China, Blessed John Gabriel, from the bosom of the glory which surrounds you, deign to cast a look of pity upon the earth, and then direct it with supplication towards the King of Martyrs, Whose life, Passion and death you have so well retraced. Pray for the triumph of His Vicar, for the prosperity of the Church; pray for the gifts of faith for your dear Chinese, for infidels and heretics, the conversion of sinners and the perseverance of the just. Come, oh, come to our assistance, and protect us. In the midst of a corrupt, persecuting and apostate world, help us to live pure, patient and always firm in the Faith of the Holy Roman Church, so that we may, after your example, be conformed to Jesus Christ crucified, and having the glorious hope of arriving with you, to love and be united with Him in Heaven. Amen.

His Holiness Leo XIII, by a rescript dated the 31st of October, 1889, accorded an Indulgence of 200 days, to be gained once a day by those who recite this prayer.

Memories of Convent Days.

KATHARINE McANDREW.

The chance of finding an old, red-covered autograph album awakened a whole train of memories of the dear Alma Mater. It all came back so vividly—the quiet happiness of the life where small pleasures meant so much. It seems no longer than a month past, the leaving home; the first break in the quartette of happy girls who were the leaders, in class, in fun, or in the amateur plays, and ever the worry of the good sister of the village academy. Then the first days and nights in the boarding school! Only those who have experienced it, can realize the desolation of finding oneself among complete strangers. A few weeks over, one grew accustomed to the new life, and could even wonder with a little shamed feeling how a young lady in her teens ever shed

tears of homesickness. She would even tender a sort of condescending sympathy to the late comer afflicted as she was in the beginning! Thackery hit the truth, when he said what humbugs young people were.

The one room that had a home air about it was the spacious recreation hall. It presented a bright picture when filled with its crowd of happy girls; the little group sitting directly under the branch of lights busily engaged with pieces of fancy work; the three or four sitting around Sister's table, or the group over at the piano,—all formed a scene likely to be remembered for a goodly number of years. How strange that among the special group in the corner were found characters so much alike, but all particular friends—there was

the gay American girl always ready to furnish amusement for the whole school, whether it were some spicy story told as only she could tell it, or her good-natured mimicry, she was welcome wherever she found herself; there was the Yankee, heartily believing nothing on earth could equal what they had "down home"; there was the wide-awake Canadian, telling of the hair-breadth escapes, in which she generally figured as heroine; and the quiet girl, from the far-off country home, wise enough to know when to separate facts from fiction. To be sure, the life had its petty annoyances, but where does one not meet with some worries? And the shadows in the series of pictures are very dim indeed.

What hurry and bustle there was preparing for the small entertainments held every little while in the music hall, and the gladness the various partakers showed on being congratulated after, for their successful singing or playing; then the happy mingling among spectators, and the introductions to the outside friends. One feast especially would be ever cherished in fondest memory,—the golden jubilee of the much loved Mother Superior, she who had grown old in her noble work. With her kind words for all, she was held as dear to the pupils then as she had been to their mothers and older sisters.

The good old Convent days! How much the remembrance of them means to the white-haired grandmother! With a kindly smile lighting up her countenance, she loves as well to recall the past events and scenes as the woman of middle life.

There were rosy futures painted by the merry girls in the bygone days,—some of the dreams were realized beyond expectation, others proved mere illusions. A few of the friendships formed then endured as long as life itself, some faded away as the days dropped out of memory.

The last Sunday of the school time stands out distinct from all others,—the early Mass, the long line of white veiled girls filing into the centre rows of seats, just as the June sunlight crept through the stained glass windows, filling the chapel with its golden glory;

the numerous waxen lights on the altar; the reverent movements of the priest; the fresh young voices chanting the well-known hymns, accompanied by the sweet notes of violin, and deeper organ tones. The very memory of the scene fills one's heart with holiest feelings, for God's peace reigned over it all.

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Lines on Receiving a Bound Volume of "The Carmelite Review."

A treasured gift from Carmel,
That holy Mount of Prayer,
Where blooms a mystic "Flow'ret,"
With fragrance sweet and rare.

Where kindly hearts and faithful
So often think of me,
And welcome songs of Erin
From "Enfant de Marie."

We read of "grand old masters,"
And of those "bards sublime,"
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through corridors of time.*

Not mine their noble lyrics
Of high poetic art,
But those of "humbler poets"
That gush from out the heart.

Like showers from the cloudlets,
Of soft, refreshing rain,
Or glistening tear drops falling
In sympathy with pain.

May Jesus' Benediction—
For which I humbly pray—
Impart celestial sweetness
To listeners far away!

And lend my worthless accents
The beauty of His voice;
And soothe the pains of exile,
By whispers of "Rejoice!"

Or of a "Sursum Corda,"
Aspire to "things above,"
Where reigns the Queen of Carmel
In land of light and love.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

*—Longfellow.

◆

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

The Lost Inheritance.

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XVII.

At East Seventeenth street she got off the car and called at St. Cyr's Presbytery, to tell the news to Father Madden. Needless to say that the good priest was pleased, and he shook his young parishoner's hand in warm congratulation.

When she arrived home, Mrs. Curran and Charlie had gone down to their own abode, and her happy smiling face, when it appeared in the stairway told Mrs. Raymond that the "something" that had detained her daughter for so long, had proved satisfactory.

The mother seating herself, waited expectantly to hear what it had been.

Without laying aside her coat and hat the young girl took her accustomed place on the old couch, and without more ado, told her mother what her mission had been, its success and result. Adding, "And Mrs. Staunton is such a beautiful stately lady, mother, but she spoke so kindly to me."

Unconscious and unknowing, the tender girl never thought how her every word pierced like hot needles that gentle parental heart, and stopped for a time its even quiet beat. It was well that in the gathering twilight, she could not see the ashy paleness that had slowly spread itself over the worn resigned face, nor the trembling in every limb, as in a low peculiarly strained voice, Mrs. Raymond said:

"You have taken up a situation without consulting me, my child, my child; you should not have done this. I might have advised you to a different course."

"But I went to Father Madden, and asked his advice, mother, and he thought I should try for it. I kept it from you until I got it, because I wanted a surprise for you."

"Oh, you went to Father Madden, did you; that makes it a laudable undertaking then, but I am sorry, sorry that you should take up a situation like it."

Rosamond looked up quickly, and with dampened ardor.

"I did it for the best, mother," she cried, "for your sake more than my own. I'll be able to help you ever so much more now, and to give you more than I could ever hope to at music teaching, but you are angry with me?"

"No, no," she replied hastily, "not angry with you, my dear child. It is done now and cannot be undone, but tell me, does Mrs. Staunton seem a proud woman? Did she make you feel that you were inferior to her?"

There was an eager interest in her voice, that Rosamond did not then understand, though it came to her later.

"She is proud, I think, mother; but to me she was nice, without any appearance of condescension, and, oh mother! her lovely house and garden. I thought I was entering Eden. I wish you could see it, but of course you will when you come out to visit me."

See it! Ah, how long seemed the years since she had seen it? How often in bygone days had she not chased the golden butterflies over lawn and clematis bordered paths, and gathered at her own sweet will the smiling yellow-hearted roses and purple columbine? How often in her happy childhood had she not clambered upon the great, front steps, to search her father in his study, for the caressing word or embrace he never failed to bestow on her, and how like music had been the patter of her childish feet on the tile floor and broad stairs of that same Eden? Then, later, when she no longer ran about the lawns and played in the halls in such an undignified way, but with the honors of commencement upon her, moved through hall and garden as mistress of her father's home, and now her child was about to enter it, as a stranger.

Unintentionally, the girl had been the means of rolling back the stone that had kept closed to all but herself the door of her buried past, and exposed to her again all its bitter-sweet memories. It was little wonder that she sighed.

Again the dream of her blythe maidenhood vanished, and she was once more

the disowned, disinherited daughter, yet how rich and happy in the memory of the noble dead husband's love, for whom she had been willing to give up so much, and of the Faith, whose principles he had first taught and shown her, which to-day constituted her peace and happiness, as well as her child's.

"Beautiful things are best seen and appreciated by young eyes, darling," she replied in the same strained voice she had used before, but with all her palor and trembling gone. "Old eyes like mine could but do so imperfectly. When do you begin your new duties?"

"On Saturday, mother. Mrs. Staunton seemed anxious to have me go to her as soon as possible."

"Only three days in which to get ready, and to warn your pupils that you are making a change?"

"It's enough for the little with which I have to get ready with, mother. I haven't many clothes to take or prepare, and an hour or so to-morrow will be enough to go to my pupil's parents. I suppose I must go to Mr. Holland's, too, for, of course, you won't be giving him any more work."

"Make no change in that quarter yet, darling. I must still continue to sell my work, whenever I can, until you are well established in your new situation. You would not consider yourself above taking it to the shop sometimes of evenings, would you?"

"Certainly not, mother. I wasn't considering that; it was the rest I want your busy fingers to have now."

"My unselfish Rosamond! That will come in time, too. Light the lamp now, and we will have tea, as it will not be often hereafter that we will enjoy it together. I dare not dwell on all the lonely days I will spend here, when you are gone; it is our first separation, but you will come to me often and not forget me nor the attic room, in the grand life and home you are going to, will you dear?"

The girl's small hands closed tightly over her's.

"How could your little Rosamond ever be so base to your mother, and the place she will always call home. Don't fear, I will be serving another, but I will still

belong to you, and will come to you as often and whenever I can."

For the remainder of the meal, and in fact for the whole evening Mrs. Raymond was silent and quiet, caused, her daughter naturally thought, by their coming separation.

But Rosamond herself kept up a steady flow of words, telling of her afternoon's journey over again, and how she hoped to give satisfaction to the lady she was soon to serve. All of which fell unheeded on the mother's ears, because she was busy with her own thoughts.

When Rosamond had retired to rest, to dream of the new life now held out to her, Mrs. Raymond drew over a chair before the dying embers on the hearth, and sat up far into midnight. She bowed her head in her trembling hands, and slowly through the long fingers, that years of labor and poverty's toil could not rob of their grace and shapeliness, the tears trickled.

"It is all so strange," she mused, "to think that my child, my beautiful Rosamond should go to the home from which I was turned so long ago. "No, not to go simply," she cried aloud, "that would be nothing, but to be as a hired servant, for that is all she will be there. Oh, father! father! I am drinking to the full of that bitter cup you gave to me. I went from your door a pauper. My children, all but this fair flower who ere long will cross your threshold, died one by one, and their father, the man on whose account you disowned me, your own daughter, and the noblest man who ever lived, died of a broken heart, blamed for a murder he never committed. But that was found out only when I was a wailing widow, and his children weeping orphans. But it was God's will and it is past and gone now, and I thank the Divine One, that, like my history, it is well hidden from the knowledge of my child. Please God, she will never know it, but ah! it is galling to see her take up a servitude to your proud wife. I could more easily see myself do so than her, but your ban is upon me, and even as a stranger I cannot cross your threshold. You will not know her, father, although in time her features may remind you of one you loved in the long ago, because an assumed name conceals well

our identity, the name I adopted when, after my George's death, I came back here to my native city."

For a breathing space of a moment or two she relapsed into silence, a prey to conflicting emotions. Then lifting up her head, she stretched out her hands to the *Ecce Homo*, crying in a peculiarly triumphant voice, "Thou hast sent me, oh my thorn-crowned Redeemer, many sorrows. Thou hast tried me sometimes, almost beyond my strength, and yet my cup of woe has not been without a drop of honey, for Thou hast rewarded me much, in my Faith, and the filial child who goes so soon from me, and I only ask, as I have always asked, do Thou increase my faith and her's, guarding and keeping her always, and helping her in the new life that is coming to her, for Thou knowest there will be allurements in it, and perhaps dangers, for so innocent of the world as she."

Again she had forgotten the past and its people, and was thinking and praying only for the future of the fair sleeper at the far end of the room.

Next morning Father Madden came to see her and Rosamond, to talk over, in his kindly way, the young girl's new position, and the advantages he believed it held for her, but the priest could not understand the far-away expression that came into the mother's eyes and face, nor grasp the meaning of the tensely spoken words: "Anything but that for her, anything but Staunton House."

XVIII.

"So you are very pleased with your future companion, mother. I saw her from my boudoir window as she passed down the walk yesterday, and if I may be allowed to judge by appearances, I too am pleased with her."

As she spoke, Miss Staunton ceased caressing the head of the brown retriever lying at her feet, and looked enquiringly towards her mother, as that lady, with the help of her maid, donned bonnet and cloak preparatory to going out.

"Yes, ma chere," she replied, fastening on her white suede gloves, "I am decidedly pleased, and I think Miss Raymond is going to suit me perfectly. My feather ruffle, Anna. Such a lady-like refined girl; she captivated me im-

mediately. Do you know, there is something more than ordinary about her; it may be that there is a drop of gentle blood in her veins. She seemed on such a different plane to several of those other applicants I had before she came. Unlike them, she never once during the whole of our interview, glanced about my parlor, but was as self-possessed and as much at ease as if accustomed all her life to *Syrma* rugs and *Burne-Jones* paintings. Those other vulgar people did nothing else but stare, in the most unpardonable way, at everything,—furniture and pictures. It was a relief to find one like Miss Raymond. She is a papist, though."

"Yes, mamma, so you told me; but of course that will not matter."

"Not to me, at least, for I do not mind whether it is Jew, Gentile, or Papist who is serving me, so long as they suit me. Miss Raymond is coming on Saturday at four o'clock. I hope she is punctual, as I am apt to frown on any one who is not. I should like it if you were coming to town with me this morning. However, I shall meet you and Bruce at the *Dorane's*. Ta-ta; are you going to remain here?"

"No, I shall go with papa. Anna is waiting to set your dressing room in order."

When her mother had driven away in the carriage for her morning drive, Beatrice went down to the library to search for her father, but not finding him there she wandered up to the gallery. Here in his favorite haunt she found him standing and studying earnestly the family portraits on the wall. She stood watching him in silence, until she saw his gaze falling on the draped picture of his dead wife, and the photograph of the disowned *Millicent*, and saw his white head droop lower and lower on his breast in the deep sorrow that at times assailed him. Then she went to him and placed her arm about his neck.

"Grieving again papa! Now if mamma found you here, I am afraid she would be apt to give you a penance."

"Yes, fond heart, grieving again, though it is wrong of me when you are near," he said lifting his white head up.

"Tut, tut, papa. *Millicent* was your daughter, the same as I am, and she is

my sister. If she would only come back. I am sure if I love her picture, I should love her."

"And you would be willing to share my love with her, and your fortune?" he asked eagerly.

"Without a question, papa. Millicent would have half of whatever I have, if since her coming back once more would satisfy the hungry craving of your heart and restore its perfect happiness."

"My generous Beatrice, always noble, never selfish. Your words have given me fresh hope, and that Millicent were here to hear them, how proud, how glad they would make her. You would not be jealous of your half-sister? No, my Beatrice could never be that, her mind is beyond such narrow limits. If Millicent only knew how I have searched for her, and looked for her, surely she would come to me, and remember no more her cruel wrongs. I have a plan, in which your lover has promised to aid me. He is going to renew the search for my Millicent a few months hence, and is going himself to Virginia to try and trace up either her or some of the Kingsley family who may be able to tell us something of her; you are aware what it means when Bruce takes up a thing; he has the skill of a Cicero, and the perseverance of an Alexander."

A blush spread itself over the beautiful face, at the mention of her lover, as she replied:

"Even if Bruce were not as clever as he is, papa, he would use his most powerful efforts to help you in this task. He knows the melancholy story of your one mistake, and certainly he will help you all he can to repair that mistake."

"Yes, yes," he said, hastily, drawing the veil down again over the dead Millicent, and putting the disowned one (he had been holding the little picture in his hand) back in its place. "He knows the whole, wretched tale; indeed, who does not," and his bitter tone of self-condemnation was painful to hear.

"It was no fault of your's, papa. It was your prejudice and pride that got the supremacy of your better nature, causing you to do what you did. But cheer up. It is not too late for the almost impossible to happen, and with Bruce interested you may yet find Mil-

licent. Mamma has often told you this."

"Yes, and you are telling me now. Let us retire from here, love; you came to talk to me of pleasant things, and I have rehearsed what is melancholy, but it is your turn now, where is mother?"

"She has gone out, papa, earlier this morning than usual, as she is to attend the meeting of her literary club. She is president you know. We are going later then to lunch at Mrs. Dorane's. Are you coming?"

"No, love, it's a good few years since I dropped society, and it will be another few before I adopt it again."

"But I hate to see ourselves with so much enjoyment, and you with none."

"I am quite contented to be among my books. Let us sit here, and you will talk, and I shall listen."

He settled down into his armchair, in the library window, and drew one near it for his daughter.

"I suppose you know who is coming on Saturday, papa?" she asked, seating herself, and locking her fingers in his.

"Your mother said something about a companion at dinner last night. So it is on Saturday she is to be here, is it?"

"Yes, papa, and such a nice companion. Her name is Rosamond Raymond."

"Rosamond Raymond, eh? How musical."

"And she is a Papist, papa."

Immediately his face changed, and a shadow fell across it like a cloud through a summer sky. "That was a word for much sorrow once in Staunton House, Beatrice," he said slowly, then as quickly added, "but there I am harping on the subject we dropped a few minutes ago. I must not. How strange it will seem to have a Papist in the household, though to be sure we often have them under our roof."

"Yes, papa, our friends, certainly. Mamma counts hosts of Catholics on her list, but Miss Raymond will be constantly with us."

"So she will, love, but perhaps, after a time you will be able to convert her to your's and mamma's way of thinking," and his eyes twinkled mischievously.

"No, teasing, now, papa. I am not a missionary, and I say with Walt. Whitman: 'Each man to himself, each wo-

man to herself.' I am contented to be a Protestant and leave other people to their creed, and I shall not interfere in any way with mamma's new companion. Mamma has already promised her that, and made her understand that this house is a liberal one."

"That is well. Liberality is a law of these enlightened days, and I am glad that you and mamma both follow it. Miss Raymond would recognize that as soon as your mother spoke, but it will seem very strange to have a Papist beneath our roof all the time."

"Very, papa, but we will soon grow accustomed to it. I must run now and get dressed for Dorane's; it takes me quite two hours to have my hair and toilet arranged, and leave you to try and imagine what Miss Raymond's Catholicity may be like. I hope she may impress you at first sight, as she has mamma and me."

She shook her finger at him in her playful fashion, and departed for her boudoir, and he turned to his morning papers.

XIX.

When Mrs. Curran heard from Mrs. Raymond's lips that Rosamond was going to leave the Square, the little woman was amazed and sorry. But when she learned of the position that awaited the young girl, her amazement and sorrow gave place to feelings of pleasure. She quickly spread the news among her neighbors, how decidedly her lady tenant's (this was the term she always applied to Mrs. Raymond when speaking of her daughter) was bettering herself, while Charlie could not see at all why "Miss Rosamond" was leaving them. Nothing would do the man of six years, but that on Friday Rosamond and her mother should come down and take tea, and when, with great importance, he went up with his mother's permission, to ask them and they consented to come, he was the proudest boy on the Square. Ever since her serious illness, Rosamond had been deeply grateful to Mrs. Curran for the many kindnesses that little woman had shown her during those weeks she lay so sick, and neither she nor her mother would have refused for worlds this invitation, which Charlie had called a "good-bye tea."

Mrs. Curran spared no pains and laid a most appetizing supper in her cosy dining room, and the evening afterwards was so pleasantly spent, though quietly, that Rosamond and her mother found it all too short.

It was the first time in many years that the latter had accepted of strange hospitality, and she had done so now only because of the gratitude she extended with her daughter to this lately found friend.

Saturday dawned and the mother's heart was ready to sink; her daughter would soon be leaving her. Though she knew her future abode was near enough to the Square, yet she felt it was so far. But as she had accepted all the phases of her varied life, so she accepted this one, and amid smiles and tears she saw her daughter depart in the early afternoon, to begin a new life in the home whose greatest treasure she (Rosamond's mother) had once been.

In the front room of her Japanese Square Mrs. Staunton sat, employed with some tapestry work.

"Conduct Miss Raymond here, Sampson," she said, setting her work aside, as the footman looked in and announced "Miss Raymond."

"You are welcome to Staunton House, Miss Raymond," she said, extending her hand to Rosamond, whom she met on the threshold, and smiling most graciously. "My daughter, Miss Raymond" as Beatrice's superb figure, in a riding habit of dark gray, glided in.

The heiress held out her gloved hand. "Too bad that I should be just going out now, mamma. We shall be friends, I am sure," she said, recognizing in her mother's companion the fair girl she had once met in Holland's shop, and, strange, whom her lover had also met.

Miss Staunton then went out again, and Mrs. Staunton summoned a maid to show Rosamond up to her apartments.

"You may wish to rest after your ride out," she had said, with ready tact; but knowing well that the young girl was only too desirous of becoming familiar with her surroundings at once and of having perhaps a few minutes to herself.

As Rosamond picked up the valise she had set down in the hall upon her entrance, and which contained the most of her slim wardrobe, and followed Anna up the broad stairs, a man's hearty laugh rang through the hall below, and a full rich voice exclaimed: "Come easier, Judge, I am not as black as you have painted me, though I have no use for politics or their bother, I do not condemn others who engage in them."

Then a voice, which Rosamond knew to be Miss Staunton's, interposed with: "Oh, you men are always talking politics or law. Bruce, Psyche is pawing the ground for very impatience, so papa cannot keep you any longer."

"That's Miss Beatrice and Mr. Everett going out horse riding," was Anna's information to Rosamond as they reached the top of the stairs, the maid taking it for granted that the new companion knew in what relationship her mistress's daughter and the brilliant lawyer stood to each other, and there was no necessity for her to tell of it.

"This is your room, Miss," she said again, going the full length of the wide lobby and seeing the young stranger into a large cosy apartment with a smaller one divided off at the end, while Rosamond was thinking of the voice she had just heard, and wondering who Mr. Everett was. To say that she was pleased with her reception into this house of elegance and proud wealth would be to express it mildly. It was beyond all her expectations, at least, when Miss Staunton was considered. She had pictured to herself a cold, reserved heiress who might receive her favorably or unfavorably, and perhaps regard her as an intruder, even though she had come for her mother's comfort. But Beatrice's warm clasping of her hand and her gracious words, "that they would be friends," had killed such notions, and her peculiarly sweet nature had found a kindred to the Staunton heiress.

That evening, as she stood admiring her rooms and wishing her mother was sharing their dainty tastefulness with her, there was a low tap on her door, and opening it, she found Miss Staunton: "I was just going down, Miss Raymond" she said apologetically, "and I thought perhaps you would be ready to come

down with me. It would be lonely finding your way down by yourself, and I want to introduce you besides to my papa, and some friends."

Rosamond thanked her, and the heiress was fascinated by the smiling face and the bird-like voice that accompanied the words. Down in the drawing room, Mrs. Staunton was entertaining a number of guests, who had just happened in, and of course were invited to remain for the evening. They all rested their eyes on Rosamond, as Beatrice brought her in.

"Where are the gentlemen, mamma?" the heiress asked, when she had completed her introductions of Rosamond to their lady friends.

"Here we are," said her father's voice as with his prospective son-in-law and old Colonel Compeigne, the Judge issued from the dining hall.

"Better late than never, papa. Papa this is Miss Raymond, who hereafter abides with us. Miss Raymond, my father."

The Judge shook hands with Rosamond, and the kindly smile that lit up his fine old face won immediately her liking.

Then she was introduced to the Colonel, who smiled as he always did at a pretty face, though he was a widower, and had two grown up and very attractive daughters of his own; and lastly to Bruce Everett, who, while waiting his turn had fallen into a desultory conversation with pretty Mrs. Aiden, one of his betrothed's especial friends.

The other introductions, Rosamond had taken and acknowledged calmly and self-possessedly, but at this one she flushed slightly, and her manner became somewhat conscious, for she recognized the lawyer's handsome face and knew him as the gentleman she had met a year ago on Broadway, while the glance of his keen gray eyes, as he bowed profoundly to her, said plainly, "We have met before."

At the dinner table she sat next to her mistress, and the glittering array of silver and china, and the elegant courses that were served up, would, she decided, have tempted the palate of royalty itself. But being strange as yet, she ate but little, and that little with such dain-

ness and ease of manner, though it was the first time she had sat down with some of the best in the social scale, that Mrs. Staunton was delighted with her, and that lady's critical friends charmed.

Here was one beneath them as far as wealth and position went, but their equal every inch in appearance and manners, and they warmly congratulated their hostess, when later Rosamond had retired, on her good fortune of finding such a companion. Quite early, the fair girl sought her pillow, well pleased with her new home and life just begun, and the people she had met in it, to dream pleasantly of its future continuance.

XX.

"Madeline, how did you chance upon Miss Raymond for a companion. What a delightful little personage; I am really enamored of her all ready," Judge Staunton remarked to his wife, a couple of evenings after Rosamond's coming to Staunton House.

"She came answering my advertisement in the Post, Oswald. I am glad you are pleased with her. For my part, I am very much so, and I think she will prove very suitable to me. She had references from Mr. Madden, the priest of St. Cyr's church, and I believe she is eminently very respectable. Beatrice remembers of having seen her once in Holland's, and Bruce, so Bee has told me, met her on Broadway some months ago. If I am not mistaken, he was of some service to her, but in what way I just now forget. She has gone home this evening to see her mother; it is not one of the evenings I have given her for her own, but Bee persuaded me that it would not be amiss to show such a small kindness, for no doubt the young girl is feeling the separation from her mother, and Mrs. Raymond, quite as anxious as I would be, under like circumstances, to know just what her daughter's position is like, and how she finds it, congenial or otherwise, but I think, she added with a smile, "Miss Raymond will find it to be the first here, or rather I will hope it will be so."

Rosamond, all unconscious of what was being said of her by her mistress and her husband, was just at that min-

ute seated on the old couch beside her parent, recounting to her all that the two days (to Mrs. Raymond it had seemed like two years) had been to her, and answering the numerous maternal questions (as to how she had got on, what her duties were, and if they were pleasant) with the brightest of smiles.

"And—and, the Judge, Rosamond," Mrs. Raymond asked after a short pause, "what is he like?"

"A lovely old gentleman, mother," she replied, not noticing the trembling of her mother's voice, nor the quivering of her thin lips, as she asked the question; "but he is very quiet, and seems to me to think a great deal. He is dignified like Mrs. Staunton. They are both very nice, but I think I prefer Miss Staunton to either her father or mother. Oh, mother, she is a lovely girl; it is no wonder that the servants love the ground she treads on."

"Being an heiress has not spoiled her any then, dear?"

"No, mother, it seems to make her all the more amiable. She is engaged to Lawyer Everett."

"Have you met him yet, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mother. Miss Staunton introduced me on Saturday evening. Do you remember about a year ago, my losing my hat on Broadway one windy morning?"

"Yes, dear."

"And a gentleman picking it up for me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Lawyer Everett is that gentleman; and the same whose horse I saw another day running away. I recognized him as soon as I saw him on Saturday, and I think he knew me."

"You may depend, dear, he did. Men of his profession are always keen."

"Barrett, the head housekeeper, who was friendly with me as soon as she knew me, told me when I was sitting in her room with her awhile to-day, that he is almost as rich as Judge Staunton himself, and one of the best lawyers in America. He is the Judge's attorney, too."

"Quite right that he should be, dear, when he is soon to be counted as one of the family. Tell me this, is the life at Staunton House very gay?"

"Not just at present, mother. Barrett says the family came home early from Newport this year, and many of their friends haven't yet returned to town, but once they do, the housekeeper says there will be innumerable balls and parties, and the theatre every night. She says Mrs. Staunton is never tired of entertaining. Of course I know I won't be in them, nor would I wish to be, but it will make everything bright."

"As Mrs. Staunton's companion, dear, you may be asked to share in a great many of them, but this is what I would say to you," and she covered the small hand resting in her's: "Be careful, be moderate, and remember where your place is at all times. No doubt, there are many young men coming to and going from Staunton House, and it is for you to keep them at arm's length, for they are not of your humble world, nor are you of their proud one. They might cause you only harm in the end. You are only a poor girl," and beneath her breath, "but you are a lady also; and you must make them respect you. Keep your reserve, and give them no room in which to amuse themselves, as, unfortunately men of wealth and fortune sometimes do with poor girls, and often, too often, cause them ruin. It may seem odd for me to talk to you in this way, but it is my duty as your mother, and a mother's warning voice is not to be despised. Few have seen the world as I have seen it in all its phases, and few have known it better. There is something more. Guard your Faith; keep it firm, Rosamond; it is your one possession; but the life into which you are now thrown, its circumstances, its very air may all combine to rob you of it, though God forbid. You are thrown among people with whom pleasures and mercenary pursuits are the first consideration, and God only the second, but with prayer these things need not impress you. Show yourself worthy of the name of Catholic, and you do not know what good seed your example may sow in the heart of the worldly woman you are serving, and of her family. Have you comprehended what I have said to you?"

"I do, mother, and your advice and counsel I know and trust too well not

to take it in a proper spirit, but I don't think my religion will ever be interfered with in Staunton House. Mrs. Staunton promised me that any way. she is not at all religious herself, though she always goes to church on Sundays, but Miss Beatrice is very religious. The Judge, I do not know what his professions are, but I know he did not go to church yesterday, because I went to early Mass, and I was home when Mrs. Staunton and Miss Beatrice went to their late service, and he remained at home."

"Indeed," and to other than Rosamond it would seem that this announcement had caused a strange surprise to creep into her mother's voice. "What church did you go to yesterday?"

"St. Mary's, mother; it is just at the end of Granton road. It is a small church, and has been only lately built; all the best Catholic families in the neighborhood attend there. I think I'll run down now to see Mrs. Curran and Charlie; I know they will be glad. I'll come up again to see you, before I go back."

When the bright young presence had left her, Mrs. Raymond leaned her head on the table and fell to musing.

"It is just the same," she thought. "Life goes on in the same old happy way as when I ruled it, but, ah! the restfulness of being out of it all. Father you do not know how happy your Millacent is, with only two pangs, the one, a longing to see you even once before I die and to ask again your forgiveness, and the other, the knowledge that my child should be serving your proud wife in the capacity she now does. But then again, what is it, father; she is happy, and perhaps it is meet that I would not yet be seeing the end of my humiliations and it is not for me to question what is ordained by a holy Providence. But, what can this change in you mean, father? What has become of your strong Presbyterian prejudice, that in that dim long ago divided our ways? Dare I hope that you have become imbued with your second wife's liberality, and indifferent to the practice of any one religion? Might you receive me back? No, that cannot be, you dismissed me once, and forever, and if your feelings

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have changed in religious matters, they would not nor cannot for me."

There was, as usual, no bitterness in her voice, only a sad longing, as it were, to see and know again the father to whom they were addressed. The wild desire that she might be in her daughter's place, so as to be near and see him sometimes, even as a stranger, seized her for several seconds, but she quickly saw its impracticability, and rousing herself, she grew bright again, with the brightness her daughter's visit and

joyful account of the first two days in the old home that was new to the young girl, innocent as she was of the history of one who had been connected with it, had brought her. Only Toby, the wise-looking black cat purring in the corner, heard the remark; "The ups and downs are for each and all of us; the even path and the uneven. Mine may be straightened some day, and its ruggedness made smooth," and that day was not far distant, if she had but known it.

(To be continued.)

The Last Communion.

Translated from the French by A. LEBLANC.

In the dusk of a September afternoon, several persons might be seen hurrying along a street in the little village of Vejae. They knocked at the door of a quaint little house; the door was opened cautiously by a venerable old man, and as each person entered they were obliged to give the countersign. They were compelled to be more careful than usual, as the master of the house knew that a band of Huguenots were prowling about the neighborhood, and although they had not pillaged the church, yet they had become masters of Yalet Castle, situated on the other side of the borough, which they had chosen as their headquarters; so there was no knowing what they might do next. At ten o'clock the assembly was complete; all seemed anxiously awaiting an important message. For four days past their dear old pastor, pursued by these heretics, had been obliged to fly, broken down as he was, by illness and old age. What had become of him? Would he come, and there, in the stillness of the night? Could Mass be offered on that old oak-chest before them, wherein were kept the sacred vessels and the Holy Species saved from the pillage and profanation?

"Our pastor is taken," said the Catholic, who had called them together, "and 'and here is Vierre, who has come from Rieu, to tell us the news."

Vierre spoke, and while he was speaking they sobbed aloud. "He was arrested at the bedside of a dying person. Neither his great age nor his great weakness prevented them from ill-treating him," said Vierre angrily. "For they struck him with their fists and stabbed him with their bayonets. He never complained, and as I came near him, intending to defend him or share his fate, he said: 'It's no use; let us do God's will only; pray for me.' Then lowering his voice lest he be overheard by these heretics, he told me that one Host still remained in the silver Pyx, and as he left me, he said: 'Oh! if I could only receive my God before I go to death.'"

All were deeply moved. Could this faithful flock let their pastor, who had braved sickness and fatigue, to give to his children the bread of life, depart from this earth without the consolation of receiving the Celestial Viaticum? Was there not a generous soul amongst them who would risk his life to carry to him the One who gave courage to the martyrs of old? Vierre expressed the thoughts of all present when he said: "but how can we get to him in the dungeon of Yalet Castle?"

There was amongst them a boy about fifteen years of age, well built and with a frank open countenance. He was noted for his piety and great faith. Jean,

for such was his name, had lost his father two years before, and since then the priest had fed and clothed him, besides teaching him many useful as well as divine truths. Hoping one day that this child of his heart might take up his work and devote himself to the salvation of souls.

They might try to visit their pastor, but to what dangers would they not be exposed; what courage and devotion would be required for this undertaking? Jean alone faced the danger calmly. The thought of the consolation he might bring to the one he loved best in the world gave him courage. He knew what it was to lose a father and to be allowed to suffer for him, who had been as such, seemed better than to live without him, so Jean thought. "I will go," said he, "if you think me worthy. I owe it to him who gave me my God for the first time, and who has cared for me all these years. Let me pay this debt of gratitude now. Something tells me that I will return. Perhaps those wretches will take pity on me. Then, Monsieur le Cure has told me all about the passages underground leading from the Castle to the courtyard. The Huguenots, knowing nothing of these, will not have them guarded. So I think I may be able to attempt our pastor's rescue."

His eyes were full of tears, but his voice was firm. The chest wherein reposed the sacred Host was then opened; all knelt; Jean came and prostrated himself. The silver Pyx was then hung around his neck and hidden in the folds of his garments. A short prayer was said. After this all rose, and Jean, crossing the threshold, went forth into the night. The boy walked quietly along the deserted streets, until he came to the end of the village; then he took a short cut through the meadow. His hands clasped on his breast, praying fervently, listening all the while, and trying to pierce the darkness, the child went on his way; something urged him on; he felt as if he had wings; he glided along, keeping well in the shadows of the wall of Caillac Castle. All was still, the clock struck eleven. He went along the outskirts of the wood. The wind moaned in the pines overhead, and the weird cries of the night birds echoed

far and wide in the stillness of the night. Yet the boy feared not. His hands pressed the Pyx, his soul was absorbed in prayer.

Thus went to the Roman Prisons, in early days of the Church, those who brought to the martyrs the God for whom these confessors of the Faith were about to shed their blood,— a few more meadows to cross; through these he glided like a spirit.

At Vejæ, the house wherein these meetings were held, was still; all had gone to their homes. A few old women alone remained to watch and pray that God might bless the boy and their venerable priest.

Jean came to the top of the hill on which the town of Yolet is situated. The Castle stood out before him; it was brightly lighted; the tower alone was dark and gloomy. The sound of song and revelry broke the stillness of the night. Captain Merle's men were resting after their day's work, and celebrating their numerous conquests by a feast. Notwithstanding this, nothing had been neglected, and all was in readiness lest they be taken by surprise. The Captain knew that the Marquis of St. Uarem was on his way to the defence of Aurillac, and the Huguenot was too prudent not to be ready for an attack that might come at any time.

Jean hid in the shadow of the walls. From here he could see all that went on without being found out. He heard the sentinels exchange the password, and the conversations carried on in low voices at the different posts overlooking the walls. He made his plans accordingly. He would show himself at the first post, fly when called on to give the password; let himself be followed; then let them arrest him. He would take the Sacred Host, if he could not get near to the dear prisoner. This was easy enough. The child came forth from his hiding place. His first steps were heard.

"Who goes there?" asked a sentinel.

"My God, help me," said Jean, as he rushed forward as if to fly.

"Stop!" called a savage voice. He ran faster and faster. The whole post was at his heels; two men ran on ahead.

"This is a child," said one. "Son of a

Papist!" yelled the other, and lowering his musket he fired. A shot was heard, then the boy staggered and fell. On the ramparts the sentinels gave the alarm. He lay bathed in his blood.

On the other side of the river they were praying for him. They raised him up and carried him into the hall, where over a hundred men half drunk were arming themselves hastily, thinking an attack was about to be made.

Captain Merle came forward as they entered.

"Was this child the cause of the alarm?" he asked of the men who carried him.

"Yes, Captain."

"Tell me, boy, what were you doing within our walls?"

"I was going about my business, Captain," he answered.

"Alright, we will settle this later."

Then turning to his men he said: "Put up your arms and let us return to our dinner. Let the sentinels be changed," he added.

One officer chose his men, and went out to do his captain's bidding. One of the soldiers, better natured than the rest, said to Jean: "You spoiled our dinner, little one, so I will punish you, by making you drink some Seigneur Yolet wine. There take my glass."

"Why, he is wounded," said another one. Merle looked at his arm.

"Oh, that's nothing," he said.

"It won't prevent him drinking," said the first Huguenot, with a sneer.

And the child, who carried his God on his breast, sat down in the midst of these demons. The table was bountifully filled with meats and dainties of all kinds. Wine flowed in abundance; bottles lay around on the benches and on the floor.

The captain of the Huguenots was so confident in the height and strength of the walls that he did not care whether all his men were in a fit state to repulse the enemy should an attack be made.

The soldier, who seemed to have taken a fancy to Jean, did all that he could for him. The child tasted the meat and then stopped eating.

"Eat little one," said his friend.

"This chicken comes from the hen-coop of Sire de Pestals; it is the fruit of

my morning sport. I narrowly escaped being shot trying to get it."

The child answered not.

"Are you sulking, little one?"

"It is Friday," said the boy.

At this answer, hellish laughter filled the room, and the remnants of the feast were hurled at the child's head. Some of the soldiers, more brutal than the rest, struck him in the face.

Tears filled the boy's eyes. Who could console him now? He whom he bore on his breast, and who, to save the world, let Himself be buffeted by the rabble on the eve of His Passion.

"Dog of a Papist," yelled a soldier,—the one who had shot him—"you made me lose a charge of powder. But you are going to eat like a good Huguenot, and drink with me to the success of the Calvin Religion."

"I will not do it," said the boy, and he rose to his feet. The soldier would have ill-treated him, had not other soldiers interfered.

"He is only a child; we will deal with him later on. Meantime, throw him into the same dungeon as that old curate. Let them console one another."

"Now let us finish our dinner in peace."

Jean almost wept with joy; he had gained his point; what mattered all he had suffered; he had gained his point. The same drunken soldier came forward, and taking the child, dragged him along through dark corridors, until they reached a dungeon darker than anything he had ever seen. The soldier opened the door, and giving the child a kick sent him rolling across the room. Jean fell on the damp straw. His first thought was for the Pyx containing the body of his God. It was safe, and he knelt and adored it. Then he listened; for it seemed to him that he heard a moan.

"Monsieur le cure!" he called softly.

A moan was the only answer. Jean crossed the room and was soon on his knees beside his venerable pastor, whom he found lying on the straw badly wounded and in a burning fever.

"Who is calling me?" asked someone in a feeble voice.

The child could not answer; he was dumb from emotion.

"It is Jean, little Jean, Monsieur le cure."

The old man tried to sit up, and did so after great difficulty, and looked about him in the darkness.

When he found the boy he clasped him in his arms. While in his embrace, Jean murmured in his ear :
"Monsieur le cure, I have brought you our dear Lord."

The old man kissed him even more tenderly. Then clasping his hands he murmured a fervent act of thanksgiving.

"It is here," said the boy, "on my breast, in the silver pyx."

The old man sat up again, and adored his God, who had deigned to choose his beloved Jean's breast, as His tabernacle.

Then in the silence of the night he took the Pyx in his trembling hands, and while the child prayed fervently, while the blasphemies and laughter of the soldiers echoed in the distance, the priest partook of the Bread of Life. Then he prayed.

His prayer ended he called to the boy to come closer, and learned from him all that had happened; then bade him fly. As for himself he was weakening rapidly, and he felt death approaching; he seemed to have lived only long enough to receive his God from Jean's hands.

The priest then gave Jean the necessary directions as to the way out of the dungeon, through the secret passage. Suddenly all seemed wild confusion in the Castle; then there was dead silence, but outside could be heard the war cry and the sound of guns. At last it grew louder and louder, steps were heard overhead, and the groans of the wounded were intermingled with the noise of the cannons. What was the matter? Jean listened, pale and trembling. The priest hardly heard these hellish sounds; his senses were dulled to the things of this earth, and in the darkness of the dungeon the light of eternity was beginning to shine. The sound of an explosion broke the stillness and shook the Castle to its very foundation. The gates had been thrown open. The besieging party had already entered the courtyard. It was the Marquis of St. Harem, who, on his way to the defence of Aurillac destroyed all the dens of the Huguenots that he met.

Merle still remained in the Castle with a small band of men, but now the Catholics had broken in the doors with their axes, and lance in hand rushed forward, crying "Death, death to the Huguenots!" Jean was sure that the vanquished ones would avenge their loss by putting their prisoners to death. The priest's voice broke the stillness: "My boy come closer to me; then laying his hand on his head, he said: "May God bless you as I do." His dying hand traced the sign of the cross on the boy's forehead. "Fly," he added, in a failing voice; his arm fell heavily by his side; he had rendered his soul to God.

Cries of victory were heard, and the men rushed through the Castle, torch in hand. Suddenly a man appeared on the threshold of the dungeon; it was the chaplain. The light of the torch which he carried fell on the body of the priest, lying on the straw, and on the tear stained face of the boy, at his side. At this sight, his indignation broke forth.

"Oh! the wretches! they have dared. I have come too late."

The brave man knelt and respectfully kissed the hand of the martyred priest.

"They did not kill him," said the boy; "he died just a few minutes ago."

The Marquis took Jean by the hand and gave him in charge of one of his officers. Afterwards he returned with several men to have the body removed to the beg of the Castle. The soldiers then came forward and knelt around the body, forming a guard. Jean crouched by the side of his only friend sobbing bitterly. The Captain saw that his arm was bleeding. "You have been wounded, my child," he said tenderly.

"I wounded him," said a Huguenot savagely. "Give him a gun and let him shoot me. I would rather be shot than hung."

"We will choose the manner of your death," said the Marquis angrily.

"In the name of God," said the child; "in the name of the holy man who has just died, let him live."

A short time after, Jean, escorted by two armed men, returned to Vejæ. The blessing of the old man rested on his brow like a crown of glory. A pious lady took him home with her, and had him educated. Jean became a priest,

and often in the years that followed these troublesome times, he might be seen at the bedside of his dying parishoners, bringing to them the same God, who had been the strength and consolation of his venerable Father and pastor in his last moments on earth.

Song.

Melodies come over me,
Like the incense breathing zephyrs of a
spring morn;
True children of nature,
By the allwise Creator to inspiration
born.

Song is one of the most sublime of arts. It has its origin in, and is in fact a counterpart of nature's ceaseless beautiful song. There are voices of grief in the wind, that sing through the dismal winter forest; there is joy and good tidings in the merry rippling song of the bubbling brooklets, and again how oft do we not hear the expression "the sad sea waves." Who of us has not experienced a genuine joy, a real appreciation of nature's songs, as he has walked forth to the forest on a beautiful summer morn. As one stops to listen, he hears a concord of sweet sounds, the beautiful blending, the harmony of which, to a soul alive to the beauties of nature, never fails to touch a sympathetic chord within. The songs of the feathery tribe, the prattling of the brook, the rustling of leaves,— these sounds Robertson so beautifully compares to the strains of an Aeolian harp. Thus nature sings to the Creator a grand, "Te Deum," which will cease only at death, which will be the end of time.

Song has a magic power. Nature teaches alike the lettered and illiterate the truth of this simple statement. Grief and joy, those widely varied but most intense of human feelings, barring even the consideration of circumstance that may prompt them, first by some mysterious faculty that longed for relief or derived expression in sweet simple strains of melody. One's deepest sorrow one's inmost care, even after unavailing effort to put aside, to reason away, is as if forgotten in some sweet familiar melody, which brings to the mind a so-

lace, happy thoughts, reminiscences of bygone days. Likewise does joy find utterance in song. When the heart and mind are in happy mood, the first impulse is to give vent to our sentiments in song.

A well known and eminent authority terms song "the language of the soul." It ministers more to Christianity, than architecture, sculpture or painting. It tends to inspire devotion and edification more than do fine stone structures, divine creations in the plastic art, or the artistic blending of beautiful colors. It speaks more directly to the soul, heart and mind, filling them to overflow with a confusion of sublime sentiments. Still another author, when speaking of and commending song, says: "Let every man sing, and let him likewise teach his children." We cannot say too much for song or its attributes. Songs are the elevation of the whole universe, the inspiration of deeds of valor, the reminders of bygone days, the comforters in grief, and the source of a thousand good actions. Song may be justly claimed a fraction of heaven on earth, or a faint shadow of that eternal bliss, which all good souls hope at some time to enjoy.

A WONDERFUL CHOIR.

In the choir of St. Peter's, at Rome, there is not a female voice, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music written are rendered in such a manner as to make one think Adelina Patti is leading. The choir is composed of sixty boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal chords, and some of the best singers are not over nine years old. At the age of seventeen they are dropped from the choir. To say that in that famous edifice, one hears the grandest church music the world has ever known sounds commonplace, so far short does it fall of apt description.

The love of Jesus has no horizon;
neither time nor space can bound it.

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

Editorial Notes.

A joyful and happy Easter to all our friends. May the peace of Christ be in your hearts. "Pax vobis."

Easter time is a time of joy. Christ is risen. He has conquered sin and hell. Our noble Leader flourishes the banner of victory. Under His leadership, fighting under His Standard, the Standard of the Cross, victory is promised also to us. If we follow Christ, imitating His example, if we bear our Cross patiently and offer ourselves a victim to God's will on the Calvary of this life, there is a glorious resurrection in store also for us. Our sad Good Friday will also be followed by a joyful Easter Sunday.

Christ is risen. Also we must rise. Rise from your sins; break the chains that make you Satan's captive. Rise above the paltry inconveniences, worldly vicissitudes and aspirations, to a higher plane of God's unchangeable truths and the things of Eternity. The frequent meditation on the great truths of God's Word ennobles the soul and renders it superior to all things earthly, strengthens the character, and gives a peace of mind and heart which nothing can disturb. How small is the person whose mind is filled with the petty cares of life; how low and degraded the soul who is a slave of the body,—allows full reign to its corrupt tendencies and animal instincts. Look up to your gallant Leader—the risen Saviour of the world—and rise with him.—Sursum Corda.

The Rev. Charles S. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, has in a recent address held before a choice assembly, advocated in powerful words the advantages of the Hospice.

He enumerates six in particular: Its splendid site and magnificent scenery on the banks of the great cataract, the powerful reminder of the Creator's omnipotence and greatness, manifested in all His works. Its delightful and healthy atmosphere, together with the restful character of the life led in it, not excluding the possibility of healthful amusement. The comparative inexpensiveness of the living. The many opportunities of making excursions to Toron-

to, Buffalo, Lundy's Lane, etc.; and finally, the absolute safety of the young, especially young ladies, even when they come alone, without parents, companions or chaperons.

"The Review" begs to offer its heartfelt thanks to the reverend gentleman for so powerfully aiding a good cause. Will we have the pleasure of seeing him among the many guests we expect this coming season?

Our subscribers will wonder what has become of the editor, since he does not answer the many letters they have addressed to him. His absence is manifested also by the somewhat inferior make-up of this issue. Where is the editor? Work for God's ministers is plentiful, the field of their action ample. To convert the sinner, to bring him to repentance, wash his soul, pour heavenly consolation into his dejected heart, free him from the clutches of Satan, and raise him to the sublime dignity of God's child and heaven's heir; this is one of the happy duties incumbent on the priestly calling. To make it short, your editor has turned missionary, and I beg, in his name, that you will kindly pardon his apparent neglect and the temporary desertion of his post. In a few days he will write to you and give his apologies.

It is strange, some of our readers encourage the editor in his efforts by their words of praise. "The Review is a good magazine; we wish it success and long life," they write. But the other day one of our readers struck another note. "The Review is not what it used to be three or four years ago; unless you improve, you will not hold your readers." Now that puts us on the self-defence. Self-preservation is one of nature's primary laws, and we do not wish to prove an exception to it. We thank the writer of that letter for his candid and, we presume, well meant advice, and mean, if possible, to profit by it.

What is the latest drama acted on the world's stage? What new figure has come into prominence? There is one

principal character who engages our entire attention, a personage unknown to few, beloved by many and respected by all; it is Leo XIII, the Pope in Rome, —the grand old man in the Vatican. But few weeks ago he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Pontificate, his Silver Jubilee as Pope, amidst the enthusiastic manifestations of loyalty, love and veneration from his affectionate children. He has entered the ninety-fourth year of his life, still vigorous and active in mind, if not in body. During this month he will reach the term of Peter's Pontificate to the day. It is with mingled feelings of joy and sadness that we heard his latest expression: "My course is almost run," the Pontiff is reported to have said. It is a good course, to which there is reserved, by the Just Judge, an immortal crown. Many and great are the services Leo has rendered during his long and eventful career to the Church, the State, and the world at large.

His wise and paternal warnings, his masterful and solid teaching, his voice calling for a return to the Redeemer, and His maxims, for a return of men to the Faith of their fathers, for a cessation of wickedness and injustice, and the amendment of life; this warning, this teaching, this voice of the great Leader charged to lead the flock of Christ through the wilderness of this life to the pastures and joys of heaven, if heeded, will ameliorate the world and change the sad conditions prevailing in it.

It fills us with sadness to think of the day when it will be said: "Leo is no more; he has paid his tribute to nature, Leo is dead." We hope this day may yet be far away, being confident, however, and certain that Christ will appoint a worthy successor, who will continue to guide that Church, the Spouse of Jesus, which has from its Divine founder, the assurance that it will last until the end of time, and that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

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Notice.— We have received for review various books from prominent publishing firms. We will review them in our next issue.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Rev. and Dear Sirs :

Some time ago I was so sick I never expected to be well. I prayed fervently to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Joseph, promising, if I recovered, to have it published in the Carmelite Review. Through the goodness of God I got well, and hope you will publish it.

From a reader of the Review.

St. Louis, Mo., March 20, '03.

Dear Father :

Enclosed please find an offering for Mass, which I promised to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in thanksgiving for two favors granted. Will you kindly publish it in the Review.

Mrs. W. J. I.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at: Falls View; from Trinity, Md.; Stratford, Ont.; St. Joseph's, N.S.; Uniontown, Pa.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the prayers of our readers:

Conversion of a friend; Souls in Purgatory; a happy death; vocation of a boy; health for pastor; success in studies; spiritual and temporal success; help in sore need.

Obituary.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the following deceased:

Mrs. Mary Lawler, who died in Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 21st, 1903; Mrs. F. Egan, Detroit, Mich.; Sr. M. A. Berchmans Carroll, who died peacefully in the Lord, Feb. 15th, 1903; Mrs. Prudence Lee, who died on Feb. 13th, 1903.

May they all rest in peace.

Only a man of worth can recognize worth.

Will Power.

The will is a mighty ruler, the king of kings, ruling each individual, and consequently holding dominion aggregately, over the entire universe. It is the moving factor of the world. On each depends the richest endowment a man can possess—character. The formation of character, you might say, is entirely dependent on the strength and tenacity of the will. We acknowledge each day the extreme frailty of our natures, by allowing every impulse to dominate over the will, instead of being subservient to it. We admit in a manner more forcible than words, that we are a mere mechanism over which fancy has full sway. Instead of being conquerors, girded with strength, we are but weak captives. We are daily brought face to face with the stern reality that there is a lack of control of the will, by the number of effervescent and vacillating minds with which we come in contact, and their detrimental influence cannot help being felt. All glory to the man who is so inflexible that nothing can intervene which will make him swerve from the path of duty. All hail to the man who has fortitude enough to say "yes" and "no," periling any opinion or criticism which his action may stimulate. He will be amply remunerated by the calm which the consciousness of a duty performed will be sure to bring. We feel elevated and awed by such characters. They seem to unconsciously ingratiate themselves into our hearts, and incite feelings of inspiration and reverence. We should not be the plaything of every whim, driven about like a cork on the water, knowing not in what direction or how far the next wave may take us, but let the will, carefully and properly guided, be the ballast, which will steer for us a direct course, not leaning backward or forward, but with such decisiveness and firmness that it will impart to our life an outline which will make it stand out distinct and alone from every other individual's, adding to it an imposing dignity, and we will be found examples worthy of imitation, and will thereby open before us a path into which others will be magnetically drawn.

Being possessor of this power of will we will have a weapon with which we can face with intrepidity the severest trials, and overcome what may seem to those who lack it, unsurmountable difficulties. And if at the surrender of our souls into the hands of our Creator, we find that we have gained this dominion over ourselves, we may sink to rest peacefully with the assurance that we have won a victory, which the most glorious of monarchs might well envy.

THE HOLY SEAT.

Foreign embassies are accredited not to the court of the Vatican, but to the Holy Seat. The Holy Seat is a wooden chair used by the Apostle St. Peter as first Bishop of Rome. The ancient framework of yellow oak, all worn eaten and decayed, is preserved behind the tribune of the Basilica of St. Peter in the gigantic gilded bronze chair designed by Bernini.

NEW DIRECTOR OF SISTINE CHOIR

Mgr. Domenico Mustafa, director of the Sistine choir, has resigned after 55 years' service, and Don Lorenzo Perosi will henceforth have sole charge of the Papal music which will be "reformed." Mgr. Mustafa, who is 74 years of age, resigned in 1885 on account of changes made by the Pope, but took up his place again on the occasion of the Pope's sacerdotal jubilee.

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

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

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our effects; anything wounds it, but nothing kills it.

I am sure that no man can know peace who has not come through storm. Peace follows battle. It draws its meaning from contest. And, oh, how inestimable the light when the clouds break and the sunshine gleams forth!