



Saint Joseph

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Eccc Fidelis Servus.



GUARDIAN of God, our Brother ;
Husband of Her who bore
The Word made flesh—our Mother—
Make us to love Thee more.
Teach us the peace, the beauty
Of life in Nazareth ;
Faithful to every duty,
Even—if so—to death.

Head of the Household Holy,
The Home of God on earth,
Oh, Servant, chaste and lowly,
The Master knew Thy worth !
Teach us to trust Thee duly,
Oh Friend of God's elect !
Shield us from thoughts unruly,
From all our foes protect.

Thou in Thine hour of dying
Hadst Mary very near,
Jesus, sweet help supplying
To wipe away each tear ;
Oh ! when we die, be near us,
In that last bitter strife !
Jesus and Mary cheer us,
Bring us to endless life.

Francis W. Grey.

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of a charming personality, graceful and accomplished, it was no wonder, that in the beau monde of society, Beatrice Staunton was a reigning favorite. Few there were who could compare with the dusky loveliness which she had inherited from her Southern mother, but without her mother's haughtiness, and to which she united those other admirable qualities, one might scarcely expect to find in one so petted and indulged. She was neither selfish nor overbearing, but generous and gracious to everyone, irrespective of class, and the humblest servant in her father's house was not beneath her kind notice. She was neither flippant nor affected, and the fact of her being heiress to millions and one of the finest old homes in the State, had, instead of spoiling her, given her that charming unconsciousness of self, that so few in a like position could possess or, possibly, have. The same quiet dignity and good sense that marked her in her private life, she carried abroad with her, and which contrasted so forcibly with the superficialness and affection practiced by some of her friends, and many other butterflies who flit through the social world of modern society. Deeply religious and firm in her Presbyterian convictions, she was attentive to her church and its rules without any parade or show, and, like her mother, who was naturally so inclined, and her father, made so by the great change that had come over him in late years, with regards to his disinherited daughter, Millicent, liberal toward all other creeds. Her personal charities were many and great, and hospital wards with their sick poor were especial objects of her bounty. "Beatrice's hobby" her mother was wont to call her daughter's exceeding generosity, whenever her friends, as they sometimes did, commented on the heiress' praiseworthy works. The lady's own character was formed on totally different lines, and she took but a passing interest in her daughter's philanthropy, because her worldly heart and mind were bent only in the one way. She dispensed to the

poor, of course, because to a certain extent she pitied them, and being the president of an exclusive charitable club, it behooved her well to set a good example to her wealthy sisters, but she usually intrusted its giving to the other members of the club, or to her daughter, rather than having anything to do in common with her less fortunate brethren or their sufferings. Vain of her own great beauty, that was rivalled only by the more youthful loveliness of her daughter, she was well aware that in her adopted city, she had "come, seen and conquered," and held a sway in the social kingdom that was second to none. In the art of entertaining, she was pre-eminent, and she made her husband's name more famous for its hospitality than any mistress, if we except what the gentle Millicent had done before her. Her aged husband, and her beautiful daughter were the two loves of her rose-bright existence, and her affections, for the latter especially, bordered on idolatry, so much so that even with Bruce Everett as a prospective son-in-law, and the pride she felt in being able to claim him as such, she dreaded her daughter's marriage. Critical to an extreme, she ruled her household with the strictest discipline, but justly and kindly, and if her servants did not love her, they respected her. She believed it a woman's right, no matter what her station in life was, to understand the care of a house in every detail, and had she ten housekeepers, instead of only two and an assistant, she would have still held herself the responsible head, and they only the helpers, in the management of her extensive establishment. Proud of her blue blood and Southern ancestry, she had a horror of the common people, and the ever increasing admittance northern society seemed willing to give to those who had no family nor social prestige, but only their acquired wealth to recommend them, filled her at times with repugnance. Her daughter had no such notions, and all men, if they were good, had a right to aspire to the highest circles if they so desired.

Her daughter's happiness was her happiness, and yet, it was destined to pass from them both, even as all things of transitory earth are said to pass, taking with them all that is bright, and leaving only the sad. "I want a favor of you, Beatrice," she said one morning as she sat with her daughter, who was carelessly perusing some letters her after-breakfast mail had brought, "when you are ready:"

"I am ready now, mamma. Is it some writing you want done before you go to town?"

"Yes, my love, I wish you to write that advertisement for a companion I have been thinking of getting. In fact, I have intended it ever since we came home from Newport this summer, but with unpardonable procrastination I have deferred it until now. It will be nice for me, and a release to you, from the tiresome little duties which I so often impose on you."

"Nonsense, mamma, to read and write for you or anything else you might demand of me, is only a pleasure, and I shall scarcely like to relinquish them to a paid companion, but, in consideration of coming events, I suppose I must do so."

"That is one of my own reasons, love, for certainly once your marriage takes place, I cannot monopolize you as I think I do now; you will belong to some one else then," and she caressed the dark regal head. "But in the advertisement you will please state that the applicant must be a person of refinement, and the application may be made between the afternoon hours of two and five. I should like it to be sent to the post to-day. Sampson will take it with the other mail if you have it ready by eleven o'clock. Do you ride with Bruce to-day?"

"Not until this afternoon, mamma. For what hour have you ordered the carriage this morning?"

"Ten. Are you going to town?"

"No; I am lazily inclined this morning, and do not feel like changing my dress. I shall write your advertisement immediately."

"If you will, my love, I shall be pleased," and kissing the lovely Southern face, the stately lady swept out of the

entrancing room, across whose blue and gold-tinted walls the rays of the morning sun were falling like gleaming bars, to her own apartments across the corridor, while Susetta, her daughter's pretty French maid, placed Ma'mselle's writing materials and handed her the pearl handled pen, with which she was accustomed to write.

Little the proud heiress thought as she wrote and sealed the brief words for insertion in the daily paper, that she was signing the death warrant to her own happiness; nor what the coming of a paid companion for her mother's comfort, meant to her.

CHAPTER XV.

With Rosamond's convalescence, there had come to the young girl, a painful anxiety to get back to her work. She knew her illness had been an expensive one, and that her's and her mother's funds were almost run out, and the sooner she got to work again the better it would be for them. The sacrifice her mother made in the first of her illness, to procure the medicine that had helped to save her life, the girl of course knew nothing, for why, thought the mother, should she pain the tender, sympathetic heart, by telling her of the sorrowful act. She had never known of the existence of the wedding dress in the old trunk, and since it was gone now, and had been put to such good use, there was no need to speak of it, but ah! what memories for the loving mother had gone with the perishable fabric. But used as she was to suffering, that was but a small item, especially when her child was concerned in it, and she regretted it not.

The first day Rosamond took up her work was a proud and happy one for the young girl, and the thought of being once more occupied added fresh vitality to her returned strength.

Three pupils, though, was a miserable number to be sure, and to wait for money until the end of the new quarter, a long time, and they were so hard pressed; but to-day, very fortunately, Mr. Holland, for whom Mrs. Raymond still worked, had promised to settle a small payment, he owed, and that would relieve present necessities.

"I am going in to see Father Madden"

on my way home, mother," Rosamond said as she started away for the dealer's; "he told me I was to go and see him, and he was so kind when I was sick that I think it is the least I can do."

"By all means, dearie; indeed, he was kind, and we are very much indebted to him. Remember me kindly to him. I expect he will be coming to see us soon, and I will be glad, for we were strangers so long."

"Yes, you are so reserved, mother, and Father Madden is so lovely. Mrs. Curran calls him the holy saint."

"He is high up in priestly sanctity, without a doubt, and a true spiritual father, as I have learned from recent events. Go, now, and do not be too long away, as Mrs. Curran and Charlie are coming up a while."

Rosamond buttoned her coat up tightly and doubled her comforter around her throat for the air was chilly for the middle of September, and on account of her recent illness, she was bound to be careful. A few seconds later she was tripping to town, brightly anticipating her interview, after her business was transacted, with Father Madden. When she arrived at Mr. Holland's, she found she would have to wait, as the merchant and his clerks were all busy with customers. She accepted a stool one polite, smooth-faced young fellow handed her, and seating herself, picked up the morning Post, and began as a matter of course, to scan its newsy front. Her eyes wandered to the advertisement columns, and suddenly they brightened as she read: "Wanted by a lady, a young or elderly person of refinement, to serve in the capacity of a companion. Liberal remuneration promised to the right person. Apply between the hours of two and five, afternoons, to Mrs. Oswald Staunton, 64 old Granton Road. Reference required."

Like a flash the thought came to her. Why should she not try for this God-sent situation? No more drudgery or trying to eke out the poor living she was now doing for herself and her mother. No more coming here to try to make a few extra pennies, by selling her mother's hand-work; no more going out into storms, and suffering the ill-effects

of the cold. But maintaining her beloved parent in constant comfort, and giving a rest, at least, to those thin worn fingers. Having all the comforts of rich surroundings, and coming in daily contact with educated, refined people, with whom even in her early childhood she had a desire to mingle. These were the inducements it held out to her delighted fancy; if she was not too late, and was lucky enough to get it. At first, she intended to tell her mother of her intentions, but one second thought, as she issued from Mr. Holland's dingy shop, and wended her way to St. Cyr's presbytery, she decided not to do so, but to consult Father Madden. The priest received her in his study, where he sat amid a pile of books and papers, important and unimportant, for with such a large parish as his, Father Madden was a very busy man.

"Well, well!" he said, in his warm-hearted way, "you have come to see me at last, Rosamond, my child. You are very welcome. Sit down here and tell me if you are all well, and strong again, and we will have a good long chat afterwards."

"Thank you, father," was the low soft reply, "if I will not be intruding on your precious time."

"Intruding! not at all my child. My morning's work is mostly done, and I was just finishing the reading of a letter from a distant friend. Let us go into the other room; it is pleasanter there than in this disorderly den of mine."

The "other room" was right next the sunny study, and was a parlor and sitting room combined, and with its plain furniture and general aspect so neat and tidy, that Rosamond decided if "order is Heaven's first law," it was the law also in St. Cyr's Presbytery. The priest and his young parishoner soon drifted into conversation and were chatting like old friends. The minister of souls charmed with her naturalness and sweet simplicity of speech and manner, and the young girl delighted with his kindness and the interest he took in everything she spoke of to him.

Just as she was about to take her departure, she seized the opportunity to broach the question, that since she had left Holland's, was uppermost in her

mind. "I've a question,—a temporal one," she said, "to ask you, father, or rather your advice on a matter which concerns me greatly. It is, what would you think of my taking up a situation?"

"A very good idea, my child, but it depends on the nature of it. What would you like to do, besides teaching music, or perhaps you have something in sight?"

"Which I have, father," then she told him of the advertisement she had seen in the Post, and whose it was. "Mrs. Oswald Staunton? I know of her, she is Judge Staunton's wife, and a very great lady, but I should think the position of being companion to her a very desirable one. Does your mother know of your intention to take it up?"

"No, father; and I want it kept from her until I see if I am successful in getting it, and give her a nice surprise; that is my reason for consulting you, because I could not go without some one's advice, and there was no one better I could ask than you. But Mrs. Staunton wants references." "Which I can willingly furnish, my child, for I think I understand you enough to know that you are all one may desire you to be, but first, let me ask you, if your mother will not be displeased with you, for undertaking so much without consulting her?"

The blue eyes dilated widely.

"Displeased! I don't think she would be, father, for she knows how hard and for what small pay I work now, and she could not condemn my trying, at least, for this situation. It would be so much better for us both, if I got it. Music teaching is so uncertain, and it is hard for me to get pupils, because I am not much known, and there are so many better teachers in the field than I, so I don't think mother will object."

"Very well, my child; if you are sure on that point. For my part, I consider this a wise change, if you will only be able to procure the situation. You can try it for a month anyhow, and by then you will know whether you like it enough to continue it or not."

"Oh! once I go, father, I'll stay, that is if I suit. Another change to anything else might make a rolling stone of me, and I would gather no moss."

The priest smiled at the earnest tone of the dulcet-voice, but admired none the less the strength of will and purpose, that seemed to underlie the words.

"And that would never do, would it Rosamond? I am pleased to find that you are one who wishes to spend your life well, and your work, whatever it may be, to be done well. Now for your references."

He went back into his study, and soon after returned with an unsealed envelope in his hand, which he gave to her with the query:

"Do you know where Granton Road is my child?"

"I have an idea of it, father, though I've never been there before."

"Well, I will tell you the exact direction. You can take the car from the Square, (for, of course, you will ride to Staunton House, as the distance you will have to cover is not a short one), as far as Rector street, and there you will get a transfer to the car that goes to the Battery. It will take you straight to your destination. So long as you have the number you can make no mistake about the house, and I hope you will have ever so much success. You will not go until this afternoon?"

"No, father, and I am so thankful to you. I owe you so much already, especially since my heavy sickness that time, that words seem but a poor way by which to express my gratitude."

"You do not owe me anything, my child, but sometimes you might think of me in your prayers. You must bring mother with you the next time, and tell her I am coming to see her shortly."

"Thank you, Father Madden, she will be pleased to see you," with a graceful bow that would have done credit to a Spanish senorita, she bade him good-morning, and clutching her precious references tightly in her hand, came away.

"The noble child, of a noble mother," was the priest's inaudible remark, as he closed the door, after having seen his visitor out, and gone back to his books and papers, "and may God always keep her so, by exercising His fatherly care over her. May her beauty prove a blessing, and not a curse, as alas! with poverty, it has done so often."

CHAPTER XVI.

When Rosamond got home, she gave her mother the amount Mr. Holland had paid her, on her parent's last piece of work. Then she straightway plunged into an account of her visit to Father Madden, but with never a word on the subject that had been of so much interest to them both, nor of the precious envelope stowed away in her pocket.

Early after dinner, Mrs. Curran and Charley came up, and Rosamond amused the latter with pictures and puzzle blocks until it was nearly two o'clock. Then she rose up to go to a pupil, who, fortunately, for the better success of her present plan, had been unable to take her lesson the day before.

"I may be a little late getting back, mother," she said, upon starting away. "There is something, oh, so nice, that is going to detain me, and if I'm successful in its gaining, I know you will be glad. Now, don't ask any questions until I come home again, then I'll answer everything you and Mrs. Curran will have a mind to ask me." She smiled happily into the landlady's plump, rosy face and her mother's pale, serene one, and descended the narrow stairs.

Never did it come to Mrs. Raymond what the "something" was that would detain her daughter in town. She thought quite contentedly the young girl was searching up a new pupil, but of whom she would not speak, until she had really gained her or him, whichever it might be. So, believing this, the mother asked neither where she was going nor why there should be so much silence in connection with her afternoon's movements, but with a cheery good-bye, in which she was joined by Mrs. Curran, wished Rosamond every success in the important "something."

Down in the hall Rosamond stood for a minute, and took out the contents of the envelope Father Madden had given her, to read with great satisfaction: "I have known Rosamond Raymond for a great many years, being, with her mother, a member of my parish. She is a Virginian by birth, as I believe her mother also is, and as regards person and character, she is irreproachable, and would make a most desirable companion. Since she and her mother came from the

South, they have always lived on Bartley Square, and her appearance, I am sure, will at once indicate her refinement and careful upbringing."

"Reverend William Madden,
P. P. of St. John's Catholic Church,
23 West Seventh street.

"How kind of Father Madden to write so nicely of me. I'll go in on my way back from Granton Road, to tell him if I have the position or not, and thank him again." She returned the reference paper to its envelope, and opening the street door, went out.

When Maud Crichton's music lesson, (which, by the way, had never seemed so long to Rosamond as on this particular afternoon), was over, the young music teacher walked back within sight of the Square, and hailing a car, was soon being whirled away from town, dust and noises, to the quiet nature-throbbing outlying suburbs.

She had changed cars on Rector street, as Father Madden had directed her, and she looked out of the window with eager expectancy, when at last the trolley wound from a narrow street into a beautifully sanded road.

"Granton road," the conductor called out sharply, whereupon Rosamond rang the bell, and when the car stopped up, alighted. She stood for several seconds to drink in the beauty of the scenes around her. On either side of the road were tall pine and cedar trees, whose verdant green were beginning to turn to autumnal brown, but which to Rosamond's nature-loving eye, rendered them none the less attractive. The green covered walks, also showing autumnal tints, seemed like a soft carpet to her feet, used as they were to the hard pavements of town streets, and the carrollings of numerous feathered songsters were as sweet to her ears as the playing of David's harp was to King Saul. Then, remembering the important business on which she had come, and that the loss of a minute might prove expensive to her, Rosamond drew her eyes from the beauties she was enjoying for the first time and began a rapid walk past several mansions.

"Excuse me," she said to a nursemaid, who with three young charges,

came out of one of them, "but where is sixty-four, Staunton House?"

"On the opposite side, Miss," the girl said respectfully, curiously inspecting the young stranger's fair face. "The number is on the gate. The first over there is Dr. Greely's, and where you see all those trees growing up is Staunton House."

Rosamond thanked her, and passing quickly to the opposite side found the number on the iron gate, as the maid had indicated. Descending the cedar walk with no small trepidation, she pulled the bell on the massive front door.

Her ring was answered by the ever obsequious Sampson, who, with a broad grin on his ebony face (Sampson was proverbial for his broad grins) showed her into the first room of his mistress' Japanese square.

"What name please, Miss?" he asked, "or maybe you'll gimme your card," and he held forth a small silver salver.

"I have no card; my name is Rosamond Raymond."

"One ob Mistress' companyuns, I spec's. Fadah Mossess, what a lot she am a-gettin'" was the negro's unspoken comment, as he left his visitor to seek his mistress, in her back parlor, evidently thinking, in his Sampson-like mind, with Sampson-like perception, that each one of the many persons who had applied during the last three days, were all going to be accepted by his mistress, as her companions. This last comer included, Sampson did not understand the importance his mistress attached to this position, and that all the young women he had been seeing in and out of late had found no favor in her critical eyes. She had dismissed them with but little parlance, with the understanding that they need not trouble themselves again for further applying to her.

When Rosamond found herself alone in the reception room, with its fantastic draperies and odd furnishings, all bespeaking a most delightful orientalism, she could have exclaimed aloud in her admiration. Everything was so delicate, so dainty, in this much Japaned room that she shut her eyes to think if it might be possible that she would soon be living among such art and elegance. If fortune favored her, she certainly would, but then again, she thought, "it is sel-

fish of me to desire this, when mother won't be here to share it with me."

As was always, her mother was the subject paramount of her thoughts, and the roseate gleams of a future life spent under this roof lost half their coloring, because that gentle, tender parent, whose own past life was wrapped in mystery, could not be a partaker of it.

"Miss Raymond, please ter folly me," said Sampson, cutting short her train of thought, by showing his ebony face back in the curtained doorway, and leading his visitor to the middle of the hall, waived her to the sitting room of his mistress, and that lady's stately presence.

"Miss Raymond, I believe," she said, eyeing the young girl closely, and motioning her to a chair, "and you have come to apply for the position of my companion?"

"Yes, madam," Rosamond replied, without the least show of nervousness or embarrassment, at thus being thrown into company for the first time of one of the greatest ladies in the city, which were not lost upon her interrogator. "Have I come too late, or is there any chance of my obtaining it?"

"There is every chance," the wealthy lady replied, scanning the dainty spiritual face, and wondering from what source it had caught its happy, pure expression, and also wondering where before she had seen shapely features similar to it, and the proud, straight glance that came from the soft blue eyes.

Somewhere she had undoubtedly seen them, and she forgot that that somewhere was up in her husband's art gallery, wherein, beside another loved portrait stood a small brown one, whose very perfection always excited what was worse in her nature, each time she looked on it.

"Yes," she said again, "there is every chance for you. Have you references?"

Rosamond dropped her hand into her pocket and drawing out Father Madden's note, handed it to her.

When Mrs. Staunton saw the name signed to it, she merely glanced over it.

"Though I do not know Mr. Madden, (the Mr. sounded strange to Rosamond's ears) personally, nor by sight, I can understand that as befits his sacred calling he would not write anything but what is

reliable, and of course good references from a clergyman, of whatever church or creed, can be at once accepted. So you are a Catholic?"

"Yes, madam."

"That would make no difference to me, nor to my family. We are Presbyterians but liberal minded, so your creed would be respected by all in my house. How old are you?"

"I was seventeen this past June, madam."

"Indeed! you are very slender, and you have no other living relative but your mother, with whom you reside on Bartley Square?"

"No, madam."

"And your present occupation?"

"Teaching music, madam; but having but three pupils, I find that the small amount I earn by instructing such a few is not enough to support mother and me, and to supply all our needs. Having been ill for quite a while, some time ago, I might almost say, we have been very hard pressed, so a situation would be a welcome change to me."

"Do you think you would like being a companion to me, then?"

"I could like any occupation that would enable me to give my mother more comforts, madam, and serving you would be a pleasant task, I know."

The words were simply and truthfully spoken, but so diplomatically that this cold, proud woman was bound to acknowledge the tact that prompted them, and above all the filial love, in which there was no boast, and the anxiety for the well-being of her mother.

"I hope you will always think so, for I must tell you your face and well bred manners have pleased me. You seem on a different plane to the several applicants I have had before you; also your solicitude for your mother has impressed me very favorably. You may consider your-

self engaged to me, Miss Raymond. Your duties here will be light; you will do my reading and writing and accompany me on my morning outings or walks, and sometimes help my maid to arrange my toilette. Heretofore my daughter, my only child too, has rendered me all these services, but it has been selfish of me to bind her so, so the procuring of a companion will not be amiss. You will have your own apartments where you may receive your friends, whom, I presume, to be respectable, at certain hours, and you may visit them during your free time."

Then she finished by asking a few more questions she considered necessary, and giving the young girl some information as to how she wished her to dress, and finally, by asking: "When can you come to Staunton House?"

"As soon as you wish, madam," was Rosamond's reply.

"I should like you to-morrow, but perhaps you may need a few days' grace, so we will say Saturday. I shall expect you at four o'clock, so expecting to see you on Saturday at this hour, allow me to say good-afternoon, now, or, rather good-evening, Miss Raymond." Inclining her head with her southern stateliness Mrs. Staunton rang for the alert Sampson, who showed Rosamond out with all the obsequiousness with which he had ushered her in.

She returned to the road by the graceful cedar walk, and taking many a backward glance at the magnificent place she had just left, that with its beautiful garden seemed to her a veritable Eden. Again she hailed a car and was soon being whirled back to the Square. All the way her heart was palpitating between joy and fear; of joy, because of the success that had crowned her afternoon's journey, and of fear, lest her mother would be displeased with her act and condemn its secrecy.

To be continued.



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 VI.

Albert Delivers Messina from Famine,

When our Lord sees fit to chastise a guilty people, by sending some terrible calamity, in His great mercy He always raises up amongst his faithful servitors some heroic souls, who by prayer and sacrifice, hold back his avenging arm and atone for the crimes committed by the mass.

By their own penances these athletes of Christ obtain pardon for contrite sinners and fervor for tepid souls. Albert was essentially such an athlete. Let us cast a glance at the history of Sicily. During the life of the Saint, already merging into years, the island had endured much and suffered many cruel vicissitudes. Frederic II, Emperor of Germany and King of the two Sicilies, after having been sustained by Pope Innocent III in his contest against his competitors, proved himself ungrateful. He refused to fulfil the vow he had made, to go and fight against the infidel hosts. He had incurred the stigma of excommunication from Pope Gregory IX, who had succeeded Innocent III. He finally decided to set out for the crusade. His cowardly conduct in the Holy Land drew upon him the anathema of the Pope. Upon his return he found a portion of his kingdom in revolt against his rule. He knew how to re-establish his power. New troubles, however, having broken out, he repressed them by the commission of incredible cruelties. The sovereign pontiffs have always defended the interests of the oppressed, and placed a limit to the too arrogant ambitions of princely rulers. Thus Frederic II was excommunicated anew by Innocent IV. In those days when faith prevailed, the voice of the pontiffs was heard. A prey to apprehensions, laden with years, and disfigured with the guilt of flagrant crimes, the monarch withdrew to Frien-

zuala in Ponille. As if to prove that one cannot, with impunity, violate the law of God, he died, having been poisoned, it is said, by Mainfroi, one of his illegitimate sons. To the old Emperor, succeeded Conrad, his son, whose reign was of short duration, lasting only four years.

And again Mainfroi was accused of having removed the sovereign by poison.

After Conrad came Conradin, a sweet little child over whose head but three sunny summers had passed, who, of course, could not exercise the sovereign power. But this was not what the ambitious spirit of this base born churl, who had no scruples as to the means by which he attained his ends, desired. Deposing his nephew from the throne he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and crowned to the royal dignity. Filled with a just indignation at so many crimes Pope Urban IV issued against him the ban of excommunication. A crusade was preached against the disloyal Protector, and the pontiff bestowed his estates upon Charles D'Anjou, brother of St. Louis, king of France. But Mainfroi was not amongst those who submit to the punishments of the Church. He rebelled, but the struggle was of not very long duration, for he was conquered at the battle of Grandella, and perished. After the death of the usurper, Conradin tried to regain the crown, which he considered his, and entered the lists against Charles of Anjou. He displayed the greatest courage in the contest, but it was beyond his age, his strength, and the forces which were at his command. Vanquished in turn he fell into the power of the enemy. Unfortunately Charles did not possess the same virtues as his brother, and after a pretended trial, he was beheaded, at the tender age of seventeen! Such cruelty could not fail to bring its own reward, and the yoke of Charles soon became an

unwelcome thralldom to the Sicilians. Terrible reprisals, and a determination to free themselves from the burden,—a plot was formed, under the leadership of a nobleman, Jean de Procida. Easter Monday was the day agreed upon; at the Vesper hour. All the French who were in Palermo were massacred without mercy. Revolts became the order of the day throughout the island, and one scene of carnage after another was enacted.

These tragic events were followed, on the continent, by the overthrow of Charles, and the Island of Sicily was separated from the kingdom of Naples. Such intestine troubles had naturally the effect that might be anticipated. Sorrow and despair shrouded the land in gloom; misery and suffering, under the many ghastly appearances, transformed its loveliness into a desert waste. Although neither the anonymous historian of Albert, nor any of his commentators, allude to the fact, it is most probable that several of the miracles wrought by the Saint had for their object the signal amelioration of this unhappy people. The one, for instance, through which, later on, he delivered Messina, in particular, is a most special example of this opinion. Every fact concurs in authorizing the adoption of the supposition. The confidence with which, in their despair, the people turned to Albert, is also a convincing proof. But further trials were in store for Sicily. After the Sicilian Vespers, Pierre d'Arragon, who had been the secret instigator thereof, caused himself to be recognized as King of Sicily, for which he incurred the penalty of excommunication. The sovereign pontiff had bestowed it upon Charles of Valois. At the same time Jacques, King of Majorca, brother of Pierre, put forward pretensions for the possession of that unhappy country. Pierre, therefore, had to defend himself against his own brother, and against Charles de Valois, which he did with great energy, but before the termination of the war, his life had come to an end. Some time before he had brought into the island his second son, Jacques, who became king after the death of his father. But his eldest brother, Alphonse III, who had succeeded to the crown of Arragon, having

unexpectedly died, he went to Arragon to assume the reigns of government, and left the regency of Sicily to Duke Frederic, his young brother, who had come thither when but six years of age. Shortly after this Jacques entered into negotiations in regard to Sicily, with the French, already masters of Naples, and commanded his brother to give up the island to them. Frederic refused and began preparations for war. Filled with gratitude, the Sicilians proclaimed him King, and on the 7th of April, in the year of grace, 1296, he ascended the throne. Then came the struggle against the united forces of France, Naples and Arragon. Frederic acquitted himself with renown in the contest, yet his army on some occasions met with defeat. One of the most noteworthy events of the siege was that in which Messina was concerned. Its proximity to the continent rendered it very easy of access, for which reason the King of Naples selected it for the disembarking of a considerable army which invaded the city, whilst its fleet blockaded the harbor. He led his troops as near to the ramparts as possible, in order to destroy them and thus accomplish his intentions.

He established a vast camp, strongly fortified, which cut off all communication between the city and the adjacent points. The blockade was maintained with great strictness. No convoy could enter the city, no vessel dare enter the port. The defence of the royal garrison was heroic. This garrison was not of sufficient strength to combat the invasion of the place, nor sufficiently numerous to efficaciously attempt a sortie, which might have been the means of delivery. In the beginning all that could be done was to harass the enemy, and that without any very good result, and when they did give the troops such annoyances, the blockade would always be more rigidly enforced. It was therefore useless to endanger their precious lives. Meanwhile, their provisions soon were consumed and all the horrors of slow starvation stared them grimly in the face. Reduced to inactivity, they could, alas, do nothing to help themselves, and the culmination of their misery seemed to come even sooner than they had apprehended. Their condition became miserable beyond descrip-

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tion. Famine began to make its way into the ranks, and the decimation of the unfortunate soldiers began. One might see women, children and aged men with pale faces and trembling limbs, going hither and thither through the streets in quest of bread. It was not an infrequent sight to see them dying of weakness, upon the public square, or, utterly dejected and depressed, fainting by the wayside. It was horrible what the poor creatures were called upon to endure! The time came when the hapless besieged ones recognized that all hope of assistance from the hand of man was over. Even those who had nobly sustained their courage through all the siege now seemed on the point of giving up. Disunion and disorder, the natural consequence of their terrible situation, now began to increase its miseries. Dissensions arose on every side, the convocations of the nobles became scenes of tumult,—a rebellion in their own circle seemed imminent. The suppressed murmurs of the approaching revolt arose upon the air. Some advocated surrender, but Frederic was energetic and courageous. He had no intention of ingloriously delivering to his enemies this valuable point of his kingdom, its very key! He preferred its destruction and the entombment of himself and his army beneath its ruins, and moreover he would not permit his subjects to lay down the law to their sovereign. However, the time for a supreme decision had come! It could be postponed no longer, for every instant of the day was marked by the passage to eternity of some fainting soul. A royal edict accordingly went forth. In this document Frederic commanded the inhabitants of the city to withdraw to the rural districts which joined Catania. Then Messina was to be delivered to the flames! The edict, however, called upon the people, the magistrates and the nobles, to meet and have a general consultation before the determination was accomplished. This was accordingly done. One can imagine the feelings of men who have to choose between death—and a frightful death of famine—and the demolition of their family firesides! Some amongst them proposed opening the gates to the Neapolitans, and were indignant that it had not

been done before. Others protested against this cowardly thought. All bitterly deplored their lot. The assembly, apparently, was as far from agreeing as to the cruel choice to which they were condemned as ever. Meanwhile a braver spirit than the rest took up the speech. He said that God would not abandon those who put their trust in Him, and that it would be wiser to rely upon Him than upon earthly promises. This view of the situation met with universal approval. The most timid now lent their voices in agreement with him. "It is true," was the unanimous response. "God never betrays the hope of those who approach him with trusting hearts, who believe that he, the all powerful One, can release them." "It is our sins which have drawn upon us these misfortunes," exclaimed other voices. "Let us pray that our destruction may be averted." But he who had first spoken, cried out: "Come quickly, let us seek that servant of God, Albert. He has the gift of prayer; his fervent entreaties will obtain our deliverance, from God." And not a dissenting voice was heard. The vast throng hastened to the Carmelite Convent and begged that they might see Albert. It was his hour for celebrating Mass. Several of the nobles advanced towards the Saint, and explained to him the melancholy situation. They depicted, in vivid colors, the terrible sufferings they had undergone. Albert knew them already, only too well, and had done all in his power to relieve them. Finally they told him all that they hoped for from his powerful prayers. "Servant of God, we have recourse to your mediation, for we will perish of hunger if aid does not come. Obtain from God the pardon of our sins, restore unto us the love of our dear Mother Mary, and beg her to take us again into her favor. Do not let us meet with the destruction that we merit." Albert listened to their pressing entreaties, and encouraged them in their confidence. He recommended them fervently to pray, with humility and contrition to implore the divine assistance. Then he proceeded to celebrate Mass, during which he was seen to shed tears in abundance. The Mass over, he went to the foot of the altar and fell on his knees. He rais-

ed his suppliant hands to heaven and began: "O! King of Kings, Sovereign Lord and Father of all mankind, who dost never refuse salvation to those who ask it of Thee, look from Thy heavenly home upon these Thy penitent people. They trust in Thy mercy, do not refuse their petition. Inundate them with the plentitude of Thy benedictions. Behold these men, these women, these children! Give it to them, O, Thou who didst feed the multitude in the desert. Stretch forth Thy powerful arm over this afflicted people. The whole city trembles, reassure it. It is almost without hope, re-animate it. Without Thy aid there will be no deliverance for it, no earthly power can avert the fatal stroke. Poor creatures! They do not place their hopes in the number of combatants, nor the strength of armies, they have not asked the succor of man. All their hope is in Thy supreme power. Almost dying, O Lord! they call upon Thee. Do not refuse, lest they yield to despair, and give the demon cause to triumph over the loss of so many souls." Scarcely had the last words left his lips, than a violent peal of thunder startled the listeners—the first token that his petition had been heard. But God did not wish to leave His servant in a moment's uncertainty, therefore a voice was heard promising the assistance desired, and proclaiming the clemency of heaven. Every one was overwhelmed with admiration and gratitude. Without awaiting the realization of the divine promises, the entire populace yielded to the joy of anticipation. Confidence in God is the surest means of meriting blessings from Him, and the suppliants were about to experience the truth of this, as full of hope and happiness they left the monastery. They soon were in full position to view the sea, that sea which the pitiless invaders so jealously guarded from them. O, wonderful! at that very moment four large merchant ships were seen coming into the bay. Slowly, majestically, they sailed into port. Whence they came? No one knew. No flag floated over the waters. They came toward the shore. No one ventured to meet them. Finally, they touched the shore and their rich cargo of provisions of every kind was left thereupon. Then their mission

over, they disappeared, no one knew whence; they left no trace behind. As Theodorice and Poluca aver, the angels were their crew, and the pilots were also those radiant messengers of heaven. The inhabitants of Messina could scarcely persuade themselves of the reality of this marvel. They compared their present hopes with the implacable severity of the fate which awaited them had it not been for the divine interposition. Would it have been possible for them even to have reached Catania, since up to that time the enemies' ranks had remained impassable? Their gratitude cannot be described, nor the fervor of the prayers with which they expressed it. The king was immediately informed of the good news. A great satisfaction was experienced and a wave of joy inundated his soul. He ordered that a portion of the provisions be distributed to each one, and the remainder left for a reserve. This order given, he summoned his valiant men at arms. Then attended by a brilliant escort of brave chevaliers, he wended his way to the convent. The man of God had returned to his prayer. In his great humility he would have preferred to avoid any evidences of respect or gratitude. But he considered that all expressions of gratitude would be addressed to the Divine Majesty, Whose agent he was, and he responded to the summons to the King, who met him and reverentially kissed his hand. "Great Saint," he began, "I have come hither with my gallant captains, to thank you for prayers so efficacious that they obtained pardon and deliverance for my people. I hope that, through your powerful intervention, we will yet obtain the triumph of our armies, and achieve the ruin of the arrogant schemes of our enemies." This hope was eventually realized. The sanctity of Albert had been the buckler of the city, the support the salvation of its inhabitants. The miraculous convoy of provisions had restored confidence and courage. Having so powerful a friend at court they never doubted of success, but the enemy, despairing thereof, gave up the siege and withdrew their army. Thus was Messina delivered. The splendor of the miracle radiated all over the continent, and thousands testified to its truth. All

were, more than ever, eager to testify to the holiness of this humble Carmelite monk.

CHAPTER VII.

Other Miracles—A Buffet of Satan.

There was at Messina a spacious and very celebrated monastery belonging to the order of St. Basil, and placed under the special protection of our Saviour. Shortly after the deliverance of the city, one of the religious fell ill. His trouble was a swelling in the throat which caused him intense suffering, and grew each day, more painful and serious, so that the gravest apprehensions were entertained. The physicians redoubled their efforts, nevertheless, they began to abandon all hope of saving the patient. The swelling now assumed a cancerous form and the poor monk could no longer endure the torture. A painful operation was pronounced necessary, but it, like the expensive medicine which had been prescribed, proved of no avail. Behold the moment when learned physicians know and acknowledge their utter helplessness. They gave the patient up, and left, averring that in but a little while he would be no longer alive. The dying man then asked if the Rev. Father Albert was at Messina, and upon being answered in the affirmative, he entreated those who attended him to go to the Saint. "Beg him," said he, in accents which could scarcely be heard, "not to refuse to visit one who has the greatest confidence in his sanctity, and who is in imminent danger of death." The request was taken in all haste to the Carmelite monastery, and the messenger asked for Albert, who scarcely permitted him to finish. Full of compassion he proceeded at once to the patient, and as he went into the cell, he said: "Why have you sent for me? Do you take me for a divinity, Brother? The dying man could not answer. Albert went on. "We feel the afflictions and infirmities which overwhelm this miserable flesh of ours. We all commit sin daily. Nevertheless, God's mercy is infinite. Trust then, in the Lord, whose power can cure every ill and grant salvation to the most guilty." As he finished the Saint made the sign of the cross upon the forehead. Then he pronounced these words: "Have confidence

Brother, in our Lord Jesus Christ. Have confidence also in his blessed Mother, the Virgin Mary, by whose intercession mankind will be saved." "Yes," faintly whispered the sufferer, "I have confidence in Mary, but I have faith also in your sanctity. I trust myself to you. God will listen to your prayers. He will not refuse to cure me." At the same moment he experienced a great concussion in his head and in his throat, and he began to throw off what had troubled the latter. Corrupted matter and decomposing blood entered largely into the mass which produced an odor insupportable. Suddenly the wound healed, and the monk began to sing the praises of God. He was cured. The servant of God had accomplished, with the sign of the cross, what neither medicine nor operations could do. The monk evinced the liveliest gratitude to Albert, and disseminated his praises far and wide.

The office of preacher, together with other duties, often necessitated the absence of Albert from the monastery. A few weeks subsequent to his miraculous cure, he was called to Gela, a city in the southern part of Sicily. Although it was comparatively far from Messina, and at that time communication between the different centres was infrequent, the fame of Albert's miracles had penetrated thither. As formerly, he was sought out, and received tokens of the love and veneration of all. They had the most unlimited confidence in his intercession with divine Providence, and therefore hailed his advent with joy. The day of his arrival at Gela, scarcely had he entered the monastery than he was told of a young maiden, belonging to one of the noblest families of the place, who was possessed of the devil. The malicious spirit had tormented her for some time, and did not let her have one moment's rest. Her parents were desolate beyond description, on her account. When he heard of this afflicted soul, the heart of the Saint was deeply touched. He cried out, in his generous indignation: "O, satan! miserable spirit! who has given thee this power?" and leaving the house, he sought the dwelling of the afflicted girl. Her mother, however, having heard of his arrival, was preparing to go and implore him to aid them. In-

spired by maternal love, she yearned to recommend her daughter to his prayers, and when they told her that the Saint was within sight, she joyfully hastened to meet him. Throwing herself at his feet, she solicited his powerful intervention. "I know," said she, "that the divine goodness has favored you, and that through the same you can aid me in my trouble and despair, profound though they be. My only and beloved daughter is in the power of the devil, possessed by the spirit of evil. The frightful monster has for a long time taken up his abode within this child, so lovely still, and before, so sweet and mild. Deign to visit her in her trial, and let me have the bliss of seeing her cured." "I have anticipated your wish," replied the Saint, "and have come." At his request they took him to the unhappy girl. He spoke kindly to those who were in the apartment, addressed to them some salutary words, and wished them all the peace of the Lord. Then he went to the sufferer. But the proximity of the Saint enraged the demon, and his victim became violently agitated. Albert addressed to her a few earnest words of exhortation. Then the girl, in obedience to the evil spirit, which held her in its wicked grasp, gave him a resonant blow upon his cheek. Far from evincing the least emotion, he calmly turned the other cheek, saying "Strike again." This humility filled the wicked spirit with confusion and wrath, and his pride impelled him to complain most bitterly. "Alas," he broke forth, "how thou dost make me suffer; I cannot endure thy hated presence; I abhor and detest thee; I will

depart hence." But the Saint said:—"Thy sovereign Creator, Who, for thy wicked pride, banished thee from a paradise of delights, will banish thee from the body of this innocent girl. He will do it without thy permission." At that instant the sufferer was seized with a violent trembling, which seemed as if it would never end. Her teeth chattered her limbs became twisted in the most frightful way, and the deepest commiseration filled the hearts of all who saw her. Albert raised his voice, and in a solemn tone said: "In the name of Christ, begone satan and leave this creature of God. Do not presume to work any evil in her." Then he gave her the Crucifix and sprinkled her with holy water, and once more humility triumphed over pride. Satan dared not insult the blessed image of Him Who died to save mankind. He dreaded the effect of the saving water which so powerfully protects God's creatures and their habitations, and left his victim whilst the room resounded with howls of the most appalling sound. Then the maiden regained her health and strength. She humbled herself before the Divine Majesty, and gratefully gave testimony to the power of God. As to her parents, their happiness could never be described; they never ceased extolling the praises of God, and of his faithful servant, Albert, whose virtues had rendered him worthy of so great a power from our Lord, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

But the beneficent deeds of Albert were not to stop with that. On the contrary one might say that his every step was marked by some wonderful act.



A Stroll 'Neath a Decade of Arches.

"Music is a thing of the soul; a rose-lipped shell that murmurs of the eternal sea; a strange bird singing the songs of another world."

One of the oldest lyrics in the English language, Dryden's "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," describes with exquisite nicety the varied emotions aroused in man through the influence of music. The enchanting melody of Timotheus has a deep, ethereal power by which the whole gaunt of the soul's capabilities responds in breathing accents to his masterly touch. Similar are the effects produced on us to-day by the great musical masters. The inspired virtuosi of the past hundred years have infused a new element of fulness, melodiousness and emotional expression into an atmosphere whose ether waves vibrate with the stirring tender heart-tones of a Beethoven, a Mendelssohn and a Liszt, breathed forth in resonant messages and glorious lays that strike a sympathetic cord in the souls of all lovers of music.

In the past century the travellers on the road to Parnassus, o'er which hovers the guiding spirit of the Sainted Cecilia, have been numerous and noted. From the massive arches that bridge that gulf of time, as from the mighty dome of the invisible throned in eternity itself, re-echo those solemn sweeping concords and pathetic cadences that fail not to fetter the soul with shackles of ecstatic admiration and transport it, as Timotheus did Alexander, to the realms of celestial bliss. How our senses are thrilled! How our heart pulsates in unison with the liquid rippling notes of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, as we pass 'neath the first gorgeous arch of the century. An undercurrent of pathos, combined with depth and soulful quality, swells into an elevated reverie of devotional and worshipful repose. As Beethoven was the first tone poet, who left the well-beaten path of the nightingale to soar on the mighty wings of the eagle, his majestic creations are freighted with a wealth of sublime melody unperceived save by those whose souls are correctly attuned to the profound undercurrent of his heavenly revelations. As the glories of daylight dis-

solve into the glories of twilight, the spirited symphonies of Beethoven melt into the fresh poetic strains of Von Weber. The passing from the first to the second and third arches seems to transport us from the abode of celestial harpists to that of sprightly fairies. As Weber's fancy loved to wander in the regions of enchantment and to embody the will in fantastic images of German superstition, we fancy we hear, "Frischutz," the lovely melody, for hours; the mysterious tremola with the weird notes of the clarionets and bassoons and the sad wailing strain of the violoncello, that swell into a fortissimo passage as if a terrible commotion of nature were thrilling us with all its fury.

Quite in contrast to the pleasing mysticism of Carl Maria's eloquent themes, are the grand, the gigantic, the superhuman lays of Wagner, Liszt and Paganini, whose strains ravish our senses as we stroll from the fourth to the eighth decade. So flooded with rapturous melody is the atmosphere of this period that the very breath of angelic choirs must have passed into matter in fashioning the subtle, tuneful arches that bridge this double score of years. Magnificent phraseology, rather than delicacy of fancy and humor constitutes Wagner's most striking characteristic.

Like a silver thread running through a rich brocade a minor undertone pervades his elaborate and richly scored operas, "Lohengrin," "Tristan" and "Isolde." 'Twas he who proved music to be the most perfect reflecting mirror of the spiritual and emotional life of humanity. As we revel in an atmosphere of Wagnerian song, torrents of cords peal forth as from some mimic orchestra. Harmonic passages are thrown off with the sharpness and sonority of a flute, accompanied by a guitar, then attenuated as it were to a thread, but still more distinctly audible and resonant, the divine melody dies away. Paganini's violin has become a throbbing sentient being, more eloquent and persuasive than the oration of Demosthenes or Cicero, convincing us that of all arts, music alone is the oracle of God, the whisper of His

voice, a spirit comforter given man in his exile. Soon we are magnetized by the impassioned playing of Liszt. Like the roar of Niagara his fortissimo passages are immense, while his pianissimos are the most delicate murmurings of the mighty cataract prisoned in the heart of the rose-lipped shell that speaks a language all its own.

Next Euterpe surprises us with the dulcet songs of Mendelsohn and the lyric strains of Chopin, so distinctly resonant, that the very arches themselves tremble with the floods of melody transfused into them by these gifted artists. Tender, sad, graceful and somewhat Byronic in sentiment, the creations of Chopin are embowered with a delicate efflorescence of melody which is very pleasing. Clear, sharp, concise and masterly in the extreme is Verdis' celebrated opera "Otello," which fills the eighth decade with flights of rapturous sound. Mid these thrilling, pathetic chimes, we may clearly distinguish the melancholy vibrations of a single heart string touched by the finger of age. Verdis' celebrated Requiem, finished and executed when Time had wreathed him with the halo of fame as he passed the sixty-first milestone of life. The last arches now reached, serious and organ-like peals burst forth with tintinnabulary embellishments that remind one of the gentle sighing of summer zephyrs. How significant the title of this meditative theme—Gottschalk's "Last Hope." Suddenly we are aroused from its delightful reverie by the shrill voice of the bugle.

"It heralds now a later lay,
The grandest anthem of the day.
If God made flowers with light and music
in them
And saddened hearts could win them;
If notes were stars, each star a different
hue,
Trembling to earth in due;
If flame passed into song with chime of
brazen bell,
How Paderewski plays then might I dare
to tell."
And Paderewski plays! And was it he
Or some disembodied spirit which had
rushed
From silence into singing and had crushed
Into one startled hour of life's felicity."

As one who contemplates the grandeur of the sun-kissed lake embossed with myriad opals naturally reverts to the mighty sea whence it drew its life and beauty, so we, too, reflecting on the signal merits of the great musicians of the past century, are unconsciously drawn to the unseen source,—the Master Spirit of all musical inspiration. Life is his instrument, omnipotence His trow and love the undying melody from a thousand throbbing strings.

"Down o'er the vibrant strings
That thrill and moan and mourn and
glisten,
The Master draws His bow;
With breaks of instant joy all interwoven
Piercing the heart with lyric knife;
But all earth's joy and all life's grief
and wrong
May turn at last to beauty and to song.

The Sacred Heart in the Angelus.

I sigh for thee O Sacred Heart!
At dawning of each day,
Accept with Mary's "Fiat" mine
To suffer, work and pray.

O "Word made flesh!" O "light of light!"
Descending from above,
Illume my spirit with the rays
Of pure and ardent love.

The twilight shadows swiftly fall,
And fades the golden west,
Most watchful Heart! in silent night
Enfold me as I rest.

A chime of mystic bells ring out
This "Angelus" for thee
Whose first pulsations softly thrilled
At "be it done to me."*

When'er, with Archangelic words,
God's "handmaid" blest I greet,
Reverberations gently steal
Of Jesus' Heart most sweet.
Enfant de Marie.
St. Clares

• • • • •

*"When her calm 'Fiat' broke the still-
ness sweet,
A little heart began with love and life
to beat."

Fr. M. Russell.

The Grotto of the Son.

JUAN PEDRO.

In all the aspects of the life of our Divine Lord, there is nothing more poetic, nothing more enchanting, more sweet, nothing more consoling than the remembrance of the grotto of Bethlehem, with its retinue of many happy memories. Surely, it is the one word in the Christian vocabulary that is truly crowned by a magic influence; the one word that preserved throughout the life of the Church a magnetism solely its own, a charm of beauty that years, or centuries, will never dim. Within its little surroundings, in the company of irrational creatures, the great Creator of heaven and of earth, lay as a helpless babe in its wide manger. Here God was made man for the love of man; here in the cold frosty air of a dark, dismal, December morning, He was born to save a world and redeem mankind from original sin and from the slavery of the devil. Here the Immaculate Virgin, the spotless maid and mother and St. Joseph, adore the Saviour of the human race. Here the angels sing the glory of God, and proclaim peace to men of good will, whilst the humble shepherds and those kings from afar, invoked by the heavenly hosts, hasten, also, to the same grotto, in order to receive the graces of heaven, and carry away with them the priceless, miraculous mercies of God.

But centuries come and go, and a great section of the human race, then redeemed, forget the benefits of Redemption, commenced in the blessed cave in Bethlehem, but notwithstanding this, the signal mercy of God, and the motherly love of our sinless Mother Mary, presents to-day to an unbelieving and materialized age, another famous grotto nestling beneath the shades of the Pyrenees, — the world-famed and miraculous Shrine of our Lady of Lourdes — and which has so many sublime resemblances with that of Bethlehem of Judea. In the one commenced the graces and blessings of Redemption, whilst in the other Our Immaculate Lady confidently invites us to benefit by and perpetuate the blessings of the former.

Whilst the sombre clouds of paganism enveloped society, whilst the might of sensual pleasure kept captive its votaries at the dawn of Christianity, in order to scatter them, there appeared this light of heaven in the quiet modesty of the little rocky cave of Bethlehem. To-day on the commencement of the 20th century, the clouds of luxury and the darkness of error and unbelief, and the still darker growing gulf of materialism invades the actual society of the present age, and when, then, the bright light of heaven is again needed to scatter those clouds of satanic darkness, and dissolve their threatening thunderstorms, it is within the Miraculous Grotto by the waters of the Grot that heaven chooses to display its Almighty power,—its heavenly wonders.

Oh! the shepherds were invited by the angels to visit Bethlehem,—a similar message from heaven comes again and invites men to visit Mary's predilect grotto at Lourdes, through the voice of a humble shepherdess,—the Saintly Bernadetta. Let us go to Bethlehem, exclaimed the shepherds, in response to the angels' invitation to the grotto—let us go to Bethlehem to see the prodigious event which has just taken place, and humbly look on what God had been pleased to manifest to us. To-day heaven, by the silent voice appealing to our consciences, repeats, let us go to Lourdes and particularly is this celestial invitation addressed to the loving clients of Mary, who, like the shepherds of old, are invited to Lourdes. Let us go there and contemplate the miraculous events—those hundreds and thousands of celestial miracles of soul and body—which are there day by day verified, and behold once more the beautiful and miraculous manifestations of the power and of the mercies of God. Our Immaculate Mother calls to these, her children, that their souls may receive the most precious graces,—graces that are so profusely scattered over every nook and corner, over every little oratory and chapel, over Shrine, and grotto and Basilica of this

chosen sanctuary. Thus, as the star guided the Magi from far-off lands the Bethlehem, the star of heavenly inspiration, appearing to the souls of Mary's countless children in all lands of the Catholic World, and which makes them for a season to abandon home, forsake the family hearth and proceed joyously to Lourdes, and there offer to the Sinless Mother the gold of fervent prayer and the myrrh of these sacrifices, at once numerous and heroic, which are increased by the pains and by the dolorous and excruciating sufferings of their infirm friends, whom they accompany as ministering angels of charity, to the alleviation of whose bodily sufferings, through the love of God, they devote themselves. To these favored pilgrims can be applied that which the Evangelist says of the Magi: "They found the Divine Child with Mary His Mother, and prostrating themselves they adored Him. Opening out their little treasures, they offer their presents of gold, of incense and myrrh. Truly, with Mary the pilgrims found Jesus, that is to say, the graces and the most intimate union with Jesus at Lourdes. If the Magi came from far-off lands and adored the infant Saviour of Bethlehem, this was their source of happiness, this the over-flowing fountain of their joy, their reward for their long and weary travels, their incessant fatigue. So, too, the pilgrims of Lourdes come from the most distant parts of the Church's domains, to-day, with their faithful sick—men, women and children—who in long years of sickness have forgotten what the abounding sense of robust health is like, yet fear not to suffer additional pain, privations and increased sufferings from the length and difficulties of their journey, in their resignation and their patience, they bless their fatigues and their acute sufferings, when, at length the train arrives, and the unanimous "Glory be to God," is uttered. Here they are at length permitted to prostrate, in the little humble grotto of Mary Immaculate, that fronts the waters of the Lari, and offer their little packages, the offerings and requests of obedient friends, the gold of fervent prayer,—as the poor shepherds once deposited theirs. The pilgrims' offerings are not the wealth of

this world, but these beautiful flowers that enbalm with their aroma the grotto of Our Sinless Mother, those waxen candles, those tiny tapers and luxuriant palms which beautify and burn perpetually at her feet, and which are able to symbolize the love of Jesus and Mary, by that sacrifice that burns so ardently in their souls, so long as they remain in this predilect spot.

Oh, yes, how beautiful it is to contemplate the fervor of the devotion of the recent arrivals amongst the pilgrim throngs,—of the poor, of the sick and of the invalid who have sickness in every joint, pain in every nerve, languor in every sense, headaches never absent, yet with ardent faith they pray confidently in the little grotto of Our Lady, and our Mother. Here, as in the Cave of Bethlehem, resounds the heavenly hymns of praise to God and to his sinless Mother Mary.

Certainly great were the extraordinary graces of heaven shown to those who visited the Divine Child and His Holy Mother and His Foster Father, St. Joseph, in the grotto of Bethlehem, but graces and special graces, aye, countless unthought-of blessings, are also received by those who visit, pray and honor Jesus in the Holy Sanctuary of Lourdes. Of their communions, and by their crowded and fervent processions, accompanied with the martial strains of the "Lauda Sion, no greater proof of heaven's approval can be had than the countless miracles and innumerable conversions wrought there. But these visible miracles are not the sole recompense which visitors to Lourdes gain. The Gospel tells us that, "Mary treasures in her heart the remembrances of Bethlehem's little stable," but no less does she keep treasured up the graces which her devoted children receive at Lourdes. No wonder they leave it and return to their distant homes as the Shepherds and Magi of old, "Not ceasing to praise God for all they had seen and heard." To Mary's children, too, might be applied the words of Holy Writ, those words that were applied to the Magi, when in their dreams they received the warnings not to return to Herod. Yes, to the pilgrims of Lourdes may be applied also similar interior warnings, for they return to their homes, but

oft and oft by different routes,—the path of virtue and the by-roads of prayer, of sacrifice and of piety, of which this little Pyrenean grotto had shown them an example. Yes, the pilgrims, by word and example, are for the rest of their lives apostles to their friends and to their neighbors, publishing the miracles they had witnessed and the graces which heaven had scattered over them, as the Infant Jesus from the grotto of Bethlehem had scattered over his early visitors. Thus

are made known the impressions they had felt, above all, showing by the efficacy of good example, that they are moved to glorify God and love with a client's and a child's love their Immaculate Mother, contributing by these means to extend over the Christian world, over the Vicariate of Jesus Christ and His Vicar' Leo XIII, the joy of heart that the strains of the hymn which the kings and shepherds intoned, elicits to-day in Holy Lourdes Glory to God and peace to men of good will.

Our Holy Father's Benediction.

No doubt many of our readers have had the happiness and privilege of kneeling at the feet of Christ's Vicar on earth, the saintly and venerable Leo XIII, and receiving the Apostolic Benediction for themselves and their friends. To these, we feel assured, a curious incident which occurred about fourteen years ago, will be of interest.

A pious lady, who resided in the vicinity of Dublin, had two of her family in Religion. One entered the Franciscan Order and died while yet a novice, but, as we shall see, his mother had friendly relations with the fathers amongst whom she hoped her son would be one day elevated to the dignity of the Priesthood.

Her daughter joined the Carmelites, and from this cherished Spouse of Christ the subject of our little story received a gift much treasured, a large photograph framed of our Holy Father. She kept it in her room, and loved this souvenir for many reasons of piety and maternal affection.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, while dressing for dinner, as she expected guests that evening, and trying on a new cap, she felt as if the eyes of this photograph were fixed on her, and that she either said to herself, or that another voice said: "You are dressing yourself now, and you ought to kneel down and ask the Holy Father's blessing." She did not pay any attention but continued her toilette arrangements. Again she heard: "You ought to ask the Holy Father's blessing," and again diverted her thoughts from so doing. A

third time the words were uttered, and then, in stern, commanding tones: "Kneel down, and ask the Pope's blessing." Terrified, she threw herself on her knees, and asked it earnestly for herself and her whole family.

Not long after, a letter came from one of the Irish Franciscans in Rome, informing her that on the feast of our Lady's Immaculate Conception, he had an audience with the Sovereign Pontiff, and obtained for her the Apostolic Benediction.

It may be imagined what joyful tidings this welcome letter obtained, and how much she was surprised, as no intimation whatever had been given as to the kind Priest's intention. We have related this curious occurrence, from an account sent by a religious well acquainted with this lady and the other persons concerned.

God's ways are wonderful, and perhaps He desired this pious lady to receive the waters of celestial grace, all the more abundantly, by permitting her earnest solicitations for them the very day they were bestowed.

Enfant de Marie.

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

The simplest soul, provided that it be virtuous, will find written even unto the heart of God this maxim of Christian perfection: "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

On the Wings of Fate.

C. J. ANDERSON.

CHAPTER VI.

In spite of John Spencer's resolutions not to let James Harland cross him in his love for Lucy Eldridge, and of his pretended feeling of triumph, he could not sleep that night from fear. He would fall asleep and wake every few minutes. Whether he was asleep or awake, the figure of James Harland was continually throwing its shadow across his path. One moment John imagined he saw Lucy Eldridge flying with outstretched arms toward him to seek refuge from the pursuit of James Harland. In another minute the picture would be reversed, he would see Lucy Eldridge denying him and saying she loved another. Thus between fear and hope, hope and fear, he rolled restlessly in his bed.

Once, indeed, his heated imagination pictured to him James Harland leading Lucy Eldridge to the altar. At the sight the blood rushed violently to his brain. In a fit of rage he sprang toward the phantom bride and bridegroom, and crashed into the dresser, whose mirror he shattered into a thousand pieces. The shock brought him to his senses again, and it brought the porter to his room to see what disaster had occurred. With an astonished look the porter glanced from John Spencer to the shattered mirror, and from the shattered mirror to John Spencer.

"Bring me something strong," said John to the porter in a commanding tone; "I can't sleep to-night."

The porter eyed him dubiously and then looked around the room—evidently to see how many "something strong" had already been consumed. Seeing nothing, however, he bowed and went out.

It was ten o'clock next morning before John Spencer came down to breakfast. He looked as if he had not been in bed for a week, so woe-begone was his appearance. After breakfast he ordered a cab and drove out over the mountain roads through the fresh, clear air to regain himself. At half past two he re-

turned to the hotel considerably fresher in his looks.

In the evening he made up his mind to go to Mr. Eldridge's to see Lucy. Courage seemed to have returned to him with the bright sunshine of July, and he was determined not to lose a moment in forestalling his opponent. He set out early in the afternoon in order to find Mr. Eldridge alone and to explain to him that a disagreement had occurred between James Harland and himself on a most vital matter.

He was much troubled as to how he should broach the matter with Mr. Eldridge. It was an awkward affair, this mentioning of the point of dispute; but perhaps it would be better to do so, in order to understand precisely the true feeling of Mr. Eldridge on the matter. By his actions the old gentleman had shown himself favorable to John's advances to Lucy; at least so John judged.

He found Mr. Eldridge in the library pouring over his books; for in spite of a very active life, the wealthy mine owner never lost the love for study, which he had acquired early in life.

"Good afternoon, John," said he in a friendly tone, as John entered, "where have you been? I haven't seen you for several days."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Eldridge," replied John. "During the last few days I have been driving around. I have been out to Spike's Head, and have seen your claims."

While speaking, John Spencer was wishing Mr. Eldridge's next question would not be about James Harland; but it was.

"And where's Mr. Harland? Didn't he come up with you?"

"No, I don't know where he is," said John shortly and nervously, as his face twitched.

"Don't know where your friend is?" exclaimed Mr. Eldridge, surprised. "You don't seem to be concerned about him, either. What have you done to him?"

"Nothing. He has been doing all," answered John.

"A friendly quarrel, I suppose," said Mr. Eldridge laughing, "just for the pleasure of making up."

"We can never be friends again," said John decisively. "He has insulted me, played me false, and exploited me, I may say, and all friendship between us is at an end forever."

"But why?"

John felt that he had fallen into the very predicament he had wished to avoid. Seeing however that he could not evade the question, and that sooner or later the whole affair must come out, he placed all his hopes and fears on a single hazard, and looking Mr. Eldridge squarely in the face, said:

"Because he has said he will marry your daughter, and that, in spite of any feelings on my part."

"Yes?" said Mr. Eldridge slowly as his face became serious, for he felt that the matter was personal. He inwardly wished John Spencer to marry his daughter, but he was reserved and wise enough not to tell John his wishes.

"And what are you going to do?"

"With your good-will," replied John, pushing the matter further, "I intend to follow up the matter I have begun."

Mr. Eldridge leaned back in his chair and scratched his head, and then flicked a spot of dust from his trouser leg. He felt that the matter was coming down to the level of a business question, and as yet he did not feel like disposing of his daughter as if she were so much private property.

"Personally, I have no objections," he said, uneasily, "and if my daughter has none—but that is not exactly an affair of mine."

John did not reply, and Mr. Eldridge wisely changed the subject. He spoke of his great prospects in a new adventure into which he had put a great part, in fact nearly all of his property. He considered it an absolutely sure investment which would yield fabulous profits. In a few weeks he would be many thousands of dollars better off.

John Spencer listened with great interest to the explanation of Mr. Eldridge, regarding the new claims and mines and machinery. He drank it all

with the greatest avidity, for he already considered not only the daughter, but all connected with her, as his by indisputable right. Mr. Eldridge's success meant only so many thousands more for him, and he became enthusiastic in encouraging his father-in-law to put all his money into so sure an investment.

The evening passed quite pleasantly for him, living, as it were, in a dreamland of airy castles and wealth, where Lucy Eldridge, his wife, was the cynosure of all eyes. He met her at dinner. She was extremely friendly to him, but her persistent enquiries about Mr. Harland somewhat nettled him.

"Where is your friend, Mr. Spencer?" He hasn't gone home yet, has he?" she asked, as he sat down beside her after dinner.

"No," replied John, "but he has gone to another hotel, and I didn't see him as I came up."

Lucy was quick in guessing something was wrong. Mr. Harland had come up alone the preceding evening. Mr. Spencer had come to-day without his friend; neither cared to speak about the other, and hence Miss Eldridge concluded some change—great or small—had taken place between the two friends. But what the cause of it was she could not form even the remotest conjecture. She dared not ask Mr. Spencer directly about the matter, for if he did not tell her of his own accord, he probably did not desire her to know anything about it. Accordingly she said nothing further on the matter.

John felt that Lucy was not so communicative with him as she had been a few days before. She answered all his questions in the politest manner, but she did not appear desirous of carrying on the conversation. John could not account for this, and wondered what had occurred since their last meeting.

"You don't seem so very cheerful to-night, Miss Eldridge," he ventured to say when a lull in the conversation had become almost painful to him. "Are you feeling unwell?"

"Oh, no!" replied Lucy. "I am well enough, but somehow I am not in a talkative mood to-night. Surely," she added, laughing, "you ought to be glad to have some chance to speak."

"Now, Miss Eldridge, you are too hard

on yourself altogether," said John pleased with the humorous spirit of Lucy. "You know I am always glad to hear you speak."

"How should I know?" asked Lucy, with a mischievous look, and curious to hear what he would say.

"Of course, I never told you so in as many words," he replied, "but—but you—I mean you should take it for granted."

"Granted!" exclaimed Lucy. "Why, I think it should be the last postulate of politeness. Imagine the postulate: Everyone is pleased to hear me talk!"

Here Lucy burst into a laugh. John was delighted. He was congratulating himself on his success in getting Lucy to be pleasant, and was expecting a continuance of this friendly conversation as James Harland walked into the room.

Mr. Harland bowed politely to Miss Eldridge, who smiled sweetly as she held out her hand.

"I was wondering why you didn't come with Mr. Spencer," said Lucy looking from one to the other, "but he said you had changed your hotel."

Lucy stopped. The smile faded from her cheek, as she saw the glaring look of John Spencer. His forehead was flushed; his eyebrows contracted and his small eyes glittered fiercely. His breath came fast and thick and he seemed ready at any moment to spring upon James Harland.

The latter stood in front of John with a look of determination in his face, a look that told he was ready for any emergency. The silence became oppressive and Lucy would fain have darted from the room. But fear made her powerless.

"What do you want here?" demanded John Spencer at length mustering courage to rise and speak.

"That's my business," replied James Harland, determinedly, "not yours."

"How dare you intrude upon our privacy, you scoundrel," shouted John, unable to keep in his boiling anger.

"I'm not intruding, and I'm no scoundrel," replied James firmly.

"You're a lying villain and hypocrite," shouted John.

"And you're a fool," replied James, with a cynical smile upon his lips. "You deserve to be thrown out of the window

for your insolence, but I wouldn't set my hands on you."

Saying this James Harland bowed to Miss Eldridge and left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Eldridge heard the noisy dispute in the sitting room. He came hastily from the library just as James Harland closed the front door. John Spencer told his version of the dispute in an excited manner to Mr. Eldridge, who readily believed an insult had been offered to his daughter and guest. Lucy was too frightened to give any explanation, and immediately sought the retirement of her room.

Mr. Eldridge, highly incensed that any one should insult his daughter, gave orders that on no account should Mr. James Harland be allowed to enter his house. He had insulted its inmates and henceforth was to be shunned by all. When John Spencer called again and heard of this decision, he thought all things were turning out well for him, and that there was no more to fear from James Harland.

In truth, things did look brighter for him from day to day. Since he had arrived in Denver about two months ago, he had felt much better. He had written this to his physician in St. Louis, who, by a return letter, advised him to pass the coming winter in Denver, as the mountain air would doubtless have a lasting and very beneficial effect upon him. Mr. Eldridge had already asked him to spend the winter with him, as he desired some companionship during the long winter nights. As may be expected under the circumstances, John consented with but little hesitation. Thus, a few weeks after the break with his friend, he took up his permanent abode at the Eldridge home.

The time for the great boom in the silver claims in which Mr. Eldridge had heavily invested came and went. But the boom remained unrealized. Mr. Eldridge became nervous about it, and went about the house in a distracted manner. Suddenly a crash came. The whole affair had proved a fizzle. The leaders of the movement had absconded, leaving the investors in the lurch to the extent of half a million!

Poor Eldridge! Almost his entire fortune was invested in the scheme and he realized he was a ruined man. He did not know the extent of his loss from Lucy and John; but that it was great both perceived from his uneasy and nervous manner. The truth of the matter was that it was worse even than Mr. Eldridge himself realized. If his creditors had pressed him, he would have been turned into the streets, a penniless beggar.

Mr. Eldridge now became anxious that Lucy should marry John Spencer. The latter was heir to a large fortune, and even at present possessed quite a large sum of money. If Lucy should remain on his hands, thought her father, he would be forced to take to daily work to support her. He dreaded the thought of humbling himself and of telling her the real state of affairs. If she would only marry soon—before he was turned out—she, at least, would be provided for and have little to trouble her personally.

As the months wore on, the needs of Mr. Eldridge became more pressing, so that when John asked him, in the early part of November, for the hand of his daughter, he was not long in giving his permission. And this, in spite of his former protest, that it didn't exactly belong to him to give his daughter away. But the gaining of Lucy's promise was a more difficult matter. She respected, admired, and in a way, loved John Spencer. But the deeper devotion of her woman's heart was reserved for another—for one whom John Spencer thought to be entirely out of her heart.

Yet Lucy was extraordinarily devoted to her father. His will was to her almost law. To him, indeed, she paid the filial devotion of a child who has never known its mother, and to whom a father had been all in all. She could not think of displeasing him. When she learned his desire in the matter of her marriage, it was the hardest test to which her filial love had yet been put—to comply with that desire. She put the decision of the matter off as often as it was mentioned, hoping against hope that something would happen to extricate her from her difficulty.

Toward the end of November Mr. Eldridge's creditors began to importune him

for money. He saw no escape unless he could get some. One morning, he came to his daughter's room, and told her that he was in the direst straits,—that only her marriage with John Spencer could save him. John, he said, had promised him the use of several thousands, as soon as she would consent. He must have this money; it was her duty to yield to his wishes, especially when so eligible a match as the one in question was offered her. He couldn't see why she didn't like John. It must be only a foolish whim of hers to reject one whom hundreds of girls in a better position, would gladly take. In short, considered from her personal standpoint alone, it would be foolish to throw away so good opportunity of marriage.

Thus it was that the distracted father urged his daughter to a marriage she did not wish. Two months before he would not have done such a thing. But in his foolish anxiety for his good name, he had left the feelings and rights of his daughter out of the question. Nor has he been the first to do this; neither shall he be the last. Alas! how often has the love of fame or name, of power or wealth, been confounded with the true love of a woman's heart. True love—yes it is a gift of God, and woe-betide the man who barter's God's gifts. If evil befall him not, 'tis a mercy of heaven, and a mercy that he little deserved.

"But, father," said Lucy, "I can't love him as a wife should. I feel that I would be a deceiver if I should not."

"Nonsense," said her father; "put away such foolish thoughts. Be a woman. Have sense. Look upon the matter philosophically. He has everything necessary for a good husband—wealth, name, family, personal accomplishments. Why, Lucy, what can you want?"

"But, father," protested Lucy, "I can't feel that—"

"Feel nothing!" exclaimed her father, bridling at her opposition. "You'll have to marry him. I'll be ruined if you don't. I'll tell him that you've consented."

Mr. Eldridge rose and left the room. Lucy burst into tears. Oh, the sacrifice that she was called upon to make. If she had been let alone to follow her own feelings, there would not have been one

moment's hesitation. But her father,—he who had been so good and kind and loving—would be ruined if she should not consent. For some time she debated within herself. The big, burning tears rolled down her cheeks. She knelt down, and folding her trembling hands, offered up a prayer for strength to make the sacrifice she felt called upon to make.

CHAPTER VIII.

James Harland learned with fear that his rival had taken up his abode with Mr. Eldridge. He realized that he was now at a great disadvantage; but the conviction that Lucy Eldridge's love was his buoyed him up under the reverses. Forbidden to enter even the grounds of Mr. Eldridge, he often walked past the place in the hope of catching a glimpse of Lucy. Once only did he see her alone, often in company—generally with John Spencer. He made use of Jakey to carry letters to her and to fetch her answers. These answers were his happiness, for in them he read Lucy's heart.

John Spencer, however, found out about these letters in a short time, and spoke to Mr. Eldridge about them. The more dependent Mr. Eldridge became, the more did he favor the wishes of John. Thus it was that Lucy was finally forbidden to hold any communication whatsoever with Mr. Harland. In this way, almost the only means of reaching Lucy was taken from James.

In September Mr. Harland had written to his family and told them that he had taken a liking for mining. For the nonce, he said, he had taken a position at the Miners' Bank. But the real reason for his taking this position was that Mr. Eldridge's business was done there, and Lucy often came to attend to it. Here, however, he saw her seldom than he had expected, because her father, upon learning that James Harland was there, hardly ever sent her.

These scanty means of keeping near Lucy had given James great hope, because through them he was assured of Lucy's love. For the rest, he was awaiting future events. Towards December, it became well nigh impossible for him to reach Lucy at all. It was two weeks since he had seen her at the

bank, and then only in company with her father.

It was with no small fear that Mr. Harland saw the dwindling account of Mr. Eldridge at the Miners' Bank. When rumor became rife about the probable bankruptcy of Mr. Eldridge, his fears increased. Late experience had convinced him that John Spencer would be sure to use such an opportunity as a coign of advantage. All his direst forebodings were confirmed when a check for \$20,000 drawn by John Spencer, in favor of George Eldridge, was deposited in the bank. A few days afterwards he heard that Lucy was engaged to John. His heart sank within him. Could it be true? Had she given him up? Impossible! If it was true she must have been forced into giving consent.

The day after he heard of the engagement, Lucy came to the bank to cash a check. How changed she was, and in two weeks! Her bright, cheerful look had almost lost itself. Her eyes, so deep and blue, seemed now to be bottomless depths of sorrow. It was evidently a painful effort for her to be cheerful as she was of yore, though she bravely strove to be so. Her hand trembled as she placed the bills in her purse. When she turned to go, James Harland stepped quickly out of the side door and met her as she entered the hall.

"Good afternoon, Miss Eldridge," he said, almost afraid to speak, "I haven't had the pleasure of speaking to you for some time."

"Good day, Mr. Harland," replied Lucy, as a painful smile brightened her face, "neither have I seen you lately."

There was something like accusation in her tone and James Harland felt guilty as he gazed upon her sorrowful face. Perhaps it was owing to his lack of inattention during the last few weeks that she had given him up and consented to marry John Spencer. He had written to her but she had not answered his last letter. Perhaps she did not get it. His conscience smote him, and in self-justification he hurriedly replied:

"But you know I couldn't go up to see you. I would not have been welcome. So you must pardon me."

He felt the weakness of his reply, and his heart rose in his throat as she said:

"I, at least, would have welcomed you. But you never answered my letter of three weeks ago."

"Letter!" exclaimed James aghast. "Why, Miss Eldridge, I received no letter of you at that time."

"No letter?" said Lucy, surprised in her turn. "Then I have been too hard in my judgment upon you. Forgive me."

"But tell me what you wanted in the letter," he insisted, as Lucy moved towards the door.

"It's useless now," said Lucy, drawing a deep sigh.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, wrought upon by the confidence placed in him by the one girl he loved.

"I hoped you would have helped me," said Lucy as a crimson flush suffused her face and tears dimmed her eyes. "But it's too late. Good bye, perhaps I'll never see you again."

For the moment James could not speak, so filled was his heart with mingled remorse and emotion. As she opened the door and went out, he tried to call her back.

"Miss Eldridge," he cried, but the door was closed and he was alone.

Dumbfounded by the overwhelming news he had just received, James walked back toward his desk, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. He bumped into a clerk, who was carrying some loose coin, and upset the box. So totally oblivious was he of all around that he had heard neither the crash of the coins nor the loving epithets and pet names applied to him by the enraged clerk.

"Mr. Harland is in love," giggled one of the bookkeepers to the enraged coin-picker on the floor.

"He's more than in love; he's insane," replied the irate clerk, as he picked up his box.

CHAPTER IX.

All the arrangements were being made for the wedding. Mr. Eldridge was in better cue, as he had managed to recuperate, in part, his failing fortune by a wildcat investment, made with no more consideration than the former disastrous one. But luckily for Mr. Eldridge, it turned out better than its daring promoters had hoped. He looked upon John Spencer as his benefactor; and in

spite of all his paternal instincts, he went cruelly on in the enforcement of his daughter's marriage. It meant great financial loss to him to pursue any other course; but that loss would have been a thousand times preferable to the annihilation of all his daughter's hopes in life. Occasionally a pang of remorse pierced him to his soul's inner self, but he had started on the wrong path, he had advanced far, and now, sooner than turn back, he would go to the bitter end.

With John Spencer, the case was somewhat similar. He had finally become convinced that Lucy's heart could not be won. Yet this made him more obstinate in his determination. If he could not win her love, James Harland, at least, could not have her. He would trample a dozen hearts in the dust before his rival should foil him.

And poor Lucy! She moved about the house, silent, sad, sorrowful. It was touching to see how wilted was that flower which had once shed such joy and fragrance upon all that household. She came and went, but the gladdening spirit of her presence was no longer felt as it was of yore. She listened to all the wishes of her father and carried them out,—but in a machine-like way. She no longer appeared to have a will of her own. The surrendering of it on the one great affair of her life seemed to have sapped its vitality and left it a withered stalk.

Her white forehead had grown whiter, but its whiteness had lost its charm. A crimson tint came at times to her faded cheeks, but it served only to show more clearly the beauty that had once been theirs. Her step had lost its elasticity, and when she spoke her voice seemed an echo of its former self.

She had written to James Harland, to find some way of extricating herself from the fate that awaited her. For a whole week she awaited an answer. None came. Her last hope had vanished and slowly, sadly, touchingly she wilted away.

After going home from the bank on the day he had seen Lucy Eldridge, James Harland sat in his room at the Belvedere, racking his brains to find some scheme to free Lucy. He felt that her case had become desperate, and that if

anything was to be done it must be done at once. He had put on his coat and was reaching his hat when a knock came to the door. Opening it he found, to his astonishment, standing before it, Jakey, the old gardener of Mr. Eldridge.

"Come in Jakey," said James excitedly. "You're just the man I was going to see."

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Harland," said Jakey bowing, and guessing the motive of Mr. Harland's intended visit, "to think of going to see an old fellow like me. I'm sure you can't get much good from me."

"Now, Jakey, just sit down," said Mr. Harland, as he closed the door. "You and I must come to an understanding. I believe I am not far wrong when I say that the motive of your visit to me is the same as my intended visit to you—Miss Eldridge."

"You're a pretty good guesser," said Jakey, smiling, "but how are we to speak of her when it's a private business and not to be discussed in public?"

"I'm not in a joking mood to-night, Jakey," said James sternly, somewhat displeased with this old sally of the gardener's. "Let us get to the point. You said once that John Spencer could never marry Lucy Eldridge. Now I want to know your reason, if you have any. Give it to me and name your price."

From several previous conversations with Jakey, James Harland had been convinced that he possessed some secret. He had tried to worm it out of him, but all in vain. Now, however, he was determined to have it, whatever it was, and cost what it might to get it. The secret would, perhaps, save him from carrying out his desperate resolutions; for on returning home that night he had sworn that John Spencer should never wed Lucy Eldridge.

"I'm an interested party," said Jakey, "and more interested than you."

James looked at the gardener in surprise. "More interested than I?" he mused to himself. "What can the fellow mean?"

Jakey saw the puzzled look on James' face, and reading its meaning, continued: "But in a different way. But before I begin you must swear to me that no harm shall befall me from what I tell

you. Otherwise my lips remain closed forever, and the secret goes with me to the grave."

"I promise and swear that no one shall touch a hair of your head," said James Harland in his most solemn and deliberate tone.

"And you'll never make it known without all necessary precautions being taken beforehand."

"I swear."

"Now give me a check for ten thousand dollars," continued Jakey calmly.

James Harland looked up in amazement. He had foreseen that Jakey would have to be paid. But \$10,000!

"I haven't that much money on hand," said James after a moment.

"Well, how much?" asked Jakey, coldly.

"About \$3,000."

Here Jakey hauled a parcel of papers and a small package from a capacious inner pocket, and placed them on the table before him.

"Give me the three thousand dollars, now, and you shall have my secret. When you pay the balance of the ten, you can have these proofs," said Jakey.

James hesitated. Was this man about to make a fool of him? Did he really possess any secret worth knowing? Grave doubts on the matter presented themselves to him. But the thought of Lucy crossed his mind, and the doubts disappeared. Everything was worth risking for her. But could he not seize the helpless man and force him to disclose the secret. It would scarcely do. The noise of a scuffle would be heard. The reason of it would be learned and the secret would become known to others, and perhaps Lucy would, thereby, be lost to him forever. Yes, he would risk all.

"You must have the \$3,000?"

"Absolutely," replied Jakey, beginning to fold up his bundle again.

"Well, then, I suppose I must come to your terms," said James, reaching a check book.

"Just as you wish, Mr. Harland," said Jakey with perfect nonchalance.

"There," said James, pushing the check across the table. "The remaining \$7,000 as soon as I raise it—perhaps the day after to-morrow."

"Good," said Jakey, looking at the check, and then quietly placing it in his pocket. "As soon as you give me the balance these things are yours,—not before. But without them, the secret on the authority of my word alone will be worth little."

"I agree," said James, anxious to solve the mystery. "Begin."

"In the seventies," began Jakey leaning back in his chair, but still keeping his hand on the bundle before him, "the two families,—Eldridges and Spencers—lived near together. I was then, as now, a servant of the Eldridges. Both had baby girls which looked much alike and yet which a close observer could easily distinguish. The Spencer child was kidnapped, and no trace of it could be found. A servant of the Spencers and myself were the kidnapers; we expected to get a large ransom from the family. We made an offer; it was refused, Spencer pleading unable to pay such a sum. We thought it a ruse to gain time but we soon found out our mistake, as Mr. Spencer went almost bankrupt a week after. We were then in a rather awkward position,—a child on our hands and no easy way of getting rid of it. We were about to return it, when an accident happened that changed our plans and let us off without much difficulty.

"The nurse of the Eldridges and I were very intimate. One day, I overtook her while she was carrying a baby and walking along a rough piece of road. It was twilight. I walked up behind her stealthily, wishing to frighten her. As I came within a pace of her, I shouted. She jumped. In doing so her foot caught on something and she fell. The baby's head crashed against a stone, breaking the poor creature's neck and crushing the skull. The baby was Lucy Eldridge."

"You can imagine the consternation and terror of the nurse at the sight. She began to rave like a mad-woman, and it was some time before it occurred to me that the Spencer baby could be substituted for that of the Eldridge's. I told the scheme to the half-distracted girl and the poor thing was ready to do anything. Accordingly we carried it out. Lucy Eldridge lies buried at the foot of

Craig's Cliff and Mary Spencer lives with Mr. Eldridge."

Jakey stopped. James' face was a study. The lowered forehead, knitted eyebrows and cynical curl of the lip showed how he despised the degraded character of the ruthless kidnapper. And yet there seemed to be a look of pleasure in the depths of his soft eyes. But he was silent.

"Remember," said Jakey, rising and putting the package into his pocket, "that these are yours when you pay me the balance."

Without waiting for a reply he left the room.

Next day James Harland set to work to get the required sum. He found it a more difficult task than he had anticipated. It forced him upon the 11th of December to go to a mining camp 30 miles distant to get the signature of the president of the bank who was making a tour of several claims in company with a party of engineers. He appointed a place of meeting with Jakey so that there would be no delay on his return, for if he should try to prevent the marriage without proofs of his assertion he would be treated as a crazy lover.

CHAPTER X.

December 12 had been appointed as the day for the marriage. It was the evening of the ninth that Lucy met James Harland at the Miners' Bank. She had received nothing from him since,—yes, one thing. He had sent her, through Jakey, a note with a few words hastily written with pencil upon it: "I'll save you from him. Trust me.—J. H."

She received this note on the morning of the tenth. That day passed by; the eleventh came and went; the destined morning arrived, but no further sign of James Harland. It was with a deep sigh that she awoke that morning from a fitful sleep. The bright sunlight streamed through the half-open shutters into her chambers. It lighted up the bridal veil hanging on the opposite side of her room. Lucy moaned as she saw it; for its beauty was but mockery to her.

The ceremony was to take place at eight o'clock. At half-past seven she was accompanied to a cab by her father.

John Spencer and a nephew of Mr. Eldridge's followed them in another. The wedding march was played in a solemn manner as Mr. Eldridge slowly led his daughter down the aisle to the front of the church.

In a few minutes the priest, preceded by a choir of altar boys richly arrayed, issued from the vestry. Mass began. At the proper moment John Spencer and Lucy Eldridge knelt at the altar steps and plighted their troth. Lucy's voice was scarcely audible, and a hush as if death passed over the church as she murmured those awful words. Mass was ended, the blessing given, and the priest proceeded towards the sacristy.

Suddenly there was a rush in the vestibule. The door of the church flew open, and James Harland rushed bare-headed down the aisle, holding a paper in one hand and a small package in the other. A moment of panic followed. All rose from their seats in fright; girls screamed; women fainted.

The priest turned to see the cause of the uproar, and James Harland leaned over the chancel railing calling to him. The priest called in a commanding tone to the people to be seated. In a few minutes there was order, and in an excited tone, James Harland said, pointing to the bride:

"That woman is John Spencer's sister."

At these words the bride screamed and fell fainting into John's arms. A sudden panic seized upon the people and they rushed from the church. With some difficulty the bride was revived in the sacristy. The document and proofs presented by James Harland were hastily and nervously examined. The priest seemed to be convinced of their genuineness. The particulars of the case were given minutely and the clothes contained in the small package dispelled all doubt even from the mind of John Spencer himself.

Mr. Eldridge stood aghast, and refus-

ed to believe a word of the whole affair.

"It's false! it must be false!" he exclaimed excitedly, "and I will bring the rogue to justice that is playing the hoax!"

It was with difficulty that the old man could be persuaded to go home quietly, as the case would afterwards be examined at length.

John Spencer was the most abashed person in the crowd. He keenly felt the awful absurdity and ridiculousness of his position, and so, without waiting for anyone, he slipped out of the sacristy door unseen.

Mary Spencer was taken back to the Eldridge home in the cab that awaited to take her away as a bride. James Harland assisted her to it. As he did so he pressed her hand gently. She looked up. A bright smile flitted across her face. Their eyes met, and between them passed an unspoken message which none but they could read.

A year afterwards James Harland had returned one evening to his cozy home—once the Eldridge home which he had been forbidden to enter. As he was passing through the hall he glanced into a half-open door. His wife was sitting at a table attentively examining some photographs and papers before her. He tip-toed quietly into the room. Standing behind her he looked over her shoulder to see what she was gazing so intently upon. It was that short note scrawled in pencil,—"I'll save you from him. Trust me.—J.H."

"Surely," she muttered to herself, "I have been borne strangely upon the wings of fate."

Seeing a shadow at her side, she looked around. A crimson tint shot across her face and a smile of love dimpled her cheeks.

"Yes, dearest Lucy," said James stooping to kiss her, "On the Wings of Fate."

The end.

Editorial Notes.

The feast of Ireland's Patron Saint will be celebrated this month throughout the country. Fidelity to their religion, through ages of cruel persecution, and a filial love for their beloved Apostle, is what we witness in the Irish people. On the feast of their Patron then, we celebrate the preservation of that ancient Faith which St. Patrick, commissioned by the Supreme Pontiff of Rome, preached to them by word and example, the good tidings, the Teachings of Christ, which soon changed them from a nation of idolaters into the Isle of Saints. The recent efforts of some of our Protestant Brethren to prove that St. Patrick was a Protestant or anything else but a staunch Catholic will always remain futile. For how can they explain that tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that faithful allegiance to the Roman Pontiff, that filial attachment to their priests, that high moral standard which particularly characterizes the Irish people? Surely these did not come from the so-called reformers.

This month is dedicated to St. Joseph, the Patron of the universal Church. Among all the Saints that we venerate in the Celestial Kingdom, none were more holy, none were higher in the friendship of God than St. Joseph, excepting always his pure Spouse. It is a principle among Theologians that when God chooses anyone for a certain position, he always gives him the necessary graces and help to fulfill the duties of that position worthily. Now, no one on this earth occupied a higher position in the decrees of God than St. Joseph. He was the chaste spouse of the Mother of God, the foster-father and faithful custodian of the only begotten Son of God made Man. To him it was given to hold the Divine Child in his arms, to caress Him, to guard Him, to command Him. Certainly a wonderful privilege! Hence the pious Gerson speaking of this singular privilege exclaims: "O astonishing elevation! O unparalleled dignity, that the Mother of God should call you her Lord; that God Himself, made man, should call you father, and obey your commands. His humility, however,

prompts him to conceal these great prerogatives from the eyes of men, living as the most obscure of men, and although descended from the royal house of David, he is content with his condition, that of a poor carpenter. The Church addresses to us the words of Pharo, to the people who sought help in their want "Go to Joseph." We should often have recourse to this great Saint, during this month in particular we should often pray to him and ask him to help us in our needs. St. Teresa says she never asked anything of him which she did not obtain. Surely if the Saviour of the world was obedient to him, when he lived on this earth, He will not refuse him anything now that He is in heaven. The greatest Saints have testified to this.

The feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin commemorates the most important embassy known in the history of the world; an embassy sent by the King of kings, executed by one of the chief Princes of His heavenly court; directed to the most perfect creature, the noblest being that ever existed; announcing the most important news that was ever heard on this earth. The Archangel Gabriel gives us the first news of the coming Redemption. The Prophets had foretold the miracles of this day: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son, and he shall be called Emmanuel." The Patriarchs had sighed for the coming of this day; the holy Simeon was praying to God to hasten it.

The Church exhorts us to practise penance and mortification during the whole year, but particularly during this holy season of Lent. Christ taught us the necessity of doing penance, of following Him on the royal way of the Cross, both by word and example. "If any man will come after me," He says, "let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." His life, from the stable of Bethlehem to Mt. Calvary was a life of suffering. In order then to be true followers of him, to be true Christians, we must imitate his life of mortification and self-denial.

The final celebrations of the Pope's Jubilee are now begun. The International Committee has made known the principal features of the celebration at Rome:

On Friday, Feb. 20th, the 25th anniversary of the election of His Holiness, an audience will be given to the pilgrimages and delegations present in Rome for the occasion. On the same day, the committee will present to the Pope the golden tiara, the gift of the whole world; the money collected for the restoration of the Church of St. John Lateran, the mother church of Rome, and the medal commemorating of the Jubilee.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday a solemn triduum will be held in the Church of the Apostles, which will be concluded on Sunday, Feb. 22nd, by Cardinal Respighi, the Vicar of Rome, celebrating High Mass in thanksgiving to God for having preserved the life of the Venerable Pontiff. On the same day at the Vatican a dinner will be given to a thousand poor people in honor of His Holiness, the Father of the poor.

Tuesday, March 3rd, the Holy Father will go to St. Peter's Church wearing the golden tiara. There he will give his blessing to all, and then the Te Deum will be sung by the immense throng of people from all parts of the world.

Beginning Friday, March 6th, a solemn triduum will be held in the Church of Gesu, where the Rev. P. Zocchi, S. J., Mgr. Radini Tedeschi and Cardinal Sattoli, will preach the sermons, after which a Cardinal will give benediction. It will close Sunday evening, March 8th, when all the people will sing the Te Deum.

On Tuesday, April 28th, the Holy Father completing the years, months and days of the Pontificate of St. Peter at Rome, the International Committee will present the congratulations of the whole world to the venerable Pontiff.

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The sum collected by the International Committee for the golden tiara to the present date amounts to 94,570.90 francs, or about \$18,000. Of this the diocese of Quebec contributed 5,625 francs or about \$1,000, and the diocese of Toronto 2,866.48 francs or about \$570.

Next June the Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, who was recently elected General of the Carmelite Order, will come to this country. He will visit all the houses of the Order in the United States and Canada, and then he will preside at the Provincial Chapter, which will be held at Niagara Falls in the beginning of July. He will be accompanied by the Very Rev. Anastasius Borras, the Procurator General.

Petitions Asked For.

The prayers of our readers are kindly requested for the following petitions:

That a person may get a good situation and boarding house, for two spiritual favors; three conversions; the cure of a person given to drink; peace in a family; help to pay a debt; health for a brother; that a person may know her vocation; health for a mother; success in business for a father; health for a person; means to pay expenses; that a young man may pass a successful examination; that a young man may return to his religious duties; that a person may obtain a good position; several special favors.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We beg our subscribers again, when writing to us, to give us in full their name and address, and when moving, their old address as well as the new one. Last month we received a letter from a subscriber, who did not give the State in which she resides. As we have subscribers in every State and territory in the United States, it is no easy task to find out the State in which she lives. Another subscriber wrote to us without signing the name. In such cases, if their letters are not attended to, it is certainly not our fault.

Sometimes the Review does not reach the subscribers regularly. This is seldom through any fault of ours. If the Review does not reach you every month, do not wait several months before telling us, notify us at once, and if your subscription is paid to date we are willing to supply all missing copies.

Book Review.

"Thousand and One Objections to Secret Societies," by Rev. J. W. Book, R. J., is a very commendable brochure in which all the objections that are usually brought up against the attitude of the Catholic Church towards secret societies are answered in a popular and concise, but nevertheless very cogent and logical style.

This is an age of unions and combines, as the author remarks, and hence to give the public an idea of the object and nature of forbidden societies is supplying a much felt want, and will go far in preventing men from joining these pernicious associations. B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., is the publisher. Price retail 15c per copy.

B. Herder publishes another valuable work in the cause of Education: "The Young Teacher Encouraged." It has merited a splendid eulogy from Bishop Spaulding, whose indefatigable efforts to further the advancement of science and intellectual enlightenment deserve the gratitude and acknowledgement of the people. The noble book of teaching presents indeed many difficulties and if not carried on in the right method will be void of good results.

This book shows the merit, the dignity and the nobility of education. The religious teacher's vocation is a divine calling. Teachers are the instruments Christ employs to sow His seed into the soil of the human heart, that it may bear fruits of virtue and happiness.

It shows besides, that the secret of success in imparting knowledge to the youthful mind and a moral training to the heart lies in the mildness and gentleness and love with which the teacher instructs his pupil; as we can only improve those whose confidence and good will we have gained.

This book will be of valuable help to our Catholic teachers, our Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, and we wish to encourage them to acquire it for themselves. Price \$1.25.

"A Short Rule and Daily Exercise," by the great master of spiritual life, Louis de Blois, contains in succinct form

wise and useful directions by which the soul is guided in its interior life. Persons aspiring to perfection will find this little book a great help to them. B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price, net, 20c.

From the same publishing firm appears also another work of Blossins, "Comfort for the Faint Hearted," which contains just the proper medicine for souls that are suffering from scrupulosity and discouragement. How common their ailments are is well known, and how painful and dangerous a malady is easily understood. This book, therefore, can be recommended to all and deserves to be studied with careful attention. Price, 75c.

In "The Art of Disappearing," by John Talbot Smith, the author displays originality of conception and some of his characters are true to life. The story is told in a fascinating and very powerful style. However, this book on the whole, we fear, will do more harm than good. That Catholics are not very particular about lying, and that according to our principles, the end justifies the means, are the two great objections which Protestants bring up against us. Now, this novel is nothing but a plain proof and confirmation of these objections, instead of being their refutation. For the hero of the story, at the instigation of a priest, a Monsignore assumes the personality of another, deceiving everyone around him, acting lies, therefore, and this for the purpose of punishing crime, his faithless Sonin. The end justifies the means, which principle is false, and hence this novel faulty. It is not the best that came from the pen of the reverend author. Not only is the principal idea of the book false, but the details also lack probability as well as propriety and delicacy. The interview and the attack upon the virtue of Louis by the escaped Nun, with her husband in the next room, seems unlikely. Louis, who after this shocking encounter, runs away from home, is not a person with a vocation for the priesthood, and then for Arthur Dillon, the hero, by force of the Pauline privilege, to marry Barbara, with her evident vocation to the convent, is

certainly not very great heroism. Whilst we admire this book from a literary view, we cannot approve of it from a moral standpoint.

Publishers, Wm. Young & Co., 63 Barclay St., New York. Price, \$1.50.

"The Rose and the Sheepskin," by Joseph Gordian Daley. Publishers, Wm. Young & Co., New York. Price \$1.00.

This is a story of college life. There is a great variety of characters among the students, and we can see what a great influence the association with certain persons may have on others, either for the good or for the bad. The death scene of one of the heroes is described very pathetically. We do not think, however, that the book gives us a true picture of a Catholic College. The rectors and professors are more competent men, and more watchful over the students than those of St. Urban.

D. & J. Sadlier, of New York, have published a prayer book called "The Pious Companion for Young Catholics." It contains the prayers for Mass, Confession, Communions and other devotions suitable to young people. The price is very low.

Bound in cloth, per dozen, \$1.50.
Handsomely bound with gilt edges,
\$2.25.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Rev. Father:

Having promised publication in the Carmelite Review for several favors, which were subsequently granted, I beg their insertion. One, the cure of a child dangerously ill with pneumonia, and other cases of dangerous illness to persons necessary to families. I promised publication in case of their recovery, in the Carmelite Review, which pledges I now wish to redeem.

F. A.

A Pennsylvania reader would like to publish a great favor obtained through the intercourse of the Blessed Virgin and St. Anthony. It was protection against a very contagious disease to which we were very much exposed. I promised to have it published if my prayers were

answered, and I am glad to say they were.

Rev. Fathers:

Some time ago I promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, if she would obtain employment for my brother (which she soon did), I would have a Mass said in her honor. This happened about three months ago. The favor having been granted immediately, I feel as if I have been very ungrateful for not having the Mass said before now.

E. M. M. P.

Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass, which I promised to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel if she would free me from a certain sickness. As soon as I made the promise I felt much better, and I am gaining strength rapidly.

M. F.

Dear Rev. Fathers:

Enclosed please find an offering for two Masses, one in honor of the Holy Family, for two favors received, the other in honor of St. Anthony, for the relief of the Poor Souls for a favor received. Please have these published in the Review.

M. W.

A lady wishes to return thanks for the cure of her husband, who was given to drink for the last four years.

E. M.

Obituary.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of the following lately deceased:

Mrs. Barbara Koubel, of Snyder, Ont., a model mother, who was loved by all.
Charles O'Reilly, of Trout Riverlines, Que.

Peter Brady, of Huntingdon, Que.
William Verhoeven, who died at Rochester, Oct. 8th, 1902. He was conscious to the last, and well prepared to meet his Maker.

Walter Grant, of Antigonish, N.S.
Mrs. Eunice Murphy, who died at Northville, Ont., March 8th, 1902. She was a wearer of the Brown, and a member of the Hospice building fund.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received at:
Falls View, Ont., from Christmas Is-
land, C. B., N.S.; Lismore, Picton Co.,
N.S.; St. Anthony's Church, Padua,
Minn.; North Sydney, C.B., N.S.; St.
Paul, Minn.; Alexandria, Ont.; Cathedral
of the Immaculate Conception, Burling-
ton, Ont.; Eganville, Ont.; St. Michael's
Church, Findlay, O.; St. Mary's Church,
London, Ont.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Forest-
ville, N.Y.; Dresden, Kas.; Owen Sound,
Ont.; Drayton, Ont.

Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.,
from St. Sylvester's Church, O.; St. Pat-
rick's Church, Pueblo, Colo.; Elm Grove,
Wis.; Dinton, Ind.; Woodfield, O.; Wit-
tenburg, O.

The devotion to the Virgin Mary is so
natural to the heart that its spread is
coeval with the Christian law. The in-
fluence permeates every rank from the
king to the beggar. The scholar loves
to demonstrate her excellence; the poet
makes her beauty the theme of his rap-
turous song; the painter causes the can-
vas to glow with her face so fair; the
sculptor with magic chisel carves the
rough marble into the living image of
her celestial sweetness; the mariner, ere
tempting the perilous deep, invokes her
aid as he unfurls the snowy sail to the
breeze; the soldier confidently implores
her protection on the eve of battle; the
laborer finishes his daily toil with an
Ave Maria, whilst the unfortunate ever
seek comfort at her wayside shrine, even
as the weary traveler seeks the leafy
cedar and sparkling water that springs
beneath its shade. The Catholic church
hails her not as the muse of fading gar-
lands but as having for her coronel the
everlasting stars.—An exchange.

The life of every man is a diary in
which he means to write one story, and
writes another.—J. M. Barrie.

Go to Our Lady whose love 's as of the
sea; pray her to help you to overcome
your faults, to obtain for you never to
commit a deliberate fault, never to of-
fend God. She will not only make you
very good, but very happy.

By the Sea-side.

Beneath a pine tree's shadow,
Close by the silvery strand,
They seemed as lovely models
For skilled artistic hand.
One youthful form of beauty
Unfolding fair and mild!
Her face was sweetly pensive
The other still a child.

But, oh, for Angel-music
Or high poetic art
To tell their loving accents
For Thee, most Sacred Heart!
"How grand the boundless ocean!
O watch its ebb and tide!
Is Jesus' Heart my sister
As wonderful, as wide?"

The elder sister listened
To this soft melody,
Then answered: "O far greater
Than this blue rippling sea."
It is indeed most beautiful,
My dearest, to your glance,
God truly is Omnipotent
Who made this vast expanse.

"But still those waves have limits!
They flow from shore to shore;
Thus shall ye go no farther,
Was said by God of yore."
Her dreamy eyes were gazing
Beyond the ocean's brink:
"Far greater, O my sister,
His Heart than we can think."

How glorious was that evening,
How calm the sun-lit sea,
How pleasing were those musings
Most loving Lord to Thee!
Thy beauty is abyssal—
Our noblest thoughts above
In Thee is light effulgent
And everlasting love.

Absorb our hearts, sweet Jesus,
Like glistening drops in Thee,
And bear them ever onward
To love's eternity.
The Twilight shadows gather
And 'neath an evening star
The wavelets seemed to echo:
"His heart is greater far."
Enfant de Marie.

A Charitable Wearer of the Scapular.

Not so very long ago, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the so-called Brandburg miners in Germany, a rich man, the owner of the mines, assembled his workmen and spoke to them words of thanks for their faithfulness. And to give them, as he said, a substantial token of his love, he made them a present of twenty-five thousand dollars, which he had put in the savings bank for the benefit of all. Each workman had a certain sum in the bank, which he was supposed to leave there on interest, unless he was urged by special needs at home, to go and draw his money. So far the agreement—and now what happened? Not a few of the workmen, it is said, as soon as the chance was given, were in a hurry to draw their money for the support of their families, as they pretended. Of course, the rich man said nothing; he let them go. But what did he do in his turn? He went to the banker and told him to double the shares of those of his working men who had not drawn their money. And who did this? Who was the generous giver? He was a child of Mary, a faithful wearer of the Brown, Count Ballestrem, the President of the German Reichstag. It is related of him, that during the Franco-German war, when an officer in the army of his country, quarters were assigned him one day at the house of a French lady of rank. Soon after his arrival, the Count, as a matter of courtesy, sent to the rich lady, asking when it would be agreeable for him to come to pay his respects to her. The lady declined to receive one who was the enemy of her country. A day or two later, however, a circumstance, trifling as it were, in itself, made the lady change her mind. The Count found his scapular torn and gave it to one of his soldiers to mend for him. The latter's fingers proved too clumsy for the task, and he took it to the rich lady's servant-maid, begging her to do the work for him. When the scapular was brought back, it was accompanied by a message from her mistress. In the note the rich lady told the Count that she no longer refused to receive one in whom she recognized a devout servant of Mary.

A.M.D.G.

Homeland Beauties.

Beautiful the homeland rapture,
And its everlasting peace,
When the weary ones are restful
And all pains of exile cease.
Beautiful the homeland music
On that tranquil, far-off shore,
Where the golden harps are thrilling
With God's praise for evermore.

Beautiful the homeland welcomes
After lapse of many years,
When "farewells!" were often murmured
Sadly, through a mist of tears.
Beautiful the homeland angels,
Still more beautiful their Queen,
With a diadem of star-gems,
And arrayed in sun-lit sheen.

Beautiful the homeland vision
Of our Saviour's holy Face!
Radiant "lamp" in life of glory,
As, on earth, in life of grace,
Faith reveals these homeland beauties,
Hope aspires to things above,
As we glide so swiftly onward
To the homeland of God's love.
Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

*—Apac. xxi, 23.

The great doers of history have always been men of faith.—Chapin.

Half the ease of life oozes away through the leaks of unpunctuality.

Our prayers are ships. We send them to no uncertain port. They are destined for the throne of grace; and while they take a cargo of supplications from us, they come back laden with riches of Divine grace.

We never know how rotten the tree is until it falls, and how unstable the wall until it crumbles. And so in the moral nature of men, subtle forces eat their way silently and imperceptibly to the very centre.

Read all history; the despotism of kings, the revels of wealth and luxury wrung from the toils of the poor can never be glorified. The good, the morally sublime, those who have blessed the world, live in the memory of love and mankind.