



The Queen of Heaven.

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Festal Gifts for Our Lady. ..



FLOW'RETS for thine Altar Maiden-Mother,
E'en though earth is robed in virgin snow;
Flow'rets blooming in the mystic gardens,
Where refreshing south winds gently blow.

Sparkling gems to crown thee royal Mother!
Higher far than Esther in thy state;
Robed in sunlight; fairer than God's Angels;
"Pearl of great price!" Immaculate.

Festal songs to greet thee, peerless Mother!
Wilt thou listen to an "Enfant's" lay?
"Ad te suspiramus!" this its burden;
Far from thee, "in vale of tears" away.

Hearts to love thee, these by far more welcome
Than bright gems of flowers of the world;
All earth's weary exiled children
In thy care maternal now enfold.

Dies my vespéral in plaintive cadence,
As I watch the old year sink to rest,
May I sing, with sweet and holy gladness,
When the new one dawns, O Mother blest!

— ENFANT DE MARIE.

The Lost Inheritance.

DOLOROSA KLINE.

CHAPTER X.

As time went on, and her class of pupils continued to increase, Rosamond's days were a constant round of occupation. Good luck seemed to have followed in the wake of the new pupils she had added to her number in November, and one after another people had come soliciting her instruction for their children.

Conscientious and painstaking, she had always given satisfaction to the few she first possessed, and these later ones, or their parents, at least, felt that they would be treated the same.

By degrees she gathered about her mother and herself those small comforts and accessories that serve to brighten one's daily existence, and their attic room remained no longer the bare poor place it was as when we first found it, but was changed to one of warmth and coziness.

Her mother grieved to see her work so hard, but seeing there was no help for it, she shut her eyes, crushing her feelings to the fact, and entered into her daughter's hopes and desires with unfeigned interest.

"I don't know what I'd do, mother," the young girl said to her one afternoon as she was dressing to go to her work, "without your kindly help and encouragement. Without it, my work would never be of avail or the pleasure it is to me." "You deserve every encouragement, darling, but I am glad mine is helping you, and I hope prosperity will continue to shine on your efforts. Sometimes its golden cords are snapped when they seem just about to entwine us."

Low and evenly the gentle voice fell on Rosamond's ears, and she wondered if such had been the case with her mother, and if those strange things she had hinted to her four months ago, had taught to do with it.

"And we find ourselves as far back, or worse off than when we started, mother?"

"Precisely, darling, that was the inference I left for you to draw, and it is only those who have been through the

mill who know what it is. Prosperity is not always the safest road to travel by. Better the poor man who meets adversity, but who has faith and virtue, than the rich man, who never meets sorrow, but who lacks those two essentials. I have known both, but were I offered both again, I should take the last, that is adversity, and——" Her daughter looked up. "And what, mother?"

Mrs. Raymond set her lips firmly and the far-away expression her child knew so well, crossed her white, worn brow. "Do not ask me daughter; I spoke unthinkingly and aroused your curiosity without necessity. Remember what I told you four months ago, and what you promised me." "Yes, mother; forgive my question," and the beautiful, spirituelle face became serious. "I forget sometimes when I ask you things that I must not, but I am going to be more careful in the future."

She patted the delicate cheek. "My good little Rosamond, so trusting, so filial. No wonder God is blessing you, and He will bless you."

Strong and firm as an impregnable wall, was the affection that existed between this lonely woman and her only child, and nothing could have come as a barrier between them. Others had wealth and honors. They had nothing but their good name, but they were perfectly happy in their faith in each other, and wanted nothing more, though sometimes the mother wondered if her daughter was as really contented as she seemed. The girl was not like other girls, and the trivial things that might have troubled them, never affected her. They might have lovers, she desired or wanted none, and her parent dreaded to think that the day would come when some one would steal the pure young heart, and take her to share it with him. It belonged all to her now, but surely she could not be so selfish as to wish it to be always so. She might die, and was it not right that there should be one to exercise a loving care and com-

panionship over that faithful filial child.

As the slender figure went down the stairs and out into the street, she watched it tenderly, and drawing from her neck the small gold locket she always wore around it, opened it and exposed the handsome refined face of a man of thirty. Tears sprang into her eyes as she looked into the ones that had so long ago ceased to beam on her with love, and the silent lips that had never spoken but in gentleness to her. "Could you but see our child, George," she said softly, "as I see her, what happiness would be yours. But you are happier to-day in your celestial home than earthly ties could make you, and I do not wish you back. But, oh, George, pray for me and pray for her."

"Does you pway to pictures. I mean little pictures?" piped a shrill little voice, and turning, Mrs. Raymond saw her landlady's young son standing in the doorway. He had come up so quietly that she had not heard him, and he must have been watching her for quite a few minutes.

She bade him come in, and held the pictured face down to him.

"Ain't he a pwetty man; who is he, Mrs. Waymond?"

"That's the big girl's father. Is that not what you call Rosamond? He is dead and in heaven."

"No; I used to call her the big girl what has gold hair, but muzzer don't let me say it any more, so I says Miss Wosamond now." He shook his head with great importance, and Mrs. Raymond replaced the locket about her neck and smiled. "What a good boy you are. That is right, always do what mamma says, and you will never do wrong. Did you want to see Rosamond?"

"No; I knowed I can't, 'cause I just saw her going out, but I'm sowwy, cause I like her to talk to me. I like you, too, but you know big girls can play wif little boys more better'n big ladies."

"So they can, Charlie. How's mamma?"

"She's well; she's going out now, and I comed up to see if I could stay wif you till she comes back."

"Of course you can, Charlie. Rosamond will be glad to find you here."

As Mrs. Raymond watched the cherubic face, and the active childish body moving about the room, she sighed softly. Away in the Virginian grave yard slept the child, her first born, of whom this one so reminded her in face, form and manner. Her boy—a Charles, too,—would have been a man now, but he had been given the better part, and had been taken from this world, while yet his soul was covered with the robe of his baptismal innocence, and she rejoiced in the thought.

"Oh, look! here is Miss Rosamond coming back," exclaimed Charlie, as he stopped on his tour of the room whose crevices and nooks he had been examining with all a child's curiosity, and looked out of the high dormer window.

"She has forgotten something; too bad now she had to come back."

When Rosamond appeared up the stairs, and had been greeted vociferously by Master Charlie, she was flushed and panting.

"What is it, dearie?" her mother asked. "You should not walk so quickly; what have you forgotten?"

"That piece of music I promised Annie Bawn. I was nearly down to the corner when I remembered it, and I had to walk back quick, because I have no time to spare. I am glad you have come company, mother," and pinching Charlie's fat cheek and securing the forgotten music from the top of the old piano, Rosamond went out again. A keen March wind was blowing and it rattled down the chimneys and along the stony streets, until it bade fair to take charge of things generally. Rosamond was fearful every minute, lest she would be blown down, but the keen invigorating air and the snatches of sunshine that appeared at intervals made her buoyant spirits still more so, and she enjoyed the freedom the wind was taking with her, with a pleasure akin to delight. She had not gone far, however, in the direction of Broadway, when she noticed signs of some excitement amongst the passersby who began, one by one, to stop and look with fixed eyes up the street. As precious as her time was, something impelled her to do likewise, and she soon saw with horrified eyes, a sight that made her tremble. Tearing along at terrific

speed, with a foaming mouth and quivering sides, was a splendid black horse, whose powerful rider, one shapely spurred foot free of the stirrup, was trying in vain to grapple the broken check rein, that was dangling from his steed's neck.

No fear or nervousness was written on that dark, clean shaven face. Only a cool steadied indifference at the crowds gazing at him, and the predicament in which his runaway horse placed him, but the firm lines of the handsome mouth were grimly set, and once a ground oath escaped them as the horse nearly stumbled. "What's the matter with the 'blood?'" asked a man in working clothes. Scott! what a mount he's got."

"Can't you see," said another in similar attire, "that the horse has got a fright and he's running away; but he won't run far; the gent'll haul him up. That Lawyer Everett's as good for horse drivin' as he is for sendin' villyions to prison. A fine man is Lawyer Everett."

On and on they came, and as they drew near the spot where Rosamond stood, the young music teacher felt her heart give a leap, for she recognized in the superb horseman, the man who four months before had bounded from the New York club to help her at an awkward moment. Often since then she had thought of him, and now an overwhelming gratitude gave birth in her heart, to fear for his safety. No matter how accomplished a horseman he was, death in his present wild career seemed its only finish. She turned her head aside that she would not see it, but she might have saved herself the trouble, for suddenly the horse careened, and his rider with a masterful hand, drew up the broken check rein, and threw the foaming animal back on his haunches. The action brought forth a cheer from the crowd. It was so strongly, so easily done, but his handsome face never showed that he noticed it, and dismounting he began to calm his frightened steed in the coaxing voice his favorite knew so well.

Seeing that all danger was past, the crowd began to disperse, and Rosamond remembering that a pupil awaited her, besides, how distasteful her standing here would have given to her mother, also moved away. As she did so she met the piercing glance of the man to whom she

felt her gratitude would ever be due. Recognizing her, the lawyer smiled, and remounting his now quieted horse, and knotting his broken rein, rode away.

This was the second meeting of the two. When the third meeting was to be neither knew, nor thought.

CHAPTER XI.

So passed March and April; the leafy month of May came in, changing the brown carpets of field and garden into mantles of green, and causing nature's many voices to throb with all joyousness, that at last summer was near. So far Rosamond had continued to do well by her pupils, and her elation over the fact was so great that her mother's amusement, at her girlish enthusiasm, became changed into fear, lest a change might come to damp it, and she would not be able to brook the disappointment. Why she should so continuously regard her daughter's future with fear, Mrs. Raymond could not even tell herself. Perhaps it was the knowledge of her own past sufferings that caused it, or, too much maternal anxiety for the well being of this child, who brought so much sunshine into her clouded life, and perhaps it was an equal share of both. But whatever, she felt it was not altogether unfounded, when one afternoon, towards the close of the month, she noticed from her place at the window, how lagging and dispirited Rosamond was walking up the square. It was so unlike her light, graceful step, that Mrs. Raymond looked twice before she could believe it was her daughter. When Rosamond came in, before her mother could ask her a question, she threw herself beside the old couch, exclaiming: "I am weary, mother, very weary. Why does God try the poor so?"

Mrs. Raymond was not surprised at the sorrowful outburst. She knew before her daughter entered, that there was something the matter.

"Why so weary to-day, dear?" she asked, stroking the bowed golden head. "Met with any trouble?"

"I have, mother, and with too much. I have lost three pupils," and she burst into tears.

"Come, come, darling, you must have patience. Tell mother how you lost

your pupils; through any fault of your own?"

"No, mother," she said, smothering her grief, "but Mrs. Bawn is sending Annie to Hartford to live with her sister, and the Cartons are going away, too. So there, I am left with only three. You must have known something before when you said prosperity does not always last. But, oh, mother, it is cruel! I was getting on so nicely, and now I am put right back again," why does God try the poor so?"

"Hush, Rosamond, you must not question God's doings, no matter what your feelings are. Your trial to-day has been a heavy one, but you must be resigned. He is an all wise and just God, and does with His children only as He sees fit. When He sends us suffering, whether in our youth or old age, we must bend to it submissively and without murmuring. It was your dead father who long ago taught me this. He was so full of Faith, oh, so full! that, come what might, he never lost his trust in God. I imbibed it from him as strongly as if it had been born in me, and I am so sorry to hear my little girl speak so rebelliously."

She looked up shamefacedly.

"Forgive me, mother. I don't deserve any favor from our Lord, but I was so excited until your voice soothed me. Perhaps if I had gone to Holy Communion this morning, and not put it off till tomorrow, I might have had more patience."

"Doubtless, my child, but your words were more of the lips, than the heart. I think it is the first time I ever heard you complain."

"And it is wrong of me, mother, for God has been so good to me, and you are so kind."

Her will was so pliable to the parental one. It was so easy to lead her to right thinking and doing, that rewards, even in this life, must certainly await her. "Our Creator does not demand too much, Rosamond, and especially in our youth, and, though he has said, 'Be ye perfect, as My Heavenly Father is perfect,' He has mercy on our failings, he they ever so great, and has left us the sacred tribunal of penance as a means

of returning to His favor, when we have lost it."

"How beautiful you talk, mother. All those ugly spirits, who were tormenting me when I came in, have had to go," and the melting blue eyes were raised with trusting love to her's.

"Well I am glad, and we must have no more of them," Mrs. Raymond replied, smoothing again the golden hair. "Did Mrs. Bawn and Mrs. Carton pay the children's tuition?"

"Yes, mother, it so happened that it was due for the whole three to-day. Mrs. Carton was sorry that she had not been able to give me warning before, but she did not know they would be going away before the fall. I will have to go searching now, but I suppose that if we lived on two pupils before, we can do so again for a while."

"God is above us, my child, and He will not let us starve. Leave all things in His hands, and He will not fail to help us."

CHAPTER XII.

"My darling, my darling, you must not, you cannot die. Spare her to me, Oh, God, she is my only solace," and with a long-drawn sob of impotent grief Mrs. Raymond turned from Rosamond's fever flushed face, and placed her pleading eyes on her beloved *Ecce Homo*.

A month or so after her loss of pupils, Rosamond had caught a severe cold, inflammation set in, and delirium had quickly followed, so that now she lay tossing and moaning in all of its intricate windings.

Mrs. Raymond had called in Dr. Brantford, and the old physician had shaken his head gravely. "Very serious, very serious," he said; "the fever has gone through her whole system, but I will do my utmost to save her, Mrs. Raymond."

To-day he had come twice, and given the same verdict, but the mother knew when human help might fail, God, in His mercy, still stood, and He alone could save her child.

She returned to her post at her daughter's pillow, and laid her hand on the burning head, when suddenly, Rosamond sat bolt upright, exclaiming: "It is he, it is he; father is coming for me, mother; come near so he can see you, too."

At the sick girl's mention of her dead

father, Mrs. Raymond's grief broke out anew, and she pressed her trembling lips to the fever parched ones.

Outside the birds twitted and sang, rejoicing in the glory of the bright September day, but to the weary woman watching beside the bed of her dying child, their joy was meaningless.

"Not yet, not yet," she said, lifting the small burning hands in her own cool ones. "Father has come to see you, darling, and to tell you that he is praying for you. He will not take you away from me."

She looked at her mother dully, not comprehending what her reply meant.

"The gentleman on horseback, did you say, mother? Yes, he was nearly killed, but that is a long time ago. You would not like me to be in that crowd, would you, mother, but I stayed and I saw him."

Mrs. Raymond could not clutch her meaning, but she concluded she must have witnessed an accident somewhere, that nearly cost some man his life, and the memory of it, and the crowd of people she had stood in or been amongst, still preyed on her fevered brain.

"That was no harm, dear," she said soothingly. "Wait till mother wets your forehead."

Then, for a while the incoherent mutterings ceased, and the delicate sufferer began to pray: "Oh, my crucified Redeemer, help me," she cried; "Gentle Mother of Mount Carmel, intercede for your poor Rosamond and help her, too." Then she grew silent, and seemed to be resting, but soon delirium seized her again, and she saw her father coming for her, and an imaginary horseman being killed; then, again, she was teaching music, and adding pupil after pupil to her still decreased number, while her fingers ran over the white coverlid in a vague Aria from Chopin. Kind Mrs. Curran came up to see if she could do anything, or relieve the mother's watch.

The landlady had been most assiduous in her attentions in this sick room since the first day it had received its patient, giving Mrs. Raymond so much valuable help as to make the mother inexpressibly grateful.

"Not just at present, Mrs. Curran, but I may have to call on you later."

"Well, do, ma'am, and perhaps you could get a snatch of sleep."

Mrs. Raymond shook her head. "While Rosamond does not, I can not; it is the want of sleep that is killing her." Mrs. Curran tip-toed over to the bed and felt the burning brow, but knowing it was useless to say much about one she felt was fast approaching her death, made no comment and went softly out of the room again.

The door had scarcely closed on her, when there was a low knock at it, and when Mrs. Raymond threw it open, she found her visitor to be Father Madden, of St. John's parish church.

The good priest had been in once before, in the early part of the week, but on account of Rosamond's delirious condition could not administer the sacraments, except to anoint her.

"How is the sufferer now, Mrs. Raymond?" he asked, shaking hands with the mother, and going to her daughter's bedside.

"No better, but worse, Father. She is sinking fast, and will soon be with the angels," and she covered her face with her hands.

Father Madden peered closely into Rosamond's pallid face, and felt the hot pulse.

"Your daughter is fit to join the Heavenly bands, Mrs. Raymond," he said at length, "but her time has not yet come. She may be worse even than this, but she is going to recover."

Father Madden's thirty years of priestly life had given him a long experience with not only spiritual ills of humanity, but also the physical, and he had seen death in all its varied forms, but he knew he was not going to see it here in this attic room.

Mrs. Raymond uncovered her face, and a new hope sprung up in her heart at the encouraging words. "Truly, Father, do you think my child will be left to me," she cried. "Will her reason come back to her? but no," and she shook her head sadly, "I am afraid that cannot be; see, she cannot sleep, and Dr. Brantford says life depends on sleep."

The priest placed his hand on her shoulder; "your grief has rendered you despairing, my child. Are you forgetting that there is One, whose skill is far,

far greater than Dr. Brantford's, and One whose mercy is infinite? He has stretched your child on a bed of pain. He can raise her from it, and by your prayers and faith you can accomplish that end." "But, Father, if she could only receive the sacraments, I know she would be cured. I pray for her constantly, because it is my only refuge now, but, oh, they could accomplish so much more for her."

"They will come to her later, my child, you must be patient till God restores her to consciousness, and remember that will not be far off now; she is in the worst stages of the disease, but the Divine Physician will do for her what Dr. Brantford cannot."

Half an hour afterwards the priest took his departure, but not until he had succeeded in comforting Mrs. Raymond, and leaving her in a more tranquil frame of mind than she had been for many days.

Until this time the minister of souls had never known this strange woman so intimately before. Though she had been in his parish ever since coming to Bartley Square, and with her daughter a most attentive worshipper in St. John's church, she had kept as much aloof from him as she did from her neighbors, troubling him only when she went to confession or the few times she had interviewed him when Rosamond had been preparing for her first Communion. A couple of times since she had asked him to come and see her, and he derived, by his nice tact, that those couple of times need not be repeated for some months longer. She was his spiritual child and looked to him for help and guidance, but still she felt a twang when she must introduce him to her poverty, forgetting that he too was poor and his greatest love was to labor for and be amongst them.

As many others did, he often wondered who this singularly refined woman and her lovely child were, or why she should always carry that pale, sad face that reminded him of Reni's Mater Dolorosa.

In the first of her daughter's illness she had sent for him even before she sought medical aid, and never before had he seen such great faith in anyone

as in her and the sick daughter, and today he had gone away edified and touched by its firmness in both. Dr. Brantford came again that night, and still he looked grave, as Rosamond's pulse fluttered like a thread under his touch, and her lustrous eyes dilated with unusual brightness.

The doctor had daughters of his own and was full of sympathy for this bereaved parent. "Poor little girl, poor little girl; I've done all I could for her, Mrs. Raymond, but it is sleep she wants now, and as a last resort, I will give her this opiate. It has helped worse cases than hers, so perhaps it will, and it ought to, be of service to her."

The physician sat down at the table and wrote out a prescription, then handed it into the mother's eager hands.

"Get it filled as soon as you can, Mrs. Raymond. I will come early to-morrow morning, if I possibly can. So much sickness at present, beginning of the fall you know. I'm on the go from morning till night, but Miss Rosamond has a stronger claim than new patients on me, and she will not lose it."

The sick girl had grown quiet during the doctor's visit, and when he had gone continued to lie perfectly calm and still.

Mrs. Raymond turned the prescription mechanically over in her fingers, and stood for a minute irresolute. Since the loss of her pupils in May, Rosamond had not found any new ones, and the two had been forced to use the strictest economy in order to make ends meet. The little money they had had already been spent in medicine for her, and there was now none to be had. What was the mother to do? She could not ask any one for the loan of some, because her pride forbade her.

She could not sell the piano, because that would take time, and her child's life, perhaps, depended on the opiate. Only one exigency presented itself, and she acted on it. She turned the dimly burning lamp up higher, and taking it in her trembling hand, went towards the door and set it down beside the trunk that stood near by. Then she opened its first compartment, and diving down to its lowest extremity, drew forth a long, white paper parcel.

Her wedding dress and wreath! Ah! what a host of memories came rushing over her, as she looked at these reminders of a once bright past. What pangs were her's as she ran her fingers through the shimmering folds that, one day in her life, had covered her girlish form. Once again, as in an unforgettten dream, she saw herself the petted and idolized daughter of a wealthy father. Once again she was disowned and disinherited by that father, because she turned from his creed to the one of Catholicity, and gave her love to one of its members. Once again she stood beside her young husband, arrayed in this spotless robe, in the mission church, and heard the old priest blessing her in her new faith, and the choice she had made in her future life's companion. What happiness, what joy had been her's then, and her earthly losses had been nothing. But again this dream of the past faded, and once more she confronted the bitter reality of the present.

"See what your Millicent has come to, father," she cried, holding the time yellowed wreath of bridal roses above her head. "She has to sell her nuptial robe to buy a life giving nector for her dying child. Yes, father she has come to this, while you sit in your mansion, and can count your millions, and deny the child who has taken my place in your heart, nothing she may crave. But I harbor no bitterness against you, father, but love you still and pity you, for you have gold without limit, but you have not. Faith, and Faith is everything."

She did not cry, she did not speak with bitterness, but finished her appeal by returning the wreath to the folds of the dress in silence, and re-wrapped them in the paper. Then she put on her shawl and hat, tucked the clothes more closely about Rosamond's prostrate form, and kissing the parched, rose-bud lips, went out and closed the door gently behind her.

She knocked at Mrs. Curran's door, and found that lady just about ready to come up to the sick room.

"It is you Mrs. Raymond," she said, in surprise, seeing her tenant dressed as for outing, "I was just going up; how is Miss Rosamond?"

"About the same. I have to go out for a prescription the doctor has left, and I thought if you would not mind remaining with her till I come back from Pearson's, Mrs. Curran?"

"Mind? indeed! no ma'am. I am glad to be able to be of any use to you. I intend to stay this night out with you. Go now, and I will go up to Miss Rosamond, poor dear."

Mrs. Raymond expressed her gratitude by merely shaking the other's hand, she was too full of a new hope to speak, and her neighbor's goodness had almost overcome her.

CHAPTER XIII.

Clutching her parcel tightly beneath her shawl, Mrs. Raymond hastened to the next block, and entered a newly opened second hand store. Once at the counter she held forth her precious dress to the sharp-eyed proprietress.

"I should like to dispose of these," she said, "for whatever you will give me for them."

The woman undid the wrapping, and a smothered exclamation of admiration escaped her, at its beautiful contents.

She opened the dress and examined it critically. "We don't generally take such valuable things," she said in a quiet voice, "because they are hard to sell again; but if you don't want too much for it, I'll take it, somebody'll buy it."

"Give me whatever price you like. I do not know what it is worth now, though it is almost new, and has only been worn once."

"A wedding dress I see. You had better keep the wreath, as it is of no use to me—Will ten dollars be enough for the dress," and she tried to penetrate the thick veil the stranger wore, but without success.

"Yes," Mrs. Raymond replied, glad to receive anything for it, though she knew it was worth, at a long past date, many times that amount, "that will suffice."

"Some aristocrat, broken down," was the shop woman's mental comment, as she placed the amount of her purchase in the long thin hand held out for it, and watched the tall, stately figure passing out of the door. "The poor thing's own dress, I s'pose, but she's mighty brave over partin' with it. Oh, well, money's

money, the same to her as it is to the like of me, and I gave her as much as any body else would for it."

Mrs. Raymond, meanwhile, was pursuing her way to Pearson's drug store, forgetting the pain this last act of her mother's love had cost her, in the happiness of getting for her daughter the needed medicine. The prescription took some time before it was ready, but when it was, it did not take long for her to wend her way homewards.

She did not wait to take off her things but while Mrs. Curran raised Rosamond's golden head, with her gloves only removed, she gave the sufferer the first draught of the cooling opiate.

"How has she been, Mrs. Curran?" was her first question, when she removed her shawl and hat, and seated herself on the foot of the bed, clasping her daughter's hot fingers. "This ought to do something for her, but prayers will do more. Has she been raving since I went out?"

"Sometimes, ma'am, but not near as much as yesterday when I was up. Father Madden must have blessed her, for she seems better since he was here."

"I kept bathing her head, and I think it has helped to ease it; she hates those nasty poultices on her chest."

"Yes; doctor said to discontinue them for a day or so. Poor darling, she can't stand much."

"The inflammation set in very suddenly didn't it?"

"Yes, but Doctor Brantford said it had been coming on her for weeks; it usually takes a longer time to develop, but not being strong it did so at once with her. What ever would I do without her, my sweet Rosamond," and she placed her arms about the white slender neck, then smoothed out the pillow on which it rested, and knelt beside the bed.

"This opiate is supposed, if it has any effect at all, to have one soon after it has been taken. Do you see any signs yet, Mrs. Curran?"

The landlady was touched by the tender eagerness her voice conveyed, and she marvelled much at the depth of the holy love that made this child so dear to her mother's heart.

"It will come soon, Mrs. Raymond, but we must wait a little," she said encour-

agingly, though she inwardly believed that Rosamond's death was fast approaching, and that this calm that had succeeded the afternoon's delirium, was only a change before the end. "I'll turn the lamp down and you go and take a rest, for you need one badly, but as soon as I see Miss Rosamond close her eyes, or any other change come over her, I'll call you, ma'am."

"No, no, though she be in no better hands than yours, I must not leave her. We will watch together."

Long and anxiously the two women watched and waited for the change that meant so much to the one, and who knows but that the fervent prayers she sent up to the great White Throne, accomplished in that hour, what the other believed to be impossible.

The clock on the mantel had struck twelve, when Mrs. Raymond felt a slight tremor in the hot fingers resting in her palm, then a long sigh as if utter exhaustion followed. Sleep in the end had come to the wandering brain, and Rosamond's blue-veined lids had closed like those of a tired babe.

"At last, Mrs. Curran, the mother cried, and there was a world of joyousness in her voice; "my prayer is answered, my child is saved. Thanks be thine, Oh, God! Verily, Thy mercies are infinite." For the rest of the night Rosamond slept on. Her two watchers dared not stir, for fear of disturbing her in any of that needed sleep, and when morning dawned, she awoke, not fully conscious, but rested and better. True to his promise, Doctor Brantford came early, and tested the patient's pulse and temperature with a satisfied, "I thought as much;" but with a wise shake of his head, he warned Mrs. Raymond that, though her daughter was improved, all danger was not yet past, and good care must still be exercised over her. Of course the old physician attributed the change all to his wonderful opiate, but the mother knew, and Father Madden, when he was made aware of it, that it was prayer, and prayer alone that had caused it, and the doctor's opiate had been but the temporal auxiliary in the saving of the young life. As the days and weeks flew by Rosamond continued to improve, until Doctor Brantford pro-

nounced her entirely out of danger, and insisted on showing "Miss Rosamond" at last, towards the end of the month, around, and at the same time to tell her she was able to take her first airing all the news since she had been out on with her mother and little Charlie, who the Square.

Lines Suggested by the Ode, "To a Skylark."

(P. B. SHELLEY.)

"Hail to thee!" Adown the listening ages,
Softly wafts this glorious, bird-like strain;
Soaring, like the skylark, swiftly upwards,
Falling as bright drops of vernal rain.

Poet harp-strings echo sweet vibrations,
"Joyous, fresh, and clear," o'er moont and vale
Warbling now in gladness matutinal,
Sighing plaintively in twilight pale.

In "the light of thought" those notes are stealing,
Beautiful their spirit-melody!
Emulating skylark's wond'rous "joyance,"
Knowing not of "love's satiety!"

Fain would I from "Heaven's gate, or near it,"
Far above the snow-clad mountain's brow
Pour forth music of celestial sweetness!
Hearts might listen then "as I do now."

From what mystic fount of inspiration
Shall I draw the glistening waters bright!
In what hues of morning, noon, or even,
Shall I sketch with pencil's as of light?

One bright star-gleam ever leads us onward
O'er the smiling earth and rippling sea;
One dear name is ever sweetly murmured,
Through the realms of my poesy.

Thine "Maria!" "Ornament of Carmel!"
Queen of men, and of angels now,
Thine Immaculate, O Maiden-Mother!
With a royal circlet on thy brow.

Not through love of fame or fading laurels
Seeks my soul for listeners to my lay,
But to elevate their aspirations
Towards the glorious Virgin far away.

Fades the purple of the glowing sun-set,
Sinks the skylark to its mossy nest;
Dies my song of love and wistful longing
At thy feet Maria! Mother blest!

—ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

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 III.

His Austerities—He Triumphs over the Wiles of Satan—He Makes His Vows.

It was with indescribable fervor, with a spirit of piety which cannot be depicted, that Albert embraced the life of Carmel. This life made up entirely of prayer, of mortification and study was still not rigorous enough to satisfy his holy desires. To the penances imposed by the rule, he added new ones; his detachment from the world was entire; his idea of glory was to love God and to suffer for Him. But one fear entered his soul, and that was the dread of offending God,—of losing His grace. Therefore he carefully avoided committing the least fault. He was a perfect model of every virtue, so that his conferees did not know which to admire the most, his humility, his patience, his obedience or his charity. He was rewarded for his zealous efforts by the rapid strides he made in the pathway to perfection. He attained from the beginning—a rare exception—to the most sublime heights of prayer. He wished to have no will of his own. The will of God was to annihilate his. His soul had advanced so far in the perfect life that he strove to discard all thought of self, and to act merely as the instrument of the Divine Wisdom. He responded to the favors granted him by heaven with the most terrible mortifications.

Such a chain of merit could not fail to arouse the activity of the evil one. Already he beheld in the young athlete of Christ a most formidable adversary. Ever since his pride sent him to the very depths of a newly made hell, Satan has shown himself to be the incarnation of hatred and jealousy. He abhors, he envies the good; never does he lose sight of them; he encompasses them with temptations; he labors to inspire them

with some culpable thought.

He is the enemy of the human race, and would fain drag all mankind with him to the fathomless abyss of hell. Nothing, therefore, so excites his wrath as to see one endeavor to lead a holy life. He knows well that this virtuous life will cause his dark and baneful kingdom of horrors the loss of many souls, and that innumerable victims will by it be torn from his grasp. Satan resolved then to spread a snare for the youthful novice and to put forth supreme efforts to cause his fall from the exalted degree of perfection to which he had attained. The wicked spirit wished, at all hazards to wrest him from the penitential life of the cloister, and to send him back to the dangers of the world.

Albert had now passed the boundary line which separates adolescence from youth, and satan realized that a more than ordinarily well contrived plan would be required. To shatter such unusual virtue, an unusual force would be essential. The demon, then, assumed the form of an extremely beautiful woman, and in this guise sought an interview with Albert. Feigning great piety and an excessive need of consolation, this creature, with tears in her eyes, approached the servant of God. With deep drawn sighs and copious tears she tried to excite his pity. "If you but knew," she exclaimed, "how unhappy I am! Born to the highest rank of unsurpassing beauty, in that lovely age, whose only type is the flowing time of spring, with unlimited wealth, I still suffer, and you are the cause. Yes! my misery comes from the love of you, with which my very being is consumed." Albert would not listen; he turned to go, but the woman strove to detain him by seizing his habit. "O! take pity upon me," she cried: "if I cannot espouse you what will become of me? It is so long since

I have hoped for so great a happiness. Do not leave me to my sorrow. Return to your father who would welcome you with open arms. Re-enter a world in which you would shine forth amid your associates. Lead a life more in conformity with your position; you shall not wear such a habit; you who, like myself are so rich, noble and beautiful, leave the cloister and share my riches; enjoy the honors which will surely await you. In the world you will find real happiness; the life you are leading here is not deserving of such a name. Do not persist in the cruel treatment with which you are dishonoring your body; do not persist in choosing the most loathsome insects to the fragrant roses with which I would strew your path through life. Is it not an evidence of weakness of character in you thus to refuse to subject yourself to the yoke of marriage? O! surely you, who are of all young men the most beautiful, to whom alone I have given my affection, will not turn from me, nor leave me a prey to my anguish! Have compassion on me whose only desire is your welfare." Albert understood that only the devil could make use of such language to him. The scheme of the malicious spirit was as open as the day to him; he unraveled the diabolical snare; he tore away his habit from the grasp of the unholy hands, and, making the sign of the cross he cried out: "Begone Satan; go back to those impure flames whither the sin of pride has consigned you! Leave me, lying spirit! You are not a human being; I behold in you only the author of death. You are naught but the source of every crime. Give up a semblance which is not enough to conceal your deformity. Go, wily and perfidious serpent!" And the vile being overwhelmed with shame at being discovered, disappeared in confusion. Then a year passed. After having given during its course a bright example of the most meritorious humility, and the constant practice of fervent prayer, the great servant of God was called upon to bind himself by those sacred vows to do what, since his entrance into the monastery, he had performed of his own generous will.

In preparation for this solemn event he devoted more time than ever to prayer, and practised greater austerities than before; and to evince his gratitude to God for the honor he was about to receive, he waged war against his body by incessant mortifications and unprecedented penances so that he became an extraordinary model in that respect. Monday, Wednesday and Friday he subdued his body by a vigorous fast. On Friday all his nourishment was a little bread, and a drink of wormwood in commemoration of the gall which cruel hands offered to our suffering Lord. His bed was made of rushes strewn over the hard ground; beneath his habit he wore a garment made of the hardest wool that could be procured; the habit was very coarse and of little value. During his whole life never a drop of wine passed his lips. In his opinion it opened the gate to impurity. At night his prayers were always followed by the discipline which was, for him, formed of iron chains, that he might draw down upon himself the mercy of God. He abhorred idleness and looked upon it as the deadly foe to virtue. Therefore every moment of his time was occupied. Naturally his exercises of piety took up the greater portion of his time. The recollection, the tranquility, which he found in prayer, formed his greatest delight. He could not tear himself from it; he feared that if he gave up, the demon would envelope him in one of his dangerous snares. All the powers of his soul were constantly elevated to God. He watched without ceasing lest the spark of divine love should grow dim within his heart. The faintest shadow of an impure thought filled him with terror. Thus the virtue of chastity shone ever with the most resplendent brightness within his soul. Added to this 'was entire obedience, and an acceptance of poverty with generous ardor. Full of charity for his fellow-creatures, he was accustomed to say with the humility which distinguished him: "I have received, without meriting them, the gifts of heaven; they cost me nothing, and I will distribute them amongst my brethren as they were given to me."

CHAPTER IV.

First Miracles of Albert—His Rule of Life—He is Called to the Sacredotal Dignity.

Such excellence of conduct, such lovely and edifying manners, could not fail to reap their reward. They gained for Albert, from above, the light of divine wisdom; he became one of the most learned masters in the science of the Sacred Scriptures. And as he penetrated further into their sublime mysteries his love for the contemplation of celestial things became exceedingly great. As for the things of this earth, he beheld them from such an elevated standpoint that the nothingness of this world became every moment more fully realized by him. This was perhaps because he would willingly have secluded himself in a solitude where he would have had no one to interrupt his converse with our Lord. Then, again, his meditations would turn upon the life of our Lord during his earthly mission, and he would recall the divine command addressed to the apostles: "Go and teach," said the Master. And the disciples comprehending their newly assigned duty, hastened to various parts of the world to win the Latins and other nations to a life of faith. To save souls, they hesitated not to incur the danger of torture and even death. Albert considered then the number of men who were still a prey to the most fatal errors, and how many, even amongst Christians needed, alas! to be brought to a better life. Unfortunately this sad state of affairs prevails in every age. But it was especially true of Sicily, which was at that time given up to intestine wars. His enthusiasm was awakened, and his breast glowed with a generous ardor. He longed to enter the lists with the weapons of persuasion and prayer, and to raise the standard of Christ in innumerable wayward souls. With the apostles, to accomplish this result, he would gladly have given his life. He began then, without further delay, to evangelize the unbeliever and to instruct the Catechumen. The force of his eloquence was so irresistible, and his powers of persuasion so remarkable, that these, together with the brilliancy with which the light of faith shone forth in

him, gained many unhopd for conversions.

In order the better to succeed in his quest after virtue, Albert drew up for himself a rule of life. In this he displayed great wisdom, for without system no work can be established upon a solid basis; and the best intentions, of themselves, will come to naught. This rule was very exact. He divided the day into several portions, which enabled him to begin his exercises of devotion early and continue them late. Thus, to the office prescribed to be recited by the Carmelites, he added the whole recitation of the psalter,—a practice which was dear to his heart. Whilst engaged therein Albert became so absorbed that the brethren were frequently surprised to see him raised several cubits in the air. The prayer over, he would gently descend to the floor. From the first to the third hour of the night he prayed and recited the psalms, kneeling before a crucifix. Then he was forced to yield to nature, which demands that the body shall have some time to repose. He only submitted to this necessity knowing that he could later on return to his holy exercises, and that too with renewed fervor and zeal. Scarcely had two hours passed away than he was ready to arise and eager to resume his prayers. His whole soul was so inflamed with an increased love of God during their continuance, that his countenance was bedewed with holy tears. After prayers, he took the discipline. When he was elevated to the priesthood it was at the hour of day dawn that he ascended the altar steps and offered up the adorable sacrifice of the mass. Afterwards he devoted himself to exterior duties. He gave his time to his penitents, and in a special manner to the poor whom he looked upon as his own particular friends. He devoted all his efforts to console and encourage them, and, as far as he was able, he relieved their material wants, dressed their wounds, and distributed amongst them the alms which he received from the wealthy.

Every morning a waiting throng sought his beneficent presence, and prevented him from hastening to his devotions. From the hour of Tierce until the Vespertime Albert employed himself at

some kind of manual labor, then gave the remaining time to study. Afterwards he recited the office and resumed his ordinary penances. It was not until utter weariness and exhaustion compelled him to do it, that he permitted himself to think of repose. And a very brief repose it was,—it being a constant source of wonder how he could sustain life with so little sleep: Therein, however, was clearly demonstrated the protection accorded him by Divine Providence. Our Lord manifested by other tokens how precious these wonderful austerities were to him, for about this time began the glorious power of miracles enjoyed by the Saint. The list of the cures effected by him amongst his poor pensioners, who waited each morning for him, would be long, indeed. Every kind of malady heaven enabled him to relieve. But the anonymous author, commented upon by Vincent Barbe, from whom we have gathered these details, has contented himself with merely recording the facts, and does not enter into a description.

Albert, when the time approached for him to be ordained, had given a brilliant proof of his excessive humility. He was convinced that this virtue is one of the most solid foundations of a Christian life, and he cultivated it with his whole heart and soul. He therefore concealed the favors which heaven gave him in such superabundant measure, and augured nothing therein that could exalt his merit. On the contrary he never thought himself worthy, and when called to the sacred ministry he felt very grave apprehensions, and thus gave vent to his feelings: "Is it not entirely beyond my merits, and altogether inappropriate to bestow upon me so great an honor? Am I not unworthy? What! I, a poor sinner, administer to the people so stupendous a sacrament! Am I not unfitted to celebrate the divine mysteries of our holy faith?"

For a long time he had entertained such ideas, shrinking from the responsibility, but finally obedience put the quietus upon humility. Obedience is equally with humility, one of the most stable foundations of the monastic life. Albert had therefore yielded, consequently he appears before us a priest, and an apostle consumed with zeal.

Shortly after his ordination, he was transferred to Messina. Messina is a city situated at the north eastern extremity of the isle facing the Italian coast, from which it is only separated by the strait called the Pharos of Messina. Eryx and Trapani are, on the contrary, situated at the western point. And now behold Albert going from his parents, from his home, from the place of his birth, from all those ties by which the human heart is so strongly bound. But from his tenderest youth our saint had learned to renounce self and to sacrifice all in the service of his Divine Master.

He knew that at Messina there would be a vast field wherein to sow the celestial seed. He could do more good and gain more souls to God. That was the principal point. Besides, even had he not had all these reasons he was so imbued with respect for authority that he would submit without the least protestation, to the will of his superiors. As soon as he had arrived at Messina, whether the renown of his knowledge and virtues had preceded him, he was assigned to the office of announcing the divine word. Then shone forth with brilliant splendor his zeal for the glory of God, his ardor for the conversion of heretics, and his desire to lead wayward souls to a better life. More than a century before the birth of Albert, Sicily was oppressed by the galling yoke of the Mussulman, who had ravished from the Greeks this fertile and picturesque island. Roger, the Norman, later Count of Sicily, had driven off these invaders, they having succeeded the Aglabites. This Mussulman power, which had lasted from the year 827 until 1090, had permitted, during the three and a half centuries of its dominion, a great number of infidel families to establish themselves in the country. All did not follow their sovereigns and their armies into retreat; many remained hidden in the mountain gorges, and there found means of subsistence. Frequently, however, such as they wished to remain in their almost inaccessible dwellings, they were forced to emerge and mingle with the throng of Christians, which awaited each morning to receive charity from the bounty of Albert. Although they strove to hide their origin and their religion, the Saint

was enabled to penetrate what they fain would conceal.

Many of these unbelievers were led to embrace our holy Faith. The Jews, likewise, were the objects of his most tender solicitude; he had the happiness to convert a great number. To add to the effect of his sermons, and give them greater efficacy, the Divine Master bestowed upon him, in a still greater degree, the gift of miracles. Through the munificence of the grace of the Holy Ghost, with the assistance of Divine Providence, Albert wrought many miracles, some of which are most striking. Here is one performed on behalf of the Saint himself. The demon never lays down his arms; he has a thousand ways of tempting his enemies, the race of man.

What he cannot do one day, he essays on the morrow. If one ruse does not succeed, he soon attempts another. He could not leave in peace the pious religious, who waged mortal combat against him, from the very beginning, and who had always shown himself to be one of his most formidable foes. What Satan abhorred more than anything else was to see Albert so thoroughly absorbed in fervent prayer, and he put forth every effort to turn him aside from his practice so dear to his heart, but in vain. But the wily spirit did not despair. He made another attempt. It was Sunday. The hour was midnight. Albert, prostrate at the foot of the altar, was tasting the sweetness of prayer, the delights of the recitation of the psalter. A crystal lamp, with its soft clear flame, illuminated the place. The little light was unusually brilliant, and seemed to rejoice at the presence of the Saint.

Suddenly a baleful influence was felt, and the father of malice appeared. Albert continued his devotions with redoubled fervor. The verse at which he was, read thus: "O, Lord, save me from my enemies, and deliver me from those who attack me." At the instant the words parted from his lips, the furious demon dashed a heavy stone against the lamp. The violent shock threw it to the floor. But, apparently unmoved by this extraordinary assault, the Saint went on imploring the mercy of God. The Lord had not permitted the lamp to be broken,

nor even a drop of the oil to be spilled. A piece of glass which had become detached, replaced itself, and was as firm as ever in the spot it had occupied. Albert continued praying, and nothing remained for Satan but ignominiously to fly.

It was not to be wondered at that a man of such merit should become at once known to and beloved by all, and the popular sentiments towards him grew more intensified as time went on. Nothing of the kind had ever equalled the veneration, the love manifested by the multitude for the Saint, the great Thaumaturgus. Living as he did at a time when war with its attendant discords prevailed to a great extent, he frequently had occasion to exercise his great charity, and to show to the world the high estimation in which he was held by the divine power.

As to the favors with which our Lord inundated his soul, they became more numerous, as his virtues grew more resplendent. To strengthen him, to afford him a holy joy, Our Lord Jesus Christ, Himself, appeared to him several times under the most entrancingly beautiful guise. To console the heart of this faithful servant, our Lord appeared to him as the lovely babe of Bethlehem, the adorable little infant Jesus. In regard to this subject see what we may learn from the chapter of St. Albert in the records of Carmel by Fr. Ferdinand of St. Theresa.

"Even more wonderfully," says the learned Religious, "was our Saint favored by the Divine Master, as time went on. Sometimes the little infant was so lovingly familiar that he nestled in the embrace of the fervent monk." How can one fail to admire this proof of his loving tenderness, which our Lord deigned to give to him who served Him with so much zeal. Where is the heart that could remain indifferent to so touching a manifestation of divine goodness, so unparalleled an honor?

The Saint had now attained the epoch in his existence which was marked by miracles of so wondrous a nature that they were destined to cover his name perpetually with glory, and surround it with a brilliant lustre forevermore.

CHAPTER V.

Conversions and Cures.

It was in the year of our Lord, 1275, and upon a day dedicated to the honor of our Blessed Mother that Albert preached at Siacca, at that time a city of some importance. As usual his burning eloquence found its way to every heart. His sermons did not attack unbelievers, therefore they were eager to listen to his words. Already his mission had produced extraordinary fruits. In the vicinity of the church there lived a Jewish family, who for a long time had been very much afflicted. One of the children, a youth—almost a young man—was a victim of the horrible malady known as epilepsy. His attacks were terrible and frequent. After each one, his memory—his mental powers—became paralyzed and for hours he remained without sense or feeling. Having heard of St. Albert, he implored of his parents to go to him and entreat him to effect his cure. The parents consented, and went themselves to the monastery. The Saint, who was ever at the disposition of the afflicted ones who came to seek aid from his kindness, and of penitents who wished to abandon their evil ways, received them kindly and listened to what they had to say. "I promise you," said he, "to cure your son. But I will not be able to do so if you persist in denying the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin, and other truths of our holy religion. You must promise to be instructed and to embrace Christianity." The worthy people, replied that the recital of the miracles wrought by the Saint had already convinced them, and that their faith, although of recent origin, was not the less sincere. Then Albert went with them to their abode. As he entered the son had one of the most terrible attacks he had as yet experienced. The flecks of foam fell from his lips and his nerves were at such a tension it was pitiable to see him. Albert made the sign of the cross upon him and uttered these words:—"May this frightful malady cease to torment thee whilst thou dost accept, with ardent faith, every word of my sermons upon Jesus of Nazareth."

Then the convulsions ceased, and the clouded mind opened again to the light

of reason. The young invalid was perfectly restored. And yet the physicians said he was incurable. From that moment he never had a return of his illness, a fact which excited the astonishment of the family retainers, as well as the great mass of the people, and tendered greatly to the benefit of all: Many were, in consequence, led to embrace the faith of Christ. As to the youth, he, with his parents, was converted by the spirit of grace, they were ransomed by holy baptism, and openly declared themselves Christians. The spiritual had been fully as complete as the temporal cure,—one of the sweetest triumphs that Albert had ever known.

Theodoric of Aix adds that the young Neophyte was most grateful to the Saint, and became the disciple of him who had opened his eyes to the light of faith. Under the care of his master, whom he never left, he led a saintly life and died a blessed death. Theodoric does not tell us whether the Saint died before his pupil. Be that as it may, Albert found in the edifying life of this youth a precious recompense for his devotion to the salvation of souls. Some authors say that this miracle was wrought in Palestine. The chronological order in which the facts are presented, as well as other reasons to be found in Chapter IX, do not permit us to entertain that opinion. Ah! how tenderly he loved those souls whom he had wrested from error and given back to God!

We cannot refrain from remarking how very exact the Rev. Father was in fulfilling the duties of his ministry. He was most frequently to be found at Messina, but often we are called upon to follow him to Gela, to Siacca, and all over Sicily in fact. Wherever we find him, it is to see him, without a moment's repose, after his arrival at one of his missions, performing some arduous duty or some charitable work impelled thereto by his ardent love for God. What, though the way had been long and his weary limbs almost refused their office, it mattered nothing to him. Was there in any part of that region a fellow creature who was suffering, a soul which was turning from its creator to the arch-enemy, that was sufficient for him to forget hunger, to ignore thirst, to abandon

all thought of slumber or rest. Had he acted otherwise he would have experienced a remorse so excessive that it would have embittered his life.

The year of the world's redemption, 1230, found the Saint again at Trapani. He followed his usual custom to visit the church before presenting himself at the monastery gates. It was with a secret joy that he made his visits to this basilica, where he had pronounced his vows, where he loved to pray, and where he always poured forth fervent thanksgivings for those earlier favors with which the Lord had distinguished him. Whilst he prayed a woman, whose tears and dejected mien gave token of some weighty sorrow, came into the church, followed by her entire family. Her grief seemed so excessive that she might be pardoned for presuming to interrupt the Saint in his devotions. This was the cause of her trouble. Her daughter, a young woman known throughout the province, both on account of her great piety and the high rank of her parents, was about to become a mother, but for six days had been suffering so intensely that the physicians despaired of her life, as well as that of the little innocent creature that could not be saved for baptism.

At that very time the word went from one to another that Albert had arrived in the city. The presence of the good father never failed to inspire confidence, and to brighten the dying glimmer of hope in fainting hearts. Pitying friends were not long in announcing the glad tidings to the dejected mother, who resolved to address herself to him without delay. She was not wholly unknown to him. Assembling her family she bade them follow in her path. When she was assured that the Saint was in the church she approached him. Albert arose and enquired what she desired with him. Then the poor mother fell on her knees before the Saint, and in a broken voice cried out: "My sorrow is too great; my daughter is dying in the perils of childbirth, and no one can give her any relief. Come then, I conjure you! Come before she breathes her last sigh. She has so longed to see you, and if she cannot be cured, at least she can go to you to confession. Her tears will speak for

her contrition, and her soul will be saved." Albert inquired where she lived. "Why should I point out her abode?" replied the mother. "Do you not know it already? Come and see!" And they left the church. Albert summoned an Acolyte, and amid the throng of expectant relatives and friends, went to the house of mourning. As soon as he entered the dwelling, upon the threshold of which death hovered to claim his victim, they took him to the bedside of the patient.

To all appearances she was perfectly lifeless. The Saint called her by name: "Marguerite," he said; but the poor sufferer was unconscious, and was not able to reply. Then he put his fingers into her mouth. "Why," he continued, "do you permit yourself to be thus overwhelmed with suffering? Why remain thus mute in my presence? Who do you tell me nothing? Courage! console your mother if it so please you!" But the sufferer remained mute and still as if the icy hand of death were upon her. The Saint took the holy oil and anointed the lips and the hands of the patient; Meanwhile he addressed the following petition to heaven: "May Jesus save you, my daughter, through the goodness and merits of his divine mother! She who conceived without losing her virginity, and who, always stainless, brought forth her divine child without pain, will assist you in your trial. Your child will be born without your incurring danger of death. And this child which has caused so much apprehension, you will one day offer it to our Lord in the religious life." Scarcely was this prayer finished when Marguerite opened her eyes, consciousness returned and she awoke to life.

Great men are never sufficiently known except in struggles.

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

We are not called upon to leap and make ourselves laugh because the day is dark. Tears are good, and silence is a blessing. Only we must not let our grief be bitter or selfish, and our dark days must never be days of gloom or complaint.

On the Wings of Fate.

C J ANDERSON.

CHAPTER I.

The snow-capped Rockies loomed up against the clear blue of the western sky as the Denver express neared its namesake city. For some time John Spencer sat gazing out of the window of the train at the wonders of his boyhood days. As the rocky peaks became more and more clearly outlined to his eyes, so did the recollections of his early life grow upon him. It was twenty years since he had seen Denver, and he was then but eight years of age. The interval of college days and business life had done much to erase the impressions of childhood; but these Rockies with their grand towering peaks, snow-crowned, glistening in the evening sun,—they were the alchemy that burnished to their pristine freshness the impressions of childhood.

His cheek was mantled with a crimson tint that seemed to be a reflection of the reddening western sky, but the moisture gathering in his eyes showed that the coloring was not borrowed. His companion, James Harland, sat opposite him, gathering what drops of wisdom he could from the Denver Times. He had read all the daily news,—important and unimportant—and was about to look up the theatre notices for the coming week in Denver. As he turned the paper inside out, he looked out of the window. The gorgeous western sunset burst upon him, and turning to John, he exclaimed:

"Isn't that magnificent? I never saw anything like it!"

John Spencer smiled and nodded assent.

James Harland noticed the sorrowful look on John's face, and in surprise said:

"Why, John, what's the matter? Not sick, I hope, when we are about to have a roaring time in this glorious place. Look at that sunset, man; that'll cure you, surely, if anything will."

John Spencer shook his head. The recollections of his early years were too strong for him; he felt deep joy at the sight of the mountains, but that joy

was mingled with the deepest of sorrow.

"Did I ever tell you of my little sister?" he asked in a trembling tone.

"No," answered James; "I didn't know you had one. What became of her? Is she dead?"

"That's what I don't know," replied John, much moved, "and that's where the sting is."

James watched his companion for a moment and was surprised to see such a display of feeling in one, whom, he thought, was devoid of all such tender emotions. But as yet he had had no occasion of seeing the deep emotional nature of John. It is true, they were companions at college, but only for a short time, and during that time John had been as gay and light-hearted as the real college boy usually is. As James saw the gathering emotion, he thought it best not to push his question farther, and decided to leave John alone to his thoughts in the hope that their sadness would wear away in the bustle of the vacation in Denver.

Next morning John Spencer appeared in a more hilarious frame of mind, showing, indeed, scarcely any signs of his sorrowful mood of the preceding evening. He was sitting in one of the hotel parlors reading a letter when James Harland saw him. A smile played upon his clean-shaven face as he read the letter, once, twice, and then placed it carefully in the envelope. He studied the address in the corner of the latter for a moment and then looked up and met the gaze of James Harland, who stood directly in front of him.

"What's the news, Jack?" asked James laughingly. "It must be good to judge from that smile of yours. Have the invitations begun to come in already?"

"You've guessed it right," answered John. "This is a letter from a great friend of my fathers, inviting me to come up to his house and stay there, while I remain in Denver."

"Then, I suppose you were smiling over the idea of leaving me here and of

you're going there?" said James, rallying.

"Not at all, Jim," replied John. "He says to bring any friend I have along with me, that there is room for all. But I think we'll be more free and have a better time by remaining here at the hotel, where we can go or stay, sing or dance, as we choose. It's all very nice to stay with father's friend, but——"

"That's right, old man," said James. "You've great horse sense. We're out here for our health—yes, perhaps we are—and for fun, and when we're 'busted' we'll look up a couple of friends for shelter."

"Yes, we shall save him to fall back on," said John. "But, we must go up there this afternoon, as he says he'll expect us to dinner. One evening can certainly be spent there, and his daughter, I have heard, is one of the prettiest girls in Denver."

"Yes!" said John. "Well, now; that's worth knowing,—otherwise we might not be able to appreciate her beauty."

"Oh! don't worry about that," said John, laughingly, "I've seen her picture, and she is really a beauty."

"I won't take any second-hand judgments," said James. "I'll see for myself. When shall we go?"

"This afternoon, of course, in time for dinner, which, he says, they have at six," answered John.

They spent the day in a listless manner, looking up places of importance, making enquiries, and finding out how they might best pass the summer.

Evening came. Each had been particular about his appearance and evening dress. James Harland, tall, and handsome, had a high forehead which stood out in strong contrast to his thick dark hair. His cheeks were high and full, with the flush of manliness strong in them. A straight, well-defined nose separated a pair of dark eyes, whose friendly but keen look dispelled any possible doubt as to the genial nature of their owner.

John Spencer was somewhat neater in dress than James Harland, and showed greater taste. But his figure was not so attractive. Of medium height, he bore his shoulders too far forward, and this gave him a slightly stooped appearance,

even when he stood erect. His head, set close to his body, was unusually large, his eyes, small and restless, his nose pinched and when he spoke a decided nasal tone was noticeable.

CHAPTER II.

"Thirty, Torrance avenue," said John to the driver, as they entered the cab.

In half an hour they drew up before a beautiful stone house standing some two hundred feet from the street. Tall, graceful trees lined a neat gravel drive that led past the front door.

They had scarcely alighted when Mr. Eldridge, their host, stepped forth to greet them. He was glad to see the son of his old friend and happy to entertain him.

"So this is the little John whom I used to dance on my knee some twenty years since," said Mr. Eldridge, as he grasped the hand of John Spencer. "I am delighted to see you. How like your father, as he was thirty years ago!"

"I am happy to have the pleasure of seeing you again, Mr. Eldridge," said John. "I am always delighted to meet those with whom my father was intimate; they are so many ready-made friends of mine, you know."

"This is my friend, James Harland," continued he, turning to introduce James. "We have been chums at college and have come out here together, partly on account of our health and partly for a vacation."

Mr. Eldridge welcomed James in his cordial manner, and led them into his house, which was magnificently furnished. Dinner would be ready in a few minutes, Mr. Eldridge said. In the meantime he inquired about John's father and family.

"And you never heard of your sister since her disappearance, or obtained the slightest clue to her fate?" asked Mr. Eldridge.

"No, nothing," answered John, with a slight tremor in his voice. "Once we thought there was a hope of recovering her; but now we have given up all quest for her as useless. Some years ago your old servant Jakey pretended he knew something about her; but he afterwards confessed he was only lying to obtain some money."

"Yes," said Mr. Eldridge, "Jakey is a queer fellow,—inconsistent and faithless. I've suffered many a time for his fickleness. He would do anything for money and I am surprised at myself that I have kept him so long."

There was silence for a moment and then Mr. Eldridge began again:

"You remember my daughter, Lucy? She was of the same age as your sister."

"Yes; I have some slight recollections of her," replied John, "but she was young then,—not much more than a year old when I saw her last; so I can't say that I know her."

"True!" said Mr. Eldridge. "I thought you saw her since that time; but now I recollect it was your father alone who has seen her since she has grown up."

As Mr. Eldridge finished speaking, his daughter came to announce that dinner was ready. Lucy Eldridge was a tall, slender girl, who looked scarcely twenty years of age. She bore herself with the greatest ease and grace, as she moved across the floor with a quick, light step. Her shoulders were thrown well back so that her slender arms hung gracefully at her sides. Her dark brown hair was caught back from a broad white forehead. Her cheeks, soft, round and full, seemed to have caught the tint of the bursting rose. Her eyes were small but lively with the light that gleamed from their clear blue depths. The face bore an expression of candor and earnestness, that told of the true womanly spirit within.

Her father introduced her to his two guests. Both were in admiration at the frank, kindly way in which she addressed them. There was no embarrassment, no affectation in her manners; hers was the freedom of a guileless heart.

After dinner, which passed quite agreeably for all, they retired to the piazza where they sat looking toward the white-capped rockies. John Spencer and Lucy Eldridge were soon engaged in quite a friendly conversation, while Mr. Eldridge explained to James Harland the beauties of the scenery around Denver at the various seasons of the year. In a few minutes, however, Mr. Eldridge received a message from a business friend who desired to see him at once on something very important. Mr. Eldridge ex-

pressed himself and said he would return in a few minutes.

"Isn't it a sad thing, Mr. Harland," said Lucy, addressing James, "this loss of Mr. Spencer's; I suppose you know all about it,—about his sister, I mean?"

"No, I don't," replied James. "In fact it was only last night I found out that John had had a sister."

"Really!" said Lucy, surprised. "Why, I thought you would know all about it, being a great friend of Mr. Spencer's. But Mr. Spencer will tell us the particulars. I've heard considerable about the matter, but not all, I suppose. If Mr. Spencer is willing, I would like to hear everything about his sister, especially as he says we were of the same age and often in a cradle together."

"It was this way," began John. "One day the nurse took my little sister out for a drive, through the suburban roads of Denver. She was not a year old at the time. As the carriage turned a sharp angle in the road, two masked men set upon the vehicle, overpowered and stunned the driver and nurse, and then carried off my sister, Mary. No trace of the robbers could ever be found, except that by an anonymous letter an offer was made of releasing her on the payment of a large sum of money. My father, who was reputed to be very wealthy, was at that time in dire straits and could not raise the sum. His friends thought that he cared little for the recovery of his daughter Mary, but the real reason was his lack of funds and his pressing necessities. In fact, he could hire no detectives at the time to follow up the case. In after years, when he recovered his fortune, and could have paid the ransom, no communication could be received from the robbers, nor could the best detectives ever obtain the slightest clue as to my sister's whereabouts or her fate, whatever that may have been.

"I have often wished to have Mary back, as I have often longed for a sister, and somehow, though I have no reasonable grounds for hope, I feel that the mystery will yet be cleared up. The sight of those mountains brought back to me the picture of my little sister. I can remember even now how she looked. She used to be lying in her cradle as I came along to look at her. Often she would

raise her tiny hands to grasp my curls as I stooped to kiss her. I can see her deep blue eyes yet, and do you know, Miss Eldridge," continued John, suddenly looking at Lucy, "that your face has a marked resemblance to hers."

At this juncture Mr. Eldridge returned and was just in time to hear the last words of John.

"And you really think, John, that Lucy looks something like your sister?" asked he with unusual interest.

"I do," replied John, "but then it may be but a fancy of mine."

"Strange! Your father said the same thing," said Mr. Eldridge quickly. "But wherein do you imagine any resemblance to exist?"

"Besides the blue eyes," replied John, "I know of nothing precisely. Yet, in Miss Eldridge's face there is something which I cannot describe, but which I feel or fancy to bear a distant resemblance to the face of my sister."

"Now, Jack," began James Harland, good-naturedly, "don't be too sentimental and imagine Miss Eldridge to be your sister. I didn't think there was such a vein of poetry in your nature."

By this time, John was in too reminiscent a mood to enjoy the humor of James, and replied rather seriously and vaguely:

"There isn't much poetry in it. It's a hard, dry fact."

As the evening wore on, the conversation turned upon various subjects. John Spencer and James were both captivated by the charms of Lucy Eldridge. John of course was drawn towards her from the moment that she interested herself in his sister, and the more he saw into the sympathetic nature of Lucy, the more attached to her did he become. In fact, with all respect to the love he bore his sister, vague ideas of making up for the loss of her, by putting Lucy Eldridge in her place in his affections, were hovering thick in his mind.

It was for other and almost opposite reasons that James was attracted to Lucy, but these reasons were none the less effective with him. Her liveliness and vivacity, her varied accomplishments, drew his admiration, while her true womanly bearing won his heart.

When they were leaving for the evening, Mr. Eldridge told them to come often, to make his place their home in as far as they wished without hindrance of formalities. They promised to do so; and as one can easily opine, they were in all earnestness and sincerity about keeping their promise.

"Isn't the public opinion about Miss Eldridge true?" asked John as they drove off in their cab "I couldn't help admiring her from the very first."

"The public is wrong in its opinion about her," said James dogmatically.

John looked in blank amazement at his companion.

"Wrong?" he exclaimed. "Are you crazy, man?"

"No; I am sane and sober," replied James, "and I repeat it: the public judgment is false."

"In what is it false?" demanded John with a feeling of insulted pride as he saw the idol of his heart dethroned.

"Why, just in this—it does not do her half justice," said James slowly, as he burst into a laugh.

"Oh!" said John, feeling mean as the foundation of all his ire slipped from beneath his feet. He didn't even smile; to him the subject was too serious for banter.

CHAPTER III.

Three weeks of lively vacation passed away. John and James had been up to the Eldridge's several times during these weeks and each visit seemed to draw them oftener. They had gone to the theatre on several occasions,—once in company with Mr. Eldridge and his daughter. John Spencer was ever at Lucy's side, and every word of hers made him believe all the more firmly that she was the one woman in the world who could make him happy. Lucy appeared to be happy and intimate with him, certainly more intimate than with James Harland. Was it because she felt herself freer with John Spencer, who was her father's friend and who knew her in the cradle, or did the reason for such intimacy lie deep within the woman's bosom?

"O, who does know the bent of woman's fantasy?"

James Harland noticed, with many misgivings, the growing friendship be-

tween his two friends. He knew that it was but natural for Lucy to be more intimate with one who knew her years ago. Still, this reason did not dislodge the feelings of jealousy which were fast increasing within him. His determination on the matter soon took a more definite shape. It might cost him the loss of a friend to win the object of his desire; but day by day that object grew brighter, till finally a dozen or a hundred of the boonest companions could not have turned him aside from the pursuit of his desire. He had concealed all his deeper feelings from John, and had stood by, as it were, when John was present with Lucy, as an uninterested spectator; but when he found himself alone with Miss Eldridge, all his words bore the unmistakable impress of his growing devotion.

But he was resolved to play a double roll no longer. Chary, moreover, about giving John too great a handicap, he concluded to let him know the true state of affairs at the earliest suitable occasion.

They were returning home one evening from a tour in the mining districts, and John Spencer was unusually gay and cheerful. They had visited the large claim that belonged to Mr. Eldridge. John was not one who could be styled avaricious, but the sight of the vast wealth represented by the land of Mr. Eldridge seemed to lend a new lustre to the beauty of Lucy. John would not have acknowledged the cause of his unusual hilarity, but the quick observant spirit of James at once divined the bottom truth.

An English mystic writer has said that man never does any one given thing from one single motive. Perhaps he is right. If so, can one not conclude that no one ever loves from one single motive? Some who pride themselves on the singleness of their motive for love, may object to so radical and sweeping a notion; but if anyone thinks himself or herself an exception, an analysis will show whether the case follows the rule or the exception.

"Jim," said John, in a confiding tone, to his companion as they neared the hotel, "I suppose you have noticed how at-

tentive I have been to Lucy Eldridge. You know why?"

"Anyone not stone-blind could guess it," replied James, dryly.

"Now don't be angry Jim, because? I have gotten the start of you," said John.

"Start!" echoed James, sarcastically, "I think you are overestimating yourself."

John was dumbfounded at the sarcastic tone of his friend, and was taken back.

"You're rather cutting in your remarks to-day, Jim," said John in a conciliating tone. "You needn't take offence, at what I say in devotion to Lucy Eldridge."

Not another word was spoken till they reached the hotel. As John stepped from the cab, James hissed rather than whispered, in his ear:

"Lucy Eldridge shall not be yours! All is fair in war. Since you have set your heart upon her, our friendship is at an end forever!"

Saying this James Harland turned upon the pavement and walked hurriedly into the hotel, leaving John Spencer thunderstruck upon the street.

John stood as if petrified, gazing vacantly on the tiles at his feet, until aroused from his daze by the impatient cabman, demanding his fare for the third time. Having paid the fee, John turned and walked slowly into the hotel to his room. He flung his coat and hat on the bed, and threw himself into an arm chair to think over the tremendous crisis he had reached.

James Harland, his friend, with whom he had lived through his college days, whom he had befriended and loved as a brother, had broken with him, had challenged him to a struggle for the heart of the one woman whom he felt he loved. What did it mean? Was he to lose his friend and his sweetheart? At least he felt that one was to be sacrificed for the other. Which one? He needed not to ask the question. His feelings could not let him decide except against James Harland. His bliss was embodied in the one word—Lucy. All hopes, fears, friends and enemies were naught beside it. To him it was the veritable panacea, the real elixir of life.

"I shall never desist," he muttered to himself between his teeth. "No, not for James Harland or any other living mortal,—no, never! The scurvy baseness of the man who has played me false! He shall rue the day he has insulted me. His preventing me from marrying the girl of my choice! Poo! who ever heard of such a thing! I shall show him what stuff John Spencer is made of, if he persists in crossing me. The fellow who plays the false hypocrite as he has done has not much to frighten me. Yes—he shall rue this day!"

John Spencer leaned back in his chair and gazed in vacancy at the chandelier before him. Wild thoughts rushed through his heated brain. Wild schemes were concocted, only to be put aside by fresh ones, which in their turn fled before new arrivals.

Suddenly he started up in the midst of his fierce thoughts, and striking the dresser with a blow that made the mirror rattle, exclaimed:

"No! He shall never do it!"

CHAPTER IV.

On this same evening, James Harland started for an aimless stroll around the streets of Denver. Since his intimacy with John Spencer was at an end he was now alone in this Western city with only a few friends whom he had picked up during the month of his sojourn there. Among these, and most important of them, were Mr. Eldridge and his daughter. On the good will of the former he did not place much security. Keenly observant he saw that Mr. Eldridge had looked with pleasure on the prospect of his daughter's marrying John Spencer. Since he had parted company with John he felt that it meant severing friendship with Mr. Eldridge. This caused him no little anxiety, but of the final outcome he felt sanguine.

He had been doing office work for his father in the East. Why could he not take up some similar work here, and thus have some plausible excuse to offer his family for desiring to remain in the West? In the mining business there appeared to be a great opening for enterprising young men. He was sure something would turn up and enable him to get a respectable position, for the pay

did not signify much, as he had plenty of money. Perhaps he could make some profitable investments, and thus, at one and the same time, gain a fortune and the girl of his choice.

He turned his steps toward the Eldridge mansion—perhaps more from force of habit than anything else. After he had walked for about an hour, the house where he had spent many happy hours and where the object of all his hopes and desires rested, loomed up before him.

Its broad stone front stood out before the darkening blue of the western sky. The ample sloping lawn in front seemed to fall back to set off the stone structure that crowned it. The regular rows of trees in front and the irregular clumps of pines at short distance from the sides of the house but showed how art knew the limit of its beautifying powers. Near the front of the lawn played a marble fountain. Around it was a network of flower-beds and shrubbery. Two rustic seats were placed a few paces from the fountain in the midst of the flowers.

There it was that Lucy Eldridge was wont to spend many a summer evening watching the playing waters and the phantasmagoria of colors on the sunlit rockies in the distance. John Harland knew this and as he approached the lawn, he instinctively looked toward the rustic seats by the fountain. No one seemed to be there. But in a moment he caught sight of the fluttering white shawl of Lucy Eldridge, and in another, he was by her side.

"Good evening, Miss Eldridge, he said approaching her, "I trust I am not intruding on your evening reveries. I was just strolling around and happened to pass by this way."

"Good evening, Mr. Harland," said Lucy, looking around instinctively for his friend. "No intrusion, whatever; you know you're always welcome. Isn't Mr. Spencer with you?"

"No," said James, unconcernedly. "He did not come out to-night for a walk."

Why, I thought you were two inseparables," said Lucy smiling. "I think this is the first time you have come here alone."

There was something in Lucy Eldridge's last words that sent a thrill of delight through the heart of James Harland. He had never heard her speak so before, and her words and tone sounded especially sweet at this trying time of his life. If he had lost one friend, those words conveyed to him the assurance that he had found another.

"I'm glad you are so pleased to see me alone," said James, laughingly. "May I sit down beside you?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Eldridge, promptly moving over. "Yet, perhaps you prefer going into the house?"

"No, I would sooner stay out here," said James. "Mr. Eldridge will be out soon, I suppose?"

"No, he went away this afternoon and won't return till late," said Lucy naively, "but I don't mind being left alone."

"I suppose not," said James. "A person of your accomplishments ought naturally to be able to live on, independent of much which others need. I mean you are above 'peaking and pining,' as Shakespeare has it, for what you momentarily lack.

"How flattering you are, Mr. Harland! Can't you overcome that absurd habit? I thought you were above such banalities."

"Pardon me, Miss Eldridge," said James hastily, fearing that he had made a false step. "You must not take me too seriously."

"I never really cared for people that were not serious; they are usually so frivolous," said Lucy, with seemingly offended pride.

"Oh, dear! Miss Eldridge, don't persist in misunderstanding me," he said.

"Please don't call me 'dear,'" she rejoined in spite of his entreaty. "It's rather too familiar."

"You are positively incorrigible, Miss Eldridge. I shall not mind what you say in future," said James at his wit's end to know whether or not Miss Eldridge was making a laughing-stock of him.

"Then, I suppose it's best to have nothing more to do with you. I wish people always to pay attention to what I say. I don't usually speak to the wind!" said Lucy in a haughty tone that took the breath from James Harland, so that for the time he was speechless.

In a moment, however, he recovered his good sense, and recognized in Miss Eldridge's words and bearing only the most friendly and coquettish banter.

"Really, Miss Eldridge," he began, deeming it his turn, "I shall be forced to be silent altogether, unless you treat me with a little more humaneness. I shall positively report you to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals if you don't stop."

"And I shall plead a demurrer," replied Miss Eldridge, not to be silenced.

"Then, in all gallantry, I shall withdraw the case and exonerate the defendant; but on one condition," said James.

"And what's that?" asked Lucy innocently.

"That she make up for lack of civility and love toward the plaintiff in the past, and by an increase of it toward him in the future," said James laughing.

Lucy blushed, and in the twilight James saw the crimson tint mantle her face. It was the charm that had won his heart before; it was to him now a token that assured him of her devotion in the future. With the rise of that color, James felt all his fears sink toward oblivion; and, come what might, he felt certain that Lucy Eldridge would be his in the end, though that end was yet in the long obscure vista of the future.

It was with a joyful heart that he walked towards the house with her as he was about to leave her for the night. She asked no further questions about John Spencer, and James concluded therefrom that John occupied but little room in her affections. As he bid her good-night, he kissed her hand; she made no resistance. With hopes bounding high, he strode down the walk toward the garden gate, when suddenly a shadow fell across the path in front of him.

CHAPTER V.

He looked up expecting to see John Spencer before him. But, no; it was only Jakey, the gardener of Mr. Eldridge, and the oldest servant at the residence.

"Good evening, Jakey," said James, ready to be friendly with everyone except one—and with that one on certain conditions—"are you taking a stroll about the grounds this beautiful evening?"

"Yes," answered the old servant, "I am just looking about a bit to see that everything is all right."

"You're an old servant of the family—of Mr. Eldridge's family—at least, so I understand," said James, in a condescending tone.

"I've been with them some—since the seventies," said Jakey, and a better family I never knew."

"You remember, then, John Spencer's family that lived up the street at that time, and were great friends of the Eldridge's?" asked James, almost purposelessly.

"I mind on 'em," said Jakey.

"And the kidnapping or something of their little daughter?" continued James;

"I do. 'Twas a queer bit o' business, it was," replied Jakey, "and the queerest part of it is, that it is as deep a mystery as ever, after all the hunting and fishing about it."

"The girl, I believe, was of the same age as Miss Eldridge," James went on, and John Spencer says Miss Eldridge has some resemblance to his sister."

"Does he?" asked Jakey with considerable interest and surprise. "Did he tell you so?"

"Yes, he mentioned it the other day," replied James, but noticing the eagerness of Jakey, he asked:

"But why are you so concerned? What signifies that to you?"

"Nothing, nothing—quite nothing!" said Jakey, emphatically, but still unable to conceal his interest. "Mr. Spencer is in love with Miss Eldridge," he continued, with a somewhat nervous chuckle. "And you, too, Mr. Harland."

"That's a private affair," said James curtly, "and not to be publicly discussed."

"But Mr. Spencer is," insisted Jakey. "He was head over heels in love with her before he had seen her a week. But," he added, prophetically, "he shall never marry her."

The mysterious way in which Jakey uttered these last words drew the attention of James Harland. Did this old man mean that he, James, was to marry her? How could Jakey know what was to happen? Miss Eldridge couldn't have told her love to old Jakey! He couldn't possibly know; but then—why was he so dogmatic in his assertion?

"Why, I don't see any reason against it," said James trying to draw Jakey out.

"He won't marry her, anyway," the old man insisted, "and I know why."

"Oh! I suppose it's some old foolish superstition of yours," said James, anxious to get at the bottom of the matter. "Have you been consulting the gypsies in regard to the future of your young mistress?"

"It's no superstition, nor gypsies," persisted Jakey, "but if I wasn't afraid, I'd tell you why he——"

Jakey stopped suddenly as the carriage of Mr. Eldridge turned into the drive way on the opposite side of the lawn. When it had passed, he still remained silent, and just as James Harland had thought to get the old man's secret, he was left as much in the dark about it as before.

"Well," said James, making a last effort—indirect though it was—to learn the old gardener's secret, "shall I have any chance of marrying her?"

"That's a private matter not to be discussed in public," replied Jakey, with a knowing look, as he turned and walked quickly toward the house.

(To be continued.)



Wireless Telegraphy.

In the closing days of 1902, a message flashed from a station in Cornwall. It was only a combination of dots, that to an indifferent world, carried no intelligible idea, but far away on the shores of Newfoundland, the tiny waves struck Marconi's receiver, and as he listened to the faint ticking of that signalled "s," he heard the promise of a world-wide renown, for the Atlantic had been spanned by "Wireless Telegraphy."

Years before it had been prophesied by an electric spark, leaping across the gap in a broken hoop some few feet distant from a small induction coil; but none then read aright the mystic symbol. During the short months of life remaining to him, after his great experiment, Professor Heitz never realized the possibilities of the electro magnet waves he had discovered, and not by the learned scientists of his day was the writing on the wall to be interpreted.

A youth, not a professional electrician, who held no academic or scientific degrees, saw that with a better detector than a broken hoop, a better transmitter than a small coil, might send out flashes bearing a message "through all the silent spaces of the world." It is true that the chasm between the earliest theories and the latest achievements was not bridged by him alone; but all discussion of the relative deserts of rival electricians must be left to their friends and enemies. We stand on neutral ground.

Now that the sending of signals by means of the all enveloping ether is no longer an untried theory, and the demonstration of its practical use is a near probability, advocates of telepathy argue that "beyond the myriad coming changes, transmission of thought without the clumsy medium of voice, pen or gesture, will be a realized dream, that those forces of influence acting independently of distance between man and man; whether called thought transference, psychic sympathy or spiritual affinity, will have claimed an honorable recognition from the physical investigation. Prof. Ferraris asserts that electricity is not only the formidable agent which now and

then shatters and tears the atmosphere, terrifying you with the crash of its thunder, but it is also the life-giving agent, which sends from heaven to earth with light and heat the magic of colors and the breath of life. It is that which makes your heart beat to the palpitations of the outside world; it is that which has the power to transmit to your soul the enchantment of a look and the grace of a smile.

Notwithstanding the almost evident insinuation of this sage, that the medium of communication between man and man is the electric fluid, we do not profess this belief; nor does it seem justifiable on scientific grounds, although neither the possibility nor the fact of such mysterious communications can reasonably be denied.

In fact, what prevents us from believing that the spiritual world may form this connecting link, and we need not assume, that these spirits are evil, but that God allows His angels to act as messengers who bear tidings from one human soul to another? Or, again, why should it not be possible for the spirit of man to commune with its kind directly, without any intermediation?

It would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, for the human mind to determine the nature of this strange intercourse, as such an inquisition must necessarily lead to a labyrinth of uncertain theories and fruitless hypotheses. But it must be admitted that the human mind and heart form, as it were, a wonderfully constructed battery, whose waves of potent energy ripple out on the trembling ether. Over arid deserts, stormy oceans and populous cities they pass unnoticed, but somewhere the delicate receiver is met and the message conveyed to a listening heart. Everyone, by his mere living, is radiating waves of sympathy or sorrow, morbidness or happiness, and far reaching are the ever-widening circles. O, poor, susceptible human nature! so easily does it respond to the passing currents, that life is made or marred by this influence of others. To come within some magnetic fields makes us chafe and fret without our knowing

why. As the directing needle of a ship is deflected when it approaches mountains of iron ore, so in an instant is our moral compass disturbed and made untrue. A person may be kind in heart, affable in manner, talented in mind and may have attractive powers, proven by a host of friends, and yet by us the repelling force alone is felt. To determine the currents that produce the sympathies and antipathies of the human soul is as profound a problem as to analyze electricity itself. The effect is seen, but the cause eludes the most brilliant searchlight. We will say nothing of the transient allurements of society's votaries, and but little of society's maskers. We have all met the latter. They are good-humored and ready of speech; they have a wondrous interest in our welfare and a flattering appreciation of our talents,—when there is something to be gained from our good will. They always have a carefully prepared property smile and put it on so suddenly, when it serves their purpose, that we wonder if it is operated by a concealed electric button. What a blessing is the magic loadstone hidden somewhere in the helpful genial soul! How it draws away our every petty care and worry, until calmed, rested and peaceful, we feel with Whitcome Riley, that: "The world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew, and the dew full of heavenly love that drips for me and you."

We are tempted to envy its happy possessor and to wish that we too were natural magnets, whose lines of force would draw about us serried ranks of friends. And would our longing sigh be wholly vain? The circuit of a small battery passing around an iron bar, transforms it into a magnet, stronger often than any from nature's work-shop. Currents of sympathetic kindness surrounding even a common-place personality may endow it with a charm surpassing innate gifts or grace. But the success in this, as in physical experiment, depends largely upon the quality and temper of the metal employed. Lead and copper have no capacity for magnetization, and twenty-five per cent. of alloy renders steel inert.

If our personal influence is to be a potential factor in the well-being and

happiness of others, we must first possess a character marked by integrity of word and action, a generous heart throbbing in unison with the human family. No great deeds are required; our tasks may simply be:

To love some one more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child upon the way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought and pray
And smile when evening falls.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do our best from dawn of day till night,
To keep our hearts fit for His holy sight
And answer when He calls.

A DEAD BEE.

Under the rose a poor bee lay,
O, half-interred in summer clay
As if it saw the hollow spot
And chose it for its burial lot.
I stooped and found it very cold,
Still on its lips the honey gold,
And thought how true the words and tried:

"As men have lived, so have they died!"
Mary Allegra Gallagher.

STARTLING.

A bulletin just issued by the Census Bureau discloses the fact that the native-born children of foreign parents show less percentage of illiteracy than the children of American parents. The difference in favor of the former is nearly four per cent. This statistical comparison will come as a shock to the smugness of those Americans who find a reason for every national evil in the "ignorance" of the foreigners. Just over 99 per cent. of the children of foreign-born parents are able to read and write.—Exchange.

Money is a good servant, but a dangerous master.

Revenge is a momentary triumph of which the satisfaction dies at once and is succeeded by remorse, whereas forgiveness, which is the noblest of all revenges, entails a perpetual pleasure.

Editorial Notes.

The feasts of our Lord and the Saints teach us various lessons. In their lives we can always see something worthy of imitation. On the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, her humility is recalled to our mind. She had conceived miraculously by the power of the Holy Ghost, and always remained a virgin, still she submits herself to the humiliating ceremony of purification. She wished to appear as other women and be considered one of their number. In this she has given a lesson of humility to all. Very often Catholics shirk some thing which they are even obliged to do, because they imagine other people will think less of them. How careful they are when in certain company, not to give the least sign which would betray their religion, and if they are detected, how many apologies do they not make to excuse themselves. But the truly humble man will never be guilty of so vile an act. He goes ahead in the fulfilment of his duties, even if others sneer at him and pass disparaging remarks concerning his character. He knows that Almighty God, and not the people, will be his judge at the end of the world, and hence he tries to please Him, and to make himself pure and holy in His sight, entirely regardless of what others think or say of him.

* * * *

On the twentieth of this month His Holiness Pope Leo XIII will complete the twenty-fifth year of his reign. On the 20th of February, 1878, the people of Rome and the rest of the world, and even some of the Cardinals, assembled in conclave, were greatly astonished when the announcement was made from the balcony of St. Peter's Church that Cardinal Gioachino Pecci was elected to fill the vacant chair of St. Peter. He did not belong to the papabile number, and besides he had always been of a sickly disposition, and could not live long they thought, and hence his election was a surprise and a disappointment to many. But God disposes all things wisely. Of all the Cardinals that took part in his election in 1878, only one remains, and

since his election he has appointed 146 new Cardinals. The weak, frail man has reached the ripe old age of ninety-three, (March 2nd) and still has the robust constitution of a young man. About the only one who considers him frail is Marianna Morini, who carried him in her arms when he was a baby, and whose death the other day, in her 101st year was the result of an accident. After an audience with the Pope last October, she said: "He is a fine old man, but he is not so well preserved as I." His Holiness remarked, after the interview: "She is frail looking for her years."

For twenty-five years he has stood at the helm of Peter's barque and guided it with extraordinary prudence and sanctity, through the continual storms which have deluged society for the last quarter of a century.

There is no doubt that but few popes have had more influence over the whole world than the present occupant of St. Peter's Chair. Even the Protestant and pagan rulers show him great reverence and respect, and the people and press of these countries are loud in his praises. The venerable white Shepherd of the Vatican is deserving of all this. He is truly the Lumen in Coelo. By his prudence and tact he has removed much of the bigotry and prejudice, which formerly existed in the minds of non-Catholics; brought many of the Greek schismatics back to the true fold, and evaded the attacks of his enemies. The House of Savoy, with its clique, for instance, must confess that it gained no advantage from him, and that its power and influence are less now than a quarter of a century ago. His encyclicals are master-pieces of literature. By them he dealt a severe blow to secret societies, and gave an efficacious remedy against the principal evils of our modern times, defending the laboring man, human liberty, the rights of the Church, pointing out to all their social and domestic duties. To all that approach him he is a kind father; with words of consolation sending them home with hearts filled with joy. Only one who has witnessed a

crowd of fifty thousand in St. Peter's Church at Rome, their faces beaming with joy, greeting him with many a shout: "Long live the Papal King," as he passed through their midst with a smiling countenance, blessing them with his trembling hand; such a one feels and recognizes the magnetism of his presence. But there is something in his person also that inspires awe. A kind of fear seems to take hold of the greatest personages in his presence. It is said that the German Emperor, when coming into his presence, was so disconcerted that he dropped his cane, and Prince Boris of Bulgaria, who treated his wife and child so cruelly, was crying when he left his room. Since God has spared our venerable Pontiff so long, it is only proper that the Catholics of the whole world should celebrate worthily, this, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election,—and as loyal Catholics they are doing so. During the past year special prayers have been offered up for him throughout the world, and numerous pilgrimages have gone to Rome. But the culmination of the celebration will be on the 20th of this month, and the 3rd of March, the anniversary of Coronation. It is proposed by the international committee having charge of the celebration, that it be observed everywhere as a day of thanksgiving to God for the long and successful reign of His Vicar. On this day the venerable Pontiff will be the recipient of numerous presents from all classes of people,—from kings and emperors to the laboring men. Among the gifts intended for him is a tiara of gold which he will wear on the occasion of the coronation ceremonies. It is described as follows: Three crowns will stand superimposed in high relief, representing the triple power of the Papacy. Beneath the highest crown is a medallion of the divine Redeemer as the Good Shepherd. On the crown is the inscription: "The King of Kings and Lord of Those Who Rule." On the second crown are the words: "The Good Shepherd will Feed His Flock." On the third is inscribed: "Thou Art Peter, and upon This Rock I Will Build My Church." Between the second and third crowns are medallions of St. Peter and Pope Pius IX. The tiara is surmounted by a cross.

The "Non videbis annos Petri" will not be verified in him, and in St. Peter's Church, above the bronze statue of St. Peter, they can place the picture of Leo XIII, with that of his predecessor, Pius IX, the only ones in the long list of the Popes who reigned longer than the Prince of the Apostles.

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The parochial schools and other similar institutions for young people should be a source of pride to all Catholics of the United States. The government refuses to lend them a helping hand, but how many millions would it be compelled to disburse if the Catholics were to give up their schools. The statistics at hand show the great number of children that are receiving a Catholic education. In the arch-diocese of New York alone there are 71,000 children receiving a Catholic education. In the Archdiocese of Boston there are 75 parochial schools, with 44,536 pupils, not counting the children in other institutions. Father Barry gives us the statistics of the arch-diocese of Chicago. In the parochial schools there are 67,321 children; in orphan asylums and similar institutions, 18,238, and colleges, 7,098. This gives a total of 92,658, who are educated without cost to the State. Estimating the cost of each child's education at \$20 a year, Father Barry shows that the State is yearly saved \$1,853,140 by the Church in the archdiocese of Chicago alone.

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After many books being written to prove the contrary, many Protestants still continue to assert that the Jesuits taught the principle, "The end justifies the means." The Antigonish Casket in a late issue gives the reason of this: "We have often wondered why it is that those who justify regicide when executed by a Cromwell, high treason when committed by a future Duke of Marlborough, non-payment of taxes when threatened by English Nonconformists, infanticide when practised to save the mother's life, and so many other things subversive of public and private morality, we have often wondered how people who justify their deeds on the ground that they were done for a good purpose can have the hardihood to call the doctrine that "the

end justifies the means" Jesuitical. No Jesuit moralist has ever taught this doctrine; on the other hand, almost the whole world outside the Catholic Church may be said to practice it and defend the practice. Yet the world persists in saddling this immoral principle upon the Jesuits. Why? The only explanation we can give is, that the end the Jesuits have always had in view is the destruction of heresy. This end or purpose being in the eyes of heretics, the worst of all possible ends, the means employed to secure it must be the worst of all possible means. It is precisely because so many non-Catholics are in the habit of judging the lawfulness of the means by the end which these means are intended to accomplish, that they condemn the Jesuits so unsparingly. Had the actions of Loyola's sons in England, France and elsewhere been directed to the extension of Protestantism instead of the repression of that heresy, we should never have heard them called immoral by those who now use the term "Jesuitry," to denote everything that is bad.

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We are glad to hear that the Very Rev. Henry Robinson, Vicar General of the Diocese of Denver, has been elevated to the dignity of Monsignor. He is well deserving of the honor conferred him, being one of the pioneer priests of the State. He is a regular subscriber of the Review, and the Review takes the occasion to extend its hearty congratulations.

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At the close of the mission given by the Carmelite Fathers, A. J. Kreidt, Prov., and D. F. Best, in the Church of the Holy Rosary at Thorold, Ont., on Jan. 11th, Rev. Boniface Hund, O.C.C., was ordained priest by the Most Rev. D. O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto. There were present in the sanctuary besides the missionaries, Rev. T. Sullivan, the beloved pastor of the church, who was master of ceremonies; Rev. F. Smyth, of Merritton, who assisted the candidate, and Rev. A. J. Werner, O.C.C.. The beautiful ceremonies were carried out to the letter. After a very instructive address by His Grace, the Archbishop, the newly ordained priest gave

his blessing to the immense crowd of people that thronged the church. On Jan. 18th the young priest sang his first Solemn Mass at the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View. Ad Multos Annos!

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On the 25th of this month the holy season of Lent begins. Many, and in particular young people, begin to feel sad and downcast when the priest signs their foreheads with ashes on Ash Wednesday. It is, indeed, a solemn season, a season of penance and mortification in preparation for the great Easter solemnities. But we must not necessarily be sad, we need not, as they vulgarly say, put on a long face. In fact we should try to avoid putting on a long face. The Pharisees, when they fasted, dressed shabbily and put on a sorrowful look, and we know what our Lord thought of them. When you fast, He says, do not be sad like the Hypocrites. Many of us can perform penances and mortify ourselves if others know it, and praise us for it. But it is rather difficult if nobody knows anything of it, yet this is what we must do. If others see our good works and praise us, we receive our reward from them, and God will not reward us. Hence we should all try to be cheerful and kind to all. If anybody gives us trouble, let us bear it patiently, and when we do penance, we should always be cheerful, so that nobody will know what we are doing. Many of us, for different reasons, are not able to keep the fast, as is prescribed by the Church, but we all can do penance. We can avoid going to the theatres and entertainments during the holy season; in eating and drinking we can abstain from something for which we have a great liking; we can put a guard on our senses, especially the eyes; we can put on a cheerful countenance, and answer back with kind words instead of getting into a passion, when others displease or offend us, and in a hundred other ways we can mortify ourselves, without anybody knowing the least thing about it.

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Here are some figures taken from the Catholic Universe which are said to be

exact, that will surprise many:

There are fourteen States and Territories in the Union in which Catholics outnumber all the Protestant denominations combined. The following table, which is accurate, will therefore be of some interest:—

	Cath. Pop.	Per Ct. of Catholics
New Mexico	120,000	96
Montana	51,280	85
Arizona	42,710	74.
Nevada	9,900	72
Massachusetts	862,500	71
Rhode Island	291,33	69
Louisiana	355,120	65
Wyoming	6,640	62
New York	2,174,300	58
California	312,370	55
Colorado	61,200	54
Connecticut	271,880	53
Minnesota	333,310	53
Michigan	367,400	51

In the 125 largest cities of the United States the Catholic population aggregates 3,644,000, while the total number of Protestants is only 2,117,000. The entire population of these cities is 14,110,000. In the country as a whole, one person in every 3.21 is a communicant of a church; in the cities one person in every 2.24.

From 1850 to 1900 the value of Protestant church property rose from \$78,000,000 to \$401,000,000; of Catholic Church property from the insignificant sum of \$9,000,000 to \$121,000,000.

We have endless opportunities for exercising love. Our brothers lie stricken all along life's highway—brave men who have fought and failed, feeble folk who were never strong enough for earth's conflict, some without health, others without money; some without friends, others without hope. What is to become of them? If we would be helpers in this world of perplexity and sorrow, if we desire any real peace and happiness, if we would ever rest our aching heads where St. John rested his, on the very bosom of Jesus, we must practice the lessons of love.

Meekness repairs the mischief done by anger, and instead of the bloody spear sends the plive branch of peace.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Rev. Fathers,—

Some time ago my daughter was seriously sick, and I promised St. Joseph that, if she recovered, I would have it announced in the Carmelite Review. Please publish this for me.

Yours, etc.,

Mrs. D.

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Dear Fathers,—

Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass for the Poor Souls in Purgatory, at the Shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, for a favor received. Kindly publish in the Review.

M.C.M.

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Dear Fathers:

I enclose a small offering to your Hospice in honor of our Blessed Mother, who has only this day answered my prayers, by granting me a great favor. Would you be so kind as to mention it in the Review, the fact that it may bring honor to her name, and perhaps induce others to have recourse to her.

S.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at: Falls View, Ont.; from St. Patrick's Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; Findlay, O.; Detroit College, Detroit, Mich.; Church of St. Francis of Assisi, Mildred, Sullivan Co., Pa.; St. Ignatus' Mission, Mont.; Presentation Convent, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Joseph's Church, Shediak, N.B.; Louisville, C.B., N.S.; St. John's College, Toledo, O.; Lismore, Picton Co., N.S.; Church of the Holy Rosary, Thorold, Ont.; St. Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y.; North Sydney, C.B., N.S.; St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, Md.; St. Hedwig, Bexar Co., Texas.

At Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., from; St. Richard's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Mary's Convent, St. Louis, Mo.; St. John's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Sylvester's Church, Woodspfield, O.; St. Nicholas' Church, Zanesville, O.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. George's Church, York, Pa.; St. Boni-

lace's Church, Williamsport, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, New Albany, Ind.

At Scipio, Kas., from: Martinsville, Wis.; Ashton, Wis.; Verbaat, Oreg.; Kansas City, Mo.; Lincoln, Neb.; Carentersville, Mo.; St. Joseph's Church, Easton, Mo.; Cumberland, Io.; Plena Blanca, N. Mex.; Exira, Io.; Wilber, Neb.; Vicsman, Marien Co., Mo.

At New Baltimore, Pa., from: Nicholson, Pa.; St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, O.; Holy Xavier's Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Sparta, Wis.

Petitions Asked For.

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

A conversion to the true faith; that a patent may be granted; that the members of a family may obtain good positions; for another family; several special intentions; that a young man may attend to his religious duties; four persons who are addicted to drink, and neglect their religious duties.

THE ROSARY CHAIN.

In pearls of tears our Mother shed her eyes,

Those tears became her children's lovely gain,

For Christ upon a golden cord of love
Strung every one and made a rosary—
chain.

Mary Allegra Gallagher,
11 Chelsea St.,
East Boston, Mass.

Ah! to those who have no knowledge it is easy to speak of processions of angels; but those who have seen where an angel is—how they flock upon us unawares in the darkness so that one is confused, and scarce can tell whether it is a reality or a dream—to those who have heard a little voice, soft as the dew, coming out of the heavens—the angels do not come in processions; they steal upon us unawares, they reveal themselves to the soul.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.

Obituary.

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

Cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi, subdean of the Sacred College and vice-chancellor of the Catholic Church, who died of heart disease at Rome, Jan. 15th. He was born of humble parents at Mantua, Aug. 13th, 1833, and was created Cardinal June 22nd, 1877. After occupying various important positions, he was made Cardinal Vicar of Rome, and as Cardinal Bishop he held successfully the suburban sees of Albano and Porto and Santa Rufina. In 1899, on account of ill-health, he was compelled to resign the office of Cardinal Vicar of Rome, and was appointed by the Pope, Vice-Chancellor, which office he held till his death.

Cardinal Parocchi was one of the foremost Cardinals during the whole reign of Leo XIII. He was noted for his profound learning and powerful eloquence, but with all this, he was of a kind, loving disposition. He was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin, whose livery he always gloried in wearing. He was also a member of the third order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

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Rev. Elias Mayer, O.C.C., who departed from this life on Jan. 10th, at Scipio, Kansas. Father Elias was born Feb. 2nd, 1846, in Baden, Germany. When he was only three years of age, his parents came to New York, where he attended the parochial school, giving great satisfaction, both to pastor and teachers. When yet a boy, he studied with the Redemptorists, but afterwards joined the Carmelites in Kansas. He was sent by Father Cyril Knoll to Rome to finish his studies, where he was ordained May 22nd, 1869. Returning to America, he attended to different missions in Kansas, and was pastor for some years at New Baltimore, Pa. Two years ago he was attacked by inflammation of the lungs, from which, however, he partially recovered until the beginning of this year, when he began to fail rapidly, and on Saturday, a day dear to the Blessed Virgin, Jan. 10th, he passed away peacefully. He was always noted

for his simplicity and piety, and always considered it a great privilege to be able to say Mass, and especially to sing High Mass. When confined to his bed during his last illness, he regretted very much that he could not say Mass. He always asked his superior if he could say Mass the next day, but on being refused he was content with receiving Holy Communion every day.

He died on Saturday, a day dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and we hope that she used her privilege and took him to herself. Bishop Fink, of Leavenworth, on hearing of his death, said:—"I am sorry that F. Elias is dead. I will say Mass for him to-morrow. The good Father Elias was a great helper in the diocese."

In May, 1894, he celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination, on which occasion he was the recipient of many honors, and congratulations.

Frances, wife of Joseph Chisholm, of the law firm of Borden, Ritchie & Chisholm, who died at Halifax, N.S., Jan. 11th. She was a daughter of the late Captain Affleck, of Halifax, and a sister of Lady Thompson, now of Toronto, Ont., and Sister Helena, of Mount St. Vincent. She had been sick only a short time, when the end came. She was always exact in her religious duties, and so devoted to her husband and children, that it often was a matter of remarks among her friends. She is survived by a sorrowing husband and five little children. The funeral took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, His Grace, the Archbishop, celebrating the Mass.

Samuel R. Brown, Grand Secretary of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada, who passed away peacefully at London, Ont., on Jan. 17th.

He had been ill for nearly a year, from a complication of diseases, which he always bore with patience and resignation. Since the introduction of the C.M.B.A. into Canada, about twenty-three years ago, he has filled the office of grand secretary to the great satisfaction of all the members, which is shown by the fact that he was always re-elected to fill the same office. He was, by profession, a school teacher, and was

employed as head master of St. Peter's parochial school in London, until the increasing duties of secretary compelled him to resign. He always performed his duties conscientiously, the welfare of the Society being his highest aim. His death will be a cause of sorrow not only to all members of the Society, but to all his friends and acquaintances.

Rev. George Brohmann, who died at St. Clemens.

Mrs. Patrick Craven, an old subscriber, who died at Jersey City, N.J.

William J. Schirman, who departed from this life on Dec. 18th, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Henry Ninepipe, of Montana, who only shortly before his death, had been received into the Confraternity of the Brown Scapular.

Frank J. Stinson, a subscriber to the Review.

Richard Morris, who subscribed in his mother's name.

Mrs. Maggie A. Hanlon and Edward Barrett.

Mary Immaculate.

"Macula non est in te,"
O lily maid of Israel!
O nature whiter than the snows
That never yet on earth hath fell!

"Macula non est in te,"
O mother of the Christ Child, we
Pray that we blest and pure of heart
Shall see God here in truth like thee.

"Macula non est in te,"
Of angels' queen in those pure skies!
O white dove of Humanity,
Through thee we are divine and rise!
Rose C. Conley.

As wholesome food and constant exercise are conducive to the health and strength of the body, so useful knowledge and frequent meditation promote the vigour and happiness of the mind.

We have received several beautiful volumes for review from B. Herder, St. Louis, which, for want of space, will be reviewed in our next issue.

Are Women Degenerating?

Is the modern woman degenerating? For our Catholic women let the thronged confessionals and crowded altar rails answer on every Sunday and holiday and feasts of devotion throughout the year. Sodalties, confraternities increase constantly in membership. Religious vocations to the multiplied sisterhoods are not lacking. The Sisterhoods never weary in their offices of mercy, visiting the sick, aiding and supporting charities in that virtue's many forms. Our crowded parochial schools have for their teachers these devoted, self sacrificing women. No hope of an earthly reward actuates them, they look to the Great Beyond. Who will estimate the numbers of devoted mothers rearing their children in the love and fear of God. Blessed women, the aid and the mainstay of the future, who in their humble homes are bringing up the future citizen in virtue's way. Are our Catholic maidens less reserved, less religious, less gifted in all truly feminine accomplishments that mark culture, refinement and innate modest instincts, than their grandmothers, whom we delight to picture as such charming exemplars? We trow not. There are exceptions to this gracious picture, but the exceptions, few and far between, heighten the beauty of the colors in the true portraiture. Sad and sorrowful that the exception should be found in the ranks of those who have the peerless Virgin for their example and their guide. Not to them wholly the blame, but to the untoward surroundings that blur the mirror of woman's worth. No; woman is not degenerating; were this to be admitted all hope for society's future might well be abandoned. Rob woman of her exalted position that comes through her Christian education, and we must confess that Christianity is a failure. Then comes paganism with woman crowned as the daughter of unchaste love. It would be degenerate to entertain even the thought.—Pittsburg Catholic.

Wisdom is compared to the tree of life; it grows in the soil of a renewed heart, and yields the fruit of peace and joy.

It is a solemn duty developing on all to make the utmost possible out of themselves. Men seek the highest development of their flocks and herds and grain and flowers. The result is the improved flora and fauna of these days over those of prior ones. But should this evolution cease with the lower order? Should the body of creation improve and not the head, which is man?

In view of the brutal treatment of the Sisters of the French government it is of interest to know what the Sisters have been doing. According to an authoritative statement they cared for 260,000 sick, infirm, aged, orphans, homeless, deaf and dumb children and Magdalen, besides teaching 150,000 school children.—Freeman's Journal.

A young lady of a well-to-do family was stricken with a cancer of the face. Her parents secured a Sister to help them in caring for the poor, unfortunate girl. It would be impossible to give an idea of the solicitude with which the devoted religious nursed her patient, but in spite of all care the malady kept growing, and it soon spread over the whole face. After months of suffering, the agony of death mercifully set in, a terrible agony, if ever there was one. The entire family was present, bending over the bed of the dying martyr. She was fully conscious and felt death coming slowly but surely. A crisis more violent than any preceding one was followed by a few moments of relative calm—the calm that usually heralds death. Slowly she raised her sunken, glassy eyes to the assistants, her lips quivered an instant and then with a supreme effort she asked to be kissed once more before leaving this earth. Her relations looked at one another in bewilderment; none dared approach, not one had the courage to grant the dying request. Then the Sister unaffectedly bent over and devoutly pressed her lips on the cankered, foul-smelling face. She, a stranger, gave the longed-for parting kiss. The sufferer breathed her last a few minutes later, her disfigured features transformed by the light of a heavenly joy.—Denver Catholic.