



The Nativity

Vol. X

Address

# Carmelite Review

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## *Christmas, 1902.*



WAITING still adown long ages !  
Never shall the music cease  
Of that "Gloria" celestial,  
And "good tidings" of God's peace.  
We are listening in the silence  
Of this holy Christmas night,  
For the joyful strain, "Adeste !"  
Come, adore the "Light of Light !"

Blessed Virgin Mother ! lead us  
By thy star-like radiance mild,  
To the holy contemplation  
Of our God, a little child.  
We are kneeling at the Altar,  
Jesus veiled, we now behold,  
Infant-like and still as lowly  
As in Bethlehem of old.

"Prince of peace," and "King of Angels"  
Babe, "Emmanuel," thou art !  
May we taste the hidden sweetness  
Of Thy meek and humble heart ?  
May we echo angel-voices,  
Singing gladly for Thy birth ?  
And receive the Christmas blessings  
Of "great joy" and "peace on earth."  
Enfant de Marie,  
St. Clare's,

## For the Sake of Honor.

(A Christmas Storyette) Adopted from the German.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

### CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas Eve. The steel-grey heavens were filled with heavy, thick snow-clouds, and the dark shadows of the night had already begun to creep around the lone western hills that bordered the quaint German city that lay in the lap of the silent valley, with the light of the moon full upon her peaceful face. The hours were getting late and yet the Christmas market was still the self-same scene of activity.

The many small booths were lit up by gorgeous colored lights and lanterns, and round the various Christmas trees stationed here and there groups of shivering children were standing—their poor little hearts give with expectation and happiness.

Just then an old man, whose gait bespoke that of a soldier, was seen walking in the direction of the market-place. His coat was buttoned tightly below his chin and his cap was pressed down over his forehead. At his side walked a woman in deep mourning, with a sweet, sad face. When he beheld those little freezing forms of the children lined up before the beautiful Christmas trees he stood still for a moment, murmured a few words and then drew nearer with the strange woman in black.

"Had these done it," he said softly, "these poor children of the street, who have no bringing up, no home where they can see the good example daily before their eyes, then—"

"Father, let us go back to the hotel," interrupted the woman, in soft, pleading tones.

"Is poverty hateful to you, my child?" asked the old man, somewhat sternly. "Do you not know that in the hearts of the common people lies the pride, the honor, the hope, the ambition of the fatherland! Who knows, but that amongst these very boys, there may not be perhaps, a son of that unfortunate

man, who suffers for the sin of your only child and my grandson."

The woman trembled visibly and the tears crept into her eyes. The old man took no notice of her, and left her for a few moments, while he made some purchases at the various booths, and distributed little Christmas gifts to the poor, frozen children, standing there so beseechingly. Their voices rang a joyful gratitude, in clear, liquid notes, that could not but help pierce the hardest heart. The old man was happy, and over his wrinkled noble face, there stole a smile. Quickly he turned, and taking the arm of the woman in black in his own, he disappeared into the darkness.

### CHAPTER II.

A poor woman was wandering aimlessly through the Christmas market. Her shoulders were covered with a thin shawl and on her head she carried an old cap. Upon her troubled face were imprinted deep lines of suffering. It bore such a pale, sad look. Was it, perhaps, that the flakes of snow had whitened her dark black hair and thus intensified the paleness of her face, or had want, despair or misfortune dimmed the roses in her cheek—for surely the woman could not have been much over thirty? No, there were no snowflakes; they were only thin, white, silver threads that want and despair had woven through her dark hair prematurely. Ah! this poor woman was unhappy. On her face was written the tale of her life. She was another creature of circumstances, and the surging crowds of people took no notice of her, as they pushed her aside in their mad endeavor to get away—away to their homes to celebrate, in their cherished circles, the festivities of a Christmas Eve, when kindness is indulged in almost too freely at home and it takes only an atom of it to bring joy to a longing, desolate heart, that has tasted life's bitter cup of gall and knows no

pain, save the pang of want and suffering.

It was a sad story filled with tender pathos, that had added the look of many years to this womanly face, and hurled her from an attitude of peace, into a very hell of misery. She had been blessed with a good husband, and they were very happy. Ehrlich himself had a position on the railroad, as nightwatchman at the switch, that yielded him a small salary, but Mrs. Ehrlich was an industrious woman, and often sewed until late after midnight, and thus increased the income, that helped to feed the hungry mouths of her three children. Then misfortune—black as a starless night—entered the happy home and with one stroke destroyed the joy and the hope of five loving hearts.

Ehrlich was an honorable man, much devoted to the post of duty. It happened one night—it was quite late and the sky was dark—that on his way down the track he came upon a lot of boys who thought it great fun to derail the midnight train, which was going to pass through shortly. One of them, the strongest and most daring in the crowd had taken it upon himself to do the dastardly act, and had placed a number of large boulders on the track. They had not seen the switchman creeping up, who now stood before them, his large, night lantern full upon their faces. He called the rascals by name, as they made for the darkness. They were the sons of the city's most aristocratic families.

Ehrlich had barely time to clear the track. The on-coming midnight train had signalled. The last stone had rolled down into the ditch, and Ehrlich stood there, his face turned to the inky heavens above him, panting for breath, when the train rushed past with lightning rapidity, amid the sounds of wheels, the creaking of timbers and the tender prayer that came in interruptions from his trembling lips.

How many lives owe their gratitude to the watchfulness and devotedness of such a man as this! Was it not his duty then to bring these rascals to the bars of justice, or was he to overlook the matter, since the evil-doers bore the names of aristocracy and belonged to well-to-do families? No; the law

would punish them, and make better boys out of them, and they would never resort to such a dastardly act again.

Ehrlich thus brought the case to the lawyers, and the investigation began. He brought no accusation without a proof, and yet the guilty ones lied maliciously. It was a sad state of affairs, and the whole city seemed to be rising in open rebellion. Yet, sadder of all, it seemed to some, was the fact that the ring leader in the band was no other than the grandson of the good and highly respected General Von Rautenschwert. The affair had to be settled in some way. It would never do to find young Rautenschwert guilty and blast his future career, and his friends thus exerted every possible means, and left no stone unturned to accomplish this. The law, however, had to be appeased in some way. Now then it might take the devoted switchman as an offering of expiation. How, after all, thought some, did that fool of a switchman dare to place a descendent of Von Rautenschwert on the same footing with any other ordinary mortal? The remedy presented itself—the prisoners were honorably acquitted by the judge, who, by the way, was a close friend of the old general's, and the poor switchman was accused of having sworn falsely, and of having maligned the characters of these young aristocrats.

The unfortunate man was torn away from his wife and children, accused, examined and sent for trial before the high court. Pale and unswerving in his protest of innocence, in the witness box, sat Ehrlich, the doomed man. Slowly his eyes moved around the large court room, until they rested upon the group of young scoundrels, who sat there staring at him, as if they were his judges. Young Von Rautenschwert alone was as pale as death, and did not dare to lift his eyes. He was afraid that a glance at the innocent man in the box might bring him to his senses. Old General Von Rautenschwert was very ill at this time and his physicians thought it best not to mention his grandson's shameful deed to him. He, therefore, knew nothing of what was going on, and he lay on his sick bed, cut off from all intercourse with the outside world.

Ehrlich stuck to his story, that he had

seen young Von Rautenschwert pile the stones on the track, and when the judge charged the young culprit with his sentence, he denied it vehemently. In this he was joined by his other companions.

Ehrlich was found guilty of defamation of character, and so the judge sentenced him to prison for three years, and thus the poor switchman was sent to prison because he was true to his post of duty. That greedy monster, money, had entered the court room and influenced the jury. The judge, also, in addressing the jury, spoke strongly against the prisoner. And now, fond reader, you know the meaning of those silver threads in that poor woman's hair—and, do you know, they seem to ask God, in silent voice, why He should give the rich—the great people of the earth—so much power.

When Ehrlich went to prison, his wife was sick in bed. She had to work for her three children, but, alas! she was too weak to do much, and finally, piece by piece, her furniture drifted away to provide food for her starving darlings. Darker and darker grew the night in the hearts of the unhappy ones. Mrs. Ehrlich hated the men, who had stolen her husband from her and had brought the shadow of shame and disgrace upon her innocent children. Six months had elapsed, and in the eyes of the public, Ehrlich was still looked upon as a guilty man, fully deserving of the punishment meted out to him.

Mrs. Ehrlich could not stand it any longer. The very city and its people were distasteful to her. In a distant city K— she had a dear relative, a poor old woman, who was getting too weak to fight life's daily battle, and thither she went with her little family. The dear old lady took charge of the three children, and Mrs. Ehrlich went to the workshop to toil for the bitter crust of bread. They lived there together, in circumstances which we can well imagine, but, notwithstanding, they were happy, now that they were far away from everything and everybody that could possibly remind them of that sad chapter in their life-history.

### Chapter III.

We left Mrs. Ehrlich at the Christmas

market. It is true her income was small, but her mother-heart got the better of her and, thus, she was out on this particular evening, purchasing a few trifles for her children, that they, too, might know the happiness, of this festal season. The poorly dressed woman felt nothing of the cold, the thoughts of how her little ones would be delighted brought into her troubled heart the first warm feeling of joy since that terrible day of misfortune. In her happiness her thoughts stole to Him, whose birth all nations were celebrating, and she thought of how He had taken the poor and the weary into the treasure chamber of His own heart, and her spirits became softened, and, in her soul, there shone the lights of faith, hope and resignation, — kindled, no doubt, by some sweet angel of the Most High.

Night after night she had toiled in the workshop, in order to lay aside a little "pin" money for the Christmas season—and, now, she had finished her purchases. The salesman handed her a few candles for the Christmas tree under her arm. They were nearly burned up, but what of that! And gladly she went away, for the bundles under her arms contained something for everybody. Even Dorthe, the trusty old woman, was not forgotten.

I wonder, if at this moment, Mrs. Ehrlich thought of her poor, wretched husband, whose heart longed for his dear ones? Who can doubt it? Was he not her first and last thought, the burden of all her prayers and her dreams—her silent companion in her working hours? Even now, she pressed back a few tears and stilled the heavy pain in the depths of her soul. No, she would never murmur and complain again, but, placing her trust in God, she would bear patiently the cross, which weighed so heavily upon her shoulders. She sent her husband a greeting of love and prayed that God might, on this festal evening, permit one bright ray of happiness to steal into his gloomy cell.

When Mrs. Ehrlich came home, she found, to her great surprise, that the little ones were still awake, waiting and listening with open ears to a sweet story that dear old Dorthe, I am sure, had told them fully the hundredth time,

Little George ran into his mother's arms and surprised her, when he repeated a little verse of four lines, which he had learned from one of the neighbor's children. It sang the praises of Christmas cheer and when he finished, his mother said, laughingly, "Yes, children, you shall also have a taste of Christmas. Your father, who, as yet, cannot be with you, I am sure, told the dear Christ-child how obedient and good you all have been, and kindly asked Him to bring you a few beautiful gifts. On my way from the city, I met Santa Claus, and he promised me that he would pay you a visit before long. Go, therefore, with dear old Dorthe, into the other room, and close the door and wait till he comes."

"Oh! I am so anxious to see the Christ-Child," said little Fritz, thoughtfully. "Is she dressed in white, mother?"

"Yes, and he is covered all over with silver stars, which, however, turn black when little children want to see him."

"Will he also go and see my dear father?" inquired the little one further.

"Certainly, child; but go into the other room, and the sooner he will be able to reach your father."

The mother's last sentence had the desired effect, and willingly he followed old Dorthe into the small, open room which was quite cold. The door closed softly and the little ones crawled into their beds so as to keep warm, and together they waited for the coming of the Christ-Child, whose glory was to dawn upon them for the first time.

Mrs. Ehrlich was busy with the Christmas tree. She hurried to get everything in readiness, so that the children would not have to wait too long in the ice cold room. Everything was ready now; the candles flickered softly upon the small, cheery Christmas tree, ablaze with golden tinsel and light, and suddenly the woman clapped her hands three times. The door opened wide, and out dashed the children, their innocent little faces filled with a look of astonishment. Poor old Dorthe wept tears of joy.

The children were soon in their element and the cadence of their happy, mellow voices filled the room with tender music. The sounds of their rollicking laughter could be heard out in the open street. In fact, the little ones were so excited,

that they did not see the door open slightly. It was only a moment — and there on the threshold stood the Christ-Child and the Virgin, typified by the Germans' at their Christmas celebrations. Both were arrayed in garbs of spotless white, and looked pictures of loveliness, as they dropped a well sized package into the hands of the little ones. Then the Christ-Child smiled tenderly, and raising his finger, blessed them all with the sign of the cross. Then the door opened and the sweet apparitions in white passed out into the night.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Before we proceed with the story, come with me, reader, into one of the most palatial hotels of the city K—. There in a large, lit-up room, we see the soldier-like old man, with a white beard, and the strange woman in black, whose acquaintance we made on the Christmas market. Several large packages, and a basket filled to the brim, spoke to us of Christmas cheer, and yet, the expressions on both their faces did not harmonize with the appearance of that beautifully decorated room. The woman, who was very handsome, had tearful eyes and sighed deeply, and the old man was walking up and down the room, muttering inaudible, half-sounding words.

Presently he pulled a chair to the table and sat down impatiently. "I will not leave the city until I have found them," he said, angrily. "Upon my honor, I swear it. Honor! How dare I use this word, now that my name, my coat-of-arms, have been sullied by a low, mean scamp, who—"

"Father!" pleaded the woman, extending her folded hands beseechingly.

"Now, surely, you don't mean to say, Lucille, that I am lying. That child was not raised properly—and he is not to blame for it, after all," murmured the old man.

Lucille bowed her head. The weight of this painful accusation was too much for her.

"If my son were living," he cried out, painfully—"but it is good that he is dead—perhaps, he too, in his pride, would not have followed the right path, for he also did not seem to respect the honor of a poor man. I declare that a

sense of honor and a good reputation are cherished treasures in the hearts of the lowly, and that it would be a mortal sin and a grievous one, for any man to rob them of this only unsullied possession. "Listen, Lucille, to what I am going to say. "I was eighteen years old, when I was doing military duty at Leipzig. Two of the horses I had been riding had already been shot to pieces. The third also fell a prey to the deadly bullet, and I came near being massacred myself, had not one of my men, a young private Hussar, the only son of a poor laborer, thrown himself in front of me to ward off the deadly blows: His whole body was literally covered with blood, and yet he fought on in the very jaws of death. After the war, I hunted up Funk, for this was the poor lad's name, and offered him a handsome sum of money as a token of my gratitude.

We rich people, you know, think that money is a very god, and that it will buy everything. Poor Funk, however, refused the money, saying: 'Can a life such as yours, Lieutenant, be paid with money? Did I do more than my duty in saving your life from an inevitable death? This glorious feeling, of only having done my duty, is all, dear lieutenant, that I desire for my reward.' This was all he said to me, and yet those few sentences have given me food for thought all the days of my life. And now, I ask you, Lucille, do you not think that that poor soul had the right conception of true honor? "Yes! yes!" he went on, "within that humble breast burned the fires of true honor. He did not sacrifice the call of duty to his inner feelings, and that poor switchman in prison can also feel proud of it. He also did his duty and suffers now for it. O, great God! why was it ordained that I should just then have been sick, and shut off from the outside world, when my name was dragged through the courts, and thus sullied with a pack of lies and a sham mockery of justice, in order to save the boy. Had this sickness not stricken me down, I would have gone there myself and preached to those wily men, their duties and their respect for the law, which they seemed to have forgotten. I would have elicited the truth from the boy's lips, as he told it to me

later, and the prison would have become for him a temple, and not the horrible place of denunciation it is now. O shame on such as these! Acquitted on a first charge, poor Ehrlich was tried on a second, convicted and sentenced—an offering to the law for my grandson, your son, Lucille."

The old man, the father-in-law of the woman in black, who was no other than General Von Rautenschwert, buried his wrinkled face in his hands and wept bitterly. He was a soldier of the old school—an upright, noble character, with a sense of strong military honor in his make-up. He was determined to free the innocent switchman and punish his grand-son, and it took much persuasion on the part of the boy's mother, that he did not carry his plan into effect:

The old general, however, could not content himself with the thought that the unhappy prisoner was being robbed of so many days of freedom and happiness. He inquired after his family and learned that they were living, in poor circumstances, in some part of the city.

In as few words as possible, he asked Lucille to dress, and together they left the hotel to look up the Ehrlichs. They had searched many hours in vain, and now, again, they returned to the hotel, and awaited a message from police headquarters.

At last, the policeman came with the news that he had found the family in question, and that he, himself, would lead them to the place, as the streets in that part of the city were fairly seething with crime.

"Pardon me," interrupted the General, "I do not need an escort; why, it would be disgraceful of me. I am not afraid." Then he dropped some money in the outstretched hands of the policeman, saying "Here, pay the cabman outside and give him directions where to take us to, and here, take this for your trouble," he concluded cheerfully, as he handed him a bill.

In a few minutes they were on their way and the little coupe was fairly well packed with its two occupants, baskets and packages, and soon they halted before an old rickety house that stood back several yards from the street.

Together they walked up the narrow

path, with the cabman in the rear, carrying the packages and baskets and suddenly halted. The light was shining through the uncurtained windows, and there they stood, gazing upon that animated, happy scene of Christmas cheer within, while their eyes were wet with tears, and in their hearts there glowed the first genuine feelings of happiness in many years.

## CHAPTER V.

The jollifications of the children came to a sudden stop. All eyes were riveted on the strange picture of a man and woman in the doorway. None dared to speak, except little Georgie, who ran to his mother and asked somewhat nervously, "Is that the neighbor's hired man?" as he saw the cabman coming up the steps. The General took the packages from his arms, and entered the room with the woman in black.

"You are Mrs. Ehrlich—the wife of the imprisoned switch-keeper?" asked the General mildly, as he faced Mrs. Ehrlich.

"That is who I am, sir," she answered softly.

"Since your husband is away in prison," began the old man in a choked voice, "he is thus not able to care for his own, and it is, therefore, the duty of mankind, and especially at such a time, to fulfill such duties as far as possible. Give me your hand, dear woman, and tell me whether you hate the young man who brought these clouds of suffering upon yourselves?"

The woman turned slightly and buried her face in her hands, and almost suddenly a ray of light pierced her soul.

"No, I do not curse the unhappy one," she said slowly, "although I little feel desirous of blessing him. I cannot, dare not, hate the young grandson of General Von Rautenschwert, though he was the primary cause of all our unhappiness, and heaped upon my innocent children the darkened shadows of disgrace. What would my father—poor Funk—think were I not to forgive the grandson of his beloved general?"

"Funk, my brave Funk, was he your father?" cried out the General, almost distractedly, as he grabbed the woman's hands and shook nervously, his upturn-

ed eyes gazing almost wildly at the poor woman in front of him. Then he bowed his gray head; a large tear rolled down his cheek and the room was so silent one almost thought one heard it fall. Then he lifted his head and his trembling lips and whispered: "Thus, then, has the Von Rautenschwert family thanked thee for saving my life, poor, brave Funk, and to think that your only daughter should have suffered this much. O, God! I have not deserved this penalty!"

The woman in black turned slightly, and rushed into the rough arms of Mrs. Ehrlich, and planted a kiss upon her cheeks before she could prevent it, and said in a voice choked in tears: "Thank you, my dear woman, for pardoning my unhappy son. Beg of your husband, also some day to pardon him. Oh, his future lies before him, like a large, cold waste of darkness and misery, and he is yet so young."

"I promise you, good woman," answered Mrs. Ehrlich, much agitated and in tears.

The General stooped to kiss the children, and planted gold pieces into their tiny hands, and Lucille also cheerfully followed his example. Then he took Mrs. Ehrlich's hand in his own, and said:—"God always permits the sun to shine after the storm, and so you, good woman—daughter of my trusty Funk, who saved my life at Leipzig—may hope for a new happiness after years of suffering. Put your trust in God and He will loosen the chains of despair, that bind you fast, and turn all your sorrows into blessings that will light up your future path with gleams of joy and happiness."

Again he pressed her hand, and in an instant they were gone—the old General and Lucille, who had found in this humble dwelling, true honor and the precious pearl of lofty womanhood.

We can hardly imagine the joy of that mother-heart, upon opening the many packages that the gracious visitors had left. Enough to say that the children's voices sounded louder and gladder than before and that their little hearts beat their pit-a-pat swifter than ever.

General Von Rautenschwert took Lucille's hand in his own when they were out in the open air again, and said: "I am proud of you, after all, my dear, and



you have honored yourself. Oh! I am so happy and I seem to hear angels voices on the night winds singing their Christmas songs of peace and good will to men."

"Then make me happy also," cried out the distracted Lucille. "Pardon my poor Max, my poor boy!"

"If my plans succeed, Lucille, I will. Pray to God this happy Christmas night that He may send me His angel -- the messengers of help to souls in distress -- and all may yet come right."

#### CHAPTER VI.

Christmas Day was over. General Von Rautenschwert, his breast decorated with crosses and other marks of honor, rode in full military regalia in the direction of the castle, and what passed between the prince and himself in that half hour spent in the audience chamber no one knew. When he left the castle his face lit up with a smile and hurriedly he pushed a paper into his pocket.

The General was in good spirits when he returned to the hotel. Joyfully he embraced Lucille, and handed her the strange document. The woman read its contents and almost fainted.

"Would you care to go with me to the prisoner?" asked the General softly. "But, no," he interrupted quickly, "I have a plan and it must be carried out. Will you help me, Lucille?"

A soft, sweet smile crept into the woman's face, as she answered, taking his hand into her own: "Yes, with all my heart. Cannot God also reconcile you and my boy--my Max?"

"I will see, Lucille," answered he, thoughtfully. "The first bright ray of hope is shining. But, now, let us come to the plan I propose. I will go for the prisoner, and you Lucille, can make arrangements with the Ehrlich family, and leave at once with them for our villa, Hohenfels, at L--, where we left Max."

"Certainly, and lastly, I will go with you to the Ehrlich home, so as to make a good impression on them all."

"But, won't you have dinner first, father?"

"Yes, dear! Though I hardly have the time. I have to be at the depot very soon."

He pushed the electric button and asked the waiter to bring him a warm lunch and a railway time table. In a few more minutes the old General was dressed and his grip was packed.

"We dare not deprive Ehrlich of a minute of freedom," said Von Rautenschwert, earnestly. "It would be an injustice. Ah, I see, the first train pulls out in an hour."

Lucille, in the meantime, was smiling pleasantly, and the old man noticed her with a look of satisfaction. Up to now, she could not understand why this poor man--this humble switchman--should have usurped such a prominent place in the General's affections, but, now, she experienced a pleasant awakening, and with feelings of respect and love, she looked upon the gray haired man in front of her, who was holding up to her gaze, the unsullied flag of true honor. The phantom of her prejudice had disappeared, and now, she considered it almost a privilege to be permitted to travel with an honorable family of the common people.

We can hardly imagine the surprise of that poor family at being again favored with a visit from the Von Rautenschwerts, but it reached its climax, when fifteen minutes later, they were being hustled down the streets in closed cabs to the depot.

What did all this mean? Dorthelone stayed at home, and told everybody that passed by and wondered, that the old General owed his life to a noble action of Mrs. Ehrlich's father, and that he had now come back to shower his gratitude upon his daughter.

At the station all was bustle and excitement. A few shrill whistles screeched their strange, penetrating sounds in the air, and out pulled the engine with a long train of cars. The General had chartered a special car for Lucille and the Ehrlich family, and he, himself, accompanied them part of the way.

To Mrs. Ehrlich the whole thing seemed a dream. I wonder if she caught a glimpse of the awakening?

At the second station, Lucille and the Ehrlichs changed cars, while the General went on to the next city. A coachman, in livery, was in waiting to drive them

to Hohenfels—the beautiful villa of the Von Rautenschwerts.

Ah! little did Mrs. Ehrlich dream of the final denouement that was to take place there.

#### CHAPTER VII.

About a mile from the city Z—, lay a large, gloomy, heavy-looking building, with small, iron-barred windows. High walls surrounded it on all sides. It was the prison, the terrible punishment seat for all evil-doers.

A chill crept down General Von Rautenschwert's back, as he closed the large iron doors, that seemed to shut him out from the whole world. He gave the turnkey his name, and handed him the petition of pardon, signed by the Prince.

"Ehrlich—free!" shouted the turnkey gladly. "Thank God! dear General! this is really the sort of a Christmas gift I would desire. Poor man! he often moved my heart to pity." Even the turnkey, whose nature was hardened by the very office he occupied, felt and knew the deep and bitter injustice that had fallen upon this poor, unfortunate man.

The General went with him into the cell and gladly the turnkey announced to the poor man, his freedom. "The Christ-King," he said, "has come to you, my dear Ehrlich. He brings you freedom through his messenger—General Von Rautenschwert."

The prisoner's face was pale and full of bitter anguish. He looked, nay stared at both men in front of him, and only the name of Von Rautenschwert seemed to move him.

"Von Rautenschwert!" gasped Ehrlich, as his face suddenly lit up. "So, then, he has confessed his guilt! All stain is then removed from my honor, and my good name?"

The turnkey wanted to open the doors but the General whispered into his ear—"Please let me have a few minutes with him alone."

Then the turnkey turned and the two men were alone in the gloomy, black cell.

"My dear Ehrlich!" began the old General, in trembling voice, "my grandson has done you a great injustice, for which God has given him great torture of mind. He confessed the whole thing

to me and I went to the Prince, and left the matter in his hands. I demanded justice, for I had as high a conception of your honor as my own. The Prince has given you your freedom, and also the right to demand the punishment of my grandson. Whatever you desire, be it for better or for worse, I shall only bow my head to the law, that recognizes no distinction between rich and poor."

The pale face of Ehrlich clearly revealed the battle of thought, that was waging within his brain. He looked into the honest face of the old man, who had centred all his pride in this only grandson, who, at best, had been only a reckless, dare devil youth, unmindful of all impending results of his actions. The past career of the General, the honest, gray, old head—was he, with a single word, to stain them with the shadows of disgrace?

The battle was over. Ehrlich pressed the General's hand, and said, in a voice quivering with emotion: "No! no! it is enough. No heart shall ever, on my account, be forced to feel the agony, the remorse, the awful suffering that I have experienced in this cell. No, dear General! your grandson shall be free—free to breathe God's pure, fresh air for many years, I hope."

"Thank you, my friend," interrupted the old man. "You have redeemed the future of that boy, and he will never forget it. But let us hurry away from these hateful buildings, out into the anxious world, that the air of freedom may instil into you new vigor, new life."

"Just another word, dear General, before I leave this cell forever," pleaded Ehrlich, "do not think unkindly of me, then, for having brought those youngsters to justice without having heeded your rank and position and the living story of those honorable gray hairs that crown your head."

"Think unkindly of you! interrupted he, "and only because you, too, have done your duty. I thought you had a better opinion of an old soldier. Were you not one yourself?" "Yes, General."

"Then you will know that I would see my son shot to pieces if he had been acting dishonorably at his post of duty." General Von Rautenschwert lovingly

clapped Ehrlich on the shoulder and addressed, in a suppressed tone of voice, "but the boy is no soldier, and thus we have to overlook many things. But, come! let's away!"

When Ehrlich again appeared in his civilian clothes tears rolled down his thin cheeks, and now, for the first time, he felt the alps of disgrace crumbling to pieces. In half an hour, the two men sat, side by side, and the train was leading them both into a new happiness. Von Rautenschwert was a new man and spoke with great animation.

The sight of the lonely prison left Ehrlich like a bad, hateful dream, and, in the light of the strong man by his side, he felt that the terrible and awful weight of the past was being suddenly lifted from him, and he thanked God inwardly for it.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The evening had already set in. Outside the snow was falling, and the stars were shining in all their brightness from the clear heavens.

While the large saloon of the Hohenfels was ringing with the laughter of merry children, and Mrs. Ehrlich and several other women were busy in the dining room, in one of the small rooms upstairs sat Max Von Rautenschwert, gloomy and alone. A number of books and manuscripts lay in front of him. Presently the music of the little ones' voices stole into his room. A heavy sigh escaped from his lips, and hurriedly he buried his face in his trembling hands. For the first time in his life he had not experienced the delights of the Yule-tide season. Christmas Eve had been for him, an awful mockery, one of the darkest and dreariest nights. Not even his mother and grandfather had thought of him.

"But I deserve all this," he murmured, as tears flowed from his eyes. "How can I enjoy myself in the bright light of a Christmas feast, while one poor man, who suffers for my crime, curses me. No! no!" he continued, almost distractedly, "the thought of it will yet drive me mad. Much rather would I sit behind prison walls, than here in my solitude, where the face of this wretched man continually haunts me. When grand-

father returns, I will tell him—I want peace of mind, and that I—"

A carriage rolled up to the gates of the spacious German villa. "Ah, it is likely he, who comes," continued Max, softly. "Perhaps mother has already arrived! But it seems strange that I should not have heard of their coming. No! no! O God! I must be dreaming." He listened almost breathlessly, and then walked to his window facing the saloon. There all the windows were bright with light. He saw two beautiful Christmas trees, and the more he looked the stranger appeared the happy faces, in that magnificent room. Poor Max was nearly at his wit's end—for he saw his mother.

"They are celebrating Christmas," he muttered. "Oh, mother, how canst thou enjoy thyself, when thou knowest that thy son weeps and suffers bitter anguish."

When the General arrived with his precious charge, he marched him safely into his own room, whereupon he himself went down stairs into the spacious drawing room of the Hohenfels. He asked everybody to retire, save Lucille, Mrs. Ehrlich and her children.

Leading Mrs. Ehrlich and her children between the two large Christmas trees, the General asked, in trembling tones: "Do you not think of a greater happiness than this—of a greater Christmas gift?"

"Oh dear, General!" interrupted Mrs. Ehrlich, "How dare I presume to think of that one great happiness I long for?"

"You dare," answered the old gentleman as he quickly left the room. In a moment he returned with Mr. Ehrlich at his side. "Father! dear father!" cried little Fritz, as he ran into Ehrlich's open arms. Mrs. Ehrlich turned pale as death and would have fallen to the floor had not Lucille's arm caught her. Slowly she raised her into Ehrlich's embrace and then, with tearful eyes, followed the form of the dear old General as he left the room.

She knew whither he went. Her heart beat so strongly, as if it might be rent asunder at almost any minute.

The General had entered his grandson's room and stood speechless, and for the first time in many months stretched out his old trembling hands to him.

Max pressed the fatherly hand that had done him much service in his day, and then pressed it to his lips as he sobbed out: "Dear grandfather, I have one favor to ask of you—" "What is it?" asked the general. "The feeling of my guilt nearly drives me mad," he answered. "I cannot stand it any longer that an innocent man suffers and bears the weight of punishment that should be mine. Set the man free! I will gladly suffer in the eyes of the world the penalty meted out to him."

The eyes of the old General grew soft with a sudden outburst of light. A sweet smile crept into his face, and, in his happiness, he pressed Max to his heart. "Now again you have a right to my name," he said, with deep feeling. "God be thanked for having brought you back to me. Obey me hereafter, my boy."

They both clasped hands and together made their way to the drawing-room.

"My son! my dear Max!" cried out the over-joyous mother, as she extended her arms to embrace him. But he pushed her aside—his eyes fastened, like in a dream, upon the expressive face of the switchman, who rose and said in pathetic tones: "My poor young man, I see that you, too, have suffered and atoned enough, although you did not carry the stripes. I am now a free man, and forgive you heartily. The dear general has made ample restitution, and if my old father-in-law once tried to save him from death, then, surely I dare also make this sacrifice for the sake of honor." Max shook hands with Ehrlich. Then he kissed Lucille—his mother—and both wept grateful tears. Poor boy! He could not utter a single word, but the silent joy that stifled forever the last pangs of pain and deep unrest within his breast and the attention he paid to the children of the now happy switchman—all told the general that time had wrought great changes in one youthful heart.

General Von Rantenschwert did his duty to the Ehrlich family. He appointed Ehrlich overseer of his beloved Hohenfels, and thus the family lived with him for many happy years. Max and Ehrlich also became fast friends.

Dear reader, the last chapter is clos-

ing, and if you should ever pass that poor humble dwelling of the Ehrlich's in that distant German city by the sea, you will read above the door, in letters of gold, the following lines of Christmas cheer:

"Glory to God in the highest,  
And on earth  
Peace to men of good will!"

Dear old General Von Rantenschwert, himself had the token placed there. It was a sign to the busy, anxious world that an injustice had been done, but that again "for the sake of honor" an atonement had been made.

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### Christmas Morn.

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J. William Fischer

O happy morn, so bright and fair,  
With jeweled star-gleams in thy crown!  
Come send thy angel-blessings down,  
For hearts are weary and their prayer,  
Expectant, glad, steals everywhere.

O happy morn! the star so bright,  
That lingers in thy fond embrace,  
Is smiling on the earth's lone face—  
Wrapped in a darkness black as night—  
With blinded eyes, that long for light.

O happy morn! a wise-man gay  
Is praying at your dewy feet;  
A watchword, low, he doth repeat  
And, there, he waits the light of day,  
While kneels the shepherd-star to pray.

O happy morn! in bated breath,  
All nature waits, with throbbing heart  
Thy joyous dawn, which will impart  
The promised hope, that love bringeth  
To light the fields of Sin and Death.

O happy morn! see, now appears  
The light to bless a course well run—  
'Tis Christ, the new-born King! the Sun  
That lights the rocks of human fears  
And dries, O, world, thy sinful tears!

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Pleasure's couch is virtue's grave.

The resolution to do that which is wrong makes the first step to the stairway leading downward, and we find it an easy footing afterward until we try once more to climb.

## Greeting From the Philippines.

The Union and Times is in receipt of a document from the "Centro Catolico de Filipinas," addressed to the Catholic Press and all the Catholic faithful in the United States of America." The circular follows, and should be read carefully by every student of the much-mooted friar question :

GREETING.—The Centro Catolico de Filipinas, in the name and in representation of the Catholic peoples of the Philippines who body and soul associate therewith, has recently despatched to their Lordships the Bishops of Pittsburg and Grand Rapids, a telegram of thanks, as a demonstration of heartfelt gratitude for the enthusiasm and valor with which their Lordships protested against the expulsion of the religious orders from the Philippines.

Right well do we know that His Holiness, Leo XIII, by the grace of God, supreme Pontiff of the Church Militant; Mgr. Chapelle, the late Delegate Apostolic of the Holy See; the Philippine Episcopate, and by far the greater and better part of our clergy and all the true Catholic people of the Philippines, are opposed to the proposed expulsion of the religious corporations from Philippine soil; but to us it was most grateful to know, by telegram of the 14th of the last month, that the Catholic clergy and people of Pennsylvania and Michigan had publicly demonstrated the self-same sentiments.

We, therefore, consider it our duty to give to our Catholic fathers and brethren of the United States our most sincere thanks and a lively congratulation for their noble and just attitude in this question, which is one of vital importance for the people of the Philippines and we earnestly appeal to all the prelates and faithful of America for their aid and assistance against taking step so transcendental for our religious and social future.

The Spanish religious who have been the object of so much persecution, evangelized our country, taught us the arts of agriculture, industry and commerce; they inspired in us the love of the liberal arts; they gave us an exquisite social and moral education, and sent us

forth in the path of true progress and civilization in a quiet, gentle manner. The whole world is witness to the fact that in three centuries we have passed from a state of savagery to one of a civilization, which is the cause of envy in the breasts of all our Malay neighbors.

Its knowledge of this archipelago being recent and as yet incomplete, America, perhaps, has not yet formed a just idea of the immense labor and the innumerable sacrifices which the religious orders, of whose ministrations a certain element would unjustly deprive us, have undertaken and suffered for our welfare and advancement. And apart from this, they would find it difficult to appreciate these labors and sacrifices, on account of the social and political crisis through which this country has passed during these last few years, and on account of the fact that our civilization being eminently Catholic and accommodated to our especial idiosyncrasy, it possesses characters but little visible, very modest and better suited to demonstrate a social, moral and interior progress, than a material and industrial civilization.

Let America but examine carefully our rich literature and history, and open her eyes to the light of experience, and she will see and realize the immense service these religious orders have rendered to us, and which they are called to render in time to come to our country, under any noble and just banner whatever that may shelter us.

One of the things most evident in this our country, is that the improvements the roadways, the bridges, the schools, colleges and the universities; the barracks and fortresses, the seminaries and charitable institutions; the books and documents of arts and sciences, the implements of labor and transport, the utensils and tools of construction; the perfection of the languages, the betterment of customs and the foundation of culture; in a word, all the vestiges of civilization and progress bear the marks, the embellishment and seal of the Spanish religious corporations.

Did there exist any colonial literature, including that of Cuba, so abundant and

select as ours, perhaps one might criticise labor of our missionaries. Were there colony in the world whose youth in equal numbers and proportional degree, could read, write, count, who knew the truths of our holy religion, the rules of good manners and the principles of courtesy as do our Filipino youth, perchance one might call to account the direction and labor of our missionaries. Were there to be found registered in the geographical annals of the world a colony as cultured, as religious, as rich, peaceful, obedient, and as happy as were our beloved Filipinos during the three centuries of Spanish dominion, peradventure one might doubt the immense sacrifices of our Spanish religious missionaries.

Moreover, why shall they be expelled from this country the ministers of the Catholic Church, when there are admitted into the country those of all sects of all beliefs and of all superstitions, of all systems and ideals? Why should the Spaniards be excluded, seeing that they are naturally the only ones who civilized and embellished our country? Why shall the American constitution be undermined and the Treaty of Paris be set at naught, for all of these prohibit the expulsion of any subject of any nation whatever without some just cause and without the previous declaration of the legislative chambers that such subjects and such institutions are inconvenient and detrimental for the well being of the public order? What occasion, cause or pretext have our Spanish Catholic priests given that such unjust and unheard of measures should be taken?

Let our enemies point the finger of justice at one single case, one single scandal, one single crime committed by any one of the members of the religious orders during the four years of American sovereignty and if any such case shall be found, if any individual shall have committed any fault meriting his expulsion from the country, then let the penalty fall on the guilty one, but in the name of justice leave to us the remainder who are innocent, in the natural enjoyment of their rights.

And who are those who defame the religious, those who shout for the expulsion of these orders? They are Protestants, they are sectarians, they are Free Masons

or members of kindred societies condemned by our Holy Mother the Church; they are impious persons, all of them the sworn enemies of the Church of God, and of our faith. They are those who first rebelled against Spain and afterwards against the United States, and those who without public sincerity or private conscience make echo of ideals they do not profess, and who spread abroad stories of disorders which never existed, and never will exist in the religious orders. They are traitors to three flags and adulators to three sovereignties against which they plotted whilst they kissed the feet of their governors. They are the insurgents against Spain and America, who formerly lived by political and armed pillage and who to-day, thanks to the iniquitous favoritism on the part of the one and the villainous servility on the part of the other, enjoy the benefits of municipal and provincial salaries. They compose, in a word, a hungry crowd of political factionists, engendered, suckled and favored contrary to all justice by a few politicians unworthy of the name of Americans.

The direct aim of those who demand the expulsion of the friars is double: First, they would throw off all bridle of religion, remove all competent testimony to certain inhumanities and scandalous proceedings and facts. And thus they could commit all kinds of iniquities upon this poor people, which, numbering some eight millions to-day, would in their hands be reduced in ten years to a single million or less of miserable, unfortunate creatures.

In the second place they aim to despoil the Church and her institutions of their property and states that they may fatten themselves like birds of prey that they are; to rob and disrobe the sacred images, and despoil the altars of their sacred vessels, polluting the house of God and turning it into a meeting house for discordant mobs of political schemers and agitators.

And let it be well understood that these much-talked-of states possess better titles of property and comply with all the requirements of the law both canonical and civil, better than any other landed property possessed by Filipinos or foreigners in the archipelago.

Nor are these estates in their extension and value what is claimed by the enemies of their religious owners who justly possess them. Taken altogether they are less in their extent than Rhode Island as compared to the vast superficies of your immense country. They were purchased for small amounts because land formerly was, and is even now, so abundant that the Spanish government and private owners almost gave it away.

These famous and coveted estates were in the hands of their religious owners, a grand practical school of agricultural economy, in which natives and foreigners might learn all that might be accomplished by a just and prudent administration, in carrying out large enterprises. If all had imitated the religious in the moderation of the rents asked, and in the paternal treatment of their tenants, in charity in years of scarcity, and justice in those of abundance, in prudent expenses and rewards of the masters, to-day the fertile forests and desert valleys of the Philippines would be converted into model farms and into lively settlements. It is obvious that the pueblos in which these estates existed were among the largest, richest and happiest in the country.

With these estates, from which they received about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of their value the religious were enabled to attend to the expenses of their seminaries, to the work of the missions conducted by them in China and Tung-kin, to the needs of public worship, to the erection of schools and charitable institutions, and to an endless number of public and private alms, and, at times to the alleviation of the strained condition of the public treasuries of the provinces and the municipalities. These estates are to-day in the possession of foreign companies, Belgian, French, American and English, who comply with all the requirements of the laws, and are in as just and pacific possession of their lands as are other companies, Filipinos, Spanish or American, of theirs.

But one of the most curious phenomena noticeable in connection with these estates is that when the government concerns itself in their purchase they commence to be looked upon as small, bad and scarcely worth the price of purchase

except for political (!) reasons; whereas two years ago the religious were said to be the possessors of somewhere near half the archipelago, and it was even supposed that the possession of these estates constituted the social problem of the Philippines. Time will be a witness whether or no the sale of these estates is to the benefit of the people or to that of the government.

And yet the Spanish religious corporations are, of course, ready to submit themselves to the judgment of the Holy See as regards both to their persons and farms.

Some ill intentioned folk teach and preach that the expulsion of the friar will be a political measure, because they expect that the friars will be anti-American and will sow the seed of disaffection among the natives of our country. A ridiculous and unjust suspicion!

You know well, beloved fathers and brethren, what are the teachings of the Church in this matter, and, what is the history of our Catholic missionaries in all parts. We are convinced, and in the face of the world declare, that the existence of the Spanish corporations in the Philippines will not only be a fountain of advantages for us, the Filipinos, but it will be the best guarantee of order, obedience and concord and peace between the sovereign nation and its Filipino subjects. Would to God that America did not have any worse enemies than the poor Spanish religions. The day in which they disappear from here there will be founded in the hearts of thousands of people all over the archipelago a deep-seated and perpetual suspicion of America and all her institutions. The day when these religious leave us we shall be left shepherdless, without instruction without preachers, without professional courses, without places of worship, without sacraments, without help or counsel, without hopes — love-lorn. Alas, if such should be our lot.

Fortunately we know the abyss which has opened at our feet, we foresee the fatal future of our religion and of our pitiable fatherland, and therefore whilst imploring the help of Heaven, we turn our eyes towards our fathers and brethren of the United States, asking their help in our just demand.

American Catholics, you are numerous and strong; you are sons of a great nation; you live in the land of liberty; you have a thousand newspapers of large circulation; you enjoy the care and guidance of many bishops; you who are famous for your love and tendency toward association, who are enjoying a period of peace and normal prosperity; who are accustomed to struggle and conquer, forget not your poor Catholic colonist of the Philippines.

Heaven will reward you and our hearts will ever be grateful to you. In token of our perpetual union and solidity with

the Catholics of the United States we shall ever pray for peace and prosperity for your country, and now with the filial confidence we have for the sons of the Catholic Church throughout all the world we embrace all our brethren in the faith.

Vincente Cavanna, President.

Jose Arriola, First Vice-President.

Tellesforo Casas, Second Vice-Pres.

Jose L. Pozas, Secretary.

Bartolome Pons, Asst. Secretary.

Julian De La O, Treasurer.

Jose Memije, Vocale.

W. Breckno K. Watson, Vocale.

Mannuel Assensi, Vocale.



WE thought it would be of interest to our readers to be made acquainted with some of the more important members of our General Chapter held in Rome last October. The central figure in the front row of the accompanying picture represents our newly elected General, the Most Reverend Pius R. Meyer, a well-known personage to many in America, as he was a prominent member of the American province for the last twenty five years. To his right is the late Superior General, Very Rev. Simone Bernardini, and to his left Very Rev. Father Borrás, ex-provincial of Spain and present Procurator General. The others in the front row form the General's council. More in the background to the right the great number of his friends will recognize Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, the present provincial of America, and in the last row to the left Very Rev. C. Feehan, to whose untiring efforts our newly established St. Cyril's College in Chicago is largely due. The other members are provincials with their socii of the different provinces that make up the Order.



## The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

### Chapter V.

It was the first of December, and the day was ushered in by a heavy blinding snow storm, that later developed into a drizzling rain and which made the streets slippery and unsafe. On all sides were heard loud regrets that snow had fallen and that winter had come so soon. Only those who had pressing business awaiting them appeared out; others more fortunate remained indoors and hugged the warmth of the fire. Mrs. Raymond tried to persuade Rosamond to give up going to her pupils, but the young girl was reluctant to yield her duty even in the face of a storm, and begged to be allowed to go to it.

"It is a matter of bread and butter, mother. Mrs. Keefe is so fussy if Edna loses one lesson."

"But you could easily make it up, dear. However, if you are not afraid of being blown away, and it is well to see you so punctual to duty, I will wrap you up that you may not feel the cold."

With maternal solicitude, she buttoned a long coat of her own about the slender form, put a thick comforter around her neck, and covered the delicate ears and most of the face with an old black muffler.

"People will take me for an Armenian woman, mother, my face is so hidden."

"There will not be many out a day like this to observe you, dearie, and in such weather we can afford to be indifferent to looks so long as we are comfortable. Take a car home if you can get one."

"Yes, mother, they will surely be running by this way by then, the track is clearing fast enough."

At times, as once she left the precincts of the Square, Rosamond thought she must turn back, for the storm seemed to be increasing instead of decreasing, and it rained and snowed alternately. But she struggled bravely on, and when she got nearer to the town, and on the shovelled streets she found it much easier and the shops and buildings kept off

much of the cold. She lowered her muffler so as to be able to see better, and the few passersby looked curiously into the beautiful face, doubtlessly wondering why such a flower, as she seemed, should be weathering such a storm.

But Rosamond moved on, blissfully unconscious of the glances directed at her, or people's thoughts of her, until she reached Mr. Holland's, where, besides going to her pupils, she had some business to transact for her mother. The old merchant plainly expressed his surprise at seeing her out, and gave her to understand that she, in his belief, should be indoors. She took the kindly meant advice in her amiable way, for to a great extent she and Mr. Holland were great friends. He paid her the small sum he owed for her mother's last work and then politely opened the door and asked if he might hail a car for her.

She thanked him politely, but told him that she was going only as far as the next block to a music pupil, and it was not worth while to ride that far. The old merchant smiled and said something about "a wonderful little person, most economical little person," but if it was meant for Rosamond's ears, it was drowned in the noise of the falling rain, out into which she had passed again.

The weather had caused a change to be made in the schedule of the cars, so when Rosamond had finished with her pupils and walked back over the street she had gone, she learned that she might have to wait quite a while for one, but it would be better to do that than to trudge the long way home.

Old Father Boreas blew keenly from his northern horn, and twice nearly caused her to be minus her hat, and the third time he succeeded. For all at once, before she could raise her hand to stop it, it blew off, and went chasing to the other side.

Immediately from the porch of the New York Club, there sprang a man's tall athletic form; its great height further increased by the long fur coat he wore, and in a trice he had gained the

opposite walk and arrested the flying headgear.

The action was so quick, so spontaneous that Rosamond's bewilderment had not time to vanish, when he returned with her hat and placed it in her hands, and doffed his own at the same moment.

Then it was that she found her voice, and a rare smile, such as Bruce Everett seldom saw, or had ever seen, even amongst the most noted belles of his acquaintance, crossed the expressive face.

"Thank you so much, sir," she said, perhaps a little shyly, for the eagle eyes before her seemed to be reading her inmost soul. "I am so grateful to you."

"You are welcome; pray consider it as nothing, and I hope the wind will not treat you so rudely in future," and with another lifting of his hat, he walked away.

Rosamond secured her's more firmly on her head, and with one look in the direction which the stranger had taken, made ready to stop the trolley, that at last happened along, and soon she was being whirled homewards.

The office of Everett & Heathcote, attorneys at law, was a large, bright apartment conveniently situated on the second floor of the Abbot building, and perhaps the most inartistic of any of the offices in the place. It had no ornamentation of any kind, nor much style in its outlay, but it held only what was necessary and useful,—desks, chairs and piles of books pertaining to the profession of the owners.

No one doubted the ability of this firm whose practice and reputation was perhaps the greatest in the city. Their services were always in demand, but, of course, everyone knew and recognized, that the leading power in it, of brains and money, was Bruce Everett. There was not an abler interpreter of the law than he, and add a handsome personality to his genius, and it can be understood how other lights faded before his.

Keen, practical, discerning, possessing a will that brooked opposition in nothing, and with a fair idea of his own mental and physical powers, aptly and faithfully described this man. But there was no vain glory in his composition, and the favorable opinions and flatteries

of admirers, of which he had a host, fell as unheeded on his ears as if they had been bestowed on unhearing Astræa whose Paris bust stood on his office desk. Utterly indifferent to what the world thought, he did all things as his matchless insight told him was best, and he relied on no one for help, but only on himself. He had been so constituted, he might have led a life of indolence and ease, for his wealth was undisputed. But that would have been as impossible for that active body, and still more active brain, as for him to take up life in an African desert. Work was his hobby and ambition, his god, and his one idea was to increase the great fortune left him by a dead generous sire.

Some men called him selfish, others hard; even some of those who outwardly admired him and his pride not to be equaled. But all were forced to agree that his powers were almost marvelous, and his honor unimpeachable; his word was his bond. For many years he had scorned to be counted as being of Society, or to mingle in the social whirl, but since his engagement, four months ago, to the richest heiress in the state, in the person of Beatrice Staunton, he had lost the prejudice which he had always entertained for that vast body, and was fast becoming its king. Everywhere he was lionized and courted, but he accepted it all, with his customary coolness, never allowing pleasure to interfere with his professional duties, nor was he less exact in their performance than as before.

His partner, Francis Heathcote, was a clever, but rather quiet fellow, disposed to make a substantial livelihood and to be satisfied with a certain amount of success in the world. Everett was his senior by eight years, and to him and his abilities the young recruit from Harvard walls looked up for guidance and principles. Unlike himself, Heathcote was not a man of fortune, and had been comparatively poor and struggling when he happened across him, and admitted him as his partner, but it was not money the man of experience wanted, he had plenty of that himself, it was brains, and in Francis Heathcote he knew he was getting what he desired. Heathcote was intent on the writing of some docu-

mentary paper, but he looked up as the shadow of Everett's tall form fell across it.

"Oh! it is you Everett. How does the weather go out now?"

"Pretty bad. Very busy?"

"Not very. There is a note there for you from Staunton House. Farrel, the porter, brought it."

"My coat, Sam, hang it up and allow it to dry. Rather wet I fancy."

The clerk did as he was commanded, and Everett picked up the note, which proved to be a dainty invitation from his betrothed, to come to an early luncheon that day, to meet some friends they were expecting, and not to disappoint them on any account.

The lawyer smiled amusedly at the imperious command, and placing it away with the remark to his partner "The queen commands, her subject must obey, I suppose, Heathcote," turned to the pile of letters and morning mails, which never failed to present themselves on his desk every morning for his inspection and attention.

Heathcote understood and smiled.

"Yes, when such a queen as yours commands, Everett, Egad, you are to be envied. Plenty money, plenty brains, and the love of the most dazzling woman I have ever seen."

"How enthusiastic you are, my dear fellow. You credit me with too many gifts of the gods, but in the last I certainly am fortunate. So much for social talk, now for business."

For several minutes only the scratching of Heathcote's busy pen, or the occasional rattling of his partner's mail, as he opened or turned its pages, broke the monotony of the office. Then Everett said carelessly.

"Well, it is a pretty miserable day out, but not too miserable, evidently, for the nymph or goddess, I hardly know which to style her, I met near Broadway."

The steady movements of Heathcote's pen ceased, as he asked interestedly:

"A goddess, Everett; suppose you explain yourself. I was under the impression that there was only one Diana in the whole of New York for you?"

"And you are quite right, Heathcote, but that does not debar me from taking

note or a passing notice of a lesser divinity, I suppose, and especially when you have rendered her a slight service."

"Indeed, that was your good fortune this morning?"

"It was. I was coming out of the club, and saw this nymph just in the act of passing. The wind relieved her head of its covering. You understand what followed. I restored it to the fair owner, and honestly, I have seldom seen such a rare face, particularly in the daughter of the people. She was very much wrapped up, and her clothing poor, but she appeared to be most refined."

"She might have been somebody once, eh, or rather her parents?"

"I was thinking that. New York holds many such. Here look over some of these, will you. I've enough to keep me going for the next couple of hours. I have lost so much time already."

"Your nymph in distress must have captivated you. A bill from Anderson's. Been already paid; luckily we have the receipt. What's next?" and the young man took up several letters at once.

Everett was too much engaged with his own work, or too preoccupied to notice the remarks.

Bruce Everett was not an impressionable man, especially where the beauty and attractions of the fairer sex were concerned, even the charms of his affianced did not make him over enthusiastic, but the face of Rosamond Raymond was not quickly forgotten by him, nor the low "thank you sir," so modestly given.

Years afterwards, he knew that on that day he had met his future fate.

When Rosamond reached home, her mother was waiting with warm dry clothing, and a hot drink of lemon. While she helped her to remove her wet clothes and chafed the small cold hands, Rosamond related the little incident of her home coming, adding:

"And do you know, mother, the gentleman was so tall, I thought I was looking up at a giant."

"The gentleman was very kind to my little girl, whoever he was, and I would like to be able to thank him myself, too."

"But for him I might have lost my hat, mother, for it was blowing away as

fast as it could. I never saw any one move so quickly as the gentleman did, and return all in a second. What a nice voice he had, mother, but I think I would be afraid of him, he looked so stern, though he smiled when he gave me my hat."

"And that improved his face, you think, dearie? I am so relieved to have you back, for I was getting anxious. Put your little feet up here on the fender and toast them for a while, and forget all about "stern gentlemen." She patted playfully and tenderly the golden head, but for the rest of that day, and for many days Rosamond did not forget the handsome stranger and the resonant voice that had spoken so kindly to her, but not once did her unconscious heart dream of how he was later to come into her life, its hopes and daily existence.

#### Chapter VI.

In the luxurious library of his magnificent mansion, gazing absently into the brightly glowing grate fire, sat Oswald Staunton.

Straight and erect, he was a fine figure even in its sitting posture, and had it not been for the snowy whiteness of his hair, and of the long drooping moustache that veiled his lip, no one would credit him with bearing the weight of seventy years.

His face had scarcely a wrinkle, and at first sight it would impress the stranger as belonging to a very happy man. But on closer examination, a sad, worried expression on its every well cut feature could at once be detected, and the longing look in the deep-set blue eyes, told that their owner wished for something that was not forthcoming. He was aroused from his reverie, by the laying of a shapely gloved hand on his shoulder, and a distinctly musical voice, exclaiming:

"Is it alone, I find papa, with only his books and a fire for company?"

He turned around and looked fondly into the beautiful face of his only daughter, who, unnoticed by him, had tiptoed into the room and stood beside him.

"My peerless Beatrice! alone with my books, but waiting for you," and with a caressing motion he drew her on to the stool at his feet.

"I thought you had gone a-shopping?"

"Oh, no, papa, the weather is too unpleasant. Where is mamma?"

"In the conservatory, my love, among her flowers."

"Of course you know we are having several guests to-day, papa?"

"Yes, and there is to be somebody—somebody amongst them whom I know; somebody will be impatient till he comes." The judge, as he spoke, pinched the dark cheek, and an arch smile lit up the lovely southern face.

"How sharp you are, papa; but are you pleased with my choice?"

"Words can hardly express my pleasure and satisfaction at the course events have taken, my love. There is no man worthier of you than Bruce Everett; no man to whom your mother or myself would so quickly trust your happiness. We were in Paris when the news of your engagement reached us. We had it first from Mrs. Aiden, and then from yourself."

"Mrs. Aiden is a most careful chaperone, papa. We were in Washington, you know, for three weeks. It was so dull and quiet here just at the time."

"Was Mr. Everett there, too?"

"For a week only. His business would not permit of longer, but he was generous enough to persuade me to remain, and he came to accompany us back, when we were returning. I must run and dress for luncheon. Mamma cannot forgive an offence against punctuality," and releasing herself from his embrace, she left him alone, and ascended the broad, oaken staircase to her two apartments, where Susetta, her pretty French maid, was waiting to help "mamselle" in her toilette.

The judge looked after her retreating form, but the words of admiration that were about to pass his lips at her grace and beauty died, and he said or rather muttered: "She is my beautiful dark-eyed Beatrice, my Madeline's precious gift to me; but where is gentle blue-eyed Millicent, my dead Millicent's gift, whom I promised the angel wife of my youth to always love and cherish. What a dastardly lie! what a mocking sham! Oswald Staunton you have been guilty of." His head fell heavily forwards and in spirit he lived over again that bitter

day, in which he had allowed prejudice and pride to master all better feelings, and caused him to commit the act he now so regretted.

#### Chapter VII.

Many years before that day he had brought to reign, as mistress of his heart and home, a beautiful girl wife, in the person of Millicent Marsden. But she stayed with him only one short year, and then, like a flower, drooped and died, leaving him heart broken, but with a fair sweet babe, who had blossomed into life at the price of her own, to comfort him. On her deathbed she made him promise to always love and cherish the daughter she was leaving him.

Needless to say that in his grief and proud young fatherhood, he willingly promised to be true to her dying request, and doubtless meant to keep his word. But as events will show, he had not the strength of will he believed himself to be invested with, nor the strong abiding love he credited himself with having for his motherless Millicent. The child grew up, lovable and beautiful as her mother had been, and her father lavished on her all the affection of his dotting heart, so that she lacked nothing his love or boundless wealth could give to make her happy.

At an early age he took her to France and placed her in one of its first schools for the educational advantages which only the matchless French schools can furnish to willing pupils. Then for a long time she studied art and music in other European countries, until at eighteen she was pronounced finished by her masters.

Proud and happy was the father the day he brought her home in the dawn of her fair young womanhood, and all her accomplishments to take her dead mother's place as mistress of the halls of "Staunton House." Six months he gave her in which to recuperate after her studies and journeyings abroad and to grow accustomed to the household and to the friends from whom she had so long been separated, before making her debut into society,—the world in which she was destined so short a time to reign.

The first of the golden month of September was the night chosen for this important event in Millicent's happy young life. Under the careful chaperonage of Mrs. Reeves, an old friend of the family, the lovely heiress was formally presented to the exclusive circles to which she belonged. And surely no lovelier vision ever graced a ball-room than this fair debutante who bore the grand old name that for generations had been known in the ever growing city, for all that was good and noble, whether in the home or outside world.

From that night her position was assured, and no ball or reception room was afterwards considered complete without the attractive presence of the beautiful Miss Staunton. Thus once more the Judge opened the doors of his hospitable mansion which he had kept stubbornly closed to all gaiety and pleasures since the death of his wife, and took his place beside his Millicent, to assist her in the new duties that now devolved upon her.

Two years passed away and as might be expected, numerous suitors, eligible and otherwise, presented themselves at the doors of Staunton House, and placed their hearts and fortunes in the hand of the proud heiress.

But to each of them she was proudly indifferent, treating them with cold politeness only. Her father, who was anxious to have her marry, and share the old home with any of the young men he knew and favored with his friendship, could not understand his daughter's repugnance at all. However, he comforted himself with the belief that Millicent ought to know her own mind, and besides she was young enough to think of marrying yet, and he never doubted but that she would choose one from the many of whom he approved, for a life partner, therefore he was not prepared for the blow that came to him with crushing effect, one bright spring morning.

He was seated in his study, scanning as usual, his morning papers, when she appeared before him fresh and blooming as a June rose.

She kissed him as was her wont, and set into the vase on his desk a full bunch

of daffodils, she had just gathered in the garden.

"A message from Spring to you, father," she said in a low voice, "and a token of love from me, but they are not wholly the cause of my early visit to you. I have come one an errand, which, I am afraid, is bound to displease you."

Awed by her grave tones, he dropped his paper, and looking with some apprehension up into her face, strengthened his hold on the slender wrists.

"I dislike such words coming from you, my pet, and hope you have no sad news in store for me."

"Not sad from my view, father," she said, slowly, evenly. "It is—I am a Catholic!"

For a moment he could not speak with sheer wonder and surprise.

His daughter a *Papist!* an image worshipper! and himself and all her race staunch Presbyterian. Impossible! the idea was absurd and he smiled credulously.

"You a Catholic, Millicent! Why child you must be dreaming? The evil day has yet to come when one of our race would turn to that superstitious creed. Tell me you are only dreaming Millicent, and set my mind at rest."

"It is no dream, father, but reality. I have been under instructions with Father Bentley for some months past, and yesterday, he baptised and received me into the One True Fold."

He scarcely gave her time to finish as springing from his chair like a wounded tiger, he dropped her hands, then caught them securely again, and bent his eyes, fierce with a suddenly awakened anger, on her quivering form.

"How dare you," he cried, "confirm the truth of such words to me, your father. How dare you tell me this?"

"Because it is right, and time that you should know it, father, and there is something else. I am about to marry a Catholic. I want your consent to my union with George Kingsley."

He dropped her burning palms again, and recoiled as if stung by the bite of an adder.

"What!" he shouted loud enough to be heard down in the servants' quarters, "do you not consider the first of

your announcements to be bad enough, Millicent Staunton; but what do you mean by giving me this last? Explain yourself while there is yet time," and he drew near to her again.

"There is nothing to explain, father, more than that I am a Catholic, and believe only in the One True Religion. And my heart is given irrevocably to the man who has been lately serving some of your old friends in the capacity of music instructor to their children. In short I want your consent to become his wife!"

"And that I will never give you," he cried with clenched teeth, and bringing his hand forcibly down on the sill of the window near which he stood. "Consent to my daughter, the last of her proud race, to marry a player of music, a common low born—"

She put up her hand to stay his tirade and threw her golden head up spiritedly.

"Say what you will to myself, father, but unless you can speak of your daughter's future husband as the thorough gentleman he is, and the manly man, do not speak of him at all before me."

"Your future husband, eh! I tell you girl, you will forsake the false religion, which doubtless this scamp has taught you to believe in, and have nothing more to do either with him or it, or take the alternative I will give you?" and he folded his arms like one who is waiting to bestow judgment.

She looked at him unflinchingly.

"I can do neither, father. I am a Catholic forever, and my love is given forever to one who is poor in means, but rich in all the goodness that is only to be found in the noble of mind and soul  
And——"

"Enough! I wish to hear no further of this good noble man"—this with great sarcasm—"whom I know to be an impudent, aspiring imposter, but what I do want to know is: if you intend to persist in your folly of marrying him."

To be continued.

Gratitude is memory of the heart.

The cross is a letter from the Lord to the soul wherein is written, "I love thee."

## The Immaculate Conception.

Not quite half a century ago a grand spectacle could be witnessed in the Capital of Christendom. Seated on his pontifical throne, under the spacious vaults of St. Peter's, surrounded by the princes of Christ's Kingdom here on earth, the cardinals and bishops, who had gathered from all parts of the globe, surrounded also by an immense multitude of his flock, the vicar of Christ, Pope Pius IX, exercised his divine office of guardian and interpreter of that revelation, which the Son of God had brought on this earth. He solemnly proclaimed the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin to be a revealed truth, a dogma of faith, which, under pain of excommunication, all the faithful were henceforth to believe. "The Blessed Virgin Mary, in the first moment of her Conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Christ Jesus, the Saviour of the human race, was preserved free from all stain of original sin." This is the sentence the infallible teacher pronounced. The Cannon of San Angelo's Castle booms the signal and four hundred bell-towers in the Eternal City answer with their triumphal peals. This happened on the ever-memorable December day in the year 1854.

This same day, the 8th of December was instituted as the commemoration day of this great and joyful mystery, the Immaculate Conception of Mary. And it is, indeed, a great and joyful mystery, that the Christian world celebrates to-day, for it heralds the coming of the long-expected Redeemer, for this child, that is conceived without the stain of sin in the womb of S. Anne, twenty centuries ago, is that woman, who is to crush the head of the serpent, according to the promises our first parents received after their fall; for this child is Mary who is to bring forth Jesus, the Saviour of mankind.

Children, whose mother has been distinguished by some great mark of honor, naturally rejoice, as often as they recall to mind her prerogative, and hence this is a day of joy for us all, because we commemorate to-day the most glor-

ious prerogative of our heavenly mother, a prerogative which is peculiar to her alone, which is dearest to her heart of all the honors that God has lavished upon her, which is the source of all her greatness, which constitutes her, "the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the salvation of her people," and an honor to the whole human race; a prerogative, which is at the same time her victory and her crown; a victory over sin, and a crown of heavenly beauty and loveliness. Hence, we see this mystery of the Immaculate Conception represented under the figure of the Bl. Virgin, with the serpent writhing beneath her foot, and a crown of twelve stars encircling her virginal brow. Thus the exile of Patmos, while wrapt in ecstasy, beheld Mary. "A great sign appeared in heaven," he writes in his Apocalypse (12. 1.), "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." Christian art has copied the picture, and to gaze on this noble figure to-day, to consider the great dignity of our heavenly Queen and Mother, to recall to mind the advantages that accrue to Mary's children from her exalted station, is the happy duty of every Christian soul.

Our earthball, encompassed by the coils of a serpent, that holds an apple in its mouth—this is the lowest part in the symbolical picture, its dark and gloomy side. It represents the fall of the human race, its cause and consequences. Man had come forth from the hand of his Creator innocent and holy. In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, with their future offspring, were to lead a life of undisturbed happiness in close intercourse and friendship with their God. And finally, without passing through the dreary portals of death and the grave, they would have entered into the eternal joys of the Heavenly Paradise. But the envious and hateful Lucifer, to spite the Almighty, and to wreck man's blessed state, had planned his ruin. We well know these plans of the artful fiend, and how he carried them out. The apple in the serpent's mouth recalls the whole

sad story. Our first parents, deceived by Satan, violated God's law, and ate the forbidden fruit. Lucifer has conquered; the earth is subject to his tyrannical sway; man, from a child of God, and heir to heaven, falls to the degrading depth of a slave to the devil, and misery, suffering and death follow in the train of such disgraceful captivity. The creature has raised the standard of rebellion against the Creator, and the spirit of rebellion pervades all creation. No longer does the beast reverence man as his king; the material element in our nature is in revolt against the spirit, the appetites and passions of the flesh battle against the dictates of the soul; fierce combats are raging within our own bosom. The fallen race of man is steeped in sin and iniquity, and every new offspring of this race steps upon the platform of this life an enemy of God, with a soul contaminated and sullied by original sin. Satan rules with an iron rod.

This dire result of man's rebellion, this subjection of our earth to diabolical sway, is symbolized in our picture by the serpent encircling our globe with its coils.

But, lo! above this fallen, sinful earth, above the serpent oppressing it, there rises a fair and lightful figure, a diadem of stars is around her brow, her foot is planted on the dragon's head.

Mary—for she is this figure—Mary is represented standing on the terrestrial globe, for she is not included in the general corruption; the serpent's coils do not encircle her, for she never was Satan's captive. She was not only born without sin, as were Jeremias, the prophet, and S. John, the Baptist, but she was pure and immaculate from her very conception. This dignity and privilege only she enjoys, and by virtue of it, she stands above all men. With her alone, the Almighty has made an exception to the general rule, and why? Her foot on the serpent gives us the answer. Not through personal merit was she raised to such glory, but for the part she was destined by God to act in the great work of man's redemption. She was to crush the serpent's head; she was to rescue the world from the slavery of Satan. Of her the Almighty spoke when He promised a Redeemer to fallen humanity; when

in the Garden of Eden he addressed to the serpent those powerful words: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head." (Gen. 3.15.) Yes, although enjoying well nigh unlimited power over this earth, the prince of darkness had, nevertheless, to tremble and bend before a woman. This woman arose when Mary came into existence. Hostile is her bearing towards the infernal serpent at her Immaculate Conception, her foot is placed on his head when she becomes the mother of the Redeemer and she crushes that proud head, when expiring on the cross her divine Son exclaims: "It is consummated." Yes, Mary's election to be the Mother of God is the reason of her Immaculate Conception. She was to be the tabernacle of God's only-begotten Son; in her virgin womb He was to remain for nine months, and the Son of God would not have for His mother one, that once had carried the chains of His declared enemy one who once had been hateful in His eyes on account of her sins. His divine majesty as well as His sanctity demanded a mother pure and spotless and immaculate from her entrance into this world to her departure from it, from her conception to her death; for dishonor to a mother is dishonor to the son. Such, therefore, was Mary; all holy and beautiful, the privileged daughter of her heavenly Father, the beloved mother of her divine Son, the fair spouse of the Holy Ghost. As such did she ever appear to the Christian eye. Everywhere is the belief strong, vivid and cherished that Mary is Immaculate, and unceasingly the angelic salutation. "Hail, full of grace," ascends from the Catholic heart to Heaven's Immaculate Queen. Nor are we Catholics of America second to others in our veneration to Mary, as a recent author beautifully remarks, for, grand and noble thought, and happy omen of our religious destiny, we offset the prejudice and unbelief of the still doubting millions by keeping the feast of the Immaculate Conception as our national festival.

Mary is immaculate; our Catholic instinct tells us so, and we would have believed, had there never been sounded from the city on the hills, the trumpet note of



an infallible decision. This beauty and loveliness of Mary, the immaculate daughter of our race, is symbolized in our picture by the starry crown on her head. The crown is the emblem of royalty. Mary, for her purity and holiness is crowned queen of heaven and earth. In heaven she is above the choirs of angels, above cherubs and seraphim, next to the throne of God Himself. These celestial spirits are Mary's servants, she their queen, and while contemplating her beauty they gladly own her such. To them, queen she remains, but to us a something dearer, a something more, for by the closest ties whose binding is of God Himself, she is—our mother. Nor will she forget the occasion, to continue borrowing from the above mentioned author, for it was the closing scene in the deep tragedy of the Sacred Passion, when our divine Lord, in a supreme effort of filial love, turned to the beloved disciple and said: "Son, behold thy mother!"

Let us then congratulate our queen on her high privilege; let us rejoice at the

honor to, which our mother has been raised. Let us have confidence in her, and go to her in all our troubles. With her aid, and under her protection, we shall vanquish the infernal foes that battle against us; we shall conquer those enemies that often press us so hard; we shall come forth victorious from the fierce combat of life. Mary, with the sweet rays of a mother, will lead us, lead us on to glory and happiness, for her maternal heart sympathizes with us, her afflicted, suffering, exiled children. From her place beside the throne she intercedes for us, and we well know that with the scepter of intercessory power, she rules that sacred realm of all mercy and all love,—the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Always call on this powerful and loving mother in your distress, and to-day let us join in the mighty cry, which the earth sends up to heaven: "O, Queen, conceived without original sin, pray for us."

L. D.

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## *Miserere.*

As a child I knelt in a house of God  
 And heard the organ play;  
 I heard the singers their voices raise,  
 To the Ruler of Night and Day.  
 Te Deums were sung to the King of  
 Kings,  
 And mercy was asked for all,  
 From the all-seeing One above  
 Who tempers the sparrows fall.  
 Miserere, Miserere, Misere Nobis.

I stood as a man in another land,  
 When the war clouds lowered there,  
 And heard the self-same hymns of old,  
 As the faithful knelt in prayer.  
 Oh! mercy is all the world need seek  
 At the hands of the Most High;  
 Mercy always in health or peace,  
 And when our final hour is nigh.  
 Miserere, Miserere, Misere Nobis.

—Stanly.

## Grace.

Many are the gifts and graces which God in His goodness bestows upon men in this life. None, however excels in value and dignity that of sanctifying grace which is conferred upon us in the holy sacrament of Baptism. By sanctifying grace we become the adoptive children of God and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven; we are made friends of the Most High and partake of all His goods. We are raised, as if it were, above ourselves; we act as God acts, in referring all our thoughts and actions to His greater honor and glory. We are animated by the desire of seeing, possessing and enjoying Him as He sees, possesses and enjoys Himself. We strive to become one with Him, by loving Him above all things and despising all things beneath Him.

Sanctifying grace expels sin and the devil from our hearts, and makes them the temple of the Most Blessed Trinity. Grace and sin cannot co-exist in the same subject, as little as heat and cold, light and darkness, life and death, can exist together. If God, who is supreme light, is in the soul, sin, which is supreme darkness, cannot abide in it. When God reigns in our souls, everything is sunshine, happiness and joy; but, let sin enter, and sunshine will turn into darkness, happiness into misery, and joy into sadness and desolation. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance, carefully to guard the great treasure of sanctifying grace and never expose it to danger, lest the devil, who never sleeps, take us by surprise and thrust our souls into sin and misery.

Sanctifying grace is the fountain and root from which emanate the three theological virtues, of faith, hope and charity. These three virtues are infused into our hearts together with sanctifying grace in Baptism, as so many precious gems adorning our souls. All three are of the highest value, so that without them salvation were impossible.

By faith our minds are raised to Heaven; we behold all things in the light in which God beholds them. Reason is eclipsed by the light of faith. We believe things to be so, not because we see them

but because God says so, who being the highest truth, cannot deceive or be deceived. Whatever God says is absolute truth. There can be no mistake possible. Hence it is the height of folly for miserable man to deny any truth of faith, because it is above his understanding. It would be madness for an ignorant, illiterate farmer to deny the truths of philosophy, simply because he cannot understand them.

The second precious gem is hope, by which we trust that God will supply us with all the necessary means for working out our salvation and gaining Heaven, relying chiefly on his goodness, power, mercy and his willingness to help us.

Charity, the third gem, is the most perfect and precious of all. By charity, we become, as it were, one with God, because love always tends to unite the lover and the object beloved. We become, as it were, one spirit with Him. We understand in the same way as He understands, and wish what He wishes; we love what He loves, and we hate and reject what He Himself hates and rejects. There is nothing more praiseworthy than to act always and in all things, in conformity with the will of God. We are the sons of God, and as such, it behooves us to imitate the actions of our Heavenly Father and His Son, Jesus Christ, the model and pattern of all the elect.

Grace renders our works meritorious, of glory and everlasting happiness. One degree of grace is worth more than all the treasures of the world, says St. Thomas of Aquin. Every action entwined by grace is of almost infinite virtue.

Nothing can be compared with grace. The most insignificant actions, which in themselves appear to be valueless, when animated by grace and charity become precious in the sight of God. Hence our Lord says: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water to the least among you in my name, shall not lose his reward." All our actions performed under the influx of grace are turned into gold, wherewith

we are enabled to purchase the Kingdom of Heaven.

Grace renders the soul beautiful and amiable in the sight of God. As the dignity of a spiritual substance is far greater than that of any corporal substance, so likewise is the beauty of the soul in grace far greater than corporal beauty. It is said in Scripture, of the soul in charity: "Thou art all fair and there is no spot in thee." The soul in grace is an object of complacency to God and His angels. God chooses such a soul for the place of His habitation because it is His joy to be with the children of men. As the gardens of kings clothed in verdant green, studded with lofty trees, watered by sparkling fountains, adorned by an infinite variety of flowers, shrubs and bushes, delight the eye of the beholder, so does a soul clothed in the garb of sanctifying grace charm the eyes of God and His saints. St. Catherine of Siena, having one day beheld a soul purified from every stain of sin and ornamented with divine grace,

said that the beauty of that soul was so great, that no one seeing it would not most willingly lay down his life for preserving her in that state. For this reason she was in the habit of kissing the footprints of persons devoting their lives to the salvation of souls.

Finally, grace gives life to the soul of man. Our Lord says: "I came that they might have life and might have it more fully." And again, St. Paul says, in his Epistle to the Romans: "Where sin abounded grace did more abound. That as sin hath reigned to death, so also grace might reign by justice unto life everlasting." Mortal sin destroys the supernatural life of the soul, but grace restores the soul to new life, strength and vigor.

Grace is the ticket which at the hour of death, we have to present to the judge, if we wish to be admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven. If we try to live in the state of grace, we will also die in that state and we will then be admitted into the mansions of everlasting bliss.

## *The Magnificat of the Rosary.*

"Yet shall it ever be my hymn of praise

When the long twilights close the summer days.

Or the swift winter-night swoops down, to dim

Cold, pallid sunlight, in the narrow days

Brightened alone by thy celestial rays

That stream from radiance of the holy hymn "

—Dr P. A. Sheehan, PP.

We have recently endeavored in these pages to express unqualified admiration for Dr. Sheehan's beautiful paraphrase of the "Magnificat," that sweet summer psalm, more melodious than well-remembered songs of childhood, or even those strains of tender devotion breathed by the "Angel of the Schools" in praise of the Adorable Sacrament: "O Salutaris," "Tantum ergo," "Lauda Sion." The stanza quoted above seems it were, haunted the silent hours of prayer, murmuring sweet variations of Mary's "Magnificat," and suggesting how beautifully the inspired promises of this "Child Prophetess" are fulfilled in her Holy Rosary. Perhaps our thoughts

may seem fanciful to some, but, by the blessing of God, awaken in others a responsive echo. If, happily, this is the case, how superabundantly shall our labor of love be repaid! In the Joyful mysteries we unite especially with her magnifying the Lord and rejoicing in God our Saviour for those great things He has done for His blessed Handmaid.

\*"When her calm 'Fiat' broke the stillness sweet,

A little heart began with love and life to beat."

All generations as they come and glide away, call her "blessed" in the Holy Rosary, and, at the same time, bless the Adorable Name of Jesus, through whose merits these generations receive mercy. We will quote a few more exquisite lines expressive of this idea:

\*Rev. M. Russell, S.J.

"So does the mercy of our God descend,  
 So does His Justice in His pity blend;  
 And as a river hastening to the sea,  
 Spreads all its strength and sweetness  
 as it flows,  
 Until the desert blossom like a rose.  
 So is the pity of our God to ye."

But it is especially in the joyful mystery of Mary's visitation that we hear her canticle of grateful praise; and in those which follow, the Nativity, Presentation, and Finding Her Beloved Child surely its sentiments mingle with the "Gloria" of celestial choirs, and "Nunc-dimittis" of Simeon. And after she had thirsted for His Presence in those dark days when she sought and found him not resounded in God's temple, unheard, indeed, by mortal ears, but sweeter to Jesus than golden harpstrings vibrating before the "crystal sea."

Her sorrowful mysteries also have minor cords, for it was especially at the foot of the cross the "mighty" evil spirits were put down, and the serpent's head crushed by this "valiant woman," And, in the lapse of time, can we not recall many new victories over them through Mary's mediation? Lepanto, and other memorable historic names, mingle with the melodious "Aves" of Mary's chaplet, and the pride of Albigensian heresy could not withstand God's humble "Handmaid."

Finally, He exalted Her at the Assumption and made her Queen of Angels and of men.

"No throne so high as Her's  
 Beyond a seraph's flight,  
 Where gold, like crystal clear,  
 Is brightest to the sight;  
 Where thrones most loved by God  
 Are bathed in whitest light."\*

And all who have loved the holy Rosary and have imitated its glorious Queen and persevered in Her service, shall be filled with "good things" of grace in this life and exalted to eternal glory.

Beautiful "Magnificat" and Rosary! May your tones soothe in exile, and be as the prelude to those celestial canticles in which there is no minor chord of sadness; but joy, praise, thanksgiving to

Him who "sitteth on the throne:"\* to "the Lamb that was slain"\*\*\*, and who is "living for ever and ever."\*\*\*\*

\*Apoc. iv. ten; \*\*Apoc. v. twelve; \*\*\* Apoc. i. eighteen.

### *A Brightened World.*

The light that shone on Bethlehem  
 Has never passed away;  
 The dawn that gilded Salem's towers  
 Shall never turn to gray.  
 When once high Heaven has touched our  
 earth  
 'Tis nevermore the same;  
 A change has come, a strange new birth  
 A vivifying flame.

When morn has glimmered out of night  
 Can it return thereto?  
 It opes the rose and wonders leap  
 To life of fire and dew,  
 The ripened sweets, do they depart,  
 When summer suns are gone?  
 Behold the red pomegranate's heart;  
 What change has passed thereon?

Bloom ne'er reverts to budding leaf,  
 Nor red to green again;  
 The years roll on in process sweet,  
 And nature cries, 'Amen!'  
 A motion calm, a progress fair,  
 Belongs to earth below,  
 For souls that breathe a heavenly air—  
 Her lilies gardens know.

The rain of Heav'n o'erbrims the brooks  
 And on they dance in glee;  
 The white foam dashes through the dells  
 Where ferns and mosses be.  
 In larger, deeper, fuller life  
 They dream of no retreat;  
 E'en thus, O world, forsake thy strife  
 Press on, with winged feet.

The light that shone on Bethlehem  
 Lights every soul on earth,  
 And Mary's rose-leaf Babe Divine  
 Brings each a sweet new birth!  
 A world Redeemed can never be  
 A world condemned again;  
 Ring, Christmas bells, from sea to sea,  
 "Peace and good will to men!"

Caroline D. Swan.

When we have not what we love we  
 must love what we have.

\*Rev. Fr. Raines, O.S.C.

## Editorial Notes.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas. . . . .

The Catholic Home Annual will be sent free to all who renew their subscription before Feb. 1st, 1903, if they ask for it.

Cut out the Coupon in the advertising pages and send it to us with your subscription.

. . . . .  
When writing to the firms whose advertisements appear in the Review, or whose books we have reviewed, our readers will do us a great favor by mentioning the Carmelite Review.

Bound copies of the Review at our office for \$1.50.

. . . . .  
What a happiness children find in the beautiful tradition of Santa Claus and the Christmas tree! How they look forward to Christmas eve, with what pleasure do they examine their precious gifts. No one was ever sorry for having believed these beautiful traditions. After all the presents are but a type of the spiritual givers which the Divine Child brings to His faithful followers.

. . . . .  
Monsigr. Falconio is now about to leave Canada to fill his new office as delegate to the United States. The new Delegate will not be a stranger in the country, as he spent several years here as priest, and is an American citizen. The people of Canada will greatly regret his departure, for during his short stay in this country he has won the respect and love of all without distinction of creed. The Review wishes him success in his new field of labor.

. . . . .  
During this holy season the Church interrupts her penitential chant for one day to honor the Queen of Heaven on the feast of her Immaculate Conception. Mary, by a special privilege which she alone enjoys, she was preserved from every stain of original sin. She was destined to become the Mother of God, and our model. She gave to the world a Saviour, and thus to a certain degree co-

operated in the Redemption of mankind. To all, and in particular to women, she is the most exalted model of all virtues. The young virgin, the wife, the mother, and women of every station of life will see in her a perfect example for imitation. And if woman has been rehabilitated, she rehabilitates the child, the family and man himself to some extent.

. . . . .  
Advent is here again. In a few weeks we will celebrate Christmas. In the meantime let us enter upon this holy season in the spirit of Holy Church, i.e., in the spirit of penance and mortification. Let us consider how this tender Mother redoubles her solicitude to form in us those dispositions of penance and charity which are necessary for a proper reception of the Babe of Bethlehem. During this season she lays aside her ornaments expressive of joy, and takes the purple as a sign of penance. The Gloria in Excelsis is omitted in the Mass, and the music at the various ceremonies assumes a more solemn tone. But her sadness is sweetened with hope. Our sorrow, too, must be seasoned with hope. Like the patriarchs and prophets of old, we should ardently desire the coming of the Saviour. Like the holy man, Simeon, all our thoughts should be directed towards Him, so that when Christmas comes we may participate in that peace which He promised to men of good will.

. . . . .  
The frequent wonderful cures which take place at the famous grotto of Lourdes still continue to baffle the minds of the French agnostics. Some time ago a genius called M. Probs thought he had discovered the secret of all the fraud practised by those priests. The water, he said, was brought there by a secret pipe. The Superior of the Fathers of that place was so cruel as to challenge him to a public demonstration of his new theory. He wanted all to go to the grotto and in the presence of the people to search for the secret pipe. If the pipe was found the fathers agreed to acknowledge the miraculous cures that had ta-

ken place there as mere frauds. On the other hand, if no pipe could be found, M. Probs was to acknowledge all the cures authentic. As could be expected, the challenge was refused. Now he attempts to justify himself by saying that such a demonstration would be useless, as the Fathers had time enough after the publication of the challenge to remove the fraud. "If the Fathers," remarks the St. Louis Review, "have metamorphosed an artificial fountain into a real one, it would be as great a miracle as those which M. Probs derided.

Some persons are careless in wearing their scapular. Sometimes they lay it aside and forget to put it on again, or when it is torn they neglect to replace it immediately by a new one. The following incident from the Catholic News will, we hope, make them more careful.

"On October fifteenth a lineman on the Third Avenue Elevated, while carrying some blocks on his shoulder, was struck by an approaching train and wheeled around, this time receiving a fatal blow on the head. He was carried by his fellow workmen to the station, and while he was being examined a Catholic who was present noticed that the man wore scapulars. He ran at once to St. Ann's church for a priest. Meeting one of the fathers in the vestibule, he told him of the occurrence, and in a few minutes the priest was at the dying man's side preparing him for his last journey. After the last sacraments were administered the man was placed in an ambulance to be taken to a hospital, but he died before the hospital was reached. Only for the scapular this poor soul might have gone to the judgment without the rites of the church, as it was only half an hour from the time he was struck by the train that its soul took its flight to its God.

The foregoing occurrence is related by an old subscriber, who had it from the lips of the man who went for the priest. The subscriber hopes it may catch the eye of some careless Catholics who have discarded the scapulars, or who were negligent in wearing them. We agree with our correspondent, who says that Catholics should always carry about with

them some emblem of their holy faith. The foregoing is but one of many instances of our Blessed Mother's care for the spiritual welfare of those who honor her.

Christmas is a time when all hearts throb with joy. And rightly, for it commemorates, in the birth of Christ, the beginning of our redemption. When the heir to a throne is born the joyful event is proclaimed to all the people. Here, too, the heavenly messengers announce the birth of their King. They bring the good tidings not to Herod's palace, not to the stately residences of Bethlehem, but to the poor, despised shepherds who were keeping watch over the flocks, because Herod and his followers would not understand him, and he must have courtiers who will know Him and love the poverty of His birth. Nowhere does our blessed Saviour solicit our love more than at His humble birth in the stable of Bethlehem. He could have been born, says Cardinal Wiseman in a magnificent palace, nursed by princesses, and surrounded by all the comfort and splendor of a princely court. But He would not; He came not only to redeem us, but to teach us by His example. By His humble birth He wanted to show us His love of poverty and simplicity. Here in His poor and rough bed of straw all His majesty is shrouded and all His dazzling and consuming brightness drawn in. He seems to require our loving care, to invite our caresses, and pure, tender love is the exclusive feeling wherewith we view Him.

We should not allow these holy days to pass in vain amusements, but we should joyfully unite ourselves with the shepherds of Bethlehem, to spend at least a few hours at the humble manger, in devout prayer and meditation on this great mystery. The old year will thus close upon us, and the new one will open with sentiments worthy of our Christian vocation.

When the friar question first arose, there were some among Catholics even, who believed that the Catholics of the Philippines were glad to get rid of the friars. On another page we print a letter from the Centro Filipino, in which

they express their sentiments on the friars and the Catholic church in general in those islands. Mr. Stephen Bonsal, in the North American, writes in praise of the friars: We give here a few excerpts:

"As you travel in the Philippines and come to a village or a hamlet that is better built than most, if you ask by whom it was founded, the natives will answer that it was built by the Franciscans or by the Austin Fathers. In your walks in the interior or along the coast, if you ask who built the great church that crowns the hill, the bridge of massive masonry that spans the river, who ballasted the road that is never washed out during the rains, or who designed the irrigation works that made the plantations possible, the invariable answer is not Colonel A. or General B., or Don Fulano, the layman, but Father A. or Father B., 'Amay sa culog,' 'the father of the souls.' Perhaps, in your travels, you may come to a village or a district, where nearly every man, woman and child can speak Spanish with fluency, and not a few read and write it. If you have seen the Dutch in Java and Cochin China under the French, you will be much astonished at this fact, unparalleled in the history of those Asiatic countries, which, according to the expression of M Leroy Beaulieu, are in process of renovation by the colonizing powers of Europe. Much that is contradictory and confusing has been said on the question of language in the islands: I shall here merely register my personal experience. I never entered a village in any of the islands, including savage Samar, where I did not find several of the head men speaking Spanish, and in many instances good Spanish. I also found that the fluency and popularity of Spanish were always in direct proportion to the influence and the number of the friars in the district. It was poor policy to teach the Tagals Spanish; but the fact that they did do so to a very remarkable extent proves that the influence of the clerical teachers was an uplifting one.

"Of course the highest testimony to the work of the friars is to be found in a comparison between the condition of the islands when they landed and the

state of the country in 1898, when they were superseded. The first great obstacle to their mission of civilization was the absolute lack of roads or even paths of communication. The islands were covered with impenetrable forests and jungles. Almost without means, the friars yet devised a system of road and bridge construction which accomplished wonders. Every inhabitant had to work a certain number of days each year upon the highways or furnish a substitute. Since this system was abolished the means of communication throughout the islands have steadily deteriorated.

"The management of the monastic orders was careful and in some respects thrifty. They had to be self-supporting or their missions would collapse. Rarely a penny reached them from Spain and their tithes seem to have been paid largely in chickens and eggs. Their property all remained in the Philippines, only an incredibly small sum being sent annually to Spain to bear a part of the expense of the young friars who were being educated for the Philippine missions, and to support the invalided and superannuated brethren who had gone back to Spain. For three hundred years these great corporations have been exploiting a country of large resources, the extent of which is alone known to them, and the valuation placed upon their estates, their monasteries and all their possessions, by Judge Taft, is considerably under \$10,000,000, which estimate is considered a just if not a generous one. There are half a dozen foreign firms in Manila without the knowledge of the people and the islands which the friars possess, who have made as much money as this out of the Philippines within the decade."

"At the time of the conquest, agriculture, in so far as it was practiced at all by the fugitive inhabitants of the islands, was in the most rudimentary stage. They cultivated in a primitive way rice and camotes, a kind of potato, putting the seed in the ground and leaving the rest to generous nature until harvest time came. They were not versed in tillage of any kind, and they knew nothing of irrigation, in consequence of which they frequently failed

to make their rice crops, and famines ensued which decimated the population. Once the friars had succeeded in inducing the islanders to give up their nomad life, and take up settled abodes, it became necessary to provide them with a more certain crop, a more assured sustenance, than rice under Philippine conditions. To this end maize was introduced with wonderful success, the friars bringing the seed corn from Mexico. For three centuries this crop has proved the mainstay of life in the islands. While the friars were not scientific cultivators, it can be said without fear of contradiction that, with the exception of tobacco, which was introduced by the Spanish Government, every staple crop that is now grown in the Philippines and adds to the wealth of their inhabitants was either introduced by the friars, or that its valuable qualities were made known to them by the natives. Practically cut off for so many generations from communication with the outside world, and often involved in the famines which were in a great measure due to the improvidence of the islanders, the friars found it was not sufficient to preach tropical agriculture from their pulpits; it was necessary to work in a more practical way. With this purpose lands were taken up by them and model farms or plantations established in many districts; and in these schools the natives learned what they know to-day of tilling the soil. This was the genesis of the monastic estates. They have since been increased somewhat by purchase, and largely by bequests; yet, far from comprising the greater portion of the best land in the islands, as has been asserted, the monastic estates amount to less than a hundredth part of the land under cultivation, and less than a five-thousandth part of the land that might be cultivated. On these farms the friars introduced onions, tomatoes and peppers with varying success; and in Leyte, the Jesuits introduced cacao, which is fast becoming one of the most valuable crops. Coffee bushes were growing wild, but it was the Austin friars who first revealed the virtues of this plant. It was they also who taught the cultivation of indigo, also indigenous. Indigo soon became a source of

great wealth, especially to the inhabitants of Northern Luzon. It was the most valuable asset of the island, until, owing to adulteration by Chinese merchants, Luzon indigo became discredited in the markets of the world. Furthermore, it may be said that the natives did not profit by the five or six varieties of sugar cane growing in the islands until they were taught, and that the wonderful jusi and pina fabrics, which are now so much sought after in the world of fashion, come from the looms which the friars first established in Panay and Cebu."

"I believe the work of the friars is recorded in the golden book of those who have labored for their fellow-men, and I am confident the credit of it, though dimmed to-day by partisanship and want of charity, will not escape history."

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### *Book Review.*

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The Little Manual of St. Soseph, by Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings, Benziger Bros., N.Y. Price 25c.

This beautiful little manual contains a treatise on devotion to St. Joseph, devotions for the seven Sundays in honor of St. Joseph, meditations for his principal feasts, and various prayers; to which is added the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and common prayers for daily use. This book will be a treasure for the devotees of the great Saint.

\* \* \* \*

The Glories of Mary. Benziger Bros., N.Y. Price, \$1.25.

This is a new and revised edition of the popular manual of St. Alphonsus Liguori. It is divided into three parts. The first contains the explanation of the Salve Regina, and a treatise on the virtues of the Blessed Virgin; the second practices of devotion to the Mother God, including meditations on the Litany, novenas in preparation of her various feasts and devotions for the month of May; and the third, general prayers for daily use. It is needless to say anything in praise of this volume, its wide circulation speaks for itself. The new edition has been reduced to a more convenient shape.



The Harmony of Religious Life, by Herman J. Heuser. Benziger Brothers, \$1.25. These conferences first appeared in the Dolphin over the name of Fra Arminio. The author compares the religious community to some grand musical instrument e.g., an organ and the individual members to the separate keys. And, as it is required, in order to have good music, that each key give its proper sound at the proper time, so in a religious community, the harmony and perfection depends on the purity of intention and prompt obedience of the individual members. Moreover, just as a variety of sounds when produced in order renders the music harmonious and beautiful, so in a community the different characters and temperments of the individuals does not destroy, but serves rather to enhance the harmony and beauty of the whole.

\* \* \* \*

Political and Moral Essays, by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., B. Sc. Oxon. Benziger Bros., N.Y. Net, \$1.50.

This book contains a collection of essays by the well known author of Ethics and Natural Law, now used as a text book in many Catholic schools. In the first essay which takes up more than half of the volume, and was written for the degree of B.Sc. at Oxford, he shows the origin of society from history and defines its extent in relation to other societies, as the church, etc. The other subjects discussed are Savages, Casuistry, the Catholic Doctrine of Lying, and Equivocation, Socialism and Religious Orders, Morality without free will, an illustration of the value of sentiment in Ethics, to which are added some occasional notes. The subjects are ably treated and exhibit much knowledge and diligent research on the part of the author.

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### *Petitions Asked For.*

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A subscriber requests the prayers of our readers that she may be cured from an internal trouble without an operation, that her brother may obtain a situation which he expects, and fill it competently.

### *Our Lady's Own.*

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Scapular names have been received for registration at Falls View, Ont., from Trinity, Nfld.; Mankato, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; Ruth, Huron Co., Mich.; St. Joseph's Church Snyder, Ont.; Brooklyn, N.Y.; Shepherd, Ont.; St. Dominic's Monastery, San Francisco, Cal.; St. James' Church, Kenosha, Wis.; Trinity, Trinity Bay and St. Nicholas Church, Olympia, Wash.; St. Charles Church, Shoshone, Idaho, Cataldo P.O., Idaho; St. Johns, Nfld.; Brook village, N.S.; Dickinson's Landing, Ont.; Big Rapids, Mich.; Bothwell, Ont.

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A drop of ink may make a million think.

To love God is not to have a will of your own.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

The most ferocious natures are soothed and tamed by innocence.

God pardons like a mother that kisses the offense into everlasting forgetfulness.

An unkindness has no remedy at law, let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.

To rejoice in goodness and be grieved by its opposite is an essential mark of a well ordered mind.

As we grow older we set a greater price upon fidelity; and where is there such faithfulness as in the Cross?

The farther the author holds himself from the crowd, the more may he hope to find thought in which are hidden germs of immortal life.

Let us correct the habit of believing in men, and of placing our hopes in them; let us not correct ourselves of the habit of loving them.

He who intelligently attempts what is beyond his power must leave undone his own proper work, and thus his time is wasted, be he ever so closely occupied.

However great the distance, we should make it with pleasure, in order to have the happiness of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass and the sacred mysteries.

*Letters of Thanksgiving.*

Enclosed please find an offering for a High Mass of thanksgiving in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for a favor received. Kindly publish in Review.

Mrs. H. S.

Enfant de Marie desires through the "Review" to return thanks to Our Blessed Mother for special favors received in the Rosary month of her intercession. The Holy Rosary, "Memorare" and devoting of "Fifteen Saturdays" have been such sources of grace that most gladly and earnestly we suggest their practice to all who love Her.

*Obituary.*

The charitable prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the soul of John Daley, who died in Middleton, Conn., on Oct. 16th.

Thomas Patrick Weir, who died in Toronto, Ontario, Oct. 27th, 1902.

Alexander Wm. Murdoch, who died in Toronto, December, 1901.

Patrick Boyle, who died in Toronto, 1901.

Julia Boyle who died in Almonte, Ont. 1902.

Edward Brady, who died in Toronto, Ontario, 1902.

John F. Broderick, who died July 20, in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mary Brady, who died at Port Stanley Ontario.

Mrs. Bessie Crowley, of Watertown, Ont.

John Ahern.

*Pax Vobiscum.*

Hark! sweet rings the music

Of Christmas chimes again,

Like an echo, soft repeating

"Peace on earth to men."

That peace be with you, brothers,

That angels sang of thee

Above the Christ-Child's birthplace,

Long ago in Bethlehem.

Rose C. Conley.

Do you wish to experience a great joy which concentrated itself in your soul, embalming it for long hours? Do as much good as possible, as secretly as possible.

Four things are required of a woman—that virtue should dwell in her heart, that modesty should shine upon her brow, that sweetness should flow from her lips, and that labor should employ her hands.

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