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The Holy Family.

Carmelite Review

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The Message of the Bells.

New Years, 1903.



RING out sweet bells, a joyous chime !
Vibrate in accents clear,
Ring out, and greet with silvery voice
Aurora of New Year.
Last eve you plaintively intoned
A farewell vesper hymn,
When gathered round its fleeting hours
The wintry shadows dim.

Angelic sounds again resound
This octave of Christ's birth,
Of "Glory" in empyrean skies,
And "peace" to men on earth.
How eloquent and beautiful !
Melodiously it swells
That golden message, yet so new,
Of these glad New Year bells.

O, may we glorify the Lord
Who reigns in bliss above,
And still, "Emmanuel" below,
In eucharistic love.
In Him alone can we find peace
By union with His will,
This message in the New Year's chime
Shall ever softly thrill.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clare's.

CARMELITE FATHERS
MT. CARMEL, NIAGARA FALLS,
ONTARIO, CANADA

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

She fell on her knees and clasped her hands imploringly. "Forgive me, father, but I only await your consent; your consent and your blessing on my marriage with George Kingsley."

"Never, never!" he hissed, "will I consent to such disgrace. You are the first to bring on the name of Staunton. I know now, why you have refused of late to accompany Mrs. Reeves and myself to church on Sundays. I now know why you have refused so many eligible suitors for your hand. You have been studying the tenets of a false creed and been bestowing your smiles on one whom I despise. Throw him off or you will regret it."

She stood up and faced unshrinkingly that grim determined countenance, in which she saw she might expect no mercy nor forgiveness.

"I cannot, father. He is mine and I am his. Mrs. Reeves has known him and of our courtship for the last six months, but she has kept it from you, because I wished it so until now. George Kingsley's career is an honorable one, and has always been. He is worthy of your daughter!"

"Not of my daughter, for henceforth I have no daughter," he cried in a hoarse voice. "Girl, I hate you now, as once I loved you. You have chosen your path. I shall see that you will walk in it. You have led this—this Kingsley to believe that you are wealthy, and he is fool enough to marry you, but you have made a mistake. You are as poor as he. You have taken him instead of me or my wishes; so be it. Your inheritance, and my love are lost to you forever, unless you return back under the conditions I have laid out to you."

A father's love was trying hard to conquer his prejudice and pride. He extended to her as long as possible a means of returning to his heart, before placing on her the final ban of punishment. But she was not to be brought over by his inducements, his persuasion nor his threats, even though she loved him with all a daughter's true affection,

as looking straight at him she replied firmly:

"And which I tell you I cannot, father."

His self control all but deserted him, at the low decisive answer. In his blind rage he was almost ready to smite her down, but who knows but that it was the spirit hand of his dead wife who warded him off from cruel violence to the child she had given him, and made his arm fall nerveless at his side?

As it was, his reply was cruel enough to have crushed her without a bodily blow, had she been weak and given in to it.

"Very well," he said, in his hard, hoarse voice, and raising his hand like a maledictor above her bowed head, "you go hence, Millicent Staunton, never to return. You have lost your home and your inheritance, and your ingratitude and disobedience have broken my heart. Go, I say, and may your cup be one of sorrow, full to the brim. That is my consent and my blessing on a marriage I will never witness, never recognize, if I live to the age of Methuselah."

How often in time to come were his words to recur to him? How often were they not to show him how strong how unjust the denunciation of his daughter had been?

A long shuddering sob shook her slight frame, and without uttering a word she arose to do his bidding. On the threshold he stopped her, as going to his desk he opened it, and took from a secret drawer, a long official envelope and held it towards her.

"Here," he said, coldly, and without deigning to bestow a look at her white face, "is the sum that long ago I set aside as your wedding dowry, when you would marry to please me, but as you have taken an opposite course, I did not now intend to give you a cent, but being a just man, I cannot keep what belongs even to you. Take it; go and leave your old father in peace." She looked at him for a moment in silence. Then the proud Staunton spirit was

roused in her, and flashed from the velvety blue eyes.

"Do you think, father, I would take your gold, unaccompanied by your blessing? No, if you placed your whole fortune at my feet, I would refuse it. Good-bye, my father, I go from you forever," and with one sad look at him, that haunted the stern judge to his dying day and with tears streaming from her eyes she fled from his presence.

With a brain that seemed to be on fire, Judge Staunton replaced the money she would not touch in its hiding place, and finding his way down into the library, summoned Mrs. Reeves.

Coldly and scathingly he told his trusted friend of all that had passed between himself and his daughter, omitting nothing. He bitterly upbraided her for having concealed from him all knowledge of what had been transpiring in the past few months, and for having abetted his daughter in her disgrace, as he was pleased to call Millicent's change of religion, and the bestowal of her love, on one of the noblest men that ever lived.

Immediately the gentle lady saw her mistake, but she had never thought of such a result, and we may well imagine the effect the judge's words had on her. For a time she could not speak, and when she did, his listening ears could scarcely hear her.

"You have been too quick, too hard, Oswald," she said, 'between tears and sobs. "Perhaps if you had persuaded her gently you would have won her back. I did my best to turn her from becoming a Papist, and did not abet her as you have accused me of doing. But when I saw she was determined, I did not go against her, your beautiful Millicent, nor deprived her of the cloak of my friendship, and George Kingsley is a man I could not scorn; he is what I call a true man."

"And I am not, I suppose? Oh, Helen, Helen, you have helped to bring disgrace, deep-dyed disgrace on our name. Why did you not tell me of Millicent's doings? But regrets are useless now. My edict is posted; my roof only covers her head to-night; to-morrow she goes, I don't care where."

She saw that he was excited, that his storm lashed feelings were fast getting

the better of him, and still she tried to reason and plead with him for his daughter, to whom she had acted as a mother for so long. But it was no use; he was inexorable, and would hear nothing in Millicent's favor, but muttering the one word, "Disgrace, disgrace!" left Mrs. Reeves alone, and returned to his lonely study. Locking himself in, he sat down and wrote with what steadiness he could command, two or three pages of harsh invectives, to George Kingsley, ending with the words "Go where you can, or like, with Millicent, and take her out of my sight, but do not come near me nor seek to make an explanation, or it may not be well for you." He signed not his name, but merely his initials, "O. C. S." and dispatched it by a fleet messenger to the young man's boarding house, a couple of blocks away. He received the brief reply, written in a plain quick hand: "Your daughter's future is safe in my hands, sir. She is willing to trust it to me, and I am willing to share her banishment. May you long live to enjoy what you have denied to her.—G. R. Kingsley."

"Impudent fool," he said angrily, as he read the message, and tore it up into a hundred pieces. "To say such a thing to me; but I guess he knows by now, Oswald Staunton is not a fool. Great God! I cannot stay here; it is too much for my heart and brain. Anywhere but here." He rushed out of the apartment, and left the house by a rear doorway.

Chapter VIII.

Instantly upon her dismissal by her father, Millicent had retired to her own room, dazed and stupefied, but fully awake to the realization that she had no longer a father nor a home. As quickly as possible, Mrs. Reeves followed the judge from the library and hastened to her protegee, and soon her tears mingled with the young girl's. When their grief had spent itself, and Millicent found she must look the future bravely in the face, Mrs. Reeves made arrangements for her leaving her father's house that night.

The servants as yet had only got slight wind of the sad affair, but it was enough to set them talking, and made them burn to find out what had happened between

the master and their beloved young mistress.

All that day the Judge remained away from Staunton House, returning to it only in the silence of the night, when his disowned daughter had been taken from it, and gone with her widowed friend to the home of that lady's nephew, whose sympathies were all enlisted for the lovely girl, so suddenly deprived of all that had made her young life so happy. Here her lover came to her and she was strengthened by the sound of his voice, and the sight of his noble face, and just one week later she changed her name for his.

At the early hour of six o'clock, dressed in simple white, and with a veil and wreath of bridal roses covering her fair head, Millicent was driven to the little mission church of St. Cyr's, and there in the presence of a Catholic friend as witness, and Mrs. Reeves, was united for weal or for woe, to George Kingsley, by good Father Bentley.

In vain had Mrs. Reeves interviewed the Judge, and expostulated with him on his treatment of his daughter. In vain had she, as a trusted friend and counselor, asked for the girl's forgiveness, and begged him, at least, to be present at her marriage. But he could not be moved nor softened, and showed no grief, and permitted of none amongst the servants, who were now in possession of the whole bitter truth, and longed to show their sympathy for "Miss Millicent."

The day after his marriage, Professor Kingsley departed with his bride to live in his native state of Virginia, and from that day for many years, Millicent was forgotten and unloved by her father, in her childhood's home.

To the fashionable friends of the family, her marriage to a poor struggling music teacher and abandonment of their gay ranks, came to them with a cyclone-like force, but they could glean very little light on the matter amongst themselves, and Mrs. Reeves, the only person who knew just how matters stood and all about them, was too loyal to her Millicent to gratify their well-bred curiosity by the least word or sign. As for the Judge, he would not speak of the matter at all. His pride had received a

blow from which it was not likely ever to recover, and though he had cast his daughter out of his heart and home he had not cast off the blow she had placed on his name. Then it was that he again closed the doors of his mansion, and, dismissing the servants until he might need them later, if he ever came back, he went abroad to France and Spain. From place to place he traveled, trying to forget in new faces and scenes the terrible sorrow that had made him old before his time, but he could not, and at the end of a year he returned home to live a lonely, broken life. But some pitying angel, seeing his forlorn state, took a timely interference, raised him from the brink of despair and gloom, and in a wholly unexpected way.

Having some business that needed early fulfillment in New Orleans, Judge Staunton, accordingly went thither, and there at several social gatherings he made the friendship of Madeline Gray, the belle of her state. By degrees their friendship ripened into love, and though the Judge was almost double her age, he was none the less attractive to her, and ere long she consented to be his wife.

He told her of the wife who had already borne his name, and taken his better self down with her to her grave; touching lightly on the sorrow an undutiful rebellious daughter had caused him two short years ago.

He told the brilliant Madeline he could not love her as he had loved his dead Millicent, but he would cherish her, and make her happy in Staunton House, and these conditions quite satisfied the fair Southerner. A month or so after and she became his bride, and he brought her back to the old home, to the place made vacant by his first love's death, and the willfulness of an erring daughter. He surrounded her with a delightful coterie of old friends, but people found her cold, though brilliant in manner and her southern haughtiness different to the sweetness and graciousness that had characterized the first Mrs. Staunton, yet there was a certain charm about her that none could resist, and she became a leader in the society of her adopted city.

The judge was proud of her success.

and his joy knew no bounds, when at the close of two or three years, she placed in his arms a dark eyed, dark haired daughter, a very miniature of her very self. On this second child he bestowed all the fondness and affection he had ever held for Millicent, and she loved and caressed him even as Millicent had done in the old days. By degrees, as she grew up her winsomeness obliterated all of Millicent's, and his disowned daughter was fast becoming as a mere shadow, who for a period had darkened his sun. But a kind Fate had stretched a protecting arm about the absent Millicent, and determined that if she was lost, she should not be forgotten. One night, after coming home late, from some political meeting or other, the judge had retired to rest and to sleep. In the middle of the night he awoke from a startling dream, in which he saw plainly his disinherited daughter, dying of starvation in an attic. He went to kneel to her and take her in his arms, but a white robed form had placed itself between him and the low bed and its occupant, and he heard his dead wife's voice distinctly saying: "Do not touch her; she is not yours. You have been false to your promise; she is not yours."

The judge was terrified. He arose from his bed dismayed and trembling, and it was then that remorse, that unbending tyrant, clutched him in her strong clasp, and taught him, when it was too late, the injustice, the cruelty, which he had meted out to the child of his first love.

He would not believe it was a dream, that he saw his wife and daughter, but was firmly convinced that the apparition had been real, and his wife, Millicent, had come in defence of her child. He told Madeline of the dream, and that it had renewed the old love for his first daughter in his heart, and he longed for her now to come back and be a sister to Beatrice, and it disturbed Madeline not a little. Her child was the rightful heirress to Staunton House and all its wealth. For certainly, thought the ambitious lady, Beatrice should have everything. She loved her husband too much to show him her feelings in the matter, but the seeds of jealousy had been sown in her heart, and she lived in constant

fear lest Millicent would turn up to claim her rights. But as each day came and went, and no answer came to the diligent search the judge straightway instituted for the erring Millicent, or to the many large rewards he offered for knowledge of her whereabouts Madeline's mind became easy. By the time, Beatrice had finished her education abroad, and made her debut, as Millicent had done before her, and there was still no signs of the disowned one's return, she became perfectly satisfied that all would be well, and scarcely ever gave the subject a thought thereafter.

But when she heard the judge's remark now, where he contrasted her child with the dead woman's child, and spoke the latter's name so tenderly, the old pangs of jealousy assailed her. With a quick motion, she parted the screen, behind which she had been standing for several minutes, and placed herself before his abstracted gaze, a superb figure in her black velvet robe and glowing dark eyes.

"Oswald! Oswald!" she cried sharply, why have you said this? Why will you persist in placing a willful, ungrateful child before the devoted one, who only lives to please and love you? Why can you not forget this Millicent, even as she has forgotten you?"

He lifted his head in surprise. He did not know that she had been so near, and her words so haughtily spoken caused a spasm of pain to cross his broad, wrinkled brow. "Why, Madeline! why, because I cannot. I have forgotten her long enough. I wronged Millicent's child but my repentance comes too late."

"You treated her justly, Oswald, and yet her wicked memory is dearer to you than our Beatrice. You do not love our beautiful child and she loves you so" and her voice broke slightly.

He held out his hands to her.

"Hush, Madeline, you know how I love our daughter, but see how I have wronged Millicent, my first born. Does not your woman's heart feel one ray of pity for her whom I deprived of her home and inheritance? Have mercy, Madeline, and do not judge me harshly. Before our marriage, I had all your sympathy for the two griefs that had affected my life. Do not tell me now that it is with-

drawn, and do not allow jealousy to conquer generosity. Look how it would be with you, was Beatrice in Millicent's place, deprived of my parental love and affection and with a few to think kindly or tenderly of her, or perhaps, as I saw her in my dream, living in a garret, and worse still, dying of starvation."

She shuddered at the picture, and the appeal coming from him melted her chilly heart, and she laid her jewelled hand caressingly on his white head: "I am cruel, Oswald, my harsh words have hurt you and I am sorry, but I hope you may yet hear of Millicent," and real sincerity was unmistakably in her voice. "But come now, banish this gloom of the past and live in our delightful present. Bruce will soon be here; how pleasant it will be for all of us, and for our darling, especially." It is not often we have the pleasure of his company in mid-day. Her volubility had the desired effect, and in the brightness of her smile, his sadness for the time was dispersed.

Chapter IX.

Half an hour afterwards Beatrice rejoined them. Where is Mrs. Arden? she asked. "I thought she would be here, mamma?"

"Mrs. Alden sent word that she cannot join us to-day, my love. Her brother, Colonel Glendenning is seriously ill in Washington, so she had to go on to him. Unfortunate occurrence, but you will have your compensation, will you not? Your father and I are going for a while to the gallery, and you and Bruce, when he comes, may join us there, if you wish." "We shall, mamma, and he will tell us how he likes your picture. He is such a clever judge, even if I do say it of him, whether in art or literature, that I am sure he will not fail to appreciate what Mr. Keating has done for you." Judge Staunton patted the beautiful dark cheeks. "Aha! how Bruce would cherish those honeyed words, because he would know that coming from you, they were meant for truth, not flattery. Ah! here he is," as the sound of carriage wheels came up the broad driveway outside. "Come, mamma, we must not be an intruding party," and smiling knowingly to his daughter, the white haired Judge carried his wife off on his arm.

The next instant, Sampson, the obsequious colored footman, had ushered into the library Bruce Everett's tall fine figure.

In a moment Beatrice was beside him, with outstretched hands, and bending his kingly head, he kissed lightly the tips of her white fingers, placing in them at the same time a magnificent bunch of her favorite Amaranths. "For the fairest of the fair," he said, his firm set lips relaxing into a smile and his keen glance taking in at once the taste and becomingness of the elegant cardinal gown she wore. "I have come early, you see, my dear Beatrice, in compliance with your request. It is a busy day with me, but business flies to the winds when the pleasure of my beautiful is considered."

It was so seldom that his cold material nature allowed him to bestow compliments, that she blushed for very delight.

"Praise from you is praise, indeed. And those flowers, how lovely, Bruce. They are descriptive of your cultured taste," and plucking several from the bouquet, she fastened them in the cream lace at her throat.

"You know their meaning?"

"I do, and it will always be so."

"Irrevocably so, unless you break the silken cords that now bind our lives, but which I know will never be." His broad white hand closed over her slender ones, that still held his bouquet of parted flowers, but neither saw into the future. They lived only in the present and its panorama of bright illusions. But was it some intentional act of fate that caused him to say, when a few minutes later, they ascended the marble staircase on their way to join her parents, "Oh, by the way, I have a little experience to relate to you Beatrice, which happened in my way, a short while before I came to Staunton House, this morning."

"Your experiences are always interesting, Bruce, so tell me quick of this latest one. Curious, like all of Eve's daughters, you see I am."

"And as all Eve's daughters, you must be satisfied, I suppose. Well it is simply this: As I was coming out of the club, about ten o'clock, a young girl or nymph, as I called her to Heathcote, was passing me. Her hat blew off, I rescued

it for her, and honestly I have seldom seen such rare beauty in one so youthful, nor could I believe, until I heard her thanking me, that such a voice as she possessed, could have belonged to one in her circumstances in life, for judging by her attire, she is a daughter of the people."

"Fine feathers make fine birds, Bruce, but under shabby attire there goes many a lady, and perhaps your nymph of Broadway belongs to this class. Was she fair?"

"Very, and petite."

"Was she? I wonder if I have seen her. I remember some time ago, while I was in Holland's, getting some silk skeins I needed, a young girl came in there, and it seems to me she suits the description you have given of this one."

"It matters little to me, and let us dismiss the subject, as my interest is centered wholly in one." He tightened his clasp on the white hand resting on his arm; "though for a few minutes to-day, it deviated just a wee bit." By this time they had reached the bronzed panelled door, that opened from the landing into the gallery, and withdrawing her hand from his arm, the heiress pushed it in.

"Here we are mamma," she cried. "Bruce is anxious to see your picture."

The Judge and his wife exchanged greetings with their prospective son-in-law, and the latter led him to survey the superb oil painting that represented her own magnificent head and shoulders, and which had been placed in position the day before.

"What do you think of it, Bruce?"

"Perfect, perfect," the lawyer replied; "size, coloring, everything. It is Keating's triumph, is that not your opinion, Judge?"

"Without question. I believe you are as much of a connoisseur as your father was, Bruce, but this is certainly the work of a true artist," and bowing to Mrs. Staunton, who pretended to be very much engrossed with the near-by statue of Mercury, "but could it be less, with such a model as my Madeline?"

The bright gleam in his wife's dark eyes told how much the graceful compliment pleased her, as turning to him she replied:

"Many thanks Oswald, and Bruce also,

for what you have both been pleased to say of me, and now since I have the opinion of two such judges, I am satisfied that beside others I do not show too badly in art." She glanced to the opposite side, where from its pictured frame looked forth the dead face of her husband's first wife, and beside it the photographed one of their dishonored daughter, whom she always thought of with dread, but neither gentlemen saw the glance, nor would they have understood it, if they had noticed it.

But Beatrice saw it, and for the first time in her life, she knew her stately mother was envious of the dead wife, and despised the disinherited daughter. Her generous young heart that caused her to love everyone, living or dead, was filled with sorrow thereat.

"Now, mamma, you only want us to tell you again that you are perfect," the heiress said gayly.

"Say my picture, rather, my love. Where are you taking Mr. Everett?"

"Just down here, mamma. There is some new statuary he has not seen, and we will have good time before the bell rings to inspect it."

As the two sauntered down towards the other end of the gallery, the Judge and his wife looked after them proudly.

In the eyes and minds of both parents there was no one they considered worthier or more deserving of their beautiful daughter than Bruce Everett.

Handsome, clever, and brilliant, whether in the social or professional life of the city, and wonderfully successful in both, they had long ago favored him; So, when after a short but fervent wooing, the lawyer had placed his ring on Beatrice's white finger, they were mutually pleased and satisfied. They were abroad at the time, and their daughter was sojourning with her friend and chaperon, Mrs. Alden, a charming young widow living in C—, but good news travels fast, and the Judge and his wife received word of the happy event, in Paris, and which was the means of their immediate return home. Five months had gone since then, and to Beatrice they had been months of perfect joy and delight. All her wealth and treasures faded into nothingness when compared to the priceless treasure of Bruce Everett's noble

and honorable love, but in which she was destined to breathe and live only for a time, and later to surrender it to the sunshine and gentle influence of another.

In character, they differed greatly, and her warm, ardent temperament was, when placed beside his cold, practical one, as a tropical plant growing and shedding its bright aroma around the hardy lusterless vine of the cold regions. His beautiful betrothed, the lawyer truly and deeply admired, and looked upon her as being his ideal in all that was perfect, in perfect womanhood, but to love her as he sometimes felt he should love her, he was not capable. The ambition and pride, already inherent in his nature had been doubly increased by wealth and worldly success, so that his engagement to the old love of his boyhood was but a passing brightness in his busy life, not a necessity. In a word, Bruce Everett was a selfish man. Religion, he had none, and, indeed, he scarcely knew of a God, but oddly enough, the religious practices of his affianced attracted him greatly, and her adhesion to the principles of her Presbyterian church elevated her all the more in his estimation.

Poor blind souls! both of them. One following dimly, though trustingly, the dictates of a wrong, foundationless creed, the other scarcely knowing the existence of a Creator, and rich in everything but in this one necessity. Oh, we who are of the faith, how much we have to be thankful for! We, over whom Mother Church watches with such tender solicitude, and whose ceaseless care from the time her Divine Founder appointed Peter Prince of the Apostles, to be her head, to these days of striving and persecution, has been the salvation of her children's souls! Where, but in her teachings, are to be found that holiness and sublimity, that even those outside her pale, are forced to admire and respect? Where there is no religion there is no soul, but when a soul that has long been a stranger to its beauty, allows itself to be at last drawn to its unfading soundless depths, then comes the saving grace and holy peace that Faith alone can give. So it was with Bruce Everett and in time to come his proud soul was to yield as many another has done, and he was to learn of the knowledge that purchases

the hereafter life, which is the greatest of all knowledge.

"Staunton House" was five stories high, built wholly of greystone, and plainly architected. Its outward appearance was massive and grand. Situated on the suburbs of the city, its high elevation commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, and the environments of the city in general.

From the left and right wings, towers, like grim sentinels, reared their proud heights up, and up, and reflected their black forms like so many dark beings, in the gleaming waters of the lake, which lay back of the house.

A long avenue of stately cedars led from the public road to the main entrance, and so evenly formed was it, that in the winter when the trees were minus their foliage, the spaces between were curiously regular, showing that some artistic hand had been their planter. A beautiful garden whose vast extent made it seem a miniature park, stretched before, and in summer was a mass of shrubbery and brilliant bloom.

Paths and by-paths neatly bordered with green, and well kept by the hands of skilful gardeners ran in all directions, now to the right, now to the left, presenting new objects of beautiful nature wherever they led. On the spacious lawn the waters of a marble fount played and glistened in the sunshine, delighting the ear with their musical rhythm, and pleasing the eye with their silvery sheen.

To the rear was the yard and the commodious stables, with their thoroughbred horses. For the Stauntons all had been always lovers of good horse flesh. Both of these were presided over and looked after by competent, well ordered grooms.

But if the exterior of Judge Staunton's palatial home held such beauty, the interior had also its claims.

According, as each of the old name, be he man or woman, had come into its possession, so had each made his or her improvements in it, and now in the Judge's time, it was one of the most modern and splendid homes in the Metropolis.

From the main or front hall with its dome-shaped windows of stained glass, the broad marble staircase wound up-

wards in serpentine fashion, each of its turnings marked by small bronze wood nymphs set into the balustrades. In the hand of each deity were daintily held tiny electric globes, and when these were lighted at night, the upper and lower halls became as a flood of silvery light. To the left, as the visitor entered, was the drawing room, richly laid out, and luxuriously furnished. From its tapestried walls, the painted figures of gods and graces stood out in bold relief, and the rare and expensive bric-a-brac gathered at home and abroad, was everywhere carefully and tastefully displayed, while the velvet draperies and general hangings of crimson and gold were not too vivid, so as to destroy the harmony and pleasing effect the room's whole aspect gave. A music room, laid out in green and gold, was divided from it by a hanging screen, whose design represented Orpheus taming the wild beasts with the music of his lyre. This room led into the ball room, from which was also gained entrance to the dining and supper halls, whose furniture and panels of quartered oak were not less attractive than the sideboards of polished wood, laden with rare old family silver and plate.

Opposite these apartments were two or three reception rooms of an Eastern type whose furnishings and outlay were distinctly Oriental, it being the present mistresses' idea to have them so, whose craze for Japanese art had always been a noted one. Before her coming, they had been small and plain, the gentle Millicent preferring to have even strangers brought to her in her own sitting room. But, as we have seen, her successor thought differently, and sometimes she received intimate friends even, in her "Japanese Square." The library, and other rooms followed in quick succession, each as luxurious and artistic as those already described. On the second flight were the bedrooms, baths and the elegant boudoirs of the mistress and her daughter, as well as the latter's private library, that had once belonged to her father's first daughter.

Above them were luxurious guest chambers, for Staunton House was proverbial for its entertainment of visitors, and scarcely ever a week passed that some friend from a distance did not pass

a night under its hospitable roof. The upper stories were divided into linen and trunk rooms and comfortable quarters for the women servants, while the men had the same in the basement.

In the left wing laid out with care and convenience, was the magnificent art gallery, in which we have just left Beatrice and her lover. Here were to be found art and statuary, by the best painters and sculptors, upon which the Stauntons past and present, had expended fabulous sums of money. Here too, were family portraits, some in the frills and ruffles of antique days; others again of modern appearance, and attired in modern habiliments. All of them with that aristocratic look and bearing, which they had taken from a remote English ancestor, who, for some unrecorded reason, had lost his ducal lands, and gathered up his fortune that was impaired, to come across the seas, and taken up a new home in the American city, shortly after its foundation.

At one end of the gallery, covered with a veil of liberty silk was the picture of the Judge's first wife, which had always been obnoxious to his haughty Madeline, but which was doubly so now since her own had been placed beside it, as we know, the photograph of their child at ten years of age.

These were all the reminders that remained to the Judge of the two beings he once had loved so fondly, and often since that dream, when he had seen his daughter dying, and his dead wife's spirit warding him off from laying his fingers on her, this last little face looked out in dumb protest, as if begging him to search and seek its owner, and clasp her once more to his heart, as in the old days. But so far all his searching and seeking had been in vain, and Millicent remained as dead to him as if buried in her grave.

What would he have thought now, as he passed it, his head bent low, with his proud Madeline and their daughter and future son, on their way down to the brilliant dining room, had any one told him that not far away his once beloved and idolized daughter was indeed living in the poverty his vision had shown him because she was too proud and obedient to seek assistance from the father

who had turned her from his door in that long ago? He would have been overwhelmed with joy, with perfect happiness restored to him, but the time for that had yet to come, and before it would, Oswald Staunton was to drink up as bitter a cup as the one he had long ago placed to the lips of his innocent, suffering daughter.

To be continued.

To the Sacred Heart.

(New Year)

I consecrate this year to thee,
O heart of love Divine!
By thy sweet name and precious blood,
Inflame this heart of mine.

O, may I love Thee more and more,
My Lord, my God, each day;
And see the beauty of Thy Face,
When swift years pass away.

Our Lady of the Rosary!
Thy sinless heart I greet;
Embalm my pathway with the scent
Of mystic rose-buds sweet.

And then, O guardian of my Lord!
And of His Mother blest,
Beneath the shadow of thy care
My soul shall oft find rest.

O, Jesus, Mary, Joseph! names
To me so very dear;
O, Jesus, Mary, Joseph! this
My first song of the year.

Enfant de Marie.

Compensation.

Sorrow was destined of man's life to be a part,
Thus every soul must suffer grief and pain;
God's ways are most immutable and wise,
But ah! he who suffers much, I know,
Will suffer not in vain.

For compensation is the law of Heav'n
And for the trials thou canst not understand,
God holds the scales and justice metes thee out;
Sometime the veil will rend aside and lo!
Thou'lt see the gracious wisdom of His plan.

--MABEL M. LENT.

The Coming Archbishops.

The past year saw the two most important archdioceses of this country deprived of their pastors by the angel of death. They were noble souls who performed their duties as becomes the successors of the Apostles, and hence they were loved and esteemed by all who had the privilege of making their acquaintance. It was a great task on the part of the authorities to select successors, who would walk in their footsteps, to whom the guidance of over a million Catholics could be entrusted. But they have done admirably well in the naming of the men, who, it is said, are to succeed them. It seems certain now that Monsigr. John Farley will succeed the greatly lamented Archbishop Corrigan. He is no stranger in the diocese. He has grown up with it, and for the last thirty years has been identified with its work. He was first secretary to Cardinal McCloskey, and afterward Vicar General under Archbishop Corrigan, pastor of St. Gabriel's Church and finally auxiliary Bishop of the diocese. He now takes possession of one of the most important dioceses in the Catholic world. It has about 250 churches, all with large parishes, and 150 chapels attached to the various religious institutions. For the attendance of these there are over 700 priests. The diocese is rich in charitable institutions, and institutions for the young. The number of young people under his care is said to be 71,620, of which 40,000 are taught in the parochial schools. He has always taken a great interest in the charitable works of the diocese, especially in the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of which, until now he has been the spiritual director.

The New York Sun gives some incidents in the life of the new Archbishop, which go to show his beautiful character:

Priests who have been in daily touch with Mgr. Farley since his ordination in 1870, and laymen who have been close to his work as pastor of St. Gabriel's in East Thirty-seventh street since 1884, know of the earnest and resultful labors for his church and for humanity. Re-

cognized by all New York as a man of gentleness and piety, he has other characteristics that shine forth from time to time showing the aggressive, practical, gainful mind.

A story is told of his early days in the pastorate of St. Gabriel's. The death of the head of a family in Father Farley's parish left the family with no source of income except a son, whose salary in a downtown office was so small that it would not go half way toward the maintenance of the house.

Father Farley knew the boy to be unusually bright and well informed. He went down town one morning to find a better employment for the young man. His first call was at the office of a figure in the business world with whom the priest had a slight acquaintance. He stated his purpose. The business man was in a hurry. Said he:

"I'll take the young man's name, Father Farley, and if I see an opening for him I'll send you word. I haven't anything in sight now."

"That won't do," said the priest. "He must have a place right away. I've got to be back at the house in two hours, but I'm not going back till I've placed the boy, and you're going to help me."

The man was surprised at this positive announcement from the priest.

"Father Farley, you'd make a good politician," he said. "Send the young man down to-morrow morning and I'll put him at work."

The boy is now one of the most liberal contributors to the many charities of the Archbishop and for the fiftieth time ment that the Pope had promoted the priest to succeed Archbishop Corrigan, the "boy" carried his compliments to the Archbishop and for the fiftieth time referred to the story of the place which the priest had found for him.

"Sometimes when I read about the wickedness down in your Wall Street," said the Archbishop with a twinkle in his eye, "I wonder if I put you on the right road. At any rate, some of the money is going in the right direction."

Father Farley was summoned for a

sick call one morning. He found a parishoner dying of a stroke of apoplexy. Knowing that the man was the only wage earner in the family he made some enquiries of the wife and daughter, to learn what provision the dying bread winner had made for them. He was, the priest learned a member of a mutual benefit association, in which he had an insurance of \$2,000. The latest assessment was overdue, and if not paid by noon the man was liable to suspension, in which event his family could not collect the money after his death.

The priest administered the sacraments for the dying. Wife and daughter were in such a state of mind that they were indifferent for the time to the possibility of losing the insurance benefit.

The priest got the assessment slip, learned the address of the treasurer of the lodge and hurried into the street. On his way the carriage of a wealthy man of his parish overtook him. As the priest spoke to him the man stopped, and at his motion the brougham wheeled up to the curb.

"Mr. A." said the priest, "as you are travelling in that direction, might I ask you to set me down at No.— street?"

The man was delighted to be of service to his pastor.

"And now another favor," said the priest, who had glanced at his old silver watch and found that 12 o'clock was drawing near. "Don't abuse the horses, but may we drive a little faster?"

The driver on the box was a member of the priest's congregation also, and the horses did travel.

Arrived at the office of the lodge secretary the priest went in, but he came out a moment later just a bit confused. In his haste in responding to the sick call he had left the house without money.

"Mr. A." said Father Farley, "you have been very good to bring me here. May I presume on your kindness to borrow \$2 from you until this afternoon?"

The assessment was paid, and the priest returned the loan that afternoon, although the lender insisted that he did not want the money back.

That night the patient died, and thanks to the priest's practical ministrations,

the wife and daughter got the insurance money.

While he was Auxiliary Bishop of New York, Bishop Farley wrote an article on a theological question for a review. The bishop accepted the very liberal compensation of the magazine for the article. A literary man who had read it spoke of it to a member of the Bishop's household.

"It is a splendid argument," said the man. "It is sure to bear fruit."

"It has borne fruit," said the priest. "It has bought breeches and shoes for a lot of youngsters who couldn't go to school in their rags."

Personal gifts of money to the bishop from time to time always went to his charities. His Church, in the heart of the East side embraces a lot of rich people, but a great many more very poor ones.

A politician went to see Father Farley at the priest's house in the middle of a close local campaign. The priest's pastorate extended over his political field, and the politician wanted his help with the parish.

"If you help me and I win," said the politician, "I'll give \$500 to the poor of your parish."

"They do need money," said the priest in his mildest voice, "but they don't need it that badly."

Twenty-four years ago Father Farley accompanied Cardinal McCloskey, whose secretary he was, to Rome to see the coronation of Pope Leo XIII. Cardinal McCloskey reached Rome too late to participate in the election of the Pope by the College of Cardinals. A few months ago, when Bishop Farley was in Rome, he reminded the Pope that as a young priest he had been present at the coronation.

"We knew before we left New York that you would be chosen," said the Bishop to the Holy Father.

"Then if you had arrived in time your Cardinal would have voted for me?" asked the Pope.

"I answered him," said Bishop Farley, in relating the incident "with an Italian word which cannot be translated directly into English. I should say that its English equivalent would be, you bet."

Archbishop John Murphy Farley, who is just past 60 years of age, is likely to live to be a Cardinal, for the growing importance of this metropolitan in the Catholic Church world is not overlooked by the Pope. The Archbishop's active life has left him at 60 vigorous in mind and body to take up the work of the largest and most conspicuous district of his Church in the New World.

As secretary to Cardinal McCloskey and as Auxiliary Bishop, the right hand of the late Archbishop Corrigan, the new Archbishop has little to learn about the duties of his high office. It is fitting that he should come to St. Patrick's Cathedral, for as secretary to the Cardinal he kept all the records of the building of that splendid house of God.

Archbishop Farley's existence is without what in other men's careers is called home life. His waking hours are spent entirely for the church. He is a tireless worker, visiting a church one day, a sick priest the next, a distant part of his diocese the next, for confirmation or consultation.

He finds time, however, to read a great deal. That may be said to be his only recreation. He keeps abreast of the news and the events of the day. When he allows himself a vacation it is generally to go to one of the Catholic summer schools, where he is a regular attendant at the lectures. He likes out-of-door life, and where his administrative business calls him he always walks, if time will permit.

The new Archbishop will be formally installed in office at the Cathedral when the pallium arrives from Rome.

A cablegram from Rome to the Associated Press says that Bishop Quigley, of Buffalo, has been recommended by the congregation of the Propaganda for the Archbishopric of Chicago, which in size and importance nearly equals that of New York. The Pope is free to accept or reject the proposed candidate, but he seldom rejects him, except for special reasons. We have no doubt regarding Bishop Quigley's fitness. He has always shown himself to be a zealous pastor, and an able administrator.

He was born in the year 1855, in Oshawa, Ont. His family afterwards moved to Lima, N.Y., where he frequented

the parochial school. He began his clerical studies at the seminary of Our Lady of the Angels, Niagara Falls, N. Y., and completed them at Rome, where he graduated in 1879. After his ordination he returned to this country. He occupied various positions in the diocese until 1884, when he was made rector of the Cathedral. In 1896 he was made pastor of St. Bridget's, one of the largest parishes in the diocese, where he remained till the following year, when he was chosen Bishop.

During his career as priest, and more so as Bishop, he has, by his priestly qualities, endeared himself to the people of all races and creeds, and they will loath see him depart from their midst.

The Buffalo Evening News speaking of him says:

The Rt. Rev. James E. Quigley, of this city, Bishop of the Diocese of Buffalo, is one of the three prelates named to the Pope, as most worthy to be selected by the head of the Roman Communion to the Archbishopric of New York in succession to the late Archbishop Corrigan. Bishop Quigley is also named as one of the three men most to be desired in the incumbency of the Archbishopric of Chicago in succession to the late Archbishop Feehan. The name of Bishop Quigley is the only one appearing on both lists as made up by the priesthood of two widely separated provinces.

This is remarkable enough to attract attention throughout the church whose priesthood Bishop Quigley adorns. It reminds the classical student of that famous situation when Theaetostoles was second on all lists for choice of commanders. But it is not surprising to those who are acquainted with the man as with the prelate; with the scholar as with the citizen. For in native endowment, in ripe attainment, in catholicity of spirit and in breadth of sympathy, no citizen of Buffalo is more highly honored, esteemed and admired than James G. Quigley. It is not in the least by chance that this distinguished man is in many hearts and on many tongues for elevation to a princedom in the Church today.

Bishop Quigley combines as few other men do, the qualities of an administra-

tor for those of a teacher and spiritual leader. The master of many tongues; possessed of a European education, yet an American to his finger tips; familiar with the ways of men in all parts of the civilized world; esteemed by all statesmen, artists and scholars, and not less respected by the soundest business men for ability to meet them on their own ground, it is not until men begin to think about him earnestly that they begin to realize the greatness of his mind and his peculiarly complete equipment for archiepiscopal station. But when to his intellectual capital, which is so extensive, is added the further possession of a frame capable of endless hard work, and in the very maturity of its powers, so that it matches and reinforces his vigorous mind, the sum of the reasons for his advancement, is not even yet made up completely.

He that is a true shepherd of the sheep is more than a mind, however brilliant, and a body, however enduring. There is still to be considered the essential character of the man, what he is in the last analysis. It is but the simple truth to say that in any list of three citizens of Buffalo most deeply beloved in this city in any time in the last 20 years, through the whole city, without regard to church or creed, race or nativity, business or occupation, Bishop Quigley must be always counted one of them. He has not lived apart from his fellow-men, but among them, and with them, and of them, with the fullness of his high intelligence and lofty spirit and devotion to humanity, so that the ceaseless work, and the comforting thought, and the eloquent tongue, have been but the flowering of the pure character and beautiful, clear intellect of the man.

That very high honors await Bishop Quigley cannot be doubted, for it is the policy of the Church which is the special field of his service and authority to confer increasing responsibility on those of its servants found possessors of the talents indispensable to leadership in the redemption of the world from sin and vice and every form of evil. He already stands in the front rank of American divines in power and attainments and gifts of speech. All Buffalo, the city of his home, will especially rejoice if the call

to wider responsibility and greater opportunity for service, in the cause to which he gives his life, is now extended to this Christian nobleman, finished scholar and proved captain, in the army of the Lord whom he adores.

A Luminous Thought.

"Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei; et opera manuum ejus annunciant firmamentum."—Ps. cxviii-i.

These inspired words of the royal Psalmist are well known and loved by those who understand the liturgy of Holy Church.

They were forcibly recalled to mind of late by a remark which, although one of a child, yet enclosed in its casket of beautiful expression, more wisdom than many pages of those scientists who admire the starry firmament, but think not of the Creator.

"What is that, mother?" asked a boy, gazing curiously at her jewelled ring. "It is a diamond," she answered; and, perhaps explained that this was, of all gems, the most precious. Not long after, one tranquil star-lit evening, when Venus shone with singular brilliancy, our little inquirer looked up thoughtfully and said: "I suppose that is a diamond in God's ring."

Truly, a "luminous thought," for the fair light of childish innocence blends with that of intelligence seeking after the highest cause. It is like a little commentary on that verse of holy psalmody already quoted,—a low echo of the sentiment contained in its royal words. The heavens are, indeed, the work of God's hands, and is it not at all inappropriate to style its starry gems their adornment.

Saints, poets and little children, often look through the veil of creation, as it were and discern its Creator by faith, which has been called "the light of time" for "the light of glory" is what we aspire to. "Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God."

E. D. M.

Great souls endure in silence.—Schiller.

The more sand has escaped from the hour glass of our lives, the clearer we should see through it.—Jean Paul.

Te Deum.

We praise Thee, God, and we confess Thee, Lord.
Eternal Father, all the earth adores Thee.
To Thee the angels all, to Thee the heavens
And all the powers: to Thee the Cherubim
And Seraphim with voice incessant cry:
Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Sabbath,
The heavens and earth are filled
With glory of thy Majesty.
The glorious choir of Apostles,
The well-deserving band of Prophets,
The white-robed host of Martyrs,
The holy church throughout the earth
Confess Thee, Father of great majesty,
Thy true and only Son to be adored,
Together with the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete.
Thou Christ, the King of Glory,
Thou art the Father's co-eternal Son;
Thou, when about to ransom man,
The Virgin's womb did'st not disdain;
Thou, having overcome the sting of death,
Hath opened Heaven to believers.
At God's right hand thou sittest
In glory of the Father
The judge to come thou art believed to be.
Then we beseech Thee, help thy servants,
Whom with thy precious blood thou hast redeemed,
And grant that they be numbered
Together with thy saints in glory.
Lord save thy people, bless thy heritage,
And rule and raise them up forever.
Each single day we bless Thee; and thy name
We praise forever and forever.
Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day from sin to guard us:
Have pity on us, Lord, have pity on us;
Thy mercy to be upon us, Lord,
According as we hope in Thee.
In Thee have I confided, Lord,
Oh! may I never be confounded. Amen.

—F. S. S. J., in St. Ignatius' Calendar.

A Eucharistic Miracle.

Of the many miracles that local history furnish the details, over the length and breadth of Spain, and which at once attest the ardent faith in the presence of our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of His Love—the Holy Eucharist—few are more wonderful, few will more vividly arouse our faith than the authentic story of the losing and subsequent finding of the "Cupon," or golden Pyx, preserved still, after many centuries in the parish church of Alboroya, some few miles from the Cathedral city and Metropolitan Barilic of Valencia, and which the writer has seen during the exhibition of church plate displayed during the sittings of the Eucharistic Congress of this Catholic city in 1893.

On a golden chalice which accompanied it, and which was, too, exhibited at the request of the present Primate of Spain—the truly popular Cardinal Sancha—is engraved the historic legend of the finding of the Pyx and the Sacred Particles, as narrated in the following history:

The parish priest of the little suburban village of Alboroya, in the kingdom of Valencia, was going one day to administer the Holy Viaticum to a sick person in the opposite and populous village of Almacera. On crossing a mountain stream, one of the many tributary rivulets of the Tuna, which at ordinary times is so dry that you could cross it without wetting your feet, but on this occasion its waters became so increased by the recent torrential rains that its crossing was hazardous, yet he fancied he could, as of old, pass from stepping stone to stepping stone, and arrive safely at the opposite shore, but in doing so he unfortunately slipped, and the Sacred Pyx, which contained the Sacred Particles, fell from his hand and were swept away by the impetuosity of the rushing stream. He sought, but sought in vain, and could not succeed in finding them. He ran to the adjacent little hamlet to tell sorrowfully his misfortune, and so interested were his audience that the able bodied of the village turned out and ran to the banks of the surging torrent in search of the priceless treasure. After many dangerous and laborious efforts to

find the Pyx, at length one, more venturesome than his fellows, dashed into the waters in its search, and soon found it, but empty. Thus the first impulse of glory, followed that of the greatest pain, when God, by an unheard of miracle, gave to the crowd in search of it, the unexpected consolation of its miraculous discovery.

They saw shoals of small fish arise to the surface of the water, carrying each, one of the lost Hosts. They maintained themselves stationary in the midst of the rushing waters, their heads above the foam of the surging torrent, thus exposing to the adoration of all that were gathered on the bank—this grateful crowd of fervent Catholics—the several lost particles. The first who noticed them was he who jumped into the waters and the few who courageously followed him, waded through its waters in search of the Sacred Pyx, and not daring to draw nigh, through respect to the adorable Sacramental Presence of Our Divine Lord and Our God, they called aloud to the revered Priest and those collected on the banks, in order that they might participate in this joy and witness for themselves the miracle. For it was evident to all, and all cried aloud that they should go in procession to the parish church to give God thanks for so signal a favor. The priest robed himself and the people surged around him with their lighted torches and formed a lengthened procession, which directed itself to the little parish church of Alboroya.

In the meantime the fish remained immovable in their position, but when the priest had clothed himself with his golden tissued Cope and put on the sacred ornaments of his office, they ascended the stream, and drawing near to him, suddenly going out from the water, each carried towards him, a single host, sound, intact, and dry, although they were for some hours in the water. The fish, as if understanding the glory that God Almighty had conferred on them in being deemed worthy of touching the Sacred Eucharist, the very body and blood of their Lord,—their God and

Creator—returned beneath the water, manifesting by their plaintive and pensive murmuring the intense joy and profound jubilee that the miracle afforded them. Then the people, with burning torches and singing the most fervent anthems and hymns of gratitude to Almighty God, accompanied the Hosts, carried by the Priest, processionaly to the parish church, where to this day these self-same particles, miraculously, after so many centuries, have preserved their incorruptibility, and are annually visited by large and fervent crowds of pilgrim devotees of the Blessed Sacrament from every parish of the vast Archdiocese.

In their desolation, the people of the little hamlet of Almacera, to where the priest was going to administer the Viaticum, collected the funds that purchased this beautiful chalice, on which the details of the miracle are engraved and kept securely in their little chapel, framed by its faithful children from generation to generation, priding in the following words that so authentically recalled the heavenly favour of which their village has been the theatre.

"Who will deny the mystery of the Holy Eucharist, when the speechless fish of our little stream preached to all; our Faith. Deo Gratias."

Juan Pedro.

The Patron of Our Land.

By C. J. ANDERSON.

PURE as the morning's glory, chaste as the evening's blue,
Sitteth the Queen of Heaven to hear us chaunts renew,
Promised to our grand-parents, as forth from Eden they went,
She comes at last all glorious, spotless, pure, unblent;
Promised by God Almighty in the legends of seers old,
She comes to crush the serpent and gather us in one fold;
A blessing to barren Anna, a blessing to our race,
The Mother of our Redeemer, the Dispenser of His grace.

Enraptured men point out to us the great ones of our sphere
And say: "Behold the heroes who never bowed to fear."
But honored as their deeds may be of true and sterling worth,
Yet earthy shall they always be, because they are of earth.
On Clío's scroll their fleeting names are traced in fading gold
That mockingly doth glide away from crumbling marble old.
Their sun rose up, their burr increased till all their glories met;
Their glories waned, their burr declined and now their sun is set.

No wonder then our country has chosen as its guide
Her whom all the nations have honored far and wide;
For her no need of marble, no need of gold's poor aid,
Her fame's for aye enshrined in the hearts that God has made.
To the bliss-girt realms of Heaven, we raise our hearts to-day
That Mary's smile may strengthen us and cheer us on our way.
O, Virgin Queen, unspotted Maid, stretch forth thy helping hand,
For we honor thee, Immaculate One, as Patron of our Land.

After Thirty Years.

Virtue in real life has a peculiar attraction for all. We hear and know sufficient of abstract virtue, but we remain unmoved. It is when we see holiness personified in men around us that we feel inspired to follow it ourselves. With Cardinal Vaughan, we feel and say that there is nothing so attractive as concrete virtue. As with virtue, so with the teachings of Holy Writ. They are, beyond doubt, most unctuous and forcible in their abstract form; but it is when we see them exemplified under our own eyes, by daily facts, that we fully grasp their import.

A few days ago such an exemplification of the Holy Gospel's teaching came under my notice. It brings home to us the full meaning of that exhortation of our Blessed Lord to the Apostles, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Mr. S.—, an aged man, worn with the toil of some three score of years, came on the 1st of December to Father H—, a well known parish priest of Chicago. When Father H. was but a curate years ago, he had known the man well. During his curacy, and for years before, Mr. S.— was notorious for his disregard of all the precepts of his holy religion. He was of the number of those who served Mammon and not God. From morn till eve, year in and year out, this slave of money toiled to gather together the riches of this fleeting world. Riches were his god; to gain them, the salvation of his immortal soul was considered as nought. He worked the seven days of the week to gather in all that his hands could gain. On Sunday mornings he arose as early as on other mornings, not to serve God by going to Mass, but to serve the devil by laboring the live-long day, at work which he could have left undone just as well. To go to Holy Mass was something entirely extraneous to the routine of his life. He was so eager to rise and get to work that he had not time to kneel down and say one Hail Mary, even on a Sunday morning. God had no longer an existence for him as far as worship was con-

cerned. He had one aim—to gain wealth. This was his thought at morn, when he awoke from sleep; this was his thought at eve, when he retired to rest. By day, it occupied his thoughts; by night it haunted him in his dreams. This was the romantic life which this slave of mammon followed,—not for five or ten, but for thirty long years. During these years he had never heard mass; never breathed one single prayer. Completely oblivious of all the claims that God had upon him, he never even thanked the Almighty for the life and strength which God had given him, and which he used to insult his Maker.

Thirty long years passed and what was the outcome of this man's perverseness? Did he succeed in amassing wealth by living in open violation of God's holy commandments? He related his story to Father H—, whom he came to visit, and who had known him years before.

"Father," said he, "for thirty years I have served the world, completely forgetful of my God. I had no desire but to gain wealth: All my thoughts, all my desires, all my labors, tended to that one end. To accomplish, this, I strove with might and main. I stopped at no sin, provided I thought it would bring me nearer to the goal of my desires. But all in vain; I have failed. My property, eaten up by mortgages, has passed from my hands. My mother-in-law, insured for several thousand dollars, died a short ago, but before the insurance was collected, the company became bankrupt. To-day I have not a dollar of my own in this wide world that I have served as a slave for thirty years. But," continued he, confiding on God's grace, "I have been to confession, and I trust that to-day I stand before the Almighty with my sins forgiven. My children support me, are kind to me, with a kindness I do not deserve. During my sinful years, I was never happy, never peaceful; but now I am happy with a happiness I never knew before; peaceful with a peace of which I was never before conscious. Hence, I have abandoned the service of

the world and will now serve my God forever."

Such was his story. It contains its own lesson—a lesson that this man learned only after thirty years of slavery.

That he will never forget it is needless to remark. He was taught in the school of life—a school with the most attractive of lessons—virtue; but with the sternest of masters—truth.

Their Last Salve Regina.

It happened during the horrors of the French Revolution. Intoxicated with the blood of innocent human beings, those barbaric ruffians found their only relish in slaughter and bloodshed. Nobody could be sure in the evening that he would not be taken to the scaffold in the morning, and the purer and more innocent a person was, so much the more certain was his death. Virtue was then a crime. The guillotine worked, too slowly for the bloodthirsty executioners, and the earth was saturated with the blood of innocent victims. Pestiferous pools of blood spread sickness and contagion, and cruelty had to invent new means to drown or cut down its victims—men, women and children en masse. Execution was the only pastime the brutalized rabble enjoyed. There were knitters and dancers of the guillotine, who knitting, found their delight in witnessing the last convulsions of the murdered, or in dancing around the scaffold, amidst wild and satanic howling and scornful and frantic laughter.

During this time of bloody madness it was that the fatal sentence to die under

the guillotine fell on an entire convent of nuns, the Convent of the Carmelite nuns in Paris. The dismal cart halted at their gates. Bravely the sisters stepped in and on this evening of their lives they intoned the Salve Regina, as was their custom, when chanting Vespers. They sang it while passing through the streets; they sang it on the place of execution; they sang it whilst one after the other placed her head under the murderous axe, and only after the last of the heroic band had offered her neck to the executioner, did their chanting cease. With the soul of the martyred prioress, the last strains of the Salve Regina ascended into the air.

The infuriated rabble had listened terror stricken to this chant. They did not laugh, they did not clap their hands as was their custom on such occasions. As if aroused from their stupefying intoxication, they heard the song of the dying virgins. Their diabolical shouts had ceased. The revolution passed its zenith with the Salve Regina of the Parisian Carmelite nuns. — (Stimmen v. Berge Karmel.)

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY.

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

CHAPTER FIRST.

His Birth—His Education.

It was during the reign of the Emperor and King Frederick II, whose rebellious attitude towards the Papacy, and cruel oppression of Italy, rendered his name infamous, that there dwelt on the Island of Sicily, a man called Benoist, whose goodness added new luster to his noble birth. He was a descendant of the house of Abbitibus, a family noted alike for their ancient lineage and great wealth, and came originally from Eryx. This was a fortified city of occidental Sicily, situated at no great distance from Trapani, and at the foot of Mount Eryx, known as San Guiliamo. At the present time Benoist was one of our Lord's most faithful servants. At the proper age he united himself in marriage with a young girl named Jeanne, of noble lineage like himself. She was descended from the Palizzi, one of the most ancient and powerful families of Sicily. Benoist and Jeanne made progress in virtue their principal aim, and the marriage was a happy one. One thing, however, marred its perfect contentment, and this grief grew deeper with the advance of time. After twenty years of married life no child had come to crown their faithful love, yet they still cherished the hope that our Lord would grant their petition, and send them a son to inherit their noble name, their virtues, and to be the solace of their declining years.

More firmly than ever they resolved to place their confidence in God, yet they could not refrain from occasionally speaking despondently of the failure which, thus far, was meted out to their prayers. Finally, with one accord, a supreme determination was formulated in their minds. They made a solemn vow that if our Lord would send them

the son which they so ardently desired, they would consecrate him to the service of God in the religious state. They then redoubled their prayers, they ceased not to implore the mediation of the Mother of Jesus, and to their fervent prayers they added rigid fasting, and almsgiving of the most generous type. Full of confidence, Benoist and Jeanne even selected the order to which they intended to confide their child of many prayers and promised that he should become a Carmelite, the reason for their choice being self-evident.

In consequence of the disastrous termination of the third crusade commanded by Philip Augustus and Richard, the lion-hearted, the Saracens regained even more than their former assurance, and all over Palestine their cruel encroachments spread apprehension and dismay. The monks of Mount Carmel were exposed to a thousand perils which grew greater with each succeeding day. They could no longer support themselves in the beloved solitudes of the Holy Land and of Syria, and then it was that emigration to Europe was first thought of and the project of attempting foundations there first entertained. In 1237, the Prior General, the venerable Berthold II, summoned all his subjects to meet in chapter at Carmel. During its continuance they sent forth fervent petitions to heaven that they might be enlightened and guided as to what our Divine Lord wished them to do. The chapter decided that a speedy emigration to Europe and the immediate foundation of monasteries there would be best.

Amongst these the monastery of Messina was one of the first. The virtue and piety of the inmates became at once the admiration of all. Benoist and Jeanne recognized more and more fully the marvellous origin of this order of

the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel; they knew well the favors with which it had been overwhelmed by the Divine Mother. And finally a miraculous event placed the culminating point upon their decision.

Some time after having made the above mentioned vow Jeanne began to hope that her prayers had been heard. She had grave reason to think that, at last she would become a mother. It was then that she had a dream, which filled her heart with the sweetest consolation. It was precisely at day-dawn, and she had fallen into that half slumber which generally precedes awakening. She beheld coming forth from her womb a torch, the flame of which was so brilliant that it filled the whole apartment with dazzling light. The dream awakened her. She at once told her husband of the mysterious vision with which she had been visited.

O, wonder! he too had had a heaven sent dream. As if under some celestial influence he, filled with the sweetest peace and joy, had beheld the miraculous birth, he had seen the flaming torch, like his wife he had beheld the brilliant light; with her he had been dazzled by the splendor which transformed the room. Jean Grossus, in the "Mirror of Carmel," adds that the husband and wife saw the son, to whose birth they were looking forward, appear to them wearing the livery of the Order so dear to our Blessed Mother. After having interchanged the accounts of their dreams, Jeanne and Benoist remained for some time silent and thoughtful. Amazement at first precluded speech, but amazement before many minutes gave way to gratitude. They understood that they were the subjects of a divine mystery, and the most intense joy filled their innermost hearts. Jeanne first awakened to the sense of what was due to the goodness of God, and kneeling down she offered up a thanksgiving exceedingly great. Meanwhile the proofs of her approaching maternity became more certain as the days passed, and there was no longer a doubt as to the truth. Yes! notwithstanding her age and ther sterility with which she had been afflicted for so many years, Jeanne was enabled to tell her husband that she had received

from the Lord a fruit of grace and benediction. She recalled her blessed dream to him, and, as if inspired by God, cried out, "This child will be great! and if the vision prove true he will never lose the divine life nor the knowledge of the secrets which heaven contains." At her words Benoist could not conceal the transports of his delight. Happy tears filled his eyes, and grateful prayers arose to God.

The time being accomplished, Jeanne suffered the pains of maternity, and soon her child came into the world. She was not deceived in her hopes, for, as she had been led to believe in those celestial visions, the little one, whose mother she had become, was a son.

Parents as pious and exact in their obedience to the laws of the church as were Jeanne and Benoist would not postpone the baptism of the infant, and before the day of its birth had ended, it was carried to the Baptismal Font. The name of Albert was given to it, and even in the selection thereof Divine Providence bore a part. The name had been, up to that time, unknown in the provinces of Sicily, where it had never been even so much as pronounced. Although it was of Germanic origin, it had nevertheless been, in the fourth century, borne by the venerable patriarch, who was prior at the Convent of Mount Carmel, and to whom the Order is indebted for the rule of the primitive observance. It was this rule to which, later on, the fervent Saint Theresa led the entire order to observe. The name Albert signifies "sweet" and "agreeable" to all. *Cunctis carus* a grateful. Let us say, before proceeding further that the divine blessing bestowed upon Jeanne and Benoist seems not to have been limited to the birth of Saint Albert for, at the hour of his death, the latter announced that at that very time at Trapani, his sister gave back her soul to God.

At the most tender age this child of benediction gave evidence of the happiest disposition. He grew in wisdom and holiness; he followed the example of his parents, and imitated their virtues. He would leave his play to pour forth his soul to God in prayer. As soon as he was capable of receiving instruction, and with him it was at a very early age, the

process of imparting knowledge to him began. The love of Albert for God was intense, and the Holy Ghost sustained him with his grace. The lessons assigned him were difficult for so young a child and the facility with which he learned was marvellous. His education therefore was something to wonder at, but his conduct was simply perfect. His parents never had the least cause to reproach him; never was he guilty of the least disobedience. Thus he filled their hearts with joy, and gave them every reason to lavish upon him the most devoted love. As to the rest, as his name predicted, Albert had the gift of winning the good will of all. His admirable gifts of mind and heart, intensified and perfected by grace, could not fail to render him beloved by, and agreeable to all with whom he came in contact.

CHAPTER SECOND.

A Ruse of the Demon—Albert's Vocation —His Entrance into the Religious Life.

Albert had just completed the eighth year of his age. He had made the most rapid progress in his studies; his mental endowments, personal beauty and charming manner attracted immediate attention in the exalted circle in which his parents moved, and many were the comments made upon the child. One of his father's friends indeed formed a project in which Albert was to play a prominent part. This nobleman was of the highest rank, and could even boast of royal blood; he had a daughter for whose future settlement he had already begun to plan. He reflected that the goodness of the little Albert added to his position as belonging to the noble race of the Abbatibus, would render an alliance with him desirable in the extreme.

He determined, according to the custom of that epoch, to offer to Benoist the hand of his daughter for his son Albert, as soon as they should have arrived at the proper age.

He sought an interview with Benoist to impart his intentions. His daughter would have a magnificent dowry. She gave promise of unusual beauty. Her spouse might at some future day even aspire to royal dignity. These considera-

tions had an effect upon Benoist. He endeavored at first to banish the temptation, but ended by allowing himself to be persuaded, with certain reservations.

He told his friend that he could not give his decision at once, without time for reflection. And meanwhile his conscience was far from tranquil. He hastened home to consult his wife, hoping that she would coincide with his views; but how speedily was he undeceived! He would fain have demonstrated to her the advantages of such a marriage, but at the very first sentence Jeanne exclaimed: "O! my dear husband! I am surprised at your access of worldly prudence. What! you would place an earthly realm whose joys would pass in a few brief years, against the eternal Kingdom, whose glory never fades? I entreat you give up the idea; leave to the world its fleeting joys, its fatal snares. Have you then forgotten your Creator, and the great blessing He conferred upon you?" "No! No!" protested Benoist.

Jeanne continued: "And what of your vow? You bound yourself by your own free will, by a solemn promise. It is a bond which you can never break." Benoist remained silent. "Where would your pride lead you? Do you not know that our welfare depends upon the fidelity with which we keep the pledge made to our Lord Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother?" These reproaches overwhelmed Benoist with confusion. Still he was not thoroughly convinced, but did not attempt to say another word upon the subject to his wife. He temporized with his friend. And so the matter rested. Meanwhile the education of the boy went on. Nothing was spared that he might be well versed in human lore, as well as in the science of the Saints. His progress in both excited the amazement of all who knew him. Thus his childhood passed, and he entered upon the heritage of youth, but for some time there seemed to be something of deep import agitating his soul. It was evident that some very grave consideration never for one moment left his mind. He endeavored to conceal it from his parents and to be his own bright self before them, but in vain. The further he advanced in the study of our holy religion, the more deeply he penetrated its divine mysteries, the more

ardent grew his already great love for God. His heart was so inflamed with this excessive love that one might see during the long time when he remained absorbed in prayer, how the tears fell, and how his entire face became transfigured with celestial light. The desire of devoting his life to God and of clothing himself with the religious habit had taken possession of him, and nothing could banish it from his mind. He dared not make the revelation to his parents. Imbued as he was with the spirit of love, obedience and respect which God requires from children to parents, he waited for a favorable opportunity to rise that he might tell his father and mother what was agitating their child. He was prepared to make the sacrifice of his own will to their wishes, thus showing that he had taken the first step in the way of that sanctity wherein he was one day to shine, a glorious light. Our Lord Himself deigned to arrange a fitting occasion for the announcement. Albert had just completed his eighteenth year. All morning had the Countess Jeanne remained secluded in her oratory, and when she left that holy place she summoned her son to come to her. She awaited him, sitting upon a carved oaken arm chair, canopied with elegant drapery, — a seat occupied by her only upon solemn occasions. As soon as Albert entered the apartment, he knew that an interview of very great importance awaited him, and his spirit trembled between hope and fear.

"My dearest son," began the Countess, "I have called you hither to have a serious conversation with you, for I wish to impart to you various events of which you should no longer remain in ignorance. Come and sit near me," and she pointed to a low hassock by her side.

Then the mother related to her son what had occurred at his birth, and of the vow made by his father and herself. With each sentence the soul of the youth became more overwhelmed with joy. He fully comprehended the significance of such a communication. Still his humility forbade him to make the decision alone. "Dear mother," said he, "I am under the salutary yoke of paternal obedience. I do not belong to myself. I

am ready to do as you wish. What shall it be? Do you prefer that I remain in the world, and give myself up to temporal affairs? I do not perhaps understand. Do you wish me to consecrate myself to the service of Jesus Christ, to offer to Him the sacrifice of a chaste life, in order to win eternal life? Do you wish me to devote myself wholly to religion? For, if I mistake not, such was the import of your vow." "Beloved child," answered the Countess, "I have no intention of proving false to the vow so solemnly registered before God. On the contrary it was to entreat you to meet my desires that I summoned you hither to-day. For, to serve God, is to dwell forever with Him, to ensure one's salvation." These words filled the heart of the listener with delight. He knew now that the secretly cherished wish of his soul was to be realized. "Well, then, mother," he replied, "I willingly shall correspond with what you have promised, and at the earliest possible moment will transform your intentions into an accomplished fact." Jeanne had no misgivings as to the ready consent of her son, for had not the Lord deigned to enlighten her as to the glorious future which awaited him? Realizing, however, as she did, the perfidious wiles and diabolical malice of satan, which that evil spirit exercises in regard to our Lord's faithful servants, she had not been able to divest herself of a certain apprehension. She had not forgotten the weakness evinced by her husband. Albert's response reassured her completely. The mother and son were so deeply interested in their conversation that the dinner hour arrived before they anticipated it, and with it Benoist, so that the meal was served, and they seated themselves at the table. Observing that Albert ate nothing, the Count looked affectionately at him, and enquired the reason of his abstinence.

At this Albert left his place, and knelt before his parents. He opened his heart to them; he told them what his intentions were, and how he could not be happy until they were accomplished. Then he added: "I will neither eat or drink to-day until you have blessed me, and given me your authority to go." The feelings of the father at such a revelation may well be imagined. At last he be-

held the arrival of the day upon whose advent he had pondered so often ! But no matter how he felt, he manifested towards his son only the greatest consideration and affection. In conjunction with his wife he gave him the paternal blessing and bade him God speed in his new undertaking. Albert had no inclination to eat. And when the meal was over he bade adieu to his parents, and left his home followed by their tears and benedictions.

Some years previous to this period a monastery of the Order of Mount Carmel had been established not far from Trapani,—about 2000 metres distant, and at the foot of Mount Eryx. The Church to which it was attached was richly appointed, and the object of many devoutists. It was constantly frequented, and to it Albert first directed his steps. He never undertook anything whatsoever, without first having recourse to prayer. This duty accomplished, he presented requested to see the prior, to whom he imparted his intention, and asked permission to serve God in his Order.

The first sentiment of the superior was utter astonishment. Then, having questioned the postulant, he was filled with admiration. So much zeal and fervor at so tender an age could not but surprise the venerable superior, and yet he could not believe in the firmness or stability of a vocation which he was pleased to consider of recent origin.

In any case, however, as the youth belonged to a noble and powerful family he reflected that it might be imprudent to receive him without first having obtained authority from his parents. No ! the superior could not take it upon himself to comply. His answer to Albert was a refusal, and then he directed that he should be attended to his home. The youth, sad and rejected, retraced his steps, and again entered the paternal mansion. It can easily be believed that this unexpected return was hailed with joy by Benoist ; also that he was not unprepared to yield to the suggestions of the demon, and that when the shades of night fell over the castle, and he retired to rest, he was under the influence of very dangerous ideas. But the Queen of Heaven—faithful protectress of the human race—watched over him. Towards

midnight Mary suddenly appeared to this wavering son, and in a voice whose menacing tones thrilled his innermost being, bitterly reproached him for his unfaithfulness. "Why is it," said the Divine Mother, "that you are not more solicitous to fulfil your vow ? Your Albert, your son, who will one day be your glory is, it is true, born of your blood, but he belongs to me also. He belongs for all eternity to me, as a faithful servant, and if you do not yield him to me, rest assured that you will soon die, and that an ignominious burial will be the reward of your perfidity."

Terrified, Benoist awoke and awakened his wife, to whom he told this new vision, wherein Jeanne found additional cause to reproach the delinquent. Benoist acknowledged his fault, and gave every token that he regretted it. He, with Jeanne, ratified their vow, and often after having thus fervently renewed it, they impatiently awaited the day-dawn. As soon as the new-born day tinged the cloudless sky with rosy light, and the matutinal sun had vivified the earth with its first rays, they summoned their child and with a sentiment of the deepest reverence towards him they conducted him to the Carmelite monastery. There, in the presence of the whole community, Benoist narrated all the circumstances of his recent dream. Then he and Jeanne entreated the prior to receive Albert amongst his religious children, and to clothe him with the habit worn by the Order of the Blessed Virgin. The prior no longer had any reason to refuse. On the contrary he received him with joy. Albert desired to receive the white tunic as soon as possible, and the superior thought that he would be able to gratify his wish. It was not long before the day appointed for the ceremony arrived. All the noblemen in the vicinity were invited to be present on the solemn occasion, and all eagerly responded to the call. Besides these, a vast throng filled the church and witnessed the impressive scene. Everything was carried out with the greatest exactness. Albert was clad in the habit, his soul was ravished, his countenance was radiant with a holy pride. As to the costly raiment which he had cast aside, he gave it to the poor, and thus our Saint entered upon a life of exalted holiness.

Progress of the Catholic Church.

Dr. Kolbe, a Protestant church historian of Erlangen, writing in the *New Kirchliche Zeitschrift* on the progress of the Catholic Church, says:—

"Few people, and only those who study modern facts in the light of church history, have any appreciation of the phenomenal advance made by the Catholic Church during the last decades, especially as a power in the political world and in the conquests of new spheres of thought and life. It is by no means a pleasant thing for Protestants to contemplate; but it is an undeniable fact that not since the days of Innocent III. has the papal system unfolded such splendor and power as in the present time. Not the Catholic princes, but rather the Protestant rulers are the ones who are trying to surpass each other in honoring the shrewd sage now occupying the throne in the Vatican, although it is this same sage who has repeatedly called the Reformation a 'pest.'

"In other respects the church has grown phenomenally. Each year the number of those who swell the ranks of the religious orders grows by the thousands, and in the German empire alone there are now 40,000 of these. Not since the days of the Reformation have these orders, especially the Jesuits, developed the strength they evince in our days. The Catholics control the parliaments and they make our laws, and in countries like Germany, where state and church are united, they even pass the laws regulating the affairs of the Protestant Church. With every day the principle is gaining more and more ground that it is not ability and efficiency, but the attitude towards the Catholic Church, that opens the way for Candidates to positions in the state service. The statesmen of Europe are largely and in many cases, mostly influenced in their international politics by the views that may prevail in the Vatican; and what is more remarkable, that which Innocent III. failed to attain, and that against which even Catholic princes and bishops have constantly protested, namely the assigning of the position of judge on international difficulties to the Pope—this has

been first voluntarily yielded to the Vatican by the leading Protestant powers of Europe, Prussia and Germany, the former of these also having been the first to recognize the Curia as a political power on equal footing with other powers by sending an ambassador to the Vatican."

Kolde then gives a survey of the historical causes that have led up to this condition of affairs, and closes with the statement that, taking into consideration present conditions, "humanly speaking the Catholic Church is destined to achieve still more notable conquests in the twentieth century."—Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.

THE ANGELUS.

We cut from an exchange the following written by Father Mahoney, a priest of Minnesota:

"I know nothing that saddens me more than to return to our own country after having been a little while in Belgium or Tyrol. There, the poor people seem so wonderfully to live in the presence of God. If you were to go through a Tyrolese village at 6 o'clock in the evening you would hear from every cottage a hum like that of a hive of bees, every one, father and mother, and children and servants, saying their prayers. It is much the same at noon, only then many of the people are out of doors, in the fields or in their gardens. The church bell rings at twelve, and mowers put down their scythes and take off their caps and fold their hands in prayer for about a minute, and then go on with their work. One market day, at Innsbruck, I was dining, and there were a party of farmers at another table having their dinner. The church rung the Angelus. Then they all rose up, and standing reverently, the oldest man in the party began the prayers and the rest responded. And the women shopping were standing still in the market."—Exchange.

There is nothing good or evil except in the will.—Epictetus.

Stab at thee who will; no stab the soul can kill.—Raleigh.

POWER OF WORDS.

Words are little things, indeed, but their power is beyond computing. They can spread the sunshine of a day that almost has an eternal tinge. They can cast the shadows that resemble eternal night. They can annoint the grief-bowed soul with refreshing sympathy or stir the heart in its most distressing anguish. They can lead to unending happiness, or inextinguishable torments. They can lead the sin-laden soul back to God, or teach the path to unending punishment. The power and influence of a single word has not yet been measured by man.

How often, however, are we brought to a realization of the fact. How seldom do we stop to weigh those that have come into our daily vocabulary! What is their character? Are they good, bad or blasphemous? For it should be remembered that all are charged against us. On the authority of God Himself we shall be called upon to account for every idle word that we utter. But do we heed the admonition? Do men feel its force?

If you seek the answer give attention to the speech of many with whom you hold daily conversation. Catch the blasphemies which clothe the thoughts of those whom you pass on the public highways. Hear the foul utterances of those who are yet little more than infants. Recall those who have been summoned to a sudden judgment with their tongues crusted with curses. Think of their unclean jokes, their vile songs and their filthy stories, and you will have read the answer.

Unclean speech, you must conclude, is a popular sin of the day. The world is carelessly dropped unmindful of the ears upon which it falls. But usually those of innocent youths are the ones to take it up. No sooner than it is placed upon their tongue than that member finds music in the sound, and then another blasphemer of God is born. And him who uttered the word God will hold responsible. From unclean speech the progression to other vices is natural, easy and quick, and for these, too, he must render an account, for he is also responsible.—Church Progress.

BE JUST WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

Many a woman, who would not think of lightly breaking a promise made to a grown up person, is utterly careless about keeping her word with her children. She promises whatever is convenient at the moment, and apparently thinks that the breaking or keeping of those promises is a matter in which she can please herself, and that her children have no right to consider themselves aggrieved if she does not do so.

A mother who acts thus does her child grievous harm. She forgets that the sense of justice is strong in quite a little child, and that it is natural and reasonable that he should expect his parents to be as good as their word, and to fulfil their promises, even at the cost of convenience. Promises should not be lightly broken, and the parent who is guilty of this soon loses his children's confidence, which is one of the sweetest things our little ones can give us.

When boys and girls learn to doubt their parents' truthfulness, they soon look around for some one else whom they can trust, and on that person they shower their affection and bestow their confidence.

Another wrong that is done a child by not keeping promises is that pain that is caused to him. He has, perhaps, reckoned upon and eagerly anticipated some pleasure, and then when he finds he is not to have it, he is cruelly disappointed. It may be a little thing to you, but it was big enough to fill all his thoughts, and the disappointment warps his sense of justice for the time being, and makes an impression which will influence him much in the future.

Be slow in making promises, and then take heed how you break them. Be specially careful that those made to your little ones are faithfully kept, and if the keeping of them be an impossibility—as it may sometimes be—do not neglect to explain that you had not forgotten and that you are sorry. Thus will you retain your children's loving confidence and respect.—Exchange.

A word from a friend is doubly enjoyable in dark days.

The Scapular and Death.

P. Leblanc, of the Society of Jesus, relates the following incident of which he was an eye witness :

In an educational institute he went one evening to the dormitory of the boys to see if they had gone to bed, as was prescribed. One of the pupils was still kneeling at the foot of his bed. When asked for the reason, he answered :—"I gave my Scapular to the porter to have it mended, and he has not yet returned it. I do not dare to go to bed without it, as I may die during the night." The Father tried to quiet him. "Be not afraid," he said, "Almighty God will accept your will for the deed, and tomorrow the porter will return you your Scapular. In the meantime go to bed and sleep in peace." But the boy commenced to weep and said : "I cannot go to bed without the Scapular, who knows, I might die this night." Moved by this strong faith in the Scapular, the Father himself went to the porter and brought the Scapular to the pious boy, who kissed it devoutly and put it around his neck.

The next morning the same Father went again to the dormitory to see if the boys had risen. He looked at the bed of the boy whom he brought the Scapular the evening before, and found him still asleep. The Father thought that perhaps he had not fallen asleep immediately and had therefore not heard the bell for rising. But as he came nearer he saw with terror that the boy was a corpse. He still held the front part of the Scapular in his hand. With a prayer to Mary on his lips, the pious youth had fallen asleep and died : and Mary rewarded his confidence in the Scapular, by not allowing him to die without it. ("Stimmen v. Berge Karmel.")

Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired.

Good Night.

J. William Fischer

Mother ! good night ! may songs of love
Besired thee, when the shadows creep
And lead thy thoughts to God above
And bless thy sleep.

Good-night ! may angels bring thee rest,
While bright the stars do serenade
The lonely moon, that lights the breast
Of field and glade.

And may they bring thee swift release
Kiss soft thy burning cheeks, red rose,
Good-night ! and may bright gleams of peace
From earthly woes.

Good-night ! and may God bring thee cheer
Through the long and silent hours ;
And may He bring no sorrow-tear
To thorn its flow'rs.

Good-night ! and when on wings of pray :
er
Love's accents sweet, so tender, free,
Float from thy lips to kiss the air,
Remember me !

Mary Immaculate.

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

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

"Macula non est in te,"
Of angels Queen in those pure skies ;
O White Dove of humanitys
Through we are divine and rise !

Rose C. Conley.

The years of old age are stalls in the cathedral of life, in which for aged men to sit and listen and meditate and be patient till the service is over, and in which they get themselves ready to say 'Amen' at the last, with all their hearts and souls and strength.

Editorial Notes.

A thrice happy New Year to all our friends.

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That God may shower His choicest blessings on you all is the earnest wish of the Review.

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At the beginning of the new year we ought to cast a glance back into the past to see if we have lived in accordance with our Christian vocation. All of us have received numberless benefits from God, but very seldom do we think of them, much less thank Him for them. Not only did He with His all-powerful hand give us a body and an immortal soul, made to His own image and likeness, but He also redeemed us from the slavery of sin at the infinite price of His most Precious Blood, and continues to sustain us every day, to provide us with the necessaries of life, to preserve us from dangers and temptations, to inundate our souls with His graces, so that St. Paul said:—"In Him we live, move and are." If God has been so good and generous in the communication of His gifts to us, we should at least be grateful to Him and thank Him every day of our life. Very often instead of doing this we use His precious gifts to offend Him. If we have been neglectful in the fulfillment of our duties, now is the time to resolve on doing better. Do not, however, make many resolutions; make only a few, but put those few into execution. Supposing we were to correct only one fault, or bad habit, at the beginning of each year, after ten or twenty years we would be perfect.

* * * *

With this number the Review begins its second decade. It has passed successfully through one, and with the protection and assistance of the Queen of Carmel it will, we hope, see many more. Our aim in the publication of the Review was to honor the Mother of God, with the Scapular, and make her better known and loved by all. If we have succeeded in this, we consider ourselves amply repaid for all our trouble and expenses. We take this occasion to thank

all our friends and benefactors, for their kindness in co-operating in this good work, and we earnestly hope and pray that our Blessed Mother will abundantly reward their kindness and generosity.

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When reading the Gospel narrative of the three wise men of the East, we cannot help admiring their great confidence and perseverance. In obedience to the divine call, they renounce all comforts, leave home and country, and make a long and perilous journey to accomplish their object. They are guided by a star. Although it disappeared for a while, they do not lose confidence, they persevere, and we know how their perseverance was crowned. They not only found the Divine Child, the compliment of all their desires at Bethlehem, but also the gift of the true Faith. We, too, have a star to guide us through this life's journey, and if we follow it faithfully it will lead us to the Divine Saviour. This star is the Catholic Church. Sometimes the clouds of our passions and unbelief seem to obscure this star, and make it very dim. But this should never intimidate us. We know our duties, we know what the Church wants us to do and believe, and we should follow its teachings faithfully. The wise men by following the star, found their Divine Saviour, and if we follow this star, the Church, we will one day find our Blessed Saviour, not under the appearance of a little child, but clothed in all His glory and majesty.

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With this issue we begin the publication of the life of St. Albert of Sicily, who, on account of the numerous miracles worked through his intercession, is surnamed the wonder-worker of Sicily. Many, we are sure, who are called Albert, never knew they had such a glorious saint for their patron. It is with a relic of this saint, that the St. Albert's water is blessed, which has proved to be a defence against many evils. Hence the life of this great Saint will be interesting to all.

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Monsigr. Donato Sbarretti has been nominated Apostolic Delegate to Canada

by the Pope, to succeed the late Monsigr. Diomede Falconio, who was changed to Washington. The new delegate has had considerable experience among English speaking people. In 1893 being professor of ethics at the college of the propaganda, where he had many Americans among his pupils, he was called to the United States and made auditor of the Apostolic Delegation under Cardinal Sattoli. After the close of the Spanish war on account of his singular prudence and tact, he was made Bishop of Havana, which at that time was a very trying position. He filled this office with great satisfaction to the people and governments of both countries, and thus prevented many clashes between them, which might have taken place otherwise. The people of Canada extend to him a hearty welcome. He is sent by the Pope, and comes as his representative, and as such he will be honored and revered by all the Catholics of the country.

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According to the Bedford Gazette, the Sisters of St. Francis of Milwaukee have bought a piece of land near Bedford, Pa., called the Strominger farm, on which they intend to erect a sanitarium. Bedford is well known as a health resort. Its springs and healthy bracing climate have benefitted many, and the Sisters were prudent in choosing such a suitable place, where the invigorating breezes from the Alleghenies will serve to restore health to those who need it.

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We hear occasionally how proselytism is carried on in Catholic countries. A short time ago eleven Cuban children were allured from their homes by a certain Mrs. Tingley. She brought them to New York, where they were detained and sent back home. Mrs. Tingley's intention in bringing them here was to rear them as Theosophists in her so-called school at Point Loma, California. The Union and Times has this to say of Mrs. Tingley and her school:

"So far as the Union and Times has been able to learn, few members of the Gerry Society in New York are members of the Catholic Church. It is still a fact, however, that the society named is entitled to the thanks of the Catho-

lics in this country and Cuba; for it, was the Gerry Society which first stirred up the government to take action against the notorious Katharine Tingley of California. During the last two years Mrs. Tingley has made a specialty of obtaining young children (chiefly girls) from Cuba and taking them to her so-called "home" at Point Loma in the Golden State. Once they were there she pretended to train them up in theosophy with purpose of afterwards sending them as missionaries of that pagan cult to convert the Catholics of Cuba. Government investigation of her teachings, however, resulted in showing that these were downright immoral. The young people were sent back, and we suppose, a stop henceforth will be put to the work of the arch-propagator of modern paganism.

It was proved on the witness stand that Mrs. Tingley taught that marriage was unnecessary. It was shown, also that by her own actions she proved her belief in her own creed. Hitherto the Theosophists have been ramping up and down our civilization at a pretty lively rate. Unless we mistake, they have come to the end of their career as a fad. The publicity thrown on this woman, who poses as their high priestess, brings them under a strong light at last. There is no place in our social order for people who entertain such views. The law has seen them, and henceforward they will get enough of law."

• • • •

The editor of the New York Sun is certainly not partial to Catholics, but on the other hand he is not very much in favor of the Protestant medleyism, to which he often deals a severe blow. Speaking of the efforts of some of the Protestant sects to form a union among themselves, he says:

"It will be seen that 'Christian unity,' the 'reunion' of Christendom, is an idea which underlies all these discussions, yet it is a scheme of unity which excludes the great majority of Christendom. The argument that by calling the Episcopal church the 'Catholic Church of the United States' the separated divisions of Protestants would be drawn into its fold as a common home is not supported by any past expression of the

sentiment of those bodies; and even if the new name should be adopted, practically the old would be retained in general use for necessary distinction of that Church from the Roman Catholic.

Christian unity or 'reunion' which refuses catholicity to the greatest church in Christendom might tend to inflame angry passion and provoke bitter controversy and competition rather than to promote brotherly friendship and gentle harmony in the Christian family. The unity of Protestantism against Roman Catholicism, by whatever name it was called, might introduce a firebrand instead of an olive branch into the now comparatively peaceful Christendom."

Then he adds these significant words:

"Nor does it seem possible that Protestantism can express its very genius otherwise than in the divisions which varying conceptions of the Divine law and truth have produced. Is not the glory of Protestantism in the liberty of conscience which makes unity impossible?"

Even if the Protestants were to form a union, it would be a nominal one only, not a real one consisting in the oneness of minds (unity of faith) and oneness of wills (unity of government) which is found only in the Catholic Church. Of late particularly, there seems to be a passion for change, among the Protestant sects. They are continually altering something, yet they are never satisfied. If they had the right faith before, if they constituted the true church formerly, why do they change? If they have the right faith now, how can they assure themselves of it? How can they make the blasphemous assertion that the Holy Ghost, who, they say, enlightens every one, and enables him to grasp the right sense of Holy Scripture, inspired falsehood in the minds of their forefathers? The only solution of this fickleness is to be found in the object of the so-called reformation. Why did they sever their union with the Catholic Church? It was not because they had a new mission from heaven. It was not because they were inspired to teach a new doctrine. It was their passions that caused them to separate themselves from the Old Church. Pride and lust were the main cause. And in order to justify

themselves before the world, they had to invent some new doctrine of which they themselves were not certain. Hence we see the fathers of the rebellion changing their belief several times, and their successors in every century, even to the present time, modifying their belief without any success. And the fact that they are changing more than ever now, shows their weakness. Protestantism is fast declining, and being dissolved in two ways. They either return to the grand old Church, in which their forefathers believed, before Martin Luther and Henry VIII were born, or discard all religion and belief in the supernatural, and profess rationalism. We see this verified every day.

* * * *

His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, has seen all the great men of the past century, although inferior to him in age, descend into the grave before him. And now, according to this excerpt from the *Lancet* he may yet outlive his body physician, Dr. Laponi:

"In the early spring of 1899, Leo XIII underwent a surgical operation for the removal of a cystoid tumor in the lumbar region and now His Holiness has been receiving daily bulletins to relieve his anxiety as to Dr. Laponi, his body physician, who has just undergone an operation for appendicitis. Prof. Mazzoni the operating surgeon in either case, has been equally successful in both, and must now be enjoying the professional satisfaction of having preserved two eminently valuable lives—that of the head of the Latin Church and that of the physician to whom the said head owes so much of his prolonged health and energy—physical and mental. Our readers will remember that before submitting himself to the surgeon the nonagenarian pontiff playfully remarked that he had at least "youth on his side," which perhaps explains his Holiness's solicitude for his body physician, about to undergo an operation at the "tender years" of the fifties.

Dr. Laponi's condition—acute appendicitis, with, presumably, "incipient necrosis" of the appendix—called at once for the intervention of his colleague, and accordingly Prof. Mazzoni lost no time in operating, sustained by the affection-

ate words of the Pope himself: "Keep the patient's heart up; tell him to support the ordeal with faith and courage, and that I am praying that all may go well." It is expected that before many days are over Dr. Laponi will be once more on duty in attendance on his august master.

Prof. Mazzoni said: "One forgets all weariness in the presence of the Pontifical Nestor. You cannot believe how he supports the burden of his years. I never had an audience with him without returning refreshed and reinvigorated. Nothing escapes him; he 'takes stock' of everything, forms his own immediate impressions, reads the journals by himself, so that there is hardly a question of the day which does not interest him or which finds him unprepared. His green old age seems almost miraculous, while his lofty intelligence subjects everything to his control. And all this in the case of a nonagenarian ecclesiastic, who for twenty five years has never stirred beyond 'the palace and the garden' on the least healthy of the hills of Rome and whose 'Benedictine assiduity' in the literature of his high calling is a rebuke to the languid students of the present day."

* * * *

The Catholic Church alone has always been the staunch defender of the sanctity of marriage. In it alone is marriage considered a Sacrament, and indissoluble except by death. The other religious bodies have profaned the marriage tie, and have gone so far as to look upon it like any other business contract. Hence we see marriages contracted without the proper intention, without any reflection with all the novelties that can be thought of, such as getting married in a public square in the presence of thousands of curious spectators, on a ship in mid-ocean, on a train moving at full speed, in a balloon a few thousand feet above the earth, by a public squire or clergyman, and so on. The consequence of all this is that abominable evil, divorce, which has wrecked so many homes, and demoralized modern society wherever it exists. Here are some statistics of divorce which show the prevalence of this evil in the United States: There are 30,000 more divorced women

than there are divorced men in the United States, the official figures being 84,000 divorced men and 114,000 divorced women. The disparity is accounted for by the fact that men procuring divorces or from whom divorces have been procured, more often re-marry than the women under like conditions.

The number of divorced men is largest in Indiana, which has 5,700. There are more than 4,000 each in California, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, New York and Pennsylvania. Texas has 3,500 and Massachusetts 2,500.

South Carolina, the only State which has no law authorizing or permitting divorces, has 275 divorced men among its residents, and South Dakota, a State which has become noted by reason of the facility with which divorce is granted, has 563.

New Jersey has, proportionately, a very small number, 750, and Kansas, a much smaller State in population, a much larger number, 2,165.

In Utah, where plural marriages were the rule among the Mormons until recent years, the number of divorced persons is 335, a little below the average, and Idaho, with about half the population of Utah, and a considerable proportion of Mormons, has 460.

The state in which there is the largest number of divorced women (divorced and not remarried) is Ohio, with 7,700; Illinois has 7,600, and Texas 5,800.

After Texas comes New York, and then Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Missouri, Massachusetts and California. All these have more than 4,000 each.

In some of the Southern States, Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina and Tennessee among them the number of divorced women is twice as large as the number of divorced men.

In Alaska there are more divorced women than divorced men; in Hawaii there are more divorced men than divorced women.

Indiana, with a population 300,000 less than Massachusetts, has 12,000 divorced persons, and Massachusetts has 6,000.

If you would advance in true holiness, you must aim steadily at perfection in little things.—Abbe Guillore.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

Enclosed please find a donation which I promised to give if Our Lady of Perpetual Help would grant my petition, and have it published in the Carmelite Review. I obtained my position. Please publish this for me.

A Child of Mary.

Carmelite Fathers :

As a reader of the Carmelite Review, I frequently read of Thanksgivings for favors received, being made known through this magazine, which encouraged me to do the same. Some time ago a misunderstanding arose in our family, which threatened to break it up. I made a novena to St. Anthony, and begged help from the Sacred Heart, and promised announcement in the Review, which I herewith fulfill.

Yours, etc.

Mrs. W.

Rev. and Dear Fathers :

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 the Review.

Mrs. H. B.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at Falls View, Ont.; From Stratford, Ont.; Beal City, Mich.; Dresden, Kan.; Whitby, Ont.; Lucan, Ont.; St. Brendan's, Bonavista Bay, Nfld.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Dunstan's Church, Fredericton, N.B.; Church of the Holy Rosary, Antioch, Calif.; St. Bruno's Church, Nadean, Mich.; St. Peter's Church, Londonville, O.; Alliston, Ont.; Sandwich, Ont.; Brechin, Ont.; St. Michael's Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Francis' Church, Tilbury, Ont.; Hillsdale, Mich.

At Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Peter's, Brownsville, Pa.; St. Thomas', Coal Centre, Pa.; Holy Trinity, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. George's, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. John's, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Ambrose's, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Michael's, Fryburg, Pa.; St. John's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; St. Eusebius' Church, East Brady, Pa.; St. Thom-

as' Church, St. Thomas, Mo.; Paoli, Wis.; Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Allegheny, Pa.

Letters of Encouragement.

We are frequently in receipt of letters with words of encouragement from the many friends of the Review in various places. We thank them for their kind words and hope that the Review will long continue to render their homes happy. Here is a sample letter from far off New Zealand, which shows the good, simple faith of the writer :

Dear Rev. Fathers :

I have now been taking the Carmelite Review for three years, and enjoy reading it very much. I like the children's page, but, to my great disappointment, there has been nothing printed for them lately. I shall always pray that the Review will have every success, and be published for many years.

Wishing all the good fathers every grace and blessing that Jesus, His Blessed Mother and sweet St. Agnes can bestow upon them, I remain,

Your Little Friend,

F. O. P.

Petitions Asked For.

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

A vocation, the conversion of a wayward son; that a person may obtain a wish he is praying for; also that a married woman may be relieved of nervousness and indigestion.

There is a beautiful tradition recorded in the July number of "The Irish Rosary," that St. Paulinus of Nola was the first to introduce the use of bells in churches. A. D. 400 it is said that when musing on the beauties of a woodland scene, and praising God for them, he desired a special token of God's love and presence. This was granted, for the little blue-bells swayed to and fro, giving forth sweet music, and inspired the design of constructing church bells after the model of these azure flow'rets.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Fidelis Oberholzer, of Rochester, N. Y.

Sister M. Clare Spencer, who died at Toronto, Nov. 23rd.

Matthew Joseph Flanagan, who died Dec. 3rd, in Stratford, Ont.

John J. Broderick, who died in Cleveland, O.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

Maternal Love-Memories.

She sent me her love and blessing,
They came with the flowers of May
And then, from this tearful valley
She passed to our Lord away.

A smile on her lips now silent,
And peace on the cold white brow,
She lives in the Land of Vision,
But earth is more lonely now.

And oft in the quiet night-time
There wafts with a thrill of pain,
Remembrance of love maternal,
I never shall feel again.

But then, like an angel's whisper,
So tender the accents mild;
There steals over my spirit gently
This thought, "I am still His child."

The arms of His love eternal
Are folded so close around me,
Oh! why should I e'er feel lonely
When near, O my Lord, to Thee?

The night-time is fair with brightness
And calm may the weary rest,
Transcending all pain and sorrow
Through love for His presence blest.

How great are the aspirations
That oft in our spirits thrill!
But list to the Holy Scriptures,
They tell "God is greater still."*

Enfant de Marie.

*—"God is greater than our heart."—
St. John III. 20.

Opportunities do not come with their value stamped upon them. Every one must be challenged. A day dawns, quite like other days; in it a single hour comes, quite like other hours; but in that day and in that hour the chance of a lifetime faces us. To face every opportunity of life thoughtfully and ask its meaning bravely and earnestly, is the only way to meet the supreme opportunities when they come whether open-faced or disguised.

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Illustration on left is full size of ladies' style; on right, gentlemen's style.

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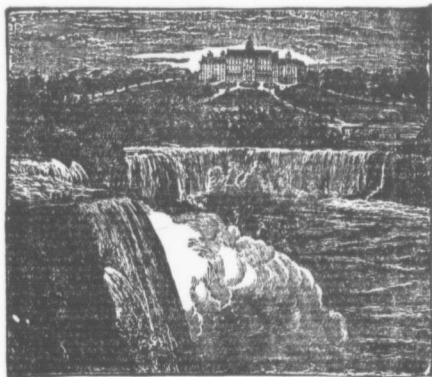
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