



Immaculate Mother Pray for us.

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Welcome to the May, 1903.



WELCOME to the May-time blossoms
Like a festal robe of white.
Welcome to the song-birds, warbling
Joyously in morning light.
While the silent woodlands listen,
And unfolding petals glisten,
With bright dew-drops of the night.

Welcome to each aspiration
For the May-Queen far away,
From the "lacrymarum valle"
When at eventide we pray.
Like the incense-clouds ascending,
Fragrant odors softly blending,
Seems our "Salve" of the May.

Faith, for earth holds not the vision*
Of her loveliness above,
Hope, we sigh, like royal Psalmist,**
For the pinions of a dove,
And a wistfulness of pleading,
For her star-ray onward leading
To the homeland of God's love.

Welcome then to holy May-time
Maiden Mother it is thine,
And I fain would breathe its beauties,
Gracefully around thy shrine.
There, more precious gifts are gleaming,
Yet thine eyes with mercy beaming
Seem to watch for this of mine.

Mother, "Ornament of Carmel!"
Clement, loving, sweet, thou art!
And thou wilt, in this sweet May-time,
Gifts from Christ, our Lord, impart.
"After exile" years so fleeting,
May we hear thy joyful greeting:
Welcome, to His Sacred Heart.
Enfant de Marie.

*—"Heaven holds, earth lacks the vision of Thy face."—Dr. P. A. Sheehan.

**—Ps. I.XIV.; 7.

The Lost Inheritance

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XXI.

With admirable aptitude Rosamond quickly grew into the duties Mrs. Staunton imposed upon her, and the ways of the household. Her grace and beauty pleased her mistress, and her accomplishments constantly surprised that lady, so much so that as time went on she seemed to find the young girl's company more of a pleasure than necessity. She seldom went anywhere without her companion. Something there was, too, in her face and carriage that was more than ordinary, and not unfrequently her mistress imagined she could see traces of good blood in the girl's well bred manners, and this beauty that from the first had attracted her. The small, shapely features she felt sure she had seen in some one before, but in whom she could not think.

Visitors to the house also found a nameless charm about this dainty bewitching companion; the young bloods of fashion especially, but her cold reserve towards them all at times quite staggered them, and to a small degree amused them, for they were accustomed to give smiles, and receive smiles in return. "Egad, Everett, what an unusual beauty that companion of Mrs. Staunton's is!" Francis Heathcote ejaculated one day, as Rosamond with her mistress passed the office, in the family carriage.

Everett struck a match on the heel of his boot and lighting a cigar, glanced out of the window after the carriage.

"Yes" he said loquaciously, "quite prepossessing—my nymph of Broadway, I'd be pleased to inform you."

"Jupiter! is that so? That's the young lady you acted the gallant to about a year ago?"

"The same. Rather a pleasant task was it not?"

"I should say, Egad! but she is a nymph all right, and a mighty proud one, I believe. Cyrus Dorane votes her so anyhow."

"The devil he did," was the sarcastic reply; "I'd like to see her freeze Dorane into insensibility. A gilded villain, as he is, could not live in the same atmos-

phere with such a girl as Miss Raymond is, as I am made to understand from report and the praises of the lady she is serving."

"So my friend Cyrus is not in your good graces?"

"He never was, my dear fellow. He is the only member of the family I do not like. His clever mother and accomplished sisters are quite to my taste, but he is the contrary. There is too much that is artificial about him, and his character you know yourself. I'd put as much faith in him as I would in the immortality of the Gorgons. If Miss Raymond has cut him in any way, she has exhibited her good sense and judgment."

"If Dorane is not all he should be, then it is a wonder the Staunton's would be on such very friendly terms with him."

"Very few except his club friends know his real character. Sauve, smiling and fairly good looking, he'd deceive satan himself, and the Staunton's favor him, anyhow, because of the long standing of friendship that has always been between the two families, but to return to our first subject. Has Miss Raymond smitten you?"

The younger man laughed.

"How could she, Everett, when I am not even acquainted with her. I only know her, from hearing my cousins, the Compeignes, and by Dorane talking about her, and a couple of times I've seen her with Mrs. Staunton; but I guess there would be no chance for me, even if I did know her, and was smitten."

"Certainly not, if you do not come out of your shell a little more, and be more social, Frank."

"I have to be one of the waiters for that kind of thing yet, Everett. It's all right for lucky beggars like yourself, with plenty of brains and plenty of money, like you have; you can attend to business, and enjoyments besides, but with a who's got his fortune yet to make, a brains have to expand a little more and whose got his fortune yet to make, a private life is the best kind for the present, and the thought of marriage, for me, would be as sensible as writing a

book and telling the world it was crazy.'

Everett drew the cigar from his mouth greatly amused; it was so seldom his youthful partner was so loquacious, but he saw the wisdom of the words, and turning to his writing, remarked seriously:

"Good! very good, Heathcote! I admire your pluck, and you are bound to get on. You'll be in society yet, though you would never lose much by keeping out of it, and being contented at making the fortune only."

"Then there's the wife, Everett," he said laughingly, and dashing down several words at once on the white pages before him.

"Oh, to be sure! But I guess you will have no difficulty in that enterprise. As a successful professional man, you will make an admirable catch, and you will not have to search far before you will find your lady fair. I was thirty before I secured mine, but I should not advise you to wait that long. I am going to the court now; the Benton—Grant case is on. Send William, when he comes back from the bank, to Staunton House, to say that I cannot go to lunch as particular business will prevent."

When Beatrice received that message she was carefully inspecting a trunk of new dresses that had just arrived from Paris, and she was somewhat disappointed. It was the first time since their betrothal that he had sent her a refusal on any occasion, and somehow, though she felt he had a plausible excuse, she was nettled. The entrance of her mother, and her companion, however was the means of killing any little ill-feeling his conduct might have caused in her heart.

"Bruce cannot come to lunch, to-day, mamma," she said, looking up from the shimmering folds of a white taffeta gown she was examining, and smiling off her disappointment. "He has had to go to the court for the best part of the morning, and he is likely to be detained there late this afternoon. Where did you leave Miss Raymond?"

"She has gone to her room, my love. Such a busy morning as we have had of it shopping. She is splendid to have with one. I never saw such taste as she displays. Compeign's ball to-morrow

night. Miss Raymond will have to put the finishing touches on my toilet. Too bad Bruce will not join us to-day. But business is business, I suppose, especially when it is of a legal form, and he is so punctual to duty. I must hasten to divest myself; the Doranes are coming, and that reminds me, have you noticed what a dislike Miss Raymond seems to hold for Cyrus?"

"She is more reserved towards him, I notice, mamma, than she is even towards all our young gentlemen acquaintances. Just some notion or other I suppose."

"Probably that is what it is, and not likely she could explain herself. Those Catholics always have strange ideas," and shrugging her shoulders, Mrs. Staunton repaired to her own apartments, to remove her outdoor attire.

In the window of her bedroom, her companion stood closely observing a pony phaeton driving up the road. It drew up at the gate, and a gentleman of medium height, dressed in the acme of fashion, and an elderly lady alighted.

"Mr. Dorane and his mother," Rosamond said to herself. "Mr. Dorane, I don't like you. Your mouth is too cruel and your face is—well—there is nothing in it. It is too dark, too, though Mr. Everett has a dark face, but his is different. His is a good one, but your's is not. Mr. Cyrus Dorane, his mother on his arm, all unaware of these certain observations, walked slowly up the cedar walk to the front door, and was soon after admitted by the ebony Sampson.

If there was one person in her mistress' coterie of friends that the young girl did not like, it was this man.

From the first she mistrusted him, and the smiling countenance he habitually managed to wear, made her resist all the more any advances of friendliness he appeared anxious to exhibit toward her. She had been three months in Staunton House now, and the unfavorable impression he had made on her from the first, had not worn off. His gentle dignified mother, and graceful sisters, she could like, but him she could not.

She was wondering why his sisters had not come to-day, when she heard Mrs. Staunton's bell and hastening to answer it, was told by that lady to

come down with her, and was, of course obliged to meet the objectionable Mr. Dorane.

As soon as possible after lunch she escaped from the drawing room to her own room, and invited Mrs. Barret, whom she had met on the way up, to spend a while with her.

The housekeeper was a comfortable, middle-aged person of unusual intelligent address and refined manners, and she and Rosamond were fast friends.

"Are the visitors gone, Miss Raymond," she asked seating herself in the wicker rocker, and producing some knitting, for Barret's fingers were seldom idle.

"Not yet; Mrs. Staunton is taking them through the new conservatory," Rosamond replied, taking up a white comforter she was working for her mother. "What kind of a gentleman is that Mr. Dorane, Mrs. Barret?"

The question for a minute surprised the housekeeper, as she tried to think what interest the fair girl could have in any of the mistress' friends, especially when it was a gentleman.

"The same as all his class, Miss; neither good nor bad, I expect, and fond of a handsome face like your bonnie own. Please excuse me for telling you the truth—and his pa has lots of money, but I believe he's mighty careful of it, so Mr. Cyrus can't be extravagant. The young gentleman is not lazy himself either, for you see he's in some sort of a position in one of the big banks; pretty smart, they say he is too, but I Clara Barret, do not care for his smooth face.

"Nor I, Mrs. Barret, though it would never do for me to say so, and my mother would be angry with me if she thought I passed remarks on gentlemen."

"You've been brought up well, miss; that's the way I was taught. But how do you like our Mr. Bruce?"

"A gentleman of the first degree, Barret. I think he is a real noble man, and I am so glad that Miss Staunton is going to marry him, for I know he will make her happy."

"We all know that, Miss. You see, when they were girl and boy, they were lovers, and they are ending as romantically as one would like. Miss Beatrice is

doing better than poor Miss Millicent did in her day."

"Miss Millicent! Who was she?" Rosamond asked, forgetting then all about the objectionable Mr. Dorane and the much-liked Everett, for whom she had the highest regard.

"Didn't you ever hear the story, Miss?"

"What story?" in a still more surprised voice.

"If you haven't heard it, I suppose I oughtn't to be the one to tell you, because you see," and she drew her chair confidentially over to Rosamond's, "it's a thing that is not allowed, by the judge to be much mentioned here, miss; but I guess you're not a gossip, so you'll keep it if I tell it to you. Of course, I don't mean that it's not known, because it is, but people are kind, and don't speak of it often. You see Judge Staunton was married before, but his first wife died, when their child, that was Miss Millicent, was born. Well, if any father loved the child, it was the judge, and I think if she had asked him to die for her, he would have been only too happy. She was the most beautiful young creature the Lord ever gave life to. I remember her, from coming to see my aunt, who had been the first Mrs. Staunton's housekeeper, during the poor lady's short life here, and who still served the Judge for many years after his first wife's death, in the same way. I just used to feast my eyes on her, and when she came home from school, when she was eighteen, she was still more beautiful. Then she became a society belle, but was always sweet and lovely to everyone. Of course the Judge counted on a great marriage for her, but the poor gentleman received a very cruel blow, because one day Miss Millicent told him—one sad day for herself and him—that she had promised her hand to a man named George Kingsley, a music teacher, from the South. Then came the terrible trouble. The Judge would not listen to it at all, and commanded her and begged her in turns, to give him up, but she loved him too much for that and refused. This turned her father's love for her to the most violent hate, and he turned her out, without a cent. She was married by a Catholic priest, to the

man whose faith she had also learned to know, and which, they say, made the Judge all the more bitter against his daughter, because in those days he was terribly prejudiced against your class. Miss Millicent and her husband went South, and a year or two after, the Judge married his second wife. He was awfully cut up about Miss Millicent's disgrace, but I think when Miss Beatrice was born he felt kind of compensated." No hint of the truth dawned on the lovely young listener that the strange things her mother had once outlined to her, as having been part of her life, had any connection with these events her mistress' housekeeper was recounting to her, but the tears began to trickle from her velvety eyes, as the story of the disowned heiress had affected her gentle heart.

"And has the Judge's first daughter remained away ever since?" she asked after a few seconds, when she had recovered from her emotion.

"That she has, Miss. Didn't you ever see those two pictures in the far end of the gallery upstairs. They're the picture of the Judge's wife, whose name was Millicent too, and the photograph of his daughter, when she was a tot."

"I was only up there once since I have been here, but I don't think I saw them, perhaps Mrs. Staunton will show them to me some other time. Doesn't the Judge ever wish his daughter back again, or does he still disown her?"

A sharp, prolonged ringing of a bell from the basement, which Barret knew to be a summons to her, prevented her replying to the question. And with a promise she might tell "Miss" the rest some other time, she went to answer the call.

Next day Rosamond went home to see her mother, and she repeated the story, knowing that her mother would not speak of it to anyone else. And she did not know until long afterwards why it was that her parent had expressed no opinion of it then, nor made any comment as she would have at another time, but listened to its recital like one in a dream.

XXII.

"How peculiar it is, Bee, my companion's mother never comes to see her. I

wonder what sort of a woman she is at all?" Mrs. Staunton said to her daughter, as the two ladies pursued their way from their own house towards the cottage in the middle of the grounds, carrying some delicacies to the coachman's wife, who was ill.

"Miss Raymond has told me that her mother never goes anywhere except to her church, mamma."

"But you would think she would make an exception and come to see her daughter, and not depend all on the girl's own visits home to her. My! how she is wedded to her religion; Miss Raymond I mean. Really it is very edifying. She goes to mass, I think she calls it, every morning, and would not miss a Sunday for worlds, and from what she has said, I gather that her mother is the same. I sent her home this afternoon in place of to-night, as I wish to have her when I am dressing for Compeigne's."

They were at the cottage now, and Miss Staunton, knocking lightly, pushed the door in.

Mrs. Williams was sitting up, and they were surprised to find Miss Raymond just leaving her.

"You here, Miss Raymond?" Mrs. Staunton said, noting with much pleasure, how gently her companion shook the sick woman's hand, and caressed the two-year old boy looking with open wonder from his mother to the ladies.

"Yes, Mrs. Staunton, I am just going home, but I thought I would come and see Mrs. Williams before I would go home."

Mrs. Williams' sickness had been of long duration. Pneumonia, the doctor had called it, in its first stages, but later he had found it to be bronchial trouble. Had it not been for the care she had received from her husband's mistress she must have succumbed, and not a day passed but that the lady and her daughter, or her companion, did not come to visit the young woman, Mrs. Staunton having hired a responsible person to stay with her all the time and look after the little family of three boys. Lately the lady's paid companion had been coming in sometimes of her own accord, and making herself useful in many ways. She was so gentle and sympathetic that Mrs. Williams looked

for her as much as she did for her stately mistress, and Miss Staunton.

"Miss Raymond has brought me some flowers, and some candies to Ted, ma'am," she said to her mistress as the door closed after Rosamond's slender form. "I am afraid we detained her though, but Ted is so fond of her."

"Miss Raymond will not mind that; time is her own this afternoon" Mrs. Staunton said, drawing her chair over to the snowy bed, while Beatrice petted two-year old Ted." Rosamond likes to come to see you, and it pleases me very much that she does so."

When Rosamond left the coachman's sick wife, she made leisure steps to the road. It was a cold, raw day, and she was half inclined not to go out but to return to the house, but knowing her mother would be expecting her, she would not disappoint her, so once she left the yard gate, she began to walk at a quicker pace. The car was coming, but she decided she would prefer a walk, even if it was a long one and if it was cold, so she allowed it to pass her.

She had not gone far, when she heard quick steps behind her, and Mr. Cyrus Dorane, with a most elaborate bow, drew up to her with the cool remark:

"Miss Raymond, I am lucky, I think we are going the same way, and if you do not object I should like to go along with you," he said, in his persuasive voice,—the voice that many women found irresistible, but which Mrs. Staunton's companion distrusted as much as she did the owner's handsome, small-featured face and glittering black eyes.

She took a side-long glance at the fashionably dressed figure, and her dainty, peach-blown face was crossed by a shade of annoyance, which, however, Mr. Dorane did not notice.

To walk with this devotee of fashion and pleasure, was the last thing she would want to do, and his actions, she thought, savored too much altogether with familiarity. She could not be rude to him though, so what was she to do? A happy thought came to her.

"I prefer to be unaccompanied, Mr. Dorane," she said somewhat stiffly, "and I am not going far; I am just making a short visit to the church down here."

"A holy Papist," muttered Mr. Dorane under his breath, but he was not going to take his dismissal so easily as this, from the side of such an enchantress as this fair girl was slowly and surely becoming to him.

"But even that far," he said, careful so conceal any expression of admiration on his face for her lovely one—surely you will not deny me the pleasure; our walk will be short and sweet."

She made no reply, but with averted face appeared engrossed with studying the style of architecture of the different mansions—that only seemed to terminate with the road—which they passed by, while Mr. Dorane sought to draw her out on any and all subjects, but it was a miserable failure, and his chagrin was very great. When the church of St. Mary's was reached, however, she turned to him with a sweet bow, fearing, with her usual gentleness, that she had been perhaps too severe on her judgment, of him and showed him any hurtful rudeness. "This is my destination for the present, Mr. Dorane; allow me to say good-afternoon." That bow and those words quite smothered out Mr. Dorane's ruffled feelings, and with another elaborate lifting of his hat, he left her.

Rosamond hoped anxiously that he would not linger outside until she would come out, and when she had finished her prayers, and did issue from the pretty gothic church, she was much relieved to find that he really had gone.

St. Mary's was at the junction of Granton road and Bland street, and her visit had taken Rosamond a little out of her way, but it was over for to-night, now, and then she was rid of her undesirable companion of a quarter of an hour ago.

Mr. Dorane pursued the even tenor of his way, thinking very much of his delightful encounter, and believing himself a veritable favorite of the gods until he found himself in town, and at the door of the Dorane mansion on Fifth avenue.

"Why, Cyrus, I thought you were at the National at this hour!" exclaimed his youngest sister, Hilda, yawning and looking up from her novel, and wondering why her brother was not at his business.

"So I was, sly puss," he replied, entering the elegant drawing room, and pinching her pretty plump face, for, in justice to him, it must be said he was exceedingly fond of his mother and sisters, this youngest one in particular, "up to a short time ago, then I went for a walk out towards Granton road."

"There must be some attraction out that way for you Cy. It can't be Miss Staunton; the season's lion has secured her with all rights reserved, and it is not any of the Greely's, not the Lorimer heiress. So just sit down here and whisper who is it who attracts you so often, out on Granton road?"

"Ho, ho! Miss Hilda! you are getting personal, but there is no good for me to be exciting your curiosity. I only go out that way for a constitutional, There is no magnet drawing me," and laughing carelessly, he drew himself from her clutches and went out of the room, leaving Miss Hilda to shake her head dubiously, and remarking to her closed book, "Men are the most unsatisfactory creatures alive."

When Rosamond reached home the pleasure of seeing her mother obliterated all memory of her afternoon's encounter with Mr. Cyrus Dorane, and when the time came for her return to Staunton House, she had still forgotten it.

There were no guests at dinner that evening and shortly after the unusually quiet meal was finished, Rosamond was called up to Mrs. Staunton's boudoir.

There silks and satins lay about in luxurious confusion, Mrs. Staunton having not yet decided which dress she would wear to the Compeigne ball, while her maid undertook to arrange her hair, but with whose efforts she was dissatisfied.

"Let Miss Raymond try, Anna," at last, she said impatiently, "you never arrange my coiffure to suit me, and you take so long."

The maid relinquished her place to the paid companion, and Rosamond's dainty fingers had soon fixed her mistress' hair to the pink of perfection.

"How deft you are, Miss Raymond," she said, looking with pleased eyes at the change the ivory backed hand-mirror reflected to her. "Now, perhaps you will choose my dress for me, with the

same good taste, for I've been trying to pick one, but have not yet decided even at this late hour."

Rosamond looked over the billowy piles, and her eyes were almost dazzled by the varying colors, but with ready taste, she selected a magnificent black satin gown softened by a profusion of cream lace, and trimmed with jets, and held it up.

"I would choose this one, Mrs Staunton," she said, "with some of those diamonds," pointing to the brilliant stones that rested in the open jewel case on the table.

"Just as you like, then, you know what suits, Miss Raymond," and soon she was robed, seeming to Rosamond's eyes, a veritable queen of beauty.

Just as Anna threw the fur-lined cloak around her mistress, Beatrice, all dressed, came in, and presented to her companion's eyes, a more beautiful picture than even her mother had at first.

The heiress was attired in a gown of deep amber, with a decollete corsage of the same silk with white flowers nestled into it, and the coils of her dark hair, while back from her superb shoulders, hung a maroon colored cloak, which fell in loose folds to the bottom of her long trained dress.

"All ready, mamma?" she asked. "Bruce is coming for us at sharp nine."

"Nearly ready, my love, thanks to Miss Raymond. Miss Raymond, you may go now and occupy yourself as you like. Anna can finish me. Perhaps you would like to practice a while."

Nothing loathe, Rosamond took another look at the two beautiful figures, and tripped downstairs to the music room. This was one of the permissions she received daily from her mistress, sometimes more than once, and of which loving music as she did, she always availed herself.

She picked a book from the Canterbury, and opening it found some of Sullivan's compositions, which had always been favorites with her. These she played on the piano, and beginning to sing in her sweet, bird-like voice the first lines of "Golden Days :!"

"Once in the days of golden weather
Days that were always fair—

Love was the world, we walked together, Oh! what a love was there."

She did not hear the drawing room door open, nor see a tall figure walk to within a few paces of her, then stop, watching admiringly, and with a gleaming light in his gray-blue eyes, her every movement of mouth and hands.

Bruce Everett was not an enthusiast on music. On the contrary he seldom cared for it, though it was one of his betrothed's foremost accomplishments. Neither was he particularly fond of listening to it, but something in the pure, clear voice of Mrs. Staunton's companion and her exquisite touch of the ivory keys to-night attracted him, and being noiselessly ushered in by Sampson, to wait some seconds until the ladies would come down to place themselves under his care for the night at the great ball of the season, he found himself listening with undeniable pleasure to this rendition of the old song. While the slender figure of the "Broadway nymph," in its black, simply fitting robe of cashmere, in its present employment, seemed poetry itself.

Rosamond, quite innocent of the presence of an audience, continued to sing and play, until the piece was finished, then Everett thought it time to make her aware of his presence in the room.

"As an intruder, I must beg pardon, Miss Raymond, as one whom Euter'pe has charmed, I must return thanks," he said, and his resonant voice fell agreeably on her surprised ears, as she turned around wonderingly, and saw him for the first time. He had thrown back his raglan coat, exposing his evening dress, and Rosamond thought him the prototype of some Spanish cavalier. The blush that on her discovering him in the room, had first spread over her delicate cheeks, faded away, and she replied, "I am afraid you have given my effort undue praise, Mr. Everett. I was just amusing myself."

"And entertaining me," then drawing near to her, with a half amused, half quizzical expression on his handsome, clean-shaven face, "Have those words a true meaning for you?"

If another, Mr. Dorane, for instance, had asked the question, Rosamond would have looked upon it as being impertin-

ent, but coming from this man, it seemed merely one of interest, but she replied lightly, "Not at all, Mr. Everett. I just happened upon it, and was singing it for amusement; that is all." The winsome smile that accompanied the words, brought back to him the day he had first met her on crowded Broadway and he wondered if she, too, remembered that meeting.

He was about to put the question to her, when a rustle of silk down the front hall stairs attracted him, and begging the attractive musician to excuse him, the lawyer buttoned up his raglan, and hastened out to meet his betrothed and her mother.

Beatrice looked at him, with laughing but suspicious eyes.

"Music hath charms to soothe even Bruce Everett's breast, after all," she said. "So Miss Raymond has been holding you in thrall, sir?"

"Yes, I admit I was subject for a few moments to Euter'pe's song, but it was only as a patient waiting for the charms of my Venus," and putting up his hand he drew her cloak more closely about her superb form, then assisted her and her mother out into the carriage that immediately whirled them away towards Fifth avenue, and to the scene of the evening's pleasure.

Poor Beatrice! never did she think that this night was to be her last real happy one. Generous and whole-souled, she had seen nothing unusual or amiss in her lover's listening to another's music, nor had he thought anything himself then.

"How happy they are," said Rosamond to herself as the carriage rolled away, and the sound of its wheels was lost in the distance, "and if they had nothing more than each other it would be the same." For the first time in her life the young girl wondered if she would ever have a lover.

"How different Mr. Everett is to Cyrus Dorane," she said again, and folding away the music, "and to the other gentlemen I have met here, but what a pity he is without religion. Even though Miss Staunton believes in the wrong way, she knows and adores God, perhaps her example will lead him, though.

"Not done playing yet, Miss Raymond?" said a voice at her elbow, and turning she found Judge Staunton just about to seat himself on a cushioned chair he had drawn over. "I was reading in my study when I heard you, so I have come in to be entertained, that is, if you are not too weary to amuse an old man?"

His noble, aged face was full of kindness, and the smile he gave into the beautiful one of his wife's paid companion quite won the young girl's heart.

"I could never get weary of music, Judge Staunton," she said returning his smile and opening her music book again, "and when you have asked more of me, I am only too pleased."

"How amiable she is," the old gentleman thought, as she turned back to the pianoforte, "and how clever," as her small white fingers glided over the ivory keys in a march from Wagner. "No marvel, that Madeline finds her so companionable."

She played several selections from the old masters for him, then ended by beginning Weatherly's "Hour of Rest."

She hardly struck the first bars, however, nor finished singing the first line, "At eve alone, among the trees," when a man's loud sob made her pause, and before she had time to turn to the Judge his trembling hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Oh, why—why did you sing that," he asked brokenly, "it was her—her best loved song, but you do not understand" and without giving her time to reply, he went quickly from the room.

"There, now," Rosamond ejaculated aloud, "instead of amusing him I have hurt him, but what does he mean? Could the "Hour of Rest" have been the favorite song of his daughter, Millicent, but even if it was, why could it affect him so? Barret told me he hates Millicent; wherever she is, and will never acknowledge her again. I'll ask Mrs. Barret to tell me the rest of the story now, and may be she will be able to explain the Judge's strange conduct."

Accordingly, she sought the housekeeper in her room, but unfortunately the personage had gone out, so her assistant Fanny Farrel told Rosamond, "an hour ago, just after the mistress and Miss

Beatrice, and was likely to be away for the rest of the evening." So Rosamond's curiosity was still to be unsatisfied.

She retreated then, to her own little parlor, and picked up the unfinished scarf for her mother's neck, but she had not long engaged on it, when a maid knocked at her door and told her that "the master" would like to speak to her a minute.

Rosamond went quickly down to the library, and the old gentleman, advancing to meet her, closed the door. The trembling that had assailed him during her song, had gone from him, to the young girl's wonderment, leaving no traces either in his features or the movements of his limbs, and his voice was perfectly even, as he said: "I have sent for you, Miss Raymond, first, to thank you for your music, which in my hasty exit from the drawing room a few minutes ago, would seem had no appreciation from me, but which, indeed, I assure you I enjoyed thoroughly, and I want to ask you to keep silent on the strange way I acted when you began that last song. Some day you may hear something that may make you understand many things, and you must have heard before this, a part of a family trouble that brought many changes into my life. It has made me very sensitive even on a slight happening like this, but you will say nothing of it?"

"Nothing, sir," she replied, glad now that she had not been able to interview the housekeeper, and gleaned from her any more knowledge on what she believed now, with the Judge was indeed a forbidden subject. "I will mention it to no one, sir. I can understand that the song affected you in an opposite way to what I intended."

"Thanks, child, thanks." He relinquished her hand, and she went out, having made for herself, another friend, but without knowing it.

XXIII.

In a certain mansion on Fifth avenue, all was gaiety and brightness, and amid scenes of brilliant lights and rare magnificence, the light fantastic was being tripped by the city's wealth, fashion and beauty. No one was a more complete host in himself than Colonel Compeigne,

and his wife being dead for a number of years, he was ably assisted in his social tasks by his daughters, Bella and Helen. Their ball to-night promised to be one of the most successful ever given by them to their friends.

Rare exotics shed their fragrance through ball room, halls and stairways, while clever musicians, concealed behind flowering pots and stately palms, discoursed sweet music, and the dance went on.

Amongst the whole gay throng there was not a more distinguished figure than Bruce Everett's, and his tall height in its perfect evening dress, towered above everyone else's in the room.

Beatrice watched him with proudly kindling eyes, happy in the knowledge that he was all her own. She had had but two dances with him, and her program was almost filled up long before the supper hour, but those two had been to her the best of the evening.

"What a handsome pair Miss Staunton and Mr. Everett are on the floor, Mr Dorane?" Bella Campeigne remarked to her partner of the last waltz, as they sat through this one, in one of the many sitting-out places arranged in the hall, and from which a convenient view could be had of all in the dance room.

"Yes," was Mr. Dorane's rather indifferent reply, "a very good looking pair, Miss Campeigne. I always thought Miss Staunton handsome."

"You say Miss Staunton only, but I am speaking of Mr. Everett, too. Are you not favorable towards Judge Staunton's prospective son-in-law?"

Mr. Dorane's small dark eyes glittered strangely, but he turned them bantering-ly on his companion's pretty, fair face.

"Must I answer thy question, oh, fair goddess?" he asked laughingly, and plucking at a rose that protruded from its bower, "or can you be so gracious as to let it pass?"

"Of course, sir knight," she replied with a gay little laugh, "I shall withdraw it altogether. I meant not to encroach when I asked it, but I can have my thoughts can I not?"

"Provided they are charitable, yes; but you could have no other kind." The warm look of admiration he bent upon her brought the red roses to her cheeks,

for, unfortunately, Bella Campeigne was loving in secret this man whom Bruce Everett despised. And yet he showed no reciprocation, beyond the delicate attentions the well-versed society man gives to his lady friends, and occasional compliments that might have meant much or meant nothing, but still the Colonel's daughter did not despair, and she hoped in time to win him.

That he had already fixed his affections on another, was the last thought on her mind, though at times to-night she was puzzled by his pre-occupied air, and seeming dislike to the indulgence of much dancing, but she believed in the end that he and Bruce Everett were bad friends, and Cyrus felt in an uncomfortable position at being thrown into his company.

She knew Bruce Everett was not at all concerned on his part. Such trifles did not trouble the lawyer, but she was sorry for Cyrus.

"Il Bacio, Miss Campeigne," he said, rising up, "I am to have this with Miss Helen; here is Everett coming for you."

Dorane wandered off in search of her sister, and the next instant the lawyer, whom she had almost forgotten having written his name for this dance on her program, had gained her side.

"Our waltz now, Miss Campeigne," he said in his musical voice, and offering her his arm, while for a second he allowed his keen eyes to follow the advance of her former partner to the opposite side of the ball room.

Bella saw the look, and it puzzled her somewhat, but in the mazes and enjoyment of the waltz with the best dancer present, she forgot it and the disturbing thought it gave her. She knew both men would be dangerous enemies for each other, but when at the conclusion of the waltz Everett led her to a seat and procured her an ice, she was her bright pleasing self again. The lawyer, then found his way from her through gorgeously dressed belles and stately chaperones, to his affianced, who at that moment was seated near a collonade of flowers, with Colonel Campeigne fanning her.

"I must depart," the old gentleman said smilingly, as he saw Everett ap-

proaching. "The conqueror comes to claim his own, Miss Staunton."

"Not at all, Colonel, can you not sit the intermission out with us. I am sure we shall not object," Everett replied, as Beatrice made room for him beside her on the drapery couch.

"No, no," the Colonel said, in his abrupt way, "I should feel I was intruding. I must beg to be excused," and bowing with old-time courtliness, and returning Beatrice her fan, he moved away.

"Fine old gentleman," commented Bruce, "reminds me very much of your father, my dear Beatrice."

"Yes Bruce, in face and form, and I might say manners. Colonel Campeigne is very much like papa. What an accomplished dancer he is. I had "Il Bacio" with him, and I enjoyed it so much. He is a much better partner than some of the young men. You were up with Bella, were you not?"

"Yes. How quiet she is to-night. Have you observed her and Cyrus Dorane?"

"I have. She seems to covet his attentions. I think she is partial to him, and has been for some time."

"How foolish! She is too fine a girl to waste her thoughts on a gilded bird like Dorane. I never noticed it until to-night, and, oh! by the way, I was half inclined to believe from a remark of a friend of mine some time ago, that Dorane was anchoring towards your mother's companion."

"Miss Raymond is a lovely, refined girl, Bruce, but Mrs. Dorane and her daughters would hold up their white hands in horror if Cyrus would fall in love with a paid companion. Their family pride is very great, you know, and they are not so willing as mamma is to admit the charms of an unknown stranger."

"Which shows that their powers of deception are not as delicately edged as your mother's, my dear Beatrice, or I should think they would immediately know Miss Raymond's worth. Dorane counts her as being proud herself, doubtless because her good sense has made her show him the cold shoulder."

"What sly little bird has been giving you so much information, but it is true that Cyrus has been showing disposi-

tions of friendliness to mamma's companion, and she appears to reject him."

"Which speaks well for her sane mind" he replied, as he remembered the gentle young musician who had so charmed him in the early part of the evening, with pleased admiration. "I should not be at all surprised if Dorane is playing two games, bent on winning Bella Campeigne but in the meantime amusing himself, or trying to do so, with Miss Raymond." For once in his life the lawyer's surmises were wrong, and Mr. Dorane was not so far gone as he pictured him.

"Now, Bruce, you are hard. I was not aware before that your dislike for Cyrus was so deeply rooted."

A frown crossed his smooth, dark brow but his eyes were full of a tender light, as leaning nearer to her, and looking into the velvet depths of her's, he replied:

"Your friends, and your family's friends are my friends, sweetheart, but Cyrus Dorane is an exception, and I have utterly no use for him, sub-rosa, of course, but let the subject flicker, it may be disagreeable to you, and it is of really little interest to me. What an intelligent person Miss Raymond is, her intellectual charms, I should judge are equal to her personal."

That he should casually admire other women was not strange to her, and about Rosamond Raymond, he was speaking the truth, so she replied warmly:

"Indeed she is, Bruce; she is more, she is thoroughly accomplished, mamma says, to an extraordinary degree."

Supper was announced, and he had no time to reply before she had gathered up her silken skirts, and he was bearing her over to the banquet hall, that, with its myriads of pink shaded lights, and bountifully laid tables, against its background of white flowers and green foliage, made it a scene as rare as it was entrancing. When the supper was ended and the after-dances nearly through, the lawyer, with his betrothed, and her mother, took their departure, the elder lady satisfactorily expressed herself as having attended one of the most successful balls ever given at "White Hall."

Cyrus Dorane was amongst the last of the guests to go, much to the pleasure of the fair hostess of the evening,

who fully labored under the impression that it was for her he lingered so long, even after his parent and sisters, with his cousin, Bertrand Allison, had driven away in their landau, while Mr. Dorane was all the time only suiting his own convenience.

XXIV.

The Dorane home was only a few doors down the avenue from White Hall, so seeing his carriage had driven away with his mother and sisters. Mr. Cyrus, after leaving White Hall, buttoned up his long coat, so as to conceal his evening dress, and walked the short distance he had to cover until he reached his own door.

Once there he hastened up to his apartments, divested himself of his evening suit, and donned plain morning dress. Then he waited quietly until all sounds in the house had ceased, and the light chatter of Hilda and Frances, as they talked over the evening's enjoyment in their rooms, had stopped. Whereupon, he stole noiselessly down the marble stairs, and with the aid of a lighted match, saw himself out into the night again, without any of the household being a bit the wiser, not even the butler, who slept in a small room off the hall, and who had but a short time before retired, after locking the doors upon the family's return from Compeigne's.

Mr. Dorane had his latch key, of course. On occasions like this, it was, and had always been—for nightly rambles were not unusual with Mr. Dorane—a handy little tool.

Hopping lightly off the stone steps he hailed a passing cab, and was driven straight to the club. He made his way right up to the card room of that imposing building, where, for the rest of the night, with other devotees of the ruinous pastime, Mr. Dorane gambled unremittingly.

Tired after Compeigne's ball, he had certainly been, but that was nothing, and card throwing was a grateful recreation that he seldom cared to miss, no matter how he felt.

"I say, Cy," said young Hilton Greely, as he sipped his wine, and called the next dealer to order, "I thought you weren't going to Compeigne's to-night, or rather last night; it is four o'clock

Saturday morning now. All our friends there? Here, have some more of the sparkling." "All but you fellows here," Dorane replied, holding his glass out to be refilled, and glancing around at the different tables, each with its complement of gamblers, old and young, unfortunately. "Pretty good time I had too. My friend Everett was there in full regalia."

"Greely laughed loudly. "Your friend, eh? How endearing you are getting in your terms, Dorane, but it is a generous way of expressing oneself."

"The fellow don't deserve it though. Hades! how I hate him, and that superior air of his. I am surprised to think Miss Staunton could be charmed with him."

"Oh, I don't know, Dorane. Everett is a fine character, though I should like him better if he was one of ourselves, more, but by Hercules! he despises poker and the other pleasant games we indulge in."

"Yes, he's got no time, so he pretends for anything but business, with an occasional attendance at a ball or reception, by way of a break," said Dorane sulkily, "but I bet you a gold dollar that he plays at the Waldorf, with the other guests there."

"Little fear, Dorane," chimed in another player from an opposite table. "Bruce Everett has other ways of making his fortune, but I don't say that he is any happier than we are, who lose and make ours here; only his is the surest way."

"So you think, Greely, I didn't know you were an admirer of this fellow of Minerva's before?"

"Yes, of his individuality I am. I shouldn't mind if I was like him. Heigh-ho! I was forgetting, how did you enjoy your walk with that pretty girl from Staunton House yesterday afternoon?"

Instantly there was a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs," and many significant glances which alike had their meaning for Cyrus, but he laughed them all off, and with his suave manner and smooth face, replied:

"Very much, thanks, Greely. So you were behind the behinds were you?"

"I was standing near the hall windows when you passed. Quite a nice looking pair you made, too. But, by Hercules!

she is an awful quiet looking beauty. It seemed to me you had to keep the conversation ball a-rolling."

Mr. Dorane knew this had been so, but he would not acknowledge the fact to his bantering associates.

"Oh! Miss Raymond can converse, but she is not a chattering mag-pie. I used to think her proud at first, but I think now I was mistaken."

"Heigho-ho!" again ejaculated Greely, "she improves on acquaintance. There will be a wedding yet."

Loud applause greeted his words, but they were not pleasing to the one on which they were bestowed.

"You are getting personal, Greely; it

is time anyhow for me to go, with no luck to speak of in my pocket. Too much talk tonight."

He took down his overcoat and hat, and leaving them to finish their games, went down the stairs poorer in purse than when he had come in, but happy in his thoughts of Rosamond Raymond.

It was dawn when he reached home again and let himself in as cautiously and quietly as he had let himself out some hours before.

At breakfast hour he came down with the family, sauve and smiling, giving no hint of his late dissipation nor of the money he had squandered, and this was the man who would dare to hold beautiful Rosamond Raymond in his thoughts..

To be continued.

SWEET CHARITY.

What a world of loving deeds are due to its kind influence! It is the little mainspring which works the wheels of our daily life, and keeps the social and religious world in harmonious action. We see it at work in the hospitals and sick rooms, transforming the attendants into ministering angels and in the lives of the missionaries, making them sacrifice all their ambitions and the commendable enjoyments of this world to devote their best talents and their strength to the lives of their fellow-creatures, in whom they see the image of the Creator. It is in daily evidence in the lives of the well-disposed of the social world, not only in the kind acts, which supply the temporal needs of the destitute, but — which is just as true a charity— in the kind words which gladden the hearts of the poor, comfort the distressed, and encourage the penitent; or which are the means of making the disheartened aspire a little higher in life, and perhaps take the place of a hasty outburst at some unkindness, or which try to point out only the bright side of persons and events, and lastly, in the kind disposition, which inclines men to put the best construction on the words and actions of their fellow-men. All this makes us realize that

"The charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the

feet of man like flowers."

These are but a few examples of the true kindness, which has its origin in that sweet influence, and forms the strong undercurrent in the life of every Christian, and which is all inspired by that divine charity, greater than which "no man hath, that he layeth down his life for his sheep."

Loving charity is more effective in recalling erring souls than chidings or sermons, and will overcome an enemy sooner, than any other course. It makes its votaries a blessing at home and abroad, and is the surest way of obtaining for them the happiness of this world in trying to make others happy. Many of the noble deeds, done in its name, will never be known to any, save those who are benefitted by them (and sometimes even they have no knowledge of their benefactors) until that day of general reckoning, when the arch-angel will unroll his scroll, and display the records of them written in letters of gold. But the reward for these deeds comes even in this world, not only in that interior peace, which virtue gives, but in the enjoyment of a return, materially, manifold, sent by One, Whose infinite generosity we cannot comprehend, and Who said: "What ye have done unto the least of these, ye have done unto me."

The hand that has a long time held a violet doth not soon forgo its fragrance.

A Month in Acadia.

The grandest place to spend a vacation is down in old Acadia. I say "old" not that the place is any more ancient than any other place on this continent, nor yet because geologists regard the "Acadian" epoch as the primordial epoch of the Earth's formation, but in the same sense as we say down in "ole Virginie." There is something in the term that warms the heart, and it is generally derived from the spirit of hospitality that pervades the inhabitants of the place.

There is scarcely any part of this hospitable land to which a person might elect to go that would not well reward him or her in pleasure and health.

Some choose to visit the immediate vicinity of the Land of Evangeline, that is that portion of Nova Scotia for about twenty-five miles or so around Grand Pre. Others prefer the luxuriant bathing on the Atlantic coast, with a touch of the social favors of city life, and hence they direct their course to Halifax—the wharf of the Atlantic.

However, it matters not what may be the peculiar characteristics of the individual in this respect, he is sure to find a congenial atmosphere in the "land of the Mayflower." The most direct route for the spots made sacred by Longfellow in his "Evangeline" lies by way of Boston. From Boston to Halifax, by the Evangeline route, is 455 miles, and this is by all odds the most popular.

The beautiful twin screw steamers of the Dominion Atlantic Railway steam out of Boston harbor at the rate of 19 knots an hour, and after a pleasant all-night trip, land you in Yarmouth early the next morning. Some tourists would prefer remaining in the vicinity of Yarmouth, for it has very many attractions both in point of scenery and of sport. And perhaps some would be attracted to visit the neighboring district of Clare, where dwell the descendants of the exiled Acadians, who found their way back home from their place of banishment.

These Acadians were a peculiar people, wherever they happened to be placed they lived among themselves. Even in Quebec and French Louisiana they formed a community apart, where they re-

tain their characteristics and their name "Cajuns" to this day.

In Clare, they have kept themselves, as it were, unspotted from the world. Here is the old Acadian speech, the tongue of Evangeline, unmodified by time. Here are the old customs and the old superstitions. The people do not coalesce into villages, but string their little white cottages for miles along the highway, which thus becomes one village street.

But others, like ourselves, may prefer to visit the land of Evangeline proper, the scene from which the detested deportation of the Acadians took place. And so, quitting Yarmouth and its vicinity, we speed along on the famous "flying Bluenose," leaving the beautiful "Acacia valley" on our right, and winding past the shores of the sequestered Annapolis' Basin to famous old Port Royal. Here, if you are fond of digging up antiquities of American history, you may find your labors rewarded by a stop off, but we will proceed on to Grand Pre.

The route between Annapolis (old Port Royal) and Grand Pre, is through one of the most fertile valleys in the world. The north mountain range on the left, terminating with the famous Cape Blomidon, and on the right, far away, the hills that divide us from the Atlantic coast. A few hours' ride and we arrive at Wolfville,—a pretty college-town embowered in orchards. It occupies the western slope of the fertile ridge dividing the valley of the Gaspereau from the valley of the Cornwallis. Here for the present, we will rest, for this is the headquarters of visitors to the land of Evangeline.

In a future article I will describe what may be seen and enjoyed in this most favored spot.

John A. Lanigan, M. D.

Never let us say that honor is a worldly feeling, and that the passionate manifestation of public justice has nothing to do with those souls who occupy themselves with their eternal welfare.—Perreyve.

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 X.

Saint Albert is Chosen Provincial of Sicily—He Retires to Solitude in a Secluded Monastery.

The fame of Albert's great sanctity now resounded throughout the entire Order. His name was a household word with all the children of St. Elias, and everywhere it was held in veneration. The general appointed him Provincial of the Order in Sicily. He addressed to him letters expressive of his desire, and bade him, under obedience, accept the important office. The humility of the Saint was ever ready to take the alarm. In the perusal of the letters he was moved by very conflicting emotions. The honor shown him in this appointment was a source of the deepest regret. But the labor it would impose upon him was to be welcomed with joy. Fearing, nevertheless some snare of the enemy, he could not resolve to accept. He turned to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and placed the affair, with his solicitude, in her hands. He entreated her, with all his stupendous strength of faith, to give him some token by which he would know what was best for him to do,—whether it was the will of God that he should accept the appointment. The most holy Virgin replied at once: "Assuredly," my dear son, accept the letters of authorization with courage. I will be always there to watch over you. Far from its lustre receiving the least diminution, the golden virtue of humility shone forth with increased brightness, and made of Albert, after his elevation, an even greater example for all.

As one of our Lord's own poor, the Provincial resolved to make the visitation of the monasteries on foot. He had nothing to sustain himself on his weary pilgrimage but the staff upon which he leaned, and his only attendant was a brother from the house. The brother

carried bread, the ordinary food of the two travellers, and an earthen jar containing water. One day, through awkwardness or negligence, the poor religious let the jar fall, and it broke into a thousand pieces. He was greatly frightened. Filled with confusion he dared not go back to the Saint. He feared that he would reprimand him, and so he walked far behind with loitering steps. Albert, through his gift of inspiration, knew what had happened, and also what was passing in the mind of his companion. He called to the latter, and asked him wherefore he walked more slowly than usual, and why he kept so far behind. The brother, trembling, confessed what had happened to the jar. "Go," said the Saint, "go quickly. Bring me the jar, and do not leave one fragment of the pieces. The religious obeyed, and to his joy, found the shattered jar whole, and full of water. He hastened to rejoin the father,—and presented the miraculous jar. They resumed their route, and shortly afterwards arrived at the convent, which was the termination of that day's walk.

Upon another occasion the Blessed Albert, when he made the visitation, and was at choir with the monks, knew by revelation, that one of the community was especially devoted to the Blessed Virgin. He saw also that the old enemy was jealous. And in truth Satan tried to destroy the fair flower of love for Mary in the garden of his heart. He tried even to render him forgetful of the duties of his state of life. In a baleful vision the demon had inspired the unhappy man with sentiments widely at variance with the vows he had so freely pronounced. He was upon the point of yielding. The servant of God could not be ignorant of the fact. He called the religious to speak with him in private. The latter answered the summons. Then the Father recalled to him the piety he

had manifested up to that time, revealed to the secret thoughts of his heart, and reproached him with his treacherous intentions.

The monk seeing himself thus miraculously read, like an open page, entered into himself, acknowledged his fault, and begged pardon.

The servant of God united his prayers with those of the penitent sinner, and saw that his conversion was sincere.

Re-animated by the exhortations of the Saint, in his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the religious ever afterwards edified his confreres by his piety and by his rigorous penance. The above facts are transcribed in the manuscripts of the Vatican.

They are also related by Theodoric D'Aix and by Polucca. They are not omitted in any work which treats upon the Saint.

In the year of grace, 1297, the Saint, in his official capacity as Provincial of Sicily, assisted at the General Chapter held at Bruges, where the Very Rev. Father Gerard of Bologna was elected Prior General of the Order. At Bruges, as elsewhere, Saint Albert was prominent for his eloquence and his wisdom. His merit brilliantly illumined the chapter. After its termination he returned to his own country, there to resume the course of his useful and edifying life. So constant and stable a virtue could not fail to win praise and appreciation, which increased with each succeeding day. More and more profound grew the veneration of his brethren. More and more eager to see him and to hear his blessed words, became the vast throng so devoted to him.

But this true servant of God never relaxed his vigilance. He always remained on the alert for the enemy, of whose cunning and perseverance he was so well aware. Never once had the spirit of evil overcome Albert. Nevertheless he continued to distrust his malicious snares. He feared that some leaven of vain glory would creep into his heart, and leave its traces. He dreaded yielding to the frailty of human nature. He therefore left Palermo, where he had become the object of new tributes of veneration. He set out, in secret, for the Monastery of Messina. There he made choice of a

house of his Order, situated outside the city, and took up his abode there, unknown to all. Advanced in age, however, his health began to be very much impaired. In this quiet solitude, often subjected to physical suffering, he gave himself up exclusively to the contemplation of things divine. Often would he exclaim: "Lord, it is too long to wait! Lord, delay no longer, but bid me come to Thy heavenly banquet!" Then, as if fearing that he had offended God, or had not shown himself submissive to his designs, he would add, "O! my God! Thou didst not permit that the will of Thy Divine Son should be fully accomplished, but preferred that He should do Thy will. Even so, Lord, may now, Thy will, not mine, be done." One day, after having said this prayer, his heart became inflamed with the fire of divine love. He fell into an ecstasy. Then he heard a voice saying: "Thou wilt enjoy forever the sight of God. Thou wilt be elevated to the rank of the Confessors! Blessed Soul! Await! Thy soul will be received amid their glorious throng." If in the past Albert had been given to prayer, he now devoted himself to that holy exercise with more than renewed fervor. He scarcely ever refrained from it. It constituted his chief delight. Sometimes he chanted the Psalms, sometimes he devoted himself to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, sometimes he found his delight in meditating upon the divine mysteries; again, his chief joy was to think of the mother of God, and sweetly commune with her. These last days of this saintly life were spent in these devout exercises.

CHAPTER XI.

The Last Moments of the Saint.— His Glorious Death.

The Saint had now reached an extreme old age, his strength sensibly diminished; he beheld with joy the approach of the hour which would bring his eternal reward. The time, indeed, was not far distant when this Holy of purity was to be transplanted to the celestial gardens of paradise. He was attacked by a very grave malady, but this did not prevent him from continuing his penances and prayers, on the contrary, he even redoubled them. During this illness he had an ecstasy at which time the Queen

of Heaven revealed to him the hour of his death, and deigned to place the divine child, for a moment, in his arms.

August the 7th day of year 1306, was the day revealed by the Blessed Virgin as that of his entrance into Paradise. Albert summoned to his room the entire community in a body. He commenced by exhorting them to be faithful to their vows and their duties; he encouraged them to follow in the glorious path of their ancient fathers. Then he said to them: "This very day I will lay down the burden of years; my soul will be released from the prison in which it has been so long confined. I will deliver it into the hands of God. I will go direct to heaven—my true country! At the very hour of my death my *sister germaine, who is at Trapani, will enjoy the same happiness. We will meet at the feet of the Lord."

The event proved the divine origin of this revelation. Although the sister of the Saint was two hundred and fifty miles distant, the news of her death accorded precisely with the above assertion. The Saint, perceiving the sorrow which his children in religion could not restrain, at the thought of losing their beloved father, turned towards them with a radiant brow, and cried out: "I long to die to be with Jesus Christ. Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo." Several times he repeated those words. The brethren realizing that the supreme moment was nigh, could not bring themselves to leave the dying Saint. They knelt in fervent prayer around his bed, if the rude pallet upon which he lay deserved the name, and recommended his departing soul to God.

Towards evening, feeling that his end was not far distant, notwithstanding his weakness and sufferings, he knelt with them and offered up the following prayer: "O, God! Whose marvellous power has created all things, Whose sublime

will has brought forth order from chaos in the creation, and Whose goodness has maintained that order, protect my soul, in Thy great mercy. It fears the power of the unclean spirit of darkness. Be Thou its defender, and place it in that happy abode which Thou hast reserved for Thy servants." Still kneeling he recited the Psalm "Deus in nomine tuo salvum me fac," until the concluding verse. Afterwards he repeated the Psalm, "In te speravit domine," finishing it perfectly as before. However, he grew weaker every moment. He recited then the Lord's Prayer, and the Hail Mary, then again began the Psalm, "In te speravit Domino." But the time had come when he could no longer sustain himself, and they could scarcely hear his faintly murmured prayer. Then, with his eyes raised to heaven, he made one supreme effort and implored the aid of the Mother of God that he might obtain the salvation he so richly merited.

Then, in an act of faith, he breathed forth his last sigh, "My God, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. In manus tuas Domine commendo Spiritum meum."

It was thus that after eighty years of a life without stain, a life all innocence and purity, the Saint gave back his beautiful soul to God. Under the semblance of a white dove he was seen to dart towards heaven, borne thither by a diaphanous cloud. All present gave testimony to this prodigy. At the same instant a bell, caused to be cast by the Saint, gave forth in deep and solemn peals the announcement that Messina had lost the saintly religious. And no human hand had touched it! The entire city was overwhelmed with sorrow. The king when informed of the sad event evinced the most profound affliction. He cried out that the city—that he himself—had lost a father. He lost no time in going to review the holy remains. The body exhaled the most delicious fragrance to a great distance. It surpassed that of the most odorous flowers, and was so perfect that it could only have been sent from Paradise. These wonderful events were soon known all over the country. They spread throughout the Island, and Sicily was moved to its very centre. Everyone wished to enjoy a spectacle as extraordinary as it

*—The expression "brother germain" having often been employed by ancient writers instead of the term "cousin, as "cousins germain," on the other hand, in some of the provinces are styled, "fraternal," or "brotherly" cousins. We cannot decide whether a sister or a cousin of Albert was meant.

was edifying. First came the citizens of Messina, in vast throngs, to pay honor to the Saint in the place where his body had been deposited. People hastened from the most distant points. The Jews en masse, mingled with the crowds, and many of them went back, converted to the true faith. Numerous were the cures effected among the invalids, who stood around the coffin of him who had been the protector of the kingdom, and who continued his benefits after death. As they departed, with granted prayers, all proclaimed his sanctity, all wept for the universal desolation. The sentiments of the multitude did not stop at these manifestations. Everyone wished to carry away a relic of the Saint, so that his habit was cut in pieces. These were divided, and later on these pieces, sanctified by contact with that pure body, were the instruments of numerous miracles. Finally, the Arch-Bishop of Messina ordered a three days' devotion, of fast and public prayers. He enjoined the bestowal of generous alms. He bade the clergy celebrate solemn masses in all the churches to implore the favor that during the funeral ceremonies the celestial goodness would deign to manifest itself by some miracle. No one thought of evading these directions. On the contrary many added other works of penance than those prescribed.

CHAPTER XII.

The Obsequies of the Saint.

King Frederic, wishing to show by his course of action, the great honor which should be paid to the Saint, decided to attend the funeral. To render the occasion as full of solemnity as possible, he ordered all the nobility of the province to assist. Upon the appointed day he arrived, mounted upon his splendid charger, and followed by a brilliant cortege of chevaliers. All—the king first—dismounted, and ranged themselves in open ranks to permit the passage of the coffin, in which the Saint, with face uncovered, reposed. This was the custom throughout Italy at that time, and it prevails up to this very day. The whole city united in testimonials of reverence and regret.

The honor of carrying the venerated remains was warmly contested. All riv-

aled each other in offering to do so. Finally the funeral cortege began to move. The king followed in the train, on foot. After him walked the chevaliers; then came the Archbishop of Messina, Guido, surrounded by his quasi royal guard, and by all who composed his household. The bishops in those days enjoyed privileges unknown at the present time, when civil authority has the assurance to dictate the law to a divine power. In those ages of faith, the voice of the Episcopate was listened to, and kings, thereby were obliged to enter into themselves as well as the most humble of their subjects. Their exterior magnificence was in keeping with the grandeur of Him whose power they represented upon earth. This was evidenced at the obsequies of Sicily's dead patron. The greatest splendor prevailed. Other bishops, also, with an imposing corps of assistants, who were attired in a manner in keeping with those who preceded them, walked after the Archbishop of Messina. Finally came an immense throng of people, who walked according to the class of society to which they belonged. In this order they proceeded to the Cathedral. The coffin was placed in the centre of the temple. The body of the Saint, exposed to the veneration of the faithful, inspired sentiments of the most tender piety. His hands crossed upon his breast, still clasping the crucifix, seemed as if making perpetual supplication. His countenance was illumined with heaven's celestial light. The veneration of the people seemed to become more intensified as the moments wore on. Suddenly the fragrance, which had been quite perceptible before, now escaped from the coffin with such power that the entire church was permeated with its heavenly sweetness. Every breast was penetrated therewith. All present, transported with an ecstasy of devotion, were sensible of the sweetest consolation. And those waves of perfume, besides, possessed a healing power, and carried health as they passed along. All the invalids who had come to the holy place were instantly restored to health.

"Behold! a vase of holiness!" was the cry. Meanwhile the priests began preparations to celebrate the mass for the

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dead. An universal protest was heard throughout the Church: "No! No! the Mass of the Beatified," said the assistants. The discussion lasted for a long time. The clergy, arguing from pontifical right, affirmed that they could celebrate no other than the mass for the departed. The faithful, thinking only of his devotion and sanctity, insisted on the mass said in honor of a Saint. In support of this desire they advanced grave reasons, and called to witness the prodigies which the Saint had wrought in his lifetime; of those which continued after his death they also spoke. Eventually, it was decided to leave it in the hands of God, that is, to wait until by some sign He would deign to manifest His will. The Archbishop ordered prayers and fervent supplications. Kneeling they implored the Divine Majesty to reveal by what title, in what manner, the venerated dead should be honored. The fervor increased, the prayers became more earnest, and, lo! there appeared at the right and left of the altar two lovely children, clad in robes of dazzling whiteness, and wearing stoles of gold on their breasts. A most brilliant light surrounded them. This light, far from injuring the sight, was a source of rest to the eyes. A minute passed, and the two angels, in clear and harmonious tones, chanted the introit: "Os Justi meditabitur sapientiam." After this intonation they instantly disappeared. The greatest joy filled every heart, and expressions of delight were heard from all—King Frederic, the Archbishop, and with him all the nobles there present—decided that a miracle such as that had answered the question. They must obey! The judgment of God outweighs all other opinion whatsoever. The whole assembly being thus in accord, the solemn mass of a Confessor was chanted. The people united their voices with those of the clergy. Towards the close of the ceremonies a new demonstration was made in honor of the Saint. A noble lady, who belonged to the Palici, originally a Venetian family, was at church on the day of the funeral. She was so much taken up with the world and the things thereof, that, somewhat flippantly, she had been styled the "Venitienne." Suddenly, urged by an impetuous sentiment

of faith, carried away by an irresistible impulse, this worldly creature went to the coffin, and seized the linen in which the head of the Saint was enveloped. No one could take it from her. She retained it with jealous care. Later on, this linen was the instrument of many miracles. In cases of trouble in the eyes, even when the sight was irrevocably lost, by applying it to the head of the afflicted one, an immediate cure would be the result. Meanwhile, the office over the hour for closing this glorious coffin had sounded. Everyone wished to take one more look at the beloved and venerated countenance. The deeply affected crowd passed reverentially on, scanning the features of their benefactor, and bearing away the precious image engraven on their hearts. It was toward the ninth hour of the day that the remains were placed in the tomb. But, before separating, the king and the people of Messina united in demanding that a deputation be sent to the Sovereign Pontiff. Its object was to make a public appeal to pontifical authority to obtain from the holy father the favor that he would abridge the procedure of canonization, and at once place Albert of Trapani in the list of Confessors.

The entire Sicilian realm devoted the plenitude of its power to transmit the memory of the Saint to posterity. All were unanimous. It would have been dangerous to make any opposition; who ever did so would have had cause to repent. The crowd would not have spared him. He would have been looked upon as a heretic, and have met with very harsh measures. From that time his grave was constantly visited,—even from afar, the lame, the leprous, the poor paralytic, came as pious pilgrims to the spot. One day, when a number were praying at the tomb, a great wonder occurred. It was the third day that they had thus knelt in fervent devotion, in fasting and prayer. The Saint appeared to them, environed by rays of dazzling splendor; his raiment was white as snow; his brow resplendent with glory.

The eyes of these poor people had the joy of beholding the blessed one who came to them to dispense the favors his sanctity had obtained for them. All were

healed, and they departed for their various homes, there to sound the praises of this eminent servant of God. Thus did miracles multiply around the remains of the Saint. Thus the narration of them penetrated into the distant parts of the country, and everywhere was established a great devotion to him. Altars and churches were erected in his honor. As to the rest, St. Albert took it upon himself to punish those who outraged and insulted his sacred remains.

In the Holy Name of Jesus.

Humbly at morn and even
 We lift our pleading cry,
 In the Holy Name of Jesus
 We ask of our Lord on high.
 From the wealth of His boundless treasure,
 The gift that He deemeth best,
 Be it sorrow, or pain, or pleasure,
 Labor or peaceful rest ;
 Let but His blessing crown us,
 Let but His hand impart
 His measure of strengthening graces
 To each client's trusting heart.

In the holy name of Jesus,
 We ask ; Can we be denied ?
 Pardon for sins of the slothful,
 Pardon for sins of pride,
 Pardon for cruel speeches
 That would like a two-edged knife ;
 For slanderous words and bitter—
 The fuel that feedeth strife ;
 For the wrongs we have done our neighbor,
 In thought, and word, and deed,
 In the fullest hope of Thy mercy,
 Thy pardon, O Lord, we plead.

In the holy name of Jesus,
 We ask with a trust sublime,
 We cling to His spoken promise,
 His word outlasteth time :
 "Who asketh aught of My Father,
 And asketh it in My name,
 Will never meet with refusal."
 What manifold gifts we claim
 With filial love of our Father,
 In that holy name of power ;
 But most, we crave its protection
 In life's dread parting hour.

Marcella A. Fitzgerald.

A LOVABLE OLD WOMAN.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about ; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons :

She knows how to forget disagreeable things.

She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures not to be discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head she is loved and considered. This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

The avowed enemies of Christianity in some European countries are banishing religion from the schools, in order to eliminate it gradually from among the people. In this they are logical. Take away religion from the school, and you take it away from the people. Take it away from the people, and morality will soon follow ; morality gone, even their physical condition will ere long degenerate into corruption which breeds decrepitude, while their intellectual attainments would only serve as a light to guide them to deeper depths of vice and ruin. A civilization without religion would be a civilization of "the struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest," in which cunning and strength would become the substitute for principle, conscience, virtue and duty.

What Happened at Eastbury St. Simon's.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

It is just possible that some, at least, of my readers may remember the Eastbury St. Simon's stories, I had the honor of telling them some years ago, concerning the two rectors, who in succession, "lapsed to Rome," much to the distress and annoyance of his lordship, the Bishop of Middlehampton. Not that it really signifies—except that I should feel flattered to think they did remember—as this is a story by itself; in fact, rather a forecast of not very remote contingencies, than, like the others, a true and faithful record of what actually occurred.

You must kindly suppose, then, that the two things have happened, after which we can proceed by way of narration, rather than of anticipation; in the past tense, that is to say, not in the future. That, I fear, would not be an acceptable innovation in the way of story telling. It would be more difficult of management than the first person singular—I, I, I,—which is saying a good deal.

The first thing, then, which I must ask you to take for granted is the translation of John, by the grace of the prime minister, Bishop of Middlehampton, to another—and since he had always obeyed his conscience, let us hope a happier—sphere, where Ritualists and Puritans cease from troubling, and moderate prelates, seeking only to live at peace with all men, are at rest. The other is the passage of that famous Church Discipline Bill, of which we have heard so much, and are likely to hear more.

It was shortly after the secession of the second 'verted rector of Eastbury St. Simon's, that "John Middlehampton" laid aside the mitre and crosier—neither of which he had ever possessed, and sang—I should say, said, his "Nunc Dimittis"—in English, of course.—It would have savored of popery—but for his shocking pronunciation, to have said it in Latin; even if he knew it in that tongue, which I doubt. He had lived to see the Education Act passed, from which he foreboded evil to the Church, rather than good; it gave too much

power, he maintained, to "Romanizing" persons, and was bound, sooner or later to provoke a reaction on the part of political nonconformity. In which estimate others, I fancy, not usually of one mind with him, might find themselves in cordial agreement.

It was just previous to his ever-to-be lamented decrease that that militant Protestant, the rector of Meadowbrook, sent him a copy of a pamphlet entitled, "Contemporary Ritualism," with the brief but significant comment, "What does your lordship think of this?" His lordship, like the parrot of immortal fame—pray forgive the comparison—thought much, but said very little. He knew what the rector of Meadowbrook was driving at, and at whom. The latter, I regret to say, was himself, for not taking action concerning the former, namely, the "popish practices" in use at Eastbury St. Simon's. Truth to tell, he had tolerated much that he disapproved of in order to prevent, if possible, further secessions to Rome. How much he had tolerated we shall see presently. The rector of Meadowbrook, however, was of a different stamp. Better, in his eyes, the loss of a whole parish, a whole diocese, than that the views of Popery should infect the whole church. Between Popery and Puritanism, what was an easy-going, worn-out bishop to do? He did the only thing he could do,—the best for himself, at all events—he closed his eyes and died. Let his successor wrestle with Eastbury S. Simon's, and with the restless Boanerges of Meadowbrook.

"John Middlehampton's" nearest—and somewhat troublesome—neighbor, to wit, his Episcopal brother of Amesbury, had hopes of translation to an easier and better paid See, but was destined, as are humbler mortals, to be disappointed. The Vicar of St. Swithen's White-chapel—a "slum" church of the most extreme type—a working, celibate parson, was chosen by the prime minister—himself a Dissenter—to be the new bishop of Middlehampton. But it was whispered—as people are fond of doing—that a very exalted personage, indeed, was real-

ly responsible. I do not vouch for the truth of the rumor; I merely record it as a faithful chronicler should.

At all events "Father" Clements was consecrated at St. Paul's, with much pomp of Anglo-Catholic ritual, on which occasion another "Father," more extreme, if possible, than the bishop-elect, preached a sermon which did not please the low-churchmen in his lordship's new diocese. On the contrary, it displeased them very grievously, and the bishop—as was not unnatural—was held responsible for what his friend, and successor at St. Swithin's, had said. This, by the way; but, as usual, it had consequences. Most things have, I fancy, but that is still more by the way, and has nothing to do with my story.

Eastbury St. Simon's, although two "parish priests" had "lapsed to Rome," was, as before, the most Catholic parish in an otherwise moderate diocese. "John Middlehampton" had, therefore, acted wisely in appointing an "extreme" man to succeed the man once after his own heart, who had failed him so sorely. Better—so the Bishop thought—to tolerate "ritual excesses" than to drive more parishioners to secede. So did "not" think the rector of Meadowbrook, as I have said. We shall see which of the two was right. Though it could hardly be supposed to effect his late lordship in that sphere to which he had been translated.

The new rector then was, avowedly, an "extreme" man; in fact he belonged to the same community of S. Auselm as his new bishop; had, in fact, exercised spiritual jurisdiction over his now superior officers, when the latter was not even "Father" Clements, much less a bishop. Such former relationship would not, of course, prevent a right and fitting present one between the prelate and the rector—so long as neither happened to strain it. If either did, witting or unwittingly, from whatever motive, the reversal of positions might make matters 'difficult,' since bishops and parsons—even the most "Catholic" and self-denying—are only human, after all.

At first, however, things went smoothly. The rector called on the bishop and was received with the cordiality due to an old friend, rather than with the de-

ference due a former superior. That, of course was not to be expected, nor did the rector look for it. The two men talked, freely, and intimately, of matters which both had much at heart. The bishop, wisely, did not make any very searching enquiries as to the "practices" at Eastbury St. Simon's; the rector did not volunteer information that was not asked for. Moreover, had he not the tacit sanction of the late bishop?

Wherein, the rector, good man, I fear, was not wholly candid with his conscience. Personally, I doubt if most of us are, or have such valid excuses as he had. The bishop had, it is true, tacitly sanctioned the ritual at Eastbury St. Simon's, as carried out by the former rector; the present man, "Father" Duncombe, had, tacitly again, agreed to abide by it. As far as externals went, he did. In doctrine, he went a good deal further.

That is, he practised "Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament," which was not, strictly speaking, a "ritual innovation," but was hardly to be held as "nominat-ed in the bond." But, he taught the doctrine of the Invocation of Saints, and ended by saying the Rosary at "Benediction," which latter was an innovation—every Sunday afternoon. The school children, with their teachers, formed, at first, his sole congregation on these occasions, but the devotion grew—as it always does—until a large proportion of the parishioners—men as well as women—began to practice it. It may be that the spirits of the old Carmelites, who once owned Eastbury St. Simon's, had not a little to do with it; certainly, the atmosphere of Mary's dowry—now that the fogs of heresy are thinning and lifting—is, or should be, favorable to the growth of such devotion, even among our separated brethren.

Now there is nothing so favorable to devotion as persecution, or opposition, at least; nothing so fatal as prosperity. The rector of Meadowbrook had studied "Contemporary Ritualism" with a zeal that surely did him credit, since he honestly believed "Popery," of whatever kind, to be hateful to God and destructive of souls. He knew, thereby, that certain "Romanizers" were beginning to inculcate devotion to our Blessed Lady—

"Mariolatry" he called it—and was not long in learning that "Mister" Duscombe—"Father" he would never call him—was teaching it at Eastbury St. Simon's. It must be stopped; but how?

You will remember, I hope, that one of the things I asked you to take for granted was the passage of a certain notorious Church Discipline Bill, of which we heard, in 1903. We are now, if you please, in 1905—more than enough. It was thrown out in that year, by the House of Lords, thanks, chiefly to the impassioned eloquence of Lord Powderham, ably supported by the Marquis of Cumberland and others. The bishops, as the chief objects of attack, prudently abstained from speaking or voting. In the spring of 1904—if you will forgive a little bit of political history—the Unionist Government "went to the country," and were returned to power by the Irish vote,—their reward for the Land Act. That saved the Education Act from amendment or repeal, and gave Ireland her long-refused Catholic university. But it could not save the Ritualists. The Liverpool Protestants—Tories to a man before—went over to the opposition. Their Church Discipline Bill was brought in again; this time the Government, with only Irish votes to keep them in power—were constrained to let it pass to avoid certain defeat on that or on some other issue. The Church Discipline Bill became law.

It was, literally, a God-send to the rector of Meadowbrook, who had begun to fear, in all sincerity, that Protestant England was rapidly lapsing into Popish apostasy. The question was, how could the Act be applied to Eastbury St. Simon's? Someone must begin the process of "cleansing the National Church," from the defilement she had incurred, of driving out her "disloyal sons," however many they might be, however highly placed. Why should not that honor be his, as well as another's? In all this, believe me, his only conscious motive was zeal for God's cause and God's truth—as he understood both. It is with zealots such as he, that our Ritualistic friends will have to reckon some day. It may be we shall have to reckon with them (the zealots, I mean) as well.

But there must be no mistake made; the thing must be done thoroughly, effectually, or not at all. It would be difficult, he knew, if not impossible, to find an "aggrieved parishoner," in Eastbury St. Simon's: not even a legal one, i.e. a Dissenter. They had all been received into "the church," and were, as usual, more extreme than the churchmen born. What was to be done?

He consulted a London friend, the lawyer retained by the Protestant Union, to "get up" cases against "disloyal" clergy.

"Have you no land in the parish in question?" enquired the man of law, after some more or less relevant conversation.

"None, I regret to say," answered the rector, who had, if the truth must be told, already thought of such a qualification as parishoner.

"That is a pity," was the rejoinder; "however, if you will leave the matter in my hands, I think we can manage it." With which assurance the rector of Meadowbrook was fain to be content, for the present. It was the best that he could do; not that he quite liked going to law, or dealing with lawyers, even the most Protestant and "Christian." In fact, he did not wholly approve of some of the methods of the Protestant Union, and was just a little anxious as to what he might—with the best possible intentions, of course—have made himself responsible for. That is, the trouble with best intentions, we never know what may come of them.

However, his legal friend did "manage," and this is the way of it,—strictly legal—but, well, there is no use in saying bitter things. Farmer Giles, the solitary black sheep, or nearly so, in the parish of Eastbury St. Simon's, had taken to drink and speculation since the death of his wife, and the trouble which had come upon his daughter Ellen—about that, and what came of it, I may perhaps tell you some other time; at present, we are concerned with Farmer Giles. He, you must know, was a butcher, as well as a farmer; moreover, the butcher shop was his own freehold property, a fact which the legal adviser of the Protestant Union was not long in ascertaining. My weapon, I suppose, is

good against the "enemies of Truth"; any stick, at least, will do to beat the wicked Ritualists. At all events there was, as might have been expected, a sale of Farmer Giles' effects, and a new man—a good, honest Protestant—bought his shop and business. That is one way of finding an aggrieved parishoner.

Thereafter, events moved rapidly. The bishop wrote to "Father" Duscombe, asking him to call at his earliest convenience, concerning a sufficiently serious matter. The rector of Eastbury St. Simon's, guessing shrewdly enough that some one—his good neighbor and "brother priest" of Meadowbrook, presumably—had delated him to his lordship in respect of "Catholic doctrines and practices," started for Middlehampton, on receipt of the bishop's letter. He was shown into the study, where the following colloquy ensued:

The bishop came to the point at once. "You practice 'Reservation,' don't you?" he enquired bravely.

"Yes, my lord," answered the rector. It was no time, evidently, for unnecessary or merely ornamental words.

"You have, I believe, a devotional service, on Sunday afternoons and on other occasions," continued the bishop, "known as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament? Was that sanctioned, may I ask, tacitly, or otherwise, by my predecessor in the diocese?"

"To be candid, my lord," was the reply, "it is an innovation, as is the practice of Reservation; but both were introduced at the earnest entreaty of certain parishoners, and approved by all. They have resulted," the rector went on, "in a great increase of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, more reverence and more frequent communions."

"That," rejoined the bishop, "I am quite prepared to believe. Still I regret that you should have made any innovations, however otherwise desirable, without consulting me."

"I wished to assume all the responsibility," returned the rector, "and to bear the attack, should any be made. I had no right to involve your lordship, and did not wish, speaking in all possible candor as to a father in God, to incur a prohibition, such as you might have deemed it expedient to impose."

"I appreciate your motives, and approve your candor," was the prelate's reply, "nevertheless, I still regret the line you thought it your duty to assume. It is these very unauthorised innovations—due to the purest motives—that hinder the advance of Catholic doctrine and practice in our provinces of the universal Church. You may guess," the bishop proceeded, "that this matter has been brought to my notice by that advocatus diaboli, an 'aggrieved parishoner,' so I must ask you one more question before delivering the 'fatherly admonition,' which, I doubt not, you are prepared to comply with."

"I am prepared to listen to your lordship with due respect," answered the rector cautiously, nor did his superior fail to notice the distinction with a great difference. However, he merely enquired "You have introduced the use of the Rosary, and of other devotions to the Blessed Virgin, have you not?"

"I have, my lord." Once more the rector recognized the value of brevity.

"I fear I must ask you, then," said the bishop, with evident reluctance, "to discontinue for the present, at all events, the 'innovations' referred to in the complaint of your parishoner, namely: Reservation, Benediction, and all public devotions to our Lady. I am willing that you and your parishoners should continue such devotions in private—as I do—for your public services you must confine yourself to the prayerbook."

There ensued several moments of constrained silence. Then, very gravely, as befitted such an occasion, the rector asked: "And if I cannot, in conscience, accede to your lordship's request, what must the result be?"

"Deprivation, for contumacy, within three months, as provided by the new Act," rejoined the bishop, with equal gravity and seriousness. Was there to be strife—strained relationship at least—between two old friends, to please a persecuting Protestant society, who had, evidently, put up "a man of straw" for this very purpose; one "aggrieved parishoner" in a parish otherwise united and at peace? That, apparently, was the price to be paid for the union between Church and State; the more powerful partner was to impose whatever

terms it chose. If so, the sooner the union were dissolved the better for both, no matter what might be the present, apparent, loss to the Church. But, in the meantime, what? He knew his old director's unswerving, absolute devotion to duty and to conscience. What would he do, now?

He was not left long in doubt. "I fear my lord," said the rector, solemnly, as one who realized all that must ensue from his decision, "that I cannot submit to the act of a non-Catholic parliament; the attempt of laymen to rule the church of God. To you, personally, I will yield all lawful and canonical obedience; to you, as moved by the Protestant union—for that is what it amounts to—I refuse to submit, when my conscience bids me resist you." Then changing his tone to one of regretful sadness, he added, as he held out his hand—"Forgive me, old friend, but what else can I do?"

"Nothing, I know," answered the bishop, grasping the proffered hand in a grip that said more than any words could express: "However, thank God, we are still friends."

"Friends always," was the rector's reply, as he took his leave.

So it came about that the "Catholic" Bishop of Middlehampton, at the instigation of a Protestant society, set in motion the Act of Parliament against doctrines and practices which, he was convinced, were the lawful heritage of those "Provinces of the Church universal," to which he, and the friend about to be driven from his parish, belonged. In three months if the rector did not act against his conscientious convictions, he must resign his care of souls, and the bishop must put another in his place, and that other a man—if such could be found—ready to submit to any legal tyranny on the part of his one "aggrieved parishoner." Truly, the dominant partner, the state, was becoming exacting in its demand on the, hitherto submissive, church. Hitherto, yes; but, surely not for long, if this were to be the price of "establishment."

Once more events moved rapidly—and in a most startling, if not wholly unexpected direction. The rector of Eastbury St. Simon's, on the Sunday following his interview with the bishop,

told his parishoners what was in store for them and for himself. Told them, moreover, how the "church" they loved was but the slave of the state; how doctrines, practices—the most sacred, the most dear in their hearts—must be sacrificed, at the arbitrary bidding of a chance majority of Protestants, Dissenters, Jews and Infidels. "But there is a church," he continued, his voice rising, his whole face lighting with fervent enthusiasm, "to which we have always claimed to belong, though she would never own us, but as, at best, erring children, which, in truth, we have never rightly known, as she is, the one, Infallible, Holy Catholic Church, whose head on earth is the successor of St. Peter. She, at least, has never truckled to kings, and parliaments; has never permitted laymen, even though they were mighty emperors, to dictate to her in matters of faith and doctrine. Her priests and bishops, her countless children, in all lands, are of one Faith, of one mind. Within her fold we shall find those doctrines, practices and devotions which have grown to be the very life of our souls, of which Protestant malignity—our brethren"—there was scorn ineffable in his tones—"seeks to rob us, by using our bishops as instruments of a tyrannous state. Nay," he continued, "there are even bishops and priests, as we have been wont to deem them, who will approve and abet such persecution of all that is Catholic and true, will look on at our being driven out from among you to starve, if we will not submit. What church and priesthood can these be but creations of the state, and not of God? As for me," he concluded, "I go to find, in the one Church of the living God, the truths which I have always believed, taught and practised, but which one parishoner, sent here for no other purpose, can take from all of us. You that love truth, you that love the Church of God, follow me!"

Once again, as I said, events moved rapidly. Before the legal three months had elapsed, and a new and "obedient" rector could be appointed, there were no parishoners for him to look after, but one—the "aggrieved—who had brought all this about. All the rest had "lapsed to Rome," men, women and children,

rather than deny their faith, or submit their consciences to the tyranny of the State. More, the bishop, seeing what came of obedience to an act of parliament in one parish, refused to take proceedings when the next case was brought before him, resigned his diocese, and, following his friend's example, submitted to the Catholic Church.

That, I take it—to revert from forecasts to sober facts, from a possible future to an actual present—is how the "landslide" will begin; once the Protestant party succeed in getting their Church Discipline Bill passed, and put into force. Not that every "Catholic" parish will immediately "lapse to Rome," or even the majority of them, but that many will, the recent events at St. Michael's, Shoreditch, give us, surely, good ground to hope. But persecution will, at least, "weld together" the whole "Catholic" party in the Anglican communion, moderate or extreme; disestablishment will set the bishops free from the tyranny of Parliament, of Protestant societies and of "aggrieved parishoners." The result will be pure gain to the cause of Catholic truth, doctrines and practices. The ultimate issue—who can doubt it?—the return of Mary's Dowry to the unity of Christendom.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Every Catholic clergyman ministering at the altar of God, every Catholic layman, having at heart the survival, the strengthening and the propagation of his faith, desires a parish school in which the boys and girls who are to be the future men and women of their Church shall receive a solid religious training.

Our Protestant brethren attempted another plan. They sent their children to schools from which all religious creeds were banished, and by their Sunday schools sought to supply the lack of religious training. Did they succeed? No, they did not. Their plan has ended in failure. From Methodist and Lutheran, from Baptist and Presbyterian and Episcopalian, the wail has gone forth that the young men and women of the day are abandoning the creeds of their fathers, and that their churches are becom-

ing deserted. Would matters have been any better a hundred years ago if the early settlers had not maintained strictly denominational schools? Would Catholicity flourish in the country, as it is now flourishing, if there had been no Catholic schools in which children might inhale a Catholic atmosphere, study the Catholic catechism, learn the Catholic prayers and imbibe for the Church, her sacraments and her clergy, that reverence which is the envy and the admiration of the outside world? Certainly not.

There may be a difference of opinion as to the ways and means by which Catholic education is to be imparted and Catholic schools to be supported, but there can be none regarding the self-evident truth that if the Church is to be perpetuated in a robust, God-fearing and God-serving Catholicity, it is only by the establishment of a Catholic school in every Catholic parish.

HOW TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

Laugh at their faults; encourage white lies; give them their own way; tell them petty untruths; give them what they cry for; shout at the top of your voice to them; never encourage their efforts to do better.

Fly into a passion with them several times a day; punish them if they break some trifle by accident; don't enter into their games; when they ask for information tell them to be quiet; let them think the streets are the best place to play; never take any notice of their childish sorrows.

Don't have any toys or playthings tossed around the house; don't bother yourself inviting to your house the children of the house they go to; don't trouble inviting their companions to your house.

Always take part against their teachers; try to forget as much as possible that you were once young yourself.

Get servants to teach them their prayers, and don't trouble how they say them; send them to Mass and the Sacraments and don't go with them.—Canadian Messenger.

Heroism Unproclaimed.

KATHARINE McANDREW.

A winter afternoon, quiet and gray, was drawing to a close; it was one of those cheerless days which sometimes come in mid-winter in Canada; days when one requires an extra share of life and good spirits to ward off attacks of lonesomeness or ennui. But whether the days were dark or fair made small difference to the inmates of the Convent situated in the heart of the city. The large stone pile stood in the centre of turbulent life, but it might have been up among the Laurentian hills, so little did the echo of the outside world disturb the quietude. It was a large boarding school and only those who are familiar with convent life can understand how quickly the hours sped by. Odd moments for ennui are seldom found by either pupils or teachers.

The work might grow monotonous were it not for the keen interest shared by all, so the busy days passed and Norah Weston could scarcely realize that her first year in the convent was about completed. The novices sometimes taught in the young ladies' academy when there was a shortage of teachers, so Norah had been sent over from the novitiate at the opening of the school term. Her sympathy and affection for the pupils was fully returned. The first strange feeling of shyness, consequent upon appearing before a class of girls nearly of her own age, had worn off, and the older sisters were congratulating themselves on putting so capable a person in charge of that particular class, for it had proved a great trial to the other poor little sister the previous year.

Half past three bell sounded, and Sister Weston was bringing her girls down to the spacious recreation hall on the ground floor. Above the talk and laughter of the happy, gay crowd around her, she could faintly make out the message a little tot was trying to deliver. "Some one wanted to see her in the parlor?" Yes, that was the message. Hastily laying aside the needle work just taken up, she left the room, wondering on her way through the corridor who her visitor could be, especially now,

when in the last letter from the home of her friends, they spoke of not coming until after Easter.

A tall, broad shouldered gentleman was standing facing the window when she entered the visitors' room, the dark form distinctly outlined against the cold white background. The light was just the tone to bring out clearly any dark object. Something in the pose of the figure was intensely familiar. It was like—yet no! A sudden turn of the snow-white head, a glance of joyous recognition in the eyes, and the girl's head nestled on her father's breast.

No words were spoken—time seemed to have stopped, and she was once more his sunny-haired girlie, the child who had been his constant companion in the early years; who turned to daddy in every childish joy or trouble, and always met with the ready responsive sympathy.

And then she listened to the story of his narrow escape in the heart of the South African mining country; how he ventured with two of the engineers to the farthest limit of the claim, the formations and situation of which bespoke vast mineral wealth. Four long months ensued in their endeavor to open up the works. Just when things were well under way, the discontent and laziness of some of the native blacks employed soon spread to the whole rank of laborers. They were thus, for a time, cut off from communication with the head office in Cape Town. At length an agreement was established with the leaders of the men, by partly yielding to their wants and displaying a good deal of tact. The outlook was hopeful, when fortune turned once more, and John Weston fell a victim to enteric fever, and many weary weeks elapsed before he could endure the fatigue of a return trip over the rough roads. It was owing to this continued silence that the rumor spread of the death of himself and the two friends.

The story did not take long in telling, and when the father finished, little was she prepared for what followed. The earnest look in his eyes haunted her for

many days after. In a few words he told her how lonely the old home in the south was, and what pictures he had formed in his memory of the homeward journey; the improvements to be made on the estate; the new ideas he conceived as means of aiding Norah in her work among the poor children. Was this the end, and was it all to vanish as fancies often do? "Norah, surely I am not going back alone?" The voice trembled as the words were uttered. What a world of entreaty they held.

There was a long pause. She noticed, though almost unconsciously at the time, the dull beating of the branches of the vines outside against the window. The sun came forth in a final effort, as it were, to brighten the dreary day before it came to a close; golden patches formed on the bare floor and wall opposite. The shadow of a cross, reflected from the window frame, slowly traced itself through the sun patches, until the topmost portion rested on the wall. In voluntarily her eyes followed the creeping sunlight to where the image was completed. And it stopped just at the foot of the real cross, which was the one beautiful object the room contained. The same cross with its white figure so expressive in every line had spoken to many hearts before Norah's gaze rested on it that winter afternoon, and ever its message was the same; the wealth of love and pity reflected from the face; the sacrifice that crowned that life—all, oh Lord!

She turned a pained face to the father waiting for an answer, and with a voice full of tears, said:

"No, dear, don't ask me to go." It was all, but he understood the regret and infinite longing not to hurt him. Perhaps he understood, too, the depth of her sacrifice, in the measure of his own, for drawing her face close to his, as he used in the days far back, he whispered: "Very well, little girl, I won't say it." He quietly released her and walked out of the room.

Who can doubt the sacrifice cost one as dear as the other? Men of the world easily hold their feelings in check, and to the few old friends who met him that evening he appeared the same, though a

close observer might have noted a sad, deeper look in the dark eyes.

And none knew he had passed through the supremest act of his life that afternoon.

It is ever so—we cannot know nor guess the countless acts of heroism enacted in the daily life around us, for the days of chivalry in the highest sense are not yet over.

Thoughts on "Go a Skylark."

We have endeavored to echo even faintly, some sweet notes of this well-known poem,—truly a masterpiece of thought expressed in glowing imagery. The lights and shades are blended with artistic skill, rarely equalled, much less surpassed. But, alas! we must, like another far-famed poet, Fr. Ryan, exclaim with regard to our ideal:

"My song—it just touches the rude shores of speech,

But its music melts back into me!" Or, like a painter who, unable to delineate the idealistic beauty that shone before him, exclaimed:

"It is a great pain to conceive vividly, and to render faintly."

How ardently have I desired to soar upwards in a flight of song, praising my blessed Mother in tones somewhat similar to those which thrilled in a poet's heart while listening to the skylark!

Perhaps it was an ambitious thought, or a fanciful one, but can we not wreath all the beauties of earth, sky and sea, around this Virgin Queen, and find she reflects, even surpasses, them all? "From heaven or near it—from earth, higher still and higher"—hearts soar above singing as they do so, profuse strains, "hymns unbidden," to Mary. Sometimes "in the light of thought," they warble of her joys and glory; then, like a "rose embowered," they shed sweet scent on the "warm winds" of prayer, by celebrating her virtues. Again, like "vernal showers," they murmur of those graces, consolations, blessings, ever flowing from her maternal love through cloudlets of earthly sorrow on "the twinkling grass:"

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Is the melodious name of Mary.

"Better than all treasures

That in books are found,"

Her knowledge, love, intention.

Would that with artistic skill, or erudite reasoning, or flowing imagery, or ecstatic love, I could worthily praise our Lady! Would that rising in contemplation, above "fields, or waves, or mountains," or "shapes of sky," or "plain," into the "blue deep" of empyreal skies, even to the gates of pearl, and echo faint vibrations of those golden harp-strings ever thrilling before a "crystal sea." Then, the world might listen, and resound with soft notes, not of a skylark's song, but of thy name, O "Maria"!

. Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY.

The latest testimony to the need of associating moral teaching with the education of children was given the other day in Boston at a meeting held under the auspices of the Harvard Teachers' Association. The subject for discussion was, "Training for Citizenship." One of the speakers, Mr. Munroe, of Boston, referring so the most essential element in the training for good citizenship, said: "Moral education must be given more attention in public schools. The primary purpose of Christian education used to be morality, and it still is with the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever criticism may be made of its methods, its teaching is supremely moral, and as the moral is the supreme aim in life, that element should be made more of in our systems."

We have here an exposition of the Catholic view of education. If the moral is the supreme aim in life, surely that fact should be impressed on the young at an age when their minds are most impressionable. The Catholic Church insists upon this, and in doing so she becomes the most effective agent for the promotion of the welfare of society.

A Godless education, which naturally leaves the impression that the highest good consists in the possession of the means of gratifying mere animal desires, will never produce the highest type of

manhood and womanhood. This is so self-evident that there is no need of going into any argument to prove it. The Catholic Church in her supreme wisdom knows that the elimination of morality from our system of education will leave the latter like Dead Sea fruit.

Thinking Protestants are at one with the Catholic Church in this matter, they see and appreciate the danger that is inseparably associated with the sort of training children receive in our public schools.

HONOR THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweeter and more beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips that kissed away many a hot tear from childhood's cheeks and they are the sweetest in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of the holy love which can never fade.

Ah, yes, she is the dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than any person upon earth. You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison where bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world has despised and forsaken you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues, till you most forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion. — Monitor.

A cheerful heart shortens the long road and smooths the rough one.

Beware of judging hastily; it is better to suspend an opinion than to retract an assertion.

The tale of the divine pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity.

Editorial Notes.

May, the beautiful month of Mary, is again at hand. Thanks to the piety of our forefathers, one month of the year, is dedicated to the Bl. Mother of God, just as part of the day, when we recite the "Angelus," one day of the week,— Saturday, one feast during each month are instituted in her honor; whilst the Saints of God have but one day and at the most an octave dedicated to them, during which time we honor them and pray to them especially.

And Mary deserves this distinction, for she is the Queen of Angels. We but imitate God himself if we honor Mary more than any other Saint, because He, too, out of many, selected her for the high station of mother of His Divine Son.

During this beautiful month then let us honor Mary in a special manner. Think of her more frequently, pray to her more devoutly, strive more earnestly to show yourself a faithful and affectionate child of your heavenly Mother, and remember that devotion to Mary is a sure sign of salvation. She will watch with loving care over those who place themselves under the mantle of her protection. She will obtain for them strength to preserve their souls pure from sin: she will obtain by her intercession the grace of a happy death, and when the soul departs from the body she will claim it as her own, receive her dear child into her maternal arms, and bring it into the everlasting joys of heaven.

During this present month Holy Church celebrates three great festivals: The Patronage of St. Joseph, the Ascension of Our Lord and Pentecost.

Pope Pius IX has appointed S. Joseph the Patron of the Universal Church. He has placed his flock under the special protection of the fosterfather of Christ, and with Pharaoh of old, he tells his children to go to Joseph, to implore his powerful intercession in all their needs, fully aware that the intercession of S. Joseph is most efficacious. "I do not remember," says St. Teresa, "of ever having asked anything of S. Joseph, which he did not immediately grant."

Forty days after His resurrection, during which time He gave His final in-

structions to the Apostles as to the way they were to convert the world and fulfil their mission, Our Lord ascended into heaven, having devised before, however, an admirable means of staying with us until the end of time in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar. For, he said: "It is my delight to be with the children of men." To this mercy throne He invites all with the encouraging words: "Come to me all ye who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

Ten days after the Ascension the Holy Ghost was sent to the Apostles to assist them in their arduous undertaking of converting the world, to guide them and preserve them free from error in propagating Christ's doctrine, so that we can be sure of having received through all the intervening centuries the Divine Word intact and unchanged. On this assistance of the Holy Ghost our faith is founded.

* * * *

We gather from our exchanges and contemporaries a few items which may be of some interest:

President Roosevelt has shown such utter indifference to the yelping of the "patriots" that his recent act of courtesy in presenting a jubilee gift to the Holy Father will most likely be passed over without the usual eruption. The gift consists of ten handsomely bound volumes, containing all the messages and official documents of the Presidents of the United States from Washington to Roosevelt. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, will transmit the gift to Rome by special messenger.

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An interesting conversation took place recently in England. Mrs. Thelwall, the widow of the well-known water-color artist, Weymouth Thelwall, was received in the Church by the Rev. Father Coventry, O.S.M., of the Fulham priory. Mrs. Thelwall is herself a connection of Sir Walter Scott's family, and her late husband was the youngest son of the celebrated John Thirlwall, the Reformer, who, together with Thorne Tooke and Hardy, was tried for high treason in 1795. This conversion offers a curious

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instance of the links of history. John Thelwall, the new convert's father-in-law was the friend of Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt and Condorcet, and yet here is his daughter-in-law living and hale at the dawn of the twentieth century. No one, in his time, did more to advance Catholic emancipation than John Thelwall, and by a curious coincidence, his son died a Catholic, and his grandchild is a pious Catholic, whose influence has brought her mother into the fold.

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The King of Italy is making strenuous efforts to pass the divorce law, in spite of the fact that it is execrated by the great majority of his subjects. The efforts that are being made by all good Catholics to prevent the passage of this shameful and iniquitous law are apparently without effect on the Government.

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Count Ballestrem, President of the Reichstag, is a member of the Centre Party, and is regarded as the ablest and fairest Speaker the German House of Commons has ever had.

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The Athanasian Creed is now sung in Westminster Abbey without the articles on the Resurrection and the Judgment. Talk of the power of the Pope! No Pope would venture to "expurgate" the Athanasian Creed as the Dean of Westminster has done.

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The last star in the escaped-nun business has gone to her judgment. Margarer Shepherd is dead. She had a public career of over twenty years, during which she was repeatedly denounced on two continents as a woman of no principle and "unspeakably rotten," and yet she had no trouble to find sympathizers and abettors among the so-called respectable classes wherever she went. She had no right to the garb she assumed, for she never was a nun, not even a Catholic. As has been said before, her "revelations" and "exposures" of convent life were the rotten emanations of her own foul heart,—the lascivious visions of her own corrupt imagination—

the lies of a prostitute about the priests and the nuns of the Catholic Church.

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"A Careless Traveller," attending Mass in one of the chapels of St. Peter's at Rome, was ill-pleased to see the ecclesiastics neglecting the service that they might read so many pages in a book, which he supposes prescribed by their rules. Why did Dr. Abbott's curiosity not lead him to discover what this book was? We would wager dollars to doughnuts that it was the Roman Breviary, of which Matthew Arnold, after spending a lifetime in reading the best in the world's literature, both sacred and profane, remarked to Cardinal Manning: "I never knew that such a beautiful book existed; and it is a strange thing that I should have lived so long without my knowing of it." And to read from this compilation of the Psalms of David, of the homilies of the Fathers of the Church, of the Lives of the Saints, of prayers which John Ruskin called the only ones written by man and fit to be offered to God,—to do this during Mass is neglecting divine service!

* * * *

"Spiritualism is the religion of the devil," said Bishop Canevin, in the course of a sermon at the Pittsburg cathedral. Brownson, he pointed out, the most cultured layman who had ever joined the Church in the United States, had, in his book on "Spirit-rapping," shown that this description was correct. In the cathedral parish a "medium," who had been converted, had declared to him (the bishop) that every time he was in a Spiritualistic trance he was possessed by an evil spirit. Although he had never studied Greek or Latin, yet while in these trances he had spoken them fluently, and he had told many times what was the truth about people's past and future. While he was a Spiritualist he was, like most of those who are Spiritualists, sincere; but he knew not that he had all along been possessed by an evil spirit until he was baptized into the Catholic Church. Spiritualists, the bishop continued, are unconsciously worshipping the devil.

* * * *

God is ever drawing like toward like and making them acquainted.

Book Review.

"Helps to a Spiritual Life," from the German of Rev. Joseph Schneider, S.J., published by Benziger Bros., at \$1.25 a copy, is a book highly commendable to all who strive after perfection. The twenty-two chapters contain a beautiful treatise on all the important subjects which regard the spiritual life.

"The Unraveling of a Tangle," by Marion Ames Taggart, is a novel of absorbing interest, and at the same time picturing with admirable skill the national character of the American and Frenchman.

"The Playwater Plot," by Mary F. Waggaman, is a most charming story and full of exciting adventures which will captivate the attention of youthful readers especially. And after closing the book they will be none the worse for it. The sound morals and Catholic ideas with which the narrative is interspersed will take firmer hold of the reader's mind when presented in the attractive garb of a novel, coming from the pen of an able writer.

It is an happy idea, which of late years has been followed out on an extensive scale, of instructing and cultivating the mind and heart by teaching truth and instilling principles of sound morality through the novel. They are received more readily than when presented in a bare and unenticing form. The saving pill, which to many palates would otherwise taste bitter, when sweetened by a novelist's skill, is willingly swallowed, and will then do its beneficial work. Our Catholic novelists realize their advantage and do a noble work for humanity.

Benziger Bros. are the publishers of "The Playwater Plot." Price, 50c.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

Rev. Fathers :
For about forty years I have suffered from a pain in my side, and I was unable to obtain relief from any of the doctors in this part of the country.
About three years ago I received a flower that was blessed on the Feast of

the Assumption, and was told to make the sign of the Cross with it on my side, which I did, and from that hour on I have experienced that which is welcomed most to all men—good health.

I also made a novena to St. Anthony (the wonder worker) to regain my health and thanks to St. Anthony and the Blessed Virgin, I am to-day a well man. If you will publish this in your Review, you will greatly oblige

T. E.

Toledo, O., April 4th, 1903.

Dear Rev. Father :

Enclosed find an offering for a Mass in honor and thanksgiving to the sweet Infant of Prague, for favors received. Kindly say the Mass at the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, and have same published in your Review.

R. O.

Kindly publish a great favor received through the intercession of our dear Blessed Mother Mary. I ask your prayers for the restoration of my health; also for the redeeming of our home, and the grace of happiness.

M. C. Mc.

Dear Rev. Fathers :

I enclose an offering for a Mass in honor of St. Joseph. I had a sore ankle all winter, and was sick otherwise. I promised St. Joseph, if he would help me, to have a Mass said in his honor. I am getting better now. I also include the rest of my family that they may have good health and constant employment.

R. T.

As much as we hope to obtain of God, so much are we sure of receiving.

Religion is as necessary to reason, as reason is to religion.—Washington.

God regards not how much we do, but from how much it proceeds. He does much that loves much.

He that knoweth not what he ought to know is a brute among men. He that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts. He that knoweth all that may be known, is a god among men.

Petitions Asked For.

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

That a brother, and the members of another family who are indifferent, may return to their religious duties; that three persons, who are indifferent and addicted to drink, may reform; good health for a pastor; a vocation for a boy; the souls in Purgatory; the grace of a happy death; success in studies for two children; spiritual and temporal success of a person; several special favors.

Our Lady's Own.

Scapular names have been received at: Falls View, from St. Mary's, Stanley, Wis.; Brechin, Ont.; St. John the Baptist's Church, Lockport, N.Y.; Brounville, Houston Co., Minn.; Cuba, N.Y.; Paxico, Wabaunsee Co., Kas.; St. Stephen's Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; East Margaree, N.S.; Church of the Holy Rosary, Providence, Pa.; St. Peter's Church San Francisco, Cal.; Stratford, Ont.; Uniontown, Pa.; St. Nicholas' Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Wallaceburg, Ont.; St. Dunstan's Church, Fredericton, N.B.; Eganville, Ont.; St. Helen's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph's, Antigonish Co., N.S.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Nicholas' Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; St. Peter's, C.B.; Detroit, Mich.; Chepstow, Ont.; Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Burlington, Ont.

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS

If every Christian home were what it ought to be, a Christian school, there would be less need of Christian public schools. Mothers are ordained by God to be the first teachers of their children, as they are the first to give them material food. They have unbounded influence over their child because the child has unbounded confidence in its mother. The impression produced by a mother's teaching is the most lasting. Even in

mature years, the remembrance of a mother's teaching has on us a restraining and sanctifying influence. The Church is indebted to Monica for the greatest doctor in her fold. Were it not for Monica's influence, Augustine might have remained a Manichean in religion and a libertine in morals. It was a queen and mother who said to her son: I would rather see you dead than have you commit a mortal sin. That son became the great St. Louis, King of France, who, even Voltaire admits, was a righteous king. Judge Gaston, of North Carolina ever spoke of his mother with unbounded admiration. The Count de Maistre used to call his mother "the sublime mother." Justice Taney used to speak with pride of the beneficial effects his mother's early influence had on his after life. John Randolph, of Roanoke, often spoke of his mother and always with affectionate enthusiasm.

May the day never come when woman shall cease to be the angel of the home! May the husbands and sons, after buffeting the waves of the world, ever find in their homes a haven of rest! May the bleeding wounds of the heart be soothed by the oil of gladness and consolation! Mothers, be fond of your homes, be attached to them. Let not the two words so dear to the Christian heart—home and mother—be separated. Let peace, order, tranquility and temperance be found in the home. Let the angel of chastity preside over the domestic hearth and stand at the door of woman's heart, repelling all unhallowed thoughts, even as the angel with flaming sword, guarded the earthly paradise. For what is a home from which chastity is banished, but a desecrated temple from which the Spirit of God has fled. May the flowers of domestic joy and gladness grow abundantly along the path of Christian women!

Fear is a greater pain than pain itself. Oh, thou of little faith, what dost thou fear? God will not let you perish while you are steadfast in resolution. Let the world be turned upside down, let it be in utter darkness, in smoke, in tumult, so long as God is with us.—St. Francis de Sales.

Obituary.

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

Rev. Father Stone, O.C.C.

On Saturday, the 21st of last month, the community and the parish of Our Lady of the Scapular, 29th street, New York City, were thrown into deep mourning by the death of the beloved Father Stone. So great was their loss and so deep their feeling of sadness, that even yet they can hardly realize that they shall no longer have dearly beloved Father Stone in their midst.

The Rev. Edward R. Stone has gone to his reward. After an illness of only three days, this devoted son of Mary had finished the work in the vineyard of his Master. In the prime of his life, but full of good works, this true Carmelite slept in the Lord.

The character of Father Stone was most lovable; manly, most warm hearted, most congenial and true. To know him was to love him, to love him gave courage and strength.

As a priest of God, his zeal shall ever live in his spiritual children of Our Lady of the Scapular.

As a true Carmelite, a true child of Mary, his love and devotion to our Blessed Lady was that of a child to the best of mothers, whose glories he ever extolled, whose virtues he imitated, whose habit he lovingly wore, and whose love was ever in his heart.

The sorrow which was caused by his death was genuine and universal, demonstrating the deep affection with which he was regarded by all. His loss is a great affliction to his brethren and his people. We tender them our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Saturday is Mary's own day, and according to her promise, she delivers on that day from Purgatory all who die clothed with her livery. We hope, therefore, that the stay of our dear departed confrere, in the purifying flames, was short, and that he enjoys the heavenly reward of his labors.

We pray that his soul may rest in peace!

Mary A. Sadlier.

In the death of Mary A. Sadlier, of Montreal, Catholic literature has lost a sincere friend and firm support. Born in the County of Caven, Ireland, eighty-three years ago, when yet a young girl she came to this country, where she married James Sadlier, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier. She began her literary career very young, and since then has given great aid to Catholic literature by her powerful pen, in writing many books of fiction, in several important translations, and historical researches. She frequently contributed to the Carmelite Review. Her books are all imbued with that spirit of piety of which she gave such a practical illustration in her own life. She was not only a good Catholic herself, but instilled a true spirit into the minds of her children, some of whom are well known in the literary world. Besides her immense literary labors, she contributed much labor and money to charitable institutions, several of which owe their foundation partly to her indefatigable zeal. Her death, like her life, was beautiful and consoling. Conscious to the very last; fortified and strengthened by the holy sacraments, she breathed her last on the 5th of April.

Sister Mary of St. Cecilia Fitzgerald, of the religious of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, who died at Seattle, Wash., in the 31st year of her age.

Sister Margarita d'Ervioux, who departed this life February 22nd, having received all the rites of Holy Church, in the 49th year of her age, and 28th of her religious life.

Mrs. Mary Egan, of Detroit, Mich., who died Dec. 20th, 1901.

Jeremiah Quinlan, who died in New York City, April 3, 1903, after a life of perfect example of Christian charity.

Mademoiselle Nancy Bouis, who died at Castelnaudary, France, on the 21st of March, Saturday, 12.30 a.m. She was a saintly person, and had always prayed to gain the Sabbatine Privilege.

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