

"we'll always seem near, 'cause we'll be praying for each other and doing the same kind of work—work for God, you know." And their dream came true one day.

So the minds of the twins were firmly made up regarding their future careers, and their parents were happy to know of the choice they had made.

## II.

One year the month of March opened mild and spring-like. The acacia trees were gorgeous in their golden robes, and the fruit trees with their soft, fluffy blossoms—pink and white—were a real delight to behold.

"Looks just like pink snow fell on those trees," Josephine cried joyously, as she and her mother went out to the back yard one lovely day. The Miller family had quite a little orchard of their own.

As the month advanced the warm sunlit days gave place to clouds and chilly air and finally, rain and blustery weather.

"What's that old saying—if March comes in like a lamb it will go out like a lion?" quoted Josephine as she and Gabriel came home from school one stormy afternoon.

"That's just what it's up to all right," responded her brother as a gust of wind swept Josephine's umbrella out of her hands into the miniature river that was racing along the curbing. Away it floated, and Gabriel laughing at the funny situation, splashed deep into the water and pursued the floating object until it was rescued. But it was dripping wet after its voyage, so the twins resumed their way under the protection of Gabriel's umbrella.

Josephine was troubled over the fact that her brother's feet had received a thorough soaking, and as he already had a cold she feared he would be sick as a result of the wading through the water.

The matter was reported to Mrs. Miller, and she ordered a hot bath at once. But what Josephine had apprehended came about, for by the next morning Gabriel was very ill. For days he tossed in fever, and doctor stated that pneumonia was his ailment.

Poor Josephine was heart-broken when she learned that the physician after a few days pronounced Gabriel's case hopeless and his recovery unlooked for.

St. Joseph's Feast was approaching, and this thought encouraged the little girl's heavy heart. Every spare minute was spent before the tabernacle and then at the feet of her dear saint's altar.

With tear-filled eyes Josephine begged and pleaded that Gabriel should be spared, and as she gazed at the Infant tenderly folded in His protector's arms she gained confidence.

"Dear, good St. Joseph, you must love all children, I'm sure," she whispered, "for the sake of the dear little Jesus. Do please ask Him to spare my brother. Oh, I'll miss him so if he dies. But I must be resigned, so dear St. Joseph, help me to say, 'Thy Will be done,' with all my heart."

It was the day before the Feast of St. Joseph. Gabriel was dying—he might pass away at any time, said the doctor. Despite her great sorrow, Josephine carried an armful of lilies from the garden that she and her brother had always carefully tended, to the church, for the saint's altar was being decked for his own day.

With unusual fervor she prayed before the beloved statue to-day. Gabriel had received the last sacraments. His parents were sure he would die, but they were resigned to God's Will. Still Josephine did not abandon hope. St. Joseph had heard her prayers lots of times. She would keep on praying. So she reminded him that the morrow would be his feast-day. Oh, how lovely it would be if he granted her request on that occasion!

It was very late that night when Josephine was aroused from her sleep by her mother. A change had come over Gabriel, and the end must now be at hand. Sobbing, the child followed Mrs. Miller to her brother's room. His parents with Joseph and Josephine knelt around the bed. The patient lay quietly as though asleep.

After about five minutes Gabriel opened his eyes. He smiled in recognition at the little group. Then he said joyously: "I'm better, mother. I had the loveliest dream. St. Joseph—I'm sure it was St. Joseph—he came and

stood near the bed, and he told me I was cured. And I feel—oh, I feel so well."

Josephine beamed with joy. "Oh, I knew St. Joseph would listen to me." She glanced at the little clock near by. It was past midnight. "Oh, look there, mother! If he didn't answer our prayer on his beautiful feast day, too!"—*Irish Catholic.*

## Mussolini

(By MONSIGNOR CANON BARRY, D.D., in the *London Catholic Times.*)

Italy has always been fertile in great men of the type which is rightly termed classic, with its ideal presentation in Caesar, the foremost man of all this world. To our delight, and probably to the astonishment of a public singularly unacquainted with modern Italian events or heroes, two striking figures have claimed attention, both representing Milan on the Roman stage, since a delusive Peace led up to widespread anarchy all over the Peninsula—one being the Holy Father, Pius XI., and the other Benito Mussolini, Dictator and Primo Minister by virtue of a strange new movement whose members glory in the dictator's axe and rods or fasces, and hence bear the name of "Fascisti." There is no need just now to dwell upon the lines of greatness that marked out Achille Ratti, the Milanese Alpine climber, for election to the Papal Chair. But who is Mussolini? At his appearance in the political sky, suddenly blazing out like a comet in violent splendor of strength and decision—proved by combats with Socialism where he conquered—we scarcely knew his name, while his character was said to be doubtful and his past denied by the attitude he took up as self-chosen master of nation, Parliament, and King. Blood had been shed by his orders or connivance; the Socialist-Communist attempt to set up a Soviet over Italy had collapsed in craven fear when these young Fascists turned upon it; and Mussolini with his Black Shirts marched in triumph through Rome, myriads applauding him as the saviour of Italy. This extraordinary revolution follows upon a period when Government had capitulated to Soviet demands, when not a single Prime Minister had any policy of his own, while Italy lost in no small measure, as she deemed, the fruits of Vittorio Veneto, that unexampled annihilation of a whole army and the Austrian Empire at one stroke. Mussolini comes forward, then, as the Regenerator, a man certified to his people by the genius that sees, acts, and succeeds. He knows what Italy wants in economics at home, in prestige and power abroad. The comparison with Julius Caesar is not, in my opinion, unwarranted; for the classic resemblance will come out strong when viewed by anyone well read in old Roman history.

### His Saving Victory.

Mussolini saved Italy when it was on the edge of ruin. How he did so, and what manner of man he is, we can collect much to our profit from Miss Maude Petre's very successful no less than timely version of a fine piece of journalism, done by Dr. P. Gorgolini, *The Fascist Movement in Italian Life* (English translation, T. Fisher Unwin). Miss Petre admires the Fascist programme, but detects in it the absence of certain principles or ideals which would make it Christian, whereas it goes upon a separate curve. The criticism appears to me sound, entirely to the purpose, and necessary. We may feel, as I for one certainly do, grateful beyond words to Mussolini for having rescued his and our Italy from the imbecile politicians who were betraying it to destructive plagiarists of the anarchy which is now laying Russia waste while treating Religion as the enemy of man. Such a tragedy, coming after the heroic sacrifices by which the Italian people braved every vicissitude and won victory at last, would have been irreparable. It was averted by one man; and he was a convert from Karl Marx to the doctrine he is defending at this day with all the national resources at command.

Benito Mussolini saw the light at Fredappio, an insignificant village near Forli, in the year 1883. He had no advantages of birth or bringing up save a fine constitution, a genuine old Roman cast of features, and a piercing intellect which saw into things without regard to convention. He became a schoolmaster and, like so