

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

they think nothing of the happiness of being able so easily and at all hours to approach the adorable Persons of Jesus Christ.

DEVOTION TO MARY.

The following valuable essay on the Catholic devotion to the Blessed Mother of God is translated from the French of the Abbe Baitoune, the brother of the celebrated Father Alphonse Ratisbonne, who was instantaneously converted at Rome, in the year 1842, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This translation was made by one of our own contributors, for "Our Lady's" magazine, the Ave Maria. We have been asked to give it, in extenso, to our readers, who will be delighted with so able a presentation of the arguments in favor of the doctrine so dear to the Catholic heart, coming as it does from one born and reared in the black night of Judaism.

"Christianity has implanted in the heart of regenerated man two new affections; the one is the love of our brethren and is called charity; the other is the love of a mother, the love of Mary; and this other love has no name. It would be impossible to find in any language the word to express the sentiments which the Christian soul cherishes toward the Mother of Jesus Christ. It was during the last hour of redemption, when the most adorable Victim was consummating His sacrifice, that the mutual bonds which forever bind the members of the Church to the Mother of the Man God were formed. These bonds constitute the worship of Mary,—a worship inseparable from the worship of Jesus; because the disciples, having become the members and brothers of the Lord, are by these same titles children of His Mother; and as they are children with Jesus Christ, they share in the sentiments of Jesus Christ: they love what Jesus Christ loved; consequently, they love Mary.

Now, love can not keep silence: it must speak, it must sing; it must pour itself out—it must give vent to its emotions, its ardors, and its gratitude. The more closely we are united to Jesus Christ, the more do we feel the inviolable need of honoring and blessing His Mother. Most assuredly those who do not possess the spirit of Jesus Christ and do not belong to His family who feel nothing for Mary. In their eyes Christ is divided; He appears but as an abstract divinity, without affinity without any intimate connection with the children of men grafted on His sacred humanity. It is the maternity of Mary that gives us a complete knowledge of Jesus Christ: she is the living link that connects Him with us. By her God becomes the child of man; by her man becomes the child of God. Hence the veneration of Mary, when it is deep and intelligent, is the sign of the true faith, the condition of spiritual progress, the channel of prayer, and of graces, and the secret of the sweetest and most fruitful consciences.

Nevertheless, the cultus of Mary and the worship of Jesus Christ, though they spring from one and the same principle and are indissolubly interwoven in the roots of Christian piety, are distinct and fundamentally different: for the worship of Jesus Christ is an adoration which can be rendered to God alone; whereas Mary is simply creature, an Immaculate Virgin, the Woman blessed amongst all women; the Mother blessed amongst all mothers. Her worship is at bottom but the homage which all the children of men render to their mothers.

It would be childish to think that to rob Jesus Christ of the honors we render to Mary. We have already said it: these honors differ both in character and in meaning; and would be strangely calculating to human heart to think you maintain the dignity of the son by disdaining the titles of his mother. The sentiments of nature, conscience, reason and experience, in accord with Scripture and all tradition, rise against those who reject Mary under pretext of offering their adorations to God alone.

How is it, O my God! that so many Christians, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, refuse to pay their vows to the Virgin whose heart furnished that adorable blood? How is it that these men, so attached to the appearance to the letter of Holy Scripture, exclude Mary alone from the divine precept which commands all children of men to honor their mothers? Why do they act thus? They maintain, with a zeal which is not according to knowledge, that the Gospel where prescribes devotion to Mary; as if a man needed a command to induce him to love his mother. They fear to wound Jesus Christ by honoring Mary. But, I repeat it once more, is this fear Christian, is it rational? Is a son ever jealous of the glory of his mother? Would Jesus Christ have borne it had His disciples manifested indifference and cold toward one whom He cherished Himself with most filial tenderness, most divine predilection? Will deny our Divine Master, consider merely His humanity, the first of His sentiments—filial love, which He Himself deposited in the heart of every human being?

Moreover, it cannot be asserted the Gospel does not authorize the worship of the Holy Virgin. We read the contrary, in the sacred books both the Old and the New Testament; the magnificent testimonies rendered to her by angels as by men, under most striking figures. The Old Testament refers her to us in the deference, respect and love, manifested by Solomon toward his mother Bethsabee. The humble Esther, another figure

may purify and enrich my soul."

FIFTH DAY. The Heart of Jesus considered as the throne of mercy, or as an ocean of goodness, as a fathomless sea without a shore, by which we are surrounded on every side.

Faith tells us that God is infinite and immense. The apostle who reposed upon the breast of Jesus Christ tells us that "God is Love." "The Lord is sweet to all. And His tender mercies are over all His works." Psalm cxlv, 9 "Lord, I abandon all the past to Your mercy; I commit the future to Your providence, the present and all that I am to Your goodness, to your love alone. Receive me, guide me, and save me." Practice.—An entire confidence in the infinite goodness of our Lord, and an abandonment to the guidance of His holy providence. Ask Him that all the designs of His Heart may be accomplished in us without reserve to the end of our day. Be assured that heaven and earth shall pass away before He will fail to protect you, while you are His obedient child, or at least are sincerely desirous to obey Him. God is my Father; He knows all things; He can do all things; He loves me.

SIXTH DAY. The Heart of Jesus considered as the Balm of Salvation, shed to heal all our wounds.

The Heart of Jesus, pierced by the lance, poured out even to the last drops the blood which saved us. "He hath loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in His own blood." Apoc. 1, 5 "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God in Thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us to our God a kingdom and priests." Apoc. v, 9, 10

Practice.—Ask of God, by the tears and the blood which He hath shed for us, the grace to know and tenderly love His Person and His Adorable Heart. Let us resolve lovingly to study in our prayers His life, His words, and the virtues of His most Holy Soul.

SEVENTH DAY. The Heart of Jesus considered as a paradise of delight, a place of peace and shelter, where we find protection against the heat of the day and the fire of our passions.

"My people shall sit in the beauty of peace and in the tabernacles of confidence: in a repose full of abundance." Is xxxii, 18 "My soul trusteth in Thee, O God, and under the shadow of Thy wings will I hope; till iniquity shall pass away." Psalms lvi, 1, 2.

Practice.—Let us retire often during the day to the feet of our Divine Shepherd, and there abandon ourselves to Him with humility and confidence, and with the fullness of our hearts.

EIGHTH DAY.

The Heart of Jesus, considered as the school of the Divine Master, of Him Who came to teach us celestial wisdom, and who has said to us, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls."

"I bless Thee, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." "God walks with the humble; He gives Himself to the simple; He gives indulgence to the little ones, and open to poor souls all the measures of His wisdom."—Imitation of Christ.

Practice.—Ask of our Lord His spirit and His light, with the virtues which He has particularly taught us, and which are dearest of His Heart—humility, sweetness and charity.

NINTH DAY.

The Heart of Jesus, considered as the port of salvation, or a Divine asylum where we may retire from the storms of this life, and where one day we shall repose in eternal peace.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts shall never be at rest until they repose in Thee."—St. Augustine. "Lord Jesus, I commit to Your hands my soul, my heart and my life." This prayer, taken from the last words of our Lord upon the cross, is the sweetest and most holy of all ejaculatory prayers. It contains the disposition of heart for all the virtues we should exercise during life, and the best preparation for death.

Practice.—Ask earnestly and every day of the Lord the gift of perseverance; that having fulfilled all the particular designs of the Heart of Jesus in our lives, we may one day expire in the peace and love of that generous Heart. "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me never be confounded." Psalms lxx, 1, 2.

SANCTIFIED PLACES.

All the sanctity which the birth of Christ communicated to the stable at Bethlehem, all that His Precious Blood communicated to Calvary, and His Sacred Body to the sepulchre, also invests our churches; and if when we enter them, and approach the altar, we are not penetrated with the holy awe which fills us when we draw near to the most holy places, if we have not those feelings which cause the loving tears of pilgrims who are so happy as to visit the manger in which our Lord was born, or the mount on which He died, it is because we are wanting either in faith or attention. But we must try to remedy this evil before entering a church by making some reflections on the sanctity of the place which we are entering, and on the majesty of Him who dwells therein. How many people would think themselves very fortunate were it easy to enter into the palaces of the great and approach their persons as it is easy to enter the churches? And yet

did what she could to make her comfortable, then hurried away to find a doctor. When she returned Evelyn was crying and talking incoherently. The symptoms were unmistakable. Kathleen was prepared for the doctor's decision. Later when the black van stopped before the door, she pleaded to be allowed to accompany and nurse her sister, and her request was granted.

For more than three weeks she waited unweariedly at Evelyn's bedside. At length the patient was pronounced out of danger. Thus relieved from her greatest apprehension, Kathleen began to watch anxiously for the disappearance of the disgusting pox. In so far as fate was kind, gradually every trace of the unsightly scars sank away, and Evelyn's face took on its own bright beauty again. As her strength returned the girl grew restless, praying always to be taken back to their little rooms. "She would never get better," she said, "till she could go home."

As Kathleen heard her heart chilled with an awful fear she dared not name even to herself. Evelyn convalesced rapidly, but steadily as she improved otherwise, the inflammation and soreness in her eyes increased, and they grew daily more sensitive to light. Kathleen considered as she was forced to confront the impending calamity. At last she was allowed to have her sister removed. In their own rooms again both seemed happier and more hopeful. The best medical aid was procured, and Evelyn's eyes put under treatment, praying and trembling, for the result.

At length one evening she knelt by the bed, assisting the doctor to remove the bandages. As the patient felt the coverings loosen and drop from her eyes, she turned towards her sister.

"Kathleen, why don't you light the gas?" For a moment she looked bewildered, and groped helplessly about her. Then, with a piteous, piercing cry, she flung herself, face downward, on the pillow. Kathleen clutched the doctor's arm convulsively and drew him from the room. "Quick!" she breathed, "tell me, can nothing be done?"

She seemed rather to feel than to hear the answer. She reeled, and every vestige of color died out of her face as all hope faded in her heart. The stroke was inevitable: it had fallen. Evelyn was blind!

NOVENA TO THE SACRED HEART.

The month of June is a good time to increase our devotion, and to augment our ardor as associates of the League. As many of us find it practically should attend Mass daily, and if we are not accustomed already to doing so, should take time to say our rosary every day. Do not stop at the one decade. Do not be stingy with the time you devote to the Lord. We give to Him as a suitable devotion for this time, a short novena to the Sacred Heart, which is translated from the French of St. J. Hallez. Try and make this novena for your intentions, spiritual and temporal, and for those of your friends and associates.

FIRST DAY.

The Heart of Jesus considered as a place of retreat and a solitude full of sweetness.

"Come apart into a desert place, and rest a little." St. Mark vi, 31. "My heart is troubled within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me. Fear and trembling are come upon me, and darkness has covered me." "I said: Who will give me the wings like a dove, and I will fly away and be at rest." Psalm 121, 5, 7.

Practice.—Peace, humility and silence in order to hear the voice of Jesus Christ.

SECOND DAY.

The Heart of Jesus considered as the nest of the dove, a place of rest and protection for the soul which desires to preserve itself without spot before the eyes of Jesus Christ.

"I will rejoice under the cover of Thy wings. My soul hath stuck close to Thee; Thy right hand hath received me." Psalm 141, 3, 8. "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." St. Matthew, v, 8.

Practice.—Ask of the Heart of the Lamb without spot, purity of mind and heart. In our fatigues, in our pains, in our temptations, let us seek the refuge of pure souls—the Heart of our Divine Saviour—in the Sacrament of purity and love.

THIRD DAY.

The Heart of Jesus considered as a tower of defence, and as a bulwark which protects us against the assaults of our enemies.

"I will love Thee, O Lord, my strength; the Lord is my firmness, my refuge, and my deliverer." Psalm xvii, 1, 2. "They that go from Thee shall perish; Thou hast destroyed all them that are disloyal to Thee. But it is good for me to adhere to my God, to put my hope in the Lord God." Psalm xxii, 27, 28.

Practice.—Ask of our Lord the pardon of our faults, the grace to offend Him no more, sincere sorrow for our sins, gratitude and entire confidence in His power and mercy. The child who remains in the arm of an all-powerful Father cannot perish.

FOURTH DAY.

The Heart of Jesus considered as the fountain of living water, springing up into life eternal.

"You shall draw waters with joy out of the Saviour's fountains." Isaiah vii, 3. "As the waters, so my soul panteth after Thee O God." Psalm 142. "With Thee, O Lord, is the fountain of life." Psalm xxxv, 10.

Practice.—Ask of our Lord the gift of humble, filial prayer, full of courage and confidence. Say to Him often, with the Samaritan woman and with St. Teresa,

"Lord give me of this water, that it

through the long hours, she was seldom tempted to lose her time. Thus, under Kathleen's supervision, she made rapid progress. They were fairly settled now in the new routine. The days and weeks followed each other in fitful monotony. They still an occasional call from Dr. Morley when business brought him to the city. When, as happened at rare intervals, Kathleen was given a brief holiday, she and Evelyn found a glad, bright welcome in his family. Even Kathleen, with all her grates, felt love for these dear friends, never quite realized all their interest meant to her of comfort and of confidence, till that happened which debarred her from their enjoyment.

Herbert Morley, the doctor's oldest son, was pursuing a medical course at McGill when Kathleen and her sister came to the city. By right of the long and close friendship between their families, and his father's interest in the orphan girls, the young man assumed a sort of chivalrous guardianship over them. His kindness was never obtrusive but it afforded Kathleen a real sense of protection and security. At the moment of her bereavement and its attendant misfortunes, his unspoken sympathy had been very grateful to her. He seemed to understand and appreciate, as no one else could, the full measure of her sacrifice. Day by day he watched her struggling under her self-imposed burden, chafing at his own inability to lighten it, and looking forward, with consuming impatience, to the time when it should be his privilege to offer her a haven of rest in his love.

When at length his studies were completed and he had obtained his degree, he came to the city. By right of the influence of her love and constant companionship, to strengthen and help him in the struggle on which he was entering, praying for the memory of their childhood days, to give him the right to relieve her part, at least, of the weight which he carried on his shoulders.

Poor Kathleen, she was young to feel that she must stand aside and see life's glorious possibilities and its holiest joys pass her by—nay, that she must put out her own hands and thrust them from her, and see the consolation that she had in the bitterness of her desolation. But with a strength of purpose that never faltered, she cast this new temptation from her, and with a calm patience, unspokeably pathetic, turned her face to the sunless future. He left her, bearing with him, to enhance the grief of his own disappointment, the consciousness that he had raised a barrier between them, and had made her harder still to bear. Kathleen went her way, now indeed alone. She never lost sight of her purpose. No effort of hers should be spared to ensure to Evelyn the opportunities that had been lost to her. Her promise that she would be blighted, should be realized in her sister. Life was a grave reality. The days were too short for the accomplishment of the duties she would have crowded into them. But it was not the weariness of brain and hand that stamped itself on the pale of her face, but the lines on her brow. Doubt and anxiety weighed more heavily on her than the fatigue of daily toil.

Impulsive and warm-hearted, Evelyn was, nevertheless, impetuous and wilful, and grew daily more defiant of control. Religion was irksome to her and duty was a word without meaning. The love of music, which had characterized her from childhood, developed with the years into an all-absorbing passion. Apart from her music she seemed to have no soul, Kathleen thought sadly sometimes. Evelyn, on the other hand, was a woman of a different type. Her love of music was not a passion, but a habit, and she was content with it. Her music was a habit, and she was content with it.

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CHAPTER III.

The scheme Kathleen unfolded to the friends who interested themselves in her welfare, for the settlement of her own and her little sister's future, was regarded at first as wild and impracticable, but she persisted with such quiet determination, and with such a perfect knowledge of her own mind, that they were at length constrained to consider her proposal, especially as no better course offered.

Accordingly, as it was arranged that she should go at once to the city, apply herself to the study of stenography and typewriting, and perfect her knowledge of book-keeping and general office work, preparatory to seeking a position when the season should open. Dr. Morley accompanied her, and through his influence, a position was secured to her as soon as she should be qualified to fill it. She would have taken Evelyn with her at once, but the doctor insisted that the little girl should remain in her own family till her sister would be finally settled in her new home. When at length he had completed, as far as lay in his power, every arrangement for Kathleen's comfort and safety, he left her with mingled feelings of admiration for her courage, and sorrow for the unhappy circumstances that had cast her so early adrift on the troubled sea of life.

It was a new and dreary experience to Kathleen, but she set herself resolutely to work, sternly denying herself even the luxury of grief. In the autumn Evelyn joined her, and then in earnest her life-work began. Of all the old home treasures she had retained nothing of value except her mother's harp and the piano which had been her father's last gift to her. These she brought with her and placed in one of the little rooms of their boarding-house, which the sisters were henceforth to call "home." Both for reasons of economy, and for the greater security and advantage which she considered it well to Evelyn to be under her own immediate care, Kathleen determined herself to superintend her little sister's studies for the present.

In the evenings she attended to her lessons, practised with her, and appointed her the tasks which she required should be done in her absence. It was very dull for the little girls in the silent rooms, and, as in continual occupation lay the best and pleasantest means of getting

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make the means. When her efforts should be crowned, Evelyn should share her success. Ah, for Evelyn's sake she must work the harder. And in the meantime, well, there were places, she knew, where friendly children were cared for. The thought was maddening. But fate had decided, and against the decree of fate there is no appeal.

Poor little stricken child! Was it strange that she should stumble amid these maze to which her feet were all unused? And she was no vain dreamer either. With these dear friends, never quite realized all their interest meant to her of comfort and of confidence, till that happened which debarred her from their enjoyment. Herbert Morley, the doctor's oldest son, was pursuing a medical course at McGill when Kathleen and her sister came to the city. By right of the long and close friendship between their families, and his father's interest in the orphan girls, the young man assumed a sort of chivalrous guardianship over them. His kindness was never obtrusive but it afforded Kathleen a real sense of protection and security. At the moment of her bereavement and its attendant misfortunes, his unspoken sympathy had been very grateful to her. He seemed to understand and appreciate, as no one else could, the full measure of her sacrifice. Day by day he watched her struggling under her self-imposed burden, chafing at his own inability to lighten it, and looking forward, with consuming impatience, to the time when it should be his privilege to offer her a haven of rest in his love.

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placed the telegram in the girl's trembling hand.

When Kathleen reached the darkened home she found that already the end was near. The priest with a few friends were gathered about her father's bed. He still lived, but one look at the white, drawn face told plainly, even to her inexperienced, that all hope was vain. Evelyn, kneeling by his side, with every loving name and pleading with him to speak to her, but no word came from the lips nor one gleam of recognition from the dark eyes whose light she had seen. Within a few hours of her return he passed quietly away.

In a dazed, dreamy way Kathleen listened while they told her of the last three days' events. Her father had returned from the city late on the evening of his visit to her, and had retired at once. He fell ill and died, he said, but refusing to allow anything to be done for him, resented the old housekeeper that a good night's rest was all he needed. Next day he went about his duties as usual, seeming, however, very much depressed. In the evening he had examined little Evelyn's work and heard her recite her lessons. When she had put away her books, he took her in his arms and said, half-playfully, half-sadly: "What will papa do next year? He will be all alone, for little Evelyn must go back to school with Kathleen."

Something in his tone or manner seemed to frighten the child for she clung to him, crying. Then he had kissed and soothed her, promising to bring her with him in a few days when he should go to bring Kathleen home. A sleepless night followed, and in the morning he was too ill to rise. Still he made light of it, and seemed to apprehend no serious consequences, but as the evening advanced and he grew steadily worse, the doctor was summoned and, a little later, the priest. Alarmed at last, he begged that Kathleen should be brought to him, and through the hours of delirium which followed, he called incessantly for her, but before she reached his side he had lapsed into unconsciousness.

Poor Kathleen! It was a terrible stroke. But she might not indulge long in selfish grief. With the anguish of her bereavement came inevitably the realization of the responsibility that devolved upon her. With the self-devotion that was characteristic of her earnest, noble nature, when the first consuming passion of sorrow had spent itself, she bent bravely to the burden she must henceforth bear alone.

Richard Desmond was very popular, and it was amid demonstrations of a grief almost real and universal that even on such sad occasions as usual, that he was borne away to his silent home. It was a fitting funeral day, more dismal than any little town of V. had known in years. The sky hung low like a pall above the dripping earth, and the wind chanted a requiem for the soul that was fled.

CHAPTER II.

On the evening of the day that followed her father's funeral Father Salwyn and Dr. Morley came to Kathleen with a kindly offer of assistance in settling his affairs and arranging for the future of his orphaned children. She accepted gratefully and accompanied them at once to the little room which her father had called his office.

Even had it been feasible it would not have been possible to have kept anything from her. She was quick and intelligent, and insisted on seeing into and understanding the real state of her father's business. It was found to be a miserable complication, which would take time to unravel and set in order, but from the chaos one fact stood out clear—when at length a settlement could be effected, everything would be swept away. Kathleen and her little sister would be penniless and homeless.

As the girl listened and understood something of the record of ruin, there was no shadow of reproach, but rather a great yearning pity in her heart as she realized how heavy was the burden her father had borne.

It was late when at last the mass of books and papers were gathered up and replaced in their desks. The two women looked at each other and then said to Kathleen. She seemed such a child as she stood there, worn with watching and sorrow, so uninitiated to grapple with the rude cares of life. Dr. Morley stooped down and laid the tired head against his shoulder.

"My dear," he said kindly, "don't think any more to-night. Mrs. Mason will make you a cup of tea, and then go to bed and sleep, for you are very tired. You must not worry, but trust us. We shall see that everything is done for the best." Her lips quivered and heavy tears rolled over her face.

But when she was alone again instead of seeking rest or refreshment, she returned to the study and seated herself at her desk. Her head ached and her brain whirled as she strove to bring home to herself the full import of this new misfortune.

Her father had centred such proud and far-reaching hopes in this fair young daughter of his. His pride in her and the love for him that stimulated her to strain every nerve in the effort to gratify it, had spurred her on till she, too, had come to dream ambitious dreams of the future and his brilliant achievements. All these bright hopes had grown up with her till they seemed to have become a part of her life and indispensable to it. And now what was this that had come upon her and threatened to blight the fair prospect forever? No, it could not! It should not be! She sprang up and paced the floor excitedly. There was a rap at the door, but she gave no heed. Presently the door opened and the housekeeper entered "Miss Kathleen," she said anxiously. Kathleen turned, and with a start she saw that she was foreign to her, begged to be left alone.

Then she strove to regain her self-control, and proceeded to lay her plans for the future. There was a small sum assured to her from her mother. It was not much, but with strict economy it might suffice her to go on with her studies until she should be enabled by her own efforts, to push herself forward towards the accomplishment of her ambitious projects. Ah, life should be henceforth no idle reverie to her! But she was young and willing and shrank not from the drudgery that must ultimately ensure success. And Evelyn?—She tried to thrust the embarrassing thought from her. It was not her fault; she would have cared for her little sister had it been left in her power, nay, she would do it yet. But first she must

make the means. When her efforts should be crowned, Evelyn should share her success. Ah, for Evelyn's sake she must work the harder. And in the meantime, well, there were places, she knew, where friendly children were cared for. The thought was maddening. But fate had decided, and against the decree of fate there is no appeal.

Poor little stricken child! Was it strange that she should stumble amid these maze to which her feet were all unused? And she was no vain dreamer either. With these dear friends, never quite realized all their interest meant to her of comfort and of confidence, till that happened which debarred her from their enjoyment. Herbert Morley, the doctor's oldest son, was pursuing a medical course at McGill when Kathleen and her sister came to the city. By right of the long and close friendship between their families, and his father's interest in the orphan girls, the young man assumed a sort of chivalrous guardianship over them. His kindness was never obtrusive but it afforded Kathleen a real sense of protection and security. At the moment of her bereavement and its attendant misfortunes, his unspoken sympathy had been very grateful to her. He seemed to understand and appreciate, as no one else could