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CARMELITE REVIEW,

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

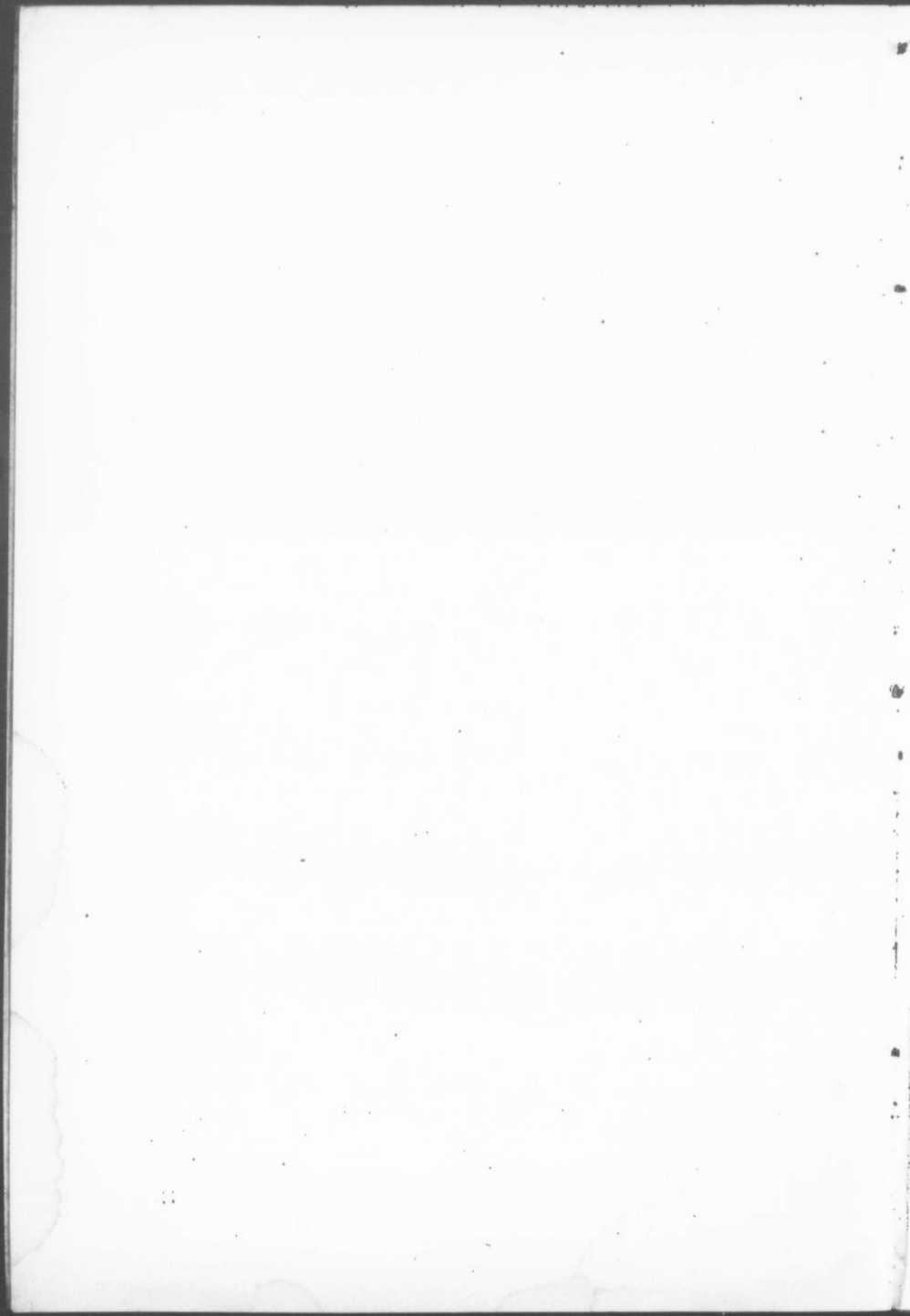
PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF NORTH AMERICA
WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL APPROBATION.

"Flos Carmeli, una pro nobis."



VOL. III.

FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO,
1895.



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TO LEO XIII.

On the 57th Anniversary of His First Mass.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY JANET C. MELLON.

TRONG, as thy great name betokens,
 King and priest and saint so true,
LEO, as the admired of nations
 Thou dost stand before our view!
 With great wisdom thou thy sceptre
 Sway'st, God's power to display;
 Centuries have passed, and Solomon
 Rules again o'er us to-day.
 Earthly crown from thee was wrested
 Monarch, chained in thine own court;
 Copying Him, who is the Master,
 Thou art Faith's most firm support.
 Seek ye sceptics, seek all over,
 Probe ye youth, or grand old age,
 Can ye find another figure
 Nobler than Rome's holy sage?
 Though the fire of youth has left him
 Feel the fierce heat of its spark;
 How it brands the feeble body
 With its bright, indelible mark.
 Rulers may pass to their resting,
 Lost, and swift forgot their fame,
 Not so our illustrious Pontiff's,
 His will aye live in his name.
LEO! All the world of Christians
 Wafts with us, thy children dear,
 Prayer's incense from our censers:
 Long may'st thou be spared us here.
 If perennial fountains could be
 Drawn by prayer from old Time's rock,
 How, to quaff it, we would beg thee,
 Shepherd thou of Christ's own flock!
 Yet, it would be selfish sorrow
 Heeding our loss, not thy gain
 To forget, thy tired spirit
 Would be free from earth's dull pain.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.

Edited by REV. MARKS GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER IV.

JAMES A. McMASTER'S LOVE OF HIS COUNTRY.—AN UPHOLDER OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.—AN UNIONIST AND DOUGLAS-DEMOCRAT.—THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL ATTACKS MORE VIOLENTLY THE EXTREME DEMOCRATIC BOLLERS THAN REPUBLICAN PRINCIPLES.—FIRING ON THE FLAG DENOUNCED AS TRAITOROUS.—McMASTER'S LOYALTY TO THE INTEGRITY OF THE UNION.—HIS ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT.



JAMES A. McMASTER was an upholder of the federal constitution. If anyone should ask us, "What has Mr. McMaster done for the upholding of the federal Constitution?" we answer: "To uphold the constitution Mr. McMaster combated for the reform of the ballot box, for christian education and religious liberty.

"Our ancestors, who imbued principles of civil and religious liberty, fled to America to escape persecution; and when Britain attempted to encroach upon the free exercise of those principles, our fathers hesitated not to dissolve their oaths of allegiance to the mother country, and declare themselves free and independent; and exulting millions of freemen yet bless their memories for the deed. A new theory of government was reduced to practice in the formation of the American republic. It involved in its structure principles of equal rights and equal privileges, and was based on the eternal foundation of public good. It protects the weak, restrains the powerful, and extends its honors and emoluments to the meritorious of every condition."

It was the pride of Mr. McMaster to labor to preserve this noble structure in all its beautiful symmetry and proportion. Hence in politics Mr. McMaster was from the beginning independent of everything except of the American federal constitution. No party nor political leader ever dictated

to him a single word that he ever uttered. When Bishop Grace was appointed to the See of St. Paul he gave out, in his first pastoral, words of gold. He advised all Catholics to be slaves to no party, but, while faithful to the laws and traditions of the Revolutionary Fathers, to guard the purity of their vote, that highest privilege of an American citizen, as a woman should guard her virtue.

"Acknowledge vassalage to no party."

"Never consent to sacrifice or sink rights in the interest of any political organization."

"Hold your right of suffrage as a something sacred to be exercised conscientiously for the common good—for the good of the country."

As the civil rulers in the United States are elected by the people, every citizen should vote for such a candidate as, for good reasons, he believes will conscientiously keep up and protect justice, peace, property, virtue and religion, and punish injustice, all violation of right, all wrongs caused to citizens, not only in their temporal goods, but also in those of their souls, by public scandals, by the corruption of mind, heart, principles and morals. Hence it is not right for a Catholic not to vote in the elections of presidents, governors and other civil magistrates.

"If Catholics are idle in such public affairs," says Leo XIII, "the reins of power will easily be gained by persons whose opinions can surely afford little prospect of welfare. Hence, Catholics have just reason to enter into political life: for they do not enter it, nor ought they to enter it, for the purpose of sanctioning what, in our times, is vicious in the character of public affairs; but for the purpose of turning this very character as far as possible into honest and genuine public profit, having in mind the purpose of introducing the wholesome life-blood of Catholic wisdom and virtue into the whole system of the State. The action of Catholics in the first ages was not different from this, for the habits and tendencies of the pagans were as far as possible removed from the habits and tendencies of the gospel; yet christians could be beheld incorrupt in the midst of superstitions, and with courage and constancy ever penetrating whenever a way was open. A model of fidelity to princes, obedient, as far as was not sinful, to the laws, they cast about them the splendor of sanctity in every direction; they sought to be of aid to their brethren, to call others to the wisdom of Christ, while prepared with fortitude to

withdraw and even die when unable to retain without sin, honors, magistracy, power. In this way they bore christianity speedily into private houses, into the camp, the court and the very palace. 'We are of yesterday, and we have filled all your lines, your cities, your islands, your towns, your municipal bodies, your councils, your camps, your tribes, your decuries, the palace, the senate, the forum.' And thus when it became lawful to make public profession of the gospel, christianity was not an infant crying in the cradle but grown up and firmly established in a great part of the governments.

'It is suitable to these times to recall these examples of our forefathers. All Catholics who are worthy of the name must, first of all, be and wish to appear most affectionate children of the church; reject unhesitatingly whatever is inconsistent with that encomium; use popular institutions, as far as virtue permits, for the protection of truth and justice; see that the liberty of action does not pass beyond the bounds fixed by the laws of nature and of God; work to the end that every State be made conformable to the christian model we have described.—Encycl. 1, Nov., 1855.'

Into the mere strife of party politics, therefore, McMaster never cared to enter. Selfishness largely enters into politics.

There is a candidate for the office of president. He has a political creed. He believes in turning politics into a business for his own profit—in taking public office in order to make himself useful to capitalists and corporations in those various channels in which a legislator or an executive officer can be serviceable to men who wish to control legislation and the appointment of public functionaries. He believes in distributing the offices within his control among the people who will best help him in his speculations. He believes that all who disapprove of such a scheme of public service are dudes and Pharisees. Here is a creed simple, clear and comprehensible. An honest American citizen who cares for the welfare of the country will not give his vote to a man of such a political creed.

Here is another candidate for the office of president. He believes in turning politics into a business—for the benefit of the people. He believes in carrying on the government as any honest business should be carried on—as well and economically as possible, with the aim of securing the best results for all interested. He believes in putting to practice what he has solemnly professed before the people. This is also a

creed, and one which McMaster held and defended in politics. He was a strict constructionist of the constitution.

With the issue of January 15th, 1859, McMaster began in the *Freeman's Journal* a series of vigorous articles in advocacy of ballot-box reform. He was nearly solitary at that time in the recognition of the evils arising from the abuse of the franchise by corrupt men. Upon the virtuous exercise of this first prerogative of the citizen rests the whole fabric of our liberties and securities. With the foundation rotten, the structure above could not hope long to rear aloft its proud and imposing columns. Hence it was that the evils incident to such corruption were forcibly pointed out and remedies suggested by McMaster.

For the union of the States, consummated with such a loss of blood and treasure, and the safeguard of our liberties, he has been first, last, and all the time. Therefore, when the machinery of party politics was sought to be used, first, by the anti-slavery men of New England, and then by the Secessionists of the South, in order to disrupt the Union, McMaster denounced the promoters of such schemes in words that stung like the lash of a whip. So, too, whenever an attack has been made upon those rights and privileges which the constitution and the laws have placed beyond the power of parties to effect, such as an abridgement of religious freedom, it mattered not whether the proposed victim was a Catholic, a Protestant or a Jew, McMaster has considered it to be his part to speak out with emphatic protest.

It has been alleged that the *Freeman's Journal* in 1860 was a strong secession paper, and that it was for this offence finally suppressed on August 31st, 1861. Such, however, was not the case. On the contrary, this journal was one of the strongest Union papers in the republic, and gave its support to Stephen Douglas because he represented that principle. It attacked the Breckinridge kickers of the Democratic party with far more vehemence than it did the extremists of the now Republican party. Of Lincoln personally it always spoke as better than the party which edged him into power, after he became the head, not only of the country, but also of that wider and more liberal party, formed by the gradual accession of old Douglas men, whose confi-

dence was daily gained by the wise and patriotic course of the president. Mr. McMaster had opposed William H. Seward before the war in State matters and continued his opposition when Seward became Secretary of War under Lincoln. It was for denouncing the calling out of 90,000 men and promise that the war would be ended in sixty days with these troops, that this paper was suppressed and its editor placed in prison. His words were hot, and they stung. Queer as it may seem to some, Mr. McMaster was for calling out every available man and crushing the rebellion at once. Had this been done then the seceding States might have been subdued in the promised sixty days.

The Breckinridge seceders were, on their side, just as jauntily confident that the "unpleasantness" would end in sixty days, and to them this journal sought to act as a terrible but truthful Cassandra, though in vain. Men were mad! Thus, in its issue of November 10th, it told them:

"LINCOLN MUST BE SUSTAINED."

"Lincoln, elected according to the constitution and the laws, must be inaugurated, and will be entitled to the loyal support of every good citizen in the execution of the laws, within the limits of the constitution. Whoever talks of resisting his inauguration is a traitor, and, if he attempt resistance, ought to be hanged.

"The constitution, by which the general government and the Government of South Carolina are alike tied, makes no provision for secession, on any terms. South Carolina and each other state have no way of secession, except by REVOLUTION—a revolution which the general government is under oath, before God and man, to put down. James Buchanan may make light of tampering with his oath to support the constitution and enforce the law made under it; he may prove still further the plant tool of Southern disunionists—but the country will not hold him guiltless, and there has been no public functionary in this country whose death by the rope, for felony, if proven, would have met so little compassion as his would do. A perilous crisis has fallen upon us. We must meet it like men, not shrink from it.... The South must bear the ungracious results of the wrongdoing of her own factionists. As to resisting Lincoln, while he abides by the constitution and enforces the law of the country—that is nonsense.

"Every citizen who keeps a good conscience owes allegiance to the United States government. At the North there will be no two opinions. The division, the contest, the war—if war, alas! must be—will be at

the South. It had better not be begun. The South, certainly, can deeply wound the North, but it will more deeply wound itself. Lincoln, within the constitution and the laws, will and must be sustained."

BEDLAM IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

When South Carolina formally seceded, and other states were preparing to follow in its wake, this journal, in its issue of January 12th, 1861, spoke as follows:

"Disunionism, for the sake of disunion, rules the day there. A Charleston contemporary not long ago said that a man advocating such a thing must be sought in a lunatic asylum. Bedlam, however, has broken loose, and lunacy is epidemic in Charleston. Under such circumstances how can we argue? Intellectually, we cannot respect either the would-be leaders or the docile tools of South Carolinaism. In law, in morals, in policy, in good faith, South Carolinians have not a leg to stand on—not even a lame one. Their cause is not the cause of the South—it is the cause of a population so corroded by false principles that they cannot keep faith, and do not know the meaning of loyalty."

From its issue of April 27th we select another specimen of the warnings uttered in these columns:

"A lying spirit has persuaded the Revolutionists of the South that they might fire on our flag, and even assail the capital of the country, and yet find a divided North. They have passed the Rubicon. If we had forbearance, it was while forbearance had a virtue. They have this day to meet the stern resolve of a united North."

WAR FOR THE UNION.

"War! War for what?" it asks on May 4th. "On the side of the South we forbear to speak. From first to last—from the bolt in the Democratic convention in Charleston, in April, last year, down to the despicable act of Jefferson Davis and Major Beauregard in opening fire on the United States flag in Charleston harbor in September, we have had but one sentiment and but one expression of condemnation and execration for the conspirators who pretend to set up, over the heads of the Southern people, and without consulting them, a revolutionary Confederacy.

"But for what is the North in arms?.... It is not to sustain a party, but to vindicate an outraged country. It is not to uphold an administration, but the government. Largely circulated papers, which did their part to elect Lincoln, may now, like the New York Daily Times, call for superseding him by some military dictator; but the call falls dead and finds no echo in the American heart. This war is for maintaining the existence of the country on the old and recognized basis."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A New Feast of Our Lady.

THE new feast, which has been established by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, to commemorate the apparition of the miraculous medal to Sister Catherine Tabouri, a Sister of Charity, which occurred at the mother-house of the order in Paris, on November 27, 1830, was celebrated for the first time last November.

It is not an uncommon thing for the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW to write us, asking for one or more of the "miraculous" medals. Most of Catholics are acquainted with the medal referred to, but its history is not so generally known, and it may be opportune that we recall the circumstances which gave rise to that wonderful little medal, the use of which has spread throughout the Catholic world.

The apparition of the medal occurred in November, 1830. Whilst Sister Catherine was at prayer in the chapel, she had a vision. She beheld as it were a picture suspended in the air representing the Blessed Virgin, standing clothed in a white robe with a mantle of silvery blue, a bright rose-colored veil and her hands stretched out towards the earth. From her hands there shot out, as it were, rays of ravishing brightness, spreading themselves over the world. At the same time the sister heard a voice saying to her: "These rays symbolise the graces which Mary obtains for mankind, and that point over which they flow most abundantly is France."

Around the picture the following invocation was written in letters of gold: "*O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.*" In a few moments the sister saw the medal reversed, and on the other side she saw the letter "M" surmounted by a little cross, and beneath it the holy hearts of Jesus and Mary. Sister Catherine gazed attentively, and again heard a voice commanding that a medal should be struck representing the vision, and further saying that whoever should wear the medal when indulgenced, would enjoy the special protection of the Mother of God.

The following day Sister Catherine related the vision to her director, who said it was merely imagination, and dismissed

the sister with an admonition. The obedient religious endeavored to dismiss the thought from her mind, but the vision soon occurred again. She again told the director, who once more told her to pay no attention to it. The vision appeared a third time, and a voice was heard saying, that the Blessed Virgin was displeased because the medal had not been struck as commanded.

The director was embarrassed. On the one hand he did not wish to contradict the will of the Blessed Virgin, and on the other there was a possibility of the apparition being only an illusion. So the priest related everything to Mgr. De Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris. The Archbishop saw no objection to striking off the medal, since nothing appeared in the vision that was opposed to Catholic faith or morals, on the contrary, everything in it seemed suitable to increase devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It was, therefore, determined to have the medal made, but the cholera which then broke out, prevented this from being carried out until June, 1832, when the medal was struck in honor of the Immaculate Conception, which has since been constantly used by the devout clients of Mary.

In 1836, a holy religious at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, had visions repeating and confirming what had been revealed to Sister Catherine: one of these visions was symbolical of the four classes of persons who wear the medal. During a retreat the religious referred to saw the medal constantly suspended in the air; at first very high and burning like the sun; then with a radiance of light; then somewhat lower in the air, and shining like silver; lastly it descended close to the earth, becoming dim as if only of copper. A voice then asked: "What medal do you prefer?" The religious replied that she preferred the brightest one, and the voice answered, "You do well, for that is the one belonging to those faithful Christians who, carrying it, honor Mary perfectly, and help to spread her glory; the golden medal is theirs who have a tender and filial devotion to Mary; the silver medal is of those who respect and honor Mary, but do not try at all times to imitate her virtues; lastly, the dim copper medal is of those who are content if they say an occasional prayer to

the Blessed Virgin, and neglect to please her by their virtuous lives."

"That the medal of the Immaculate Conception deserves the name of "miraculous," and has worked wonders of grace, has been often proved.

In 1834 there lived in Paris the wife of a poor mechanic, named Peron. For eight years she had suffered from a grievous illness. Loss of blood had reduced her to extreme weakness, and the physicians pronounced her incurable. She gave up the doctor, and resigned herself to a lingering death. The woman was induced to engage a Sister of Charity as her nurse. The sister called Sister Mary, soon changed things in the house of suffering. She brought comfort and encouragement to her patient. "Happiness," said Madame Peron, "entered my house with that good sister." A physician now declared that the sick woman would soon die, and ought to be removed to an hospital. The sister thought it opportune to prepare her patient for death. But her words had little effect on Madame Peron. She had not led a bad life, but was an indifferent Christian; years had passed since she had been to confession, and now she refused to see a priest. "I will confess when I am well," she said, "I do not like being persecuted in this manner; when I have recovered I shall go to confession." At length towards October, 1834, Madame Peron seemed on the point of death, and she could hear the attendant talk of saying the prayers for a departed soul. Although the end seemed near, she revived sufficiently to converse with Sister Mary. "Do you love the Blessed Virgin?" asked the sister. Madame Peron replied that she did, for careless as she had been, she had always retained confidence in our Holy Mother. "Well, then," said the sister, "if you do love her, I will give you something that will cure you." "I think we had better talk of death," said the woman, "for I feel that I am sinking fast." Not discouraged, the sister showed her a medal saying, "Take this medal of the Blessed Virgin, it will cure you, if you have great confidence." The sight of the medal caused a sensation of joy in the dying woman, who took it and kissed it fervently. The sister placed the medal around the neck of the patient, who then repeated the ejaculation: "Mary,

conceived without original sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." "At that moment," said Madame Peron, "there passed within me something new and strange over my whole body. My flesh thrilled all over me. It was not painful, on the contrary I felt moved to tears of joy. I was not cured but felt that I *could* be cured, and I possessed a confidence which did not come from myself. My husband then said to me, 'Put all your confidence in the Blessed Virgin. We are going to make a novena for you.'"

The faith of these good people was rewarded. Towards evening Madame Peron was able to raise herself in bed. She continued to improve, and the next day was able to take some food. Her strength returned, and she felt that she was cured. In two days more she insisted on going to church to offer thanks to the Blessed Virgin. The family opposed her going, but she nevertheless went, unaccompanied by anyone. "On my way," she said, "I met Sister Mary. She did not see me, so I went up to her, and caught her hand. 'What! Is this you?' exclaimed the astonished sister. 'Yes, Sister, and I am going to Holy Mass; I am cured.' 'What has cured you so soon?' 'The Blessed Virgin and I am now going to thank her.' "From that time," concludes Madame Peron, "I have felt no more suffering. I now enjoy good health; I can work hard every day and I owe all this to our Lady's Miraculous Medal."

P. A. B.

Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

NAMES have been received for the Scapular Registry at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Salina, Kas.; Potosi, Mo.; St. Charles' Rectory, Newport, Mich.; St. Dominick's Church, Parsons, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Dixie, Ont.; St. Patrick's Deanery, St. John's, Nfld.; Franciscan Monastery, St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart Church, Parkston, S. D.; St. Joseph's Church, Olney, Ill.; Galt, Ont.; St. Columba's Church, Iona, N. S.; Immaculate Conception Church, Truro, N. S.; St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa.; Washington, Ga.; Dundas, Ont.; Bessemer, Mich.; St. Joseph's Convent, Washington, Ga.

The Jesuites and the Neutrals

BY VERY REV. W. B. HARRIS.



In the August number of the REVIEW was published the remarkable letter of Father de la Roche Dallion, the first priest that trod the Niagara peninsula, crossed the rapid rolling river and bore the message of salvation to the great Neutral Nation, whose hunting grounds stretched from the Genessee to Detroit. Fourteen years after his return to France two Jesuit priests, John de Brebeuf and Joseph Marie Chaumonot, started in the fall of 1649 from the shores of Lake Huron, and after a fatiguing journey of four days, reached the first village of the Neutrals. During their stay of five months they visited eighteen towns, and made heroic efforts to instruct the people. They reaped but a harvest of barren regrets, and after a season of disappointments and disheartenings they bade good-bye to the Neutrals and retraced their path to the Huron villages. It was good-bye forever, for in less than ten years the Iroquois had burned Brebeuf at the stake, driven Chaumonot with a handful of Huron converts to the ramparts of Quebec, and swept out of existence the Neutral Nation. So awful and complete was their annihilation that a few burial mounds and the name of their great river* are all that is left of this once brave and numerous people. On the return of the priests to their headquarters, near Penetanguishene, they wrote a very interesting and graphic account of their experiences with the tribe. This remarkable letter we now publish for the first time in the English language, and as it deals with an unknown and forgotten race of savages, who once peopled the land now tilled by our farmers, and dotted with our towns and villages, it will have, especially for the people of this peninsula and Western New York, a fascinating interest. It was probably written by Father Chaumonot and signed by Father Lalumant, the acting Superior of the Huron Missions.

* Parkman is of the opinion that the word is of Iroquois origin, but as the river flowed through the lands of the Neutrals and their town, Oughiterra, was near its banks, it is more probable of Neutral origin.

From Relations des Jesuites,

VOL. I, YEAR 1641.

An account of what happened at the Mission of the Angels among the Attiandaron or the Neutral Nation, Addressed to the Reverend Father James Dint, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in the Province of France.

My Reverend Father:

Christ's grace be with you.

THIS is the new mission that we have begun this year in one of the most numerous nations of this country. It is a long time since this land was visited, according to the testimony of many people. But many acquainted with strange languages are not easily found, if the Holy Ghost does not give extraordinary grace, particularly when one is deprived of the assistance of masters, teachers, and interpreters to instruct them, as we are in this locality.

Moreover, it is not customary to go to the extreme end without passing the centre or engage in the work of civilizing the farthest nation before having attended to the nearest. This having been done we found ourselves in a condition at the opening of fall to devote two laborers to this mission without doing any injustice to those now in our care. The lot fell upon Father John de Brebeuf, who first introduced and established us in this country. God having endowed him with a special grace and gift for languages, it would seem, that when it is a question of becoming acquainted with a strange people differing somewhat in language, he is always chosen for the work. It is our intention, if it be pleasing to God, to build in this new country a permanent residence, such as we have here, which will also serve as a house of retreat for missionaries.

His companion was Father Joseph Marie Chaumonot, who came from France last year, and who has a natural gift for languages.

This nation is very populous, settled in about forty towns. The first and nearest town to the Hurons is about four or five days' journey,—that is to say about one hundred and twenty miles keeping straight south. According to the last and most accurate observation that we could make, if our new house of St. Mary's, which is in the centre of the Huron country, is in north latitude 41 degrees and 25 minutes, then the beginning of the Neutral territory from the dividing

line of the Hurons would have an elevation of 42 degrees. It is impossible for us to think of making a more exact survey or observation in the country for the present as the sight of an instrument is all that would be necessary to carry to extremes those who cannot look upon an ink bottle without emotions of awe and fear.

The first town of the Neutral Nation at which we arrived, following the road south or south-east, is about four days' journey from the mouth of the celebrated river of this nation which empties into Ontario or Lake St. Louis. On the west side of the river, and not on the east, as marked on some charts, are most of the towns of the Neutral Nation. There are three or four villages on the other side running from east to west towards the Cat Nation or Eries.

Into their river the great lake of the Hurons discharges itself, flowing first into Lake Erie or Lake of the Cat Nation, and then through the Neutral country, taking the name of Onguiaahra; thence it flows into Ontario or Lake St. Louis and, finally, into the river which passes Quebec, known as the St. Lawrence. If our people (the French) were masters of the shores of the lake nearest the Iroquois country, we could ascend the St. Lawrence without danger, reach the Neutral Nation and go even farther.

It is the opinion of the Fathers who have been there, that there are, at least, twelve thousand souls in this country. They can call out five thousand warriors notwithstanding the wars, famine and pestilence which for the past three years have desolated them.

But, I am of the opinion that those who claimed for this nation an incredible number of souls and an importance out of all proportion to their merits, included with the Neutrals, all the other nations which are south and south-west of our Hurons but who in the beginning were scarcely known, and thus became associated with their name. The knowledge which we have obtained, since those early days, both of the language and the country, has furnished us more accurate information. Moreover, of the different nations with which we are now acquainted, there is not one among them that does not trade with others at a distance. This convinces us

that there is yet a great multitude of people to be visited, and before we can reap an abundant harvest, there are yet mighty fields to sow and till.

Our French, who were the first to visit the country, called this people the Neutral Nation, and for a good reason: for through their forests overland is the ordinary route by which the Iroquois and Hurons, sworn enemies, pass and repass and with whom the Neutrals are at peace. Sometimes the Hurons and Iroquois met each other in the same town, and even in the same cabin, but they gave pledges that they would not violate the peace; but, of late, the hatred of one against the other is so great, that no matter where they meet there is no security for the weaker party, particularly if he be a Huron, for whose people the Neutrals seem at present, to have little love.

Our Hurons call the Neutral Nation Attiwindarons, meaning people with a slightly different language. They call the people who speak a tongue which they do not understand, Akona Ake, meaning a strange nation. Those of the Neutral Nation also call the Hurons Attiwindarons.

We have every reason to believe that it is not long since they all, Hurons, Iroquois and Neutrals were one people; that they descended from the same family or from some primitive stock dwelling in these lands but that, in the course of time, they became separated from each other, influenced more or less by localities, self-interests and choice; so that some have become enemies, others Neutrals and some brought into relations of friendship.

This nation which remained Neutral in the wars between the Hurons and Iroquois, enter upon cruel campaigns with some western tribes, and particularly with the Atsistachronons, or Nation of Fire, of whom last year they took one hundred prisoners, and having this year renewed the war, they have captured already more than seventy, whom they treated with the same cruelty as the Hurons do their enemies. At times when the number of prisoners is very great they burn the captive women as well as the warriors which the Hurons do not, for, instead of putting the women to the torture, they are satisfied with slightly mutilating them.

The clothing and manner of life of this people seem little different from the Hurons. They possess Indian corn, beans and citrons in equal abundance. The fishing here is as good as with us, certain kinds being found in one place that are not found in another.

These people are very expert in hunting deer, moose, wild cats, wolves, bears and other animals, the hide and fur of which are very valuable. Flesh meat is plentiful this year, for the great quantity of snow which has fallen helped the hunters in the chase. Rarely does snow fall in this country deeper than one foot and a half, but this year there has been three feet. In the fields and woods are to be found many flocks of wild turkeys.

The crab apples are larger and chestnuts more plentiful than among the Hurons; other fruit is about the same in quantity and quality.

They go about covered with skins, like all savages, but with less regard for decency than the Hurons. Many of them, indeed, observe very little modesty in their apparel; however, the women are always covered at least from the waist to the knees. They seem to be more shameless in their lasciviousness than the Hurons.

They tan skins with much care and labor, and study to adorn them in different ways, but still more so their own bodies, on which from head to foot they make all sorts of figures with burnt charcoal picked into the flesh. Formerly they traced their descent on their bodies, so that sometimes from the face to the abdomen they were completely tattooed.

In their customs and manners they are very much like all other savages of this land, particularly in their superstitions and forms of government, whether political or economical.

But they differ in some other respects from our Hurons. They appear larger, stronger, and better formed than our people. Again their affection for the dead seems to be greater. The Hurons, immediately after death, carry the body to the cemetery, and do not return again except for the Feast of the Dead; the Neutrals do not take their dead bodies to the cemetery until putrefaction renders them insupportable. Hence it happens that the bodies remain sometimes the whole winter in

the cabin; and having been put outside on a scaffold, they then collect the bones, after the flesh has rotted away, and expose them, arranged side by side in their cabins until the Feast of the Dead. Their reason for preserving the bones in their cabins is to continually remind them of their dead. At least they so state. At intervals during the day the women in a plaintive chant utter doleful lamentations and give expression to their grief in sorrowful accents. Unlike the Hurons, they tolerate a great number of pretended fools or maniacs, whose antics are grotesque. Everywhere are to be met with these impostors, who are permitted every license lest their protecting *okies* should take offence. They throw and scatter the coats of the hearths, tear and break whatever they meet as if they were mad, when in fact most of them are as much masters of themselves as people in their proper senses. They act in this manner to please their *Okies* who, they claim, exact their performances from them, speaking to them in dreams, promising them success in the hunt and the fulfilment of their desires.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HE ENNOBLES LABOR.

"THE Saviour of mankind never conferred a greater temporal boon on mankind than by ennobling and sanctifying manual labor and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation which has been branded upon it. The primeval curse attached to labor is obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. Ever since He pursued His trade as a carpenter He has lightened the mechanics' toils and has shed a halo around the workshop."—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

A SWEET TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable to a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition. It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy and the cares of life are forgotten.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.



LAST March I attended the death bed of my mother's old friend, Aunt Hilda. I was informed, in due time, that she had requested me to examine her papers, and dispose of them as I deemed proper.

The various claims of life in town prevented my inspection of the treasure, until, during my vacation, a favoring northeaster gave me the desired opportunity. Betaking myself to the loft, I was soon absorbed in my congenial task. Many papers in the portfolio will be highly appreciated by our Catholic Historical Society. The heading of one, "A Scapular Story," suggests to me the propriety of forwarding to you a box of manuscript, that I am confident, has never appeared in print.

I write amidst the tumult of the storm-driven rain. As I lift my eyes, the roaring breakers are before me, the house rocks, and the windows rattle; my thoughts go out to those "who go down in ships." Petitions for the dying share my prayers for the soul of loving Aunt Hilda. I ask the same remembrance from the readers of Aunt Hilda's Portfolio.

MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

L—A SCAPULAR.

The afternoons are very short in November, and afford but little time to the shopper. Mrs. Baizley was horrified when, on turning out of Bargenseller's grand depot, she found the street lamplighted. As she hurried home she was vexed by the remembrance that she had forgotten the very articles most urgently needed. Miss Judith's well filled shop window attracted her attention as she drew near home, and promised a solution of the difficulty.

"Have you men's woolen undershirts?" she inquired at the counter.

"Indeed we have," replied Miss Judith,

"as nice as you'll find in the city; look at these."

"They are nice. I forgot to get them at Bargenseller's, but yours are as good as I could find anywhere; give me two."

"You save twenty cents by taking mine, and by coming first to me you would have saved the time and strength you spent in making the journey. Another thing, it is always decent to trade with a neighbor, when you can do so just as well, rather than take the money to the monopolist, who is crushing out the small dealer. I don't know who you are, but your face is familiar in this neighborhood."

"Indeed I'll come to you another time, Miss Judith. I often found your store very handy last spring, when I was at my daughter's. She was ill then, and I was with her for a month. Her husband is down sick now with a bad cold. I don't think he can get over it; he had an awful hemorrhage last week."

"What is his name?"

"Alexander Craig."

"Isn't he the man who was so determined to have the baby christened last spring?"

"Yes."

"My blessing on him. And now he is ill; has he seen a priest?"

"No indeed, he never goes to church; he is scarcely ever sober."

"Is your daughter a Catholic?"

"She turned with him when they were married."

"Your name is?"

"Baizley."

"Well Mrs. Baizley it's a mercy of God that you came here this evening. I know that you have good common sense, and will help your son-in-law to meet his God. I can see that you are not an ignorant bigot and for that reason I will ask you to do a favor. Take this little Scapular and slip the strings over his head: This way; he knows well enough what it means, and it is likely he will not refuse to let you do it. It will remind him of the days when he was an innocent child, and loved God, and the Blessed Mother Mary. Should he object to receive it just walk off and leave it with him, say a friend heard he was ill and sent it to him. Put this glass of jelly in your satchel, it is made from Irish moss, he will find it very soothing."

"You are very good, Miss Judith. I have

often heard of your kindness to the sick, about here. I will tell Alex what you say. I think he knows he's pretty sick. He was a good fellow until he opened that saloon."

"The old story," muttered Miss Judith, fiercely.

"Lose no time in putting the Scapular on him. I'll sew a little medal on it, that will tell him of his Mother."

"His mother was a very good woman."

"No doubt of it," and a whimsical smile puckered Miss Judith's expressive face, as she muttered "Little you know of the Blessed Mother."

"Try to have a priest call on the sick man immediately."

"I will."

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" whispered Miss Judith, as the door closed on the retreating figure of Mrs. Baizley.

"I don't forget my lady, how you raged against the christening, when you bought the baby's cap here. I sewed a medal in the crown of it."

"Now girls," turning to her assistants, "you've got to save that man's soul. Here, Kitty, you run off to Benediction. This is first Friday. Write the intention, and hand it to Father Dominic. Tell him Miss Judith asks him to request the prayers of the league members for a very sick man who has neglected the Sacrament."

Ten o'clock p. m. found Miss Judith's trembling hands closing her store. She was a prematurely old woman. Devotion to creed and country were her characteristic traits. She was never too weary to listen to her neighbor's sorrows, and as sin is often the radical cause of the troubles of this life, she frequently found herself the confessor, as well as the consoler. A long life of business contact with humanity had given her a wonderfully keen perception of character. She was no respecter of persons: fervent in her admiration of virtue, she was alike eloquent in her scornful denunciation of the petty pride peculiar to the worldly. Twenty-five years a Sunday school teacher had put her in touch with the Catholics of her city. She was particularly fond of teaching boys, and watched with interest the career of her scholars, as they grew to manhood. An absentee was sure to receive a call from Miss Judith, and

if unsuitable clothing prevented attendance, the deficiency was supplied by her before the following Sunday.

When the rich came to pour their vexations into her ear, she knew well how to introduce the wants of her protegee.

"What did you pay for that ring, Annie?" she asked of one of her former pupils.

"Ninety dollars."

"Well, it is very pretty, but don't forget the tithe to the Lord's poor."

"No, indeed," Miss Judith, "it was that brought me down here to-day. I know you are preparing the children for first communion, and I brought you a trifle."

"God bless you, child, this ten dollars will do wonders. Go to the 8 o'clock Mass next Sunday, and the sight of those children receiving their Lord for the first time into their innocent hearts will fill your soul with a satisfaction deeper than that of the owner of the most wonderful jewels on the earth."

When Miss Judith found herself in her sleeping-room that night, her first act was to kneel before her shrine and offer a decade for the sick man.

"He must have good in him, blessed Mother, when he was so determined about the christening of the child."

The following day brought many callers, and found Miss Judith very testy. The great disproportion between her benevolent intentions, and their satisfactory execution, usually wrought in her a condition akin to pious rage. Nowhere could she find a sympathetic messenger in her dealings with the sick. At the minute we look in on her, she is decanting the vials of her wrath on the red head of heedless Kitty Crowley, who had just returned from depositing *with Aunt Hannah* the dainties intended for poor Craig. Now, Aunt Hannah's appetite needed not the seductions of white grapes. She was to-day as black, as fat, and as jolly, as when she cooked for "Miss Hayes, the president's lady." Rheumatism had brought her within the circle of Miss Judith's dependents, and faithfully, from that lady's back door, went out plethoric baskets to Hannah's neighboring sky parlor.

Absorbed in the lingual castigation of Kitty, the proprietor failed to observe the opening of the shop door, and as she turned from Kitty nearly fell over a man's foot.

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon." Miss Judith's reply was very crisp, the man's manner was hesitating—he was probably a petitioner, and she was quite worn out and ready to drop.

"I called to see you, Miss Judith."

"Well, my friend, take a good look; this is all that's left of me."

"Perhaps I have come at the wrong time. I can call again when you are not so busy."

"No time like the present. Who are you?"

"My name is Craig; I called to thank you for the Scapular."

Speedily sprang Miss Judith's hands to clasp those of the speaker, while her fervid "God bless you," told her friendly interest.

"Come right in Mr. Craig." In a moment the sick man found himself comfortably seated in the tiny back room, which a good fire made a welcome resting-place. The visitor's eyes rested in the corner, lighted by the one window. A large bracket held a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in front of which burned a votive taper. Statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph formed the guard of honor.

On the wall hung a picture of St. Patrick, protecting those of Archbishop Kenrick, the bishop of Miss Judith's childhood, and Ryan, whose faces looked out from a lower line. Daniel O'Connell, with his wolf dog, completed the diamond outline. On a shelf lay the Imitation of Christ. This was Miss Judith's sanctification corner, in a room otherwise devoted to her business property.

"Now, don't speak Mr. Craig, until you are rested. Drink this cup of good beef tea. This is not trash, it is made by an old saint, who sends it to me every day."

Pouring into a dainty cup the lauded concoction, which, with her yet untasted dinner, simmered on the stove, the hospitable lady left her visitor for a few minutes to enjoy the timely refreshment.

On her return the cup was empty, and tears were rolling down the hollow cheeks of the invalid.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Let us accept the duties to which God appoints us, however humble and however obscure, not choosing great things for ourselves, but having our minds drawn to the things that are lowly.

St. Cyril of Alexandria.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. DEST, O. C. C.



HARLES KINGSLEY in *Hypatia* would have us picture to ourselves the great patriarch of Alexandria as one given to violence, ambition and intrigue, a "man of blood and iron" of the fifth century. But the

search-light of history shows us in true colors the great saint who was the glory of his own city and ornament of the whole church. Fourteen hundred years have elapsed since the death of St. Cyril, but the Church of God preserves his memory. Following the custom of centuries she again in this present year—on January 28th—commands her children throughout the world to honor the name of Saint Cyril.

Our thoughts at present revert to a well-known monument—Cleopatra's needle—situated in the public park of the American metropolis. What an object lesson on the vanity of human greatness? This relic from the ruins of the old Egyptian city is what remains of earthly grandeur. The proud Ptolemys wished to perpetuate their names. But these remaining memorials shall likewise perish. The day will come when they can no longer withstand the ravages of time. But how glorious is the memory of God's saints. "*In memoria aeterna erit justus*!" The place of his birth may fade from memory, but the name of St. Cyril shall outlive time.

The great city of Alexandria gave birth to our saint. He came of a very illustrious family. He received his early education from his uncle, Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria. When of sufficient age Cyril was sent to the famous school at Athens, which was then in its most flourishing state. On his return to his native city he gave much of his time to the study of the holy scriptures and works of the fathers of the church. He read most of the profane authors, as can be inferred from the numerous quotations he uses when writing against Julian the Apostate.

In order to make advance in an ascetical and spiritual life, St. Cyril went to live as a monk on Mount Carmel. That he was a monk cannot be disputed, for it was a

tom among the Greeks at the time to seek all their candidates for the episcopacy in the monasteries.

The old writers of the Order of Mount Carmel bring forth innumerable arguments to show that St. Cyril was a member of their order. The missals, Breviaries and other liturgical books of the Carmelites approved by the Holy See, mention St. Cyril as a Carmelite. Father Peter Thomas Saracenus, in his book (*the Menologium Carmelitarum*, published in 1627), which we have now before us, says that there exists an old chronicle of the councils in the French national archives, where it is written that "the Council of Ephesus was celebrated in the year 431 by 200 bishops, who were presided over by the blessed patriarch and doctor, Cyril, a brother of the Order of Carmel."

In 412, Cyril was called from his retreat on Mount Carmel to be raised to the patriarchal dignity. One of the most important events during his term of office was the schism stirred up by one Nestorius. The latter, a priest and monk of Antioch, was made bishop of Constantinople in 428. The retirement of his life, his hypocritical veneration of virtue and fluency in words made him somewhat prominent in the world. But he was a very conceited and weak-minded man. He was no sooner made bishop but he began to persecute certain sects of heretics whom he banished from his diocese; he likewise made his house a refuge for those whom the pope and emperor had exiled from their country. Nestorius and his followers preached new errors, teaching that there were two persons in Christ which were joined only by a moral union, by which God only dwelt in the humanity as in a temple. Hence was denied the Incarnation or that Christ became a man. People were shocked at such doctrine, and pastors and people separated themselves from the communion of the heretic.

"The Blessed Virgin ought not to be styled the Mother of God," said Nestorius, "but of the man who was called Christ." What effect such a saying had on the holy patriarch Cyril, who had learned on Mount Carmel to love and venerate Mary, can easily be imagined. He could not be silent when the honor of our Lady was at stake. St. Cyril admonished and tried to reason with Nestorius, but the latter heeded it not.

The third general council of the church was finally convened at Ephesus in which the errors of Nestorius were condemned.

Then it was that those words, "*Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death,*" were composed and added to the "Hail Mary," by the pious monk and patriarch St. Cyril. Then it was that the mighty crowd of worshippers took up, and with one voice repeated those words, "*Holy Mary Mother of God*" etc., which now have been on Catholic lips for nearly fifteen centuries, and will continue as long as the nations shall call Mary blessed. In repeating our *Aves* at Mary's shrine let us not forget the great saint, who in the early ages of Christianity so valiantly championed the cause of our Mother.

Sufferings, too, fell to the lot of St. Cyril. He was sorely persecuted by the friends and defenders of Nestorius and was even on the point of being exiled. However, St. Cyril, trained in Carmel's school of virtue, triumphed over the heresiarch by his meekness and courage, thanking God for his sufferings (as he wrote to a friend) and professing himself ready to give up his life for the holy gospel's sake.

St. Cyril spent the remainder of his days in promoting peace and union among the faithful, and in the zealous discharge of his pastoral duties, until his death on the 28th of June in 444. The Greeks keep his feast on January 18th. The Roman and Carmelite martyrology fix his feast for January 25th.

Many of his beautiful sermons have come down to us. In them he shows his great devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament and tender love for the Blessed Virgin whom he never tires of saluting by her glorious title of "Mother of God."

FATHER DE LA RUE, of the Society of Jesus, relates that one day being admitted to an audience by Louis XIV., he found the monarch saying his beads. The priest could not help showing his surprise. "You appear surprised to see me saying the Rosary. I glory in saying it; it is a pious custom which I learned from my mother, and I should be sorry to pass a day without discharging this pious duty."

THE man who loves God and admires the works of His hand, will detest the things that are evil.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
 IN HONOR OF
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,
 Mt. Rev. Mr. Sioddi, the Most Reverend Arch-
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Jan., 1895. No. 1.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN 1895, Ash Wednesday falls on Feb. 27th; Easter on April 4; Corpus Christi, June 24th.

"SUMMER schools and reading circles should work together to give the force of unity to the whole work."—BISHOP MESSMER.

TEN thousand sick persons, hoping to be cured, came to kiss the forehead of the as yet uncrowned dead Emperor of Russia. No cures are reported.

WE cordially wish all our friends, benefactors and readers a full share of God's blessings, temporal and spiritual, in this New Year of Our Lord.

TALKING of blessings, how often do we hear of now-a-day Catholics inviting their pastor to their newly built houses? The custom should be revived.

THE creation of an Episcopal Archbishop is being agitated in New York. If a visitor to the metropolis should inquire for the Archbishop's residence, he is not apt to be misdirected.

SOME amiable Christian ladies have graciously presented a copy of the Holy Bible to the Empress of China. If her royal highness was asked if she understood that book she might answer in the words of the Ethiopian to Philip: "How can I unless someone show me?"

"We may sometimes fall on the way, but this serves to increase our humility, which assists us to recover, and to watch more strictly over ourselves for the future."—*Spiritual Combat.*

AT the opening of an annex to an art gallery in New York the Archbishop was invited to invoke a blessing. It was indeed quite proper, too. His Grace represents the Church which has enabled art to be what it is to-day.

AT the requiem services for the dead Czar, lately held in Washington, the chief magistrate stood for an hour holding a wax candle in his hand. If the affair had happened in a "Romish" church how shocked would be the president's co-religionists.

INTEREST in Our Lady's Shrine at Lourdes never lessens. Scolding novelists cannot weaken the loyalty of Catholics to God's Holy Mother. Bishop Keane, of Washington, says an unusually large band of American pilgrims will visit Lourdes in 1895.

THE days have not yet passed by when kings and queens came to lay their offerings at Mary's shrines. The pious Spanish Queen Christina lately sent a rich opal ring to Our Lady's Chapel at Almudeada. May our Blessed Mother never want royal clients in St. Teresa's land!

THE days of Christian martyrs are not passed. The number of saints in God's Church increase daily. As usual the Catholics suffered during the late war in China. According to the reports of the missionaries a large number of Catholics died because they were Catholics.

HEADS of families should not forget that they can gain one hundred days' Indulgence each time they instruct their children, or servants, in Christian doctrine. Children should be told that one hundred days' Indulgence can be gained by those who devote themselves for half-an-hour to their Catechism. These Indulgences were granted by Pope Paul V, on October 6, 1607.

"HABIT is everything," once remarked that famous statesman, Sumner. It is especially true in a Christian life. You can't put on a religious appearance at will on every occasion. You must practice piety at all times and in all places. Don't put it all aside for the half-hour you are to spend in church on Sunday.

It is refreshing to see how effectively the *Union and Times*, of Buffalo, has torn away the mask from that unholy alliance, the A.P.A. In the "exposed" minutes of one of the lodges, one of the members said that A.P.A. literature was too filthy to bring into their own homes. What a true, but humiliating confession!

The last Irish mail brings the news that the Carmelite friars, aided by the generous laity, are making great efforts to complete the new church of the "White Abbey," at Kinsale. The new church is a magnificent piece of Gothic architecture, and is built on the site where the Carmelites founded their first monastery in Ireland, 600 years ago.

PERSONS who have a habit of going to early Masses on Sundays and holy days, in order to avoid sitting out the sermon, deprive themselves of great spiritual advantages. Pope Benedict XIV, on July 31, 1756, granted an Indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines for every time that a person assists at the sermon preached in each parish on Sundays and the more solemn feasts of the year.

A MR. GANDHI, a Hindu scholar, has lately been telling American audiences that the "Christian missions are a failure in India." That is a rather sweeping assertion. If Catholic missions are included, it is not true. Anyone who reads the unadulterated annual reports, given in the "Catholic Missions," knows what effective, albeit quiet, work is being done by zealous missionaries, including the Carmelites in the far East.

A FARMER, named Ladislaus Varga, in Kaschangin, Austria, gave shelter to one Joseph Nowak. At each flash of lightning Varga's wife made the sign of

the cross on herself. Nowak laughed at this, remarking, "it has always been my desire to die by a stroke of lightning." He immediately had his wish fulfilled. He was killed and others in the house were frightened or slightly injured, but Frau Varga escaped unhurt. There is a moral to this.

DEVOTION to Mary strengthens the heart in time of danger. Now we are told that in that awful ride for life through devouring flames at Hinckley, Minn., the engineer and fireman of the seemingly devoured train called upon the Blessed Virgin for aid. That prayer was heard. What a consoling and moving sight to see brave Engineer Root and Fireman McGowan kneeling in the cab of their engine with outstretched hands which held the Holy Rosary and Sacred Scapular! The "Ave Maria" has done a good service to faint-hearted Catholics by bringing this episode to light.

THE history of Brook farm and other Utopian schemes is to be repeated. A model community is to sprout up at Santa Rosa, in California. It will, as usual, die a natural death. Humanity ever yearns after the ideal and the perfect. The nearest approach to it can be found in the religious life as practised under the auspices of the Catholic Church. The rules and constitutions of religious orders are about as near to perfection as we can expect to reach. Herein the wisdom shown in the governing and working of communities, although as old as Christianity, would be new to those would-be social reformers, who grope around in the dark for new systems.

A GENTLEMAN, who is not a Catholic, wrote to the *New York Sun*, complaining of the present way of naming new vessels. He thinks to "christen" a ship is a meaningless affair, a hodge-podge of Christianity and paganism. Referring to the last christening of the new boat, "St. Louis," the writer referred to says:—"There is as much sense in saying 'I Christen thee Saint Louis' as if the wife of the president had said 'I unite thee St. Louis to the Delaware river and declare thee man and wife.'" Let us have a clergyman for such occasions—are we not a

Christian people? In Catholic countries it is a custom for a priest to bless every new boat. There is a formula for such a blessing in the Roman ritual. Although Columbus was a few centuries behind this great age he was too enlightened to have his boats dedicated by a smishing of wine bottles. His ships were put under the protection of the Saints and the Queen of Saints, not Bacchus or Neptune.

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The sudden death of Sir John Thompson, the Premier of Canada, at Windsor Castle, England, is felt as a great loss by all Canadians, irrespective of party or creed. His honest and upright character was recognized by his political opponents, as well as by his partisans. His great gifts of mind, his thorough knowledge of law, and his high political principles were the pride and safeguard of Canada. It is an almost irreparable loss. He was a devout son of the Catholic Church and a living proof, both in his private and public life, of the fact that true Catholicity fosters noble manhood, incorruptible patriotism, and eminent statesmanship.

**

DEMETRIUS, the goldsmith, was not pleased to see St. Paul preaching Christianity. He was afraid his craft would suffer, and that people would abandon the temple of Diana. History repeats itself. It is not long since that one of the Paulist fathers gave missions to now Catholics in Michigan. Previous to that everything there went serenely. Now there is a danger of the Protestant temples being abandoned and the preachers injured "in their craft." So the jealous Apatists have been inspired from below to wipe out papacy by putting a tax on church property and other mean things, which Demetrius would not stoop to do. Great is Diana of the Amoreans!

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The high altar in the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe (near the City of Mexico) was dedicated on the 12th of December last, 1891, over the altar a magnificent canopy had been erected. The pillars supporting the canopy are each of a solid block of Scotch marble highly polished, and weighing seven tons. The diameter of each pillar is three feet and the height

twenty feet. There is also a solid silver altar-railing weighing twenty-six tons. Many generous donations find their way to Our Lady's Shrine from Mary's many clients. It will yet take about a year to complete the Guadalupean Church, which, when finished, will be one of the most notable edifices on the continent.

**

Our Holy Father has written a letter to the American bishops on the subject of Peter's pence. He says that he does not need to urge the American faithful to this practice, as they have given proof sufficient in the past of their generosity towards the Holy See. But to facilitate the transmission of the Peter's pence and, if possible, to increase the amounts collected in the various dioceses, he orders that the Peter's pence shall henceforth be forwarded to the Apostolic delegate, Mgr. Satolli, residing in Washington. We have no doubt that this new arrangement will serve to increase the collections for the support of the Holy See, and the many institutions depending on it.

**

"Your handsome uniform should remind you of your high calling. You have the honor of serving under my own eyes." Those words, doubtless, inspired enthusiasm in the soldier-breasts of the few men whom the German Emperor addressed last month; but how far above this earthly calling is the vocation of the child of Mary. We are soldiers too. But we fight for a nobler cause—not for a bit of martial glory—but for God and His Mother. We fight under Mary's eyes and her banner cheers us on to victory. We are proud of Mary's livery, feel secure in the double garment of our heavenly princess, and care more for those two little precious pieces of brown wool—the Scapular—than all the glare of gold and scarlet.

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On October the 29th last the foundation stone of St. Peter's New National schools, Whitefriars street, Dublin, Ireland, was blessed and laid by His Grace Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin. The ceremonies were fully described in the *Freeman's Journal*. A detailed account is also given in the same paper of the proceedings at a meeting held immediately after the ceremony, at which

His Grace presided. We would have gladly given our readers the full report of His Grace's speech, full of praise of the good Carmelite fathers of Dublin and replete with good sense and Irish humor—but we cannot make room for it. At the collection taken up during the meeting His Grace subscribed £400 towards the good work, undertaken by the Carmelites, at a total cost of £8,800, about \$44,000.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Occasions of Holy Mass Explained, by Rev. F. S. Schoupe, S.J., the third revised edition of this useful little book, translated by Rev. Father O'Hare, of St. Anthony's Church, Brooklyn, has just been published by Fr. Parrot & Co., New York. The furniture of the altar and parts of the mass are illustrated. We are glad that this third edition has been called for, and hope that many another will follow it. Our average Catholics know that the mass is the most august sacrifice, and their devotion is satisfied, but about the beautiful symbolical meanings of the vestments and ceremonies, and the strong convincing reasons underlying them, they know almost as little as the bewildered Protestant. No wonder that so many of our younger Catholics are so indifferent about this most august act of worship. If they knew all that this book teaches they could not be so cold about it. It would be a great blessing if this book could be made a school-book to supplement the ordinary Catechism. If this is not practicable, parents should, at least, give copies of it to their children, and insist on their reading it. A Catholic who hears mass intelligently in his early youth, will not lose his taste for God and God's worship as readily as one whose taste was never cultivated in that direction.

Meditations for all the Days of the Year by Rev. M. Honon, S.S., is a work published by Benziger Bros., New York. It is in five volumes, cloth, gilt top, and sells at the reasonable price of \$5.00. Each volume has a steelplate frontispiece and contains over 400 pages. This admirable work is extremely popular in France, where over 92,000 copies have been sold. Mrs. Anne R. Bennett

(nee Gladstone) has translated it into very good English, and it is this translation which is now offered to English-speaking Catholics. The meditations are adapted to all classes. They are not only suitable for priests and religious, but they are especially useful for the laity. Each volume begins with morning and evening prayers, so that no other book is required for morning or evening devotions. Besides, the volumes are so handy in size, that they can be conveniently carried in the pocket. We are confident that this work will have an immense sale. Every day the number of our educated Catholics is increasing, and all these, from their college and convent training, know the value of meditations. Here they have the very thing they need. We had never seen any books of meditation, which were not more or less written with a view to their use by clergymen or religious communities. All the more do we hail the appearance of these meditations for people in the world, whose souls are so much in need of that spiritual food, which can only be found in meditating upon the laws of God.

Characteristics of True Devotion is the name of another dainty volume, bound in cloth, gilt top, sold for the small sum of 75 cents, by the same publishing firm. This book was written by Father Grou, S.J., about a century ago, and went through forty editions in France. It was translated by four different persons into English, and is now edited by Rev. Samuel H. Frisbee, S.J., in a fifth translation better than any of the preceding ones. For, although the editor says that he follows Father Clinton's translation, there is so much difference between the two, that it amounts virtually to a new translation. Nor are we sorry, for by this means we have now in excellent English, one of the most masterly treatises on a subject, that requires careful and delicate handling. Only a master in spiritual doctrine, an adept in spiritual life, and a most prudent and experienced director of souls could have written these profound pages. Profound, and yet so simple and plain, that any ordinary mind can follow him. The treatise is short, but it is written in a terse style, which suggests as much as it expresses. We consider it a far more useful book than even that

charming "Introduction to a Devout Life by St. Francis of Sales."

Explanations of the Gospel and of Catholic Worship (New York, Benziger Bros.), is a brief treatise for the various Sundays and holidays throughout the year, from the Italian of Angelo Cagnola, by Rev. L. A. Lambert, L.L.D., the author of the famous "Notes on Ingersoll," which has had such widespread circulation, not alone in America, but Europe. To which is added an explanation of Catholic worship from the German, by the Rev. Richard Brennan, L.L.D. There are thirty-two page illustrations. The explanations follow the gospels in catechetical form. The book is bound in limp cloth. It is thoroughly instructive for the laity.

The Means of Grace (same publishers), is a voluminous work, completely explanatory of the seven sacraments, with comprehensive discourses on prayer, especially the Our Father and Hail Mary, adapted from the German by the Rev. Richard Brennan, L.L.D., late pastor of the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York. The first attraction on opening the work is a very rich chroma frontispiece, representing Our Blessed Lord in the act of blessing bread. This picture is copyrighted, and with the exception of a rather hectic flush on the countenance, is well executed. The work bears the *imprimatur* of Michael Augustine, Archbishop of New York, and in the original has the approbations from one cardinal, two archbishops and twenty-three bishops. The introduction treats of the end of man, then follow instructions and reflections upon the grace of God in general, actual grace, and the grace of justification. The seven sacraments are well and clearly explained both in general and particular; whilst prayer, especially the Our Father and Hail Mary, is lucidly explained, each particular sentence of those beautiful petitions being enriched by copious notes and instances of the efficacy of prayer from the lives of the early fathers and saints. At page 126, the passages having reference to the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament in their moments before the tabernacle are exceedingly interesting. Throughout, the work is well and liberally illustrated, fully one half being

of the continental border design cuts. The paper and printing are excellent and the whole work is bound in heavy green bevelled boards, with richly designed cover, blocked in gold. Altogether it is a superb volume, admirably adapted for presentation, and should command a ready sale.

Little Lives of the Saints, (same publishers), is a book well calculated to please those little people, for whom it is chiefly intended. The lives are arranged for every day in the year, and the examples of the many virtues set before the mind of the juvenile readers must undoubtedly make a lasting impression even upon adults. The oft repeated phrase that "a book must not be judged by its cover," does not hold good in regard to this edition; for not alone is it beautifully bound in red cloth, blocked in black and gold, with chaste designs thereon, but it is also illustrated in good style throughout. No better birthday souvenir or holiday present of its kind could be purchased.

HEAVEN'S QUEEN.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY HENRY COVER.

THE Mother-maid of Bethlehem
Was pure and spotless as a gem;
Her heart was full of peace and love,
As meek and gentle as a dove,
Hail Mary, Heaven's Queen!

No jewel in the mine so rare,
No lily in the field so fair,
No planet gleaming in the night,
No star in yonder sky so bright,
As Mary, Heaven's Queen.

THOSE who voluntarily commit sin show a contempt for life eternal, since they thus willingly risk the loss of their soul.—ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.

THE joys of the world cost much, and yield no profit, and the more a man partakes of them the emptier he becomes; he seeks enjoyment, and finds nothing but sadness.—ST. CATHERINE OF SIENNA.

IN the service of God the higher one rises the higher grow his aspirations; and the more one knows of the greatness of God the more he despises the things of the world.—ST. JOSEPH OF Cupertino.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

"Some time ago, you incidentally mentioned to me, Mick, that the people in demanding free coinage of silver, or at least an increased coinage, slapped their own face, but could not be convinced of that fact. Now, after thinking the matter over, and reading up the question, I must confess that I also belong to those who believe that the more money a man has got, the better he is off in the goods of this world, and I cannot see how any man can successfully contradict this principle."

"Please, Sam, tell me what you mean by money."

"Any kind of money, of course, gold, silver or greenbacks."

"This is no answer to my question, which referred to money in itself, without regard to the shape in which it presents itself."

"Oh, in this sense, money is merely a medium of exchange."

"Very well, what do you exchange for it?"

"Of course, the commodities of life, property, food, clothing, comfort and the like."

"Now, will you get the same amount of commodities for the same face value of money, no matter whether you pay in gold, or silver or greenbacks?"

"Certainly. You will never be asked in making a purchase, in what kind of money you intend to pay, and the price of the article remains the same, too."

"This is true, if you buy at home, but is it likewise true, when you buy abroad?"

"I never heard of a distinction being made. If I buy \$100 worth of goods in England, I owe \$100, and cancel my indebtedness by paying that amount in any kind of legal tender."

"True enough, as far as the figure mentioned goes. But there is a point that ought to make you wary, if you considered it properly. All the countries of Europe are mono-metallist, whilst we are bi-metallist. Don't you think that there is some reason for this, and that it will one way or the other reflect on us?"

"Yes, I know, Europe discarded silver. But President Andrews, of Brown University, says: 'The ostracism of silver began in ignorance, not at all in that circumspection and deliberation which must have marked it, had it been a true instance of economic evolution, like the discarding of stage-coaches or the abolition of slavery.'"

"Be it so. It will not change the fact, that Europe counts by a gold standard, whilst we try the impossibility of running business on a double standard."

"Why an impossibility? What have we got to do with Europe? Is not our country large and wealthy enough to have its own standard of coin, without following in the wake of Europe?"

"Allow me to tell you that this reply is a piece of American conceit. What have we got to do with Europe, you ask. Our very existence depends on Europe, I tell you."

"Now, now, don't say too much. Is there anything necessary for man that this country does not produce? And are we not in this way perfectly self-supporting? Can we not consequently do without Europe? I am very much afraid the conceit is on your side, not ours."

"Well, Sam, if our country could preserve an even balance between supply and demand, your argument would hold good. But it does not. In some articles our supply greatly exceeds the home demands; hence we are bound to export, whilst in other articles we are compelled to import from abroad, since our demand is larger than our own supply. Therefore we need Europe."

"Good enough, but Europe needs us likewise. Where would it be without our breadstuffs, our cotton, etc.?"

"Let us take it for granted that Europe really could not get its supplies any where else, and would be bound to buy from us and sell to us. This will just bring us to the point, The more we sell there or buy from there, the more we lose on account of our silver coinage."

"This statement is simply paradoxical. The more we have to sell, the richer we get."

"Not at all, if the standard of money is a different one, as I shall prove to you. When Europe had yet its double standard, the ratio between gold and silver was there 1 to 15, whilst in America it was 1 to 16, that is

to say, 1 pound of gold equalled in market value 15 or 16 pounds of silver. But, as the market value of gold remained pretty stationary, the value of silver fluctuated very much, and hence the face value and bullion value of silver coins hardly ever agreed. This consideration induced the European powers to abandon the silver standard altogether, whilst we, through the scheming of owners of silver mines and their henchmen, continued it, and even compelled our government to buy large quantities of silver above their market value. As no one wanted to be burdened with such heavy coin, the government kept the bullion in its vaults and issued silver certificates, redeemable nominally in silver, but really in gold, as there was no other means of upholding the credit of the country."

"Well, and by doing so we upheld the credit, and who is the worse for it?"

"Have a little patience, Sam. I am not through. In consequence of the action of Europe, silver, at all times unsteady, was depreciated more and more. Our silver dollars were worth in 1890 eighty-seven cents, in 1892 sixty-seven, 1893 sixty, 1894 less than 50 cents, that is, one half of their face value."

"Supposing so, it makes no difference as long as it is legal tender, because it remains convertible into gold."

"Yes, amongst ourselves. Then it is the general government that loses the millions and imperils its credit. But in international transactions the blow strikes home directly to the individual. For instance, you buy a \$100 worth of goods in Europe. There, owing to the gold standard, everything is payable in gold or its equivalent. In order to pay that bill you have to buy gold, which at present costs you \$200 in silver. You pay \$200 for goods worth \$100, and, in order to save yourself, you sell these imported goods at twice their nominal cost, since your customers may pay you in silver or equivalent greenbacks. On the other side a European buys from you a \$100 worth of corn and pays you in your own silver. It costs him only \$50 of his gold. He defrays all the expenses of shipment and sells your goods at home at a lower figure than he paid for them, thus underselling you and killing your competition. In other words, our exports bring

us 50 per cent. of their face value, our imports cost us 200 per cent. of their face value. Everything in the markets sells for far more than its comparative value, and our profits are lost. The balance of trade is against us."

"I never thought of it in this light before, Mick, and it is not a pleasant outlook."

"Yet this is not all. We are a nation of debtors. A great many of our boasted improvements were made with European capital; we owe Europe about 7,000 millions of dollars in railroad bonds, mortgages, etc. This capital and the interests thereof are payable in gold. Thus our gold reserve is constantly drained, and the depreciated silver remains at home. What will the consequence be? In a short time our gold will be all gone and we cannot satisfy our obligations to Europe except at a ruinous price. It is this that stagnates business and brings about the hard times. And supposing Europe, distrusting our financial policy, calls back its money, takes these thousands of millions from us in short order, will this not paralyze all business and leave us bankrupts?"

"But what about the seignorage, which intended to equalize the two standards?"

"It could not and would not equalize them. Under seignorage we understand the difference between the cost of a mass of bullion and the face value of the pieces coined from it. At present \$1,000 of bullion would give us 2,000 buzzard dollars. Now, it was proposed by the patrons of free coinage to partly indemnify the government for its losses, by allowing it to retain 20 per cent of the difference. It is an attempt to make the government an accomplice of a swindling scheme, under which the national credit becomes hopelessly involved. Up to date, the financial misrule of congress entailed a direct national loss of some one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and it is hard to say, when and where it will stop."

"So you are against the coining of silver?"

"Absolutely so. The stoppage does not entail any real losses. It only prevents speculators from acquiring millions at the expense of the nation. We will have to give up our conceit, and march hand in hand with Europe."

"But in such a case wages and every

article in the market would get lower, and the common people would find it impossible to live decently."

"Not at all. This is all moonshine, put before the people by cunning rogues. If a man can buy more with \$100 than, than he can now with \$200, a dollar's wages then is worth more than \$2 now. Not the face value of the coin decides the standard of wages, but the purchasing power thereof. It is just this which the people cannot seemingly understand, because they are told that the more money a man gets, the richer he becomes. This would only be true, if the standard and purchasing power of the money remained the same. Otherwise it is a fallacy. During our civil war, the Confederate States paid enormous sums for the commodities of life. Did any one get rich by it? What was the difference between a man who was paid \$100 a day and had to pay \$600 for a pair of boots, and a man working for \$1 a day and buying his boots for \$6? I cannot see any."

"Neither can I."

THE PEOPLE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE catechism has been justly styled the people's philosophy. Jauffray, one of the representatives of infidel philosophy, could not deny it. These are the words he made use of when addressing a numerous audience of the Sorbonne on the resume of Catholic doctrine contained in the catechism: "There is a little book which children are taught and about which they are questioned in church; read this little book, which is the catechism, and you will find therein the solution of all the questions that I have treated, of all without exception. Ask the Christian whence comes the human race, he knows; whither it goes, he knows; how it goes, he knows. Ask this little child why it is here below, what will happen to it after death, he will give you a truly sublime answer which he does not understand, but which is none the less admirable. Ask him how the world has been created, and for what purpose; why God has placed animals and plants thereon: how the earth has been peopled, whether by one family or many; why people speak in divers tongues, why they suffer, why they struggle and how will all this end—he knows the

answer. Origin of the world, the origin of species, questions of race, man's destiny in this life and in the next, man's relations to God, man's duty to his fellow-men, man's rights over creation, he is ignorant of none of these things, and when he grows older he will not hesitate about natural law, or political law, or international law, for all that flows with clearness and is of itself from Christianity. That is what I call a grand religion; I recognize it by this sign that it does not leave unanswered any of the questions that interest humanity."

The Star of the Sea.

Have you sailed on the summer sea,
When the radiant day is done,
And the light in the face of the waters,
Fades with the sinking sun?

Have you looked toward the western sky
And seen (like a glow-worm's ray)
Enter the gleam of a star,
Soft o'er the good ship's way?

It is but a star in the west,
That we know as the Evening Star;
But to pious hearts it serves
As a lamp on an altar far.

And 'tis said of the Portuguese,
That wherever on the deep they be,
They greet with the prayer, "Hail Mary!"
This fair, sweet Star of the Sea.

God chooses those whom the world treats with contempt, because ordinarily this contempt turns man to Him.—*ST. GREGORY.*

We are exhorted to lead a life of austerity during the days of Lent, to make reparation at this holy season for the negligence of other times.—*ST. BENEDICT.*

CHASTITY without charity is a lamp without oil. Take away the oil and the lamp goes out. Take away charity and chastity has no charm.—*ST. BERNARD.*

A FERVENT charity is the powerful battering ram with which we shall beat down those proud walls, those material elements, within which men would confine us.

It is a serious thing to die, it is a more serious thing to live. So as it is a great and glorious thing to die, it is a thing greater and more glorious and god-like to live a resigned, active and blessed, if not happy life.

THOMAS a KEMPIS.

BY F. A. B.

For the Carmelite Review.

IN September last Kempen, the birth-place of Thomas Hamerken, better known as Thomas a Kempis, celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of its existence as a town. The village received all the old-time rights of a town in 1294 through Siegfried von Westerburg, Prince-Archbishop of Cologne, in which diocese Kempen is situated. The chief feature of the celebration lately held was a procession with allegorical floats on which different groups showed the historical happenings in the little town and represented the chief celebrities of the place. The festivities were closed by a grand display of fireworks in the evening. A souvenir album containing the biographies of thirteen famous writers whose birthplace was Kempen was also gotten up for the occasion. Of these writers the foremost of Kempen's great sons was Thomas Hamerken, known throughout Christendom as the author of the "Imitation of Christ."

Very few Catholics can be found who have not read or heard of the "Imitation," still the life of the author is but little known. Thomas Hamerken of Kempen was born in the year 1380. He was educated under celebrated masters at Deventer. He entered the Augustinian Order at Agnesburg in 1407, and was ordained priest in 1423. He led a very holy and retired life and spent many years in the education of youth. He was a prolific writer. His works include sermons, biographies, moral essays, etc., but all of these are obscured by the little book which has made him famous and so endeared him to us all. No book outside of the bible has been so widely circulated, nor has any publication been translated into so many languages. There has been some dispute as to the authorship of the "Imitation," but Thomas a Kempis will be always considered the author. Thomas a Kempis died May 1st, 1471, in his ninety-first year.

A strong devotion to the Blessed Virgin was one of the most noticeable things in the life of Thomas a Kempis. He had a pious custom of saluting the Mother of God

with the angel by the words "Ave Maria." Whenever he passed a statue of the Blessed Virgin he always saluted it with a "Hail Mary." By this practice he obtained many favors from Mary. Nevertheless, some companions, with whom he was not sufficiently on his guard, by little and little turned him away from his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He had no longer the same ardor for prayer and holy communion. He was brought back to his old devotion in a miraculous manner. One night in a dream he said he saw Mary, who was pleased to shed a thousand graces on several of his fellow students. He anxiously awaited his turn to receive the same favors, but the Blessed Virgin presenting herself before him said in a stern voice: "What do you expect, you who have ceased to salute me? What has become of those Ave's you used so often to address to me? Go, you ungrateful one, you no longer deserve my protection." Thomas awoke and immediately resumed his accustomed prayers. He long wept over his past tepidity, and shunned, with particular care, the company of those who had no devotion to Mary.

A Common Error.

THE most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be while the world stands; and the sooner the truth is learned the better for everyone. If you doubt the proposition go around among your friends and acquaintances and select those who have the most employment through life. Are they idlers and pleasure seekers or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know they were most wretched who had retired from useful employment to enjoy themselves.

As God sent us into the world with hands and brains to provide for our bodily wants, so He gave us prayer as the grand means by which we may supply all our needs in the spiritual order.—ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

LOVED BY TWO MOTHERS.

For the Carnelite Review.

BY MARY CRILLIA CHOMEL.



IT is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The vesper service has just ended in the pretty village church. With the exception of a few who linger in adoration before the tabernacle, as if loth to leave the Unseen Dweller therein, the worshippers have departed.

The last rays of the sinking sun linger on the softly tinted window, as if their last cross were for the Divine Child depicted therein. And as it sinks lower, lower, wavers, then disappears, a last gleam rests for an instant, like a halo, on the statue of Our Lady.

Many persons are entering the church, among them the worshippers, who but recently quitted the Divine Presence. A young and happy-faced man leads the party. As the threshold is crossed, a reverential manner replaces the air of suppressed excitement that pervades the assemblage.

The venerable priest advances from the sacristy. Many years has he officiated in the little church; it is the pride of his heart. And, though a younger man is there to assist in the more arduous duties of the priestly offices, no ceremony of importance can be conducted without the ministrations of the aged and beloved pastor.

Father Joseph had married the parents but three short years ago, and he alone may make of their first-born a child of God.

Marie Lassere was the prettiest, as well as the sweetest-tempered girl in all the village. And, as on the day of her marriage to Jules Vernon, all the people from far and near hastened to the church to participate in her happiness, so they now came to assist at the baptism of her child.

After the ceremony all would return to the home of the parents, and join with them in the thanksgiving for the treasure confided to them by heaven.

Everybody said Jules and Marie were specially favored in the possession of such a child. And certainly he was an uncommonly handsome little fellow. Nobody could remember to have seen such a re-

markably bright pair of eyes, and such a mass of curly black hair on one so young. So good, too; he seemed actually to smile when the kind father placed the salt on his little tongue. "Oh! the little darling!" whispered the old ladies.

To be sure he was a little older than most children are when they receive baptism; but Marie had said he should be baptized on Our Lady's Feast. "He shall belong to the Blessed Virgin."

"But he might die," objected the old pastor.

"No, the Blessed Mother will take care of him." So she had her own way.

"God bless and keep him," whispered the old priest, as he pressed the father's hand in parting. "God bless him," reiterated friends as they left the church. "God bless him," shouted the children as they scrambled for the candy scattered along the way by the happy god-mother.

"God bless my precious darling," fervently prayed the young mother, as she received her child at the door of her home. Then, turning to an image of Mary Immaculate, she raised her boy towards heaven, and supplicated the Blessed Mother to receive him as her very own. "O Mary, help me to make of him even what you would wish him to be. To you I consecrate his life."

* * * * *

"Mary, I love you," lisped the baby lips before the dawn of reason. "Sweet Mary, good night," whispered the child at the mother's knee each night.

"Good morning, Mother, dear Mother," joyously exclaimed the eager boy each morning as his first awakening glance rested on the image of Mary Immaculate by the side of his little bed.

"I love you, dear Mother;" and the curly head bows reverently as the sweet tones of the Angelus break the stillness of the quiet village.

Why did he love that unseen Mother more than his own darling earthly mother? Why did he constantly murmur endearing words and practice little acts of devotion, the meaning of which was incomprehensible to the uninformed mind? It was enough for him that his mother loved. She it was who taught him. His love for his heavenly Mother was incorporated in his

very being; it was inseparably united to his love for his earthly mother.

"I love you, dear Mother," placing on the altar clusters of fragrant flowers. He is older now, but not too old to throw the same baby kisses to her whom he loves above all things.

"I am so sorry I have been naughty, dear Mother," as he knelt at Mary's altar on the evening of his first confession, "Naughty!" The white-haired priest found not in that pure soul sufficient stain for absolution.

"I told the Blessed Mother how sorry I am for being naughty, mother," slipping his hand into hers on leaving the church, and continuing with a pleading look, "won't she love me just the same as ever?"

"Yes, my darling."

"And does it grieve her so much for any one to offend Jesus?"

"Yes, my child, more than anything else possibly could. Those who love Jesus are assured of the favor of Mary."

"I love Jesus, O so much, and every day I ask Mary to make me love Him more truly. Would He be displeased, mother, because I love His Mother so much?"

"No; He loves best those souls who honor His Mother."

"Good night, dear Mother, I love you more than ever." The last waking thought is of Mary, and in his dreams he receives her caresses.

* * * * *

Friends are again assembled in the village church. This time other boys are with him. He is to receive for the first time the dweller in the tabernacle.

Handsome, manly, in comely dress, yet alike unconscious of admiring glances and the "God bless him," so oft repeated as on that other day. In humble reverence, with a heart aflame with love, he awaits the coming of his King. "Jesus, Mary, I love you," repeated again and again. "O Mary give Him to me; from your hand I expect Him." And the voiceless prayer, as the time for His coming draws near, becomes an intense longing, a consuming love.

For long months he has prepared. He knows his Christian doctrine perfectly. He was easily taught, said priest and teacher. They prepared him for months; his mother began on that Feast of the Immaculate Conception long years ago.

The Scapular is given him: to the foot of Mary's altar he goes. "Sweet Mother, may it be ever my privilege to wear your livery in life, and at the hour of my death I will deliver it to you."

That night five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys, the prayers of the Scapular, were added to the usual devotions. "And mother, not a single day will I omit them."

"Mother," he said, as he bade her good night, "I am glad you called me Joseph. St. Joseph was nearer Our Lady than anybody else on earth, was he not?"

"Yes. To him was given the privilege of guarding her and the Holy Infant."

"I cannot guard her as St. Joseph did; but, perhaps he will obtain for me the grace of true devotion to his holy spouse."

"My child," said the mother, "God has given you a mission as noble as was St. Joseph's. He has implanted in your heart a great love for His Mother, and He imposes on you the obligation of ever so guarding this treasure that it may never be wounded, but that Mary may have the constant devotion of a sinless heart."

"I will try to perform my sacred duty as did St. Joseph. You will pray for me, mother, that I shall never fail."

* * * * *

A few years later, and he is conducting a business of his own. For him school days were but a short period; he was never idle. He studied too hard, so said his teachers.

He is handsome, his manner is winning, genuine is the admiration of his friends. And yet so unspoiled is he, that the parents fear nothing. A brilliant future is predicted for him.

Each evening, at the hour when the last rays of the sun form a halo, he kneels at Mary's altar for the "Good night." "She will protect him," say the father and mother.

* * * * *

A brilliantly lighted apartment, in a distant city. The appointments proclaim a lavish expenditure of wealth. The throng, composed of men, is great. They are faultlessly attired. Diamonds flash, but their light is rivalled by the fire and intense excitement that glow in the eyes of their owners. The low murmur of conversation is incessant. Many of the men are seated

at small tables—green covered tables, and—it is a gambling hall.

Not the resort of the lowly players, but the palace where men of wealth and fashion congregate; where princely fortunes are made and lost—for the stakes are in keeping with the magnificence of the surroundings. No son of toil enters here; he must be content with the common resorts. But for his master the vulgarity of vice must be concealed by the glamour of wealth. The excitement becomes more intense, the voices are raised, the click of the money grows louder.

A handsome young man is seated at one of the tables. His face bears an expression of innocence that ill accords with his occupation. There is something familiar in his face and figure.

Another scene, a village church, a young man kneeling at the altar of Mary. Yes they are the same. The rapt expression that then denoted tender love is now a consuming passion for play.

But how came he here? The client of Mary in the stronghold of her bitterest enemy: the village youth in the haunt of men of wealth. They are there by reason of money, he by a superior knowledge of the game. Men crowd around his chair. Even here his personal magnetism is irresistible.

When did he learn that he possessed that fatal power? One day a companion brought a pack of cards. It was dreary; would Joseph play with him for awhile?

Good naturedly laying aside his book, Joseph permitted himself to be instructed in the intricacies of card-playing, of which he knew nothing, but had always considered an uninteresting pastime.

Astonished at the facility with which he handled the cards, the friend came again. Then he brought others with him. None could win a single game. Still Joseph cared not for his skill, nor did the open admiration of his friends make any impression. He simply played for the pleasure it gave to others.

One day the father proposed that Joseph visit the city. He deserved a little recreation. Not without many misgivings did the mother consent to the proposal. The great city was to her a place of unknown terrors.

"But what harm can come to the boy?" demanded the father, and as she could give

no satisfactory reason for her fear, it was decided that he should go.

"Don't forget 'good morning and good night,'" she whispered when he came for her farewell kiss.

"Never fear, little mother," he answered.

"Every evening until you return to go yourself, I shall kneel in your place at Mary's altar, and say it for you."

"And I will tell my angel to bring my 'good night' while you are there."

The great city was a wonderland to the village youth. Whole days were spent in sight seeing. Sometimes a day in one of the parks, another in the wonderful mazes of the city streets.

Returning to the hotel later than usual one evening, he was attracted by the sounds of music issuing from a brilliantly lighted building. Having no idea of the character of the place, and seeing others enter he followed in their wake. Passing through several hallways and illuminated chambers, he presently found himself in a splendid apartment. Attracted by a group of men surrounding one of the tables he drew near and observed that they were engaged in a game of cards. After watching them for some time, one of the players requested some one to take his place; Joseph took the cards from his hand. The spectators and players smiled pityingly at the country boy, but ere long they were lost in wondering astonishment. Never had they seen one so young play with so much skill.

All night long the play continued, and when at last the dawn broke, Joseph, pale and trembling, arose from the table. His winnings were large. Carelessly thrusting the money in his pocket, he left the place and sought his hotel. Only then did he realize what he had done. Overcome with sorrow, he threw himself on his bed, nor did he rise until near set of sun. Then he made his way to Mary's altar, and with a heart of anguish, he begged for pardon and protection.

Long and earnestly he prayed, for the passion for play was now almost stronger than he. The money was still in his pocket; it was like a weight on his heart. What should he do with it? A voice whispered, "Ask the advice of the priest who has just entered the confessional." No, he would return it to the gambling house,

then he would come again for God's pardon and Mary's "good night."

Leaving the church, he made his way to the brilliant salon, and approached the man surrounded by stacks of gold. He is greeted with smiles. They had expected him. His partners of the night before crowd around him: he is drawn to a table. No, he will not play. They insist, and he hesitates and yields.

Once more it is morning as he makes his exit. This time no repentant thoughts accompany him to his couch. Physically unstrung, his mind in a whirl, he sleeps the sleep of utter exhaustion. But suddenly he starts up; his hand clutches at something—it is a Scapular. He kneels by his bed, and five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys, the prayers of the Scapular, are recited. Then he sleeps again.

Home, parents, friends know him no more. But one idea possesses his mind—the gambling table. Handling large sums of money, it has no value for him except as a means of gratifying his passion. In the gambling hall it is won, there it goes. Among men he is known as generous-hearted. The unfortunate never passes him without help. Outside of the gambling hall he spends his time in solitude. Pleasant to all, he is familiar with none.

The nervous strain is telling on him. His face is pale, his eyes shine with unnatural brightness. At times he trembles as if with palsy, and his now feeble frame is often racked with a painful cough. The mind, too, is less brilliant.

More attenuated he grows, more haggard his face. A wild restlessness in his eyes, "He will not live long; his mind is gone;" says the physician.

His passion for play has abated; the gaming table sees him no more. The once irremediable dress is uncared for. For former associates he has no word. Phantoms trouble his sleep. "Lost, lost," they whisper in his ear until he springs up in agony. An insupportable weight presses his head. Drink, drink to still the pain. And yet the voices of the phantoms whisper insidiously day and night. Those who have admired him personally, but execrated his mode of life, are tender with him, those whose sufferings he has often relieved give him watchful care.

During all this time the Scapular, the livery of Mary, has never left his neck. In his wildest moments he parts not with it. With unflinching regularity, when the poor brain knows not the duty it performs, five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys ascend daily to heaven.

There came to him one day the memory of the village home, the church, his parents, and Mary, his own sweet Mother. How long since he has said "Good night," "O God," he cried, "how have I treated my parents? My mother, lives she still? Does she know the life I have led?"

"O God, O God, I cannot endure the thought of my parents; it drives me wild."

At last he becomes calm. The thought of his Mother in heaven has moved his soul. For hours he prays to her as of old. Once more his happy guardian angel bears aloft his greeting to Mary. Reason has returned; he calls for a priest. It is but a short time, to him it seems hours, until a priest kneels by his bed-side, and his soul is rendered as stainless as it was on that feast of the Immaculate Conception, long years ago, when the white-haired pastor of the village church administered a similar sacrament. The Dweller in the tabernacle comes to him once more, and for the last time.

"Mother, sweet Mother, I am so sorry. Tell Jesus for me. Your livery I bring, Moth—," the lips murmur inarticulately—the heart is stilled.

The look of heavenly peace on the dead face is awe-inspiring. A face as innocent as a child's. One hand clasps something at the neck: it is a frayed piece of brown cloth, a Scapular.

It is the hour when the mother kneels in the village church to send greetings to Mary for her son. When will not a mother's love, the mother on earth, the Mother in heaven, triumph?

OBITUARY.

Our readers are asked to remember prayerfully the souls of the following: Patrick Deloughery and Mrs. James Deloughery; for the soul of Mrs. Madigan; Thomas Murray, lately deceased in Michigan; of Ven. Sr. Elizabeth, I. B. V. M., whose soul took its happy flight to heaven at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont., Nov. 18th; of Mrs. Elizabeth Mittler, who died Nov. 15th, at Buffalo, N. Y.; of Miss Lucy Cosgrove, who died at Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 22nd; for Mrs. Mayberry, of Trenton, Ont., who died Sept. 7th. R. I. P.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Miss Matilda Cummins.



LET us begin the glad New Year
with the roundelay of the
children.—

"Over and over again,
This is the song we sing."

Another year! Its echoes from
the chime of Auld Lang Syne,
"soft, gentle and low," even as
the voice of one's mother. Its coming finds
us up and doing, bright with hope, and full
of generous resolves, our lips frauding the
word sweeter than honey and the honey-
comb, whose utterance blesses the New
Year, Jesus! the joy of angels and men!
Surely 'tis our beginning and our end, the
fulfillment of all our hopes and the com-
pletion of all our joys. No wonder that
St. Bernard found in it such wells of
honeyed sweetness as to make him as it
were inebriated with its essence. Oh! be
it the strength of the coming year with
its hidden scroll of joys and sorrows. May
this Holy Name be burned into our hearts
with the hot iron of a glowing love. May
it be to us, one and all, as a soothing balm
for hearts that grow sick and sore as the
years roll on and the iron of sorrow enters
our soul. Oh! for the heart of a little
child to greet the glad New Year. How
delightful the zest with which the young
enter upon a new era in life—so be it with
us all—for why should the heart grow old?
There's nothing like the faith for keeping
fresh and young the field of the soul. So
let us all quicken our lagging steps—press
onward to the goal, almost in sight for
some of us. Heaven is so near, and its
pathways of earth are *not* all through the
sandy desert, or the treeless plain. So
many suffer their courage to waver and
their buoyancy to die out because of an
overstrained vision which *will* sight the
coming storm, overlooking in their eager-
ness the patches of bright blue in the sky
overhead. Why not deceive one's self into
spreading them out far and wide. Why
not let the delusion be on the side of a

bright unflinching hope. We all begin the
year with new resolutions—not a score of
them. Experience has taught us that 'tis
well to be very chary of those promises
made in the heat of a sunny day. No,
let them be passing few, but oh! let us
write in great round characters: *I will take
heart of hope!* 'Tis the sore pressing need
of our day and our souls. Oh! for a St.
Francis de Sales to come among us who
need him as much as those of Geneva,
whom he saved from the perils of heresy,
low spirits, and disloyal views of God, and
faint reliance on that Providence, devotion
to which we would do well to cultivate.
These are the evils of well-meaning souls.
These are the wounds of which our dear
Lord complained that He received them in
the house of His friends.

"What can I do but trust Thee Lord?
That trust my heart will cheer;
And love must learn to live abashed
Beneath continual fear."

There is no alternative. We are in His
hands—the dear Baby hands that are
stretched out to us now at the beginning of
another year. Why not yield to His infant
wiles so full of a winning love? Surely
there is nothing in the sweet Babe of
Bethlehem to intimidate the faintest heart.
And let us strive to keep Him as the
Infant God, whose eyes speak only low,
whose heart knows only tenderness, who
beckons us to come nigh to His Mother
Mary and ours. Why, near His crib we
may sport with Him in the sweet
familiarities of a childish love. Mary will
give Him to us when our hearts plead for
Him, because they are cold. With Him
comes delicious warmth and sweet rest.
So let us press Him close to our breasts, this
darling of Mary's heart, dear Brother of
our souls. Let the year '95 know no
thought of Him save that of a childish
confidence, an abounding trust, an all
embracing hope. Hope!—Let our every
prayer be for it. Why distrust Him who
fairly yearns to do us good? What a joy it
is to trust those we love, and our hearts
go out to those who confide in us poor,
weak, helpless creatures as we are. What
then shall we say of our dear Lord?
Words are empty things, let our hearts
speak in the one silent strain, "In thee
have I hoped, let me not be confounded
forever." And now before the lamps are
lighted, and we leave this first "Twilight

"Talk" of the New Year, let us say one word of the apostle of confidence in God. The sweet St. Francis de Sales, of whom St. Vincent de Paul said he was the most perfect imitator of Jesus Christ that ever lived. His feast falls on January 29, and so he is a fitting patron for the glad New Year. Listen to him as he gives us a maxim for it:

"We have to deal with a Master who is lavish of His great mercy on all those who invoke it. He will quit us of a debt of ten thousand talents, if we beg it of Him."

Let us take it to our souls and feed on its comfort. The gentle Bishop of Geneva, he who delighted in being called a Savoyard, so great was his simplicity, he will teach us this lesson of eternity. To trust our Lord in all, and for all, and so we will begin in time the eternal years of God, full of peace and sweet security. How could it be otherwise? His will is our sanctification. Let us do it and this year will work miracles. 'Twill make us saints.

PETITIONS.

Mr. L., Taylor's Isle, Md., prays for a conversion; M. T., Detroit, Mich., asks a special favor; I. H. T., Boston, a husband's return to the church; Sr G., Louisville, desires prayers for divers intentions.

Thanks are returned for favors received through Our Lady by D. Z., N. Y. City.

Prayers are asked for a mother that her health may be restored; for brothers that they may reform, attend to their duties and get good situations; for the prosperity of a young man in his profession; for the successful sale of some property and that stolen money may be restored.

The prayers of our readers are also requested for one who is in danger of becoming totally blind.

Our kind readers are requested in their charity to pray for the following intentions: Miss K. A. W.'s special intention; for Mrs. H. F. G., of New York City, to obtain restoration of health; for the brother and his family of Rev. D. L. M., grace of happy death to a young man; conversion of the lukewarm of a certain parish; for conversion to true faith of Mrs. J. C. W.; also for another conversion; for mother of T. F. S., to obtain relief; a religious asks prayers for a relative, who was instantly killed, also for the distressed family; Mrs. J. L. asks prayers that her eye may be restored, also asks prayers for her son, Jno. J. L.; for the aversion of hog cholera, which threatens to destroy means of living of benefactors in the West; Mrs. P. C. asks prayers to obtain a cure from eczema; a mother and wife asks prayers for her husband's conversion to his

religious and family duties, and that he may give up drink; prayers are asked for two persons to obtain work, for a mother's health, that a member may quit drinking, that another may go to his duty, and that a young lady may gain health in Colorado; for Mrs. J. Mc., to obtain relief in suffering; M. E., Pittsburg, Pa., asks prayers to be cured from nervousness, also that the members of the family may obtain steady work; for recovery of a mother and four children; Mrs. M. W. asks that her husband may be restored to her; Miss F. W. asks for grace of a cure or a happy death; three conversions; a temporal favor; R. N. asks prayers for a friend who has not yet made first Communion, for a situation for her brother and for particular intentions.

Letters of Thanksgiving.

"I wish to have thanks returned for a singular favor obtained through the Scapular of our Blessed Lady. Not long ago the straw stack near my cousin's barn burned down; it was almost as large as the barn and as near it that it was, as many remarked, 'a miracle that the barn did not burn down with it.' I threw a Scapular into the water used to quench the fire, and soon after the wind turned from the barn, and the barn was saved.

"Miss M. SCH., Wis."

PRAYERS of thanksgiving are asked in honor of Blessed Gerard Majella, C. S. S. R., for eyesight preserved.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

We gratefully acknowledge cancelled postage stamps received from R. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss A. M. N., Lisbon, N. D.; Miss E. M. O'B., Manchester, N. H.; Miss K. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Ven. Srs. St. M., Waco, Tex.; Miss M. B. McD., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; B. S.; M. S., Montreal, P. Que.; Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.; Miss L. J., Ellaton, Ont.; M. W., Beechwood, Ont.; Miss S. M. F., Clarksburg, Ont.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Mrs. H. G. D., Latrobe, Pa.; Ven. Sr. M. B. McE., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss E. D., Antrim, Pa.; K. McD.; Miss N. H., Lyndon Station, Wis.; Miss K. C., South Framingham, Mass.; M. McC., Stratford, Ont.; D. M., London, Ont.; M. M., Port Credit, Ont.; J. P. S., New York City; Mrs. F. T., Araprior, Ont.; Ven. Sr. M. B., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss N. J. M., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss T. W., Centreville, Ont.; Miss R., Galveston, Tex.; J. S., Findlay, Ohio; D. McS., Canton, Mass.

We also acknowledge, gratefully, having received other favors from Ven. Sr. M. B. McE., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss M. D., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss T. W., Centreville, Ont.