



LA VIERGE AUX CANDÉLABRES



## A CHILD'S DREAM.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

## I.



WILT thou lead me, holy angel,  
 To that mournful land of shade,  
 Where dear holy souls are waiting,  
 For the day the Lord has made?"  
 Oft her young heart softly murmured  
 To God's angel pure and bright,  
 And, at last, he gently led her  
 Through deep silence of the night.

## II.

Like a vast, mysterious temple  
 Seemed it to her wondering eyes;  
 In its dimness knelt the mourners,  
 And the air was full of sighs.  
 All were robed in sombre mantles  
 Like the shades of twilight grey,  
 Then appeared a sacred altar  
 Lighted as by golden ray.

## III.

And a minister of Jesus  
 Offering up the host of praise,  
 Impetrating His sweet mercy,  
 Shone before her dreaming gaze.  
 There, amidst those spectre forms,  
 Silent, as if wrapt in prayer,  
 Knelt the child,—but still she marvelled,  
 Seeing flames appeared not there.

## IV.

Swiftly they unclasped their mantles  
 And their arms now outspread,  
 Underneath was fire raging,  
 O, those holy, suffering dead!

## THE CARMELITE REVIEW;

Then like clouds that darkly gather  
 Close were drawn the folds again;  
 Low their heads were bent in silence,  
 But she heard no moan of pain.

## V.

Who are there in robes of whiteness  
 Gliding through that mournful throng?  
 Surely to some brighter region  
 Of God's bliss they must belong?  
 There are holy guardian angels  
 From His fair land far away,  
 Come to lead some happy spirits  
 To a glad unclouded day.

## VI.

With a wand they gently touch them,  
 Joyfully she sees them rise,  
 In through white clouds swift ascending  
 Upward to the azure skies;  
 And poor captives still remaining  
 In the purgatorial fire,  
 Ah! with arms wide extended,  
 See, they gaze in sad desire.

## VII.

Seem they not, in piteous accents,  
 Sighing, "Miseremini!"  
 "O, ye loved ones, now so blissful,  
 Let us not forgotten be.  
*There* all weary ones are restful,  
*There* the sad are full of joy,  
*There* is peace and light unfading,  
*There* sweet love without alloy!"

## DEDICATION—TO THE DREAMER.

Thou hast passed the mystic portals  
 Seen in dreamland when a child;  
 Thou hast heard a blissful sentence  
 From our loving Saviour mild.  
 Art thou still in patient longing  
 For eternal peaceful rest?  
 Or, 'midst white-robed virgins singing  
 To the Lamb with gladness blest?  
 Ah! we know not,—God has folded  
 Round thy soul the veils of love,  
 But soft whispers in our prayer-ti-  
 Seem to breathe thou art above.

## LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

### JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

#### CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.

FATHER LAMBERT'S "NOTES ON INGERSOLL."



FATHER LAMBERT'S "Notes on Ingersoll," published by the Catholic Union Publishing Co., Buffalo, is a volume which ought to be widely circulated. With great tact, Father Lambert has united the two qualities necessary in a book of this

kind—of answering a fool according to his folly and of not answering him according to his folly. Ingersoll will never be wiser in his own conceit from what Father Lambert says, and Father Lambert does not put himself on a level with foolishness.

"Father Lambert's wit and humor are more trenchant and fresher than Mr. Ingersoll's old newspaper jocosity. The secular press has widely disseminated Mr. Ingersoll's good-humored and superficial atheism; Father Lambert has entered the field to neutralize the effect of atheism made popular through the medium of the joke. It is a 'smarter' pamphlet than Ingersoll's. This quality ought to be enough to recommend it to that large class of enervated people who like spiciness even in their 'theological views.' Father Lambert has turned all the Ingersollian weapons against Ingersoll."

#### "REFORMATION AND CULTURE."

"Luther in the attitude of an apostle of culture, Luther heading the Reformation against a mob of ignorant priests, Luther establishing colleges, spreading the bible and letting loose a flood of knowledge, is a familiar figure in English literature; and to-day we find many intelligent people believing that knowledge flew in and ignorance out with the Reformation. But Erasmus, the correspondent of Sir Thomas More, the student who played fast and

loose with the new 'theology,' and who is claimed by the reformers, declared that 'wherever Lutheranism reigns, there learning perishes.' Writing of a man of learning, but of little principle, Mutian, a writer in the *Westminster Review* for April says: 'Like Erasmus, he saw that the Reformation would destroy all true freedom of thought.' It did destroy all true freedom of thought; it taught men to impugn the known truth and left their minds in a narrow channel of error.

"The state of affairs immediately following the Reformation may be gathered from the lamentations of the heads of the German universities. Melancthon, the Reformer, is compelled to regret the decline of study at Wittenburg. Licentiousness and all species of viciousness reigned in the universities. Not long before the outbreak of violence against authority called the Reformation, 6,000 students were at Leipzig; in the following fourteen years, there were not 2,000. At Fribourg a famous teacher lectured in 1523 to six French hearers. The 7,000 students at the university of Vienna dwindled to a 'few dozen.' In 1528 Heidelberg was a desert. Erfurt lacked everything that had made it a home of learning. Erasmus and Mutian suffered from the storm they had helped to raise. The Reformation destroyed their occupation. The Lutheran mob burnt the house of Mutian, Canon of Gotha, who had encouraged the new doctrines, and who was ruined by them.

"The wonderful structure of knowledge which the Church had diligently protected received a hard blow from the Reformation. The current of learning was turned back upon itself in Germany, and so dense were the clouds of ignorance and falsehood that, the silly fable that Luther gave the Bible to the world is still believed by many who fancy that they have fallen heirs to the

treasures of knowledge unearched by the Reformation.

"'Hogs' Luther at one time called his followers. That epithet will describe the condition to which he had reduced the students of Germany. It would be well for eulogists of Luther to say as little as possible about his services to learning."

"A NOBLE PEDIGREE."

"Nearly fourteen hundred years ago St. Patrick died, according to the most reliable accounts, at Sabhull, in the County Down. Trained in the school of St. Martin of Tours, sent forth to teach by St. Celestine, successor of St. Peter, St. Patrick had nothing to fear. In sixty years he conquered Ireland. The Irish, so fiery and rebellious under human conquest, accepted quickly the sweet yoke of Christ. And while others have slipped it off, they have borne it meekly. It is a glorious thought for the humblest Irishman's son to remember his great ancestry on this feast. The shamrock, which, tradition says, was used by St. Patrick to teach the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, is the symbol of higher nobility—of a nobler genealogy than the strawberry leaves of the ducal Howards or the three plumes of the Prince of Wales.

"From father to son, for fourteen hundred years the ancestors of the Irish of to-day have kept the faith. Through persecution, through famine, in exile, in fever, in thirst, through temptations, at the expense of all that men hold dear, they have held to the shamrock of St. Patrick and kept it alive in their tears and their heart's blood. The aristocracy that dates from the battle of Hastings, from the crusades, from—since this aristocracy is much haunted—the Mayflower, from colonial times is, according to its degree, very trifling before the glorious pedigree that began when in the fourth century of the Christian world the waters of baptism were poured on the ancestors of him who to-day praises Ireland's patron saint. Nearly a whole nation can point to an unbroken line of Christian ancestors and confessors of the faith. To apostatize meant temporal advantages to any Irishman who would do so. To deny the faith brought by St. Patrick from Pope Celestine, would save the apostate from famine and his children from fever.

"How few were the apostates! Every Catholic Irishman is the son of a martyr. There is no blot on his escutcheon, no bar sinister. Emperors and kings have compromised, and denied St. Peter as St. Peter, denied Christ. But the sons of St. Patrick have always been true to St. Peter. Americans of Irish blood must not forget the shamrock, if they would have their children be worthy of their ancestors. It has been misused by demagogues and dragged in the dust. It has been sneered at by the 'Americanized,' and scorned by those who are ignorant of its glories. It must take root afresh on American soil and flourish through all coming years. The children of Irishmen may become less Irish if they will, but never less Christian if they would retain this most high, yet most humble symbol, of the noblest nobility on earth."

THE CONSISTENCY OF "SCIENCE."

"It is the opinion of a correspondent that Catholic journals are behind the times in not giving a large space to the deductions of modern science. 'Science,' he says, 'in spite of the complaints of the retrogressive, is as infallible as any natural thing can be. It is founded on facts and its consistency makes it powerful, and until its arguments are met in the Catholic press, young men of education will prefer to take sides with Darwin and Huxley against the Catechism,' etc.

"Young men do many foolish things, especially young men cursed with the 'little learning' which the public schools and newspapers furnish.

"It is the habit of Catholic young men of this thin culture to believe everything said against the Church. A dry rot kills all the manliness in them. Catholics are always wrong. That is understood by these 'scholars' who talk glibly of books which they have read through newspaper reviews. We are not aware that there is any contradiction of Darwin or Huxley by the Catechism so long as Darwin or Huxley does not attempt to invade spheres beyond the reach of the microscope or the dissecting knife—so long as he who makes a boast of relying on the evidences of his senses does not say that what he cannot see does not exist.

"Faith is not founded on the evidence of the senses. Science is. How can they

contradict each other? One might as well talk of parallel lines meeting.

"Our freethinkers boast of the exactness of modern science. And many of our young men—Catholics by baptism—are led into indifference by these brilliant boasts.

"When Prof. Huxley tells us something new about the action of the glaciers, there is no reason why we should not listen with respect; but when he declares that the doctrine of the Resurrection of the soul is untenable because goats eat grass from graves, it is plain that the scientist has got beyond his depth.

"Our correspondent, doubtless a young man of 'culture,' who, he says, 'seldom reads a Catholic paper,' might learn a few things with advantage. Among these that the science he exalts is very exact and contradictory. Darwin and Suatrefages, Haeckel and Virschow might be quoted in support of this assertion. In the book of the Abbe Moigno, '*Les Splendeurs de la Foi*,' there are a hundred instances ready to hand.

"Our public school correspondent has probably never heard of the Abbe Moigno, a scientist who is considered by the high priests of modern science worthy of honors. It is the fashion of these public school sciolists to sneer at names they have never heard. But, at least, our correspondent has heard of the names that Abbe Moigno quotes.

"Figuier and Maury both agree that the agent which produced the first terrestrial formation was fire. Two great names in science, and these two great names give weight to the fire theory. Then comes Dupaigne and Choyer. Water, they say—everything was produced in water. But Agassiz contradicts them all. Ice, he says—the world in the beginning was covered with ice. He even tells us how thick the ice was. And yet a hundred 'cultured' voices tell us that modern science is consistent!

"D'Omalus and Darwin hold firmly to evolution and the gradual perfection of creatures by evolution and natural selection from primal types. D'Orbigny, another scientist, denies this point blank.

"Larousse and Rossi hold that the remains of various beings found are the remains of men and animals that lived contemporaneously. Lyell denies this, and as-

serts that these remains belonged to different epochs and were afterward mixed.

"Tyndall holds that the solidification of the globe began in the centre; Laplace, at the surface.

"Zobrowsky teaches that the glacial epoch lasted 226,000 years; Lyell, 189,000 years; Karenger, 15,000 years; Gastaldi, 1,000 years; De Rosemond that it is not certain that the glacial epoch of the geologists ever existed!

"Lambert declared that geology is a science. Bornemann calls it a mass of theories without foundation.

"The Abbe Moigno multiplies examples. It is for this shapeless mass of hypotheses that the faith of centuries is to be surrendered. It is for this series of contradictions that Hope and Love are declared irreconcilable with common sense. Yet who has reconciled the theories of these exact scientists?

When a young man writes or talks of the "exactness" of science and of the weakness of the Christian religion, the thoughtful observer may at once set him down as very shallow or very superficial, and quote Pope:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE SOURCES OF GRACE, PRACTICALLY RECOGNIZED BY McMASTER—THE HOLY MASS, THE IMMACULATE MOTHER OF GOD, CHARITY TO THE POOR.

THE FIRST SOURCE OF GRACE—THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

"The most sacred and most powerful prayer which a Catholic can offer to God is certainly the holy Mass; for the holy Mass is not only a prayer but also a sacrifice. 'He who has not a correct idea of the holy sacrifice of the Mass,' says St. Alphonsus, 'shall never be able to assist at Mass in the right manner and spirit.'

"In the holy sacrifice of the Mass it is the Son of God incarnate, Jesus Christ himself, who is at once our High Priest and Victim. And thus, in order to form an adequate idea of the dignity and sanctity of the Mass, it would be necessary for us to be able to form an adequate idea of the Victim that is there offered, of the

sanctity of the High Priest who offers it, and to measure the depth and the height of the mysteries of our Lord's Life, Passion and Death, which are here represented, continued, and renewed. But this is simply an impossibility. In order to compass the idea of the dignity and sanctity of Jesus Christ, our High Priest and Victim at Mass, it would be necessary to comprehend the greatness of his Godhead. But what mind of man or angel can conceive the greatness of the divinity of Jesus Christ, which is indeed infinite? To say that his Godhead is greater than the heavens, than all kings, all saints, all angels, is to fall infinitely below it. Jesus Christ, as God, is greatness itself, and the sum of our conception of greatness is but the smallest atom of the greatness of his Godhead. David, contemplating the divine greatness, and, seeing that he could not and never would be able to comprehend it, could only exclaim, 'O Lord, who is like unto Thee!' (Ps. xxxiv, 10.) O Lord, what greatness shall ever be found like to thine? And how in truth could David understand it, since his understanding was finite and the greatness of Jesus is infinite? 'Great is the Lord, and of His greatness there is no end.' (Ps. cxlv, 3.)

"It is then an utter impossibility for any human or angelic understanding to conceive an adequate idea of the Mass. All we can say is that its dignity and sanctity are infinite. Indeed, in this sacrifice there is nothing to be seen but the Infinite; the Priest is God, and the Victim is God. For this reason, 'All the good works together,' as the saintly Cure of Ars says, 'are not of equal value with the Sacrifice of the Mass, because they are the works of men, and the holy Mass is the work of God. Martyrdom is nothing in comparison; it is the sacrifice that man makes of his life to God; but the holy Mass is the sacrifice that God makes of His Body and Blood for man.' So sublime is this sacrifice that in order to establish it, our Lord Jesus Christ had to die. To redeem the world it was not necessary that he should die. A single drop of His sacred blood, a single tear, a single prayer of His would have sufficed for that purpose; but to leave to His holy religion a fitting sacrifice, a victim pure, undefiled, worthy of God, He had to die, as in the whole Universe not any victim nor High Priest

could be found of equal worth with Himself.

"'Jesus Christ, therefore,' says St. Alphonsus, 'performed no action on earth greater than the celebration of Mass.'

'Mass is, therefore, of all actions, the most holy and divine. *'Necessario fatemur,'* says the Council of Trent, *'nullum aliud opus adeo sanctum ac divinum a Christi fidelibus tractari posse quam hoc tremendum mysterium.'* (Sess. 22.) It is, then, as we have seen, an action the most holy and dear to God, an action which appeases most efficaciously the anger of God against sinners, an action which beats down most effectually the powers of hell, an action which brings to men on earth the greatest benefits, spiritual and temporal, and which affords to the souls in Purgatory the greatest relief; it is, in fine, an action on which the salvation of the world depends. Hence a Catholic when hearing Mass should offer himself to God in union with the spotless Victim on the altar.

"If we had many hearts to give to God, the blessing of creation would claim one, redemption another, the Christian character a third, the heavenly bliss promised you a fourth. Now we have but one heart. Can we refuse to give that one to God? Suppose we were to live for centuries to come, would it be too much to spend all that time in thanksgiving for so many graces? Now we have but one life of short duration. Can we think of dividing it between God and creatures?

"'If I knew,' said St. Francis de Sales, 'that there was a single fibre in my heart, which did not beat for God, I would tear it out at once; and if I thought that my whole heart did not bear the impress of Jesus crucified for me, I would not keep it in my breast for a moment.'

"'Everyone,' says St. Augustine, 'becomes identified with the object of His love. You are that which you love; if you love earth, you are earth; if you love God, —what shall I say— you are God.'

"The love of a Catholic for God must show itself especially by the spirit of self-sacrifice. This spirit of sacrifice is the very essence of Christianity, and Catholics imbibe it at holy Mass, which is a worship of sacrifice, and a worship of sacrifice implies a life of sacrifice. This is strikingly

illustrated in the lives of the martyrs and the saints.

"St. Lawrence was one of the seven deacons of the city of Rome in the third century of the Christian era. As deacon, it was his office to serve the Mass of St. Xistus, who was at that time Pope. When the persecution broke out under the Emperor Valerius, St. Xistus was seized and carried off to martyrdom. As he was on his way, St. Lawrence followed him weeping and saying: 'Father, where are you going without your son? Whither are you going, O holy priest, without your deacon? You were never wont to offer sacrifice (to celebrate Mass) without me, your minister; wherein have I displeased you? Have you found me wanting in my duty? Try me now, and see whether you have made choice of an unfit minister for dispensing the Blood of the Lord.' And St. Xistus replied: 'I do not leave you, my son; but a greater trial and a more glorious victory are reserved for you who are stout and in the vigor of youth. We are spared on account of our weakness and old age. You shall follow me in three days.'

"And, in fact, three days after St. Lawrence was burnt to death, his faith rendering him joyful, even mirthful, in his sufferings.

"In the words of St. Lawrence we see the sentiments with which he was accustomed to attend Mass. As he knelt at the foot of the altar at which the Pope was celebrating, clothed in the beautiful dress of a deacon, his soul was filled with the thoughts of God's greatness and goodness, and together with the offering of the heavenly Victim, he used to offer his fervent desire to do something to honor the divine Majesty; the color sometimes mounting high in his youthful cheek as he thought how joyfully he would yield his own heart's blood as a sacrifice if the occasion should present itself. Martyrdom to him was but a natural completion of Mass. It was the realization of his habitual worship.

"In the early history of the city of St. Augustine in Florida, it is related that a priest who was attacked by a party of Indians, asked permission to say Mass before he died. This was granted him, and the savages waited quietly till the Mass was ended. Then the priest knelt on the

altar steps and received the death-blow from his murderers. With what sentiments must that priest have said Mass! with what devotion! with what reverence! with what self-oblation! So I suppose St. Lawrence, St. Xistus, and the Christians of the olden time were accustomed always to celebrate and hear Mass with the greatest desire to honor God in the most complete spirit of self-sacrifice."

It was in this spirit of sacrifice that our journalist assisted daily, if possible, at the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and he taught his children to hear Mass in the same spirit. It was from the Mass that he drew that wonderful spirit of sacrifice which detached him from this world. "My Lord, Jesus Christ," said he, "sacrifices himself upon the altar, as he did upon the cross to renew for me His Passion and Death. In exchange for His heart He asks for mine. What can I refuse Him?" Here, from the mystic sacrifice, our journalist derived the strength and purpose of offering to God continual sacrifices—*external* as well as *internal* ones—*external* ones such as the sacrifice of himself for the temporal and spiritual welfare of his children; the sacrifice of domestic comforts by allowing his daughters to go and consecrate themselves to the service of God; the sacrifice of many and serious temporal losses which he bore with resignation to the holy will of God; *internal sacrifices*, such as the sacrifice of the evil propensities of fallen nature by self-denial and mortification; the sacrifice of his own will of submission to the dispensations of divine Providence; the sacrifice of his pride by humility; of his resentment by charity; of his anger by meekness. "By such sacrifices," says St. Paul, "God's favor is obtained." (Heb. xiii, 16.) We here give three letters which he wrote to one of his daughters and which confirm what we have said:

NEW YORK, Sept. 11, 1885.

*My dear daughter, Sweet Sister of the Heart of Jesus:*

"As often, I am writing from the Astor House—my office closed. But some little letter you must have to-morrow. Too long delayed. You said most truly for me, as for you in a higher sphere,—some weeks ago—Aug. 22nd: 'Wonderfully God helps us each day. How impossible it would be for us to be separated voluntarily from our



loved ones if He did not.' Yes, darling; I, too, have felt it. On the Sunday after I saw you, for the first time in many years, on a day of obligation—I could not attend Mass. I was in bed all day. But it was not that day I missed my loved ones. I was weak and sick, but Phonse was all kindness, and the Keileys and the Denikers trying to do for me. But recovered next day, so as to be out, and continually recovering. I let my laziness yield to the plea that my body was weak, and I did not go to Mass till Saturday. So, too, I much diminished my prayers. Here it came! so soon as I left off visiting our Lord, and constant prayers—my human affection for my dearest ones grew on me. Not that I wanted them with me, but I wanted to be with them. Loving them, yearning after them, with a merely human affection,—not, as I should, loving them, as I hope to, in the everlasting heavens in our Lord, and for our Lord, who is so much dearer and better than father or mother; or son or daughter. And here my beloved daughter, is where the last phase comes, for round hearts like yours—of 'putting off the old man.' Look at that *old life* you led for years. You were always *sacrificing* yourself for others—less or more worthy of you. Our Lord saw that the dispositions of your heart were too generous to be spent on creatures. So he said: 'Give me that heart!' '*Probe mihi, fili mi, cor tuum.*' 'I want to talk with you about this.'

In another letter he writes:

"And now, take gently, and without being grieved, something I am going to say. You know how sorry I would be to be wealthy, that I would rather be pinched by poverty. But I have the *Freeman's Journal* to keep up and other things I want to do. This has been a year of calamities in most sections of the country. Fields burnt up by drought, tempests, and now earthquakes. To add to it 'strikes' of hundreds of thousands of laborers and mechanics, thereby impoverishing multitudes beyond themselves. Those and other things have fallen heavily on the *Freeman's Journal*, and I ask your good prayers—not for comfort for me—but for succour—that our Lord can send in His own good time to supply resources that are failing. Do not feel badly meantime. God knows what is best, and His Holy Will be done. By the

way does Rev. Mother not want extra copies of the published lists for Mount Carmel? I have any number of them if she wants them.

"POOR PAPA."

About two months later he wrote to the same daughter:

"All the while I have been in bed I have wanted to write to remind you of a letter not two months ago in which I wrote you not to ask especially for prosperity and happiness of this world for me, but rather for *choicer* blessings. As I was writing those words, or their purport, I felt how likely God is to take one that is *sincere* at his word. So, at the moment I fell, while gathering my scattered wits and badly bruised body together, I had the most lively conviction that it was an especial blessing God had granted—if I only was careful to learn all He wanted me to understand by it—and to *act up to it*. Such is still my conviction. I beg you and my dear ones in Carmel to ask this for me, rather than prompt recovery. '*That I may learn the lesson right and act on it.*' What a letter our — wrote me on the 12th. The spirit of wisdom was in it. It was remarkable, very, for its *doctrine*. She had learned it while lying helpless in the torments she had suffered, but her words in that letter brought to me, when I could not hold my thoughts together long enough to say a Hail Mary, light, a guide and great peace during the days of last week in which I was by day as well as night, part of the time a little out of my head. God be blessed. His mercies are over all He does. I cannot and will not try to say in words all the thanks and gratitude I have for Carmel.

"POOR PAPA."

From these letters of McMaster it is evident how much he was detached from everything that was near and dear to him, and that he obtained this spirit of detachment and sacrifice at holy Mass. From these letters it is also evident that when the fire which consumed the holocaust began to smoulder, he knew how to rekindle it at the perpetual sacrifice of the Mass. He returned to the altar where the burning fire of the love of God is kept up. To obtain the spirit of sacrifice and detachment more efficaciously, he used to receive at least once a week, sometimes oftener,

Holy Communion. Many times when at Mass, his eyes shut, tears were seen rolling down his cheeks—tears of sorrow, tears of love, tears of gratitude towards his Divine Shepherd and Master. It was then that our Lord united himself more intimately and more lovingly with his soul, which overflowed with tender and strong love for our Lord Jesus Christ and the Blessed Mother of God. Into empty hearts God pours forth His grace in torrents. To show how liberal God is towards those souls who are detached from all earthly things, St. Vincent de Paul repeatedly related the following of Count Rougemont:

"I knew," he says, "in the Province of Bresse, the Chevalier Rougemont, who, in his duels, had wounded and killed an almost incredible number. After his conversion to a very edifying life, I had the pleasure of visiting him at his own residence; he began to speak to me about his devout exercises and practices of virtue, and, among others, of trying to acquire a complete detachment from creatures. I feel assured," said he to me, "that if I am perfectly detached from creatures I will be most perfectly united to my Lord and God; for this reason I often examine my conscience to see whether I entertain some attachment, either to myself, or to my relatives, friends or neighbors; or to the riches and comforts of life, or to any passion or disorderly desire whatsoever that might prevent me from being perfectly united to God, and resting entirely in Him alone. I begin to pray to God, to enable me to root out at once whatever I notice to be an obstacle to my perfect union with Him."

"I remember," continues St. Vincent de Paul, "a remarkable act of this count, which he himself related to me, and which shows how earnestly he went to work to gain a complete detachment from everything: an act which I can never think of without admiration." "One day," he said to me, "I was riding along on horseback. I stopped to make an offering of myself to God. After this I reflected to find out whether there was still something left to which I might have at least some trivial attachment. After having carefully examined all my occupations, recreations, honors, and even the least affections and inclinations of my heart, I found out that

I entertained still some affection for the sword which I wore at my side. Why do you wear this sword? I said to myself. But what evil has it done you? Leave it where it is! It has rendered you many great services; it has enabled you to save yourself in thousands of dangers. Should you again be attacked without it, surely you would be lost; but should you fall out again with your neighbor, would you have sufficient self-command to leave it where it is, and not offend God again? My God! what must I do? Shall I still love the instrument of my confusion, and of so many sins? Alas! I see my heart is yet attached to this miserable instrument! This said, I alighted from my horse, took a stone, and broke my sword into pieces. After this victory over myself I felt completely detached from everything, caring no more for anything in this world, and feeling most powerfully drawn to love God above all things." "Behold," said St. Vincent, "Behold how happy we should be, and what progress we should make in virtue, if, like this nobleman, we would purify our hearts from all earthly affections. If our hearts were completely detached from all creatures, how soon would our souls be united to God!"

Let us then hear Mass daily if possible, in the spirit of sacrifice and detachment, and this spirit will make our prayers all-powerful; it will prevail upon the Lord to grant all our petitions. "If thou hear the voice of the Lord thy God," (Duet. xxx, 10) or, as Isaiah says, "If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy own will," (lviii, 13) in order to follow mine, I also will listen to thy voice when thou prayest to me. Hence, Cornelius a Lapide says: "If you wish that God should do your will when praying, you must first do what he wishes and commands you. If you wish that he should turn to you, you must go to meet him; if you desire that he should delight in you, you must delight in him." "Delight in the Lord," says the Psalmist, "and he will give thee the requests of thy heart." (Ps. xxvi, 4.)"

THE SECOND SOURCE OF GRACE—HIS LOVE  
FOR AND DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED  
MOTHER OF GOD.

"It is impossible carefully to study the history of Jesus and Mary, as recorded by

the evangelists, without perceiving a uniform law of Providence, uniting them in the great events of their lives, and exhibiting her as a co-operating instrument in the mission of her Divine Son, the redemption of mankind, and as recognized by him in this intimate relation. (See Vol. Greatest Com. p. 644-659.)

"Whoever therefore considers calmly the whole course of the life of the Blessed Virgin and observes its invariable bearing on the great events of her Son's ministry and its uniform connection with it, cannot doubt that her influence and co-operation are designed to last to the end of time. They are extended too far during her life on earth to make any other conclusions probable.

"If Christ had merely been born to her, and reared by her fostering care, and had then left her to accomplish her mission; if the veil had closed upon her history at Nazareth and no further mention of her had been made in His life, there would even then have been cause enough to deem it prob-

able that more had occurred than had been recorded, and that the term of His childhood was not the end of her union and co-operation with Him. But with the additional information about His maturer years given by the evangelists; with the knowledge that he chose to be subject to her till He was thirty years of age; that He allowed Himself, as it were, to be constrained by her intercession to work His first miracle; that he drew her again to His side and disposed events so as to console her in the time of His agony; and finally, with the recollection that the last time she is mentioned in Holy Scripture, it is in the august society of the eleven apostles; it is impossible to think that her share in the work which brought her Divine Son from heaven is at an end, or that the extension of her influence could have any other termination than the conclusion of the vast undertaking whose beginning depended on her consent.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Prayer for the Reunion of Christendom.



By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated February 21, and confirmed by His Holiness, Leo XIII., an Indulgence of 300 days was granted to all who devoutly say the prayers in honor of Our

Lady for the re-union of Christendom. This indulgence may be gained once a day. The prayer is as follows:

"O Immaculate Virgin! Thou who, through a singular privilege of grace, wast preserved free from original sin, look down in pity on our dissenting brethren, who are still thy sons, and call them back to the centre of unity. Though far away, they have retained for thee, O Mother! the most tender devotion. Do thou, in thy generosity, reward them for it by interceding for their conversion. Victorious over the infernal serpent from the first moment

of thy existence, now that the necessity presses more urgently, renew thy ancient triumphs! If our unfortunate brethren remain at this moment cut off from the Common Father, it is the work of the enemy. Do thou unmask his snares, and terrify his legions, in order that those who are separated from us may see, at last, that the attainment of salvation is impossible outside of union with the successor of St. Peter.

"O thou who, in the fulness of thy gifts, didst glorify from the beginning the power of Him who wrought in thee such great and wonderful things, glorify now thy Son by calling back the straying sheep to His only fold, under the guidance of the universal shepherd, who holds His place on earth. And as it was thy glory, O Virgin, to have exterminated all errors from the world, so may it yet be thine to have extinguished schisms and brought back peace to the universe."

# THE SLAVE'S SCAPULAR.

## A TALE OF THE DARK CONTINENT.

### CHAPTER I.



VER the sea, until we reach Africa and penetrate to its interior.

There, in a beautiful region filled with waving palm trees, in the vicinity of a great lake, the Catholic missionaries had fixed their station. The wooden tower of the little church and the high mission cross in the courtyard gave a familiar look to the peaceful spot. A death-like silence usually reigned during the warm hours of the day; the greater number of the missionaries being then employed with their swarthy pupils in cultivating the surrounding fields of rice and maize.

But on the day when our story opens the usual routine seems to be broken.

The courtyard is filled to overflowing with the missionaries, pupils and negroes from the neighboring Christian villages. All are collected round the mission cross and are fervently reciting the rosary. Anguish and terror are depicted on every face.

The cause of this extraordinary commotion is a report brought by some fugitive negroes a few hours before to the Fathers. A gang of Arab slave hunters had burst into the country, murdering, burning and making slaves of all who fell into their hands. What a terrible prospect for the Christian settlement!

For the moment, however, this seems to be a groundless alarm; no slave trader is yet visible. But, as soon as night falls, here and there on the horizon flames mount towards heaven; these are the negroes' huts on fire—the torches of the barbarous Mussulmans.

At early dawn on the following day the vanguard of the caravan appeared, winding up the steep side of a neighboring valley. The dusky white mantles of the Arab guards stood out clearly beside the colored clothing of the chained blacks. Not far from the mission, in the shade of a mag-

nificent group of banana trees, the camp had been pitched.

When this view met the eyes of the missionaries they began to consider would they be in a condition to fight, and thus attempt the release of the slave gang? But, alas! though their hearts yearned to do so—the voice of reason forbade the attempt.

If the brave Fathers had even a handful of well disciplined European troops: if at the very least they had possessed a small supply of good musketry and ammunition, they would have made the attempt without a moment's hesitation. As it was, however, they must not only let the wretches pass by unquestioned, but they must esteem themselves happy if they and their pupils were spared.

Father Benedict, one of the most courageous amongst the missionaries, finally offered to go into the Arab camp and to expostulate with the leader, threatening him with the anger of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who had taken the settlement of Christian negroes under his protection. The offer was accepted and Father Benedict set out on his mission, accompanied by a single attendant.

Osman, the Arab slave captain, received the missionary with withering contempt.

"You and your proteges are safe for the present," he replied with sarcastic laughter. "Content yourself with this assurance, and don't trouble yourself about what goes on outside the mission."

"But there are many of our former pupils and baptized negroes amongst your slaves; release at least these."

"If you pay me well for them, perhaps I may."

The money which belonged to the mission barely sufficed for its wants. Besides, would not buying slaves from the Arab excite their avarice yet more? Ah! why was not this better understood by the civilized world? Why were these robbers of men allowed to go unpunished!

Loud lamentations at this moment of hesitation broke on the ear.

"Father, Father, release us, buy our freedom, you were always so good to us! Continue to be the same now."

Thus entreated the captives, when they learned the offer of the Arab chief.

The missionary turned away, forcing the tears back from his eyes. Consideration of prudence vanished at the sight of heart-rendering misery. One after another of the negro boys and girls passed into the possession of the good Father, and with benevolent pleasure he himself undid the fetters of the poor captives, who were almost beside themselves with joy.

As the missionary prepared to leave the camp with the released captives, on all sides wailing and lamentation broke forth from those remaining. The Father was forced to turn a deaf ear, though his heart yearned to relieve their misery. He had passed the greater number of the slaves, when his soutane was clutched by a poor negress; he tried to free himself, but in vain; she held him fast.

"Stay, Father, stay! Buy but one more, only one!"

At these words she pointed to a youth who stood at a little distance in deep silence. His hands and feet were burdened with yet heavier chains than all the others. His voice had not mingled in their cries for help. Proud and determined courage seemed stamped on his features.

Sorrowful recognition lit up the missionary's countenance.

"Paul, it is you? My brave youth!" he cried, hastening to the boy. "Would to heaven that I could release you!"

"For that you should pay me treble the number of rupees in your possession," remarked the slave-trader maliciously. "I won't sell this article as cheaply as the others! Just look at these shoulders, this back! He can carry a double load of ivory; and besides, I intend to whet my vengeance on this insolent boy. Thus he is worth more to me than all your gold."

Indignation flashed from the eyes of the youth. He suddenly broke the silence.

"Spare your taunts," said he fiercely to the Arab; "were the Father willing to buy me, I would ask him not. 'Yes, Father,' as he turned towards the astonished missionary, 'I can bear a great deal, I am young; leave me to my fate—but, oh, release her. For the love of our Blessed

Mother in heaven I implore it!" and he pointed to the weeping woman.

A noble strife of love then ensued between the poor negress and her son.

The slave-dealer interfered in favor of the former, for the weakly woman was but a burden on him. So the priest was obliged to yield to the entreaty of the magnanimous youth; he spent his last rupee on the release of the mother.

The moment of parting had come. Dizzy with grief the helpless mother flung herself on the neck of her boy—she glued her lips to his—she strained her eyes gazing into his, as though she could transfer his portrait to her mind.

"Enough, poor woman," at last interrupted the priest, "show that you are a Christian. Remember that if you never again see Paul on earth you will meet him in the kingdom of heaven, of which I have so often told you."

But the unhappy mother heard not these words; she had fallen senseless by the side of her son. The agony of parting, the uncertainty of the future, had robbed her for the moment of consciousness.

"Take this, Paul," whispered the missionary to the youth when the slave-trader was not looking, at the same time slipping into his hand a scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. "It is the livery of the Queen of Heaven. In the moment of danger throw it around your neck. Mary is our refuge! You will experience it. And remain constant and true!"

The youth was about to reply, but at a sign from the leader a guard separated him from the priest.

Father Benedict returned to the mission with the ransomed slaves, amongst them Paul's mother. Joy at their deliverance overflowed the hearts of the rescued prisoners. The inhabitants of the Christian settlement were also rejoiced to hear that no evil should befall them.

But one heart was broken—a mother's heart.

## CHAPTER II.

Weeks passed by, during which the slave caravan, to which Paul belonged, gradually approached the coast of East Africa.

Of the bodily sufferings of the slaves during this journey we will not speak. In addition to the ordinary tortures of the gang,

the Christians had to endure others of a more terrible kind. With demoniacal rage and unheard of cruelty, the Arabs sought to force them to accept the religion of Mohammed. Many expired under the lash, with the names of Jesus and Mary on their lips. Other Christian slaves of greater bodily strength survived the martyrdom, but bore on face and body its life-long marks.

Deformed, worn to skeletons, marked with the small-pox which had broken out on the march, the wretched caravan at length reached the coast.

After the horrors of the dark forest, with its sharp, prickly creepers and stinging mosquitoes, the fresh breeze from the blue sea fanned the burning faces of the poor slaves. Ought they to rejoice? Was it to be the end of their sufferings? Alas, no! True, the heavy loads of ivory are removed—but the chains are tightened yet more. A new life, if possible more unendurable than the former, was to be theirs in the future.

An Arab dhow, a kind of sailing vessel, took off the slaves. They were destined for the markets of Arabia, if they could escape the vigilance of the English and German cruisers. For the time being they were huddled together in a corner of the deck; on the first danger of discovery they were to be thrust into the hold.

Silently the wretched captives submitted. When they were brought on board, they saw immense bales of cotton piled on deck. Cotton is an unusual cargo on a slave dhow. What could this mean? Paul, whose mental faculties had not been dulled by his excruciating tortures, asked himself in silence this question, but could find no reply. Soon the reason would be made plain to him.

A fresh breeze swelled the sails. Swift as an arrow the vessel glided over the calm waters. The moonbeams, like molten silver, trembled on the crests of the waves. Numberless stars illumined the heavens with a tropical brilliancy.

Paul looked up. He thought of his mother, he thought of their meeting above, about which the good Father had told them. Oh, if he could only die soon! Not merely to escape bodily sufferings, but to be spared the shame of being brought to market, of being examined and bartered

like a beast. Every breeze which filled the sails brought this doom nearer. Were envy not a sin, he would envy the poor wretch to whom he was chained, for fever would terminate this sufferer's miseries in a few hours.

Paul's hand sought the scapular which was hidden inside of his girdle. Like an electric flash, new courage flowed through his veins; with an effort, but quickly, he succeeded in throwing the scapular round his neck.

Could there be a moment of greater danger than that in which he was tempted to despondency?

In the distance a shot was fired! This was the signal that the slave dhow was perceived by a cruiser. The poor slaves knew this well, and eyes, which the moment before had been dropped in hopeless apathy, suddenly brightened.

Oaths and curses broke from the enraged Arabs. Orders were given in all haste; a double sail was hoisted, and every preparation made that might ensure success.

The chief hurried to his victims.

"Ye dogs," he cried, with a voice of thunder, "you are exulting now because you think that vessel will save you! But harken to me! It will avail you nothing. Should we fail to escape, and should the accursed whites even board us, I command you all to declare that you are here of your own free will. If you disobey me—by Allah, you shall have a punishment till now unheard of! Speak."

A few poor blacks, destitute of the strength given by religion, gave the required promise. But the greater number of Christians stood silent and irresolute. A solitary voice was heard:

"My religion forbids me to lie. I will never do it even to save my life."

"Yes, Paul is right: we trust ourselves to the mercy of our Father in heaven!" cried out other Christians, encouraged by the heroic example of the noble-minded youth.

White foam frothed on the Arab's lips.

"Ha, cursed Christian dogs! dare you answer me so? Then you've sealed your doom. And you first," dragging Paul by the chain towards the hold as he spoke.

A terrible death from suffocation awaited the young convert, but he did not flinch.

The eyes of the enraged Arab fell upon the brown scapular round Paul's neck.

"What is this?" he shouted with fury—then he tore it off and flung it across the ship, where it alighted on a bale of cotton. Paul gave a little cry of grief. But he was soon overpowered by the Arabs—gagged and hurled into the hold.

Over and under him were the other Christians packed. The cargo of cotton was rolled down over them, so as to completely bury the living freight. Now let the Christian cruiser come; the Arabs fear nothing.

The pursuit continued—some shots from the Christian vessel swept the deck and killed several Arabs. The slave-traders, fearing nothing, resolved to let their vessel be searched, and soon the poor slaves buried in the hold heard the noise of strange footsteps passing to and fro.

The steps approach—the hearts of the entombed captives leap for joy. Surely they will soon be free.

Alas! the faint glimmer of hope expires. The Arab chief shows the Christian commander his cargo. The officers and their men, not content with the Arab's prodding of the cotton, probe it deeply with their cutlasses, and turn away without a suspicion that a single human being was in the hold. A few moments more and their footsteps die away in the distance.

But, hark! What is that? Can it be possible that they are returning? Yes—what at first seemed scarcely as reliable as a "Will-o'-the-wisp" is now a reality.

In haste and amid loud "hurrahs!" the bales of cotton are rolled away. Into the dark and stifling hold light and air penetrate; and the cries: "You are free! you are free!" resound like heavenly music in stunned ears. Yet a moment, and many hands loosen the captives' fetters; they

are brought on deck, where the sight of the heavily manacled Arabs removes the faintest doubt of all these marvels!

But how has all this come about? Simply through the agency of Our Lady's scapular.

When the Europeans, deceived by the triumphant Arabs, were about to depart, a European soldier caught sight of Paul's scapular in the moonlight, as it remained stuck to a bale of cotton. A suspicion of the truth flashed across his mind—he whispered his thought to his commander; the latter recalled his orders to leave, and ordered a new search—with what success our readers are aware.

It would be impossible to paint the joy of the poor blacks at their wonderful release. Those who had appeared to be at the gates of death seemed to have a new life infused into them. The night passed amid sounds of rejoicing, in which the Europeans had their full share, happy in the success of their humane undertaking.

The Arabs alone had no part in the general joy. It was now their turn to take their places in the hold, rendered more hideous by their curses and blasphemies. Osman, their chief, met the fate of the cruel unbeliever, for maddened by rage he threw himself into the sea, and was seen no more.

Not many weeks after, Paul arrived, in company of a happy band of liberated slaves, at the mission station where our tale began, and where he was speedily surrounded by the priests and their pupils.

With Father Benedict on one side and his mother on the other, he related the marvelous incidents of his captivity and deliverance, which proved so practically the truth of the missioner's word, "Mary is our Refuge."—*Visitor*.



## THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

V.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



HAVING briefly spoken of the three different branches of Socialism, it remains yet to speak of Christian Socialism, or rather of the measures which the Catholic religion will allow to its votaries to defend their rights and increase their temporal prosperity. For Socialism, in order to be really Christian, must be based upon Christian ethics on both sides. This, however, as we showed heretofore, is a postulate not to be realized outside the Catholic Church, nor in the century of gross materialism. Hence the question can only be, "What may Catholic laborers do in self-defence?"

We spoke sufficiently of the rights of association and of strikes, and explained how far these rights extended and what dangers are to be avoided. International associations are an Utopia, because it is precisely the competition of the several countries that causes the labor troubles, and judging from a nineteenth century standard, laborers of different countries in the same branch of labor are born antagonists, partaking of necessity in the rivalry of their employers. Therefore labor unions ought to confine themselves to their respective country, and if the country be of an extent like the United States it will be well nigh impossible even to comprise the whole country, since the markets, the cost of production and the conditions of life are not identical in all parts of the country, and such identity is indispensable for an united action on the part of the laboring classes.

It is of paramount importance for the employees to select the proper leaders. The men we saw figure as leaders were but too often men who, endowed with "the gift

of the gab," preferred living at the expense of their fellow laborers to earning an honest livelihood by the work of their own hands, and whose interests were many a time not those of their followers, but opposed to them. None can doubt this who follows the history of the convulsions of labor. It is patent. Consequently it would be in our opinion better if the unions elected for their officers men who are sincere and warm friends of the laboring masses, without being of their number. A good deal of mischief could by this be avoided.

In case of difficulties arbitration should be resorted to. But in order to be effective a standing court of arbitrators, composed of a number of men appointed by the employers and elected by the employees, ought to exist. The duty of these arbitrators would be to study the questions of market, of supply and demand, of local conditions and kindred ones, so that they are fully prepared to render a competent judgment, to which both sides pledge themselves to submit. This court might be partially or entirely renewed after a certain period. Live and let live should be the rule of action, and thus many strikes with their subsequent misery might be avoided.

But the principal means of advancing the interest of the laborer we see in *co-operation*. Co-operation finds many enemies among the working men. "What would be the result," asked a leader of the plumbers' association when we spoke to him of this measure, "it would simply mean a multiplication of bosses and capitalists." Just so, but what else can the laborer aspire to but to become a boss and shareholder himself? The working men, especially the young and unmarried ones, should save their wages instead of squandering them foolishly. These savings might by the treasurer of the corporation be placed into savings banks to the credit of the individual depositor, and the joined savings after a few years be employed in



buying coal and ore lands. As the savings increase the mines could be put in operation, factory buildings erected, machinery bought, and thus by and by the works started. The laborers in the work would at the same time be the joint owners of the works, each according to the number of shares he owns, say at \$100 a share. Wages would be paid regularly like in any other factory, and the profits at the end of the year be divided amongst the shareholders, or if the latter consent, be used in enlarging or improving the works. The charter of the union could provide that no shares can ever be held by any but a practical worker of the place, and also the number of shares held by an individual might be limited, thus providing against the concentration in one hand or a few hands.

Possible losses would have to be borne by the shareholders in proportion to their shares.

This plan is feasible if the laborers take care to elect only upright and honest officers. Cases of stubbornness or incompetency could be disposed of by a court of arbitration, and in case of dismissal the workmen on receipt of the equivalent in cash would be bound to give up the shares hitherto held.

At the same time, if a number of Catholic men would form a co-operative corporation for the purpose, they could regulate the work in such a way as not to interfere with their religious duties.

Such co-operative works exist both in America and Europe, and the result is satisfactory. They are able to compete in quality of work and prices, and the people favor them.

Also another kind of co-operation has been successfully tried, especially in France, viz.: The employer considers his property a loan to his laborers, charges interest on the capital invested and divides the net profit among the employees, though the latter are not owners or shareholders. In connection with these works there exist evening schools, hospitals, homes for aged laborers and the like, an irreproachable conduct being the condition of their participation in these blessings. Mutual charity is the shibboleth of the social question.

The troubles arising in the middle ages were easily adjusted, because Christian charity ruled. The religious entanglement led to the disappearance of charity and the troubles have become acute and apparently beyond healing. A return to charity alone will heal them, and when this charity cannot be found among the employers it ought to be revived amongst the employees, and only thus can the tirades of men's inalienable rights, etc., materialize.

Our American workmen have this great advantage over their fellow laborers elsewhere, that lands, etc., can be bought yet at comparatively low prices, so that co-operative works can be started with a capital which would be inadequate in the old world. Also life is cheaper here, and the wages at least as good as in Europe, in many branches of labor considerably higher.

We instanced above only works which in their nature are very large, requiring a large capital and a number of men. But the same plan might be followed in almost every other branch of work, and if these co-operative works are not conspicuous by their size they at least render a certain number of men independent of the large capitalist and allow them to become their own masters.

Such a solution may not be all that could be desired, but it is all that is possible at present and it may form the first step towards decentralization of capital and labor. We fondle the idea of gigantic undertakings, but a healthy man weighing 160 pounds is better off in every way than a man tipping the scales at 350. Besides just as we now have unions of thousands of men, so we might have unions of scores or hundreds of co-operative works, which though not very significant in themselves would be in the aggregate of sufficient momentum to achieve all the laborers could reasonably expect.

With this we dismiss the question. We do not pretend to have solved it. It is hardly ripe for a solution. But by airing the individual views and plans and comparing them the matter becomes clearer and is brought nearer its final and satisfactory solution.

## RANOQUE.

Translated from the French of the Abbe Le Seigneur.

BY DOROTHY.

### CHAP. I.—THE DESERTED CHILD.



UTUMN drew to a close. A veil, calm yet sad, was already drawn over nature, leaves covered the earth, the flowers had disappeared, the light seemed to come through a mist, the sun had lost his strength and heat, streams and rivers flowed idly and heavily. The heart of man also, when he reflected upon the analogy which exists between these scenes of nature and the various phases of human existence, filled with melancholy. Ah! for man also years follow years. They pass and disappear like the seasons, his illusions vanish, his intelligence becomes weakened, all his being grows numb little by little and is paralyzed until the source of life is frozen, then he dies!

This sadness of nature lent an aspect still more imposing to the abrupt summit of the mountain of R—— A solitary and rocky path wound like an enormous serpent around its steep sides, until it joined the highway between Cadiz and Madrid. About two miles from the city of M—— this path enters a narrow gorge, and continuing its windings up the side of the mountain reaches a wild heath covered with brambles and thorny bushes, closed in by a dense forest.

If, on this November evening, a human eye could have penetrated into this narrow gorge in the mountain, one would have seen with suspicion and fear a lamentable group advancing, a man, a woman and a little boy. They walked rapidly. The man was blind; he was a beggar with cruel, repulsive features partially concealed by an old felt hat. He wore a large grey mantle, patched and ragged; one of his sleeves was fastened at the wrist as though to serve

for pocket or purse. Below this strange garment fastened with a belt around the waist might be seen two bare feet nearly black. He carried strung to his shoulder a greasy guitar. With his right hand he leaned upon a knotty stick serving as a crutch, while with his left he clung to the ragged and dirty dress of the woman who led him. The latter seemed as old as the man. Her face, not less repulsive than that of her companion, was deeply marked with smallpox and bore evident traces of vice and misery. Upon her shoulder she carried a large basket which seemed to be filled with old clothes and cooking utensils. She walked like one fatigued and almost in silence. At some distance behind this grotesque couple trotted a little boy about eight years of age, who appeared worn out with fatigue. For clothing this wretched child had but a pair of old trousers supported by a single brace passed crosswise over a torn shirt. He also carried a basket, much too heavy for a child of his age, filled with printed ballads and small wares. In order to keep up with the man and woman, who walked rapidly, he was obliged to run continuously. Panting, bathed in perspiration, his bare feet cut by the stones, he would stop now and then to take breath. At length seeing that his companions would not wait for him nor even slacken their pace, he cried out plaintively:

"Mama! Mama! I can go no farther!"

The woman turned and with a fierce look called out.

"Come along, you little villain! You must!"

The blind man menaced the child with his stick and said to the woman:

"Strangle him, Cachana, and we shall be rid of him!"

They quickened their steps, blaspheming like two demons, while the poor little boy followed them as well as he could.

All at once they stopped and exchanged a few words in a low voice, accompanied by excited gestures. Then leaving the road

they entered upon a narrow, rocky path bordered with bushes and aloe trees.

With renewed effort the little fellow began to run as fast as his legs would carry him, so great was his fear lest he should lose sight of his pitiless guides. Evidently Cachana was familiar with the place, for she advanced with hasty steps, dragging the blind man after her. However, she was obliged to moderate her pace on account of the stones and briars which encumbered the path, and the little boy was better able to keep up.

Reaching the wildest part of the mountain they found themselves before a large cavern between two enormous rocks, which by turn served as a shelter for shepherds and a haunt for gypsies and robbers. The place was surrounded by high hills which permitted only a peep of the sky overhead, now covered with black clouds chased by a violent wind.

On entering the grotto Cachana placed her heavy basket on the ground and began to examine, with a curious earnestness, the interior and exterior of the cave. At the back was an abrupt gorge, at the foot of which flowed a torrent which could only be reached with great difficulty by sliding down a narrow furrow hollowed out in the almost perpendicular rock down the steep sides of the mountain. But the first shades of night which began to fall rendered this examination difficult.

After a few moments Cachana returned with an armful of dry wood which she threw upon the ground and began to make a fire. The man, in the meanwhile, seated himself upon a projecting rock in the interior of the cave and proceeded to light an old pipe, stuffed with bad tobacco, with a tinder which he carried in a leather pouch hanging from his belt.

At this moment the little boy reached the place. Utterly worn out, he let himself fall heavily upon the ground and began to cry. Instantly Cachana seized him by the hair and pulled him up.

"Silence, Ranoque! Not a word! Do you hear!" she cried taking his heavy basket.

But pain caused him to redouble his cries, while the old man gesticulated furiously like one possessed, and Cachana cursing and swearing drew from her basket a

few crusts of dry bread and a cracked water pitcher.

"Here, little good for nothing," she said to him harshly, "take this and go fetch me some water from the stream."

"I won't go," replied the child, and threw himself upon the ground again.

"Ah! you will not go!" she cried with a menacing voice, kicking him. "Get up and go at once, if not!—"

"I won't go, I'm afraid."

"Afraid! Look here, you're not afraid when you don't want to be."

"I can't go, mama. I can't go!" groaned the unfortunate little one, showing his bleeding feet.

"All right! If you can't walk creep on your hands and knees."

"I can't go, mama. I won't go. It's too dark along that path."

"Ranoque, I'll twist your neck," shouted the vixen.

During this violent altercation the old man had been quiet. But when he heard the child repeat in a determined tone "I will not go," he uttered a horrible imprecation and threw his stick at him with such force that it was broken against the opposite wall of the cave. Then he groped towards Ranoque as though he would strike him, but the frightened child rushed outside.

Cachana suddenly turned like a tigress upon the old man, and pushing him violently down upon the stone from which he had risen.

"Leave him alone," she shouted. "I will do as I please with him, but you, you old wretch, touch him if you dare."

Terrified at the scene, the poor little boy took the pitcher and weeping with anger and pain descended with great difficulty the steep path towards the stream at the bottom of the ravine.

When he reached the stream fear had calmed his anger and benumbed his pain. The rocks, crowned with sombre bushes, rising on each side like menacing sentinels, the wild solitude broken now and then by the distant roaring of the wind, the black clouds and dull rumblings of thunder, with now and then a sudden flash of lightning, would have been enough to cast fear upon a stronger heart than that of a child of eight years.

Fear gave him strength. Quickly he

filled the pitcher at the stream, and trembling remounted the steep path. When he reached the narrow platform on the summit a terrible anguish was depicted on his face.

Eagerly his terrified eyes searched all around—the cavern was deserted.

Alas! no one was there, nothing but the awful of dry wood and the blind man's broken crutch.

The child placed the pitcher on the ground, his heart fainted within him, a violent trembling shook his tired limbs, and wild with terror he cried:

"Mama! Mama! Uncle Canijo! where are you?"

No answer.

Poor little deserted one! How describe his despair?

He joined his hands tightly and burst into tears. Then rushing from the cave he filled the air with his repeated cries:

"Mama! Mama! Uncle Canijo!"

He could see nothing, his only answer a distant echo from the solitary mountain.

Beside himself with anguish, he ran here and there without knowing where he ran, until he lost his way and was swallowed up in the forest, always repeating his plaintive cries in the vain hope of getting a reply.

The obscurity of the night enveloped him, the trees and rocks even disappeared in the darkness, and the child continued his rambling course, ever sending into the surrounding echoes his sorrowful cry: "Mama, Mama! Where are you?" Hope gave him courage; in his innocent simplicity he thought to find her he called his mother. It never entered into his mind that this heartless woman could abandon her poor child in this frightful solitude.

Suddenly a sound louder than the wind is heard in the underbrush. Something enormous and black passes through the thicket grunting hoarsely, and the child is thrown roughly upon the rock by a large soft mass. Petrified with fear, the poor little boy kept quiet and dumb, expecting a terrible attack, but the monster passed on. Afraid to move, Ranoque strained his ear to catch the slightest sound, but he heard nothing but the tempest, which sometimes hissed like a serpent through the branches, sometimes roared like a lion in the midst of the rocks, or again lamented plaintively in the large trees like a soul in distress.

## CHAPTER II.

### HAPPY DELIVERANCE.

Dawn discovered Ranoque lying unconscious at the foot of the rock against which a wild boar had thrown him the night before.

When the warm rays of the sun gilded the tops of the mountains the poor child recovered consciousness and tried to rise. After many efforts he succeeded in regaining his feet and gazed around him like one awakening from a sleep peopled with nightmares.

At first he was not conscious of his miserable plight, but little by little he recalled the terrible events of the preceding night and began again to weep, calling out in a feeble voice:

"Mama! Mama! Uncle Canijo! Come back!"

He tried to walk, to run, but his limbs refused to support him and he fell exhausted upon the ground.

Soon the delirium of fever seized upon him, the objects around him seemed to become animated, trees, rocks, bushes, clouds appeared in his troubled eyes to be so many fantastic beings with gigantic arms, whose enormous hands joined as they whirled round and round more rapidly. Madly they circled before him, keeping time with a thousand strange echoes, mingled with which he seemed to distinguish the discordant tones of Canijo's guitar and Cachana's tipsy voice calling him to quicken his steps.

All at once, in the midst of these fantastic sounds, he heard a clear silvery note so distinctly that there was no mistaking it; it was the tinkling of a little bell. At the same moment the head of a white goat appeared over a bush not far from the little boy.

The child stretched out both hands towards the animal with a cry of joy and made a supreme effort to rise. The startled animal fled. Again Ranoque fell unconscious to the ground.

Suddenly the thicket was parted and a shepherd's dog appeared, nose in the air. He stopped astonished before the child, sniffed around two or three times, then raising his head with pricked ears began to bark noisily.

In a few moments an old shepherd pushed through the bushes. Seeing Ran-

oque stretched lifeless upon the ground he gave a cry of surprise. Drawing near he felt the hands and face of the boy, and being assured that he was not dead, he placed his mantle under his head and disappeared behind the trees. In a few moments he returned bearing a cup of

fresh milk. After making the child swallow a few mouthfuls, he wrapped him in a cloak and raised him all unconscious as he was in his arms and bore him away in the direction whence he and his dog had come.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

### XI.

#### OF SIMPLE CHEERFULNESS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



HERE are a number of women in the world who are fond of heroics. They are the people who exhaust themselves with unnecessary work, and take upon themselves a vast amount of suffering, physical and mental, that could readily be eliminated from their lives. In general, they keep themselves and all surrounding them in a tense state of mind and nerve, creditable, or at least excusable, in an early martyr, but decidedly uncalled for in the ordinary cares of ordinary life.

"If conditions were different!" sighs some careworn individual. "If this load of trouble were off my shoulders or if it were not just what it is, I could afford to be cheerful and jolly. But what can one do when one's life is nothing but worry, worry from morning till night?"

And so the worry of the world goes on, eating into the sweet, bright flowers of cheerfulness that ought to bloom in every soil.

And yet, it was a great saint, that most amiable St. Francis of Sales, who said: "Anxiety of mind is the greatest of all evils except sin."

A great modern poet says in a line of

verse what could be taken as a supplement to the saint's dictum:

"The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,  
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life,  
Provided it could be,—but, finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it fair  
Up to our means—a very different thing!"

To discuss the subject in plain prose one must candidly remark that looking around upon any group of women, chosen at random from any class of society, one perceives that the quality they most do lack is cheerfulness. Higher qualities they are sure to possess and nobler virtues are apt to shine in them when the occasion arises, but the capacity of being jolly under difficulties, of looking for the funny side of things, of thoroughly enjoying, as often as possible, a hearty laugh, is mostly conspicuously absent. Exceptions there are to be sure. I have known women, long past their youth, who had known sorrow and poverty and care in heavy measures, who had the gay and happy laugh of a child and more than a child's happy merriment.

I have always had a notion that the finest character Dickens ever created is that of Mark Tapley, whose one study in life was to be cheerful under all circumstances. It is worth reading and re-reading *Martin Chuzzlewit* to learn the lesson of the acquisition of sunshine that this character gives us.

Why is it that we women either work ourselves to death or do so little that we

take to cultivating our health and our nerves? Why do we weigh ourselves down with the worries of our friends and kindred? Why do we devote so much more time to discontent with what we haven't got rather than content with the gifts, numerous enough in every case, the gods have provided us?

Is there not a good deal of caustic truth in George Eliot's saying of a discontented heroine: "You are discontented with the world because you can't get just the small things that suit your pleasure, not because it's a world where myriads of men and women are ground by misery and wrong, and tainted with pollution."

I remember that interrogation points are always vexing, and also, that negations never made a creed or a convert. By way of affirmations that are doubtless as true of the world at large as of that portion of it coming under my immediate observation, let me express my earnest conviction that there is no tonic, no amusement, no exercise, mental or physical, better for the preservation of the health of soul, mind and body than a ringing, hearty laugh. The talent of enjoying and laughing at trifles is not to be despised nor set below less useful accomplishments.

Happiness lies within the reach of everybody. Let a woman have enough occupation, of the manual order as well as mental, and *not* too much; enough exercise in the open air; enough trust in Providence to believe that problems beyond her solution are given her for the exercise of faith and patience, and not as causes of worry and mental torment. Then that plain and unpretending virtue of simple cheerfulness will seem to her a thing to be admired and hoarded.

Then, if you will permit me another quotation, she will not think it a mere rhetorical flight of poetic fancy when Father Faber, in his *Creator and Creature*, exclaims: "In God's wide world there is no room for sin, no provision for sorrow, not a corner for unhappiness. Every created intelligence drinks its fill of the fountains of His gladness. Every instinct of animals beats with a pulsation of divine enjoyment. Every tree uplifts its head and flings out its branches, every flower blooms and sheds sweet odor, every mineral glances and sparkles, just as the clouds sail, and the waters flow, and the planet turns, in the excess of the happiness of God."

## HOLY WATER FOR THE POOR SOULS.



**H**ENEVER you feel yourself tempted to sin," says Saint Teresa, "make an act of contrition and sprinkle yourself with holy-water for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory." A holy monk, Father Dominic of Jesus, always had a human skull in his cell. It is related that on one occasion after the father, according to custom, had sprinkled the skull with the blessed water, this relic of a departed soul addressed Father Dominic, exclaiming in a loud and pitiful tone: "More holy-water!" "This blessed water, indeed, quenches the dreadful fire and mitigates our suffering." Yes, in truth a drop of holy-water is more efficacious than a long prayer. Our prayers are often said in a lukewarm and distracted manner. It is different with the prayers of the Church

used in the blessing of water. This prayer of the Church is always pleasing to God, in all places irrespective of the person by whom it is said provided it is offered in the name of Holy Church. How often do we not leave or enter a room, and would it inconvenience us if each time we took holy-water and allowed a drop to fall as it were into the purgatorian fire! If a holy-water font, which exists but a trifle, was hung in a convenient place in every Catholic house many would be induced to help some suffering soul. How thankful the poor souls would be! They are not ungrateful or forgetful of those who help them. They raise their hands to heaven on behalf of us the very moment we help them, and God hears the prayer of His suffering friends. It is an easy and simple custom to take holy-water. Let us practice it, and thus help the souls in Purgatory.

—From the *Sendbote*.

## Favors Obtained Through the Intercession of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.



**G**ENERAL CHARTON, a Republican senator, became seriously ill, and asked for the last sacraments, which he received with the greatest devotion. Two of his companions, senators also, visited him and gave expression to their surprise in hearing of his conversion, for he had not shown any particular signs of a religious disposition during his life-time. The General answered them in all meekness, saying, "Do as I did; for if I have been converted, I attribute it altogether to the scapular of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. I am wearing it ever since the Crimean war. Yes, do as I did; wear the scapular, and without doubt you will have the same blessings."

He died a happy death shortly after.—*San Juan de la Cruz.*

\*.\*

Not long ago in an important town a wonderful case of conversion took place on account of the scapular. A Carmelite Father heard that a man who should have been a Catholic was lying grievously ill, and refused absolutely to see a priest, or to receive the sacraments. He had not been to confession for more than twenty years. The Carmelite Father, full of zeal, went to visit the sick man, but found all his efforts useless. The dying man would not hear of confession. He begged the priest to leave him in peace. "Well, allow me at least to give you the scapular," said the Carmelite Father. "Very well," answered the sick man, "I can do that, if there is no obligation attached to it." The father told him about the Sabbath privileges, and asked

him to say one Hail Mary each day to gain them. Then he left the sick man, confident that he would not be allowed to die in his unrepentant state. His hopes were fully realized. Only a few days afterwards the sick man called for a priest, and in the most fervent disposition received all the last sacraments, after having made a most contrite confession. He died as one of the predestined, and thus added another triumph to the many achieved by Our Lady of the Scapular.—*San Juan de la Cruz.*

\*.\*

In one of the papers of Granada, Spain, we read the following:

"A wonderful fact has attracted the attention of all pious people on account of the circumstances surrounding it. It is said that a person well known in this city had for a long time suffered the greatest misfortunes in his temporal affairs. He was completely bankrupt and reduced to extreme want. Abandoned by all his former friends, and not being able to find any means to better his condition, he despaired and tried to put an end to his life. Three times he attempted suicide, but each time he failed in some way to attain his object. His fatal intention being thus frustrated in most unexpected ways, he began to wonder at, what seemed to him, almost a supernatural intervention. Finally he remembered that he was accustomed always to wear a scapular, and that he had often heard that no one wearing the scapular could die in mortal sin. This reflection caused him to see the enormity of his intended sin of suicide, and induced him to lead a life of penance thereafter. He left the world, and succeeded in obtaining admission into a religious order. He is now a member of the Redemptorist order, founded by St. Alphonsus Liguori, that great lover of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,  
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

It seems almost out of place to talk to you about "Melancholy days"—and yet many of you will read about them in William Cullen Bryant's poem in which he calls the autumn days "the saddest of the year." No doubt many of you have lots of fun nutting and gathering leaves and taking long, delightful walks through the woods in those very same days. No—there are no sad or melancholy days for the young. God is so good to them that He fills their lives with beauty and happiness, and their hearts are as light as a feather—except when sin comes and hangs like a leaden weight, the very foot of the evil one—on the heart.

Now, although there is no need for you dear children to be sad or gloomy in November, yet there is some serious work for you to do in this month, which, as many of you may know, is called the month of the holy souls. Perhaps some of you may have a dear friend among the dead, and so you have already learned to cultivate a devotion to the souls in purgatory. Let me tell you something you can all do for them. Talk about it to your parents, your teachers, your pastor, and if it is thought well of—here is something you may all do for the poor souls: It is called "The Heroic Act of Charity."

"This devotion," says the author of the "Young Girl's Book of Piety," "consists in offering to God, through the Blessed Virgin, all our good works for the deliverance of the holy souls; that is to say, to make a free gift in their behalf of the satisfactory part of our good works, and all that others may do for us during life or after our death. This offering does not bind under pain of sin, and may be revoked at will."

There is a little formula given in the Book of Piety, as follows: "I desire and

intend to gain all the indulgences I can possibly gain, and I resign them into the hands of the ever Blessed Virgin, that she may dispose of them as she sees best for the relief of the souls in purgatory, in whose favor I resign and give up all of my works of which I can dispose, and all that may be given me by others during my life, at my death, or after my death."

This is an act of perfect charity. Oh! when it is made with sincerity! When it is frequently renewed! When on account of it we multiply our good works and prayers, what matters thoughts of self? for it will be asked—*What of yourself?* For myself I confide in the divine goodness and providence which has said: "Give and it shall be given to you, all that you shall do for others, through love of me, I will return it to you."

Dear children, you often hear people talking of saving money—of the necessity of being thrifty, of putting something away for a rainy day, for old age, etc. Well, here is a golden opportunity to bank money for eternity. Give all you have to the poor souls. They will see to it that interest, compound interest is added over and over again to the principal, and then when your turn comes for purgatory, who knows, perhaps you will only just pass through it on the bridge of the "Heroic Act" made long years before—perhaps in Nov. 1896.

Yes, dear children, say the beautiful aspiration, "My Jesus, Mercy!" (100 days indulgence) over and over again this month for the poor souls. You don't like long prayers? Well, neither does the secretary—but when you are praying and get tired, as we sometimes do, take your beads. Before you feel yourself you will have said "My Jesus, Mercy," nearly sixty times, just passing the grains through your fingers. Be generous to the dear holy dead. Take your beads to bed at night—then more aspirations will be said—so easy, so sweet and so helpful. Don't make a burden



of your prayers. When you get tired, stop! Tell our Lord you will come back soon. He does not want you to tire yourself. Doesn't your dear mother love to see you play, watching you from the window and nodding her head and smiling at you? What mother so tender as our dear Lord! So all November offer your play as well as your prayers for the holy souls. Yes, and be missionaries for them too. Bishop Grant, of England, used to teach his little ones to say: "Dear Immaculate Mother, open the door of heaven to the poor suffering souls in purgatory." Hundreds of English children have said that little prayer. The secretary knew of one sodality of Junior Children of Mary that wrote a great many copies of it—each child wrote ten, and sent them around to people, big and little, to say in November. There's work for you to do. Get someone to use the typewriter for the poor souls, and so spread the holy bishop's dear little prayer. Up to the time of writing this letter only two little friends have written to the secretary for a pair of beads, Miss Lizzie McGill, Hamilton, Ont., and Miss Annie O'Connor, Stratford, Ont. Both sent pretty little letters, and a very nice Rosary story came from Annie. It is a story of a penitent who was converted through the holy Rosary. Both of the little ladies have been sent the promised beads, blessed by the Dominicans. There are other pairs waiting. Who wants them to help the holy souls? It were a pity to let them lie idle, while the poor souls are crying; "Have pity on me, at least ye, oh! my friends." We expect much from those who love us and whom we love. So let us prove our friendship for those who are calling for our truest sympathy. Prayer is its highest form; and one of the surest proofs of fidelity to our friends is persevering in prayer for them. November is the time for paying many debts. Let us be generous in helping the poor suffering ones who are in debt to the mercy of God, assured that the bread which we cast upon the waters will come back to us after many days.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE ONE.

LEWISTON, N. Y., Oct. 11, '96.

DEAR SECRETARY,—I have always taken great interest in reading the letters which

you write for the young people's corner in Our Lady's magazine, and I have never yet read them without feeling better and happier. I love to read this month's letter for it is about that which of all prayers I love best—the Rosary. I can't tell you a true story which I have ever seen brought about by the Rosary. I have read a great many and I believe them all. I know that no matter what troubles me, as soon as I say the Rosary I feel much lighter. I love to say the Rosary for two reasons. First—Because I imagine I am kneeling at her feet just as Jesus used to kneel. Secondly—Because I feel that every Hail Mary is woven into a crown which I can lay at Mary's feet in heaven. I say the Rosary every day for a happy death, and I know that Mary will obtain it for me. I would love to write you a much longer letter, for I feel as if I were writing to a friend I had known for ever so long, but I will wait until next time, when I will tell you about my home and myself.

Your little friend,

R. M. A.

[Several letters from the little ones came too late for insertion. Among those were Annie Black's, Sterling, Ont., and Joseph H. Ronan's, St. Marys, Ont.,—both very interesting little letters and very pleasing to the secretary, who will send all the writers the promised beads. Hereafter the children must write before the 10th of each month to secure mention in the next month's REVIEW.—SECRETARY.]

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Subtract forty-five from forty-five and have forty-five left.
2. When is a baggage wagon like a forest?
3. Why does a duck go under water?
4. Add one thousand, one and fifty to a note in music and have a measure.
5. What would become shorter by adding a syllable?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN OCTOBER NUMBER.)

1. A river.
2. The road to heaven.
3. Because they are good book-keepers.
4. Put them into hot water.
5. Mercy.

## FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is called the poet of the loving heart?
2. In what country are their neither clocks or time pieces?
3. In what body of water can you not sink?
4. What is it well to burn before sending it?
5. What musician wrote his own requiem?

## Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

(IN OCTOBER NUMBER.)

1. Guido, an Italian Monk, in 1124.
2. Father Marquette, in 1673.
3. Father Kirscher, a Jesuit, in 1652.
4. Father Hennepin.
5. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, A. D. 400.

## MAXIMS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. We do not sufficiently remember our dead, our faithful departed.  
—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.
2. Loving souls are like paupers, they live on what is given them.  
—MME. SWETCHINE.
3. O, poor butterfly! thou art bound by many chains, which will not allow thee to fly as far as thou desirest.  
—ST. TERESA.
4. After crosses and losses we become humbler and wiser.  
—FRANKLIN.
5. The innocent seldom find an uneasy pillow.  
—COWPER.

## FOR THE LITTLE ONES,

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA.

I've heard there were, long years ago,  
Many who could not read:

When this dear picture met my gaze,  
I thought they scarce had need.

For more than book could ever tell,  
It said full plain to me:

The robe of serge, the crown of thorns,  
The veil, the rosary;

The eyes so fixed upon the cross,  
(One felt that tears were there,)

The hands so close together joined  
In supplicating prayer:

The lips—I seemed to hear them say,  
"My God, I love but Thee!"  
Till, touched by grace, my heart responds,  
"Beg for such love for me."

Yes, more than book could ever say,  
Thy picture says full plain;  
Gazing, I only long to weep,  
And at His feet remain.

## HOW THE BLESSED HENRY SUSO LOVED THE HOLY CHILD.

EARLY in the morning, before any one had gone into the church, he knelt before the high altar, contemplating the august Mother with her heavenly treasure. He saluted her in his heart, singing, as lovingly as he could, "O, spotless one! O, gracious one!" Then he begged her, with uplifted hands and eyes, to show him how to worship the Holy Child. He took the Child, as it were, from her arms, and embraced it a thousand times in one hour. He contemplated its beautiful little eyes; he looked upon its little hands; he gazed again and again at all the infant members of the heavenly treasure. Then lifting up his eyes, he uttered a cry of amazement in his heart that He who bears up the heavens is so great and yet so small; so beautiful in Heaven and so childlike upon earth; and as the Divine Infant moved him, so did he act, now singing, now weeping, until at last, giving it back to its mother, he joined his heart with hers in a hymn of joy and thanksgiving.

## WHAT CAN LITTLE CHILDREN DO?

What can little children do,  
Day by day, to make to you  
Some return of love, dear Jesus,  
What can little children do?

Little children, love each other,  
Love most tenderly your neighbor,  
So will love for me grow stronger,  
This can little children do.

Tell us something more, to do,  
Dearest Lord, for love of you;  
Hear the prayer we make, sweet Jesus,  
What can little children do?

They can reverence give and honor,  
Unto father and to mother;

So will love for Me grow stronger:  
This can little children do.  
Thanks, dear Lord, we give to you,  
Help us by Thy grace to do  
All that you have said, sweet Jesus,  
And increase our love for you.  
Help us all to love each other,  
And to truly love our neighbor,  
So, when life on earth is over,  
We may go to dwell with you.

Poor little, bored little Dorothy True!  
A sad little maiden with nothing to do.  
There's a room to be dusted, a bed to be  
made,  
And the eggs to be found which the bantam  
has laid.  
There's a wee little boy, in the nursery  
near,  
Who's sobbing and crying with no one to  
hear.  
But poor little, bored little Dorothy True  
Still sits and laments that she's nothing  
to do.

### MATTIE.

Every one said that little blue-eyed Mattie was an angel, and no wonder! A tender little heart was hers, and our Lord, loving such little ones, made her indeed His angel of love.

When a wee little baby, her mother was in prison among wicked women, and Mattie was in prison too.

A golden-haired blue-eyed baby in prison, where she saw only stone walls—no fields, no flowers, no sunshine!

Why was she in so dismal a place? you ask.

Her mother was there for being wicked, and her baby was too little to be taken from her; and the good matron saw how all the rude women loved the little girl, and she hoped to do them good by leaving her with them, and she was quite right. Our Lord had sent her there to touch the hearts of the poor women.

Her sweet, cheery voice echoed through the long halls, and brought smiles where before there was sadness.

The poor women vied with each other to win Mattie's caresses, and when she twined her little arms around their necks and

beamed on them with her loving blue eyes, the hardest heart was softened.

One day Mattie fell ill. With what anxiety they all watched over their prison flower! For the first time in years, many knelt in prayer for Mattie's recovery. Our dear Lord, seeing what a good work His little one was doing, spared her life a little longer. Once more the joyous voice gladdened the dull hearts and made the prison walls seem pleasant.

The doctor said she must go away from her dreary home, and must play in the fields and sunshine, where, like you, dear children, she could grow strong again.

A good lady came for her, and the poor mother shed many tears at parting; but in her repentance she wanted to do something for our Lord, so without a murmur she gave Him her little child.

In Mattie's new home was a father who had fallen into evil ways and was quite changed by drink. The first person Mattie clung to was this unfortunate man.

In her own angelic way she crept into his arms and heart. She never forgot to smile upon him. When he spoke harshly to his children, her soft little hand rested upon his lips; when his hand was raised to strike, she folded it in her two little arms and kissed it; when restless and about to go to the inn to join his bad companions, she clung about his neck and begged for a "story" till sleep closed her heavenly blue eyes, and he forgot all save the lovely face reposing on his bosom. So the days went on. Again she fell ill, and no skill could save her. The poor friend was nearly heartbroken. His angel going from him! Day and night he was by her side. One long night of pain seemed to Mattie very dark and tedious.

"New papa," she cried, "I guess God has forgotten to open the doors of Heaven, it is dark so long. No! no! new papa, he hasn't forgotten, after all. He never forgets; the bright day will come by and by."

"Ah," sobbed her friend, "my night has been long, but like this little one, I will say, 'He never forgets.' He has sent my darling to open the door."

While musing thus the day dawned. The spirit of Mattie had gone to Heaven, but left the light shining in the soul of her friend kneeling at her feet, and Mattie's work was done.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE harvest is over. We have gathered the treasures of nature and garnered them for our use during the winter months, when nature rests to recuperate its forces for another spring. May we not neglect to lay up treasures for that world whose eternal spring is the delight of All Saints.

\* \*

As nature is sinking into its winter sleep, it shows signs of decay and death. The bleak and dreary aspect it wears reminds us of our own sleep in death. An apparent sleep, in truth, as we are only awaiting the resurrection, but one which is an eternal death for those who have borne no fruit. It is the sleep of peace for those who die in the Lord. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

\* \*

OUR thoughts, after dwelling on the glories of the blessed in heaven naturally revert to those saints who are not yet enjoying the bliss of beholding God's countenance. We commemorate All Souls immediately after honoring All Saints. And justly so. They, too, are Saints, and appeal all the more to our sympathy, as we ourselves dare hardly hope to reach any more blissful state immediately after our death than that of the sufferings of purgatory. Let us not forget those who have gone before us, and who at this very moment may be depending on our merits to gain relief from their torments.

\* \*

DURING the ecclesiastical year, we have inhaled the fragrance and feasted our eyes on the lovely beauty of many a flower grown on the fertile slopes of Mount Carmel. But it was impossible to venerate the thousands of Carmelite Saints who have flourished in the vineyard of the Queen. Therefore, during this month, when nature ceases to flower, we gather an immense bouquet of the flowers of Carmel on the feast of All Carmelite Saints to offer it at the throne of Her, who is pre-eminently the

*Flos et Decor Carmeli*, the Flower and Beauty of Carmel.

\* \*

Now do we forget the souls of the departed members of that great confraternity of Carmel, the greatest in the Catholic Church. All masses said for these souls, have the indulgence of the privileged altar attached to them. Lovers of Carmel will, therefore, have as many masses said as their means allow, seeing that the Church puts such a premium, as it were, on their generosity.

\* \*

WHILE this number is under press, the General Chapter of the Carmelite Order is being held in Rome. We shall not be able to announce the results of its elections and deliberations until our next issue, but this much we can now state, that never in the history of the Order have the various provinces been able to report such progress. The Order is flourishing at all points. Among the provinces represented in this chapter, there are some which have not been represented for centuries, or which have never existed before. Thus the American province is represented for the first time by its canonically elected Provincial. Several South American provinces will be represented, and many new foundations will be reported.

\* \*

At a time when all around us people are in the highest state of political excitement, because the questions at issue are of such immense importance to the temporal interests of a nation, we should without neglecting our duties as citizens, consider the folly of being indifferent to questions of far higher importance. We should thank God that He has in His supreme wisdom, taught His Holy Church how to provide for every possible need of the soul. There are no two parties in the church, disputing about the way to pay our spiritual debts. We know what means to employ to provide for all our spiritual necessi-

ties. And when our patriotic love for our heavenly country impels us to come to the relief of those, who in the battle for eternal life, have dropped by the wayside, we know how to aid them and help them to the full fruits of their citizenship. The treasury of the Church is overflowing with riches, which are free to all. And they can nearly all be applied to the poor souls. Let us show our loyalty to our country and our King, by aiding His favorite friends to gain their heavenly citizenship at the earliest possible day.

\* \*

THE editor, having been called to the Chapter at Rome, has taken the opportunity to visit the Discalced Carmelites of England, and the Irish Carmelites of both branches. He writes to us that our readers may expect most interesting accounts, not only of the present establishments of the Order in Great Britain and Ireland, but also of the most famous Carmelite Convents of old in these countries. We are doubly glad to be able to announce this as one of the most precious features of the REVIEW for next year, because it is natural that we should love to hear of the glories of our Queen, and because it will be another proof of the truth, in answer to so many historical calumnies.

\* \*

THOSE who have accustomed themselves to the beautiful practice of saying the rosary daily during October, should not abandon this meritorious prayer during this month of the poor souls. Let them offer it up daily for their departed relatives and friends, and for all the poor souls. There are many who never allow a day to pass without saying their beads, and their number is daily on the increase. All our readers know that our Holy Father, one of the wisest of living men, believes that the rosary will save modern society. We may not think our own little share as of great importance, but prayer is the most powerful factor of welfare and prosperity that the world has ever known.

\* \*

FRANCE was almost intoxicated with delight at the visit of the Russian Emperor. Paris was decorated in his honor, as it never had been before. Hundreds of thousands

of dollars were spent in transient show. And what was the cause of this enthusiastic display of friendship for an emperor, against whose ancestor the French fought so valiantly within the memory of living men? As far as we can see, the Emperor of Russia has, so far, done nothing for France, excepting to do her the honor of borrowing money from her. At the very same time, that all this display was made in honor of a despot, the centenary anniversary of the baptism of Clovis took place at Rheims. It was only with difficulty that the bishops were allowed to assemble for the purpose. It had actually been forbidden by a minister, who, however, has since owing to the frequent changes, been deposed. But Clovis was only the first of the Franks to bend his head under the sweet yoke of Christ. Nowadays the Franks love to bend their necks in doing homage to a persecutor of the Church of Clovis.

\* \*

THE Holy Father, as a sequel to his excellent and exhaustive encyclical on the reunion of Christian churches, has published a bull respecting the validity of Anglican Orders. The careful investigation by an impartial commission of these claims, which preceded this papal declaration, and of the results of which it is a summary, precludes all possibility of setting aside its authority, even by those who do not acknowledge the Pope as the Vicar of Christ. As was to be foreseen, it will effect but very few changes at present. The party which was mainly desirous to obtain a recognition of Anglican Orders by the Holy See, is composed of an evanescent minority of English clergymen. Nor is their good faith so very evident. At least, we have not heard of a single one of them so far, who, convinced as he must be after such a competent decision of the illegality of his ministry, has refrained from exercising his so called priestly offices. But, in common with all the public utterances of Our Holy Father, this last one could not have come at a more opportune moment. It takes away the last subterfuge of the half-hearted seekers for truth, and settles their doubts finally.

\* \*

ST. JOHN of the Cross, whose feast we celebrate on the 24th of November, is one of the most heroic saints of Mount Carmel.

He is acknowledged by all those who are versed in theological lore, to have been one of the greatest doctors of what is called Mystic or Ascetic theology. It is not to be wondered that the order of contemplative prayer should have produced such great teachers of Asceticism, as St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. Their lives prove that familiarity with the crucified Lord is and can only be based on crucifixion and mortification. "If any one will follow me, let him deny himself and take up his cross." St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, in answer to this invitation, said: "O Lord, I desire not to die, but to suffer continually for Thee." St. Teresa exclaimed: "To suffer or to die for Thee." St. John of the Cross, when asked by Our Lord what reward he desired for his labors, replied: "To suffer and to be despised for Thy sake." The gospel of the cross is the same now as in the days of St. Paul, who preached Christ Crucified. We cannot expect to love Christ and fear the cross. Only in proportion to our love for the cross do we draw nearer to Jesus, "who," as St. Francis of Sales says, "blesses his friends by sending them more crosses."

\* \*

The life of Christ, painted by M. Tissot, is on exhibition in London. In spite of the fact that art in England has, since the Reformation never been in touch with true religious feeling, and has on that account been doomed to marked inferiority, these paintings are attracting great notice. We hope that they will be brought across the ocean to make a triumphal march through America similar to that of another painting also inspired by deep religious feeling, the Angels. These beautiful paintings, about 350 in number, were produced by the artist after a prolonged study of the Holy Land, of every scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin and Our Lord, and a careful and exhaustive study of holy writ, and even of the private revelations made to saints. They betray an intimate acquaintance with the revelations of St. Bridget and blessed Anne Katherine Emmerich. At first sight they impress one with a curious feeling of strangeness, for they are at total variance with the usual conventional treatment of the subjects. But this

feeling soon makes room for one of the highest awe and reverence, as we begin to realize that the real life of Our Lord must have been in accordance to what is here represented. The dress, the interior of houses, the surrounding scenery of lake and mountain, the physiognomies of his hearers, his friends and enemies, the peculiar customs at weddings and funerals, the well authenticated observances at banquets and feasts, all these are represented as they were in the times of Our Lord. Some of the scenes of the Passion are overpowering in their intense realism. No one can behold the scenes of the flagellation and crucifixion without the deepest emotion. But it will be a difficult matter to reproduce them for popular use. Unlike the drawings of Dore, they depend entirely upon their coloring for their effects. We have seen reproductions in black and white, but they had lost their charm and their truth. A copy of these paintings, complete and exact as to size and color, is being prepared, but the price of subscription, sixty dollars, puts it beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. With our great modern facilities it ought to be possible in the near future to multiply these remarkable paintings in all their realistic beauty to such an extent that all can profit by their divine lessons.

#### WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery at Falls View, Ont., for the seapular registry from Formosa, Ont.: Alexandria, Ont.; Uptergrove, Ont.; Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Drayton, Ont.; Williamstown, Ont.; Watertown, N. Y.; St. Agnes Church, Debec, N. B.; Moncton, N. B.; Alexandria, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Mt. Calvary, Wis.: Annunciation Church, New Albany, Ind.; St. Bridget's Church, Wayne, Wis.; Holy Trinity Church, Kewaskum, Wis.; Holy Saviour Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Knottsville, Ky.

At Holy Trinity Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Alphonsus Hospital, Boni, Idaho; Menominee, Ill.; St. Joseph's Church, Indiana; St. Agnes' Church, Brighton Park, Chicago, Ill.; St. Agnes' Church, St. Paul, Minn.; St. Ignatius'

College, Cleveland, Ohio; St. Malachy's Church, Brownsburg, Ind.; St. Peter's Church, Wheelersburg, Ohio; St. Michael's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.; Holy Family Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; All Saints' Church, Madison Lake; SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Mankato, Minn.; Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Cleveland, Ohio; St. John's Church, Slatersville, R. I.; St. Mary's Church, Phoenix, Arizona; St. Cecilia's Church, Rochester, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Covington, Ky.; Salem, Ohio; Richton, Ill.; Perrysville, Pa.; Ruth, Mich.

## THANKSGIVING.

STRATFORD, Ont.

*Dear Rev. Father:*

Please accept amount enclosed as a gift of thanks to our Lady of Mount Carmel for favor received through her intercession.

K. M. C.

STIRLING, Ont.

*Rev. and Dear Father:*

Please have my sincere thanks published in the CARMELITE REVIEW for the vast improvement of my child's eyes through the intercession of our Blessed Lady.

Mrs. H. R.

## CARMEL RE-VISITED.



E never tire of such a subject as Mount Carmel. Some time ago the readers of the REVIEW were treated to some interesting letters on the subject written for them by Father Brown, of Akron, O.

Another pilgrim to the Holy Land from Rome, N. Y., has been describing in the *Sendbote* a second visit he paid to Palestine. Among other interesting things he says:

"The roads entering Nazareth are hardly passable for wagons. After a couple hours we come near Mount Carmel, whose welcome shade protected us from the burning rays of the noon-day sun. We met a large troupe of Arabs quenching their thirst at one of the old wells. Our guides, who were parched with thirst begged them for a drink. But these Arabians had not the compassion of Rebecca at the well and refused the refreshing liquid unless they received money in return.

"I soon reached the monastery of the Carmelites, where I was received kindly. It was refreshing to be able to dine in the cool refectory. Suddenly I heard singing with organ accompaniment. I listened. It was the Litany of Loretto being sung on the opening of the May devotions. What more appropriate than that this litany should be sung in the convent of Our Lady of Mount Carmel?

"The new monastery itself is built of massive stone in the Italian-Renaissance style. It was erected in 1827. The church has a large cupola which can be seen at a long distance. Over the altar is the statue (dressed in precious silk) of Our Lady holding the Holy Infant.

"I could not resist the temptation to again receive a blessed scapular from one of the fathers in this place so dear to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. In the monastery there is a community of 21, including 12 priests. Often do my thoughts revert to that hallowed sanctuary of Our Dear Lady of Mount Carmel."

