





## SALVE REGINA.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



OW oft is my spirit silent  
 When fain I would sing of thee,  
 Awaiting His inspiration  
 To pour forth sweet melody!  
 To-day there are gentle murmurs  
 That echo a well-loved strain;  
 The sighing of exiled children,  
 Who pray in a land of pain.

O "Salve!" most tender "Mater,"  
 Thou beautiful holy Queen!  
 Afar in the azure heavens,  
 And robed with celestial sheen.  
 "O vita, O spes, dulcedo!"  
 Our voices in anguish cry,  
 In whispering like the night-wind,  
 Low breathing a plaintive sigh.

Look down with thine eyes of mercy  
 On us in this "vale of tears,"  
 O, soothe every pain and sorrow,  
 And calm all our anxious tears.  
 When exile on earth is over,  
 And fades the last weary day,  
 O, show us the Saviour Jesus,\*  
 And lead to His rest away.

No pleadings of wistful mourning  
 Shall waft to thy listening ear,  
 But songs full of praise and gladness  
 To Christ and His Mother dear.  
 O, "Salve Regina pia!"  
 At morning and restful eve,  
 "O, clemens, O, dulcis Virgo!"  
 Our prayers in thy love receive.

\* "Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui  
 nobis post hoc exilium ostende."

"Salve Regina."

## 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 X.—CONTINUED.



ABOUT that time Mr. McMaster met the Rev. Father M., and almost the very first word he said to him was: "Father M., guess what great present St. Alphonsus made me on the day of his feast, the

2nd of August?" "I answered, I could not guess." "Well," said he, "on that day St. Alphonsus obtained for my daughter Gertrude the grace of vocation to the Carmelite sisterhood." In saying this, a heavenly joy beamed forth from his countenance. He communicated this news also to Father Denny, S. J., who went to him about that time. "I shall never forget," said Father D., "the last time I saw Mr. McMaster; it was on the occasion of his only remaining daughter entering the Carmelite Convent in Baltimore. This act of his daughter, though it broke up the home which would have been so comforting to his old age, gave the father the highest degree of happiness. He turned to me and said: "I am amazed at the goodness of God, that has allowed me the joy of beholding three daughters espoused to Christ." Father Denny adds that he was struck with the remarkable example of Faith which the incident disclosed. He himself led this last daughter to the door of the enclosure. When Miss Gertrude McMaster was on the point to step over the threshold into the enclosure of the convent, McMaster said to her: "Gertrude, allow me to share in the meritorious act which you are about to make." And saying this, he took his daughter into his arms

and put her into the enclosure of the convent. Only once more he held her in a last embrace on the day when she was clothed in the Holy Habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. On this occasion, Cardinal, then Archbishop Gibbons, compared his sacrifice with that of Abraham.

"I have seen," said Father Ryan, S. J., alluding to McMaster, "calvaries in Christian homes, and here in this very shrine I have seen calvaries in parents' hearts. I have seen here a man of wondrous daring, fearless courage and heroic faith; I have seen him tremble and humble himself in spirit, his great heart heave, and the tear-drop glisten in his eyes when he severed himself from the children of his love and sacrificed them to God."

"I could spend hours," says Fr. M. Egan, "in the relation of incidents that came under my personal observation, which show, in all the varying lights and shades of changing time and circumstance, the true and noble qualities of McMaster's heart and mind. No language that I could command would adequately express the tribute that my feelings pay to that beautiful character, nor can I convey any idea of my estimate of it. He was a grand and noble man, and never swerved from the path which he believed to be that of truth and duty. St. Paul says Abraham showed his faith by offering up his only son Isaac; and in his Epistle to the Hebrews, commenting on the faith of the patriarchs, he says the faith of Abraham commends itself in this, that he offered up his only son Isaac. Our friend gave up his daughters, taking away the light, so to say, of his widowed home, depriving himself of the consolation of their presence, because his faith made him recognize the voice of God in the call to a higher life."

It may be well to remark here that Mr.

McMaster left all his children perfectly free in the choice of state of life. This is evident from the following letters:

"NEW YORK, March 23rd, 1882.

"*Rev. Mother Louise of St. John, Ev.*

"REV. AND DEAR MOTHER—I break in on your holy retirement, and ask your charity, on a matter that touches my heart very closely. The youngest of my three daughters,—approaching eighteen years of age, has almost from infancy cherished the wish to be a Carmelite of the reform of St. Theresa. It is but a few weeks ago that I learned this secret, that she has kept so well. But an older sister of her's has known it for some years, and by her permission has at last told me. My youngest daughter, Helen, after the death of her good and admirable mother, in 1871, was sent to a convent school conducted by the religious of the 'Society of the Holy Child Jesus'—who are the most successful I have known, among English-speaking religious, for the solid and thorough manner of their training of girls. Her oldest sister, after her two years of novitiate in the society—that follows the rule of St. Ignatius—will, next Saturday, celebrate the completion of her second year of profession.

"My second daughter insists on devoting herself to taking care of me in my declining years,—while doing good to all, rich and poor, with whom she meets. Her only living brother, sixteen years old, is at college.

"I give these brief details Reverend Mother, because it is of prudence, in judging of the fitness of a postulant, to take into account the kind of influences that have surrounded her.

"The immediate object of this letter is to ask of your charity whether it is compatible with your rules to receive a visit in your parlor from my daughter Helen, accompanied by her sister, who lives with me, and especially if this visit could be received by you on Saturday, April 1st. That date would be especially convenient, as my two daughters now with me will on that day be on their way to the convent where they were educated to make their annual retreat.

"You will understand the reason of this visit, as the young girl has never spoken

to any one wearing your holy habit. In a short conference, you, in your charity, can give her some very necessary notions in regard to what occupies her thoughts. Without a true vocation I had rather see the dear girl buried; but if our Lord really had called her, and you will charitably give her a place among you, I will have a new cause for thanking Him.

"Pardon so long a letter, and may I ask you to please let no word get out of my young daughter's hopes and desires, as, from the fact of my being so widely known, the slightest rumor—to her great pain—would be spread and exaggerated.

"Asking you to favor me with an answer within a few days, and to commend this matter to the Sacred Hearts and to St. Joseph and St. Theresa, and asking your holy prayers for my poor self,

"I remain,

"Your most humble servant,

"In the Sacred Heart,

"JAS. A. McMASTER."

"NEW YORK, July 13, 1882.

"*Rev. Mother Prioress and Dear Friend:*

"I promised my dear daughter two weeks ago that I would write to you, to say that, as promised, she would knock at your door on the *fifteenth*, about three o'clock.

"Please pray not only for her, but for the dear affectionate sister that will leave her at your door, but whose heart will be too full to speak.

"Pray also for me. I am very glad that our Lord has so honored my daughter; but the heart and the mind cannot refuse recognizing the bitterness of parting with one in many ways dear.

"Commending myself to your prayers, I am, in the Most Sacred Hearts,

"Your brother and servant,

"JAS. A. McMASTER."

"NEW YORK, Aug. 7th, 1884.

"*Rev. and Dear Mother Prioress:*

"Two years ago last April I wrote asking of you the grace of admitting to the Holy Order of Carmel, a daughter very dear to me, and very sweet. To-night I write on behalf of my daughter Gertrude. Yesterday she went to Sharon to consult that wise and good Religious Superior—Mother Walburga—who has been a true mother to her. This evening she comes back, to confide to me a secret she has kept well from

everyone for two years past. She believes our Lord has called her to enter the "Order of His Mother." She does not know whether you will receive her. If not, she is ready to knock at the door of some other Carmelite Convent. I state this only as showing that it is the call from heaven she heeds—no human attraction towards the Baltimore Carmel. I know what *might* be the objection, sometimes, to two sisters of blood, in one convent. In the present case I am sure no such objection can have reason. Mother Walburga, of the Holy Child Society, is a grand-hearted woman. I know she loved Gertrude with an especial affection. And I think she looked to it as probable she might one day be a Religieuse with them. To-night, for the first time, Gertrude has told me that her purpose of being a Religieuse has never wavered. She has been *fooling me*—thinking her service *necessary* to me! God in His own good time, has shown her that, dear as she is to me—much as she has cheered me—God calls her elsewhere. I bless His Holy Name. From the bottom of my heart I thank Him—that He has given to me, in my last years of life, so sweet and so great a sacrifice to make to Him with exaltation. My daughter Gertrude is one that I feel fully satisfied could save her soul in married life, or in a life refusing marriage, and yet in the world. That is a rare thing to be wisely said of any young woman. She is no *child*, as dear Sister Teresa was, when you kindly received her. Mother Walburga, embracing her with tears on her face, said: 'Go whither God calls! He, not we, gives vocations.' Mother Walburga is a woman of admirable character. Gertrude would have been a very valuable *active* sister for that Community, but the voice has come: 'Go up higher!' The cross burns into my heart also. Blessed be God! I believe that, here again, the call is from God.

"Most devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,  
"JAS. A. McMASTER."

After Mr. Jas. A. McMaster had given up his daughters to the service of God, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, wrote to him the following New Year Greeting:

## I.

One amid Sharon's roses,  
Two amid Carmel's snows,

Thy youthful, beautiful daughters,  
Thy dear, sweet, dutiful daughters,  
Have passed to the Land of the Vows;  
By the flow of the crystalline waters,  
Have followed the Lamb, their Spouse!

## II.

Two with Our Mother of Carmel,  
One with the Holy Child,  
The virginal trio united  
Where the lamp of the wise is lighted,  
Effulgent, mystical, mild—  
Their virginal troth have plighted,  
With the heart of the undefiled!

## III.

Lilies for crowns, glad father,  
Pearls for their nuptial ring;  
Thy maidens, lovely and loyal,  
Are brides of a bridegroom royal,  
(Whose praises the seraphs sing),  
Blessed Brides of the Bridegroom royal  
Espoused at the Court of the King!

## IV.

What tho' the heart be missing  
The lov'd and the lost to-day?  
—Circled by shadows weary,  
What tho' the home-nest cheery,  
(In the glow of the New Year gay),  
Hath desolate grown, and dreary,  
Its bright birds flitted away?

## V.

O heart for its treasures yearning!  
O nest of its fledglings bare!  
The doves in their cote secluded  
Afar from a world deluded,  
Afar from a world of care,  
Full long o'er their joys have brooded,  
In the bowers of Peace and Prayer!

## VI.

One amid Sharon's roses,  
Two amid Carmel's snows,  
For thee, O privileged father!  
They plead at the shrine; yea rather,  
(In the glorious Land of the Vows),  
'Round the Clefts in the Rock they gather,  
To bless thee thro' their Spouse!

What greater source of consolation can parents have than to see a son or a daughter consecrated to God, and leading the life of a saint?

Wenceslaus, the son of Leo, a celebrated general of the emperor Ferdinand III., told his parents, even when yet quite

young, that he intended to become a religious. His parents were overjoyed at his intention; they thanked God for calling their son to so holy a life; they encouraged him in his resolution and facilitated his entrance into religion, and when on the point of leaving home for the convent, his mother told him that, should he not persevere, she would never look upon him again as her son.

St. Louis of Gonzaga was the oldest child in the family. However, when his mother, the marchioness of Castiglione, saw that her son was called to the Society of Jesus, she endeavored to facilitate his entrance into religion.

The sufferings of that brave heart and its great joy in the Lord are best portrayed in his own letters, during the two remaining years of his life.

He paid monthly visits to the Carmel of Baltimore, and to his "little humming-bird" of old at Sharon Hill—to get his "soul-bath," as he called it, and gain strength to keep him going for another four weeks.

Great indeed are the blessings which God showers down upon such pious parents. He does not allow himself to be surpassed in generosity. He rewards them with the hundred-fold of spiritual and temporal blessings for the sacrifice which they thus make of one or more of their children.

Unfortunately, many parents are not so generous towards God. When one of their children resolves to embrace the religious life, they become his worst adversaries. Instead of blessing the child and congratulating him on the choice of so holy a state of life, they turn in anger against him; either from worldly interest or misplaced affection, they become the enemies of their child's spiritual welfare. The words of our Lord come true in their regard: "The enemies of a man are those of his own household." (Matt. x., 36.) What is most strange, is, that even such parents, who generally pass for pious people, scruple not in the least, under any pretexes whatever, to employ all their powers to prevent their children from following the call of God. We read in the life of F. Paul Segneri, the younger, that his mother, although a lady of great piety, left no means in her power untried to obstruct the vocation of her son, whom God called to religion. Also in the

"Life of the Right Rev. Dr. Cavalieri, Bishop of Troyes," we are told that his father, though a very pious man, tried every means to prevent his son from entering into the Congregation of the Pious Laborers (as he afterwards did), and even went so far as to enter a process against him in the ecclesiastical court. And how many other parents do we behold, who, from being devout persons of prayer, seem to be quite changed, and behave in such cases as if they were governed and possessed by the devil; for hell never seems to arm itself so strongly as when it is employed in hindering from the accomplishment of his vocation one whom God has called to the religious state.

God gives to each man his vocation, and chooses for him a state in which he designs that he should serve him. This is according to the order of predestination described by St. Paul the Apostle, when he writes: "Whom he predestinated, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified and glorified." (Rom. viii., 30.) He, then, who desires to insure his salvation, must carefully follow the divine inspiration in the choice of that state of life to which God calls him; for it is in that state that God has prepared for him the aids, which are requisite, in order to attain salvation; it is in that state only that he has well-grounded hopes to be saved. Now, it is the duty of parents to assist and induce their children to become saints, by letting them follow that road by which God calls them. To prevent their children from following the voice of God, would be a very grievous sin for parents. As it is an act of great injustice in a man unlawfully to prevent another from taking hold of a great good to which he has a just title, so the act of injustice is still far greater in parents, when they unreasonably prevent their children from acquiring one of the greatest of all goods—the religious life. For, beyond all doubt, to impugn the counsel of God, to destroy that which He builds, to scatter abroad that which He gathers, to cut off the soldiers whom He musters under His standard, is nothing else than to join in league with the devil, and wage war against God. This is an enormous offence, in which St. John Chrysostom finds nine degrees of malice. St. Bernard exclaims: "Oh, hard-hearted father! Oh, cruel

mother! Oh, barbarous and impious parents! Yea, not parents, but murderers, whose sorrows are the safety of their children; whose comfort, their destruction; who had rather that I should perish with them than reign with them. O strange abuse! The house is on fire, the flame singes my back, and when I am flying, I am forbidden to go out; when I am trying to escape, they persuade me to return. O fury! lie upon it! If you disregard your own death, why do you desire mine? If, I say, you care not for your own salvation, what does it avail you to oppose and prevent mine? What comfort is it to you to have me as associate of your damnation!"

#### WHO ARE THE CARMELITES?

The name Carmelite is derived from Mount Carmel, a mountain in Palestine overlooking the Mediterranean, famed in sacred song and story, and embalmed in the affection of all Catholic hearts. Mystical writers give the word Carmel various significations: "The Circumcision of the Lamb," "Vineyard of the Lord," etc.

Nine centuries before Christ, Mount Carmel was the sanctified abode of the great prophet of God, Elias, the Thesbite, Patriarch of the Carmelite Order and founder of monasticism. On this mount the wonder-worker won signal triumph over the idolatrous priests of Baal and thrice called fire from heaven.

Near its summit he saw Our Blessed Lady prefigured under the symbol of a small cloud overhanging the sea, which, according to fathers and doctors of the Church, foreshadowed her Immaculate Conception and Divine Maternity.

The fame of his sanctity and the splendor of his miracles drew around him numerous disciples, thence called the "Children of the Prophet Elias." The statue of St. Elias has a place in St. Peter's, at Rome, amongst the founders of religious orders, placed there by Benedict XIII., who himself wrote the inscription attesting this historical fact.

It is something grand for Catholics to honor the holy Prophet Elias, for it is of belief that before the Day of Jehovah he and Enoch are the "two witnesses" that are to appear, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, preaching the last call to faith and repentance.

All who have read the Old Testament know of the power the holy prophet possessed, the immense influence which, as a potent sceptre, the man of God wielded as the instrument of the Most High. We read of him in Ecclesiasticus that he had been chosen to appease the wrath of God, and, remembering that at his word the heavens were shut and opened, he is invoked to obtain rain in seasons of drought, and a cessation when the downpour has been too abundant; to obtain peace of soul, union in families, healing of the sick, etc. In the East thousands of pilgrims—Turks, Jews and Christians—frequent his sanctuary on Mount Carmel, on July 20, to obtain his protection on their crops and a plentiful harvest.

He was the first of the prophets of Carmel, and for hundreds of years that holy mountain was peopled by a succession of solitaries, united by the bond of a charity and practising the virtues of an ascetic and contemplative life, according to the measure of the lights and gifts that shadowed forth the coming of Christ. Many of their number were admitted amongst the disciples of our Lord, and were, after His Ascension, efficient co-laborers of the Apostles.

They dedicated on Mt Carmel the first church of the Christian era to the honor of the Immaculate Mother of God. Hence the Order of Carmel is pre-eminently the Order of Mary. In early centuries the religious were invariably called "Brethren of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel." Pope Urban VI. granted an indulgence of three years to all who give them this title. Our Lord Himself has often designated the Carmelites as "the Order of My Mother." They have ever been foremost in rendering her honor and proclaiming her glorious privilege of Immaculate Conception. Our Lady has, in countless instances, manifested her protection and love for the order, and visited with con-dign punishment those who oppressed or persecuted her chosen children.

The Carmelites are one of the four great mendicant orders of the Catholic Church, embracing friars, nuns, religious and secular tertiaries.

The first written rule of the Carmelites was given A. D. 400, by John, 44th Patriarch of Jerusalem. In 1207, at the request of St. Brocard, the second Latin General of the Order, St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusa-

ken, gave them an admirable rule, which is the same followed by the Discalceated Carmelites at the present time. This rule is the same in substance as had been observed in the order from the beginning, hence is called the "Primitive Rule of Mt. Carmel." It was solemnly approved in 1226, by Pope Honorius III. Before the twelfth century, more than ten Popes had granted numerous privileges and pontifical favors to the Carmelites.

Early in the thirteenth century, owing to the rapacity of the infidels and the weakness of the Crusaders to protect the Holy Land, many of the monks and nuns of Carmel were forced to seek refuge in Europe, and soon we find colonies of them settled in France, England, Ireland, Scotland, Italy, Germany, etc. In 1243 the first General Chapter of the Order in Europe was held, at which St. Simon Stock was elected General. To him our Blessed Lady revealed the devotion of the Scapular as a pledge of her maternal protection until the end of ages; promising that those who die invested with the Carmelite Scapular will be preserved from eternal fire. This consoling promise was given July 16, 1251, at Cambridge, in England.

From the long-ago vision, when the Queen of Heaven smiled her benediction upon the enraptured gaze of St. Simon Stock, to the present moment, the mission and work of the Scapular, "the little Habit of Our Lady," has been a wondrous history, as wide as the world. The Scapular, properly speaking, constitutes the habit of the Carmelites, and through it the faithful participate in all the good works, prayers and penances offered by the religious. No other association is so vast, none other so richly dowered with privileges and indulgences by a long line of Sovereign Pontiffs.

The escutcheon of the Carmelite Order is of very ancient date; on its shield are emblazoned three stars, typifying the principal three epochs of the order—the Prophetic, Greek and Latin eras—the first before Christ, and the latter two since His coming. The dark ground of the shield represents the Mount of Carmel; the cross on its summit was added in the sixteenth century, as the distinctive emblem of the Discalceated Carmelites. They also adopted

Prophet Elias, an arm holding a flaming scimitar, and his motto: "*Zelo zelatus sum pro Domino Deo exercituum.*"

The Order of Mount Carmel has given two Popes to the chair of St. Peter—SS. Telesphorus and Dionysius; it has glorified the Church by thousands of martyrs, saintly bishops, learned doctors, confessors and holy virgins. An old writer says: "Count the stars of heaven and you will count the saints of Carmel."

Owing to circumstances, human weakness, etc., the ancient rule of the Carmelites was mitigated by Eugenius IV. However, in the sixteenth century, God raised up two great saints: Teresa of Jesus, and John of the Cross, who inaugurated the great reform among the friars and nuns which restored the vine of Carmel to its pristine splendor and shed new lustre upon the Church of God. This branch of the order is called Discalceated, meaning barefoot, to distinguish it from the portion of the order that did not accept the reform.

St. Teresa is justly called "the glory" of Spain and of the Church. She accomplished works wherein strong men had failed; her writings have been the beacon guides of spiritual life during three centuries, and have received encomiums from the Holy Church never before bestowed upon a woman. Her sons and daughters, mighty in word and work, whose spirit is of the mountain, have taken possession of the plain and have extended to the farthest parts of the earth. No trials daunt their courage or quench the ardor of their charity.

A Discalceated Carmelite, Father Andrew of the Assumption, offered the first Mass in California in 1721; the heroic sons of St. Teresa were to be found laboring among the Indians and negroes of Old Colonial Louisiana.

Some twenty years after St. Teresa's death a Carmelite Convent was founded by an English lady at Antwerp, which is the parent house of the Discalceated Carmelite Nuns in the United States, four nuns having come from it in 1790, at the invitation of Archbishop Carroll, to found a convent in his archdiocese. Three of the nuns were Marylanders by birth. In 1863 nuns from Baltimore Carmel founded the one at St. Louis, Mo., which, in 1871, sent forth a new off-shoot of the vine of Carmel to shed its aroma on the sunny South, at New Orleans.



## THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLETTY.

### CHAPTER IV.



RS. VAN BRUNT," announced the servant.

"Yes, and I am right behind Susan. Don't say that you are 'not at home.' But I remember, you never tell fibs."

"Why, Dora," said Margaret, advancing to

meet the caller, "this is a surprise."

"Yes; not a pleasant one, I fear."

"Nonsense. You see we have enlarged our family circle. Our neighbor, Mrs. Van Brunt, Mr. and Mrs. Redmond, my aunt and uncle, and their daughter, my cousin Kathleen. In Mr. Dillon you will recognize 'Uncle Edward.'"

"Is it possible? I was a school girl when you went to Montana."

"Yes, and a merry one. So you are now a wife."

"Yes, at present. I don't know what I shall be by this time to-morrow."

The speaker was a little, over-dressed woman. Her eyes shone brightly through the meshes of her veil; her voice was sharp and pitched in a high key. She looked like a caricature of fashion.

"I must apologize for coming in on you all so abruptly, but I wanted to see Margaret, and wished to meet no callers. I followed Susan rather than wait in the parlor. You know I never did mind rattling away before you, Mr. Dillon, and always talked myself out in this family, because I knew what I said would go no further."

"How is Adolph?" inquired Mr. Murphy.

"He was well this morning; he is with that beast of a man to-day. You know I have to send him for one day of every week to his father. The case will be decided to-morrow; I feel as if I shall go crazy. Of course I can never live with him again, but it is perfectly dreadful that he should treat me so."

"Will you please excuse me, Mrs. Van Brunt," said Mrs. Redmond, rising; "My daughter and I have something to attend to."

"And I also must go to my room," said Mr. Redmond; "I arrived late this afternoon, and have to write a letter before retiring."

"It's too bad for me to come here tormenting you with my troubles," said Mrs. Van Brunt, as they left the room; "but I have great faith in your prayers, and concluded to come and ask you all to pray that he wont gain the suit."

"This is a sad condition of affairs, Dora," said Mr. Dillon; "I am truly sorry to find you in such trouble. How long have you been married?"

"Four years."

"You were a very youthful bride."

"Yes, you know I am six months older than Mary. I remember how provoked I was when she refused to join our theatre party. It was on that night I met Mr. Van, I thought he was very elegant; I know now that he was after my money. Papa put a stop to his tricks, but not before \$50,000 were swamped between the stock exchange and the race-track. You never saw such a man for betting! It's not the money I care for; I could be happy in any condition with a man I could respect, but here I am, an ugly old woman at twenty-two, my life blighted and nothing to live for."

"O, Dora," said Mary, "don't say that; you have your darling little boy."

"How long shall I have him? The law may give him to his father when he is seven years old. It's too horrible," she exclaimed, bursting into a fit of passionate weeping.

Tears dropped from Mrs. Murphy's eyes as she took the unhappy young creature in her motherly embrace.

"O, why was my mother so foolish?" cried Dora. "If she had been wise like you, and kept me a child until I had a woman's years."

The family stole silently out of the room, leaving the two together.

Full of compassion, Mrs. Murphy waited until Dora grew calm. Sadly she remembered the scornful reception her words of warning had met in the long ago, and that she herself had been accused of jealousy. Since that insult there had been an interruption of the friendly relations. The story of Dora's marriage, by the Mayor, to a man of fashion and her subsequent departure for Europe, had been succeeded within a year by her return to her father's house, and still later by the scandalous details of the divorce case, all these incidents furnishing spicy paragraphs to the local papers.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Murphy; "no human being can comfort you. I have loved you as my own since the day I held you at the baptismal-font; but, in this matter I can only show you the path, narrow and rugged, but ending at the only sanctuary of the bruised heart—the cross of our loving Redeemer. I know that the conditions in your case preclude all hope of a settlement at present; but have courage, you were always a strong-willed little creature, and by that very quality you shall, with the help of Divine Grace, begin life anew. I suppose in all this excitement you have neglected the sacraments."

"I cannot tell when I went to confession."

"Well, dear, can you call for me to-morrow? If so, we will go together as we did when you were a little girl."

"Indeed, I will be very glad of your company."

"I promise you, Dora, that when you draw near our blessed Lord, in loving sorrow for having offended Him, you shall find peace and strength to do your duty. How are your father and mother?"

"They are heart-broken. I suppose you have seen by the papers that my husband has lost nearly all my fortune. I did not suspect him in the beginning, and signed my papers he gave me. When I woke up to the true condition of affairs, and opposed him, the trouble began. Father blames mother and me; he never did approve of my marriage. Mother thought it was a step up for me, because it would place me in society. No one knows the torture I have suffered. I soon saw I was looked on as a vulgar, ignorant creature, and some people ad-

ressed me as if I were worse. My disregard of the laws of the church in the manner of my marriage showed great indifference to my faith, but I did not see how I was acting. I thought only of the devotion of my lover and the pleasures of the life before me. Only since my troubles have my eyes been opened. Since I came home I have seen Mary and Margaret passing. They look so happy, so young and so good. I see what I might have been, and oh, how well I know what I am!"

"My dear Dora, life has still much in store. You have a great work before you. The salvation of each one of us is through the performance of the duties of our respective positions. By your return home you resume your place as daughter. Your parents love you fondly. If you are prudent in your behavior and show an affectionate consideration for them, you can do much toward consoling them for the past. Your darling boy must find in his mother every admirable quality. One resolution I suggest to you: Speak to no one of your husband's faults. Time settles many things; I can foresee that you may probably win him back. When he is without money and without friends his mind will revert to you and to his child. Strive to live in such a manner that you shall be pleasing to God and give no cause for the gossip of the foolish. Come to me when I can be of any service to you. I will call on your mother to-morrow."

"You are very good, but that is nothing new. I must go home, I did not tell any one I was coming out."

\* \* \* \* \*

One Sunday morning Margaret took Kathleen to Mass at the cathedral. As they rode into town a very sprightly young woman wearing an exquisite toilet entered the car. Her escort, a young man of scholarly appearance, took the seat beside Kathleen. Margaret introduced him as Mr. Stapleton. Kathleen had seen the young lady at the Tea and remembered she was called "Pansy."

"What an elegant prayer-book you have, Margaret. I never can keep one."

"I like this very much; it was commended by the Council at Baltimore. Beside being almost as good as a Missal, it has much information that is very useful to inquirers not of our faith."

"Is it expensive?"

"In this binding it is \$2.50."

"O, my, that is dear!"

"What did you pay for that trimming on your dress, Pansy?"

"It is not paid for yet: the dress-maker put it on. I guess it is about \$6.00 a yard. Now, Margaret, you are coming one of your school-girl dodges on me. I can't wear a prayer-book and I must have a gown."

"Your soul is your own, my dear."

"I am rather flustered. Mr. Stapleton asked me to take him to the cathedral this morning to hear the Archbishop. Since the afternoon I took him to yespers at St. John's he is always asking me questions, 'What is meant by the ceremonies?' and 'Why are vestments worn?' He has me nearly wild, for I cannot answer him."

"Why, Pansy, you heard the instructions on that very subject at the convent. I remember finding them very interesting."

"Oh, I had other things to think of. I was going to the charity ball that week and was in a peppery jig for fear my dress would not be all right. But I am dying to ask you a favor."

"Name it."

"Don't you want to lend me that prayer-book to hand Mr. Stapleton?"

"Yes, for the benefit of Mr. Stapleton. Otherwise it would be a mistake to encourage your heedlessness."

"Say what you like, love, but hand me the book before we leave the car. I don't want him to learn the depths of my ignorance."

"Why not take fifteen minutes every day for a study of your catechism? You need then have no fear of such an exposure."

"\* \* \* \* \*

"How long since you introduced the opera into the choir?" inquired Mr. Redmond at the dinner table.

"Did you not like the singing?"

"I suppose the execution was technically correct, but I considered the interpretation blasphemous in effect. The *Miserere* in the Gloria was uttered in the tone of a defiant Lucifer, and was rudely out of harmony with the sense. I am familiar with Haydn's No. 2. In my time it was brought out as 'the war Mass,' and was sung with orchestral accompaniment. Such a composition was never intended for the limited

capacity of an ordinary choir. The part for the soprano was evidently written for a voice of unusual compass. When I heard it the singers were believers, and, to quote the Poet Priest, 'sang with their hearts in their voices,' but, with one exception, that was not the case this morning."

"Which was the exception, Uncle John?"

"The contralto who sang '*pro nobis, pro nobis*' in the Crucifixus. In those two words her tones expressed faith, love and sorrow. I have not heard that voice in fifteen years, but I recognized it and remembered its owner, a pious little woman in the days of long ago."

"I had a singular experience during the sermon," said Mrs. Redmond. "You remember the gospel is that of the sower. The priest compared the various irresponsible souls to the many kinds of unfruitful soil into which the seed was cast. As I listened I became conscious that the face of a woman was mirrored in one of the glasses of my spectacles. She was like Guido's Madonna. Her uplifted eyes were fixed on the speaker with the saddest expression, such as you might associate with the guardian angel of a lost soul. I saw she felt herself alone with her grief before God, and felt obliged to turn my head that I might not intrude on her privacy. I fear she was a heart-broken mother whose child had strayed from the faith."

In the afternoon Kathleen accompanied her cousin Mary to the home for the blind. The Catholic inmates were assembled in a small ante-room, and gave her a gleeful welcome. One of the girls detained her for a minute, saying in a low voice: "Our prayers have been heard; my brother-in-law is to be baptised this afternoon."

"I congratulate you from my heart, Agnes. This will bring happiness to your whole family."

"It will, indeed. He says he owes his conversion to hearing the instructions you gave us here. He was always talking of your goodness in giving your Sunday afternoons to us."

"But, Agnes, you know kindness to the afflicted is shown by many who have no religion."

"Yes, he alluded to that, and said there was a great difference. He noticed that the Catholic visitors met the unfortunate as if

they believed the words of Christ: 'Inasmuch as you do it to the least of my little ones you do it to me.' He found that they not only showed compassion, but they led the sufferer to bear with patience all suffering, in union with our Lord, and in conformity with the will of God."

"Will you please ask your brother-in-law to remember my intention in his thanksgiving after baptism?"

"Indeed, I will."

Kathleen found it hard to believe that the eyes before her were sightless. In some the expression was very intelligent, and nearly every face wore a smile.

After the prayers to the Holy Ghost, Mary began the exercises by reading the answers to questions presented at the previous meeting. To this succeeded a reading of half an hour from "Armine." Ten minutes were consumed in writing the questions; the answers were reserved for the next re-union. The last of the hour was devoted to a reading from "The Paradise of God." A hymn was sung before dismissal.

"Is it not delightful to be able to give so much pleasure?" said Kathleen, as they walked home.

"I consider it one of my greatest privileges; I think my hour with the blind the sweetest of the week. I hope you will fill my place while I am away."

"I will do my best, but you know I am so young, and you are so wise."

"Youth has charms, and you will have mother or Margaret as counsellors."

An additional hat on the rack in the hall suggested a caller. As they were passing up-stairs, Mrs. Murphy opened the parlor door, saying:

"I have a pleasant surprise, Mary; come in, Kathleen."

They found the visitor was a former classmate of Paul Murphy's, who had arrived the night before from his home in Charleston.

"Why did you not come here from the station, Frank?"

"I did not wish to abuse your hospitality. I shall never forget the pleasant Christmas holidays we spent with you before we graduated. I wrote to John last week, not knowing he was from home."

"We received a letter addressed to him and forwarded it, but we are often tempted

to think John reads our letters very hastily. His position is one of grave responsibility, and there is an irregularity in his duties that deprives him of all control of his movements."

Kathleen excused herself and went to lay aside her coat.

"I hope you can remain to supper, Frank?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Murphy; I shall be pleased to do so, if you will not think me rude when I ask to leave early; I have an engagement this evening."

"We shall accept gladly the time you can spare us."

Mrs. Murphy was called to the sitting-room to receive a visitor.

"You have changed somewhat, Frank," said Mary; "I suppose the full beard is accountable for the difference in expression."

"I feel very old. You are just the same; a little taller, I think. Do you ever see Violet, Miss Mary? I met her in Long Branch in July, but there was no opportunity for conversation."

"I visited her there, and though I remained a week, I can echo your own words, there was no opportunity for conversation."

"I relied so much on your influence with her."

"After you left us last March, I called on her twice, and left my card, giving 'Wednesday' as my day at home, but I have neither seen nor heard from her."

"When we parted a year ago, Violet promised to go regularly to church, but she says nothing of it in her letters."

"I am very sorry, Frank, that I can be of no use, but I never could make any impression on Violet; I never felt that she cared for the things that I found interesting."

"You have just hit it, Miss Mary; you move in different circles, and touch only on the outside."

"I am very sorry, Frank, that the boys are not at home," said Mrs. Murphy, as she returned to the room; "we women are poor substitutes, and Mr. Murphy is at a conference meeting."

"I think, Mrs. Murphy, you can be of greater service to me in my present difficulty."

Mary disappeared, saying something about a duty claiming her.

Frank continued: "You know, Mrs. Murphy, I have no mother to consult, and you were so interested in me when I was here that I turn to you now. I came to Philadelphia to have a definite understanding with Violet. Since I met her four years ago, she has been very dear to me. Until recently, she gave me every reason to think she returned my affection. A year ago my father married; since then Violet's letters have been very unsatisfactory. Last night when I told her of my baby brother, she said, 'Don't you want to strangle him, Frank?' I said, no, indeed, I liked the little fellow. 'Well,' said Violet, 'if I were in your place I should hate him.' That remark set me thinking."

"Have you any plans, Frank?"

"I am considering two proposals. A friend of my father's, a government official, offers me a clerkship in Alaska. My father offers me money to go into business near home. I have some money from my mother's estate."

"Have you asked Divine guidance in your perplexities?"

"I have."

"That is the best beginning. Can you think of any cause for the change in Violet?"

"Two days ago I should have said no, but the remark made last night inclines me to think that Frank Barrington to-day is not the catch he was before his father's marriage. Another thing occurs to me this minute: My grandfather died last year and left his money divided between several charities; my aunts have but a life interest in it."

"Do you think you have a rival?"

"I have met a boy there who is about twenty-one; Violet often mentioned his name in her letters, as one of the group in the pleasure parties they are always getting up. I find Violet looking very badly. She lives in a whirl of excitement, and is quite worn out; she tells me that the doctor urges her to go to a sanitarium for rest."

"What first attracted you to Violet?"

"She was pretty and received me very kindly. I knew no girls. I spent my life between school and my grandfather's. My aunts lived with him and were devoted to me."

"What is your ideal of a wife, Frank?"

"She should have ordinary health and a

mind sufficiently intelligent to learn from the varying experiences of life all that is necessary to the fulfillment of her duties as a wife and mother in whatever position fortune places her. She should form her life by religious principles. A woman who loves God, loves her neighbor, will be unselfish and affectionate. With such a companion a man has a visible guardian angel."

"What have you to offer in exchange?"

"From God, I have good health; thanks to my parents, I inherit an unblemished name. My aunts' teachings fortified me against the temptations a man meets in college, and I have the foundation of a moderate income."

"There is one consideration to be kept in mind: neither wife nor husband is found ready-made. If either possesses certain fundamental qualities, such as faith, truthfulness, and the like, certain results may be hoped for; the friction of circumstances shall but ennoble the character. On the contrary, a selfish, silly woman becomes peevish in adversity and arrogant in prosperity. The practical application of these considerations you can now make to your own case. Has Violet the qualities you seek in your help-mate?"

"I fear she is incapable of them. When I first made her acquaintance I put all the blame on her mother. You know she is a Catholic. She had Violet baptized when she was an infant, but gave her no religious instruction. Violet's father has no religion and the family are very worldly."

"There is only one more question and that you alone can put to yourself: Is it prudent to enter the marriage state with Violet?"

The ringing of the supper bell called them to the dining room.

When Frank was taking leave of the family he said: "I shall let you know my destination, Mrs. Murphy, when I know it myself."

"A trip to Alaska may be just what you need."

"Are you thinking of going to Alaska, Frank?" inquired Margaret.

"I have an invitation to spend some time there," he replied.

"I should think such an experience would be very improving; it is a country of such varied and wonderful resources."

"What a wise-acre she is," said Mr. Dillon affectionately.

"You know, Uncle Edward, I am accustomed to think of such subjects from a young man's point of view. Our boys passed through the phase of experience which now confronts Frank—the choosing of the way."

"I shall be happy to entertain you at the ranch, Mr. Barrington. I can offer you some good shooting. We undertake some extensive expeditions occasionally."

"I appreciate your offer, Mr. Dillon, but I fear the party would *make game of me*. I am too city-bred for a sportsman."

"Then by all means go to Alaska. People shut up in the east have no idea of the possibilities of life. I have not seen a real man since I left Montana."

"Look in the glass before you go to bed, Uncle Edward," said Kathleen.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## CHURCH UNION.

### II.

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



IN the March number of the REVIEW we tried to show that an union of different denominations is not possible, but on the basis of a common creed. The question now arises, which creed is qualified to serve as a basis, or rather, in what way did God intend to communicate to man His will and the measures adopted for man's salvation?

The general answer to the query is, that the Bible amply supplies this want. Examining, however, the matter critically, we are not so certain that this basis is at all satisfactory and sufficient. For, what is the Bible? A collection of writings of different authors, covering sixteen centuries. These writers, though all of the chosen people, yet occupy such different places, and have different scopes, in consequence of which they speak of matters only as far as they touch their individual scope, leaving out very important items as irrelevant to them there and then. The inevitable result is, that the Bible, at least in some portions, is fragmentary. This is true of all its books, save the Pentstauach, which contains the Mosaic laws in their fulness. Now, we ask, can fragmentary records form a sufficient basis, even admitting their genuineness?

And this genuineness, as our readers are well aware, has not only been universally

admitted, but whole books have alternately been received and rejected, and, in regard to numerous passages, the text has been interpolated, misinterpreted or wrangled over. Such an uncertainty disqualified the book to give indisputed evidence, covering the whole ground of the question. Some portions of the Bible are even ascribed to different authors and different times. But how can a record be held a safe form of conduct and guarantee of truth, so long as we are not even certain as to who wrote it, and when it was written? It is evident that the Bible cannot give testimony of itself, there must be some living witness testifying, and by his testimony, corroborating and confirming the statements contained in the book. Such a writer cannot be one man, who, of necessity, would belong to one country and one time only, whereas the salvation of man is a matter of all countries and all the times. Hence the evidence must be of many and constant, or in other words, tradition, oral tradition is necessary.

In order to render tradition an unexceptional witness, it must be not only coeval but anterior in time to the book in question, for only in this case is it qualified to give a perfectly secure evidence as to the writer and his writings. This is the more demanded, as the books of the new testament, which concern us chiefly, do not owe their existence to a divine command to write them (if we except the Apocalypse) but bear the character of memoranda, left

to the people by the departing teacher, in order to more fully preserve the memory of his teaching.

The earliest part of the new testament was written ten years after our Lord's ascension into heaven, the latest only, after two generations of Christians had passed away, and the official catalogue of all the books constituting the bible, was not made until the end of the fourth century. Was there no church in the meanwhile, no preaching priesthood, no sacraments? The very idea is absurd. But, if the faith could be and was transmitted before the parts of the bible were gathered, then certainly were the priests and crowds of laymen of different nations able to testify that the teaching which they now found contained in the Bible was identical with what they had received by word of mouth. Thus the church witnessed the authenticity of biblical teaching, but not *vice versa*. Consequently the tradition settled the fate of the Bible and decided the question which writings were genuine or spurious.

□ But it had to do more. It had to extend not only over authors and time of compilation, but comprise also the compiled matter. Nay, more, it had to supplement the deficiency of matter in the Bible.

‡ Christ taught his religion in but one country. He spoke to Jews only and Jews only were the first messengers commanded to carry His gospel to the uttermost bounds of the earth to teach all nations. Notwithstanding the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Ghost in the discharge of their ministry, the Apostles and Disciples remained Jews in their way of expressing thoughts, delivering parables, or applying axioms. Therefore also their writings show Hebraisms, and draw parallels, unintelligible to any one not acquainted with the language, history and traditions of the Jews. What was plain to a Jew at first sight, remained a riddle to a non-Jew, unless properly and authoritatively explained to him. Consequently only the writer and those instructed by him can say what is meant by the text. Tradition is the expounder, and it expounds not so much grammatically, but by bringing in parallel passages, adducing words or deeds of Christ, not recorded in the Bible, and thus at once renders clear and supplements the text of the Bible. This is so inevitably true, that

St. Augustine declared he would not believe the Bible if he were not brought to it by the authority of the church, which is the living witness, the living and uninterrupted tradition.

Admitting the force of the argument so far, it has been objected, that this witness was wanted only until the Bible was fully established and universally recognized as the word of God. This achieved, it would give evidence of itself.

This objection is futile. Books can undergo and have undergone such changes that the last edition was anything but a reproduction of the first. Do we not see every day that in subsequent editions statements made originally are retracted, amended, supplemented or new theories advanced in direct contradiction to former ones? And if this be the case in regard to printed books, it holds good much more concerning manuscript copies, each one of which is an edition for itself. Criminal intention or unintentional negligence may be accountable for changes or omissions, which bear weightily upon standard dogmas, and therefore change the faith.

Still greater is the difficulty regarding translations into foreign tongues. Only the man who attempted translations, is a qualified judge of the difficulty, to render a correct translation from a more developed into a coarser and rudimentary language, because it would not serve the purposes simply to render word for word, but idiom must be rendered for idiom, an idea be given by an idea, which, though couched in different words, gives exactly the intended principle or law. There can be no doubt that often times translations of the Bible were attempted by men not qualified for the work, because they had not sufficient knowledge and command over both languages.

Now the result will be obvious, if there is no authority that can and will decide the authentic reading. We will have as many different Bibles, as we have Bibles. Even Origen, living in the third century, complains of the confusion reigning in the copies he consulted, and, remember, the Bible was 1400 years old before the first printed copy of it appeared, and this copy had to be made, not from the original manuscripts which are extant no longer, but from copies of translations.

In the light of these reflections it becomes evident that an appeal to the Bible unsupported by tradition, is as an appeal to a soap bubble, and any building raised upon such foundations is a castle in the air, therefore any union, based upon the Bible alone, is an impossibility.

But, if the union is to be based upon the authority of tradition, instead of a disputed book, the question is necessary and pertinent: Which of the now existing religious denominations can make good its claim, to be the divinely appointed custodian of truth, whom we MUST hear, and against whose decision there is no appeal?

In the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century the inner consciousness of the individual believer was declared the custodian, and as a necessary consequence the right of private interpretation was demanded for every one. And the consequence? Our Lord told us, that the tree is known by its fruits. Regarding the church founded by Him, He had prayed His heavenly Father, that those He had given Him might be one, even as He and the Father were one. He therefore places an especial stress upon absolute unity.

A glance at the many church steeples raised in places not populous enough for one good sized church, shows that unity did not result from private interpretation, that the fruit was bad and proved the tree to be bad.

In fact, this doctrine appoints human reason the judge over divine teaching, and makes the teaching of God depend on the consent of man: it is subversive of faith, incompatible with it, and the prevailing infidelity and agnosticism are its legitimate result.

A return to authoritative tradition is imperative, and in order to know where to find this authority, which man is not only able but bound to submit to, we have to enquire into the character of the institution founded by Christ, to convey to mankind His teaching, precepts and graces and thus become an institution of salvation. Finding this, the question is settled; there can be no two teachings, no two guides, no two worships, the union prayed for by Christ and devised by so many, will be an accomplished fact.

## BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

### IV.

#### OF HOSPITALITY IN LITTLE.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



E all wish to be hospitable. If she will prove ineffectual towards the deed, we can always blame circumstances, health, lack of means. We seldom admit that lack of energy or vigor of will is the

root of the troubles.

There is really nothing easier than to arrange a course of entertainments for our wealthier neighbors. The ball or dinner party or theatre party that Mrs. Mansion "really ought to give," is soon arranged for her to our entire satisfaction. The result

is a virtuous glow in our conclusion that she has *not* done her duty and that we, with her money and her facilities for entertaining, would have contrived to do better.

As it is, handicapped with our small income, incompetent servants, fretful children, poor health, or a hundred other excuses as valid, it is, of course, impossible for us to do what we would desire. The will we certainly possess and therefore, we feel that Mrs. Mansion is but a selfish creature, given over altogether to her own comfort, and that we are philanthropists in disguise.

Innumerable causes may justly prevent the exercise of hospitality. Some of these



causes, charity whispers, apply equally well to Mrs. Mansion and Mrs. Cottage.

Leaving these aside for the time, however, I shall venture a few opinions as to the hospitality possible to the latter.

One thing I am certain of. For those in moderate circumstances, to allow their minds to dwell upon the magnificent, possible only for the rich, is to paralyze the hospitable exertions within their reach. Everybody, particularly every American, has an imaginative longing for splendor, for generosity, kindness and hospitality on the large scale. To be satisfied with the small things within our grasp is as difficult as to be satisfied with our own lack of ideal, and possession of very imperfect qualities.

We need nothing so much as the lesson of content with the day of small things.

That woman has character and courage who is capable of inviting her wealthy hostess of yesterday, to partake to-day of a simple luncheon or dinner, which does not attempt to vie with the number of courses, or richness of service, displayed at the first.

Social intercourse has become so largely a matter of competition and display, that a little of the spirit of the ladies of *Craeford*, who thought it a great lack of breeding and delicacy to speak of money, and a mark of vulgarity to serve other than the lightest of refreshments, consisting, if my memory be correct, of tea, thin bread and butter and seed cake, at their immortal tea-parties, would prove a desirable infusion in every rank of American society.

What sort of entertainments are possible for the woman of moderate means? A practical question, to which the vague reply might be given that the range is as wide as her ingenuity, tact, and good management.

To be more definite, there are many simple afternoon functions that are within the reach of everyone. Thimble parties and card parties are easily managed, and, with a gracious hostess and congenial guests, can be made most enjoyable occasions. There is always a variety of pleasant games in fashion, over which a merry hour can be spent, and which afford a pleasant pretext for the gathering of friends and acquaintances. Simple refreshments for afternoon parties are al-

ways in better taste than an elaborate luncheon.

An afternoon tea is also a function that any hostess can achieve. The elaborate crush with its expensive floral display and the attendant joys of orchestra, colored waiters, elaborate, caterer-served supper, dazzling and costly gowns, is an indulgence possible only for the wealthy, and generally proves a display more to be admired for its spectacular effect, than envied as an exercise of true hospitality.

Mrs. Mansion can scatter her hundreds, and achieve this social triumph. Mrs. Cottage must forego even thinking of it. But she can invite her two or three score of friends to come some afternoon and exchange cordial greetings with her, and partake of tea or coffee, sandwiches, cakes and ices. These or similar refreshments can be both hospitably and elegantly dispensed by one or two of the hostess' intimate friends whose pretty, bright-colored gowns and pleasant faces will help to put the guests in proper festival spirit. A few flowers and palms judiciously disposed about the rooms and, if possible, a little music, will aid in making a very graceful scene, whose informal character will not prevent its becoming a memory of refined, elegant and very gracious hospitality.

Luncheons and dinners are a little harder to manage and, without the services of a fairly good cook and some assistance in serving, can scarcely be arranged. However, everything is possible to the woman of ingenuity and good taste.

For evening entertainments a good deal of originality can be displayed. The talents of friends can be pleasantly utilized in musical or literary soirees. Conversation parties can be made a pleasure even to shy people, while card parties of one sort or other, are always certain of interesting.

Many of these entertainments, and the innumerable others that this brief talk cannot mention, a warm welcome, a genial host and hostess, and a circle of guests not ill-assorted, and ready to forget for the time their private dislikes, are essentials. The refreshments need never be elaborate, but should always include, whatever the season of the year, a cup of coffee.

Graciousness is, we all realize, the most desirable quality a hostess can possess. It is, like tact, a born gift, but, like tact, it

can be cultivated, and the woman whose days are spent more in thinking of and doing for others than for herself, is apt to unconsciously acquire it. But it is almost impossible for a woman who has spent many hours before the arrival of her guests in anxious, Martha-like ministrations for their comfort, who has swept and dusted and cooked until her entire nervous force is exhausted, to retain enough vitality to have a shred of self-possession or amiability left, far less graciousness, when she endeavors to cast aside her care and greet the appearance of her friends.

It is always wise to recognize one's physical limitations and, smothering one's desire for overwhelming neatness or a culinary triumph, keep a reserve force of strength, which will enable us to make our little entertainments genuine pleasures to ourselves and to others.

Overweening sensitiveness in hospitality, as in every species of social intercourse, can only make us miserable. A series of mischances is occasionally apt to occur to any hostess, by which everything goes wrong, or so her sensitive, nervous imagination represents it to her in the melancholy reflection of next day's reaction.

The good old wisdom of the sufficiency of the evil of the day was never of better application than in our hospitable misadventures. The fact that the salad or the coffee is not as good as usual, that our

waitress has made several stupid blunders, or that any other unavoidable and disagreeable jar has occurred, does not justify a hostess in feeling guilty and miserable whenever, afterwards, she thinks of the occasion.

Even the unkind comments concerning our best-meant efforts that un tactful friends repeat to us, are not worth remembering. Treat them as of no importance, trifles forgotten by everybody else, and their bitterness will soon vanish and the remarks themselves fade from our memory.

Let us all recognize hospitality, in whatever form is possible to us, as a duty. We, whose place is in the world, have no right to withdraw ourselves from the intercourse with our fellows, that is necessary to the maintenance of health of mind, body and soul.

In amiably receiving and dispensing hospitality, we are doing what we can towards increasing the world's run of cheerfulness and happiness.

In using our thought and efforts for others, in doing our best simply, without envy or discontent, as in making the most of the kindness extended to us, without critical afterthought, or sensitive misinterpretation, we are learning the Easter lesson:

"That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

## THE SCAPULAR.

**A Medium of Spiritual and Temporal Favors as Attested by Well Authenticated Facts.**

TRANSLATED BY S. X. B.

### THE ISLE OF MALTA—THE SIEGE AND THE DELIVERANCE.



**I**n the year 1565, the Isle of Malta was besieged by a formidable army of Turks, and in the very first battle suffered the loss of many of the bravest knights and most gallant warriors. After a siege of four months the island was delivered in a most miraculous manner

through the intercession of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The troops sent to their aid by the King of Spain, set out on the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and had upon that day dedicated themselves to the Most Blessed Virgin. They pursued their course under favorable auspices and landed at the most auspicious moment, when the despairing army was about to become the prey of the Ottoman fleet. Heaven blessed their arms in almost visible manner. The

siege was raised, and contrary to all expectations Malta was entirely freed from the inimical Ottoman power. The Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, all the chevaliers concurring, attribute this happy escape to our gracious Lady of Mount Carmel, and sent in token thereof to the Carmelite Convent one of those death dealing balls whose fatal force she had repressed, with an authentic report of the whole, both to be placed in the Chapel of the Divine Protectress. There they were—silent but powerful witnesses of the miraculous preservation.

The Rev. Fr. Daniel has given in detail the contents of the "Authentic," "*Speculi Carmelitani*, Part III, No. 2475.

In the year 1636 all Flanders was devastated by the ravages of a terrible pestilence. Jean Witenbrouck, who had left his native place to go to Saint Trond, in the diocese of Liege, was attacked, and at once gave directions to be taken to a certain monastery where lived Master Mathias, who was most skillful in the treatment of such fearful diseases. But despite the care with which he was attended, Jean became worse, and was in a few days reduced to what seemed the last extremity. He lay there, almost as if dead, for he gave no sign of life. They entreated his wife to withdraw, knowing that she would need to gain strength for what they thought must inevitably come. Seeing that earthly aid was of no avail, she knelt to implore the assistance of Mary, the comfortress of the afflicted. Often had she heard of the marvels effected through the efficacy of the brown scapular: indeed she and her husband had been invested some time previously. Full of confidence then, the now hopeful wife returned to the side

of her husband, took his scapular, removed the coating of ulcers formed by the disease, and applied to the spots the two parts of our lady's livery. Then she poured forth anew her prayers and petitions before the throne of God. At the very moment when the scapular touched the affected parts, Jean opened his eyes, looked around, and pronounced the name of his overjoyed wife. Her confidence grew greater each moment, and she begged her husband to unite with her in soliciting a perfect cure.

Their prayers were heard. On the following day, when Master Mathias made his usual visit to the patient, almost indeed with the anticipation of finding him dead, to his surprise Jean was out of danger, and even conversing with his wife. He was not slow to attribute the happy event to the proper source, and united with the husband and wife in exalting the Divine Mother. On the Feast of the Scapular, July 16, the great festa of Our Lady of Carmel, Jean repaired to Attenhoven, there to offer the scapular which had been the instrument of his wonderful cure.

There, in its beautiful case of silver, which the grateful client of Mary had caused to be made in the most exquisite style, the precious badge was placed upon the altar in the monastery chapel.

Father Daniel, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, relates this fact, which was only admitted after a most rigorous investigation. Master Mathias, Jean Witenbrouck and his wife Marie Putzeel, and Monsieur Jean Baex, pastor of Attenhoven, where the scapular was preserved, all testified to the truth of the above.

(*Speculi Carmelitani Part III, page 642—*  
"*Pere Brocard of St. Theresa.*" "*Recueil d' instructions,*" page 286.



## SPANISH LETTER.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



THE Very Rev. K. Vaughan, brother of the Cardinal, is presently collecting funds for the construction of the new Cathedral of Westminster in Spain, at Seville. He has been very successful. The Infanta Louise, widow of the Duke de Montpensier, and daughter-in-law of the late Louis Philippe—the last of the French kings—leading his list with a subscription of £50, and inscribing herself as an associate in the erection and beautifying of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Perhaps the fact that Spanish blood flows in the veins of this illustrious Catholic family has its influence in the unprecedented success of his mission. During the penal laws the Vaughnians were amongst the exiles, and members of the family intermarried with the grandees of Spain. Similar was the fate of the Wisemans, for the great Cardinal was born in Seville. In those days many of the illustrious sons of Our Lady of Carmel from the Irish provinces received in Seville their education, notably the ever revered prior of Knocktopher, the late F. Cullen, O. C. C., and many others, whose names we will gather from the Andalusian chronicles of the order on our next visit to Ierez de la Frontera.

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Although the winter is exceptionally mild, still a wave of influenza has flown over the north-eastern provinces of the peninsula, protracting on beds of sickness many illustrious sons of the Church, notably the illustrious Archbishop of Tarragona, whose health flittered between life and death for over a week, leaving science powerless to offer opinions or prescribe remedies. To-day the Bishop of Barcelona, is in no less critical a state, for last night the High Viaticum was administered, and never have we witnessed so solemn or so impressive a scene as the

streets presented when, after the cathedral bell rang out the "Tomasa," a signal that the Viaticum was about passing to a prelate densely crowded at once became the approaches to the palace. There were the rich and the poor—men of all classes and all grades of society, all anxious to join in the vast procession, with their lighted torches (over 500 participating in the procession). Oh, the sight was something grand, solemn, imposing beyond description, as it passed from the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in the cathedral to the Episcopal Palace, taking a detour through some of the principal streets and squares. As we write the Archbishop's state is hopeful, whilst that of the Bishop of Barcelona is yet in the balance.

\*.\*

The Sisterhood of the "La Compania de Santa Teresa de Jesus," lately founded by Father Ossa, has met in his death a few days ago a true earthly loss. In their convent at San Gerasio, one of the suburbs of the Condal City, the Bishop of Chillapa, (Mexico), Dr. Ramon Ibarra, celebrated Mass for the repose of his soul. The Mexican prelate was on his way homeward, having paid his visit to the Vatican and our august and beloved Father, Leo the XIII., when he learned of his death from the Sisterhood. Father Ossa was also director of the "Revista de Santa Teresa de Jesus."

\*.\*

The Reverend Fathers of the Discalced branch of the Carmelite Order are making preparations to open a convent of the order in Barcelona during the present year. Previous to '35 the children of Our Lady of Carmel were in Barcelona more numerous than all the other religious of the Condal City.

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### A SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.

When the Piedmontese invaded the Pontifical States and entered the Eternal City, they at once sacked the Papal

arsenals, and with the unblushing audacity of the highway robber, transferred the valued armament of the Papacy to the Piedmont stores. Some years ago, in an excess of friendship towards the King of Abyssinia, who was then sought to be converted into a powerful ally on the Dark Continent, the same Italian government forwarded to him a large consignment of the newest and most modern implements of warfare, including those they had robbed from the Papacy. To-day these are the very arms which are carrying death and disaster to the armies of the usurper.

## OUR PRESENT GRACE.\*

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK-REDMOND.



OTH rose and thorn have come from Thee;  
 Guard we alike each preciouslly,  
 O, rose leaves perfuming the day!  
 O, thorns that tear the flesh away!  
 A gift and grace are both of ye.

In Thy sweet will enwrapped are we,—  
 No happier shelter could there be.  
 Thy hand has given for to-day,  
 Both rose and thorn!

Enough to clasp the cross we see,  
 And guard joy's deeper mystery  
 As present light's sufficient ray.  
 Confiding in Thy strength and stay,  
 Grateful we take from Thy mercy,  
 Both rose and thorn.

\*" Our present grace does not mean unconquered infirmities in which we are to acquiesce. But it consists of the inevitable circumstances which surround us, considered as the ordinance and dispensation of God. It is the exact and infallible will of God in regard to us."—FABER, *Growth in Holiness*, p. 219.

## 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.

APRIL, 1896.

The world is a looking glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion: so let all young persons take their choice.—THACKERAY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The glad Easter sunshine is pouring its rays upon the earth, and I am very sure that one and all of us are rejoicing for many reasons in this month of the Resurrection. How fitting it is that Easter should come in the spring. How gladly we welcome these April days of sunshine and showers and draw a sigh of relief because the "winter is over and gone." Well, that is just what the Resurrection teaches us. Sin, the winter of the soul, gave place to the new life of perpetual spring when our risen Lord, triumphing over it, opened the gates of heaven, the country of everlasting spring. It is His will that we all keep step with the brooks, which, after the winter is over, leap and run along their way, joining themselves to the larger streams, the great rivers which bear them on to the mighty ocean. You, dear children, are the little brooks—babbling ones—and in your glad way, full of the joy which comes of ignorance and purity, will run and join the company of the great saints who will bear you with them to the ocean of eternity. We all like to be in pleasant company on a journey. Very few care to trudge alone along the way. Well, there are delightful companions to be had if one will only cultivate their acquaintance. Why not read the lives of some of them. Take for example St. Philip Neri. So gay, so bright was he that his room in Rome was called "the school of Christian mirth."

I would fain never leave off saying with him, "Be always gay and contented—no melancholy, no scruples, I do not want that. It is sufficient that you do not offend God—then enjoy yourself at will."

There is the secret of all true joy. Do not offend God. Why are religious so proverbially bright and happy? Because God gives them a foretaste of heaven on earth. Some young scholastics in colleges are as frisky as young colts out in a meadow. Why? Because their hearts are as light as sea foam and joy fairly bubbles up in them as from a spring of purest water. The great English writer whom I have quoted at the opening of this letter gives us a lesson well worth learning. A sunny face is a downright blessing from God. It is more than beauty because it will not fade. Watch the people whom you meet. See how much attracted you are to those who wear a smile always—not a grin, nor a merely silly expression which says nothing—but that look of peaceful happiness which is in itself a question: "What can I do for you?" Think of the holy face of our Blessed Lord after the Resurrection. What beauty there must have been in it. What a smile which made men think of God and heaven—and oh, dear children, think of it! It is our happy lot to look forward to a whole eternity of joy in beholding that holy face. It is enough to make us clap our hands and fairly dance for joy at the very thought. Easter means peace, and hope and joy.

All good things because of Him who triumphed over sin and hell. Let us spend the whole month in thanking Him for the gift of the holy Roman Catholic faith, which alone can fill our lives with true Easter peace and joy.

### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

AN ENGLISH BISHOP'S RIDDLE.

1. I have a trunk;
2. It has two lids;

3. And two caps;
4. Two musical instruments;
5. Two established measures;
6. A great number of articles we can't do without;
7. I always have about me two good fish;
8. A great number of small shell fish;
9. Two lofty trees;
10. Some fine flowers;
11. Two playful domestic animals;
12. A great number of small wild animals;
13. A fine stag.
14. A number of whips without handles;
15. Some weapons of warfare;
16. A number of weather-cocks;
17. An entrance to a hotel;
18. At a political meeting, on the verge of a decision;
19. Two students;
20. A number of Spanish grandees;
21. A big wooden box;
22. Two fine buildings;
23. Product of camphor tree;
24. A piece of English money;
25. An article used by artists;
26. Boat used in racing;
27. Used in crossing a river;
28. Pair of blades without handles;
29. Twelve letters of the alphabet furnished with bows;
30. Instruments used in church music.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN MARCH NUMBER.)

- XI. Cornwall.
- XII. Facetiously.
- XIII. Shears.
- XIV. Letter A.
- XV. Silence.

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What is "The Ever Faithful Isle?"
2. What is the "jodel," and where is it used?
3. Who wrote "Lead Kindly Light"; when and where was the author born?
4. What is the most noted animal painting in the world?
5. What nation is called the happiest in the world?

#### Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

FEBRUARY.

1. "Because," said Pope Innocent IV.,

who first conferred them, "they should be ready to spill their blood for Christ if necessary."

2. Seneca, the Roman poet, orator and philosopher, so called by the Christian Fathers.

3. Shakespeare, so called by Coleridge.

4. Duns Scotus, the greatest teacher of the Franciscan Order, was called by his enemies "Duns-man" or "Duns"—later contracted into dunce.

5. Genesis, chapter iii, v. 15, where it is said of the Blessed Virgin—"She shall crush thy head."

#### MARCH.

1. Frederick Ozanam.
2. At the Sorbonne.
3. M. Olier.
4. Dante.
5. Aubrey de Vere.

#### MAXIMS FOR APRIL.

16. O that we could take that simple view of things as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God.

CARD. NEWMAN.

17. And we in silence oft may hear,  
The voice of God in us,  
And many words oft make, I fear,  
Failure inglorious.

LAWRENCE MINOR.

18. Years of ardent devotion; they are precious, undoubtedly; years of sacrifice, they are more precious a thousand times.

FR. MILLEICOT.

(The Ravignan of the working-men of France.)

19. No man was ever scolded out of his sins.

COWPER.

20. Paradise is not for the slothful.

ST. PHILIP NEERI.

#### BEFORE EASTER.

Child.

Oh! mother! I have dreamed a dream.  
It was so still, so dark,  
I did not hear the whispered sedge,  
There was no watchdog's bark,  
The leaves all seemed afraid to stir,  
No breeze was in the rustling fir,  
Hushed was the owl's cry.  
It was so still, I grew afraid

Of the soft beat my heart pulse made,  
And e'en my frightened sigh.

*Mother,*

Alas! our Lord is still in death,  
Upon his lips there moves no breath,  
Well may earth lie in silentness  
Missing His voice her songs to bless.

*Child,*

Mother! I cannot bear this dream.  
So thick, so black the night,  
The moon has hidden far away  
Her beautiful, white light,  
No star is looking through the dark,  
No glow worm lends her tiny spark,  
The darkness seems to close  
So tightly round, it hurts my face;  
Not even in the fire-place,  
The smallest ember glows.

*Mother,*

Yes! it is dark in Joseph's tomb;  
Our sweet Lord lies amid the gloom,  
Death shadows on the close shut eyes  
Without whose light, no man can rise.

*Child,*

Mother! the dream its terror stayed,  
A sound woke in the air;  
So far, so very far it seemed,  
Then grew a song most rare,  
And all the leaves in music woke,  
The fir tree chanted to the oak;  
The streams began to sing;  
The lark went warbling up the sky,  
The thrushes 'gan to make reply,  
And flower bells to ring.

*Mother,*

My child, you heard the angels call  
The earth to wake her singers all;  
That should our Holy Sleeper rise  
He'll wake to songs of Paradise.

*Child,*

Mother! can I be dreaming still?  
So exquisite, afar  
One glow of beauty and of joy  
Shines out the morning star.  
The golden lights come dancing through  
The milk white clouds, the fairy blue,  
And now—the Sun—the Sun,  
All light and glory from the east  
Of life the King,—of joy the Priest,  
His happy earth has won.

*Mother,*

Awake, my child! The Easter day

Has come. Our Lord is on His way;  
Come, haste to meet him. Fly to greet  
The glory of His Advent feet.

### AN ALMOST FATAL CURE.

BY W. B.

"Confound it! There it is again!"

Harry grasped a short piece of flooring board and swept it over the bench. A crash and clatter, as if a sideboard had upset, followed.

"I'll lock that door yet, if things go on in this way any longer, even if father does think me selfish."

Anger and disgust entirely disfigured the beautiful face of Harry Nollet. His carpenter shop, as he chose to call it, was situated on the ground floor of the large stable. His father had fitted it out for him at no little expense, and Harry was proud of his workshop. Occasionally his cousin Fred and his brothers would go into the shop, work about the bench, and leave the tools scattered all about the place. This was a thing Harry could not bear. This explains his angry words. While he was looking over the bench his eyes met something that made the veins upon his forehead swell anew. In the groove for the tools lay a broken file.

"I wonder who was in here? There's that brand new file broken!"

Picking up the handle and file he hurled them into a corner of the shop. Just then he heard the lock click, and looking in the direction of the door he saw some one peeping in. Then the door opened entirely and a little fairy form came rushing in.

"O, Harry! you're not mad, are you? Here is a half dollar. Fred said it would buy a new file. Please take it, Harry."

She came up to Harry while saying this, and, as if to soothe him, she got on a little work stool, put her arms about his neck and said again:

"Please, Harry, don't be angry."

Harry was pacified. He could not resist Nettie; she was his favorite, and he loved his eight year old sister. They looked very much alike; both were fair, had light blue eyes and light hair. Harry was fourteen years of age and quite tall. He was well built and looked strong and healthy. Gazing into the fair face of his little charmer, he asked;



"How did that file come to break?"

"You see, Harry, my little trunk would not close, and I told cousin Fred; he looked at it, and one side of the latch piece was a little too far over, so he took the file and filed a little off and it's all right. Then the file was on the floor and he didn't notice it, and stepped on it, and crack! it broke. He gave me this half dollar to give to you. Please, Harry, take it."

"No, Nettie, keep it; you can give it back to Fred, and, if he does not take it, you can give it to the little girl you spoke to yesterday at the gate."

"O you're good, Harry!"

A shy little kiss, and in a moment Harry was alone.

He set about putting things into order and also picked up the file and handle to see what could be done. A small piece had plugged the handle. He turned a new one, and in a short time the file was all right. His anger, of course, was by this time gone. Harry was a good boy, if you disregarded his lack of self-control. He had a terrible temper, and it too often ran away with him. Perhaps his father's nature was too well copied in himself. Mr. Nollet was a man of admirable qualities, and he, too, had a fierce temper, but it was completely under his control. He loved his boy Harry, who was so very much like himself. His oldest son James, a young man of eighteen years, was clerk in his large establishment. Paul was two years younger than Harry, and Georgie, the youngest boy, was the baby in the family. Mrs. Nollet, an admirable lady who admirably filled her position in life, was a devout client of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Her oldest daughter, whom she called Mary, was something over fifteen. She attended a convent school. Nettie enjoyed the careful training of her mother at home. Mrs. Nollet also kept a very close watch over her boys during their vacations. She made it her duty to know exactly what boys they associated with. She did everything in her power to have her children enjoy home life to keep them about her. She often told Harry and Paul to bring their friends with them to the house, and here her careful eye could discern the character of their companions. It was not a rare sight to see a number of boys about the lawn enjoying such sport as only an open place, free from the trammels of the

city, could afford. Mr. Nollet seconded his wife's every effort in the great work of educating her children, and encouraged her by every means in his power.

Harry was very fond of carpenter work, as very many boys are. His father encouraged him by his liberal supply of tools and material. But carpenter work was only a pastime for vacation days.

We now return to Harry as we left him in the shop. When he had finished putting things in order, a knock at the door interrupted his musings. He said:

"Come in!"

"Good morning, Harry! Did Nettie give you a half dollar to-day?"

The speaker was Harry's cousin Fred, a boy of Harry's age. They were good friends, of similar tastes and dispositions. They went together to the same boarding school.

In answer to the question, Harry said: "Yes, Nettie was in here a few minutes before you came."

"You are not angry, are you? I did not mean to break the file."

"I know it; Nettie told me how it happened." Showing Fred the file, he remarked: "It's all right, I've repaired it. But I got very hot when I came in here and found the tools scattered all over the bench. Do you see that board up there? Well, I think it's in a place where you cannot help but see it, and I think the rule, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place' is a very good one."

"Well, Harry, that you found disorder was not a fault of Paul's. He was called while hard at work. You see he's making a sled."

"A sled! Now in mid-summer?"

"Yes. There's a poor little fellow over at Blands' meadows, and he would like to have one. Paul said he would ask your mother to buy one for him when winter came, but after a second thought he concluded to make one himself, and ask for a pair of gloves and a cap instead of the sled. There is the work he has done, under the bench."

"Let us finish it, Fred! But that sled is too small for two. I'll bet the little fellow would rather have one larger than the little chaser Paul wishes to make for him. We will make one large enough for two. Paul may finish his for someone else, and he will have two sleds to dispose of."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A GLORIOUS and joyful HALLELUJAH to all our readers!

\*.\*

OUR Lord's Easter greeting to us all: "Peace be to you!"

\*.\*

At Christmas the Angels wished peace to all "men of good will"; at Easter, the risen Lord Himself, with pierced hands and open side, comes to offer us His peace.

\*.\*

The kings of this earth are training. In dogged silence, their cruel and blood-thirsty hounds of war; the KING of kings enters through closed doors and announces to His startled and persecuted disciples that "peace which the world cannot give."

\*.\*

EASTERTIDE! Season of renewed joy and happiness! God, whose spirit is a spirit of "Beauty, ever ancient and ever new," who "renews the face of the earth" every spring, in a material sense, and who creates anew the life of grace in so many Christian hearts during this spring season of the Church, has chosen Easter as the day of triumph in His Kingdom. "This is the Day, which the Lord hath made; let us exult and rejoice in it." And thou, poor sinner, who hadst closed thy heart against the Infant of Bethlehem, do not now try to hide from the glorious sunshine of Easter. Do not remain dead with the winter frosts of sin, but let the Easter sun find that life-giving germ of faith which lies hidden somewhere in thy frozen heart, and warm thee into a new life, full of the blossoms and buds of spring. Then, when the Lord of the Vineyard shall come to thee, at the season of harvest, He will find ripe and luscious fruit, which He will garner unto Himself, the dear Harvester of Souls.

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A DECREE, issued by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated the third of December, 1895, authorizes all Carmelite Superiors to give, according to their judg-

ment, the Papal Benediction to the faithful on Easter Monday and Pentecost Monday instead of the Tuesday in Easter week or Pentecost week. They are thus at liberty to make use of this great privilege on either day; not, however, on both days.

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THE infamous resolutions introduced into the American Congress by Congressman Linton of Michigan against placing the statue of Father Marquette in the old hall of representatives, have done more to spread the name and fame of this heroic Jesuit than any more friendly effort to perpetuate his memory could have accomplished. The secular press of the United States has, for the moment, laid aside all its lesser aims, and with, practically, unanimous voice, protested against this contemptible and un-American measure.

\*.\*

OUR Spanish correspondent, Don Juan Pedro, has kindly promised to send us items of news from Spain. Our readers will find the first instalment of this interesting budget on another page. We also have several of his beautiful descriptive sketches of sanctuaries in Spain on hand. They will appear in the near future. His warm and enthusiastic description of the celebration by the Spanish army of its Patronal Feast, which appeared in our January number has been widely copied by the Catholic press of America.

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THE usual process of disintegration, which attends all efforts to unite large bodies of religious minded people into human organizations, has now set in to split the ranks of the Salvation Army. It could not be otherwise. Unity is a visible mark of the Kingdom of God. No matter how honest the effort, how sincere the intention, or how productive of good results for the time, no Christian body can gather elsewhere than with Christ. "He that is not with Me, is against Me; he that gathereth not with Me, scattereth."

We have often noticed, with surprise, the strange craze manifested by a certain class of Catholic writers to glory in very questionable death-bed conversions of prominent persons. But, to glory in the accidental Catholic baptism of a prince, whose life is known to all of us, was left to these last days of the nineteenth century. *The Freeman's Journal*, of Sidney, N. S. W., publishes a story about the Prince of Wales, according to which this prince, after having been invalidly baptized by two bishops of the English church, received a valid baptism at the hands of a Belgian priest, chaplain to the Queen of Belgium. The story, if true, would be an utterly useless and unprofitable one. But, it is a highly improbable one. A priest who will do such a thing must have no theological learning, or no conscience. No priest is allowed to baptize a healthy infant who is sure to be brought up a Protestant. The Prince of Wales, by his very title, according to the present English laws, has a legal claim to be the future head of the English church, and could not, therefore, be raised a Catholic without forfeiting his title.

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Our Holy Father proposes to the League of the Sacred Heart as the intention for the present month the "Apostleship of the Press." At no time more than at the present, and in no country more than in ours, should this intention be warmly offered up to the Sacred Heart by its thousands of adorers. According to the latest Directory, there are over ten millions of Catholics in the United States and more than two millions in Canada. And yet amongst such a large body of Catholics, who all patronize the press, there is not one single Catholic daily paper in the language of the country. Our Catholic magazines are doing their work, in spite of great difficulties, nobly enough. Among the two hundred or more Catholic weeklies, there are but a score of really good representatives of Catholic thought. It has always been the mission of Catholic clergy to educate their people. To do this efficiently, at the present day, it is impossible without the aid of the press. Wherever the clergy take this mission to heart, they can, with united efforts, further this worthy Apostleship immensely. *The Sacred Heart Review* is a proof in point.

The establishment of parish libraries and Catholic reading circles is another most powerful means. We hope, therefore, that this great object, presented to our dear Lord by the millions of members of the League, may be more and more blessed with fervent and generous devotion on the part of all who write and read.

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ACCORDING to all reports, the Winter School, at New Orleans, has been a great success. We are glad to see the lively interest taken by our young people in these gatherings for the intellectual development of Catholic life. It is a wholesome sign. Especially were we delighted with the circumstance of its southern location. The south is not sufficiently well known to our younger generations of the north. No one can become acquainted with this beautiful portion of our country and its great undeveloped possibilities, no one can meet, in social intercourse, the noble and warm-hearted southern people without falling in love with this sunlit land and its inhabitants. If, therefore, the Winter School should have produced no other result in individual cases than to subdue the natural impetuosity of some northern youth by the reposeful charm of southern hospitality, or to fire the languid blood of some southern youth of talent by contact with the swift heating pulse of the north, this, in itself, would be ample justification for its usefulness.

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WE again call the attention of our readers to the fact that we have bound copies of the CARMELITE REVIEW for 1894 and 1895 for sale.

#### PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

*The Orphan's Bouquet*, one of our ablest juvenile papers, has lately succeeded in adding to its editorial staff a young writer, who has more than once charmed the readers of our REVIEW, by his beautiful poetical tributes to Our Lady, and by his clever prose sketches. We hereby congratulate our excellent contemporary upon the acquisition of its new Associate Editor, Henry Coyle.

THE *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for April, among many excellent features, contains a beautifully illustrated article on "Golgotha," by the Rev. James Conway, S. J. We also recommend to all our brethren of the press, and to all leaders of thought, a careful perusal of the masterly article on the "general intention of the month."

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THE *Roman Post* is a weekly illustrated Catholic newspaper, published in Rome. It is now in its second year, and has the advantage over all other English papers published in Italy, that it appears all the year round, even during mid-summer, when there are but few English-speaking tourists in Rome. It is excellently printed and contains all those bits of local and personal news so interesting to those who ever have made a short or long stay in Rome. It chronicles the audiences and solemnities at the Vatican, and all the interesting events at the different churches and religious institutions. To give it a lasting value, each number contains some interesting article on Roman monuments. Thus, in its latest numbers appeared a series of articles on the Roman catacombs. No one, who has ever been in Rome, can forget the Eternal City, but we know of no better means to keep alive the many feelings of pleasure and Christian joy experienced on the spot, than the weekly perusal of the *Roman Post*. It is published at 46 Piazza di Spagna, Rome.

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THE *Arc Maria*, in one of its recent issues, says a word "Concerning Casa Braccio." Mr. Crawford "had no intention," it says, "of attacking conventual life, and would regret sincerely to give any of his readers wrong impressions of the Church." He does not express any regret, as far as we can make out, for having created wrong impressions of one of the most illustrious Orders of the Church. He says that his story is based upon an actual occurrence, which took place in Italy a good many years ago, when convents were more lax than is possible now. We believe we know something about the Carmelite Order. Why does he speak of a Carmelite Abbey, or a Carmelite Abbess, or of a life-long Superior in a Carmelite Convent, when

such things have never been heard of? And yet his whole story hinges upon these false assumptions. The most objectionable feature of all is that, although he pictures the Carmelite nun's temptations against convent life so vividly and dilates so much upon the objections, usually made against cloistered life, he nowhere finds a counteracting word of praise for that highest kind of Catholic life, a life of continued prayer and worship. No, if we must judge a man by his works, we can only form the conclusion that Mr. Crawford, "who resents the accusation of not being a good Catholic," has not even an inkling of the sublime vocation of a Carmelite nun. Addolorata waxes too eloquent in her denunciations of a life of penance, not to betray the animus of the writer. We have drawn the same conclusion from all his stories, viz.: that he considers the highest, the very highest perfection of woman to be human love. The great virginal saints of our Church, consecrated victims of divine love, must have taught him no lesson, or he would have found some redeeming word to counteract the sad picture he draws of convent life, especially, as he knew that his Protestant readers, at least, could not supply it.

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#### BOOKS.

"*A Lady and Her Letters*," by Katherine E. Conway, is one of the sensible books which meet "a long felt want." We are, therefore, glad to see this second edition, serviceable, bound in linen and published by the Pilot Publishing Company, Boston. Superiors of religious institutions for the education of young ladies would do well to include this valuable book among the souvenir gifts, bestowed upon parting graduates.

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MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY has done our Catholic literature a valuable service, in collecting the numerous little stories and poems which from time to time she published in our best Catholic magazines, and presenting them to the public in the most enduring form of books. "Amy's Music Box" and "The Lost Christmas Tree," published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., are the names of her two latest publications. The little stories that give the title to the books, have not, be-

fore, appeared in print. Needless to say, they are as bright, as healthy in tone, and as pregnant in moral as all other exquisite productions of her pen. Members of the League, who are praying this month for the Apostleship of the Press, can, practically, become very efficient apostles by introducing these books, so apostolic in their way, into their families and libraries.

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A book of fragrant poems, filled with the perfume of Erin, comes to us from Ireland. "Eddies," by T. H. Wright, is printed at Wexford, and published by Eason & Sons, Dublin. There are patriotic tributes to the Green Isle, sonnets on Glendalough, Celbridge Abbey, Grasmere, and others; five exquisite poems to the Blessed Virgin, and songs composed for music. They are all short, lyrical compositions, betraying a highly gifted soul, and nearly faultless in rhyme and rhythm.

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From the publishing house of P. Tequi, 29 rue de Tournon, Paris, France, we have received a book of devotion to St. Joseph, intended for the use of the faithful during the month of March. There is for every day of the month an exercise of devotion—consisting of an extract from the life of the Saint, according to the works of the Fathers, a meditation and prayer. The title of this excellent book is: *Nouveau Mois de Saint Joseph*. It is written by l'Abbe Joseph Berlier, and is the best manual for the month of March, which has so far come under our notice.

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THE Casket Printing Co., Antigonishe, N. S., issues a booklet, *A Catholic Heroine*, containing the history of Sister Flora McDonald, Nun of the Convent of La Trappe, Tracadie, N. S. The story first appeared serially in the *Casket*. The writer remains anonymous, which is rather a pity, for the incidents of Flora's life are so eloquently told, the glorious beauties of land, and sea, and sky, surrounding her wandering, so poetically described that the reader feels a natural curiosity to know the name of the writer, who knows how to throw around a fascinating subject all the witchery of per-

fect style and diction. It is the story of a little Scotch Highland lassie, who becomes a Catholic in her tender childhood, suffers cruel persecution from her Protestant relatives, after several futile attempts succeeds in escaping, and finally becomes a Trappist Nun.

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WE have received from the Christian Press Association Publishing Company a book entitled, "The Religion of the World, and how the fifty-eight grand-sons of Noah and their descendants founded the Nations after the Flood." It is written by the Rev. James L. Meagher. A sufficient key to the contents of this remarkable book is to be found in the concluding words of the Rev. Author, which we hereby quote: "Thus reader," he concludes, "we have wandered over the world, both ancient and modern; we have tried to dig deep into the religion, ancient and modern, of the human race; we grasped the traditions of the religion first given Adam and the patriarchs, but scattered by the fall of man by the rebellion at the building of the Tower of Babel, and when the grandsons of Noah separated and colonized the nations. Amid them all we have failed to find a race, a nation or a tribe who did not believe in God Almighty, in the future life, in the rewards and punishments after death. The truths, dimmed more or less by the mists of fable, are natural to man. The modern writers who claim that man was at first a savage; without faith, morals, or religion, are all wrong, ignorant of history, stupid, puffed up with pride, and filled with themselves. Therefore, this work, the labor of many years of deep, ceaseless research day and night, we now close by saying THE END."

#### PETITIONS.

THE following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Conversions and reform, 6; employment, 8; vocation, 1; temporal, 16; spiritual, 1; persons in affliction, 3; sick persons, 2; 2 children, 3 young persons, 2 families; 10 special intentions. Thanks are also returned for 4 favors obtained.