



The Christ-Child

—BY MURILLO.

[Detail from the painting of Holy Family in the National Library, London.]



A Lenten Monologue.

WORLD! thou art gay as a golden dream
Where pleasures dazzle and glories gleam ;
The pomp of power and majesty,
Riches and splendors are shrined in thee :
Yet thine is the doom of the moth and rust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

Flesh ! thou art fair in thy pink and white
Witching beauties that men delight :
Eyes that sparkle and lips that smile,
Silken tresses that souls beguile—
Vain the spells of thy pride and lust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

Dark Sathanas ! whose cruel arts
Wreck and ruin unnumber'd hearts ;
Laugh and leer in thy fiery glee,
Christ's dear grace shall vanquish thee !
Out of thy snares, He'll snatch His just :
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

AN EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

By J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

SO sweet and low, so sweet and low,
 Our whispered words to heaven flow ;
 The last sunbeam has kissed the blue
 And fast the night comes stealing through.

And Mother, now, we bend our knee
 And raise our thoughts awhile to thee ;
 Though night be dark we do not fear
 For thou art near ; for thou art near.

We seem to feel thy presence rare,
 Thy song comes stealing on the air ;
 Its words are set in tones of love,
 Breathed from above ; breathed from above.

Come, then, and bless thy wayward child,
 The shades of night loom dark and wild
 And o'er the pathway shadows throng—
 The way is long ; the way is long.

And now, in joy, we offer sweet
 Our deeds to-day with love replete
 And beg thee through the weary years
 To dry our tears ; to dry our tears.

And O fond Mother, while we sleep
 Pray let thy love a vigil keep
 And guard us safe till morning's light
 For it is night ; for it is night.

By the Right Way.

The Record of a Soul's Pilgrimage.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I.—THE BEGINNING OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

THE Rector of Eastbury, All Saints, was a leader of the extreme "Catholic" party; his nearest neighbor, the Vicar of Meadowbrook, was an ultra-Evangelical, of the old, uncompromising school. To the Reverend John Huntley, Rector of Eastbury, his "brother-priest" of Meadowbrook was little, if anything, better than a dissenting minister, and Meadowbrook church a hot-bed of "heresy"; to the Reverend Henry Green, Vicar of Meadowbrook, his "fellow-minister" of Eastbury was certainly no better than "a Jesuit in disguise." And yet, thanks to the elastic "comprehensiveness" of the state church, they could each claim to represent her teaching and authority, and their respective parishioners could assist at High Mass at Eastbury, or at The Lord's Supper at Meadowbrook, or *vice versa*, according to individual predilection. In the one case, they would be taught Transubstantiation, pure and simple, and could visit the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the Tabernacle; in the other, they could be taught the barest Zwinglianism. And both priests would appeal, confidently, to Prayer-book and to Holy Writ, in support of their respective dogmas.

An impossible situation? Rather, I maintain, one that could be paralleled by a thousand similar ones. Certain parishioners of Meadowbrook, having Catholic convictions, walked the two miles to Eastbury, every Sunday, in

order to assist at High Mass; certain parishioners of Eastbury, of strong Protestant leanings, walked or drove to Meadowbrook, with equal regularity, in order to listen to "pure Gospel preaching" from the lips of the Reverend Henry Green. They would bow politely, cordially, in many cases, as they met on the road; what had theological views to do with social amenities? Bigotry is, surely, incompatible with good breeding; and "the right of private judgment" belongs to Catholics and Protestants alike—within the all-embracing fold of the "Church of England."

It was a condition of affairs that might have continued indefinitely, as it had continued for many years but for certain events which, suddenly, accentuated, not to say, embittered it to a degree which made its further continuance a moral impossibility. The Rector of Battleminster, three miles distant, had recently "apostatized"—"gone over to Rome"; the curate of Eastbury had followed his example. That was bad enough, in all conscience, but when Sir Robert Wainwright, the Squire of Meadowbrook Manor, a Protestant of even more uncompromising principles, if possible, than the Vicar himself, forbade his daughter to marry Colonel Ashby, because the Colonel was a member of the English Church Union, and had taken a prominent part in certain proceedings of that "obnoxious" body,—the match being, otherwise, unexceptionable—"Society" took sides, ac-

ording to theological bias, with the Squire or with the Colonel, and former acquaintances, as they met on the road on a Sunday morning, hardly bowed to each other. It was worse than a contested election.

In this, however, the Rector of Eastbury had no immediate concern, except in so far as that the Colonel was his friend and church-warden, an active parish worker, and chief lay-member of those various "Guilds" which the extreme clergy know so well how to make use of. The Vicar of Meadowbrook naturally sympathized with his crony, the Squire; but, strenuously as he disapproved of his fellow-minister's views, he was too good a Christian to quarrel with him openly, most of all, in regard to a matter "purely secular" as he chose to consider it.

But the perversions just now referred to, and the "odium theologicum" effectually aroused by the Squire's bigotry, had certainly made havoc of the paradise of "comprehensiveness" which had existed hitherto. If the curate of Eastbury had "gone over to Rome," so the Meadowbrook party argued, the Rector was sure to do likewise. If not, he ought to. On the other hand, if the Protestants were going to import controversy into social relations, the two places, Eastbury and Meadowbrook, would no longer be fit to live in. And, as a natural consequence, the views of the respective parties became more pronounced and aggressive than ever. It needed, in fact, only some such trifle to show how unreal was the truce which, up to that time, had existed between them; to convert their views into principles, to be maintained and defended at all costs.

For a while, nevertheless, the Rector

of Eastbury remained where he was, and showed no apparent symptoms of "going over to Rome." He was, in fact, perfectly satisfied with his present position. "The "church of his baptism" was making good her claim to Catholicity in the eyes of all men; Protestantism was a waning power, the evil effects of the mis-called reformation of the spiritually dead eighteenth century were beginning to pass away; the Catholic party had only to be brave, patient, united and resolute, and the re-union of Christendom would be brought to pass sooner than any could dare to hope, in spite of foes without and foes within. What was there, he was wont to say, that any Catholic could desire which his own church would not grant him? Every doctrine and practice which had the support of Catholic consent might be found in her fold, why seek in an alien communion that which their Mother gave them so ungrudgingly? And yet—there was Meadowbrook, only two miles away, and many souls given into his charge went to learn "false doctrine" at the lips of his "brother-priest."

His "brother-priest"; he knew that he could not, truthfully, call him anything else, and, day by day, the full meaning of the term recurred to him. Worst of all, it recurred to him at the most solemn moment of his daily Mass, with its awful significance. He strove to put it from him, as a temptation of the evil one, but, the more he realized the validity of his own priesthood—concerning which he had no doubt at all—the more vividly did the consequences thereon depending present themselves to his mind and soul. A priest; with power to consecrate: nothing could alter that. Views had no effect on that ineffable prerogative:

the grace of order was given to worthy and to unworthy alike; the words of consecration, divinely instituted for that very purpose, must accomplish the end whereto God appointed them. The Vicar of Meadowbrook was his brother-priest, no less endowed with priesthood than himself.

That the matter should present itself to his mind and conscience in such a light, and with such invincible, ever-recurring persistency, was only a proof—had he known it—that his views amounted to convictions which, however short of divine faith, were, surely, the earnest of that wonderful gift, if he were only faithful to the measure of grace already given to him. Then, after a while, he ceased to strive against the thought which, for him, was of such awful import, and, day by day, made an act of reparation for all sacrileges committed against the Blessed Sacrament. More, he asked of those who believed as he did to do the same; not specifying any particular sacrilege, but, having in his own mind, a clear intention of making amends for those committed—in ignorance, as he prayed—by his brother-priest, the Vicar of Meadowbrook.

Of his good faith, there could be no question at all. To him, it was a matter of spiritual life or death; and the Blessed Sacrament a living, actual reality; the Eucharistic God, to be adored as was His due. To him, any want of such adoring reverence—wilful or otherwise—was an appalling sacrilege; the least they could do who believed in the Real Presence was to make all the amends possible, and to persuade others to do the same. Of the full consequences of valid orders, viewed in the light of three centuries of anglicanism, he had, as yet, not the faintest conception—as compared with

the reality. How could he have, and retain any belief in the power of order? He, or any other that has faced the question in all its bearings?

But, so far, even if he realized, in any measure, however imperfect, what was involved in the Vicar of Meadowbrook's priesthood, he had consoled himself—for want of better consolation—with the reflection that the sacrileges were committed in ignorance, and, would, doubtless, have endeavored to persuade himself—in perfect good faith—that the same plea could be entered on behalf of all those innumerable sacrileges which had occurred during the long and evil period of Protestant ascendancy in his beloved Catholic church in these provinces. In ignorance; for want of ability to recognize the dignity of their calling to the office and work of a priest in the Church of God; surely not in wilful malice.

But this aspect of the matter began to present itself to him, in spite of himself, at his daily Mass. For sins of ignorance "acts of reparation" on the part of the faithful must avail; but for "sacrileges" wilfully, deliberately committed, what reparation could be found? "No man liveth to himself"; we are "members one of another"; for the acts of a brother-priest, all priests must, by inevitable consequence, be responsible. For acts done in want of knowledge, he and others could offer "Masses of reparation"; for the same acts done of set purpose, God would hold him and them answerable. It was the burden of their priesthood, a burden which, God knew, might come to outweigh its inestimable privileges.

That, for the present, was as far as he could get. What it cost him to persuade himself that all the sacrileges.

and blasphemies committed against the Most Holy, from the evil days of the "reformation," through the awful period when the Blessed Sacrament was the key to office under the State, and every village constable, petty officer, mayor or general, received, *pro forma*, and as a test of his orthodoxy, "the Body of The Lord," were due to ignorance, none may ever know. It was the only plea possible, so far as he could see; amounted, even, to a proof of God's unspeakable goodness and condescension in thus placing Himself in the power of those who knew Him not. But, if committed wilfully; as the doctrinal necessity of the church to which they belonged, what then? He strove to put the awful suggestion from him, for it seemed as if the very life of his soul were at stake.

And it was this fact of priesthood and its consequences that was destined to probe his spiritual being to its very depths. How would he stand the all-important test?

It came suddenly, but did not,—could not, so to speak, with one in his state—find him unprepared. The Vicar of Meadowbrook went, for his summer holiday, to a sea-side resort noted for its extreme Catholicity. What his motive may have been, the Rector of Eastbury did not care to enquire; it was a matter wholly between the Vicar and that God whom he served faithfully, according to the measure of light vouchsafed to him. Possibly, had he not found at Tyneborough certain fellow-"evangelicals" whose consciences would not permit of their assisting in "ritualistic ceremonies," still less of communicating at "ritualistic masses," what happened might never have occurred. The Vicar of Meadowbrook wrote to the Bishop, asking permission to administer the

"Lord's Supper according to the rites of our Protestant church" in a room hired for the purpose. The Bishop, whose sympathies, at least, were with the clergy of Tyneborough, refused, curtly enough, in a note written by his secretary. Thereupon, the Vicar of Meadowbrook, at the invitation of one of his non-conformist brethren, administered in a dissenting chapel.

It was a challenge—though, certainly not intended as such—which the Bishop was not slow to accept, and he promptly inhibited the contumacious Vicar, prohibiting him to preach or minister in his diocese. This, in turn, was an act of "episcopal tyranny" such as the Reverend Henry Green and his friends—not all so judicious as he might have been, if left to himself—were not likely to submit to meekly. The Reverend Henry Green preached, the following Sunday morning, in the same dissenting chapel. Then, in the evening, before a crowded audience, to whom any sensational attack on "popish idolatry and superstition" appealed as strongly as to their Puritan ancestors, he "consecrated" according to the Anglican form, and then trampled on the "bread" to show that he, for one, had no belief in "Priesthood," "Sacrifice" or "Real Presence."

It was an argument *ad hominem* not to be explained away or modified; a sacrilege deliberately committed by one who, as the Rector of Eastbury knew, was a devout, earnest, conscientious Christian—according to his lights; a man whose convictions were as honest and sincere as those of any Catholic in the English church. If, then, such a man could act thus, in a way which caused a horror as great in the mind of the Reverend John Huntley as an actual sacrilege could

have caused in the minds of Catholics, how could the plea of ignorance any longer avail for the reformers of the sixteenth, the Puritans of the seventeenth, the Latitudinarians of the eighteenth century? And what were questions of vestments, lights, or incense, when compared with this awful fact? In very deed, the burden of his priesthood was growing greater than he could bear.

It was the one fact, brought home to his personal experience, which supplied a definite standard by which to measure all those other sacrileges on which Newman had insisted so strongly, but which he had vainly tried to palliate on the score that they had been committed from want of knowledge, not, surely, deliberately. And now? He knew the man; the act that had been committed; a priest had outraged the Blessed Sacrament: what Mass or act of reparation could atone for this? He, too, was a priest of that church whose rulers were unable, if not unwilling, to punish this unspeakable blasphemy; more, if the perpetrator of it were to present himself, to-morrow, at the altar rails of Eastbury church, he could not refuse to feed him with the Body of that God to whom he had offered such a deadly insult. That was the burden of the priesthood, a share in every sacrilege, every outrage done to His beloved Lord; just as its crowning privilege was a share in every Mass, in every act of love offered to Him by those who truly love Him. And the burden, for him, outweighed the privilege. It was as if the Vicar of Meadowbrook had, to use the words of S. Paul, "crucified the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame." The paroxysm of horror unspeakable that possessed his soul cannot be described, even should any one presume

to attempt the task.

For, not even yet did he see any way of escape from his burden. He was "a priest forever," and for every "sacrilege" in the past, for every one that might yet occur, personally responsible, in virtue of that indissoluble bond of a common priesthood. More: he must continue to bear his burden to the end, conscious, with a daily increasing weight of consciousness, that there was no remedy, no escape; that the church could make no amends; that many fellow-priests, whatever they might think of the expediency or good taste of the Vicar of Meadowbrook's action, would feel no such sense of horror as that which oppressed his soul, would do the same, possibly, if placed in similar circumstances. What could Masses and acts of reparation avail, even if offered, daily, hourly, by every Catholic in the pale of the English church, seeing that, for every such Mass of reparation a hundred unworthy celebrations by priests unconscious of their stupendous powers, a hundred sacrileges, in fact, would be committed?

It showed, at least, how deep and true were his convictions that he should feel like this; also, that the one escape which, to many another, would, at once, have presented itself, never occurred to him in his hour of darkest trial, almost of despair. But of one thing he was determined; never to say another Mass till he had wrestled the matter out; had found time to decide whether this were a conceit of the enemy, or a judgment on himself for some unforgiven sin. That it could be the judgment of God on the church to which he belonged, never, at that time, crossed his mind. But he applied to his Bishop for an extended leave of absence, and, within a fortnight of the

time that the news of the sacrilege reached him, had left England.

II.—THE STRIFE OF TONGUES.

To a man of the Reverend John Huntley's training and convictions, a liturgiologist, rather than a mere ritualist, to whom ceremonial was of value and importance only as the expression of certain doctrines, of one, in particular; two facts were of the very essence of Christianity; sacrifice and priesthood. Not, be it noted, priesthood and sacrifice; the priesthood was the necessary concomitant of the divinely-instituted sacrifice, which, in its simplest expression, meant the Real Presence. Unlike most Anglicans he did not argue from validity of orders to validity of Sacraments, rather, since valid Sacraments are of the very fundamental necessities of spiritual life, there must be, in any church claiming to be Catholic, that is Christian in any true sense, a valid priesthood to administer them. Having, so far, no reason to doubt the validity of Anglican Sacraments—indeed, his whole experience convinced him of their reality—he could be no less certain of the validity of Anglican orders. This, in fact, was what had led to his present condition of spiritual suffering, that he, as a priest, was, personally, a sharer in all the sacrileges committed by those who shared with him, the power, the dignity, the responsibilities of the priesthood.

When, therefore, he left England, it was for the purpose of examining, calmly, dispassionately—as he believed—certainly, in a prayerful attitude of heart, mind, and soul, the claims and teaching of all those churches which, according to his standard, were, in any sense, Catholic; that is, which had both sacrifice and

priesthood. His desire was to find, first, wherein they agreed, and, next, wherein they differed: also, to what extent each church was consistent to its own dogmas; whether, in fact, it were possible for any Catholic priest other than an Anglican, to be guilty of deliberate, glaring sacrilege, without reproof on the part of his ecclesiastical superiors, or, practically any blame from the great majority of his fellow-churchmen, clerics or laymen.

The next few months, when he came to look back on them, afterwards, appeared to him like a veritable phantasmagoria, of rites, ceremonies, and gorgeous vestments. From Sweden, and its Lutheranism, he passed to the Jansenists of Utrecht, thence to the Old Catholics. Thence, again, to the autonomous churches of Servia, Bulgaria, Russia, Greece and Cyprus, not omitting the Copts, the Armenians and the Nestorians. Among the Swedish Lutherans he found much that was ceremonially Catholic, and a distinct, definite belief in consubstantiation, which, as he clearly recognized, is a definition of the mode of "Real Presence" which of necessity involves adoration. More, since any mode of "Real Presence" is of the essence of the Eucharistic sacrifice, there must be, according to his view, a valid priesthood to offer it. And this, chiefly because, believing in consubstantiation, that is, in an actual Presence of God under the Sacramental veils, the Lutheran clergy, whatever their shortcomings, as measured from a strict Catholic standpoint, seemed so far as he could judge, deeply imbued with the reverence due to the Blessed Sacrament, and incapable of any wanton, deliberate sacrilege. Also, that any such sacrilege would cause the deepest, truest horror among a

people who, their failings notwithstanding, had a very real conception of what is involved in the doctrine they believed. So far as the Swedish Lutherans were concerned, such an act on the part of priest or pastor as had driven him into his present spiritual exile appeared to be a moral impossibility. That is, no pastor could be guilty of such a sacrilege, not even one who had lost faith in the accepted dogma of his church, and retain his office, unreprieved by his superiors, uncondemned by the consciences of the faithful.

The same rule, he found, obtained in all the mutually-hostile, otherwise divided churches. No matter how ignorant the clergy, how inconsistent their lives, there could be no question as to their universal, genuine belief in the "Real Presence," and of the effect of that belief on their spiritual consciousness, as also on that of each member of their flocks. It might be—possibly, was in many instances—a mere traditional, habitual acceptance of an inherited dogma, without power to amend their lives or their morals, but there was no open denial, no formulated question of the one, central fact of Catholic Christianity, and, consequently, no possibility of wanton sacrilege. Priests and people, recognizing the Blessed Sacrament as Very God, treated Him, in some measure, at least, with the reverence due to Him; and, whatever lapse of faith they might suffer or fall into, never lost the awe inspired by this Divine Presence.

Truly, as it seemed to him, it was only in the Anglican communion, among a people proud of their spiritual, moral, intellectual and temporal superiority to all the rest of human kind, that it was possible for priest or layman to believe or to deny the Real

Presence, according to individual choice, and yet communicate at Catholic altars; for a priest ordained to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ, to offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice, to outrage the Most Holy with impunity; to make that Most Holy the test of orthodoxy, the road to office under the State. In every other church belief—however expressed—in the Real Presence, had a very visible, practical effect, and ensured due reverence on the part of priest and people; a belief resting, at lowest, in the deepest and most cherished traditions and convictions of the great mass of the faithful, making open denial, still more, open sacrilege, a moral and spiritual impossibility, so that even those whose faith was dead deferred to that of their neighbors and countrymen.

In these points, therefore, the voices of Christendom were in unison, whatever might be the strife of tongues in regard to all other matters. In these respects, also, each church was consistent to its own dogmas; and no Catholic priest, Lutheran, Jansenist, Greek, Servian or Nestorian, could do as the Vicar of Meadowbrook had done, and retain his position. Belief in the Divine Eucharistic Presence was real, and living, was a belief which produced the effects which every Catholic would expect from it. Only in his own church was it otherwise; only the priests of his own obedience either had no belief themselves, or remained in communion with those who had none.

It was what he, for one, could do no longer. The lesson he had set out to learn had been taught him, with an iteration and an emphasis from which he could not escape, even had he conceived it possible that he should wish

to. From the burden of responsibility involved in his priesthood, there was, he knew, no relief to be obtained, he must share, to the end of his life, in every sacrilege committed by his fellow-priests. But he would, at least, cease to offer Masses of reparation which, as it seemed to him, in his spiritual desolation, God would not, or could not accept, so many and so great, by comparison, were the outrages committed against the Most Holy Sacrament by priests unconscious of their dignity, yet none the less guilty, on that account. The burden lay upon his church, upon his bishops, upon his own soul, and it was greater than he could bear.

In which of the many churches of Christendom should he seek for refuge, for some relief from the weight that oppressed him? Though their voices might be in unison, to all intents and purposes, concerning sacrifice and priesthood, concerning all else there was a strife of tongues that tortured his spiritual senses with a pain surpassing all expression. Partakers in One Sacrifice, one priesthood, they were yet at bitter variance with one another, and, though each claimed his allegiance, none claimed that infallibility which, as he felt, must accompany Divine authority rightly possessed. To him, and he knew it, it had always been a difficulty that his own communion, claiming to be a living portion of the Teaching Church, and insisting on apostolic succession, should have never claimed to teach infallibly. How otherwise should they teach to whom it was said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me?" And yet, neither in the church from which he was a voluntary exile, for the honor of the Eucharistic God, nor in any of the churches whose doctrines and

practices he had been studying so earnestly, for many months past, did the successors of the apostles presume to teach, as The Lord of the Apostles bade them, "with authority," that is, as possessing His infallibility. Moreover, should any heresy arise, such as Puritanism or Latitudinarianism in his own communion, the only apparent remedy available was in a Synod of Bishops—subject, in most cases, to more or less direct interference on the part of the State. How poor a remedy that was, his experience of Pan-Anglican Synods and Lambeth conferences, had long ago convinced him.

There was, as he began to recognize, almost in spite of himself, only one church that had, in all ages, and under all circumstances, laid claim to the possession of infallible authority; a church which, while she admitted the validity of some orders outside her pale, altogether denied that of others, of the Anglican communion in particular. Further, such orders as this one church recognized were those of churches whose belief in sacrifice and priesthood had always been clearest, most distinct, most real and practical in its effects on the lives and conduct of priests and laity, with which, in short, she had most in common. If she debarred from this recognition the Swedish and other Lutherans, it was only what many Anglicans had done as well, and with less valid reason; if his own church fell under her ban in this respect it was only because, in her judgment,—as he, himself, had been constrained into something very like an admission—a church which made no provision for the reverence due to the Victim and to the Sacrifice could not possess a real priesthood.

It was almost an admission; not quite, as yet. And this, doubtless, for

the very reason that to admit that Rome was right in regard to Anglican orders, that is, in regard to his own, seemed to him, in his actual state of mind, too easy and simple a way of laying down his insupportable burden to be the one that God intended him to take. He had assumed that burden—so he still honestly believed—at the direct command of God; he felt that he needed a command as clear and unmistakable before he might presume to lay it down. It was true that all other churches—the Swedish Lutherans excepted—were at one with Rome on this question, as well, and for Rome's reason, which, with ever increasing force, appealed to his sorely-tried spirit, but which, on that very account, he strove, manfully, prayerfully, to put from him, as a suggestion of his ghostly enemy.

But Rome claimed to be infallible, and all other churches strenuously resisted her tyrannous pretensions; his own among the very first. They were at one in this at least; the consent of Christendom was not to be mistaken on this point, whatever divisions there might be in regard to others. And yet none other claimed this infallibility, so evidently a part of the divine constitution and economy of the Teaching Church; supposing a General Council to be summoned, neither Swedish nor Anglican bishops would, so far as he could see, be admitted as Catholic, nor was there, judging from the rivalries and divisions that had made themselves so painfully evident to him in the course of his pilgrimage, any hope of practical agreement, since no one church would yield precedence to any other; and, since no individual body of bishops claimed to be the infallible voice of the church—the prerogative of the Apostles and their successors—

whence should that infallibility be bestowed on the decisions of all of them, in General Council assembled? Here, again, his experience of his own bishops, joined to his clear recognition that any authority claiming man's spiritual allegiance must be infallible, formed the sure standard by which he measured all things.

The consent of Christendom was contradicted, set at naught, by the strife of tongues. Of what avail were priesthood, sacrifice, consistency and reverence, if there were none to answer, with Divine authority, the soul's cry of perishing humanity, "What is truth?"

III.—THE CITY OF HABITATION.

It was not a spiritual condition that could last indefinitely. His zeal for God, his unspeakable horror at the sacrilege committed by a brother-priest had driven him into exile, laden with a burden heavier and more bitter than that which falls to the lot of most men. He had searched through Christendom for the confirmation of those two truths which were, to him, the very life of his soul, and had found it, in abundance. But, even so, he was not satisfied, and from the burden that oppressed him he had found none to offer him any relief that he felt he could conscientiously accept. The very fact that all churches with but one doubtful exception, agreed with Rome in denying the validity of his orders, did not help him; rather, he clung all the more tenaciously to them in that, therein, consisted all the bitterness of the cross that God had laid on him. All his spiritual experience testified to the reality of the sacramental graces which he had received, to the Presence of the Eucharistic God in his consecrated, but unworthy hands, in

his soul, hungering for the Bread of Life. How could there be any doubt about it, even though it had cost him so much?

But, at the very hour when relief seemed wholly unattainable, except at a price which his moral nature refused to contemplate as possible, relief was nearest to him, though he knew it not. Grown weary of wandering, he found himself at Nazareth, in the Holy Land, and there entered the church of the Latin Obedience. It was the hour of Vespers, the feast of a confessor. The ritual and the music were all familiar to him; they had been in use for many years, as nearly as possible, that is, in his own church at Eastbury. He listened, with a strange and wholly new sense of contentment and peace to the words of the Psalms, to the solemn chant of the Magnificat. But the words sung at the end of the hymn, came to him as a message from God Himself. "Justam deduxit per vias rectas,"—He hath led the just by the right ways." Just, he did not lay claim to be, remembering the humility of St. Paul, but he had, at least, striven to serve God in that state to which, as he honestly believed God had called him; at what cost, God only knew. Had God led him, too, by the right way? Surely, He must have done. And now? What was the end to be? "Et ostendit illi regnum Dei",—And hath shown to him the Kingdom of God." The Kingdom of God; the Church of God. Was he to find it here?

Had he not sought it, earnestly, longingly, with prayers and tears? Would not God show it to him, at last? This, then, was to be the end of his strange, painful pilgrimage; here he was to find relief from the burden that had weighed him down to the very dust. It was, as it seemed to

him, no sudden revulsion of feeling, no mere yielding to a weak desire to be quit of the burden he had borne so long; no mere acceptance, in sheer hopelessness, of the only escape that offered itself to his weary spirit. Rather, it was the natural, yet Divine consummation of all he had undergone. The voice of Christendom was the voice of Rome, in this matter, at least; there could be no priesthood in a communion which made no provision for the reverence due to the Most Holy Victim; a communion in which for centuries, sacrileges had been of constant, regular, unavoidable occurrence, never regarded as such; in which, even now, it was possible for clergy and laity to refuse to adore the Eucharistic God, simply because, as most of them were persuaded, He was not present under the sacramental veils; how could such a church be, in any real sense, Catholic? How could such men as numbers whom he knew, have power to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ, and yet treat Them as common bread and wine as a matter of course?

In every other communion with which he had been brought in contact the doctrines of sacrifice and priesthood were accepted without question, safeguarded by the faith, the traditions, the consciences of clergy and people. The most unworthy, the most ignorant priest treated the Eucharistic God with a real reverence, a real awe, however little effect such belief might have on his life and conduct, and any want of reverence, much more, any wanton sacrilege, any open denial of the accepted dogma, would entail instant punishment; punishment, moreover, endorsed by the Catholic sense of the great body of the faithful.

In every other communion—except

his own. And, if so, to what did it point, as with the Finger of God Himself? No sacrifice, no priest: no provision for the fitting reverence and adoration, no Presence: no Catholic sense to prevent and to resent outrages, no sacrilege. How could it be otherwise? Doubtless, in every age, in every church, sacrileges had been, would be committed; but, for every known sacrilege, there would be countless Masses of reparation offered by faithful priests, countless acts of loving reparation made by thousands of believers, inexpressibly horrified and saddened at the outrage done to their Dear Lord. But, in his own communion! He dared not think of it any more! The weight of guilt and iniquity must, long since, have called down the signal vengeance of God—had the guilt really existed. How could God have allowed so many earnest, faithful men, during three centuries, to go on committing such awful sacrileges, in ignorance; with none to make reparation, none to understand? Surely, God would never lay on men's souls a burden such as he had had to bear; surely, he was not a priest.

So far, at least, his way was clear enough. That he should bear, to the end, with such patience, grace and courage God should bestow, whatever burdens or crosses God should see fit to lay upon him, seemed, to him, of the very rudiments, so to speak, of the spiritual life. But that God should lay, upon any of His servants, the burden of responsibility for countless, daily sacrileges, committed with impunity, without reproof, as a matter of doctrinal necessity, seemed, to him, a spiritual impossibility. All Christendom bore witness to the truth of this conclusion; all Christendom, Catholic, Lutheran and Protestant.

But, since he was no priest; since the communion in which, even now, he felt he could no longer remain, was, in no sense, and could never be, Catholic, in what other should he find "the Kingdom of God?" To this, too, the answer was simpler, easier, than, but a short time ago, he could have dared to hope. "Justum deduxit per vias rectas;" he had been led to this little church in Nazareth, to hear that very message, must not the rest prove true? Might he not find, even here, "a city of habitation?"

In what other communion could he find it, if not here? The Church of God must have God's infallible authority by the very law of her being. Since he had been led by the right way, and, of this, he no longer had any doubt whatever, this must, of necessity, be the appointed end of his pilgrimage. The very fact that only here had it become spiritually possible to avail himself of the one way of escape which had, in truth, been always present to his mind, but which, hitherto, he had always resisted as a suggestion of the evil one, was, to his heart and conscience, proof incontestable that it was God's will that he should accept this relief, at last.

A City of Habitation, a City of Refuge, a City of Peace, the Kingdom of God on earth. It was no new thought to him, rather what the church had always, in a sense, been to him, always, to speak more accurately, what his ideal of the church had been. Moreover, it had been this very belief in the church with all that it involved, which had cost him so much, had driven him into voluntary, yet—as it seemed to him—inevitable exile, which had brought him hither. The church being divine must be infallible; sacrifice, the Sacrifice of the Mass, being of

the very essence of true Christianity, the Church must possess a duly-constituted priesthood; and, since Sacrifice involved the Presence of God under the Sacramental veils, adoration, reverence, ritual followed as by a spiritual necessity. It was because his own communion had fallen so immeasurably, so hopelessly short of this ideal that he had been constrained, as at the price of his very soul, to seek its realization elsewhere.

And it was here, only, in the City of Habitation, the City of God, that he had found it, in all its divine completeness and perfection. Other communions had some, had many of the necessary essentials that his ideal called for, the "Latin Church" alone possessed them all. And, possessing them, must not She be, in very truth, the Church of God?

So that it was no new faith that he was accepting, but, rather, the confir-

mation, the consummation of the faith that he had always clung to. Yet, at the same time, he realized clearly, the infinite difference between past and present. His faith in the past had been a personal conviction, due to temperament, to training, to taste and predilection, to an intellectual conception of what the Church of God must be; his faith, in the present, was, indeed, the gift of God, a divine faith resting on infallible authority. Truly, he had been led by the right way, and had found the City of Habitation.

Here, then, was the end of his soul's pilgrimage. "Unam petii a Domino, One thing have I asked of the Lord," he whispered, in the new found peace that filled his whole spiritual being, "that I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the days of my life." The House of the Lord! He had found it at last, and would dwell in it, by the grace and mercy of God, all the days of his life.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, and may God bless you! is my prayer.

The moon goes down. May guardian angels keep

Their watch, and ward above you while you sleep;

And may the fondest elves of fortune fare

Around your pillow as they softly bear

The boon for which so many wake and weep;

For I would have not any tears to steep

The roses that your cheeks at parting wear.

May no rude storms assail. May only wings

Of faring doves against your casement beat

With fond reports. I pray the wind that springs

From tropic lands, and filled with odors sweet,

To visit you with peace its balsam brings.

Good-night, and may God bless you, I repeat!

ALONZO RICE, Ray's Crossing, Indiana.

Some Aspects of Ancient Benevolence.

BY THE REVEREND FRANCIS X. MCGOWAN, O. S. A.

“SOFT-HANDED CHARITY,” as the poet calls it, was a virtue little known before the advent of Jesus Christ. There was no charity as we Christians understand the term. Society, in pagan days, had but little thought of relieving distress, caring for the sick, or providing for the aged, the orphan and the widow. In fact, ancient philosophy decried any thing like benevolence or pity. To be sure, there were some philosophers, like Socrates and Plato, who taught men that in order to be good, they ought to cherish sentiments of humanity. Euripides gives us a strange reason why a man who considers himself to be *very wise* ought to be humane in feeling and practice; he says that otherwise the excess of his wisdom might make him forget the sentiment of humanity. There was, however, a large and influential school of philosophy known in Greece and Rome as the Stoical School, that openly condemned the practice of benevolence and taught that any sentiment of pity, mercy or humaneness in man was a defect, a morbid derangement, in fact a disease. Zeno was the founder of this school, and the poet Seneca, who lived in the first half of the first century of the Christian era, was a famous expounder of its doctrines. The latter declared the sense of humanity to be “the vice of a belittled soul,” *vitium animi, pusilli animi*, meaning that it was a moral defect in man. Man, however, in his natural inclinations, is much the same in all ages, countries and conditions, and he has always admired and has done

honor to deeds of magnanimity, charity and mercy. When Zeno and his disciples gave utterance to that vile solecism regarding the practice of benevolence, they met with well-merited contempt. Cicero said of these pagan Pharisees, who really bore the same relation to Paganism as the Pharisees bore to Judaism, that they fashioned in their minds a sort of wise human being, such as never has, nor ever could have existed. Seneca in one of his works (*De Clementia*) makes an apology for the lack of humanity, declaring that nobody is obliged to concern himself about his neighbors' affairs. We must remember that this same Seneca was the teacher of Nero, the most cruel and profligate emperor, that ever ruled the Roman empire. There were some of the ancient philosophers who manifested a peculiar contempt for riches. Of one of these was Crates. St. Jerome, commenting on St. Peter's words to Christ: “Behold we have left all things and have followed Thee,” said that Crates had accomplished the former part of the Apostle's declaration: he had left all things: *hoc enim et Crates fecit philosophus (In Com. Abbatum)*. There were some of these ancient sages who were known to have cast their wealth into the sea, so much did they despise it. Again, there were philosophers who, like the very wealthy and enlightened Democritus, renounced riches to be more free to devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. We marvel at this self-denial on the part of these pagans, but we marvel more when we know that the wise men never thought

of using their large means to redeem captives, to enfranchise slaves or build retreats or asylums for the poor and the afflicted. Democritus gave up a fortune large enough to furnish a banquet to Xerxes' army, but he did not spend a sesterce of it for the relief of his poverty-stricken fellow-men. This indifference towards the needy and the poor arose from the contempt with which the wealthy and the wise regarded the common people. The philosophers hated the lower class of society, and refused to share with it wealth, knowledge and power. To be poor was a crime in their eyes; to be infirm was a sin against society. This heartless philosophy soon found means to remove such encumbrances on the fabric of society. The children of the poor and the offspring of the criminal class were literally thrown to dogs to be devoured; the aged were left to die of hunger or by their own hands; the poor were sold as slaves or forced to become gladiators, or even worse. Paganism would not tolerate the poor, and it removed them from its sight. Lactantius tells us (*De Morte Persecut*) that Maximilianus, the Roman Emperor, had all the beggars of his day gathered together and carried out to sea and drowned. There was none of the milk of human kindness in Ancient Rome or Greece. While the ancients chiselled deep on the granite pages of time their splendid deeds of heroism, they have left no history of what are greater deeds: acts of mercy, benevolence and tenderness. In their midst were men of the same race, color, country, and even kindred who were classed as slaves, and they did absolutely nothing in the way of system or legislation to better the condition of these helots, which was, for many long centuries, worse than that

of the brute beasts of the field. Slaves were whipped unmercifully and tortured inhumanly; they were at any moment liable to be put to death at the whim or croquet of brutal masters, Apuleius, a flippant Pagan writer, thus describes for us a slave: "The slave is known by the letters branded on his forehead, his half-shaved head, and the chains on his feet." Yet these slaves numbered one-half of the population in the opulent and large cities of the ancient world. Public beneficence was unknown to paganism. We read of individuals who were benevolent and merciful, but society was devoid of compassion. There were no public charitable establishments, and the law was silent in regard to public assistance. Was it a wonder that the pagans had recourse to slavery and infanticide to get rid of the unfortunate? The pagans, in their continual descent to complete degradation, suffocated the very instincts that God had placed in their human nature, and the day came when their neglect of their distressed and poor fellow-men operated most effectually in their national ruin.

When Christ appeared to accomplish His mission of mercy and love, He threw the fire-brand of charity upon the separated classes of mankind. The law of brotherly love became the directrix of men's lives, thoughts and actions. The poor were declared blessed; the little ones were surrounded with divine affection; the slave was given the same heavenly birthright as was promised the master. Christianity abhorred slavery, and while she could not decree its immediate abolition, she tempered its sad condition with the light of her love and the favor of her clemency. The Son of God Himself, as St. Paul tells us, took

the form of a servant and became obedient to the slave's death, the death of the cross. His example changed the face of the world, and his generosity enchanted the souls of men. Charity was so developed in the early days of the faith as to surpass our understanding. Pope St. Clement, who ruled the Church of God, A. D. 98, wrote in these terms to the church of Corinth; "We know *many* among us to have given themselves up into chains to redeem their brethren; *many* have sold themselves to others as slaves, and used the price paid to them for themselves to feed the hungry."

We know what importance the primitive Christians laid on the observance of the law of hospitality. St. Paul had enjoined on them this olden custom which obtained from the days of the patriarchs. The Apostle made use of the example of Lot and Abraham entertaining hospitably angels under the form of men to encourage the faithful to the practice of hospitality. This brotherly law never prevailed with the pagans to the extent with which it was observed by the early Christians. We have said that there were no charitable institutions among the pagans. Travellers, strangers and the unhouseed poor were left to the mercy of a cold, indifferent world. In the ancient cities there were no hotels as in our days, where the wayfarer might obtain food and rest; in the country-places there were no inns to afford the necessities and conveniences of life to the wearied traveller. Even boarding-houses, such as we have, were unknown to the ancients. To be sure, they had taverns, called *taberna*, in the cities and towns, but they were generally low drinking-places, which no respectable man would enter, or they were grocery-shops where the rabble might buy pro-

visions. Nobody of any decency ever thought of applying to these disreputable houses for lodging. When a rich man travelled he had to call on friends for both food and lodging. Those who were provided with tablets, or *tessera* of hospitality were welcomed as friends and generously treated. This held good for the rich, but what treatment could the poor expect? As the poor were slaves, they received but scant hospitality. Before Christ's coming, hospitality, as we view it, was a dead letter among the pagans. The early Christians opened their own doors to the traveller and the stranger, and while they had to be careful in regard to ordinary wayfarers, they lavished love, service and kindness on those who brought to them letters from their home-churches. In the eleventh canon of the Council of Chalcedon, allusion is made to these "pacific ecclesiastical letters." When the primitive Catholics went to foreign countries, they, both of the clergy and the laity, carried with them letters of recommendation, which were called *formata*, directed by one bishop to a brother bishop. The government had station-houses along the great highways, which had been erected for its own needs, and travellers were allowed to stop for a limited time in them, but beyond this, there is no evidence of any public arrangement for strangers or wayfarers. It must not be supposed that the early Christians transcended the bounds of propriety and moderation in their practice of hospitality, that the church, as some infidels desirous of throwing contempt on religion have asserted, was only a place of refuge for worthless idlers, who could work but did not wish to work. The converts from paganism were not of such a class, and we know from

early testimony that professional beggars were excluded from the benefits of Christian hospitality in the primitive times. In the large commercial city of Thessalonica, the authorities of the church discovered "disorderly persons" working not at all, but curiously "meddling," and St. Paul censured such by his own example of industry, pointing to his own color which he might have well been spared as a refusal of the claim of such idlers to the charity of the church. He then promulgated that rule which has been frequently quoted down to our days: "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." The charitable funds collected from the faithful were to be used in behalf of the really destitute and helpless, and not for the support of meddling idlers. In the Apostolic age, there were many churches that were poor and bishops who were often in want, but their necessity was relieved by the assistance of more comfortable congregations, just as St. Paul was helped in his need by the faithful of Philippi, who sent Epaphroditus with gifts to him. So charitable were some individuals that they deserved to be mentioned by the Apostles in their Epistles. St. Paul speaks of Cajus, his host, who was, it seems, most generous towards all engaged in the service of the church, and St. John praises Cajus for his hospitality to needy strangers who departed "taking nothing of the gentiles."

Infant Christianity presents many beautiful aspects of heroism and magnanimity, but we know of no picture that is so attractive and heart-thrilling as its devotedness to the poor and the helpless. The spirit of sacrifice equalled almost that of Gethsemane or Calvary. We are amazed when we read the sacred page delineating the un-

bounded generosity of the primitive Christians towards all mankind and we are so moved by this tale of supernatural benevolence that we are urged to kiss the page that narrates it. The primitive Christians, taught by their divine master to love and help all mankind, recoiled with horror from the heartless and selfish conduct of the pagans, and in order to carry out more effectually the precept of charity enjoined on them by Him who went about doing good, they made one common fund of all that they possessed for the benefit of all who were in need. It was a holy sacrifice on their part, but it was also a wise provision to make a common treasury at a time when the faithful were passing through the ordeal of direful persecution and were not permitted to assemble openly for divine worship, but were compelled to hear Mass in the catacombs, in the bowels of the earth, where the labyrinth of winding ways with their hidden chapels was alone known to them. Their faith was quickened by their charity and it was no wonder that their lives were angelic. Thus was charity diffused uniformly for the first time on earth.

We find the same spirit impelling the faithful to do works of benevolence and mercy in later ages. St. Augustine was wont to exhort his people to clothe the poor, and it was his custom to visit only such families as had taken the orphan, the widow, or the sick poor under their care. The bishops of small places who, from want of resources, could not raise hospitals and asylums, set apart a portion of their own homes or the churches for charitable uses. Lay people were just as solicitous for the poor. St. John Chrysostom tells us of some persons who reserved rooms in their houses

which were always ready to receive the poor, the sick or strangers. These benevolent Christians used to call each room by the name of the individual who occupied it, as for example, "father's room, John's room," but they always called the apartment set aside for the poor "Christ's room,"—a beautiful inspiration. The hospitals of our days which confer such great benefits upon the poor had their origin in the pious invention of the early Christians at a time when no public institutions of charity existed or were even dreamt of. It is related in ecclesiastical history that Saints Julian and Basilissa, a devout couple living in Antinous in Egypt, turned their home into a hospital. Basilissa attended the women as a faithful nurse, and Julian waited on the men in separate apartments. Many cases of distress were constantly reported to the rulers of the churches, and among them the gloomy condition of those who were imprisoned for their faith appealed forcibly to the charity of the faithful. In each city a deacon was appointed to attend carefully to those who were in chains. That they served those who were to be soon martyrs is easily deduced from the expression of the blessed martyr Ignatius: "Where are the deacons?" for he had often, in several places, partaken of their charitable offices, and he praised them gratefully "they are indeed imitators of angels." The early Christians took great delight in visiting imprisoned confessors and holding pious converse with them. Their assiduity in this respect was so great that the illustrious martyr, St. Cyprian, was obliged to warn the faithful not to go in such great numbers as they were wont to do, to the prisons, lest stricter rules would be made by the jailers and

all would be excluded. When the confessors of the faith were exiled to distant places or condemned like slaves to work in the mines, the church-authorities kept an account of them, and money and provisions were sent them by trusty messengers. The charity of God urged the faithful so powerfully that they were known to travel great distances afoot to visit the poor sufferers and bring them consolation and help. We read in Eusebius of five Egyptian Catholics who went on a pilgrimage of this kind to the wilds of Cilicia, and who were arrested on their way home and condemned to death for their faith by the pagan governor of Cæsaria. It was rather charity than severity which prompted the Church to inflict rigorous canonical penances on those who were wanting in mercy and charity towards their brethren. Those who were guilty of personal violence or murder were treated with the utmost rigor, and it was a necessary policy, for human life had been held so cheap among the pagans that the Church in her charity did not deem any penalty too severe that would protect life and limb among her people. The first charitable associations or benevolent societies were undoubtedly the gatherings or congregations of the faithful at the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. St. Justin (A. D. 141) declares that it was, at that time and therefore before that time, the custom to take up a collection from the wealthy and well-disposed after the communion, and this collection was handed over to the bishop or a priest "who with these funds aids," says the Saint, "orphans, widows, the sick, the needy, those who are in chains, strangers, travellers—in a word, he is expected to care for all the indigent of his flock." This weekly

fund led to systematizing somewhat the distribution of charity which occurred at stated times and according to fixed regulations, as is the custom with the charities of our own day. So admirable was the practice of charity and so wide-spread that we are astonished when we read the history of those early days. The Emperors after Constantine with the exception of Julian the Apostate so revered the charitable work of the Church that they committed to her the distribution of the grain for the poor in all the imperial cities. An edict of the Emperor Marcian declared that whatever was given to the Church was given to the poor. We also know from history that the Church owned great ships, which were sent out to receive or gather provisions for the poor and often dispatched to bear relief to destitute communities in very remote countries. The fertile fields of Egypt furnished grain, which was given to the earliest monks in return for mats and baskets made by them and was sent by these monks as shipments of charity for God's sake to needy congregations in every part of the world.

Besides the collections taken up at the Masses on Sundays for the relief of the indigent, the Church also gave feasts after the divine service, which were known as *agapes* or charity-feasts. These were generally given at the expense of the wealthier portion of the flock, and the poor were often served by the rich at these bountiful repasts. Referring to them, St. John Chrysostom says, "This is what our forefathers in the faith used to do in happier days, instead of betaking themselves at once to their own comfortable mansions." "Our *agapes* feed the poor," said St. Augustine to Faustus the Manichæan. The Council of Gangra, held

about 370, calls these *agapes* "banquets of the poor," and it condemned in no mincing way some puritanical heretics who reviled and stigmatized these charitable gatherings. When in later days, the *agapes* degenerated and became injurious, the Church quickly abolished the custom of holding them.

What we call to-day "out-door relief" was practised quite extensively in the church of the early ages. It is another instance, together with the Sunday collection, of the old adage: "There is nothing new under the sun." In different parts of the city, the church authorities opened what were called *Diaconiae* or Chapels of Mercy, and after gathering funds, they were distributed to the needy. These *Diaconiae* were known to the Christians only, and they were generally attached to buildings used by the faithful for religious purposes. This was the period when, on account of persecution, the Christians as yet had no public churches. To these charitable places the faithful brought travellers or strangers in want, and in them was kept a record of the names of orphans, widows, or the aged who lived in that ward or section where the Chapel of Mercy was. The deacons of the Seven *Diaconiae* in the seven wards of Rome formed a body by themselves, they were not subject to the parish priests, but had as a superior an Archdeacon appointed from their own number. The sacred offerings of the church were divided into four parts, and one of these parts was set aside for the bishop, who used it in exercising hospitality or redeeming captives. St. Justin represents the bishop as the chief guardian and trustee of the poor, and we may well imagine that many calls were made on his purse in days when there were no hotels, public offices of assis-

tance or hospices of any kind. St. Jerome expected in his time a bishop to exercise hospitality towards all Catholic travellers or strangers. Another fourth of these offerings was appropriated for the poor and the destitute; the rest went for the maintenance of the clergy, the repairing of churches at a later period, and the decorum of religious worship. As early as the pontificate of Pope Cornelius (A. D. 250) the *Diaconiae* of the Church of Rome distributed relief to 1500 persons. St. John Chrysostom says that the church of Antioch in his day, though not possessing abundant resources, gave food daily to 3000 virgins and widows, besides caring for travellers, lepers and prisoners. The faithful were most generous and ready with their alms. St. Epiphanius tells us that the Christians of his day poured out alms most profusely for the sick and the poor. We see the spirit which actuated the early Christians when we read in an ancient book that widows and orphans were considered to be "an altar of Holocausts" or whole-burnt offerings, in the temple of our Jerusalem, while the sacred virgins who were supported and honored by the church are our "altar of incense" or the incense itself. As Erasmus looked at this picture of Christian charity, it was no wonder that he wrote: "Methinks I see the Hen of the Gospel anxious and solicitous to gather and cherish her chickens under her wings." It was no flight of fancy that led the great Bossuet to call the Church "The City of the Poor," for, after years of contempt and ages of degradation, these social outcasts were honorably received within her walls, declared eligible to citizenship; their rights were assured and their interests protected. The spirit of charity is the

spirit of Christ, and the church has infused it all through these eighteen centuries into her clergy, her religious orders and the body of her faithful. When the Apostles dismissed Paul and Barnabas on their mission to the Gentiles, the great Doctor tells us that they were given one special injunction, to care for the poor, whom the Gentiles neglected and the Jews disregarded. "Only that we should be mindful of the poor; which same thing also I was careful to do." The history of the Church has been only a continuous illustration of that Apostolic spirit ever since the days of Christ and His disciples.

Unfortunately, we have not ample records of the early ages of the Church. In fact, all that we can glean of the actions of some of the first Popes is written on their tombs. Their epitaphs are more glorious than those engraved on the tombs of conquerors, philosophers and statesmen who flourished under paganism. Their greatest claim to the veneration of posterity is their devotion to distressed humanity. They loved Christ's poor and relieved them; they were fathers to the orphan, protectors of the widow, benefactors of the aged, the sick and the stranger. They built by their benevolence a monument *aere perennius*.

When the Church emerged from the obscurity which persecution threw about her, she began to develop the seeds of life and love which her Founder embosomed within her. There is nothing dearer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus than love for His redeemed brethren, and Christian antiquity is full of the narrative of holy deeds of charity and mercy, performed by Pope, bishop, priest and laic. The love of God urged them all to heroic achievements. We see St. Anthony

leaving his desert-home, appearing with his sheep-skin cloak washed as white as snow in crowded cities or down in mines to comfort and encourage his persecuted brethren; we see the Blessed Ephrem, who, after great labor in the world, had retired to the mountains of Mesopotamia, leaving his cell when he heard of the famine prevailing in Edessa and persuading the wealthy citizens of that city to help their afflicted brethren. These are types of the early Christian. The Church was soon enabled to give a permanent footing to her benevolent plans when the clouds of persecution rolled away from her. Constantine published an imperial rescript in the year 321 which read as follows: "Every one is free—when departing this life—to leave whatsoever he pleases to the most holy and venerable Catholic Church." This was of vast benefit to religion. Money, land and property were bequeathed the Church, and with this help, increased further by donations from the State and wealthy individuals, she began a well-organized system of charitable institutions, which have continued down to our days despite the opposition of hell and its agents on earth. These establishments were many and varied in nature and purpose, and on account of their beneficent character, they were called in the Roman code and in the Capitularies of Charlemagne *loci venerabiles*. They were to be found in every considerable city of the Roman empire. Each institution had its name designating its purpose. They were:

Homes for strangers called *Xenones* or *Xenodochia*;

Hospitals for the sick called *Nosocomia*;

Asylums for orphans called *Orphanotrophia*;

Houses for the poor called *Ptoctrophia*;

Refuges for the aged called *Gerontocomia*;

Asylums for infants and foundlings called *Brephotrophia*.

Besides these institutions the monasteries afforded shelter and food to the poor and the infirm, to the traveller

and the stranger. The hospitality of these monastic homes was famous in early and later times, and when Henry VIII. suppressed them he inflicted a mortal wound on the religious life of England. When the famine of 1847 was raging in Ireland, her Archbishops told the English authorities no lie when they said that the wretchedness of the Irish people came from the destruction of their ancient institutions, which had always in Catholic days given relief to the poor and destitute. We simply refer to the benevolent work done by the church of the early ages in the matter of disposing with the dead. In pagan days dead bodies were burned, a proceeding which Tertullian called a *most atrocious custom*. Christianity, which venerates the body that has been the temple of the Holy Ghost, abolished this pagan custom and had it decently interred in blessed ground. The Church also abrogated two other widespread customs that weighed heavily on distressed humanity. She secured the repeal of the law that condemned a large number of criminals to slavery for life, and she succeeded in abolishing the practice of making slaves do the difficult work of brute beasts by turning mills with yokes about their necks, to prevent them from eating. She also prevailed on rulers to make laws directed against "the murder of children and their being sold into slavery or pawned away by their parents."

The Church labored assiduously to efface from legislation and from public custom everything that degraded man or oppressed him unrighteously. She embraced in her loving solicitude mankind in all its classes, conditions and races. She led men away from barbaric customs and inhuman practices; she made them tolerant, gentle and humane; she it was who civilized the nations. Men have desired to supplant in our late days her charity by what they call philanthropy, but philanthropy, a system without religious spirit and guidance, is "only the false coin of charity" and must result in failure. Like her founder, Jesus Christ, the Church pursues her mission of love to man.

THE ANGELUS.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I.

LIKE the voice of an angel stealing,
All its sweetest joy revealing,
Lo ! to me thy gentle pealing
 Ever sounds sweet, little bell !
For thy music, drifting, drifting,
All my thoughts to Heaven lifting,
 Sounds diviner,
 Sounds sublimer,
Sweeter far than words can tell.

II.

When the birds, on tree-tops swinging,
Greet the day, their matin singing,
Little bell ! Thou, too, art ringing
 And thy song doth fill the air ;
It dispels all pain and sadness,
It is set in tones of gladness,
 Sweetly stealing,
 Full of feeling—
Breathing soft a hymn of prayer.

III.

When the noon-day sun is beaming
And the blue skies bright are gleaming,
Kissed by sunbeams, warmly streaming,
 From the belfry, 'neath the sky,
Whisp'ring voice ! From out those portals,
Speakest thou, to weary mortals
 And the greeting,
 Glad and fleeting,
Leads a while to God on high.

IV.

When the twilight shades are blending,
With the sun's rays fast descending ;
When the dying day is ending,
 Soft in prayer we bend our knee,
And we put aside our sorrows,
And we dream of glad to-morrows,
 While the pealing,
 Bell revealing,
Sounds its parting melody.

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

First Friday—March, 1901.—B. Peter Canisius, S. J.

THE sorrows of the Sacred Heart overshadow our souls in this holy time of Lent, and we try to console It by reparation, zeal and devoted love. We sought in February the aid of Venerable Jesuit De la Colombière, and now we look up to another saintly patron of the same Society, Blessed Peter Canisius. Centuries before the Sacred Heart was unveiled in Paray le Monial, this "Hammer of heretics," drew from that fountain of love, the tender compassion, ardent zeal, and devotedness which so characterized his life. Contemplating the Passion he exclaims: "He offered Himself on the Cross—this most pure and spotless Heart, to disarm Him (the Eternal Father)' and obtain pardon for us."

And again, "Hail Heart of my Jesus! Heart most sweet, Heart of my most faithful friend." On his Profession-day our Lord opened to him that abode of love, gave him, as it were, to drink of its living waters, and clothed him with its virtues.

Let us, when watching in Gethsemene, or following Jesus in the stages of the Passion, or standing with the Mother of Sorrows beneath His Cross listening to the dying music of the Crucified, imitate B. Canisius in that compassionate love which will urge us to devote ourselves entirely, and for ever to Jesus' Sacred Heart. "Prayer, Work, Suffering,"—these are the elements of our apostleship—these are precious gems if only we unite them with the intentions of this Divine Lover, and place them in the casket of

His Heart. When kneeling to adore our dearest Lord this First Friday, let us echo the words, or at least the sentiments of our blessed friend above: "I offer Thee my heart, that Thou mayest take entire possession of it, and that henceforth I may enjoy the happiness of living only in Thee."

"Grant, O my Jesus, that all my thoughts, words and desires of this day, may be entirely in accordance with Thy Divine pleasure, and Thy most Adorable Will."

"Omnia pro te Cor Jesu!" "All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus!"

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St Clare's).

GRATITUDE. *

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,"

O Mother mine, with thee!

And echoes low thy silvery notes

Of holy minstrelsy.

Most Sacred Heart, accept *her* tones

Of gratitude and love,

More sweet to Thee than angel-songs

In Paradise above.

"O Memorare," wond'rous prayer!

Saint Bernard's touching strain.

Once more, most gladly, I record

We breathe it not in vain.

* NOTE—In fulfilment of a promise to thank the Sacred Heart, and Our dear Lady, and especially extol! the efficacy of her "Memorare" in obtaining favors. The "Fifteen Saturdays" are also most efficacious, and we hope later on to speak more at length of this beautiful devotion with which perhaps all readers of the Carmelite Review are not well acquainted.

E. DR. M.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, 1901.

KINDNESS.

FATHER FABER very beautifully says: "Kind words are the music of the world. They charm our cares away. They draw us nearer to God." We have endeavored to convey a few thoughts regarding "Kind Words" in this number of the Carmelite Review by a grateful poetic reply to one whose heart-strings have vibrated responsively to *Enfant de Marie's* simple songs of praise for "The Beauties of Mary."

His kind and encouraging ode proves to us that her name, even when murmured imperfectly, has a sweetness, a persuasiveness all its own, consequently, independent of the tones in which it emanates from an "Enfant."

We gladly entoned her "Magnificat" in gratitude to Him who made use of such humble means to cheer, aid and console lovers of Mary. Our great Irish poet's address to the harp of his country, is alluded to in the lines by which we desire to express thanks, and especially in these words:

"Well I know my glorious Queen,
The sweetness is all thine!"

Those kind words were gems in the diadem of Our Lady's "Beauties," (November 1900), and we offered them to the Sacred Heart mystically wreathed with thorns, and asked Him to bless the far-off poet and crown him with "glory and honor" in this life and the next.

KIND WORDS.

Kind words have wafted, music-like
Across the deep blue sea;
And very pleasing was their tone
To "Enfant de Marie."

Our Lady's harp-strings oft vibrate
With melodies of mine,
But well I know, my glorious Queen,
The sweetness is all thine! *

I steal like sighing night-wind, o'er
Some soft and plaintive chord,
Or else awake glad notes to praise
Thee, Mother of my Lord!

Thou art so dear, so beautiful!
Whene'er I breathe of thee
Responsive echoes whisper low;
"We love thee, O Marie!"

I thank thee, kindly, heart from which
This cheering message came,
To tell me these her songs were sweet
Because of her Blest Name!

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's.)

* T. Moore. Thought from "Dear Harp Of My Country."

NOTE—These lines were written in gratitude to a kind and encouraging commendation in "The Beauties of Mary," (November Number) entitled, "To Enfant de Marie." [E. RUTHVEN.] We hoped, in the same pages, to publish this reply, but learned with much regret that Our Lady's "Beauties" has retired from the literary world. Perhaps the kind writer, who evidently loves Our dear Lady, as his poems testify, may meet with these grateful lines in the Carmelite Review. No doubt many will greatly regret the beautiful magazine replete with literary gems, and arranged with such skill and piety. Will any lover of Mary undertake a similar one for the glory of God's Blessed Mother? This is the ardent desire and prayer of E. DE M.

Some may praise diamonds, treasures rare
Unto Life's weary end,
And never own that jewel fair—
The heart, that's in a friend.

—J. W. F. in "The Bee."

Editorial Notes

Those in charge of St. Patrick's Day celebrations this year should by all means read the splendid article in the current "Rosary Magazine" by Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, entitled "A Rag-Time Seventeenth." Miss O'Hare with a master-hand severely castigates up-to-date degeneracy.

The brethren of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada open their convention at Niagara Falls, Ontario, on August 27th next. We trust the members of this excellent fraternity will include our Hospice and Our Lady's Shrine among the points of interest worth visiting at far-famed Niagara.

Infected Papers.

Recently Canadian newspapers gave a bit of news headed "A Paper Suspected," wherein we were told of a man who caught the small-pox from a newspaper mailed to him by a friend in Texas. It was a sad enough case, if true, and had a moral in it. What of the spiritual harm coming from our newspapers? The bodily harm resulting from the perusal of current literature is nothing compared to the spiritual ruin. There are plenty of "suspected papers" which kill the soul, not the body. The disease spread by such journals is far more malignant than small-pox.

A Revised Rule.

For some time we have been desirous of publishing a revised and complete Rule of life for our Tertiaries of both sexes. We are, therefore, now glad to announce that we shall be soon able to publish a most excellent

translation of this Rule from the Italian. We regret that the modesty of the translator prevents us from mentioning the name of an American writer whose name stands high in the realm of prose and poetry. The translation referred to, and soon to be published in these pages, and (we hope) later in book-form, is entitled: "A Summary and General Declaration of the Rule of the Third Order of the Most Blessed Mother of God, V. M. of Mount Carmel, with an account of the Privileges and Indulgences granted to said Order together with many other things concerning the same." This work was issued in the original Italian by order of the most Rev. Aloysius M. Galli, late Prior-General of the Carmelite Order.

Duty Not Charity.

That most excellent journal, "The Union," has of late been unjustly taken to task for daring to say that our Catholic millionaires fail in their duty to the community if they do not bequeath, or, better still, give during their lifetime, a substantial amount for the good of the people at large. A non-Catholic paper, the "Journal," of Ottawa, Ontario, spoke the truth lately, when it said that "any rich person, whether private citizen or public man, who dies leaving no more to educational or charitable purposes than law at present compels, is a fit subject for criticism. The rich man who disposes of his money in ways which entirely ignore all the factors that made his wealth so possible and so pleasant, which display the narrow and injurious aim to lock up in family selfishness every silver dollar he could

scrape from other human beings—why, upon what better plane is he, or how less an appropriate subject for criticism, than a man who would deny food to deserving yet starving strangers, though himself possessing tons of food more than he or his family could ever eat?"

In following up the complaints of some of our subscribers who do not always receive their copies of the Review, we have traced the cause to some bigoted postmasters. In one case we found that copies of this magazine were not only not delivered to the addressee, but were actually thrown into a heap of garbage. By this time our protests sent to the Washington postal authorities have, we understand, caused some of these unscrupulous postmasters to make resolutions of amendment.

On St. Patrick's Day, the eloquent and scholarly Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, Ontario, will this year deliver the panegyric on the great Apostle at Salt Lake City, Utah. Talking of Utah, we notice by the papers that the newly elected millionaire senator from that state, Thomas Kearns—a practical Catholic, was born at Woodstock, Ontario.

Visitors to our Carmelite Hospice at Niagara Falls this summer will have an opportunity of seeing a unique and beautiful piece of art. It is a reproduction, in life-size figures, of Leonardo De Vinci's famous masterpiece "The Last Supper." The group, which is near completion, will be placed in the large refectory of our Hospice. The artist engaged in the work is a sculptor of international fame.

Saved by the Scapular.

The last number of the *Stimme vom Berge Karmel* tells of a wonderful escape of a poor man from a sudden and awful death. It happened in a small railroad town in Hungary recently. It seems the man, who was the father of a large family in poor circumstances, was standing under a coal shed. Suddenly from above a whole car-load of coal was dumped on him burying him deep in the shed below. With surprise and horror the men above heard his cry. They hastened to his rescue, expecting to excavate his mangled body. He was found intact and unharmed to the astonishment of all. He said, just as the coal fell, he thought of his Scapular and cried to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for help. His prayer was heard. Many persons witnessed the occurrence.

The scope of this magazine hardly allows us to go into any details regarding the Pan-American Exposition soon to be opened in our vicinity. However, if any of our readers desire any particular information regarding lodging, board or transportation, we shall be glad to be at their service. By the way, talking of the Exposition reminds us that one of our Fathers, now attached to the Carmelite College in Chicago, is preparing a general description in Latin of the Pan-American Exposition for "Vox Urbis" of Rome.

There has been a great demand of late for copies of Sichel's *Madonna*—a copy of which appeared in our last February number as the frontispiece. Some enterprising business houses in the United States have distributed thousands of copies. Of this famous picture a Pittsburg, Pa., newspaper said. "There is no painting among

the modern masterpieces of art that appeals so strongly to the hearts of mankind as Sichel's 'Madonna.' It is said no amount of money could buy the original."

The confusion of the names of railroad stations on both sides of the Niagara River would puzzle a veteran drummer and bewilder the most experienced path-finder. A few years ago places hereabouts were designated by their own appropriate names. Now all that is changed. Every little town and hamlet situated from one to two miles from the great cataract was desirous of being christened "Niagara Falls." Their ambition was satisfied, and hence the confusion so annoying to the travelling public. About the only persons showing any sense or reason in this matter of nomenclature were the officials of the Michigan Central Railroad.

It is a sad thing to say that the neighborhood of Niagara Falls is to become an eye-sore to all lovers of nature. The bill-poster and advertising man has started in to deface the scenery with the repulsive sign-boards, and, alas, to quote a local newspaper: "If some step cannot be taken to stop the desecrating of the natural beauties of the Falls, in a very short time the whole surroundings of this grand water-show of nature will be despoiled and ruined from an asthetic standpoint and lose its attraction in the eyes of the world, and will be a source of ridicule to both Canada and the United States."

Concerning education without religion, it is worth considering what a French Deputy lately said of the public schools in France. This man of

great experience, M. Henri Fouquier, wrote: "The essential error of our times is that we put too much faith in the schools. It was imagined that by forcing the children of the people to go and sit on the benches from seven to thirteen years of age their minds could be trained in a moral law which, along with the axioms of the Civic Catechism, would be strong enough to make up for the lack of home training and the restraints supplied by religious faith. In my opinion the thing has been put to the test, and the school has in this matter failed."

Pungent but Pertinent.

A clever writer in the True Witness sarcastically and humorously tells folks "How to treat Priests." We should like to quote the whole article. But space forbids. Here is a sample paragraph: "Some priests will go on with the old fancy that their work is with the soul, and that they have a right to look after your soul, and even to reprove you. Do not give way to the notion. It is not a twentieth century idea. You must keep your priest humble and good, and never let him grow tyrannical. See therefore that you never take a scolding from him. If he scolds you, tell him his own faults; and if he will go on, tell him you will never go to his church again, and that you won't have him at your death bed. No priest has anything to do. Therefore never on any pretense let him keep you waiting; rush in upon him at all hours, and talk to him until you are tired of talking. If he does not visit you often enough, or if he passes by your door and goes into another house, listen to no excuse about hurry and work; be sure you never make it up with him. Sermons ought to be made to suit the people.

What other amusement is there on a Sunday. If they don't suit you, let the priest know it. It keeps him humble. Tell him after each sermon that he was too long or too short, too excited or too dull. Young people especially should do this."

The Loyal Sons of St. Ignatius.

We read in the Catholic Transcript a comment on a curious instance of the remains of penal days coming to light in Dublin on the occasion of the proclamation of King Edward VII. "The long list of those who took a prominent part in the public ceremony was published in the Gazette of that city. There was, however, one notable exception—the name of the Very Rev. Dr. Delaney, S. J., president of the University College. The non-appearance of a name so prominent could not be laid to chance. A reason was sought and found in the fact that he was a Jesuit. Being such, the Rev. President is an ex-officio felon, liable to penal servitude for life. The act which makes him an outlaw is as old as Catholic Emancipation. It remains on the statute book, no doubt, to remind the hapless papist that he is suffered to exist in the kingdom only by the good grace of them that rule. It is calculated likewise to keep him humble and silent and loyal. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that none have spoken more beautifully or more tenderly of the dead Queen than these same felons."

A Pathetic Farewell.

The few of us who knew and admired that unique and charming publication, entitled "The Beauties of Mary, Queen of Literature," published for some time at McSherrystown, Pennsylvania, by Mr. John T. Reily, will re-

gret to learn of its discontinuance. The parting words of this devout client of Mary are truly pathetic. May Our Blessed Lady obtain for him renewed health and length of years! In the last number of "The Beauties of Mary" the publisher writes: "I desire to return my heartfelt thanks to those Catholic publishers whose welcome exchanges have come to us through "The Beauties of Mary" for several years, and kindly request their discontinuance, as we are not able to take them or longer continue this little publication. For three weeks this form has been lying unfinished on the stone, while we have been confined to bed. Warm weather may bring short relief, but winter quickly casts its cold shadows before again. Everything is straight as far as we know, except our obligations to friends for their kindness, which we can not repay and shall never forget."

Testimony to the Truth.

Priest-haters in America love at times, in their ignorance, to point out imaginary evils in Catholic countries south of us, like Mexico. Little indeed do they know of that blessed country where Catholicity has been preached and practiced for four hundred years. Listen to this from a Mr. Guernsey of the Boston Herald, an out-spoken, truth-loving man—and a non-Catholic. He says:

The Catholic Church in Mexico has tens of thousands of pure-minded, noble hearted men and women. It influences men and women for good. When I see wealthy men refusing to live with ostentation, disdaining luxury that they may give wisely and judiciously to the poor, and whose lives are a daily exhibition of practical Christianity, then I must tell the truth about them. What can a missionary of another phase of Christian belief do

to make better the lives of these devout and charming people? Nothing. And they are not uncharitable in their judgments. Then, too, there are hundreds of Catholic priests whose lives are a daily hymn of praise to the Creator. I know some of them, living in poverty, self-denying men, up at early hours and off into the hills ministering to their humble flocks. Frugal in their diet, sleeping hard and not always any too warm in the chilly nights of a table-land winter, these men are moral heroes. I have been in their houses, have seen their meagrely furnished sleeping-rooms, their pallets which could not be dignified as beds, have known of their angelic goodness to the poor and afflicted, their saintly counsel to the wrong-doer, their calm patience and their lives which redeem humanity. There is hardly a reader of the Herald who would care to live as do a half-dozen young priests whom I know, and who lodge under the same roof, being of a fraternity. They long ago solved the problem of very "plain living and high thinking." One of these young priests came in from a journey into the Sierra not long ago and found a drunkard in his bed. The clergyman was wet and cold, weary to the point of exhaustion, and had consoled himself on his homeward journey on horseback with the thought: "I will go directly to bed and get warm." But he uttered no reproach to the drunkard, and prepared himself a place on the floor with a couple of rough blankets. I have seen this young priest come back from a missionary expedition shaken with fever and ague and tortured by dyspepsia induced by the poor food of the Indians. Before being fairly cured he would be off on another preaching tour in the wilds of Guerrero. To my knowledge, this young man's devotion has shattered his health. I know a poor priest, who, if you give him anything, never keeps it for himself. He can always find some one poorer than himself. Of the devout women who have consecrated themselves to lives of useful activity, inspired by Christian faith, I might write many pages. No; the Christian

flame is burning here in Mexico. It is not a land of "utter darkness."

In our next, or following issue, we shall publish a pretty story entitled "The Madonna of Maillerais," written for us by a rising young Canadian writer, who is closely connected with the Sadlier family, the members of which have indelibly written their names on the hearts of all lovers of good Catholic literature.

Some men, replying to their detractors, rescue them from merited oblivion.

INVOCATION.

"Star of the Sea,"
Most beautiful one!
Mother of Christ,
God's only Son.

"Mother of Mercy,"
Mother most mild,
Look down from Heaven
On thy sorrowing child.

"Star of the Sea,"
Oh! do not depart,
Take me near unto Thee
Into Thy Heart.

Pray for me, Mary,
My Mother in Heaven!
That my Saviour will hear me,
And my sins be forgiven.

"Queen of the Scapular!"
Who can impart
Such hope and such solace
As Thou to my heart?

"Queen of the Rosary,"
Telling my beads,
List to me, Mary!
Thy loving one pleads.

S. H. WIMMER, St. Mary's, Pa.

Boys' and Girls' Department.

"Live Pure: Speak True: Right Wrong!"

None of the January magazines, I read with much pleasure an account of a band called "The Happy Children." The boys and girls who ask to be enrolled in "The Happy Children" must be boys and girls who really wish to live truly and nobly. Each member is asked to write every morning, in a little book, some happy thought that is in his heart. Writing the thought helps him to live it in his actions during the day. "Happy Children" make no pledge. They are God's free children, and they simply let His love flow through them freely. God's love is their Law. It impels them to be kind, to speak gently, to act helpfully, to think only what is true, and pure, and right, and good about themselves and all others.

Is not this a beautiful co-incidence: The January numbers of two magazines, printed in different cities, by people unknown to each other, contain a department for boys and girls, each expressing exactly the same sentiments. Our motto is "Live Pure: Speak True: Right Wrong."

"Happy Children" have no motto as yet. If we are true to our motto, and we all intend to be true to it, our lives will be exactly the lives "Happy Children" are striving after.

"Happy Children" intend to be kind, to speak gently, to act helpfully, to think only what is true, and pure and right, and good about themselves and all others.

If "Happy Children" live up to their rule, they will always "Live

Pure: Speak True: Right Wrong." Our motto must be their motto, and hand in hand, they and we shall fill our homes with gladness.

Perhaps some of our boys and girls would like to have a special name for our band. We could not call it "Happy Children," because that name has been selected by the other band. Many other equally good names will likely suggest themselves to our boys and girls. Talk it over among yourselves, and send in your names. This department is always open to suggestions. Let the name fit the motto, and it will be a good name.

About a year ago, a boy I know had a pony given to him for a birthday present by his father. The pony is a beauty, very gentle, and a swift runner. But, even if they have four legs, ponies can't run all the time. Muscle is muscle, and constant tension means some very tired and sore muscle. No living creature can do his best work all the time.

A boy who owns a pony ought to know how to take care of it. If he doesn't know how, he ought to learn. A pony cannot take care of himself. His dependence upon his master for food, water, bedding, and loving care, ought to appeal to the manliness of any boy fortunate enough to own so noble a pet.

When this particular pony I speak about does not run fast enough, his master strikes him with the heavy end of the whip. If he runs too fast, down comes the heavy end of the whip

again. Sometimes, the long bob he draws is crowded with noisy boys and girls. Then the pony, young and full of life, gets excited, and fails to obey all the orders given to him. Down comes the whip again. Repeated blows have cut the skin on the pony's back and flanks. These cuts turned to such sickening sores, the poor, faithful little animal had to be sent to a horse doctor for treatment. My heart aches for that pony. So does yours, doesn't it?

A good, honest fight is all right. If a boy strikes another boy, he ought to get it back, in a flash? But, it's a mean thing to strike a creature that cannot defend itself. Cowards do that.

I wish our boys and girls could have heard, as I did recently, such an interesting talk about a man, who devoted a long, good life, to helping and teaching poor boys and girls.

You have all heard of him, Pestalozzi. An Italian by descent, he lived at various times in Prussia, Switzerland and France. To him, the modern Kindergarten is much indebted.

His school must have been a delightful place. He used very few books. He never told the children to sit in order. Boys and girls could sit on the floor, dangle their feet from a table, or climb upon a window sill. Even a pail turned upside down, or, best of all, the stair railings could be utilized. All recited together, Pestalozzi giving a definition of something the children knew well, they repeated and repeated it, usually in singing. As they sang their definitions, the children always doubly occupied, drew circles, squares and angles, or did some work brought from home. Some girls darned stockings, others sewed. One boy, who helped his father support the family, was al-

ways busy at the spinning wheel. Sometimes Pestalozzi would say suddenly: "We'll all go out to play." Pell-mell, teacher and pupils would rush out of doors. They would play games, hunt for flowers and stones, or sit on the banks of the river, and talk about the boats. Pestalozzi would tell them about the currents, and show them how the wind, acting on the surface water, caused the waves.

The children learned quickly and cheerfully. Natural history became a delight. Their ease in drawing circles and squares accurately was marvelous. They worked intricate problems in fractions, mentally, seldom using paper or slates. Eyes and hands were trained to see and to do correctly. Concentration of mind upon the work given them, developed that habit of "looking things square in the face," the best way to overcome a difficulty.

In reading the life of St. Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, I noticed that he always asked the children to help him spread the Gospel. During St. Francis' time, the King of Portugal had large possessions in India, and controlled many of the islands in the China Sea, the Indian and Pacific Oceans. To the people of those lands St. Francis was sent as a missionary. He sailed from Lisbon in April, 1547. The journey should have been made in six months, but on account of storms, excessive heat, and poor sailing facilities, St. Francis did not reach Goa, the capital of Portuguese India, until a year from the following May.

Having labored many months in Goa, St. Francis visited the Paravas, a poor, down-trodden race, living along the extreme southern coast of India, near Cape Comorin. The pearl fisheries on this coast are the most famous in the

world. The Paravas had been converted ten years before St. Francis went to India, but he found them ignorant of everything about religion, except that they were Christians.

The Paravas spoke the Malabar tongue. St. Francis spoke Castilian. Neither understood the other. With difficulty, St. Francis found a few men who spoke both languages. With their help, he translated the Catechism into Malabar, and learned it by heart himself. Then going through the villages, ringing a bell, he collected the people twice a day, and taught them the Catechism.

In a month the children knew it. They in turn taught it to their neighbors. St. Francis often sent the children to visit the sick, and to pray with them. He set to simple music the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments. These prayers were sung as the people worked and played. The children sang at the top of their voices as they romped in the roads.

When he had converted and taught the Parvas, St. Francis went to Travancore, then to Manaar, Jafanapatam and Meliapoor, of which mission fields we shall talk next month. Trace on the map St. Francis Xavier's journey from Lisbon to India.

Find Mozambique where he was delayed six months.

Locate Goa, Cape Comorin, Travancore, Manaar, Jafanapatam, Meliapoor. Describe the Ganges.

MARTHA MURRAY.

"It is certain, and this certainty is unspeakably dear to all Christians, that the Blessed Virgin, obeying the merciful desires of her Son, has consented to divide with all men the limitless love that she had for Jesus Christ. In our desolation, in our distress of every kind, when we prostrate ourselves at the feet of the crucified God, we will not arise before having the Saviour say to us once again: "Behold Thy Mother!"

FR. C. PERRAUD.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

True Pedagogics and False Ethics, by Rev. Poland, S. J.

Under the above title the Rev. F. Poland, professor at St. Louis University, publishes a pamphlet of 40 pages, which to thinking minds is a matter of very serious reflection.

The number of those, who find the American system of education a failure, is constantly on the increase, and numbers its patrons largely among the educators themselves. It is now acknowledged, that education of the body only, or the intellect only, or both jointly, is an egregious failure, and people begin to see, that ethics, that is moral principles, must be inculcated if the country is to be saved. But whilst they speak in favor of moral teaching, they deny, that religion is a necessary ingredient thereof, and against this hallucination the author turns and proves in a masterly way, that this principle is a foible. Virtue for virtue's sake might suit an ideal mankind, but it at most appeals theoretically to the concrete man. It has no power of compelling obedience, because it has no answer to the so natural question: Why should we do this? Why should we be modest, pure, honest, meek, etc.?

The matter is argued by the author in philosophical language and reasoning, and common people will hardly be able to follow the argument. But the class of the better educated will certainly enjoy it and profit by it. Would that America would see its mistake before it is too late. We recommend the pamphlet to our readers. It is to be had from B. Herder, 15 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., for 15 cents net.

FR. P. R. M.

Canadian readers can obtain "a popular Manual of the Grand Jubilee of 1901" by addressing D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1569 Notre Dame st., Montreal, P. Q.

The most handy, cheap and comprehensive little book on "The Jubilee," which has been extended six months, is that published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. It contains all the prescribed prayers and instructions. Price five cents a copy—a hundred copies \$2.00 net. The same can also be had in German. Your bookseller will get it for you.

Catholic readers will now find ready the second edition of the first volume of the Belinda Books, entitled, "The Watson Girls," a Washington story, by Maurice Francis Egan, author of "Jasper Thorne," "Jack Chumleigh," &c. This is the first of a series of books for the girls (the others of

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ONTARIO, CANADA

the series are in preparation). It is charmingly written and will interest all readers, the girls in particular and the boys as well. 12mo, cloth, with new design inked sides, 198 pages, price \$1.00. Special prices to the reverend clergy, institutions and the trade. H. L. Kilner & Co., publishers and importers, Philadelphia, Pa.

A splendid story that recommends itself, as everything from the pen of the writer always does, is "Milly Aveling" by Sara Trainer Smith, author of "Fred's Little Daughter" and many other charming narratives. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay st., New York, are the publishers. Price 85 cents.

Messrs. Benziger Bros., (New York, Chicago and Cincinnati) have put on sale two interesting and cheap books, namely, "Nau Nobody" by Mary T. Waggamann, and "Dimpling's Success" by Clara Mulholland. Just the thing for Catholic school libraries. The best stories by the best authors, nicely illustrated and with illuminated covers. The price of both books is very low, only forty cents each.

Letters to the Editor.

A priest in Oregon writes to the Carmelite Review: "Enclosed please find money order for my renewal of subscription to your excellent periodical. It is always a welcome visitor to my home and brings me joy and encouragement for the work of the ministry."

To the Reverend Editor Carmelite Review: Potsdam, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1901.—I enclose \$— to renew my subscription for the Carmelite Review so very dear to my heart, so instructive and inspiring. I live with increased hope with each number. Mrs. H. D. B.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—*Job xix. 21.*

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently:

Catherine McKinnon, of Armour, Indiana, one of our subscribers, a devout Child of Mary, who went to her well-deserved reward on Feb. 13, 1901.

Sister M. St. Roch Finn, who died at the Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont., Feb. 15.

Mrs. Catherine Reilly, who died in Brooklyn, N. Y. Feb. 4, a good and pious soul, who was also an old subscriber to this Review.

Mrs. Sullivan, Pittsburg, Pa., an old subscriber and devout client of the Blessed Virgin.

Bernard Cassidy, who died recently in Ireland.

L'Abbe J. Marquis, who died Feb 4 in Quebec.

Mrs. John Shea, Niagara Falls South, Ont., who died Feb. 12. She was a good and fervent Catholic, and a kind and loving mother.

Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, of Toronto, who went to her reward on Jan. 22nd last.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

PETITIONS.

"Pray for one another that you may be saved. For the continual prayer of a just man availeth much."—St. James V. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Conversion of a brother and his little daughter; health for three people; success in business for three people; two special intentions; success in an undertaking; also progress and ability in a certain study; success in an undertaking; conversion of a wayward brother; intentions of Sr. A., of Pittsburg and for her cousin a priest in Ireland; for spiritual and temporal needs of a family; also recovery of health; for employment.

THANKSGIVINGS.

J. F. F. Washington, D.C., publicly thanks Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for relief from a sore throat.

A client of Mary gives thanks for a special favor.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.