



## SAINT JOSEPH.

"Address yourself in a special manner to St. Joseph: for his prayers are very great with God."—*St. Teresa.*

THE CARMELITE REVIEW,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE  
CARMELITE FATHERS

AT

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.



## THE ANNUNCIATION.



I.  
**W**ITHIN her quiet room she knelt,  
 That Maiden, ah! so fair;  
 Her soul in far-off regions dwelt,  
 Alone with God—in prayer.  
 And incense rose with ev'ry breath  
 From that pure home in Nazareth,  
 The incense of a stainless heart  
 Ne'er touched by sin's envenom'd dart.

II.  
 She knelt amid the gathering gloom  
 Of eventide, and still her prayer  
 Rose up and on and filled the room  
 With fragrance as of flowers rare.  
 Ah! could we know how Mary prayed!  
 The thoughts, the hopes of that sweet Maid,  
 The lowliness, the love intense,  
 Forgetfulness of things of sense.

III.  
 And still she knelt, all unaware  
 Of time, or day or night,  
 Until a wondrous Presence there  
 Filled all the room with light,  
 And as his salutation fell  
 On Mary's ears, it broke the spell,  
 Yet shrank her humble soul with fear  
 Such words of reverence to hear.

IV.  
 "Hail, full of grace!" the most high God  
 With love hath looked on thee  
 And thou who lowly ways hast trod  
 Shalt most exalted be.  
 And fear not, Mary, for a Son  
 Thou shalt bring forth, the Chosen One  
 To lead His people from their shame  
 And JESUS thou shalt call His name.

## V.

The Spirit of the mighty Lord  
 Shall overshadow thee,  
 Mother of His Incarnate Word,  
 Yet Virgin still thou'lt be."  
 Mary, submissive, bowed her head  
 And "Be it done to me," she said,  
 "In all according to thy word,  
 Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

## VI.

Oh glorious Fiat! Heaven bent down  
 Her softly breathed assent to hear  
 Then laid on her pure life the crown  
 Of Motherhood divine; yet dear  
 And spotless still she held her vow.  
 "Hail, full of grace. And blessed thou  
 Amongst all women, Mary, art,"  
 In whom no sin had ever part.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

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 BACK TO THE FOLD.

BY STANLY.

Let me drink once again at the Fountain of Truth  
 Where oft in my childhood I knelt me in prayer,  
 Ere the visions of folly and demons of strife  
 Plunged my once spotless soul into darkest despair.  
 Let me list to the words I heard in my youth  
 When the purest of angels would join me at play;  
 Let me hear once again the sermons of truth  
 I heard long ago in my home far away.  
 Let me enter again to the fold of that God  
 Whose heart I have pierced by conduct unkind;  
 Let me walk once again where in childhood I trod,  
 And leave all my faults and follies behind;  
 Let me sing a sweet hymn of my earliest years  
 To our LADY OF CARMEL who watches above,  
 And blot out my sins with the bitterest tears  
 As I plead once again to the great God of love.

Buffalo, N. Y.



# LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPE—LEGATE  
OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

## CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY OF QUERCY—HIS HOLINESS—HIS ELOQUENCE—MIRACULOUS  
RAIN—THE SAINT'S PREFERENCE FOR POOR VILLAGERS, FARMERS  
AND MOUNTAINEERS—SPIRITUAL LABORS WHICH PRO-  
DUCE WONDERFUL RESULTS.



ON his return from Paris the office of Lector was assigned to Peter, at the monastery of Cahors, but in conjunction with the instructions given in the cloister his ardent zeal impelled him to enter, from another point, the vast vineyard of the evangelical word. He had frequent opportunities to address himself to the faithful, and a divine attraction led him to embrace each one that came in his way. After some time his superiors, perceiving the rich and abundant harvest of souls he was gaining for heaven, decided that he should give his undivided attention to the apostolate of the word. His gift in this direction became more and more evident with each succeeding day. With the exception of a commanding height—and this deficiency was one of his many points of resemblance with St. Paul—there could be recognized in him all those physical advantages

which lend their influence to oratorical efforts.

A deep and musical voice, a perfect pronunciation—"according to Perigord," an easy carriage, graceful gestures, and power of adaptation united in placing Peter Thomas very high amongst the most eloquent preachers of that day. Nature had indeed gifted him in a very eminent degree. And then his vivid imagination—a heritage from his Southern home—was quick to tell him the proper course in a doubtful issue. His nobility of soul—worthy of the cause for which the priest should give, if called upon, his very life enhanced his exterior graces, and to crown all, he led a life of that veritable sanctity which is the dearest delight of predestined souls. Behold the secret of the success which attended the labors of the fervent religious.

Heaven itself looked favorably upon him and accorded him the gift of miracles. The produce withered upon its dying stalks—the fruit dropped, worthless, from the arid trees. The year 1339 beheld Quercy desolated with a

protracted season of drought. It was even difficult to procure enough water to prevent the people from literally dying of thirst. The burning rays of the sun intensified the ordinary summer warmth to a torrid glow, and rendered unfit for use the shallow stream which once was the beautiful river Lot. To avert this deplorable state of affairs, the Bishop of Cahors, Bertrand de Cardaillac, ordered a general observance of the penitential exercises peculiar to the Rogation days. Each morning beheld the clergy and laity leave, in procession, the Cathedral of St. Etienne, and proceed thus to a little chapel of the Blessed Virgin situated at the distance of half a league.

It was given to the Carmelite Father Peter Thomas upon one of these occasions to deliver a sermon in the open air to the assembled throng. From the very beginning he sought to raise the drooping spirits of his hearers by inspiring them with confidence in the ever Blessed Virgin, Mary—the refuge of sinners.

He reminded them, however, that such afflictions are punishments sent by God, and that their origin may be traced to the sins and disorders of His rebellious children.

In impressive tones, like the prophets of the olden days, his voice rang forth in bitter condemnation of those vile passions which, as once at Sodom, drew down upon a dissolute people the maledictions of heaven and a death of fire.

He told them, nevertheless, that if they would sincerely reform their lives and solemnly promise him to that effect, God's forgiveness would not be found wanting, and furthermore that the longed-for rain would that day gladden and vivify the thirsty earth.

Profoundly impressed, the entire assemblage, amid tears and sobs, gave publicly the requisite promise. Up to that time there had not been the very slightest indication of rain—not the faintest shade of mist obscured the vivid azure of the sky—but the discourse was scarcely terminated when the dark clouds fell like a curtain over the bright blue sky. The distant rolling of the thunder responded to the appeal of God's minister, and a rain, gentle at first, but soon changing to a heavy shower, which drenched the joyous crowd, poured upon them as they hastened home. As may easily be imagined, the fame of this marvel resounded far and wide. Father Peter, who, on account of his talents and the holiness of his life, was already held in very high esteem, was from that time forth regarded as Thaumaturgus. As in ages passed away, his sainted founder, Elias, had obtained from heaven a fruitful rain-fall upon the arid earth, and thus was invested with a halo in the eyes of a grateful people, so Peter Thomas was at once looked upon with a deeper veneration and more fervent love. This sentiment extended from the city to all the larger villages which came within the radius of his evangelical work.

No doubt this was entirely averse to his retiring nature—but he did not oppose the many manifestations of the universal feeling, beholding therein a something to aid him in carrying on the divine mission. This was the supreme end and aim of his sacerdotal life.

From the first moment of his apostolic career he determined within himself never to speak one single word which did not tend to the glory of his divine Master and the Immaculate Virgin, or to the edification of

his neighbor. He preached Christ Crucified, without any concealment of the LAW, without any amelioration of its religious precepts. Never self-seeking, he was careful to avoid selecting his auditors from the enlightened and gifted ones of the earth. Was it not rather the lowly, the ignorant, the neglected to whom the dear Saviour, when He preached the Gospel, specially directed His attentions? It was then to the same class, often, alas! the most neglected—it was to the peasants and mountaineers that the inclination and efforts of this lover of souls, then, were directed. He would go with eager solicitude to the smallest hamlets, in the most inaccessible spots, in the mountainous region of Haut Quercy, deterred neither by the drifting snow, nor the dangerous ice which marked the way. He would hasten on, undismayed by the narrow uneven paths, the gloomy valleys, the mysterious forests, the impetuous mountain streams dashing down some lofty height. All these difficulties beset the way of this unwearied missionary who always traveled on foot.

And when he stood before his dear spiritual children how he tried to adapt himself to them! As the most celebrated orator of our own day has given his opinion that the people above all have need of the divine word, so Peter Thomas had the very same idea. "They have feelings to be touched, and places in their hearts where Truth lies sleeping. Speak to them—and behold the wondrous awakening at the preacher's fire."

He preached with an animation and enthusiasm exceeding great, in an impressive and somewhat excitable tone. If, again, he sometimes brought the ready smile to the lips of his auditors, in accordance with his temperament,

which was very joyous, if he used the salt of an innocent and familiar gayety to win his spiritual flock, with what vehemence later on, did not the divine word issue from his lips!

Indignation sent his voice forth in tones of thunder, to the terror of sinners and their utter inability to resist him. Thus by this variety of enunciation—a gift enjoyed only by fervid natures, where extremes meet and harmonize—this powerful preacher could move his audience as he wished—from smiles to tears, from anger to enthusiasm.

But all seed planted for the divine harvest requires "the sweat of man's brow" united to the efficacious dew of heaven. The laborer in the vineyard of the Lord therefore redoubled his prayers, his penitential exercises, and his fervent devotions. As though his strength had to be renewed by constant exertion, he permitted himself to go on, but at the total sacrifice of his energies.

It was not merely that the earnestness which consumes that dominated his entire course of action, but he multiplied his sermons, morning and evening for the benefit of an eager people, and afterwards the entire night would be spent in hearing the confessions of contrite sinners.

Thus, when it was announced that he had arrived, the multitudes, already captivated by his renown, hastened to the place, and when they had once enjoyed the delight of hearing him, they could not deprive themselves of it for the future.

From village to village, as in the time of the Apostles, they followed with unsatiable longing this oracle of the divine word. One of his biographers—Lamersonius—avers that he has seen merchants close their shops and

leave their business interests to follow the footsteps of Father Peter, and to enrich themselves with the precious pearls scattered broadcast by the man of God. And the same author describes the public reconciliation of mortal enemies, the restitution of ill-gotten gains by rapacious usurers, and rich grasping men who had been hard and bitter to the poor, and the reformation of blasphemers who on all occasions had most atrociously taken the name of God upon their profane and unholy lips.

He says that public sinners solemnly abjured their scandalous mode of life—that men whose open boast was of the vices with which they daily stained their wicked souls, who feared not God, who scoffed at man, now repented and henceforth led Christian lives.

The last traces of former heresies vanished—devotion to the Blessed Virgin, especially at the shrine of Notre Dame de Roc-Amadour, became more fervent than ever before—St. Dominic or St. Anthony of Padua seemed to have come in person to the south of France!

But how mysterious are the ways of divine Providence! Let us not—weak mortals that we are—presume to be precipitate in questioning the acts of the divine government! At the very time when the devoted religious might be said to be at the zenith of his glory, so marvelous were the prodigies he performed, a summons arrived appointing him to another charge, diametrically opposed to his present one. He was now to be procurator general of his Order, that is, principal economist. To his care were entrusted the temporal interests of the immense Carmelite family—a charge which necessitated for him a residence in Avignon. Perfect obedience does not

wait to inquire as to the incidental and secondary motives of any unexpected change. It blesses without hesitation the PRIMARY cause of every event, the SUPREME motive, always placed so far above us that our feeble vision can scarce look up so high. Far from attempting a specious commentary upon the reasons which have determined superiors to act thus and so, this essential virtue adores the inscrutable will of the celestial Father who rules "in a mysterious way" for the advantage of his children here below. The acquiescence of the saint was even gilded with a ray of gratitude suggested by his profound humility. This virtue was, in him, ever on the alert because of the extraordinary honors with which he was envired at Quercy. He beheld in this change the solicitude of divine grace which wrested him from a threatened peril. Dreading popularity even as much as it is desired by vain glory, he rejoiced that he was to leave far in the distance the applause of men. But—honors pursue those who fain would trample them under foot. In fleeing from popularity Peter Thomas was hastening on—to glory.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A SECOND ROME—AVIGNON; REFUGE OF THE PAPACY—COSMOPOLITAN AFFLUENCE—THE PAPAL PALACE—SPLENDOR OF THE PONTIFICAL COURT—1342.

The fourteenth century opened upon a turbulent state of affairs in Italy, for it was convulsed and devastated by civil war. Everywhere the nobles and the clergy, the merchants and the masses disputed for the ascendancy. Rome, invaded by formidable factions, had become the theatre of sanguinary troubles of which it was impossible to foresee the end.

In view of this sad state of affairs, the Papacy, always acting upon the inspiration of a superior degree of wisdom, determined to seek in a more hospitable clime that independence essential to the peaceful and undisturbed government of souls. Avignon at that time offered the most favorable conditions for the protection of the bark of Peter. Situated in the central region of Europe, touching upon a river (rivers being the principal avenues of communication at that epoch) this city was especially favorable for the continual intercourse which all christendom should maintain with its Pontiff. In a political point of view, Avignon—a purely nominal fief of the distant empire of Germany, which pretended to be the heir to the ancient kingdom of Arles—was under the protectorate solely of the Counts of Provence. In fact, these nobles themselves formed the municipal government and enjoyed an almost entire autonomy. These suzerains besides could never interfere in any way with the action of the Church, or trouble it in the slightest degree. They being, one and all, feudatories of the Holy See for the kingdom of Naples, where they ruled, as also for Aix. Another advantage, the principality of Avignon bordered precisely the territory on the left bank of the Rhone, known as the Comtal-Venaisin. This, since the previous century, had belonged to the Papacy. If the sovereign Pontiff ever beheld himself threatened with a sudden attack, he could promptly seek refuge in this, his own domain, or summon to his assistance the Comtadine troops. These various motives tended to select Avignon, and the result proved the wisdom of the choice. The city afforded to the Head of the Church all

the security and tranquility to be desired. In return, this proved to be the beginning of a wonderful development for Avignon. From the arrival of Clement V, its first reigning Pontiff, and during the pontificates of Popes John XXII and Benedict XII, the city, without parting with any of its political franchise, had steadily grown in prosperity and become more flourishing as time went on.

The reign of Clement VI was inaugurated with unwonted splendor in 1342, precisely when Peter Thomas made his obeisance to the superior of his Order at Avignon. The monastery to which he was assigned was at that time "Maison General" of the Carmelites, and was known as "la Cabetrie."

The new duties of the saint having been imposed upon him by obedience there was no thought of his regarding them as burdensome. Virtue never tries to select its sphere of sanctification. It accepts what God sends, and thus is always in a position to advance.

Although scrupulously exact in the fulfillment of his responsible duties, the procurator did not permit himself to be utterly engrossed by the caretaking of temporal things. The weight of so onerous a charge, the sole care of the temporalities of the monastery, failed in the slightest degree to render callous the exquisite sensibility of his soul.

The administrator did not annihilate the mystic. Foster-father to those who were to go forth and preach the Gospel—entrusted with the same mission which was given to St. Joseph towards the Holy Family—his ardent faith pointed out to him many and efficacious means of drawing still closer his sweet union with Jesus and Mary—opportunities afforded him to strengthen his piety.

One of his methods, we may be well assured, was to go often and pray before the shrine of "Notre Dame des Doms," for there the Blessed Virgin was honored by her devoted clients under the title of "Virgin most powerful," and never was her assistance withheld. The advent of Father Peter, in accordance with his wish, attracted not the notice of the multitude. Who indeed would remark one monk more or less in a city that sheltered so many? What lustre, pray, could be shed by his retired life upon that brilliant capital, where the magnificent court festas, the incessant fluctuations of a cosmopolitan population, an ever increasing building activity, and the captivating fascination of a poetical age alike claimed the attention of the interested public? The great soul of Clement VI favored all that tended to the interests of the Church or the welfare of the people. Of noble birth, this Pontiff had from his very childhood been accustomed to luxury and wealth. Later on he was rendered famous by the oratorical triumphs which his eloquence gained for him at Paris. A favorite of the king, the Pontiff, whose whole life had been gilded by sunshine in an unwonted degree, loved to surround himself with all that was grand and glorious. He wished—and most justly—that the beautiful, the rare, and precious should lend their aid to adorn the papal throne, and thus render homage to the most elevated dignity in the world.

From the inauguration of his pontificate, there prevailed at the court a degree of luxury and splendor until then unknown. But, let us not be slow to add that this external grandeur paled before his ardent love of justice and exceeding great tenderness of heart. Never was he implored in vain

for protection for the oppressed against the oppressor.

He delighted to say that he was a Pontiff only for the welfare and happiness of the faithful, and adopted the maxim of a celebrated emperor that "no one should ever withdraw, dissatisfied, from the presence of his sovereign." If it happened that he was compelled to refuse the petition of a suppliant, he knew well how to soften the disappointment by kindness and sympathy. And no temporal sovereign, we may add, could exercise the prerogatives of the crown with more dignity, or dispense his favors with more winning grace. A motley crowd surged constantly to Avignon. There could be seen the elite from other lands, and mendicants from afar. *Tristan, the Wanderer*, has given us a word picture of the pontifical city, perfect both in precision and coloring. What follows may be taken as a specimen:

"Nothing could present a more exquisite sight than this city upon the banks of the river Rhone, as it announces itself to distant points by its towers and its bells. Innumerable pilgrims land here, with the twice repeated sign of the Cross, chanting their Christmas hymns, or murmuring prayers in accordance with the vows they have made. The narrow streets, sheltered by large awnings to avert the heat, scarcely gave place for the busy throng which never ceased its march. Owing to this constant promenade Avignon is more crowded and dusty than Lutece. For, in addition to its own inhabitants, which number 80,000, it has a floating population made up of every nationality and displaying every different variety of dialect and costume. There may be seen the Greek, who comes to consult authorities upon the

light of Thabor; the jester, half-witted and half-clothed, led to the tribunal of the Inquisition; doctors, versed in theological lore, sent for to explain or decide upon some intricate question; monks of every order; penitents with their coarse grey garb, and throngs of students bound for the University, to study canon law or it might be civil rights. There come a party of ecclesiastics from Germany, and, as their equipages vanish in the distance, behold! innumerable aspirants, from every nation who have come hither hoping for some ecclesiastical preferment, fill up the vacated place. Near by—strange contrast—the juggler plies his magic arts, while astrologers and sorcerers play upon the hopes or fears of the credulous; Italian nomads offer to avenge, by poison or by the dagger, any injury whatsoever upon favorable terms. Here pass the cardinals upon richly caparisoned mules; there, ambassadors from the various powers of Europe and even of Asia; finally come nobles to enjoy the festivities which never ceased in the capital of the pacific king."

With this influx, gold circulated freely, and secured the completion of the immense pontifical palace then in progress. The western portion where the principal entrance appears, and the southern part, which contains the salon of the consistory, flanked by the tower of St. Laurence on the east, are due to the exertions of Pope Clement VI. To him also are we to ascribe the interior decoration of the palace, to accomplish which he employed Matteo Giovanetti di Viterbio, disciple and successor of Simon Memmi.

Following the example of the Pope, the Cardinals provided for themselves princely mansions in the various parts of the city.

Lovers and patrons of art—men of letters as they were—it is not to be wondered at that they drew about them spirits in sympathy with their own. Do we not always see that the principal stars in the sky are attended by clusters of brilliant satellites? Through the avenues leading to those elegant residences might be seen wending their way throngs of distinguished prelates, savants eminent for their scientific attainments, artisans who had attained the most consummate skill in their craft, painters who were ever on the alert for some new inspiration, and poets worthy of the fair heritage bequeathed them by the troubadours of old.

Conspicuous for their patronage in this regard, two of the cardinals stand unrivalled amid the rest—Jean Colonna, the friend of Petrarch, and Elias de Tallyrand, Perigord. The latter, a veritable "grand seigneur" as well as an astute politician enjoyed, since his elevation to the purple in 1331, a high rank in the sacred college. His action had had vast weight in the last conclave, and was destined to exercise the same in the two which followed. This led him to say that he greatly preferred *creating Popes* to being himself elevated to the papal dignity. Royal in the munificence of his alms—abbatial in his hospitality, he was always especially willing to be of service to his compatriots. Having learned that the Procurator of the Carmelites was a native of Perigord, he made his acquaintance without delay. Up to this time Peter Thomas had dwelt almost unnoticed at Avignon. His charge—that of caring for the temporal affairs of the Order—had within itself nothing conducive to glorification. His small stature and a personality which,

of itself, would never attract attention, were looked upon by his humility as so many points of fortification against the invasion of visitors.

But Cardinal Talleyrand, at the very first interview recognized the man of merit, and extended to him an invitation to dine at his palace upon his next reception day.

At these re-unions—brilliant resort of diversified talent—it was the custom of the cardinals to hold conferences which might well be called tournaments of intellect and knowledge. Amid this body of learned men, to whom every step of the ladder of human knowledge was familiar, the most abstruse questions in that vast domain where the useful and the agreeable meet in harmony, were liable to be unexpectedly brought forward. Upon this occasion a theological thesis was proposed, and the Cardinal singled out

his Perigordian compatriot to reply. Diffident and retiring, Father Peter began in simple terms, then, as if to adapt himself to the brilliant circle into which he had been thrown, he permitted his eminent gifts and superior knowledge to appear. The inspired mystic, the eloquent and enthusiastic orator—now recognized under the coarse brown garb of Carmel—was indeed an honor to his ancient Order. The disputant, until then unknown, had literally carried away the erudite assemblage. All was over with his beloved solitude. A few days after, he received an invitation to preach before the pontifical court, and did so to the exceeding great delight of all who heard him. The Cardinals contended for the advantage of having him for their theological theses. To be brief—he had become the object for the entire city to admire and applaud.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ROSARY CROWNS FOR 1898.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

### I—WHITE ROSES.

There are crowns for our Lady's children  
Fair blossoms of snowy white,  
That bloom with a mystic fragrance  
On feasts of her silvery light\*  
Blessed days when the sweet young mother  
And Jesus her holy child  
Refresh us with peace and gladness  
That flow from their hearts so mild.

### II—RED ROSES.

There are rose-tinted flow'rets waiting  
To crown every well-borne pain;  
May we, like the patient mourner,  
Those ruby-like circlets gain!  
To what shall we liken her sorrow?  
It is vast as the boundless sea,  
Yet she hears with maternal pity  
The sighing of earth's misery.

### III—GOLDEN ROSES.

And afar in the radiant heavens  
Are crowns of celestial gold,  
No eye hath e'er seen its beauty,  
No words can their worth unfold.  
Look up, O Mount Carmel's children!  
When swift years have passed away,  
Your souls will be wreathed with splendor,  
For this—ever watch and pray.

\* "Those bright days that strew the year like stars."  
FABER.



## AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER II.



THE days passed, long, even, leaden-footed. When the first excited emotion of grief had subsided, life flowed back into its old channel, changed nowhere, save in the girl's aching young heart, and as that began to reflect itself in face and manner, Mrs. Lacey felt alarmed, although she wisely kept her fears to herself. Some forty years ago, she, as fairy-like as any of the "little people" haunting the sylvan dells of her native land, had laughed and danced herself into Brian's heart; but the staid, studious man, old beyond his years, possessed no attractions in her eyes, and she passed him by for his cousin, dashing, light-hearted Jack Lacey. Kindred voices across the water had called them to this part of free America; Brian, with his brothers and sister, had followed later, and any sentiment of regret, or resentment, that had lingered, had they continued to live amid the familiar scenes in the alien land, had disappeared. Jack Lacey had died several years ago, leaving his small family well provided for. The children were now married, and, no duty claiming her, when Judith announced her intention of returning home, Mrs. Lacey, full of pity for the girl, offered to accompany her and re-

main with her as long as she needed a companion. Accustomed, since her husband's death, to town life, the utter loneliness of Judith's home fell on her with all its first, terrible weight. But her nature was not one to long suffer from depression. She knew there is no situation entirely devoid of pleasures, and the aim of her life was to find all those, and exalt them so they quite overshadowed the dull and sorrowful things. She would have liked it better if the hills were not so high, shutting her in in this awful solitude; if the cedars would not haunt her all day and keep her awake at night with their sighing, and if she could find some agreeable friend at the end of a convenient walk. But these were inexorable circumstances and she endured them by calmly ignoring their existence. When the wailing of the cedars made her sad, she began to sing, and when she felt a desire for a bit of gossip, she climbed the hill to where, in her solitary home, sat eagle-eyed Mrs. Logan, or went down the valley to where old Mrs. O'Hagan lived alone in her log hut, on the side of an unfrequented country road.

But her sunshiny disposition was at first without any effect on the gloomy girl, because she ever placed herself beyond its influence. Almost the entire day she absented herself from the house on the pretence of looking after her flock of young turkeys, though Mrs.

Lacey knew that it was only that she might be alone with her sorrow; and at nightfall she retired, though not to sleep. Sitting alone one evening, while the trees were sighing and the whip-poor-wills were plainting, Mrs. Lacey, by a train of reflection, was led to the conclusion that her young charge was slowly, but certainly, drifting toward a melancholy, which, later in life, would develop into insanity. "It was a great mistake in Brian to make her thus mistress of herself," she thought; "but, of course, the poor old fellow never dreamed she loved him so dearly. Few loved him." And that she could not when he had so pleaded made the impressionable little woman somewhat restless, sitting there alone in the house that had been Brian's. She glanced around as if she half-expected to see her former lover, but as her eyes fell on the rude, curtained book-case, the thought flashed through her mind that as there was Brian's panacea for all mortal ills, it might be likewise beneficial for the niece who so resembled him. She took down one of the books and a mist of tears dimmed the still bright eyes as they fell on the inscription on the fly-leaf, the faded characters telling the volume had been a gift to Brian from the old priest who had baptized both of them, and later, married her to the man of her choice. Like a flash came the memory of the day Brian had proudly showed her his gift, and when she heard it was the lives of the great men of ancient Greece and Rome she had lightly asked why he buried himself with dead people, when around him were life, and joy and laughter. He had replied to her flippancy with reason, though there was a pained expression on his face.

"Poor Brian; whatever he was to the others, he was always kind and

gentle with me," thought Mrs. Lacey, turning the pages with something of reverence in her touch. She purposefully left the volume on the table and the next morning as Judith was about to replace it, Mrs. Lacey asked why she made no use of the books.

"Uncle Brian told me not to read them," said she.

"That was when you were a little girl, my dear," returned Mrs. Lacey. "Why, he wanted me to read that one when I was only sixteen—yes, my dear, he brought the book from Ireland with him—and now you are almost eighteen. If he had not intended you should possess and read and be benefitted by them, believe me your Uncle Brian would have left them to some one else when he died. He was not the man to waste opportunities of doing good to others. So when you go out to watch your turkeys to-day take that book with you. It will help pass the time pleasantly, at least." To her surprise, Judith readily complied.

"I don't set myself to guide any one," said Mrs. Lacey to herself as she watched the retiring figure, "especially in matters of reading. I suppose the book is all right, and as it is the most ancient on the shelf, it would seem she has begun the foundation in a proper manner. She is not the one to be long guided by a woman, so I may rest assured she will make the next selection herself." As the weeks passed and the reading was continued a gradual change began to come over the young girl. She inherited the clear, good intellect of her mother's people, and to it the philosophy scattered throughout the volume appealed strongly. Its appreciation of the dignity of life, the sacredness of duty, was not lost on her, and when she remembered it was thus a Pagan thought, she was shamed out of

her idle, selfish conduct, remembering she possessed what he, seeker in the darkness, lacked: Christ, faith in Him and His promises. She came to see this wrapping herself in her own sorrow was opposed to philosophy and religion. It was unkind to her cousin, who had left a cheerful, comfortable home to cheer her loneliness, to her neighbors, and a total disregard of her duties as housekeeper and manager of her little farm. So, after a time the turkeys were left to take care of themselves and Judith resumed her work as she laid it down the morning her brother Charlie had brought her the word of her uncle's death.

Reserved, like all deep natures, she was affectionate, and as she came to know her, she was insensibly drawn to Mrs. Lacey, whose nature, if light, was fine and kind. A dash of sharp wit made the Irishwoman not always agreeable to her acquaintances, but she was as keenly alive to their good qualities as their foibles, and if she drew attention to the latter, it was that one more laugh should be gotten out of life. If the people of this vicinity amused her, they more often awoke her pity and interest; and in Judith's eyes they began to rise from the place in which her uncle's pitiless scorn placed them. The religious views of the woman showed truer colors in picturing all humanity, and because by her very nature she must accept and cherish the true, at whatever cost, she was brought to realize that he who would find no feet of clay, must ever sit before his idol with blinded eyes and deafened ears.

The reading was continued during the winter, and on the long evenings, while Mrs. Lacey knit, Judith read aloud histories of times and peoples long forgotten, and surprised at her interest, the elder woman would smile

at her developing such literary tastes this late in life. "It's an improvement on Mrs. Logan's ghost stories, anyhow," she would inwardly comment, with a chuckle of amusement. But on a Saturday evening Judith had no audience, unless the afternoon mail, brought to the Blue Lick from Carlisle on the rickety old omnibus, had failed to carry Mrs. Lacey's *Pilot*. At first Judith could not understand how one could find a newspaper so absorbing, but a snatch of song in its columns one day, a strong, forceful editorial opinion, a clever story, and she was brought under the charm an ably-conducted weekly paper possesses for people thus removed from intercourse with the great outer world. One Monday in June, as the afternoon shadows began to appear on the strip of sward fronting the little house, Mrs. Lacey said, from her place by the window:

"I wonder why *The Pilot* didn't come Saturday? Do you think, my dear, the mail has arrived yet?"

"Very likely," said Judith, rising. "I'll catch Bluebell and ride over for the paper." On a hill, under a shady tree, Bluebell was standing, and at sound of Judith's voice, she pricked her ears and turned her brown head toward the pasture bars. The ear of yellow corn held toward her was tempting, and though she knew it meant a trip somewhere in the heat, Bluebell roused herself from her mid-day doze and turned to the bars. When she had devoured the corn, save what the hastily collected chickens stole from her, the docile animal permitted herself to be bridled and saddled, and when Judith, her dress covered by a long black calico riding-skirt, was mounted, turned obediently toward the Springs. The paper awaited Judith, and having no further delay, she turned her steed's head homeward.

Half-way, Bluebell, with the privilege of a spoiled horse, stopped for a mouthful of wild hemp growing along the road, and regarded by her race as such a delicacy. Dense undergrowth marked the fence-rows on either side, overhead, the wild grape-vine made a verdant canopy, and Judith, warm from her ride in the burning sun, dropped the rein on her lap, and unfolding the paper, began to read. Presently the breeze, which had been resting all day, awoke, and as it passed up from the valley to the right, it carried to her the smell of smoke. The mare, searching for the choicest weeds, had moved forward, and through a small opening in the undergrowth, the girl saw what made her forget her reading. On the side of the hill, at a distance of about two hundred yards, was a man, fanning with a straw hat a fire made of dry leaves and fagots. As he waved the hat to and fro, she noted that the wide brim, instead of being lined with blue or black, as is customary, to protect the farmer's eyes from the glaring sunlight, it was covered with flaming red. As the blaze sprang up, the man recovered himself from his stooping posture, and she saw, with a start, his face was black. After glancing hastily around, he lifted from the ground a pair of blue cottonade overalls and a dark coat, both of which he threw into the fire. Judith, screened by the leaves, watched them burn, and when the flames died down, she saw the man gather the ashes into a small heap with his foot, after which he lifted a near-by large stone and placed it carefully over the spot, hiding every vestige of the fire. Then, with another quick glance around, he snatched up his straw hat and turned in the direction of the Springs. There was nothing of fear in the girl's character, for one of the redeeming traits

of her father's people was a courage that nothing could daunt, but as the man disappeared and she sat gazing at the spot, an unaccountable chill ran along her frame. She felt as if she were standing face to face with, and sole witness of, some direful deed. She gathered up the rein and hurried the reluctant Bluebell away, and as they dashed out of the shadow, Judith remembered the man had been standing in the sunshine and that his hair, notwithstanding the black face, was straight and of light color. Mrs. Lacey was waiting for her at the low rail fence. Its habitual calm returned to her brow as the girl advanced, but she drew a long breath of relief.

"Was I long gone?" asked Judith, as she dismounted on the stump of a tree that did service as a stile.

"A little longer than usual," replied Mrs. Lacey, taking *The Pilot* and concealing some late fear by a close scrutiny of its first page. "But I supposed you would ride slowly."

"I stopped a while on the ridge to let Bluebell eat some horse-weed," explained Judith.

"There was a young colored man here since you left," then said Mrs. Lacey. "He had been running very hard and wanted a drink. Did you meet him?"

"Had he on a straw hat lined with red?" asked Judith, stopping on her way with Bluebell to the pasture bars.

"No, he was bare-headed, but he clutched an old brown felt hat in one hand. My dear, he looked more like a wild animal than a human creature. I fear something has gone wrong in the neighborhood."

### CHAPTER III.

That same June afternoon threw its long shadows over the brick pavements

and rock-covered streets of the town of Carlisle, some miles away. The business men and farmers, sitting on chairs propped against the walls of the houses, talked disinterestedly of local affairs, while not a few dozed, unmindful of the slow conversation going on around, or the presence of an occasional passer-by. In the green square surrounding the ancient court-house, were some boys, amusing themselves by throwing stones from a sling at the birds in the trees above, or at what afforded better aim, the line of patient horses tied to the low iron railing separating the yard from the streets. But the languor paralyzing every human energy, likewise affected the animals, and except a sudden start when struck by one of the missiles, they gave no other evidence of life. On the second floor of one of the buildings, in full view of the main streets, sat a woman and three girls, silently stitching the summery lawns and cambrics, turned by their deft fingers into dainty dresses for the town's society leaders. The woman was slight of stature, nervous in voice and manner, with a pleasant face, lighted by a pair of kind grey eyes. Two of the girls were ordinary, mere atoms in the world's great make-up, but the third, in her black skirt and light shirt-waist, had held the admiration of a multitude. To this girl, after a long silence, the woman said, at the close of a minute's close scrutiny:

"Good heavens, Judith! put up your work. You look as if you were about to faint!" The words made the others glance up, while the girl addressed started perceptibly. As she looked at her employer, a gleam of affection lighted her dark eyes.

"How you frightened me, Mrs. Earle!" she said. "I thought I had done something wrong."

"You do look awful white, Judith," said one of the girls, resting her work on her lap.

"Am I not always white?" questioned Judith, with irritation in her tones.

"But just look at yourself now," persisted the other. Judith glanced at the reflection in the long mirror opposite, and smiled at the white face; then, with a smothered sigh, resumed her needle. But the silence had been broken, and a desultory conversation was opened, when their voices were arrested by the fall of a light foot on the stairs.

"It's Mollie Mason, I know, girls," said the dress-maker. "Be careful what you say before her." Hardly were the warning words uttered, when the visitor appeared at the doorway.

"It's only I!" said Mrs. Mason, her cheery, if loud voice, stirring up the sluggish atmosphere.

"Come in, Mrs. Mason!" said the dress-maker, while one of the girls cleared a chair of its array of laces and embroideries.

"Isn't it hot!" she ejaculated, seating herself. "What have you there, Jennie?" to one of the girls. "Is that Lil Beaufort's dress? She told me she had brought it. Heavens! what possessed her to get that shade with her complexion like tanned leather?"

"You had better ask her," said the girl, testily. "She didn't give me her reason!" Mrs. Mason laughed good-naturedly, and said:

"Ask her! I'd as soon encounter a streak of blue lightning!"

"Anything new?" questioned Mrs. Earle.

"Yes." Mrs. Earle and two of the girls looked up quickly, then Mrs. Mason, with her eyes on Judith's bent black head, said, with a laugh:

"I hear Brother Gray went out to

the country to-day on his bicycle and hasn't returned yet."

"You mean thing!" said Mrs. Earle, laughing, taking up her scissors. "I thought you had some news for us. If you had said Brother Gray *didn't* go out on his wheel 'twould have been a piece of information."

"Startling too, eh? Now," settling herself back in her chair and appearing to examine closely the material to whose shade she so much objected, but stealing a covert glance at Judith's white face bent over the skirt she was gathering, "I should like to know what takes Brother Gray out in that direction every afternoon? A month ago he favored the Sharpsburg Pike."

"I suppose he goes on out to the Maysville Pike, which is smoother," said Mrs. Earle, standing by the table, the point of the scissors on her lips, as she mentally debated whether Lil Beaufort's dress should have a straight or bias ruffle.

"I think it's a shame!" declared Jennie, interrupting Mrs. Mason's volley, to that lady's annoyance, "to see a preacher on a bicycle?"

"Then you won't be shamed for long," said Mrs. Mason, coolly.

"Why?" cried the girl, while Mrs. Earle turned from her work.

"The elders have about decided to ask him to resign."

"You don't say so!" cried two of the girls in a breath, while Mrs. Earle dropped her scissors in sheer astonishment.

"What has he done?" asked she, then.

"Rides a bicycle," a shade of annoyance in her voice, for the white face on which her eyes were bent had not even changed at the announcement.

"It is a crying shame for them to do it!" exclaimed Mrs. Earle, emphasizing

her words by vicious nips from the cloth she now began to cut. "He is the best minister we have had since Brother Barnes died. He has done a world of good among the people and is so kind to the poor. I never saw any one more interested in the Sunday school——"

"But he rides a bicycle," finished Mrs. Mason, in a mocking voice, as Mrs. Earle paused for want of breath. The two girls joined in her little laugh, then, suddenly, as though the thought had just struck her, she said:

"What do you think about it, Judith?" Mrs. Earle was apparently absorbed in her cutting, but she cast a side-long look at the girl addressed and let her scissors run lightly through the cloth to catch any changed tone in the answering voice.

"Think about what?" asked Judith Evans, carelessly, treating her questioner to a sweeping glance that took in every article of dress, every line of figure, and it seemed to the conscious woman, included the too numerous grey hairs and faintly defined wrinkles. "Your elders' intention of dismissing Mr. Gray? Nothing; for," with an almost imperceptible shrug of her shoulders, "he is not my spiritual director."

"You are always forgetting, it seems to me," quickly put in Mrs. Earle, before Mrs. Mason could give utterance to the insinuating remark the words prompted, "that Judith is a Catholic. You never change your priests, do you, Judith?"

"That is usually done by our Bishop," answered Judith, with a glance at her employer that the other interpreted.

"I'd hate to give up my privilege of voting for my minister," said one of the other girls, but no one commented on the remark and a silence fell. Mrs. Mollie Mason felt aggrieved. Twice

her remarks had been forced aside from their intended purpose, and without being brutally direct, the task she had set for herself showed no indication of being accomplished. Six months ago the Rev. Silas Gray had assumed charge of the Baptist congregation of Carlisle. As he was young, with a face remarkable for its comeliness, gentlemanly in appearance, and refined in speech and manner, he was welcomed with outstretched hands, and more than one sentimental maiden lost her heart to him the first Sunday he mounted the pulpit. For weeks after his arrival, his house was besieged with callers, invitations to parties and dinners poured in upon him. To his visitors he was courteous, affable, friendly; but the invitations he declined. In different ways he showed the deep personal interest he felt for each member of his flock; his days, and often nights, were devoted to furthering the prosperity of the congregation and ministering to its spiritual needs, and a people more appreciative, more deeply imbued with the true idea of the ministerial calling, had rated him at his real worth and rewarded him accordingly. But this congregation, that is the majority which determined a pastor's popularity, were peculiarly perverse on this point. They wanted their minister to be a society leader as well as a spiritual director, as adept in making speeches at the dinner table as in propounding the word of God, a cavalier and a saint; and failing to find in him the unusual combination, felt a disappointment, which they made no attempt at concealing. The young men, who had looked with disfavor on the appointment of a pastor not yet out of his twenties and possessed of such a pleasing personality, on discovering they had no just cause to fear him as a rival in the social

world, instead of being grateful for their undisturbed serenity, denounced him as a prig, too proud of his position to mix with the people. The opinion, intensified by the bitterness brought with their reflections their charms had proven unavailing, was the verdict of the young women, shared, to an extent, by fond, if designing mothers. Unaware of their dissatisfaction, the young minister pursued the "even tenor of his way," accomplishing more real good in his few months of incumbency than his predecessors had in years. Gradually the well-spent young life was forcing the admiration of the thoughtful portion of the town, irrespective of religious tendencies, and this public opinion had begun to educate the congregation to a proper appreciation of their pastor, when a rumor, idle at first, but later justified by most convincing evidences, floating around, deadened every grateful sentiment, making them more critical than ever and fostering an indignation that but waited an opportunity to break out in violent opposition.

It happened that one evening as Mr. Gray was returning from a visit to a sick parishoner, he passed Mrs. Earle's door, where Judith stood, drawing on her gloves, preparatory to her walk into the country where she lived. A shaft of sunset light, that made enchantment land of the lavender April sky, fell on her partly raised face, warming up its dazzling, frost-like whiteness and flooding with liquid light the dusky eyes. But more than by the beauty of her face was he impressed by the regality of her carriage. She looked like a queen about to descend from the steps of her throne. As he passed, their eyes encountered and unconsciously he lifted his hat. Men always did that to her, whether acquainted or not; the



rough tramp on the road could not pass her without this tribute of admiration to her regal loveliness. Incidentally the next day he learned all was to be told of her. She lived with an uncle who owned a pretty little place about a quarter of a mile from the town, she was eighteen years of age, for the past two seasons she had sewed with Mrs. Earle, and she was a Catholic. He reviewed the brief history in his mind and at first smiled at his previous idea that hers was a face with a story behind it; then, sighed for the lack of penetration in the man who could compass twenty years of the life of such a woman into a few words and say, in conclusion, "That is all there is about her!" Twenty years in such a place! Twenty years of solitude, of depression, of deprivation, of waiting! and yet it was said she had no history! City born and raised, the changelessness of country life bore in upon his nature with all its strange power. He could see, as it were, the long stretches of hopelessness through which such a person, as that one glimpse showed him Judith to be, must pass in the years that lay between the brook and river's meeting and the present hour; and there was explained for him the almost tragic expression on the queenly face that had made him believe its possessor had encountered one of the momentous occasions with which some women's lives are fraught. As he thought of her he felt a deep desire to know her. He would like to get below that white exterior, which, he imagined, belied the real nature. With the swift intuition some souls possess, he realized the crucifixion the girl must be enduring, the inexorable of the circumstances that forced her to drag out a day in Mrs. Earle's work-shop appalled him, and he marvelled what must the effect

be on the spiritual side of her character. They said she was a Catholic. Twenty-eight years in a large city had shown him what that religion can make of those who profess it. Placed in a city, surrounded by the helpful influences of her faith, influences that elevate the commonplace into the sublime, and the tragic element had been eliminated from her face, supplanted by a patience that on such a brow, in such eyes, had been lofty heroism. But having none of these, save what an old, over-worked, and not exceptionally learned priest could give on his monthly visitations to the place, what part, he wondered, had religion in moulding her character? And the more he thought of her, the oftener he saw her, the stronger became his wish to know her intimately. Shortly afterwards it was gratified. Passing Mrs. Earle's door, one evening, he saw that lady standing on its steps, Judith by her side. Partly because she was a member of his congregation, wholly because of his desire to meet the young girl, Mr. Gray paused and began to converse with Mrs. Earle, who introduced him to Judith. When the latter started for her usual walk home, to Mrs. Earle's surprise, the preacher accompanied her until his own gateway was reached.

Occurrences less notable were not passed unremarked by the inhabitants of that little town, and before the next day was many hours old, gossips were telling each other how Brother Gray had been seen walking along the street with Judith Evans. Brother Gray had never shown any desire for the company of a young lady of his own flock, and that this first indication of friendship should have been extended to one of another persuasion, especially the Catholic, looked little less than an insult. Utterly unconscious of the fact that this action was the cause of such unfavorable comment among his people, Mr. Gray very frequently encountered Judith at Mrs. Earle's door and walked along the narrow street with her, past



the cemetery, where the blackbirds sang vespers every evening, down the hill, across the wooden bridge, often not pausing until her uncle's gate was reached; and each time note was made of it and the dissatisfaction of his congregation increased. As if bent on his own material destruction, at this period, Mr. Gray came into possession of a bicycle. No one knew what was his reason, save Judith, to whom he had said, by way of explanation:

"A fellow I know in Covington is in trouble and needed money; but he would not accept it from me unless I would take his wheel."

He was too practical to have a conveyance and not use it, so the preacher wheeling over the streets and country roads to visit the needy and desolate of his flock, soon became a familiar object. But those who were not needy and desolate, who had horses and buggies for their own conveniences, severely condemned the unprecedented act. But no breath of all this reached him. From the start, gossip to him of the doings and sayings of his flock had been courteously, but none the less firmly, discountenanced; and in the face of this prohibition none was found brave enough to go to the minister and tell him the town was talking of him because he sometimes walked with a Catholic girl and rode a bicycle. The atmosphere which he had breathed previous to his coming to Carlisle had been free from the narrowness and bigotry, consequent among these less educated and narrow-minded people, hence, the thought he could possibly give offense by the exercise of his privilege to suit himself, both in choice of locomotion and selection of society, never once presented itself to him. Not so with Judith. She was, it is true, one of those rare persons living in narrow environments, yet not confined by them. The solitude, which had appeared so terrible to the young minister, and which had, perhaps, cramped him, and had on her an elevating, broadening influence. But back of this was the woman's intuition, the finer as the soul was so sensitive. She saw the situation not only as it was,

but as it appeared to the petty critics, and she knew the malice that focused their views; but it did not determine any of her actions. If, as she decided to do, she ceased holding further such intercourse with the preacher, it was from a fear that she might compromise to herself a certain sense of womanly delicacy. The barrier between them was an insurmountable one, and even the semblance of an effort to overlook it were undignified, because ineffectual. She did not deny to herself that companionship with him was agreeable. His comeliness and grace pleased her eye; his thoughts, well expressed, delighted her fastidious mind, and she realized there might be danger to her peace of heart in prolonging the acquaintance. She knew the people were commenting in no kindly manner on their friendship, and while she scorned it as directed against herself, she was not insensible to the material loss it might bring him.

But the people knew their surmises as to that degree of friendship existing between their minister and Judith Evans were, after all, only surmises; and clerical authorities usually ask something more than that when listening to charges made against one of the cloth; hence, Mrs. Mason had set herself the task of arriving at some definite knowledge. It was admitted by those to whom she confided her intention, that no one in the congregation was more capable of handling the delicate case; but, as she sat in Mrs. Earle's shop after the second charge at the invulnerable girl, whom she had supposed would fall an easy victim to her skill at reading secrets, she began to feel the stings of defeat. The silence continued. Judith sewed on as calmly as if she had not heard her friend was about to be dismissed in disgrace because to save his failing strength, he rode a bicycle, and if she felt any indignation, it did not express itself on her face.

It was then that the galloping feet of a horse resounded over the stillness enveloping the town. Mrs. Mason left her chair and went quickly to the window, followed by one of the girls,

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Earle, looking toward the woman and girl leaning over the sill of the open window.

"Some one riding like mad!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason. "I do not know him, but he must have ridden at that rate for miles. His horse is white with foam."

Mrs. Earle and Jennie went to the windows to catch a glimpse of the rider. The fall of that horse's feet on the stony street seemed to have awakened the town. One could feel its returning life, the very horses standing around the court-house railing pricked their ears in expectation. Nearer came the sounds, and as the steed passed them, the watching women saw that the foam along the flanks was streaked with blood, and that the face of the rider, notwithstanding the intense heat, showed ghastly under the drooping farmer's straw hat. The horse turned the corner sharply, his steel-plated hoofs striking out sparks of fire from the stones, then he was drawn sharply up under the wide spreading maple, that stood in front of the sheriff's office. The rider dismounted, threw the rein over a convenient bough, and hurried into the office. In that passing glimpse, it was seen that he was tall, with a well-knit frame, and that he carried a brace of pistols in his leather belt. He closed the door with a slam that sent a thrill of fear into the hearts of the dozen or more watchers. The men on the streets looked at each other questioningly, and one said:

"I think he must be from the Blue Lick. He rides like one of those fellows and looks like 'em." His listeners could imagine what that wild ride meant were the surmise true, for tragedies that shocked the civilized world have had that historic, grandly beautiful place for their staging. The minutes passed, and still that closed door shut out the rider's message from the waiting people, while the horse stood shivering in the shade of the maple tree.

"That horse will be dead in a few minutes," said Mrs. Mason.

"Harry," called down Mrs. Earle to her husband, who was sitting on the door-step, "go, get the blanket right away and cover that horse, if you don't want to see it die before your eyes." Harry Earle knew by experience if he did not obey, his wife would not hesitate to carry the blanket and throw it over the animal herself. As he laid the warm covering on the shivering horse, the door opened and its owner appeared. The two men shook hands, and then the stranger began to lead the blanketed horse up and down the street, talking earnestly to Mr. Earle, and gesticulating wildly with one hand.

Next, the deputy sheriff appeared and gave a brief command to a negro boy lying on the strip of grass bordering the pavement. As the lad hurried away, he was intercepted by the interested spectators, but all the information he could give was that he had been sent to find the constable and bring the sheriff's horses. The words were passed from tongue to tongue, and the interest grew with each passing moment. Other men, unable longer to stand the strain on their curiosity, crossed to where the man and Mr. Earle were walking with the horse. In a short time the constable, mounted, appeared, followed by the boy with the horse. The deputy sheriff came out and held a brief conversation with the constable, then called the sheriff. The superior officer appeared instantly and then beckoned to the man, who had paused in his walk. He advanced, and the listening women heard him say:

"Straight down the Maysville Pike, till yoh cum ter the Springs. Then, sumun'll d'rect yoh. My critter cyant stan' the trip bac', yit."

The sheriff's familiar oath answered the words, and it was followed by a command that he find another horse. The man hesitated, but only for a moment, for he caught the fire in the officer's eye. He led his horse to the nearest livery stable and in a short time returned, freshly mounted. Then the four men turned rein toward the north and set off at full gallop, the stranger leading the way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FLOWERS OF MARCH.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"The Divine Nature is a simple act, in the unity of which all God's essential attributes and operations are included, but these are infinite in variety. He is honored by, and sympathises with the various modes of the soul, which is manifold in powers and operations." These beautiful words of a saintly and learned Jesuit Father have been long treasured in my heart, and seem specially applicable to the liturgy of Holy Church, and the occurring feasts of her saints and blessed. St. Joseph's month is indeed rich in spiritual treasures, and it would be impossible to enumerate all, or even speak worthily of the few here selected. Nevertheless the mention of these fair spring flowers ever blooming in God's paradise where, St. Francis de Sales tells us, "there is perpetual spring as to beauty," may, through Mary's intercession, awaken in some hearts the desire of knowing their holy lives more intimately, and following their examples more closely.

ST. CASIMIR, MARCH 4th.

Many of our readers no doubt have heard the sweet hymn "Daily, daily, sing to Mary." Have not the tones vibrated with echoes from the records of a life angelic in purity even "in an atmosphere of luxury and magnificence?"

This young Polish Prince preferred to die rather than tarnish the lustre of virtue, or alienate his affections from Mary "the mother of fair love." "How beautiful is the chaste generation with glory! The memory thereof is immortal!" And when his blessed soul was following the Lamb

in heaven, his holy body, which had been its temple, remained incorrupt emitting sweet fragrance, which gave spiritual refreshment to all present at the ceremony of transferring it to the marble chapel where it now lies. Let us, on his feast, pray, in the words that flowed from the abundance of his pure young heart:

"Holy Mary, we implore thee,  
By thy purity divine,  
Help us, bending here before thee,  
Help us truly to be thine."

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, MARCH 7th.

"Well hast thou written concerning me, Thomas; what shall I give thee as a reward?" "Naught save Thyself, O Lord!"

Here is a divine panegyric. Well, indeed, has he written, and through long ages holy Church has been illumined by the wisdom of this "Angelic Doctor," and drinks from the pure ever-flowing waters of his doctrine. What was his reward? "Naught but Thyself, O Lord!" Jesus in His adorable Sacrament during life—Jesus "as He is," in eternity. *There* his ardent desires have been fulfilled, and his prayer eternally satisfied.

*"Jesu quem celatum mihi aspicio*

*Oro fiat illud quod tam sileo*

*Ut te revelata cernens facie*

*Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ. Amen.*

"Jesus whom at present veiled I see,  
What I so long for, O vouchsafe  
to me,

That I may see Thy countenance  
unfolding,

And may be blessed Thy glory  
in beholding."

O may we in some measure, merit to hear from our Lord, "Well hast thou prayed, labored, suffered for me!" May we *so* pray, labor, suffer, as to desire no reward save Jesus on earth and in heaven.

—  
 St. FRANCES OF ROME, MARCH 9th.

"He has given His angels charge over thee," etc., is true of all Christians, but in this beautiful life, there is a special visible communion with the angelic world, and St. Frances enjoyed the continual vision of her Guardian Angel under the form of a lovely child of seven or eight years, his eyes were ever raised to heaven, his robe white, blue, red, alternately, his face radiant so as to illumine the darkness of night. He shielded her in danger, declared the will of God, in a word "kept her in all her ways." Her young children, Evangelista and Agnes, were admitted after death to the choirs of angelic spirits. This life is singularly pleasing in its beauty, and we earnestly recommend our readers to become acquainted with its lessons of patience, sanctification of home, devotion to Jesus, and to Mary Immaculate, above all to the holy angels. May we, as St. Bernard tells us, show "respect for their presence, gratitude for benefits, confidence in their intercession."

—  
 St. JOSEPH, MARCH 19th.

Father Faber styles this beloved "Patron of the universal Church," "the shadow of the eternal Father," and in all he has written with such poetic imagery, this is one of the most beautiful and mystical, with regard to St. Joseph.

Our divine Lord, born of a virgin-mother, infused into the heart of his foster-father, a love, more than paternal, and in the arms of that love

His holy Infancy rested safely. Under its guidance His hidden life increased "in age, and grace;" and the white lily of Mary's purity was secure beneath the protecting shadow of her chaste spouse.

We have seen many a lovely sunset, and watched the orb of day sinking into the golden West. Does not the resemblance seem as an emblem of St. Joseph's glorious soul, sinking, with parting splendors shed over it by the presence of Jesus and Mary, to eternal rest?

No wonder holy Church, though placing all states under his protection, invokes it in a special manner for the last hours of her children. O may he obtain for us to die in the arms of Jesus' love, and be consoled by the real or spiritual presence of Mary! "Dearest of saints, be with us when we die!"

"Hail holy Joseph, hail!  
 Chaste spouse of Mary, hail!  
 Pure as the lily flower  
 In Eden's peaceful vale."

—  
 St. BENEDICT, MARCH 21st.

"Blessed," not merely in name, but in monastic perfection; to use the eulogium of holy Church in his feast. "He shone in his days as the morning star . . . as the moon at the full . . . as the sun when it shineth." And again, he is compared to "roses in the days of spring," and as "the lilies that are on the brink of the water," and around him "the ring of his brethren." (Ecl. 1.) His holy rule has been, and is even now, a school of sanctity and learning, and his children like the stars of heaven, and the sands of the sea-shore.

Prayer was his element; "By prayer he did all things, wrought miracles, saw visions, and prophesied," and,

finally, in an attitude of prayer, breathed forth his soul to God. There is a beautiful revelation recorded in the life of his spiritual daughter, St. Gertrude, in which St. Benedict promises his special aid at the hour of death to those who thank God for the favors accorded to his last moments. Let us ask him on this day, for the spirit of prayer, that golden key which unlocks the treasures of God's mercy, and opens the mystic gates of pearl leading to His kingdom.

We must not linger at present over many other glorious records of March. St. Patrick, to whom "the isle of saints owes her gift of faith, which shines undimmed after ages of persecution, and the rays of which, through her missionary or exiled children, have been diffused through other nations. St. Gregory the Great, whom the Church considers one of her doctors; St. John of God, a marvel of fraternal charity, and various saintly lives, but we will now, for a short space, dwell on a feast, which eternity alone can fully reveal to us in its beautiful mysteries, that of our blessed Mother's Annunciation.

#### MARCH 25, THE ANNUNCIATION.

Where shall our thoughts rest to-day? Let us elevate them to the eternal Father, and exclaim, "God so loved the world to give us His only-begotten Son!" Let us go in spirit to Nazareth and contemplate the abasement of the Word "made flesh," and the sentiments of His adorable Heart. "Behold I come to do Thy will!" Let us admire the purity, humility, sublime resignation of this "handmaid of the Lord," and listen to the melody of that first "Ave," which, through all ages, is echoing in Holy Church.

Above all, we will unite ourselves to the mutual love of Jesus and Mary, praying thus: "O Jesus, that I could love Thee as Mary loved Thee! O Mary, that I could love thee as Jesus loved thee!" Then this feast will give *them* new glory, and to *us* new joy and grace, and will be one of those "bright days that strew the year like stars," when, with unwonted confidence, we exclaim: "Pray for us *now*, and at the hour of our death."

#### LINES IN REMEMBRANCE OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1889.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

Let all in me rejoice,  
And praise Him in the sacred tones  
Of His sweet Mother's voice.

For each succeeding year, the dawn  
Of great Saint Patrick's Day,  
Illumes, with golden light, that seal  
Which ne'er shall pass away.

Blest altar of the living God!  
Thou holy Mount of Prayer!  
For Jesus in the Sacred Host  
Is ever pleading there.

"What shall I render to the Lord  
For all His gifts to me?"  
I'll take the Chalice of His Blood  
Poured forth on Calvary.

And glorify His Blessed Name  
(This Blood my debt shall pay),  
For still He whispers to my soul:  
"Thou art a priest for aye."\*

Plead for me glorious Saint, whose word  
In Erin's land of old,  
Diffused the precious gift of faith  
More bright than virgin-gold.

O Mother! keep my hands unstained,  
My heart like sun-beam's rays,  
And fervent every sacrifice  
As on St. Patrick's Day.

—E. DE M.

\* *Te igitur in altissimo.*—1<sup>a</sup>. vii. 5.

## ST. JOSEPH—MARVEL OF PURITY.



MAN, in his original innocence, was little less than the angels, being free from taint or even tendency toward sin. Since the fall of our first parents from their high estate as the favored children of God, our nature has, however, undergone a marked change. Prone to evil—subject to sin and its befouling influence—our hearts are swayed by passion and our intellects clouded by its unholy promptings. Born children of wrath—doomed to suffer from the inheritance of sin bequeathed to us—we cannot escape from the miseries that surround us and form part of our lives. Our senses are in constant rebellion against us, striving to acquire mastery over us that they may degrade and ruin our souls. This conflict goes on daily until the end of our earthly pilgrimage, when, if by the aid of divine grace and our own vigilance, we triumph over the enemies that assail us, we are crowned with enduring recompense.

To this universal rule there have been, however, some exceptions by the special Providence and mercy of the Almighty and in furtherance of His divine plans and purposes. It is needless to say that first amongst the persons thus singularly privileged was the ever glorious and Immaculate Mother of God. Never for a single instant was she under the influence or dominion of sin. Nor did she ever suffer from impure inspirations or promptings

of nature. In her sin had no place, nor power to tarnish or impair. In mind and body she was immaculately pure—stainless as the snow. This was necessary on account of the part she had in the great work of our redemption. Mary was the predestined one—the woman who should crush the head of the infernal serpent. A woman had been the occasion of our fall, so also would a woman be instrumental in our regeneration. By Eve's prevarication we lost our heavenly inheritance, by Mary's blessed agency we were restored to the grace and friendship of God. In this great work virginal innocence and purity were absolutely essential to the consummation of the merciful designs of the Almighty in our regard. God could not have permitted His divine Son to take flesh of an impure or impaired nature, since it would be a reflection upon His own Holiness and a want of respect and consideration for the one selected to be the Mother of our Redeemer.

The special triumph of Mary over satan was in her Immaculate Conception and birth of the Son of God, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, whose overshadowing influence effected that stupendous miracle of love. This is the chief source of her great dignity and ours. We can point with just pride to our Holy Mother and salute her with the homage of our hearts: "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is no spot or stain in thee!"

Next in rank and dignity to Mary is the peerless St. Joseph, her virginal spouse, who bears close resemblance to her in mind and heart. Each is a

special creation, in that each has peculiar traits and virtues that no other creature can possess in the same degree of fulness or perfection. Mary is unique in that she was a mother and at the same time a virgin, a privilege which she alone enjoyed. She is also privileged in other respects far in excess of any other creature, being the master-piece of Omnipotence. God, says a pious writer, could create other worlds more beautiful than this, but He can not fashion a being more perfect and charming than the Mother of His divine Son. Mary is, therefore, the most perfect work of the Divinity, upon whom is lavished the highest gifts and greatest favors which even God can bestow. No created intelligence can rise to the comprehension of her immeasurable greatness or even imperfectly describe the qualities that endear her to God. He alone, whose delight and crowning work she is, can adequately proclaim her praises and her perfections. We, creatures, can best testify our appreciation of her merits by offering her the pious reverence of our hearts.

The stainless purity that distinguished Immaculate Mary also marked in a pre-eminent degree the character of St. Joseph. It was fitting that he should rank first among men in this respect, since he was destined for companionship with the purest creature that has ever emanated from the hand of God. And so it was. All other types and models of purity presented to our imitation, are in no wise worthy of comparison with St. Joseph. He stands alone, unapproachable in his grandeur. The dazzling splendor of his unsullied virtue sheds a light ineffable, and the brilliant radiance of his unspeakable purity throws a halo of heavenly glory around his name.

Worthy associate was he for the Virgin-Mother of Christ, who beheld in his chaste soul the image and reflection of her own. Nay more, St. Joseph was deemed worthy to be the companion and foster-father of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Redeemer, in whose divine embrace he learned more fully than any other man the secrets of heaven. May we not suppose that in his intercourse and communion with the Son of God, who was obedient to Him, he became acquainted with His merciful designs in behalf of humanity, as far at least as his limited powers could take in the plans of the Redeemer. Certain it is that he bore closer relations to, and was beloved by Him more, than any other man. It is cited in Scripture as a singular privilege accorded to St. John alone that he was permitted to repose his head on the bosom of Christ at the Last Supper. The incident was most remarkable and betokened great consideration and love on the part of our Lord for that disciple. What shall be said of St. Joseph, who nursed and fondled the Saviour in His youth, and supported Him by the labor of his hands? Was he not commanded by the angel to take the Child and His mother and fly into Egypt to escape the persecution of Herod? Aware of the precious charge confided to his care, he lavished upon Jesus and Mary all the affection and tender solicitude of a truly noble soul. Who can enter into the feelings and sentiments of that holy man, as he undertook the long and fatiguing journey? Forgetful of self and indifferent to all else, he thought only of doing God's holy will. No word of murmur or complaint escaped his lips. His trust in Providence was simple and unchanging. The sweet face of Mary and smile of Jesus banished all fear from his mind

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and heart, and sustained his courage in executing the divine command.

To render him worthy of such companionship and so sacred a trust, we may readily conclude that St. Joseph was a model of perfect purity. Though perfect purity is scarcely attainable in this life; for according to St. Francis of Sales, this virtue is more the property of angels than of men, yet St. Joseph was an exception to this rule, in so far that he was exempt from the influence of rebellious nature and entirely free from the domination of the senses and cravings of the lower appetites that tend to bewitch and enslave so many. If St. John the Baptist was sanctified in his mother's womb, and probably exempt from the sting of concupiscence, St. Joseph, we may believe, was likewise favored even in a higher degree. The fact that he was chosen of God to be the spouse of the mother of His divine Son—the purest of all creatures—clearly warrants this conclusion, if it be not supported by other and weightier proofs.

St. Joseph was a witness to the fact of the incarnation and birth of the Redeemer of mankind, and of the stainless integrity of Mary, His Virgin-Mother. As such he assumes pre-eminence among men, not only on account of his exceptional virtue but also by reason of his connection with the parties to the accomplishment of that ineffable mystery of God's love. The honor and glory that invest Immaculate Mary reflect upon St. Joseph and become of right part of his inheritance. In the birth of Jesus Christ a new and spiritual generation was born into the world, of which He is the head. Virginity crowned Maternity, and rendered fruitful the seed of the woman who crushed the head of the serpent. By virtue of His birth, we

live and are elevated above the angels, being made sharers in His merits and His dignity. By reason of the graces vouchsafed through His Passion and death on the Cross, virginity is made not only practicable but easy even to weak mortals like ourselves. Thus may be lead upon earth the life of the blessed in heaven by anticipation, for this is the meaning of a life of virginity. Such was the life of St. Joseph, whose singular purity made him a fit companion for Jesus and Mary and merited for him the esteem and love of both. The most perfect model of exalted purity, he deserves to rank in honor and dignity among men. No less conspicuous for his wisdom in governing the family than for his great purity, he is alike a model for parents and those consecrated to the service of God in religion. All may see in his admirable virtues incentive to the faithful performance of duty. Truly may it be said: "Thou art worthy, O St. Joseph, to rule over the King's dominions." Deign, we beseech thee, to bestow upon us the favors of which thou art the dispenser, above all the grace of a happy death!

There are days when the sun does not shine, when the sky is dark and heavy with clouds and the rain pours steadily down. These are the days when trouble comes upon us, and we search vainly for a ray of light in the darkening sky. Yet we know all the time the sun is shining behind those heavy clouds and soon they will be forced asunder and the sun in all its radiance and beauty will diffuse its gladdening rays over all. The soil refreshed by the rain, and warmed by the sun, will send forth its fairest blossoms. So is life with its endless trials and blessings, full to the brim of joys and sorrows, let us accept with thankful hearts the sunshine and with patience the rain.



## FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

### I.

#### Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

The following wonderful cure was told by an eyewitness of the event, a relative of the parish priest at Treves (Rhône). It occurred in 1858:

The mother of a numerous family had, for years, suffered excessively from quinsy in a most aggravated form, and although she had the attendance of an able physician, Dr. Anton, of Rive de Gier, her recovery seemed finally more doubtful than ever. The malady, which up to this time had affected only the outside, now threatened to penetrate to the very interior of her throat. Her breathing became so difficult that no one could look on without the deepest commiseration, and at last the power of speech entirely left the poor invalid.

Dr. Anton, who was tireless in his efforts to relieve her, as a last hope applied "*la pierre infernale*," without the slightest effect. Her sufferings were terrible. *Not a ray of hope was left.* Her husband and children, overwhelmed with sorrow, awaited the end. But suddenly this heroic Christian, placing all her confidence in our Lady of Mount Carmel, made one final effort in her own behalf. Seizing her Scapular, the efficacious remedy of Mary's clients, she forced it, as far as possible, into her throat. Wonderful reward of such faith!

The more she forced it, the greater relief she experienced. She breathed more freely, could swallow her saliva, and even regained her lost power of speech. Then she drew out the Scapular, and the swelling disappeared without the breaking and discharge which are inseparable from such troubles.

This marvelous and almost instantaneous cure did not stop here. The pious mother, with renewed strength, found herself perfectly able to leave her bed, and resume the charge of her household and family.

### II.

The following example is more striking even than the preceding. A young man who was noted for his piety and fervor, unfortunately began to grow tepid, and by degrees entirely abandoned the practice of his religion. And, sad to say, a neglected cold had superinduced consumption, which was slowly leading him to the tomb. His family dreaded to tell him of his danger. He himself clung to the illusion that he would baffle death, and repulsed the efforts of those true friends who fain would have him send for a priest. To see the priest he imagined would be indeed an assurance that he would die.

The most fervent and imploring prayers went up, for three days, by the couch of the invalid, to our Lady of Mount Carmel for the once devout youth, who alas! now lay as if unconscious and unable to speak. That he was *not* unconscious, however, now became apparent, for he made a sign which his most intimate friend understood as a request that the Scapular should be placed around his neck. Full of joy, the friend took off his own and complied with the wish of the penitent, who at once regained his speech, began to pray to Mary, and, from that moment, invoked her assistance. Never has this merciful mother been invoked in vain. O! marvelous proof of her protection! A priest on the mission, coming to where two roads met, thought he must have taken the wrong route, but it was the maternal hand of our Lady who guided his steps to the dying youth. The last Sacraments were received with the greatest fervor. He confessed, with tears, the sins of his past life, and edified every one by the sincerity of his confession.

And when his life, thus prolonged through the infinite mercy of God for a while, ended, the dear Queen of Carmel led her penitent child to his bright home in heaven.

*"The Scapular is the hope of the faithful and salvation of sinners."*

## AN EASTER REVELATION.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



ON Allan Tremaine's face lay an expression it had never known before, the whiteness of an agony which had found partial, but merciful relief. His head was bowed and his heart as well. Judge Peterson, the gentleman who had just left his office, had brought him word of comfort. Bert was saved—saved! Ruin, exposure, disgrace were warded off—the Lord be thanked!—yet, once more.

"Oh, Bert! Bert!" he cried out at last, unable to control his pain, and the rare tears of a stern man trickled down his cheeks.

To him this younger brother was inexpressibly dear. He thought of him as a small boy, fair as a cherub, with golden curls and angel eyes—beauty had not been his own portion, even then—but for this light-hearted lad, whom every one loved, to fall into evil day by day and to find every influence powerless to save, this had been for him a crushing torture. Years had passed, and the weight was still crushing, heavier now than ever before, and fraught with deeper pain.

First, Bert had become dissipated, in a merry way, that made the world forgive him; then, all at once, he fell lower—into the gulf of the gambler, the hell of the sot. Now the worst had come, crime, punishable by law. Dishonesty—nay, what some rigorists might have termed forgery—at all events, the appropriation of funds that were none of his, had just been condoned by glad repayment of the money, as restitution, and the greatest plea, he, Allan Tremaine, the great advocate, had ever made. This plea had fallen on friendly hearts, inclined to mercy. It had been the more intense for its privacy, the secrecy which alone sheltered his own flesh and blood.

He had been nearly frantic these many days, picturing Bert, *his* Bert, his

own father's son, behind the savagery of prison bars. The men concerned had pitied him, feeling his mental torture, and had spared Bert for his sake. They had said to the culprit, "Go thy ways for this time!" and their lenience seemed, in its way, almost divine.

Yet Allan Tremaine knew in his hearts of hearts that it was but re-prieve. What would Bert do next? What new transgression would bring the sweat to his brow, the pang to his heart? Unless some inner change were wrought Bert would surely sin afresh, and no plea would, then, avail.

He reviewed Bert's course of life, as he had done a thousand times before, wondering if anything more could have been done for him. Would anything else have rescued the lad? He had himself argued and pleaded, in burning words, born of love and despair; religious forces had not been wanting; Bert had been the theme of many a prayer-meeting petition; his mother had wept over the prodigal in the earlier part of his career; both parents were gone, now; the knowledge of the worst having been spared them, he reflected—the burden lay on himself, alone!

He understood, now, the Easter cry for "newness of life;"—for once, he too, would plead for it with earnestness. He was bearing the sin of one soul only—one besides his own; but their merciful Saviour bore the sin of the world. That was what the Cross meant, then;—no wonder they raised it on altar and steeple! It might be superstition; but, for the first time, he Allan Tremaine, felt humbly superstitious. From that Cross and the risen Lord alone flowed "newness of life." This, in his heart, he knew.

Pressed by these thoughts, Allan Tremaine suddenly pushed them by and went out to keep an appointment. The friend he met at Delmonico's was a young artist of quick perceptions, who felt the cloud of his soul-sick mood.

"Cheer up, Tremaine! That's a good boy!" cried the saucy but sympathetic lad, with the smile that his artist world voted irresistible. "The sun shines to-day and will shine again to-morrow. I do not understand what the trouble is, but we all have enough of it! Come out on the avenue with thy 'rueful countenance' and see for thyself how bright it is!"

So, together they sallied forth into the sunshine. The softness of the air—it was early spring—the tender blue overhead, the twittering of innumerable sparrows and the brightening faces of the people thronging hither and thither insensibly soothed the care which was hourly consuming Tremaine. He thought of the old motto, "Cor ne edito." "Eat not the heart!" His friend's enthusiasm was contagious—Cecil Doane's light-heartedness had become an actual charity to his soberer comrades—and, as he rattled away through a fusillade of delighted outbursts, Tremaine caught a little of it, here and there, through his own chain of thought.

"The good God has brought us the spring again"—"the air smells like violets—see them, Tremaine, on the ladies' wraps"—"the tree-buds are swelling, over yonder, in the Square"—"it is the promise of new life"—and much more, with touches of close artistic observation dropped in unawares.

"A new life, yes!" murmured Tremaine. Another and a purer life, white as the soft, billowy cloud-masses above in the blue,—that was what he yearned for, thinking still of Bert,—what he would even have prayed for, had he been a praying man! He voiced his next thought inadvertently.

"I believe the pious people do get comfort out of their piety, after all!"

"Indeed, they do!" cried his optimistic friend, with that assurance of faith which is the divine wisdom of youth. "Even as I get it, perpetually, from art—itsself, a reflection of the essential, eternal and infinite Beauty. My vocation was not for the cloister, but the studio. Yet I also worship."

The sun was flashing golden lights

over the granite grays and marble whitenesses of the splendid blocks, as they strode on. It warmed and deepened their ruddy sandstones into a darker blush and accented the gilded embellishments of cornices and arches. Its touch seemed to re-create the multi-fold forms of architectural expression going to make up that great richness of complicate beauty which forms the composite charm of New York. Cecil cried out in rapture.

"It is all the sun! When Heaven touches the Earth, behold the glory!" "That is religion," he insisted. "Behold all things are become new." As if in emphasis, even as he spoke, through a sudden opening between two great blocks, the freed light swept down triumphantly into the shadows.

Then he started, like one who sees a vision.

"There it is again, too, Tremaine! On that girl's face! If I could only paint that!"

Before Tremaine was aware, the impulsive artist had whirled him round a corner and both were sailing in the wake of a very beautiful woman. A distant glimpse convinced even Tremaine. She was clad in a plain but exquisite costume, and her tiny prayer-book marked her as one of the worshippers just leaving the Cathedral. Cecil Doane answered the query on Tremaine's half-bewildered face.

"It is Lent, my good fellow. Thou didst not know that? Povero! Poverissimo? Why, she had been praying! Ah! you are not a Catholic—you do not understand! I caught that look on her face, which the masters reproduce—the peace of answered prayer, the glow, as of Divine presence. If I had that on canvas,—had even a gleam of it,—my work would flash out also, and speak, and sing! I must see her again, an instant. Then I go home, to sketch from memory."

They were closely approaching the girl, when Allan Tremaine stopped and recoiled. It was Nora Delavan. His companion still rushed onward, but he dared not follow, to risk recognition. What could have brought her back to New York? A world of old memories

sprang to life at sight of her, like a host of demons. Soon young Doane returned, breathless, but radiant.

"There! I saw her again; I have her face now. Forgive me for going, but I must sketch it before it vanishes. Addio, Tremaine!" And the gay impressionist set off for his studio at a dashing pace.

Nora Delavan! It was now long past, the time when Bert was so bewitched with her, and would have made her his wife forthwith, but for his own intervention. He had pulled Bert out of his snare, as out of many others. A misalliance, a low marriage, as his family regarded it, was a thing to prevent, if possible; he had prevented it, and Bert had submitted, though with great sullenness. Perhaps it had not been so well done, after all, though he had acted conscientiously. Bert had revenged himself, he recollected, at the time, by many excesses. He had fallen in the scale of manhood alarmingly, since then! But she! Ah, she had risen—and grown so fair that a mere stranger felt and worshipped her Madonna face. Tremaine knew the secret of its new beauty; it was resignation to the will of God.

While thus pondering—he had now reached his office—a step was heard on the stair, his door opened and the culprit appeared. He looked a bad subject, this Albert Tremaine, for moral suasion or any genteel renovation. Wrath and stubbornness had brought elements of strength into a face otherwise feeble; he had braced himself against reproaches, against an impending scene. A great helplessness fell on the accusing brother, a strong consciousness that some mighty power—some power that was none of his—alone could lift or save. His face fell.

"I suppose it is useless to talk, Bert,"—he spoke with the gravity of despair.

"Right you are," calmly retorted the transgressor. "Then I can only inform you, as a matter of fact, that legal proceedings will not be entered upon in your case. Judge Peterson informed me, this morning." Bert Tremaine drew a long breath; fear had

punished him already, and that severely.

His irresolute face relaxed into softer lines, as he felt release from pressure. Gazing at him with intensity born of his own anguish Allan Tremaine could only say to himself with reiterated conviction, "Bert is not desperate, not past hope; he needs an influence." As if in response, before him rose a strong, sweet face. It was again Nora Delavan.

He made his next move quietly, yet as last resort. He carefully dropped his voice to its ordinary tone. "I saw an old friend of yours up town today,—I must not forget to tell you. Bert, you remember Nora Delavan."

The young fellow's expression for the next moment was a study. Surprise, relief and joy too deep for words struggled for the mastery; then, the hard, set lips gave way and quivered beneath the shock. He had come steeled for blows, and behold, a vision of tenderness like nothing the poor lad had ever known, save from his mother,—a tenderness bound up with every thought of Nora.

Allan Tremaine saw the whole at a glance. "God help her to save him, if she can and will! And this mental cry in its surrender of his deepest prejudice evidenced, more than aught else on earth could do, the poignancy of his distress. He had suffered more than Bert through the last weeks—in fact, was capable of more suffering—and knew that desperate disease meant desperate remedy. Nora Delavan, at that moment, seemed the acme of Bert's untowardness.

It did not matter what she made of him, if he could only be brought to penitence and newness of life! If love were the agency, why should he bar its way?

TO BE CONTINUED.

Little deeds are sunbeams,  
Deeds that are kind and true;  
Sow the seed as you're passing by,  
And the blossoms will be for you.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MARCH, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

About one week of the Lenten season has passed, and so it is not too late to say a few words to you about it.

Now-a-days very few people fast, and few even abstain from meat, and so the *spirit* of Lent seems to be dying out among us. It does not occur to many that Lent is intended to be a time of *penance*, and that the Church, which is the voice of God, wishes her children to feel the touch of the holy season. Instead of that, we make a great fuss every Lent because we are more uncomfortable than at other times. Isn't it a pity that so many of us spoil a good thing by the ungracious way we do it. We wouldn't *dream* of doing a favor to a friend in the same niggardly spirit with which we treat our blessed Lord, and surely He does not deserve such treatment at our hands. Why not try to think a little about His Passion every day in Lent. That would be one way of spending it holily and well.

Then, again, think how silent our dear Lord was under all His sufferings; how patient and forgiving He was, and how very beautiful His Holy Face must have been even in its awful disfigurement. Why did the Jews not see the beauty of His sacred countenance? Because sin blinded them to it. Dear children, so it is with us. If we were more like the saints, we, too,

would be so much in love with the beauty of the Holy Face, and with the desire to repair the outrages inflicted upon it during the Passion, that we would gladly welcome Lent, with its little privations and many opportunities for proving our love for our suffering Lord. "Teach me to be generous to Thee!" should be our prayer every day of our lives. God is so good to us, so merciful, and we are so selfish and so mean-spirited. Surely, it is enough to make us blush for shame. Now suppose we begin this March, the month of St. Joseph, to keep Lent with a loving, generous heart. Little things often prove most effectually how deeply devoted we are to our friends. So it is with our dear Lord. Everything is easy to a lover. Getting up early to go to Mass, to go to Calvary as our Blessed Lady and St. John did long ago, doing without sweets—or even pickles—holding our tongues two or three times a day, reading *no novels*, and trying in any way we can, quietly and good naturedly, to make our Lord feel that we compassionate His sufferings—that is keeping Lent.

Who will best teach us how to do it? Our Lady of Sorrows. During the seven Fridays of Lent let us go and sit beside her and she will tell us what to do by way of penance. Read the *Stabat Mater* on the Fridays of Lent, and catch the spirit of that beautiful hymn. Try to think how our dear Lady of Sorrows would spend a Lent if she were in your place. Would she think anything hard or too much?

Oh, no! Everything is easy to him who loves.

St. Joseph knew nothing of our Blessed Lord's Passion, because he died before its dark days; but he will obtain for us grace to be silent and so to learn the secret of the saints. Silence was his great virtue, and many of us need it sadly. Ask for it in the novena for his feast, March 19th. April 1 will be the feast of the Seven Dolors, the day when we honor particularly our dear Lady of Sorrows. Go to some church where she is represented as sitting with that dead body of her divine Son on her lap. Truly is she the Mother of Sorrows. Kneel before her and tell her how you would like to have been near her in the hour of *her* desolation, and ask her to be near you when your day of sorrow comes. Long may it be in coming to you, dear children, if so God will it, but be sure when it does come, the arms of our dear Lady of Sorrows will be your sure refuge. Earn the right to throw yourself into the arms of her tenderness by devotion to her sorrows and pray for those who know her not. Pray for the unhappy ones who know not the inestimable blessing which God gives to those who mourn without the heart of the Mother of Sorrows to rest on.

A letter from a friend of the Children's Corner of THE REVIEW asks if she may answer the puzzles, etc. Why, certainly. The Secretary has a very one-sided work to do, and would gladly hear from the little ones at any time.

A happy, holy Lent to all of them. Don't forget to laugh even if you are trying to be extra good. A sad saint is no saint. Good-natured piety is the kind we want in these days to draw people to God. So be laughing apostles and pray for your devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN FEBRUARY.

1. Enigma: The letter "W."
2. Beheaded words: 1, twine; 2, Keel; 3, stone; 4, tear; 5, dearth.
3. Coal.
4. Because they come after "T."

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN FEBRUARY.

1. Lord Nelson.
2. The Chickadee.
3. John Burroughs.
4. John Howard Payne who wrote "Home Sweet Home."
5. Cooper.

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. *A Comundrum*: I'm lead, but never lead; stationery, yet when taken by the hand of man glide swiftly along; black at heart, yet oft make glad the heart of many. Without feet, I often stray. Children love me, and although often very hard, I yield to the pressure of their little hands and "go all to pieces." What am I?
2. Why are pancakes like umbrellas?
3. Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe?
4. What is the favorite word with women?
5. What tune can be made out of bank notes?

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What city in Spain was called the "Athens of the West"?
2. Where is the monks' railroad?
3. Where did the Atlantic ocean get its name?
4. In how many languages is holy Mass celebrated?
5. What is Eternity?

## MAXIMS FOR MARCH.

1. Our Lord took His Apostles aside when they were fatigued and said, "Let us rest awhile." He never drove his over-tired faculties."—Bishop Ullathorne.

2. St. Joseph sanctified his work by carrying God with him into his workshop.—Fr. Hecker.

3. God never crushes a humbled soul. He lifts it up and rouses hope in the most discouraged hearts.—De Ravignan.

4. God will bless the little you have and He will content you.—St. Francis de Sales.

5. Life is ever Lord of death  
And Love can never lose its own.  
—Whittier.

## FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## The Wind.

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky,  
And all around I heard you pass  
Like something rustling in the grass,  
O, wind a-blowing all day long,  
O, wind that sings so loud a song.

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid,  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all.  
O, wind a-blowing all day long,  
O, wind that sings so loud a song.

O, you that are so young and cold,  
O, blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a bird of field and sky,  
Or just a stronger child than I?  
O, wind a-blowing all day long,  
O, wind that sings so loud a song.

## Feast of the Annunciation (March 25th.)

This is one of the greatest feast-days in the year. In old times the people began the year on the Feast of the Annunciation, because upon that day our

redemption began. This is the day on which the archangel came to the city of Nazareth, where the Blessed Virgin lived, to tell her that she should be the mother of God. You know what that bright angel said first to Mary, "Hail, full of grace; blessed art thou among women!"

Let us think of Mary, poor, lowly, unknown, but chosen to be the mother of God because she was so humble! It is with those who think little of themselves, and have loving thoughts of God, that Jesus dwells.

Dear children, you who are preparing for your first communion, make your hearts ready for His heavenly visit, for He will come to you as truly as He did to the Blessed Virgin, when the angel said, "Hail Mary!"

"Hail Mary! infant lips  
Lisp it to-day;  
Hail Mary! with faint smile  
The dying say.

"Hail Mary! Queen of Heaven!  
We too repeat,  
And place our snow-drop wreath  
Here at thy feet."

## A Child's Thoughts of God.

They say that God lives very high,  
But if you look above the pines,  
You cannot see our God, and why?

And if you dig down in the mines,  
You never see Him in the gold,  
Though from Him, all that's glory  
shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold  
Of heaven and earth across His face,  
Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace  
Slides down by thrills, through all  
things made,  
Through sight and sound of every  
place,

As if my tender mother laid

On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,  
Half waking me at night and said,  
"Who kissed you through the dark,  
dear guesser?"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

### NOTICE.

Again we beg our readers to inclose their full names and addresses when writing to us. Not knowing the sender's address, we are forced to leave many letters unanswered. Always address all communications to

**THE CARMELITE FATHERS,  
Niagara Falls, Ontario.**

### The Holy Season.

The Church of God, in her scheme for the sanctification of souls, builds upon nature. Nature is not to be destroyed, but to be redeemed. Redemption, however, is only possible by the Cross. Therefore nature must be stretched upon the cross. Penance and mortification are absolutely necessary for the birth and growth of virtue. The season of Lent is pre-eminently a season of holiness, the Holy Season. Prayer, fasting and the sacraments are all employed to redeem our weak fallen nature. At no time was a firm belief in the necessity of mortification more necessary than at present. Self-indulgence is the curse of the dying century. It is encouraged in the child, becomes the bane of youth, the ruin of the adult, and the shame of old age. It is the cause of the frightful lawlessness which is gradually undermining the very foundation of modern society. It is the cause of more misery and wretchedness, than the abnormal growth of monopolies and bought legislatures. There is but one possible check to it, and that cannot be found in nature. Self-control, as a natural virtue, is never complete, even in the noblest of men. It requires a supernatural help to make us ardent followers of the Cross. Prayer is the key to grace. One who prays is more ready to fast, than one who does not. Hence we find that the most prayerful souls are the most mortified. Religious orders, which are especially dedicated to prayer, are the very ones whose rules are most austere.

### A New Champion of the Cross.

When a few weeks ago the news was flashed across the cable, that Germany had seized Kiao Choy in China, in order to pro-

tect Catholic missionaries, the student of contemporary history must have considered it another case of "Saul among the prophets." The great struggle of the empire against Catholicism the Kulturkampf, is barely ended with the signal defeat of the anti-Catholic standard-bearer and his legions, when the standard of the Cross is raised, and a crusade, announced against the pagan in favor of the Catholic missions and Catholic missionaries. Of course, there is politics in it. The German *Weltpolitik* is beginning to make itself felt everywhere. But there is a deeper meaning in it, than appears on the surface. Godless France, which, at the beginning of this century destroyed the Catholic Roman Empire and imprisoned the Pope, afterwards set itself up as the protector of the Papacy and of Catholic missions. It betrayed its trust, betrayed Pope Pius IX, and while still holding a protecting hand over foreign missions, persecuted the Church at home. Now, it is a new German empire built upon the ruins of the *grande nation*, not a Catholic Roman Empire alas! but a Protestant German Empire, which, is assuming the protectorate of Catholic missions in Asia and Africa. It may be, and very probably is, the wish of the ambitious emperor of Germany to use the Church, as a means to achieve his political ends, but man proposes, and God disposes. The day may come, when, as a result of this championship of the cross, and, as a reward for this manly atonement of the Kulturkampf, another Catholic Empire will rule the world.

### Fought the Good Fight.

We should be ungrateful did we not ask our readers to pray for the repose of the soul of Joseph A. Schoenenberger—former editor and proprietor of the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati—who died lately at Norwood, Ohio. With the deceased, the cause of religion and morality always held first place. He was a man of conscience, and never hesitated in telling the plain truth. In devoting his life to Catholic journalism, Mr. Schoenenberger made great personal sacrifices. He was one of the first friends of THE CARMELITE



REVIEW, and his letters to us reflect a deep-seated devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel. May she conduct him to the abode of eternal happiness!

### Memorare for March.

Some of our readers have requested us to publish the efficacious little prayer known as the "Memorare of St. Joseph." We gladly insert it here, and whilst doing so feel certain that during the month of March it will be recited by thousands of lips, and bring down upon those who say it a multitude of blessings through the hands of our holy Patron and Protector. Here is the prayer:

"What consolation I feel, O my amiable and powerful protector, to hear thy servant, St. Teresa, assure us that no one has ever invoked thee in vain, and that all those who have true devotion to thee, and invoke thy assistance with confidence, have always been answered. Animated by a similar confidence, I have recourse to thee, O worthy spouse of the Virgin of virgins; I take refuge at thy feet, and though I am a sinner, I present myself before thee. Reject not my humble prayers, O thou who hast borne the glorious name of father of Jesus; but listen favorably to them, and deign to intercede for us with Him who vouchsafed to be called thy Son, and who has always honored thee as His father. Amen."

### Patron and Protector.

In all stations of life we see devout clients of St. Joseph, and their boundless faith in the power and prayers of the great saint should put to shame our want of confidence in the Spouse of Mary. It is in place during this month to cite an example. Of all the holy Pontiffs, Clement XI. was a most ardent devotee of St. Joseph. This pious Pope was approaching the end of his earthly career and lay on his bed awaiting death. After he had devoutly received the last rites of holy Church, he called his nephew to approach nearer to him. "Mark well what I say!" said the Pope. "Behold now the end of all earthly honor and glory. Nothing is great that is not great in the eyes of God. Seek the praise of God; shun the praises of men!" Death came on the feast of St. Joseph. Before expiring, the Pope said to Cardinal Olivieri: "I have always firmly believed that the beloved Saint Joseph was a most powerful advocate for us with God; I have always desired to die on his festival. It is celebrated to-day, and I hope to obtain my request." These were the last words of this holy Pontiff. May his

example move us to daily honor St. Joseph, through whom we should increasingly beg the grace of graces—a happy death.

### Death on the Rail.

Time and again the better element in the towns and cities has entered protest against unbecoming and suggestive representations on the bill boards. It is now about time for decent and clean-minded people to resist the encroachment in another place by energetic but unscrupulous advertisers. They are making too good use of advertising space in street-cars to gather in the people's money and damn souls. These "catchy" advertisements are so placed that the offended eye can scarcely shun them. These pieces of "art" are so printed as to adroitly keep outside of the law's clutches. Death and poison are there, nevertheless, and they enter through the eye. Let every one protest and do his best directly, or indirectly, to stop the evil.

### Sacrificial Service.

Hearing daily Mass at times entails a little suffering and hence can be put among Lenten practices. Catholics know the real value of assisting at holy Mass. It is more than a sermon. In fact, preaching is not worship. In going to church we go to worship, and take part in an actual sacrifice. To listen to a sermon is, comparatively speaking, of less importance. Catholics receive instruction in their religion at home, in school, or ought to from reading, in the Confessional, at Sunday-school, and from the pulpit. The thing which draws them to church is the adoration of God, through the sacrifice made of Christ in the Mass. Our separated brethren have no Sacrifice nor priest—hence they make preaching the central attraction at their meeting places. To this they add music and singing, which is not worship. Nor can mere reading of the Holy Bible be called *worship*. A supreme act of worship is only made possible by a real and supreme act, which we designate a sacrifice. Meeting places depend on a man with a voice which can draw a crowd. On the contrary, as every Catholic child knows and firmly believes, our churches are houses of God in which our Lord actually dwells under the sacramental veil. That is why we are silent and reverent in our churches—why we see the ever-burning sanctuary lamp—why people kneel down in adoration, and finally why the reverent Catholic man, or boy, lifts his hat as he passes a church. Let us frequently visit Jesus in His earthly home, especially when through His anointed, ordained and consecrated minister—the priest, He offers Himself in sacrifice.

## PUBLICATIONS.

The small sum of twenty cents will purchase an unusually interesting and edifying little book, telling the complete story of "The Carmelite Sisters of Compiegne who died for the Faith on the Scaffold of the (French) Revolution." The proceeds of the book go towards the cause of the holy nuns. Mention THE CARMELITE REVIEW and write to-day to the Carmelite Monastery, 61 Mt. Pleasant avenue, Boston, Mass.

"Fairy Gold" just from the *Ave Maria* press is another book to be commended for its neat typographical appearance. The publishers are happy in the choice of binding, which although inexpensive always catches the eye. *Fairy Gold* is one of Christian Reid's best books and will absorb the reader's attention from cover to cover. The price, one dollar, is money well invested.

Welcome to *The Victorian*. Its clever corps of contributors and critics make this monthly worthy of the model institute at West Seneca. All praise to the Victoria boys! May they long live to write *ad majorem Mariae gloriam*.

## WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from St. Alphonsus' Church, Windsor, Ont.; St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Bay St. George, Newfoundland; Mamadien, C. B.; Brechin, Ont.; East Margaree, N. S.; St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Lismore, N. S.; Church of the Angels' Guardian, Orillia, Ont.; St. Catharines, Ont.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Hackensack, N. J.; St. Francis Xavier Church, Tilbury, Ont.; Guysboro, N. S.; St. Catharines, Ont.; St. Ann's Church, Merriekville, Ont.; St. Rose Church, Walkerton, Ont.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Turner's Falls, Mass.; St. Mary's Church, Hesson, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.; St. Vincent's Arch-Abbey, Beatty, Pa.; St. Helen's Church, Toronto, Ont.

Names received at Carmelite Convent, New Baltimore, Pa., from:—Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Kiel, Wis.; Rushville, Ind.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; Louisville, Ky.

## Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from Miss E. G., Elmira, N. Y.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; J. W., Laporte, Ind.; Miss E. M. P., Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. M. S., Corning, N. Y.; Miss A. G., Brattleboro, Vt.; Miss M. McC., Medina, N. Y.; Miss M. F., Beverly, N. J., Mrs. M. C., Hamilton, Ont.; Mrs. J. K., Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. D. L. M., Blooming Prairie,

Minn.; Miss D. R., Point St. Charles, Que.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass. Stamps from: Miss K. L., New York City; Miss R. M., Avon, N. Y.; Miss L. B., Snyder, Ont.; Ven. Sr. M. O., Longue Pointe, Que.; K. K., St. John, N. B.; Ven. Sr. M. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss A. L., Kingston, Ont.; Paterson, N. J.; D. M., Lindsay, Ont.

Scapulars: Ven. Sr. M. P., Bianveltville, N. Y.; Ven. Sr. E. McD., Kenwood, N. Y.; Miss J. A. C., Snyder, Ont.

The Hospice of Mt. Carmel is in receipt of many continued favors from Mr. Michael Lencee, of Pilleys' Island, Newfoundland.

## PETITIONS.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: For return of absent brother; for special graces; for conversion of three persons; for success in business for two; for employment for four; for success in studies for three novices; for special intention, three; for a young man's fidelity to religious duties; for the welfare of a parish; for the wants of a particular religious community; for assistance in financial affairs; for conversion of J. N. H. and J. P.; for grace of happy death for three; for a priest and parish; for health of children; for conversion of R. S.; for means to pay off a new house; for spiritual welfare of several children; for unconscious sick man that he may be able to receive last sacraments; for a husband to get work or succeed in business; for a son to secure good position in view; for a mother to regain her health; for a young mother to regain her health; corporal need, 2; physical, 1; sick, 2; employment 1; business 1; pecuniary need, 1; for absent ones, 1; means, 1; temperance, 2; sinners, 2; children 2; family peace, 1; patience, 1; particular, 1; parish, 1; Sunday School, 1; conversion, 1; special, 1; our novices, the Hospice, the REVIEW, and its readers, all the intentions of the Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls.

## OBITUARY.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: Sister M. Berclmans Morrow, Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont.; Sister M. Martha, St. Dunstan's convent, Rochester, N. B.; Mrs. Catharine O'Neill, Rochester, N. Y.; Sarah Duffy, Pittsburg, Pa.; Barbara Weiss, Sleepy Eye, Minn.; Dr. M. Talbot, Dr. Cronyn, George King, Mrs. Patrick O'Toole, Mrs. Peter Beagan.

## Thanksgiving.

A lady reader of Petrolca, Ont., desires to return thanks in the REVIEW for the temporal favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.