



THE SEVEN DOLORS.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

HE knelt within the holy place,
And clasped her treasured Child,
But visions of the distant cross
O'ercast that Mother mild.

II.

And soon, an exile from her home,
Across the desert sand
She fled to save His precious life
In Egypt's heathen-land.

III.

The years passed by—but darker still
The shadows of the cross;
For three long days she sought her Love,
And mourned for His loss.

IV.

The Passion-hour came at last;
She saw Him as He went
Along the "via crucis," there
Again her soul was rent.

V.

Behold! the tender Mother stands
Beneath her dying Son,
And there, in love and bitter pain,
Her martyr-palm is won.

VI.

The last sweet sigh is breathed now;
She will not from Him part,
But feels within her anguished soul
The sword that pierced His Heart.



VII.

How soon they take the dear, dead Form—
 Best Fruit of Mary's womb—
 And lay it gently down to rest
 Within the garden-tomb!

PRAYER.

O lovely Mother! yet so strong
 In faith, in hope, in love,
 O patient Mourner! teach our hearts
 In grief to look above,
 And watch for that bright golden light
 (Perchance not far away,)
 That heralds in the Easter dawn
 Of Heaven's eternal day.

" Quis non potest constare

Christi Matrem contemplari

Dolentem cum Filio "

Stabat Mater.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Beautiful stainless Child!
 Rising all fair as the early morn,
 Wondrous the gifts which her soul adorn,
 Sing, O ye Angels! your Queen is born.

Beautiful stainless Child!

Pure as untrodden snow!
 Dark was the earth as in wintry cold,
 Stained was each soul from the fall of old,
 Thee in a garment did God enfold

Pure as untrodden snow!

Star of life's troubled sea!
 Tinging its waves with thy silvery white,
 Gladdening the weary traveler's sight,
 Leading us on with thy gentle light,

Star of life's troubled sea!

Beautiful natal day!
 Brightest of all which the earth had seen,
 Robed in its garb of autumnal sheen,
 Seems it to welcome thee, Infant Queen,

Beautiful natal day!

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

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

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

HE temporal dominion of the Pope being a moral necessity for the well-being of the Church, the Holy Father and the Bishops have pronounced anathema against all those who impugn it. History, indeed, sometimes shows us the Supreme Pontiff under another aspect. There were times when his triple crown crumbled, when his sceptre shrunk to a hollow reed, when his throne became a shadow, and his home a dungeon. But God permitted this only to show us how inestimable is human virtue, when compared with human grandeur. Human grandeur may perish, but virtue is immortal. God permitted it, to prove to the scoffing infidel world that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints, the patience of the martyrs, have not as yet vanished from the earth. God permitted it, in fine, to show the rabid enemies of our holy faith that, though our common father were in chains, though his motives were calumniated, and though his kingly power were destroyed, yet the Church, the Holy Catholic Church of Jesus Christ, is still able to guide and to support her children, and to confound, if she cannot reclaim, her enemies.

"The Pontiff is firm, immovable as a rock. No threats can awe, no promise can tempt, no sufferings can appall him. With exile, the dungeon, and death before his eyes, he dashes away the proffered cup, in which the pearl of his liberty is to be dissolved: '*Non possumus*,' is his bold and noble language. 'We can die, but we cannot give up the rights of the Church.' The Catholic world cannot, and will not, submit and agree to the sacrilegious occupation of the Papal states by any government. The voices of more than two hundred millions of Catholics will ring from every land under the sun, demanding perfect liberty of action for their common spiritual Father, and the undisturbed possession of the Patrimony of St. Peter. The spirit of opposition to the temporal power of the Pope is but the spirit of modern Paganism, which aims at the destruction of civil government, the rights of justice, the law of God and of man. All justice-loving men admit this. The opposers of

the temporal power start from the pagan principle of separation of the temporal from the spiritual: they are either bigots, or infidels, or vain and frothy theorists, or corrupt politicians of the Masonic sect, or restless demagogues; and if they be Christians, their faith sits as lightly on their conscience as a feather on the back of a whirlwind; they are all pervaded by the pestilential spirit of modern Paganism. When a government becomes indifferent in religious matters, wishes to assume supreme control over the asylums of suffering humanity, secularizes churches and schools, caring only for the mere literary or arithmetical education of its subjects; when it makes laws infringing on the rights of conscience or property; when it interferes with the Sacraments and the rites of the Church, then it is pagan in spirit. It endeavors to prevent men from attaining the end of creation; it ceases to be a free government, or to fulfil the end for which all governments were instituted. Every temporal ruler who denies the Pope's rights to his temporal power, will soon find his own abolished.

"Now, when the revolution had turned its fury upon the Pope, and had driven him forth to take refuge at Gaeta, it was no light task to assume the championship of the Pope's cause against the revolution. Persons, the least expected, had taken up the cause of Mazzini in the United States. Thomas D'Arcy McFiee, whose vagaries had become too pronounced for Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the publisher and responsible editor of the Boston *Pilot*, having been turned adrift, came to New York and founded the *Nation*, which, under the conduct of Larry Godkin, but too truly reflects what it was under a man who should have known better. Besides this treachery in the camp, as it were, there was Horace Greeley, the Fourrierite, in his *Tribune* fulminating against the Pope—a fulmination which led to a very interesting controversy on the aims and methods of the Italian revolution between the great Communist and Bishop Hughes. The latter's letters may be found in the *Freeman's Journal* issued on July 7th, 1849, and subsequently reprinted from a now defunct daily, the *Courier and Enquirer*. In the same issue a private letter from Rome has an extract of it telling how Mazzini had prohibited the celebration of Mass in that city for twenty days—thus showing the true character of the 'revolution.' Watchful from the beginning for the best interests of the Holy See, McMaster in the *Freeman's Journal* at once urged a collection to be taken up for the relief of the temporal necessities of the Pope, and the success of this was signal. On July 14th it recorded:

"Certain papers had undertaken to throw doubts on the purposes for which the collection had been announced, as if their influence should prevent the Catholic

people from discharging a religious obligation. The New York *Nation* was foremost in the promoting this impertinent interference with the rights and the freedom of the Catholic conscience. It is not surprising, then, that the people should have felt the indignity offered to their rights and character by the affectation of distrust which these journals manifested, and that they should have repelled it by a liberality of contribution almost unexampled. It is consoling evidence that the attempt made by the *Nation* to inoculate the Catholics of this country with the views of French Radicalism and infidelity has been an entire failure."

On July 28th we find another testimony to the influence of the *Freemantle*. Lewis Cass, Jr., the United States representative in Rome, under instructions from the Taylor Administration, refused to recognize the bogus Roman Republic set up by the followers of Mazzini. Five weeks later the French and Austrian troops entered Rome, put an end to the Ricks, and re-established the Papal authority. Amid the rejoicings of the population, a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in St. Peter's, Rome, and the Pope had his own again.

During 1868, successive issues contained a series of letters from Rome, written by General Carroll Tevis, with the view of awakening American interest in the dangers which menaced the Pope. General Tevis made clear, with incontrovertible logic, to what point the march of events was hastening. Little reliance could be placed upon France in case she became involved in war, and the moment her troops were withdrawn, the Savoyards were pretty certain to occupy Rome. Even as it was, the denudation of the territory of the Papal States had seriously affected the Government's revenues. The *Freemantle's Journal* threw its columns open and started a popular subscription for 'Aid to Defend our Holy Father,' which, in the three months previous to November 14th, when the list closed, amounted to \$6,558.95.

"In the following year this journal raised \$1,554.71 as a Christmas gift for the Holy Father, and \$4,391.35 for the 'successor of Peter in chains.'

"Again this journal induced its friends to subscribe to another little birthday gift to the Pope. The printed form was headed:

'To our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., the readers and friends of the *Freemantle's Journal* in testimony of their love and faith, and that they are afflicted in his afflictions, with the completion of his eighty-first year.'

"The sum was only \$874.91, the amount asked of each subscriber being designedly placed low, so that as many as possible might participate in this tribute to the venerable and sorrow-laden Pontiff, and carry joy to his heart, not so much from

the amount of the paltry sum, but from the devotion manifested by the numbers who contributed their pennies.

"The year 1874 was marked by the great American pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, suggested by this journal, and acted upon by its fervent readers. Two collections were opened in these columns--and the success of these continuous calls, asking and *demanding* that the amount of each should be small, marks the wide scope and the genuine influence exerted by the paper from its long career of honesty--to be sent along with these modern pilgrims. That of offerings to the Holy Father accompanying a handsome album containing the names of the donors amounted to \$4,055.41; that of offerings for the lamp at Parayles-Monial and for the Grotto of Lourdes, to \$1,803.21. When it is recalled that recent lists by influential dailies in favor of monuments to national heroes have fizzed out as failures after years of persistent daily 'booming,' we are astonished at seeing such responses to the continual calls of this journal. It is a triumph of McMaster's faith over materialism."

Leo XIII., in his Apostolical letter to the Archbishops and Bishops of Austria says concerning the temporal independence of the Pope:

"Now, since to wish that the Roman Pontiff may be subject to no human power, and that he may be fully and perfectly free is a sacred obligation which concerns the Catholics of all nations, and not one alone, the Bishops should consult upon the matter and apply themselves to arouse and excite the solicitude of the faithful in this very just cause, with the view of hastening a happy result."

From these words of Leo XIII., it is evident that no Catholic can speak against the temporal independence of the Pope without committing sin.

A recent French work taking a liberal view of the breach of the Seventh Commandment in the seizure of the Papal possessions, and trying to prove that one can be a good Catholic and acquiesce in the curse of the spoliation by the Italian government, that the temporalities of the Pope are not necessary, etc., has been placed on the Index.

END OF CHAPTER VII.

THEY who practice abstemiousness and frugality have a higher relish of pleasure, and are less affected by pain than those who are the most diligent and assiduous in the pursuit of delight and indulgences.—SOCRATES.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Miss Matilda Cummings.



"All things pass away."

WITH St. Teresa we may well say it, now that summer days are over, and the work-a-day world claims us once more as its own. How much we all live in the future! 'Tis well that we do; for hope, kindly companion, walks with us through its untrodden by-ways, and gives us a green sward only for our feet. But the past, too, has its hold on us. Stronger, more tender, and more attractive as we advance in life, and the world that shone "bright for inexperienced eyes" loses its glamour.

How many lessons come to us from the lips of childhood! A little girl was asked what she thought heaven was like? "It's a place where you'll never be sorry," she said. O the wisdom of the childish thought! Yes, the past is for many of us unlike heaven, in that respect. It is a cavern of regrets. What of the summer that has just left us! Did the mountains bring us nearer to God, or the sea-shore fill us with a yearning for eternity and its shoreless sea? What is it that strikes the observant thinking mind in the days of idleness, that are a necessary evil to all of us after a season of work? Not the prevalence of evil, not the amount of positive sin in the world, but the spirit of unrest, the utter worldliness of even the so-called best people. It is like a plague in its devastations, in its foul spots which disfigure the fairest and brightest in God's creation. No one seems safe in its atmosphere, no one free from its approach. Fr. Faber speaks of the great crowded city as being a better school of sanctity than the fresh, green country, and the summer proves how true were his words. The law of compensation holds good in every relation of life. The poor working crowds, who toil on amid the

burden and heat of the day, have among them many who found refreshment and rest and sweetest peace in the early morning hour that saw them wending their way to the daily Mass, that was more to them than mountain or sea shore. And on the contrary, in how many country chapels was He that yearns for consolation left to tread the wine press alone. Why? Because the fog of a worldly spirit makes a London of what might well be a Bethany for chosen souls. 'Tis sad to watch the indifference of Catholics to their own best interests, but sadder still to be forced to own how little drawing power God has for the majority of His own. Oh! for an apostle of generosity to come among us, and show us to ourselves in all our meanness! If regret *could* find place in heaven, surely it would come because of the thought of how niggardly we were in time where Infinite Love was concerned.

Sin grieves the Sacred Heart, of course; but it would seem that lack of generosity wounds it with a deeper wound. Do we not all feel this where those we love are concerned? Is it not a joy too deep for words to give and give, where our hearts go out in sympathy and affection. Now come the days of labor. Happily they whose work is a congenial one. But for one and all generosity will do much. It will transform the world for us, and it will conform us to the standard of duty, that spoken voice of God. What of the feasts of September? What of the thoughts that will most fitly fill its twilight hours? One feast is coming that is singularly comforting for those who fret and chafe under the burden of their daily toil. The Seven Dolours of our Blessed Lady, which falls on the third Sunday of September. The joys of the summer are like the joys of life in general. Our gains are but preludes to losses.

Our hopes are all balanced by fears.

So now at the very beginning of the fear of labor comes the thought of our Mother's sorrows to help us bear the monotony of work, the ceaseless round of daily duty which frets us like an aching tooth—no relief save by its loss;—cure comes by sacrifice. Her sorrows were life-long; ours have at least seasons of alleviation. There are those on whom the burden of life, and above all its *monotony*, presses sorely. Sensative natures that are keenly alive to the little

nothings that clog the wheels and disorder the grooves, and at times cripple the whole machinery. To such the thoughts of our dear Lady's sorrows, so human, so inevitable, and so long abiding, will be a very well-spring of comfort. We must bear with ourselves. Our Mother of Sorrows was spared that form of suffering, but her tender heart that feels for all who sorrow, whether for sin or self, will teach us this lesson. Charity ennobles us when we bear with others; but an impatient disgust which would fain make us strangle the moral meanness that so humiliates us in ourselves—that is the trial for super-sensitive souls. A coarse fiber is not desirable in heart or soul, but a strong warp and woof may also be a fine one. Our dear Lady of Sorrows will help us grow strong to bear, to suffer, and even make merry over our own mishaps. What matters it how many times we trip and stumble and even fall? Not graceful, of course, but then grace is not the one thing needful when one is pushing through a crowd. So provided, we rise promptly and good-naturedly, wishing ourselves better luck on our journey, we will conquer the meanness, which is often more than hurtful to us than the sin. God has many ways of trying us, and in none does His hand press more sorely on us than in making us feel our own meanness. 'Tis the truly courageous soul that knows how to bear with self. Only in the peace of eternity shall we be freed from its thralldom.

Our Irish Correspondence.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C. D.



SINCE I last wrote to you we have had our Provincial Election, The General of the Order, the Most Rev. Father Galli, had promised to preside, but owing to unforeseen circumstances, he was unable to do so. This was a great disappointment to us, not only on account of the honor it would have conferred on us, but because we have a great personal love for him, and justly so, as he is to us truly a kind and loving father.

The selections for the various posts in the Province, as far as your readers are

concerned, are not of much importance, with the exception of the New York house. The Very Rev. Father Southwell was sent back there to continue the labors which he so zealously undertook six years ago, and which have been so productive of good results for that mission. No better man could be chosen to carry on that good work.

The devotion to Our Blessed Lady, I am happy to say, seems to be on the increase in Ireland. Crowds of faithful worshipers were to be seen in all our Churches on our great Feast of Mount Carmel. Our excellent Archbishop, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, presided on Sunday at the devotions, and gave Benediction in the evening. The Archbishop of Toronto, your beloved prelate, also honored us by his presence on that occasion. His being with us was a great honor indeed. Your readers are aware of the great centenary of the foundation of the College of Maynooth, which was celebrated last month with great pomp and solemnity. Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Prelates and Priests, were present at it. It was a truly magnificent celebration.

In the great work, "The Maynooth College, its Centenary History," by the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, he says of it, that it has been for more than 6,000 Priests and Prelates of the Irish Church, the "Mother of Fair Love, and of Fear, and of Knowledge, and of Holy Hope." There are now 2,000 Priests who preach and teach over the globe, who were educated within its walls. Cardinal Newman once declared that Maynooth was the "most important ecclesiastical seminary in Catholic Christendom." Cardinal Manning called it the great "Alma Mater of the Priesthood of Ireland," and another eminent writer has described it as "the focus and centre of the Irish Church, the great heart of which flows and flows, never to ebb, the tide of Ireland's Sacramental life."

Maynooth has, indeed, become a mighty Mother. She has grown with passing years like the fair olive in the plains; she has been exalted like the cedar of Libanus; and her fruits are fruits of honor and grace. After her century of greatness, she starts on another in full working order. Her magnificent buildings, her extensive grounds, beautiful to behold, her own students full of zeal and talent, ready, when the day comes, to work for God's honor and glory. We pray for her from our heart. "Esto perpetua."

DUBLIN, Ireland.

OLIVE'S OFFERING.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

III.



LIVE and Gottlieb both walked back and got the hat changed for one without a pin through it. The walk back to Wright's gave them plenty time to exchange ideas on practical modes of dispensing charity, and a thousand other things. One thing was quite apparent, and that was that Olive's ideas ran in the same groove as Gottlieb's, and *vice versa*. The sympathy between the two was more than a passing affair. When they reached Wright's place Gottlieb was speaking of the necessity of united action in everything, and Olive seemed to be saying nothing but "yes" to all he said.

When they were parting that evening, Olive said to Gottlieb: "I wish you would call me by my christian name. I am more accustomed to that than my surname."

"All right then," said Gottlieb. "I'll then say good evening, Olive, and don't forget to pray for my intentions."

"And you pray for mine, Gottlieb?"

Gottlieb said his own name never sounded so sweet to him in his whole life as it did at that moment.

About the middle of August, 1886, there were several puzzled clerks in the statuary department of the big church furnishing firm of Street, Barclay & Co. There was evidently a gross error somewhere. The shipping clerk said to the manager:

"I have two orders which seem to conflict with each other. Both orders call for a statue of the Pure Heart of Mary, to be delivered at the Church of Our Lady at X—ville. One order requires the statue to be at the Church on the Feast of St. Louis, August 25th, and the other says it must be there three days later, August 28th, which is the eve of the Feast of the Pure Heart of Mary."

"Yes," said the manager. "It is surely a mistake, but one full of mystery. Besides,

the name of the person ordering is different on each order. Surely it can't be that two statues are to be put in one and the same Church?"

If the manager had asked me for an explanation, I would have told him that it was possible for two hearts to be moulded into one, and for one of two different names to be absorbed by the other. But the manager acted like any business man, and ordered the clerk to write to the different parties for an explanation.

"X—ville is only a few miles away, so request them to call at the store as soon as possible," said the manager to his clerk.

On the morning after Our Lady's Assumption, Gottlieb Guttman was on the ferry on his way to the city. As he walked up and down the forward deck, he unexpectedly ran across Olive Reinheart.

"Hello!" said Gottlieb, "I didn't expect to see you so early this morning. Came in on important business, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Olive, "important and annoying business. I suppose it is all caused by some busy-bodies who think they have a right to poke their nose into my business," said Olive, who gave no further explanation. She herself was of the opinion that some one had tampered with her letter sent to the firm I mentioned.

Gottlieb only replied: "I, too, have an important bit of business on hand, and will make it hot for some persons before I return this afternoon."

They separated when they left the boat, Gottlieb saying he had first to see his banker, and Olive remarking she had some shopping to do before the stores were overcrowded.

Precisely at ten o'clock Olive walked into the big store of Street, Barclay & Co. The clerk commenced to explain how they had been confused by the two orders, and just as if responding to his name, in walked Gottlieb, just as the clerk had said "the name of the other party is signed G. Guttman."

Things were very soon cleared up and fully explained. It was a long time before everyone recovered from the hearty laugh at the supposed clerical error. A compromise was made by Olive and Gottlieb, by each paying half of the price of the statue. It was the only settlement possible since each

of them seemed determined on paying the whole bill.

"It seems," said Olive, as they were leaving the store, "that everything conspires to bring us more and more together. It is not, I think, mere accident."

"If so, I am willing to be the victim of all such accidents," said Gottlieb.

As they were crossing on the ferry, Gottlieb and Olive were together leaning over the railing, watching a tug-boat making desperate efforts to pull a large boat up stream. It seemed a hopeless task, until another tug came to the assistance of the other. The two of them went along with the big boat behind, without any difficulty.

Gottlieb had been attentively watching the boat. When the second boat came to the rescue, he turned to Olive and said:

"The saying that union is strength, is a very true one."

In a few more minutes the fast train for X—ville had taken them out of sight.

* * * *

The statue of the Pure Heart of Mary was duly placed in position on the Blessed Virgin's altar in Our Lady's Church, and was exposed to view for the first time on the feast of that same Pure Heart, which that year fell on August 29th.

Father Selgmacher made some very appropriate and happy remarks before he blessed the statue. Among other things he said that the first Church dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, was at the same time consecrated to the Most Pure Heart of Mary. In 1836 Abbe Desgenettes was appointed cure of Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris, and the good priest found the parish in a state of almost hopeless ignorance and indifference as to religion. Out of a population of 25,000 souls, only 800 were communicants. The Abbe thereupon consecrated his parish to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, with wonderful results. The parish was wholly reformed, and wonderful cures and conversions followed.

"What confidence should we not have in that tender Mother-heart," said Father Selgmacher, "and what an honor to have such a beautiful statue of the same Pure Heart in our midst. In their humility the donors of it prefer to remain unknown. Nevertheless I now thank them on your part, and pray that that same Pure Heart may shed every blessing upon their lives.

Olive had had her share in paying for that lovely statue. That was her second offering. I have recorded the first—when I spoke of that envelope which Jus brought home to his mother on that first Friday in May. But Olive's offering was to be a triple one, and the last part of it had yet to be consummated. Her gift had its gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Her gold she gave when she gave her offering of money to Christ's brethren—the poor. She gave the myrrh in honor of Mary—Christ's holy Mother, and she is now to offer the frankincense of a virtuous life and pure heart to one of Christ's sons, in the person of Gottlieb Guttman.

Charity for Christ's poor, love of the Sacred Heart, and devotion to Mary Immaculate, were the instruments which drew together the hearts of Olive and Gottlieb. They had both long since placed their hearts in the Most Pure Heart of Mary—there they were joined together in that holy sanctuary, and there they were to remain united, and Jesus and Mary blessed the union.

On September 8th, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the merry bells which had often rung out a happy peal on the morning of Christ's birth, now resounded on the birthday of Christ's holy Mother. It was another Christmas at least in the hearts of Gottlieb Guttman and Olive Reinheart, for it was their wedding day. It was another birthday for Olive—a day on which she was to be born to a new life—a day on which she was to be christened anew with the name of one she loved. Her heart was not less pure than on that when in this same Church she was carried to the font and christened with the name of Olive.

Olive and Gottlieb both knelt before the altar waiting for the priest to vest. Everything was quiet and solemn—so quiet that methinks you could hear two heart throbs which were beating in union. During the Mass they were to receive Jesus into their hearts. He would bless and seal such a holy union. They would, too, receive the blessing of God's own minister. What a happiness to have Jesus and Mary present, just as they were at the marriage at Cana. Olive and Gottlieb were flanked on each side by the beautiful statues of the holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary, who seemed to

shed sweet smiles on this happy pair, true friends of those same holy Hearts. The high altar was beautifully decorated, here and there intermingling pure white lilies and blood red roses, symbols of love and purity.

Every poor man, woman and child of the parish, it seemed, was present in the Church, invoking blessings on the heads of those two kind benefactors of theirs. Jus and his mother were there, and Jus could not help but thinking what a bright and sunny day this was in comparison with that wet day in May, when he sought shelter in that same Church.

Father Seligmacher, of course, made a few felicitous remarks:

"It has always been my joy," he said, "to make others happy, but to-day I feel more than happy. What a delightful contrast to those sad and heart-breaking occasions on which we are called to bear witness to those ungodly unions when holy church prevents us from raising our hands in benediction. There is no necessity for me to detain you with any long discourse, my heart prefers to imitate those two holy silent Hearts on those altars to your right and left, and your own two hearts, which, although speechless, are full of inexpressible joy and happiness, which, with you, my dear friends, will be a lasting one."

Among the wedding gifts there was one which, if not the costliest, was the most treasured—namely, a small statue of the Pure Heart of Mary—the same which had for so long a while stood on the shelf at Mrs. Lyons' store. Attached to this statue was a small card, on one side of which was written:

"Wishing every happiness to two hearts dear to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary."

On the reverse of the card was written:

"From Jus."

Eight years had elapsed since these last happy events, when I received a letter from my friend Guttmann,

In this letter he said among other matters of no interest to the reader:

"We are getting along very happily. Jus is getting along nicely in his studies, and will be ordained in a few years. His family is doing splendidly. Mrs. Wright can now boast of having a new dress for every month (perhaps week) in the year.

Her husband is thoroughly reformed, and is much respected by all who know him. Mrs. Lyons is happily and contentedly passing her remaining days at the Sisters' Home. She has had her wish. I have called my oldest girl Justina, after Jus, you know his real name is Justin; Justina seems to have inherited all Olive's talents. She is commencing to learn painting, and has already copied a little verse in honor of the Pure Heart of Mary, and painted the words in letters of gilt letters on the foot of the little statue which Jus sent us on that happy September morning. Olive has had Justina and the other smaller children consecrated to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. A trait in Justina's character showed itself lately. Her mother gave her a small sum of money, and she put it away, saying, "that is for some poor family." Just what Olive would do herself probably if she were a child. Justina is going to school to Sister Serena, who lately gave her a beautifully embroidered Scapular. Olive said Justina should be enrolled when she made her first holy Communion, but Justina wasn't satisfied, so Olive had to take her over to Father Seligmacher, who enrolled her in the Scapular yesterday, which was, as you know, the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Call and see us soon. You'll be delighted with our charming little Justina and the other fair *olive* branches."

Last year I did call on the Guttmanns, and a very pleasant visit it was. Of course we retailed a good deal of that with which the reader is already acquainted. Just before I left them my eyes fell on the statue which came from Jus. Stooping down I noticed on the foot of the statue those gilded letters left by little Justina's brush. They seemed very appropriate. If my memory serves me rightly, I think it read:

"Brighter than all earthly beauty,
Which in life and joy have part
Is the heart of all hearts purest—
Mary's stainless Mother-heart."

THE END.

NO FLOWER is jealous of another.

It is useless to subdue the flesh by abstinence, unless one give up his irregular life, and abandons those vices which defile the soul.—ST. GREGORY.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION II.

"After our last meeting, Mick, I read the matter of prohibition up and found some figures that are startling. Just imagine, the sum total spent for drink in one year amounts in the States to no less than 900 millions of dollars, some even go as high as 1,500 millions, and ex-Governor St. John places it for 1891 at 1,507 millions. Now don't you think that these figures alone would justify prohibition, independent of any other consideration? Such an enormous sum thrown into the pockets of the liquor men!"

"Go slowly, Sam. Just as not everything glittering is gold, so not every dark cloud means a waterspout. Let me ask you a few pertinent questions. Where do the liquor sellers get their supply?"

"From the distilleries and breweries, of course."

"And where do these get the material for their distilling and brewing?"

"From the farmers, who raise the wheat, rye, or corn."

"Very well. Now the sum flowing into the pockets of farmers is certainly a very considerable one."

"That's good enough, but I hardly would acknowledge this fact as of any consequence regarding our question, since the farmers would sell to others what they could not sell to the liquor men."

"In order to sell there must be a buyer. And the experience of past years shows that the farmers were well nigh ruined by the depression of prices of all farming products caused by over production. If this were not the case, your objection would be valid: as it is, prohibition brings distress not only on brewers, distillers and bar-keepers, but on numbers of farmers as well, and the farmers are the backbone of the country."

"Even if counting this way, an enormous amount of money would go to the saloon-keeper."

"Do not be too hasty. How many thousands do the railroads earn by carrying the raw material and the output? How many thousands are represented by the wages of journeymen, drivers, etc.? How much is

spent for fuel? Millions are collected by Uncle Sam, the states and municipalities by way of taxes, license and internal revenue."

"Yes, but all this money is paid by the consumer."

"Undoubtedly, and justly so. Look upon intoxicating drink as a necessity, a commodity, a luxury, or in whatever way you please, the consumer satisfies his desire and pays for it. Now, I asked a little while ago, what right has the government to forbid drinking to a majority that does not abuse drink, and I ask now, what right has the government to tell a man what to do with his money?"

"If there were another remedy I would be in favor of it. But how can you stop the six millions who notoriously abuse drink but by rendering it impossible for them to get it, and if incidentally this strikes a man who would like to use it moderately, it cannot be helped and no harm comes of it."

"This is a very queer kind of reasoning, Sam. Remember, we do not speak of drinking as a vice, but of prohibition, that is, of abstinence enforced by process of law. You give six millions as your figure of drunkards. This at present would be about nine per cent. of the population, whilst I allowed twelve per cent. But taking your figure as correct, I repeat my question, what right has the government to forcibly interfere with ninety-one per cent. of the population in order to reach nine per cent.?"

"I hope, Mick, you will not deny the right of the government to take action in matters of public morality and to use all possible precaution to prevent vice from spreading and overpowering the nation."

"Certainly this right must be conceded to any government, or rather it is a paramount duty. Yet this will not help us towards a solution of our contention, because we do not speak of abstract rights, but a concrete measure, of which I maintain that it is ill advised and barren of results."

"Please explain yourself."

"I think, Sam, I have explained myself and offered proof that prohibition does not prohibit, even in the present state of affairs. But let us go a step further and suppose that the government could possibly succeed in exterminating all the distilleries, breweries and importations of drink from

outside. Would such an extreme and impossible measure achieve the desired result?"

"Of course it would. People of necessity would stop drinking when no drinks could be got."

"I beg to differ with you. The public production, which to some extent can be controlled, would only give way to domestic production. In the beginning of this century thousands and thousands of farmers used to brew their own beer and distil their own whiskey, and wine growers up to the present day make their own wine. Now, what was possible then is possible now. Are you going to send the menials of the government into every kitchen and cellar to smell the pots and demijohns?"

"Well, that wouldn't do. The people would not stand it."

"Scarcely, and what would be the result of such domestic production? That gallons would be manufactured for the pints used now; that it would depend on the man how potent the beverage would be; that in the absence of good cellars he would find himself compelled to drink up the supply quickly to prevent its spoiling. Sum total, that more would be drunk than ever before."

"I must confess, Mick, you have a very forcible way of arguing in favor of drink."

"I am not arguing in favor of drink, but against prohibition. These are two widely different matters, as I told you repeatedly. Intemperance is a vice, its opposite is a virtue. But though the government may to some extent lend a helping hand in extirpating the one and fostering the other, its co-operation in the very nature of the case can only be secondary and has to confine itself to the public appearance and consequences of the vice. A moral matter, as I also declared before, can never be settled by legislation. Besides, a total extinction of all production of alcohol would be a crime against the commonwealth."

"How so?"

"Because alcohol is absolutely necessary for other purposes than drink, for instance, aniline dyes, medicines, and the like. How are you going to prevent a man from drinking what he buys for other purposes?"

"No doubt, this is impossible. Yet some way must be found to stem the tide of

drink, that spreads like wildfire and will ruin us if not checked."

"Certainly. But a sensible legislator will not act in the foolish way of our Solons. He will study the question thoroughly in all its different aspects before he proceeds to find a remedy."

"I should think that, if ever a question was discussed fully, it is this. Have not meetings of every kind been held all over the country for years back?"

"Yes, but very one-sided ones, because they were organized by a body of irresponsible fanatics who naturally elucidated only the one side of the question favorable to their own views. Monster petitions were to exercise an influence upon state assemblies, tricks were resorted to, to gain the point, and if perchance a man was found in the meeting that would not unreservedly join in the cry, but wished to look upon other views of the matter, he was forcibly ejected from the meeting. The opposition being thus removed, it was easy to arrive at an unanimous resolution."

"You seem to think that all the supporters of prohibition are fanatics."

"Not at all. A good number are men who lament the evils resulting from drink, and no other remedy offering itself to their minds, they join the prohibition ranks and believe in their own measures as a panacea of the evil. They are well meaning, but mistaken."

"But have you not a good number of advocates of prohibition in the Catholic camp itself?"

"This is doubtful, because advocates of total abstinence are not necessarily apostles of prohibition. But supposing such were the case, what would it prove concerning our argument?"

"It would prove that you are not an unit in condemning it."

"True enough. We Catholics are guided by the decisions of the Church. The Church has never officially declared that prohibition is necessary or even useful, and hence every man is free to have his own ideas in the matter. Even a Bishop's opinion would be only the opinion of a private man, and not binding upon anybody else."

"So you disbelieve in prohibition?"

"I believe that the government has no right to pass prohibition laws, and that

these laws, wherever and whenever passed, have proved themselves theoretical and practical failures, and I also believe that drinking can be, and should be, checked in its abuse, but by widely different measures and without infringing upon the natural rights of men, whose boast is their individual liberty. However, we argued enough for this time. If you care to hear how I would deal with the question, I am willing to accommodate you some other time."

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Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

BY S. X. B.

Translated for the Review

"WHOEVER will die clothed in this holy habit will never suffer the flames of hell."
—WORDS OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

NOTE.—"The above assurance," writes Mr. Dumax, in his admirable brochure on the Holy Scapular, has been frequently attacked and contested on the ground that such a promise is inadmissible, and would be in opposition to the sanctity of the Almighty. It would indeed be inadmissible if it intimated that a member of the Confraternity of the Scapular, if such a one wore the badge, would be saved even if laden with the guilt of mortal sin.

Such an interpretation would be impious and revolting, and the promise of the Blessed Virgin implies nothing of the kind. By the words "*in quo nascens*" she engages herself to assist in an exceptional manner her devout children of Carmel in their dying moments, and, to ensure for them a happy death, she will draw from the treasury of divine mercy, of which Our Lord has given her the key, all graces requisite for that end.

If they are already in the state of grace, it will be for perseverance. If in sin, she will obtain the grace of conversion. And if to arrest the "bitter death" ready to strike the poor creature when in that dreadful state, and procure the time necessary for a return to God, a miracle were required, Mary knows well *where* and *how* to accomplish the marvel, and so make good her words.

In 1834 the city of Lyons was devastate

by terrible internal conflicts. On one occasion when the battle waged fiercely in the streets, a young man fell wounded unto death. He was on the point of being trampled upon by the frantic crowd, when, with one supreme effort, he got upon a horse which had fallen near him. The animal raised itself, and with rapid pace made its way directly to the hospital, where the wounded man had the happiness to receive the Sacraments with the greatest devotion and gratitude. He died shortly after, blessing Mary, who had so signally recompensed his *fidelity in wearing the Scapular.*—(*Life of the Christian soldier, Vol. II, p. 70.*)

A certain youth who was invested with the Holy Scapular, wore it with the greatest devotion for awhile, but unfortunately carried away by wicked propensities, which he did not try to stifle in the beginning, he eventually deprived himself of the advantages which would have been his, had he remained a faithful child of the Blessed Virgin. He abandoned himself to excesses of every kind, lost his reputation, the approval of his parents, and squandered every penny of his fortune. In his despair he struck himself three times with a knife upon the breast, and that, too, precisely where he wore the Scapular.

With all his efforts he failed to inflict a mortal wound; then his heart, which was impenetrable to the deadly weapon opened to the inspirations of the grace which the merciful mother had hastened to procure for him. Convinced that he had been thus favored by means of the Scapular, he cast himself on his knees and delayed not in making a good Confession, which resulted in an entire reconciliation with God, and a life, the holiness of which cannot be depicted.—(FR. MATTHIAS OF ST. JOHN, "*The true devotion of the Holy Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.*")

The frightful catastrophe of Fourmies, which occurred on the first of May, 1891, was widely known, and deeply deplored in the locality. Nine persons were killed and twenty were seriously injured. All were taken to the Presbytery and cared for by the good Religious, but alas! their ministrations were soon limited to preparing them for the grave, and praying for their

eternal repose. It is needless to say with what devotion they acquitted themselves of these duties. But there is one fact which, for the honor of the Blessed Virgin, we certainly must not withhold.

One of the unfortunate victims of the accident wore the *Holy Scapular*, and she was the *only* one who lived long enough to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. Was not that a visible mark of Mary's gracious protection? Was it not a verification of the promise made to St. Simon Stock? In this instance the poor girl's skull had been broken, and to all appearance she could not have survived an instant, yet she was lifted up, taken to the Presbytery, and there received the consoling rite of the Church.

A quarter of an hour later she appeared before the tribunal of God, happy, we may well imagine, that she had remained faithful to the wearing of the Scapular.

In the year 1834 there lived at Angoulême an old cuirassier, whose life was a torment to himself on account of the impatient and rebellious spirit with which he looked upon the various maladies with which Our Lord saw fit to afflict his declining years. His despondency reached such a point, finally, that he resolved to terminate his life, and that his memory might remain untarnished after death, he chose *poison*, thinking the traces of such an agent could be the most easily concealed.

He was not long about putting his determination into effect, and then, going to the hospital, requested to be admitted for that day and night.

He had not anticipated such an effect, however, for the pain became so great that it far surpassed the ills of which he had so bitterly complained. The Superior told him that a formal ticket of admission was necessary, and the poor man turned sorrowfully away. In his dilemma he scarcely knew what to do. Suddenly he felt a light touch upon his arm, and heard the words: "Go to St. Peter's, ask for Father M——, and go to Confession to him." Impressed by the singular occurrence, he obeyed the voice, went to the Church designated by the mysterious mandate, and asked for the priest as directed. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon, the Lenten season, and the priest after a fatiguing round of visits, was about to break his fast

for the first time that day. He asked if the applicant could not come later on, but the latter renewed his entreaties, and said that to defer his Confession would render it too late indeed. The priest then went at once, and having heard the startling revelation that the penitent had taken poison to end his life, clearly proved to him that he was bound to give his Confessor permission to divulge the terrible fact. Touched by grace, the man gave the requisite consent. But the acute pains which increased each moment, and the inward fire which seemed to consume him, threw him into such a sad condition, that the good priest led him from the Confessional and out of the Church, and took him to the hospital at once. There he stated the case, but as the antidote was about to be administered, the pulse of this poor victim to his own folly could no longer be felt, whilst his glazing eyes and livid hue betokened the near approach of death. The priest fell upon his knees, and with all the fervor of his heart began the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin.

At the first invocation he felt the pulse of the dying man, then he faintly whispered these words: "O! Father, pray, pray for me." Then "O! Holy Mary, pray for me." The priest overjoyed at this wonderful change, for it became more and more decided, asked him if he had not kept up any practice of piety. At first he said, "not for years," but after a moment's reflection he opened his vest and displayed the Scapular, adding that, with a lingering sentiment of reverence for the Mother of God, he had never laid it aside. "That is it," cried the priest. "I am no longer surprised. It is to the Blessed Virgin you owe this grace." When the physician heard the details he said that only a supernatural power could preserve life for more than two hours after such a poison, one of the most fatal on record, had been taken, and now five hours had passed. The antidote had not even been given, and as yet there were no signs of death. The humble priest, however, would not consent to the proposed attestation of the facts which the physician wished to draw up with all due form. He feared that the miracle might be attributed to the fervor of his prayers, but the full account was given to me by one upon whom I could implicitly rely. May it animate all who read it with renewed devotion to Mary!—"Mouth of Mary," by Michaud, "*Devotion to Mary in examples*, Vol. II., p. 63.")

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
 IN HONOR OF

OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,

AND IN THE INTEREST OF

THE BROWN SCAFULAR.

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

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Sept., 1895. NO. 9

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE pastor of the Carmelite Church of Cerignoli, Italy, Father Luigi Potesi, has been appointed bishop of San Marco in Besenauano.

THE English Carmelites still continue to contribute their share to current literature. One of the best articles on "Catholicity in Armenia," appears in the August number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Review*. It is from the pen of Father Benedict of the London Carmel.

WE have much cause to rejoice on each re-curring birthday of our earthly mothers. How much more reason have we to be jubilant on each anniversary of the birth of Our Great Mother in heaven? Don't forget to congratulate Mary—your Queen—on September 8th.

Few changes were made in the Irish Province of the Carmelites during the late chapter held in Ireland. Rev. Father Southwell has been re-elected Prior of the New York Convent. Under his priorship devotion to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel will ever spread in the great metropolis.

MARY is the glorious name which shines most brilliantly over every devotion this month. In fact we have a special Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, occurring on the Sunday within the Octave of Our Lady's Nativity. Our Mother's name is her children's magic wand, which changes everything into good. If Mary is with us what need we fear. Let us this month do everything *with, by and through* Mary.

It will be in season during the September Ember days to render thanks to a kind Providence for an abundance of earthly products. We ought to thank God for being spared from deprivation and suffering, which, during the past year, has fallen to the lot of our less fortunate brethren.

AN observant correspondent tells us that over 25,000 visits were made to the Church of the Holy Scapular, in New York, on the last Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Thousands more will flock to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in the years to come, as the existence of her shrines in America become better known.

ON the *Feast* of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross (September 14th) commences the great *fast* of the Carmelite Order, which continues until Easter following. It might be a consoling reminder to the members of the Scapular Confraternity, that they share in the merits of this long season of penance.

DURING the hot months—when the world has taken itself to cool spots in search of rest and comfort—the members of the teaching orders of the Catholic Church have been silently communing with God in holy retreat, enriching their own souls, and laying up stores of spiritual riches to be lavished on their fortunate pupils during the coming school term.

SOME one lately asked the *American Ecclesiastical Review*: "What prayers must be said daily by those who wear the Brown Scapular?" The reverend editor of the magazine referred to rightly answered that *no special prayers are binding on those who wear the Scapular*. We italicize these last words for the benefit of those who have recently put the same question to us. Our readers will find ample instruction on this matter by referring to the back numbers of the CARMELITE REVIEW. It is to be deplored that some persons are reluctant to being enrolled, because, as one of them said to us lately, "I do not care to be invested, except I can live up to the obligations." Dear friends! there is no other obligation but to wear the Scapular piously—and keep wearing it thus.

WE have had a Pan-American Religious and Educational Congress in Toron-to lately. Whatever may be our personal views as to the advisability of Catholics partaking in these conventions, we are more than glad that the three eminent Catholic speakers at this particular Congress made good use of their opportunity to present forcible truths to large audiences, which they could not have commanded elsewhere, and that their hearers appreciated their eloquent discourses more than any from other sources.

ONE of the Carmelite Nuns of the Convent of Tours in France, had the great happiness to see her father celebrate his first Mass in the chapel of her Convent. The Abbe Ligoney who had been a Papal Zouave in his time, after the death of his wife prepared himself for the priesthood and was ordained a short time ago. His daughter had become a Carmelite Nun, and of the precious robes, which she had worn on the day of her reception, she made a beautiful chasuble, which was worn by her father at his first Mass. The Mass was served by his nephew.

A PIOT'S mother—one of our subscribers—writes to ask us to offer a Mass of thanksgiving for the death of a promising child. It may seem an unusual way of proceeding—nevertheless it shows a mother's true love. There was an immediate danger of the child being placed by an irreligious father into a Protestant atmosphere, and the child's future religious education would undoubtedly be ruined. The mother called upon Our Lady of Carmel, and not in vain. The child died quite unexpectedly but peacefully on the Scapular Feast. Would that all mothers had so strong a love for the welfare of their children's souls as they usually have for that of their bodies.

HOLY Church has a purpose in reminding us of sorrow—the inherited lot of every member of the human family. Suffering is a thing which we vainly strive to avoid. Those who have no faith learn to drown pain and misery by plunging into sensual excesses. True Catholics should learn to bear up under every cross and thereby be rich gainers in the other world. The contemplation of Jesus and Mary suffering is

the best solace we have in every dark hour. In this spirit should we look on the Sorrows of Mary—which are commemorated in this month's calendar. Bear up valiantly, and for strength look to the Brave Woman standing courageously beneath the Cross.

A NUMBER of complaints have been received at our office about non-delivery of the REVIEW. This seemed strange to us, as we are most careful in the mailing department. Lately a postmaster of a little town gave us a hint, when spoken to about this matter, which may explain why some of our readers have failed to get their copies. "Unless," he said, "persons ask especially for papers and periodicals when they call for their mail, we do not look to see whether there is anything for them excepting letters." The pile of periodicals is usually very large in the small town postoffices, and the officials do not care to look through them all, except when asked to do so. It will be well to remember this in future, and in the beginning of each month be sure to ask for your REVIEW.

IN one of its late numbers the "Ave Maria" gives the following account of a beautiful and well-authenticated incident which happened in England: "A boy about fifteen years of age was out sailing with his father, off the coast of Devonshire, in a small pleasure yacht. Suddenly a large vessel was seen to be bearing down upon the yacht in such a manner as to render a collision inevitable. A few seconds later the smaller bark was literally cut in two. But before going down with the little craft and her crew, the father seized his son, and with a great effort, threw him into the sea. The boy could not swim; but the strings of his Scapular (which, on perceiving the imminent danger he had devoutly kissed spread themselves out upon the surface of the water, and buoyed him up until he was picked up by a passing vessel and brought to land."

ONE of the August events was the dedication of Holy Trinity Church, in Pittsburg, Pa. This handsome Carmelite temple, of which we have in a past number given our readers an illustrated description, is now completed in every particular. It was

dedicated on Sunday, the 4th of August, by the Right Reverend Bishop Phelan, of Pittsburg, in the presence of a large gathering of the regular and secular clergy, and of an immense congregation of the faithful. Among the many beautiful features of the church, the magnificent altars are most conspicuous. There are five of them. The main altar, in honor of the Holy Trinity, the two side altars in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and of St. Joseph, and the two altars in the transepts in honor of the great Carmelite Saints, St. Albert and St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, are all in faultless gothic carving, with altar-pieces in bas relief and statues, and decorated in white and gold. Thus, there is one more shrine erected worthy of Our Dear Lady, and one more rendezvous for the countless clients of Mary. No devotion will be more popular in this new church than the monthly devotion in honor of Our Lady of the Holy Scapular.

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A LARGE number of Catholic parents are just now sending their boys and girls back to colleges and convents. Others are still looking about for suitable boarding schools. To these a word of advice from us may be welcome. There are three institutions advertised in our pages, three most excellent ones, as we personally know. The nearest to us is the famous Loretto Academy, of the Falls. We often wonder that this magnificently situated Convent, in charge of ladies who are eminent educators, who in European countries, have almost exclusively the charge of the education of the nobility, should be so little known to our Catholic people of America. Those who do know of it and have been educated here, are enthusiastic in their praises. We have been repeatedly told by physicians that no more healthful location could be found in all America than the high Canadian shore of the Niagara. We have, ourselves, noticed the recuperative and restorative powers of the wholesome air of this place on weak and poorly developed children. Physicians are not in much demand in our neighborhood.

Near the large metropolis of New York we have the *Institute of the Holy Angels*, at Fort Lee, New Jersey. It stands on the beautiful Pallsades of the Hudson, and is in charge of the celebrated teaching order

of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. It would be useless to add anything to such commendations, but the Carmelite Fathers at Englewood, N. J., who live in close proximity to this excellent school, can testify to its merits if any of our readers should desire such confirmation.

The Ursuline Sisters, of Pittsburg, have lately purchased the desirable property which they now occupy on Winebiddle avenue. Their school was full to overflowing last year, and we are almost afraid to encourage more applications. The same eminent and exceptional talent, which has given this school such a high standing, will be employed during the coming year, and we have no doubt that the most sanguine expectations of its numerous patrons will be surpassed by this unique school.

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It is our sad duty to record the demise of Mother Teresa, the foundress of the New Orleans' Carmel. Mother Teresa was born in New Orleans, on the 16th August, 1835. She was a descendant of one of the highest families in the State, her uncle having occupied the gubernatorial chair. Reared in the lap of luxury and wealth, she was fully equipped with all the attainments so much sought after by society. In her youth she fascinated all by the attractiveness of her person, by her winning disposition and her unblemished character. Everyone thought that the beautiful daughter of Telesphore Roman, the opulent planter, would ornament the fashionable quarter of the Crescent City. Whatever may have been her worldly ambitions in her younger days, they were all dissipated into nothingness by the design of inscrutable Providence, and Miss Louise J. Roman entered the Carmelite Convent of St. Louis. After a lapse of ten years of cloistered life, we see her return to her native city in 1877 to found there a Convent. Many indeed were the obstacles which confronted her, but by never flagging zeal she overcame them all and rendered the New Orleans Carmel one of the most notable institutions in the country. To her piety and assiduity much is owing for the spread of the devotion of the Holy Face. By her example she edified all, and her self-sacrifice endeared her to her sisters in religion. After a long illness, which was borne with heroic patience, she

rendered her soul pure and noble into the hands of her Creator on the 19th of last July. Then for the first time in 30 years did her relatives and former friends behold her countenance, pale and livid in the arms of death, but not much changed after so many years of mortification and penance. Her life was precious to her community, but let us hope that her death is still more precious in the eyes of the Lord. Requiescat in pace.

LETTER FROM SPAIN.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

For the Carmelite Review.



OLOT.

IF had I promised to visit the historic city of Olot, that supremely picturesque Pyrenean city, by the banks of the Fluviá. I wished to see the cradle as well as the honored sepulchre of the illustrious restorer of the Carmelite Order, not alone in the southern province of St. Luis, but also, after the revolution of 1835, in the province of St. Ferdinand, the Very Rev. Father Jose Bareaus. His name is "clarum et venerabile nomen" in the national annals of Carmel. The life of this late Commissary General of the Iberian Peninsula had been one long "Te Deum" in honor and glory of God. His heart was filled with a sweet thirst to see His sanctuaries restored, and His cloisters re-peopled, to hear once more the solemn and joyous sounds of the "Salve Regina" re-echo within the old shrines of the Queen of Carmel.

At length, on the eve of "Corpus Christi" my wishes were fulfilled. And amply were the fatigues of a journey by rail and by coach repaid, and fully were the inconveniences of mountain traveling compensated for by the charming scenery that burst on our bewildered vision, as we beheld for the first time the beautiful Mecca of our pilgrimage. Some 2,000 feet above the blue waves of the Mediterranean, this fairest of the North Catalonian cities nestles in a valley, where nature revels in her loveliness, encircled by an amphitheatre of hills, rich in verdure and covered with foliage, resembling in its beauty some of

the exquisitely lovely spots to be found in the Tyrol.

Yes, Olot and its mountains, and its incomparable valleys are charming; peerless are the gorgeous sunsets, which daily bathe them in a flood of golden light; abundant and health-restoring are the icy cool, sparkling waters of the numerous fountains; luxuriant is its vegetation, charming you at every turn by some enchanting variety, as its radiant loveliness meets you at every step; rich, too, and interesting are the history and traditional lore of these surroundings, and still richer, the abundance of geological phenomena, those foot prints of the Eternal, which, after the lapse of centuries electrify and enchant you with the visible proofs of the unchangeable and victorious omnipotence of Almighty God, and proclaim the enticing loveliness of His perfections. The silent, but eloquent mouths of these extinct volcanoes and now silenced craters preach the power of that same gracious Hand, which has transformed this land of the volcano into the favorite home of the "Immaculate Pearl of Olot," the bright Queen of Carmel.

But to the scenic gifts of this matchless panorama, delighting the eye of the artist and scientist, which Almighty God has spread out in such bounteous, well nigh embarrassing profusion, He has added others, far more estimable gifts of grace and spiritual blessings. He has visibly wedded the peerless beauty of the scenery to an unbounded and demonstrative love and devotion to His sinless Mother. It is apparent everywhere, even to the stranger. The very dress of the women is a tribute to Our Lady of Carmel. Whilst in all other parts of Spain, they don the black coil or hood, or the more pretentious and costly mantilla in the churches, here we see universally the snowy white mantle of Carmel. The crest of Carmel, the escutcheon of the Order, is displayed over the entrance of factories, of stores and "bodegas," and there is scarcely an inhabitant, not even a little child, in the entire city, that does not take pride in the Scapular. The devotion to Our Immaculate Mother of Carmel is as natural as the exuberant beauty of the surrounding country. It is in the air. Her spirit, as it were, breathes everywhere, and influences and vivifies, as the "dew of Hebron," every enterprise, moulds and gov-

erns, shelters and protects every industry having its seat in this beautiful valley, for all are placed under her special protection.

Nor is this devotion to Our Lady of recent growth in Olot, or in the other cities of Cataluna. Oft and oft, in the past, have these privileged cities filled the cloisters of Mary's monasteries with their children, whilst they have, even in modern years, recruited her battalions in the Old and New World with brave soldiers drawn from the homes of the pious, industrious farmers, and from the hearths of the artisan and professional circles, men distinguished among their compeers for their piety, their learning, their prudence and their zeal. In the present, as in the hallowed past, Olot holds the first place in the fertile garden of Carmel, for none other proved to be so productive a nursery of saints as this frontier city, during the golden days of its history.

The illustrious author of "All for Jesus," the saintly Father Faber, once wrote: "It is hard to live in a place and escape its spirit." Hard, truly hard, is it to reside even temporarily in Olot without inhaling the aroma of its piety, and breathing the fragrance of its devotion, without partaking of the universal spirit of veneration for our loving Mother of Carmel: still more difficult is it not to share in the childlike love and filial reverence everywhere exhibited for our Blessed Mother.

If the habits of the people, their pious demeanor in the churches, their respect towards the ministers of God, the beauty, harmony and order of their public processions, notably those of "Carmel" and "Corpus Christi," were not enough to convince the most sceptical, that Olot is pre-eminently a city devoted to "Our Lady of Carmel," we had the rare happiness of witnessing a few days after our arrival, a ceremony which would bring home conviction to all.

The Regiment of Arragon, stationed there, had received orders to march to the fever-stricken swamps of Cuba, and to aid in crushing an insurrection against the supremacy of the mother country, which is now raging there. The call to arms, if not cheerfully, was obediently responded to, but before their departure one dedication was resolved upon, one enrolment more was considered necessary to confirm their

patriotism. This was the glorious dedication of the entire battalion to the Blessed Virgin and their enrolment into the serried ranks of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Therefore on the day of their departure this splendid corps of Spanish Infantry marched to the Church of Carmel, heard with devotion the Holy Mass, listened with rapt attention to the sonorous voice of their chaplain, who, from Mary's pulpit, in beautiful language eulogized the glories and privileges of their Queen and Mother, and the inestimable advantages, spiritual and temporal, flowing from the Scapular; after which, both officers and men, the Colonel and the private, one and all, marched to the altar. There they received, each one in his turn, the Scapular from the hands of the Very Rev. Father Prior, and had their names enrolled in the glorious army of Carmel.

With such a public profession of faith, made in the presence of a congregation that filled the spacious Church, and even thronged the "piazza" in front of it, who will venture to assert that Olot does not give singular proofs of love and devotion for her, whose prayers are never refused?

For nigh four centuries, Olot has enjoyed the priceless privilege of an unbroken succession of devoted sons of Carmel, men eminent in holiness and learning. Within its Church, sleep in peaceful slumbers many who died in the odor of sanctity. The incorruptible bodies of two "Venerables" are reverently guarded by the community. From the 16th of July, 1565, when the Very Rev. Fr. Juan Montener, through the inexhaustible charity and public munificence of its inhabitants, founded in their midst a holy House of Carmel, and was proclaimed its first Prior, to its present anniversary feast in 1895, when the truly affable and zealous son of St. Elias, the Very Rev. Fr. Brocardo, rules the holy institute, the chain of noble Priors has been unbroken. Although the monastery was sequestered by the infamous revolution of '35, yet, in its Church the holy fire has never been extinguished. If in those sombre days of revolution, the flock was scattered, and Mary's holy recluses were ostracized and banished, and the monastic property confiscated, yet one faithful guardian succeeded another in keeping untiring watch near the precincts of

the temple, guarding its sacred vessels, and protecting from sacrilegious profanation its holy shrine. Thus Olot, and the beautiful Church of Carmel, was preserved by the heroic loyalty of one of these noble sentinels, Father Jose Codinach. Nor did his zeal and fidelity pass unrewarded, even in this life, for he had the ineffable happiness of witnessing the return of his Carmelite brothers in 1892. Once again Mary's holy statue is welcomed in the streets of Olot. "Viva, viva, Madre del Carmen" rises in triumph on the evening air, her "Salve" re-echoes along its "plazas" and reverberates through its "calles." Alas! these hymns of praise resound no longer within the shady cloisters of the Carmelite monastery which adjoins the Church. In the halls, where once reigned the silence of prayer, and the quiet of study, now is heard the measured tramp of the soldier, and the revelry of the guard-room. Still, in spite of the change of occupants, in spite of the change of name from "El Convento del Carmen" to the 19th century one of "El Cuartel del Carmen," amidst all this profanation of the pious intentions of its founders, we cannot traverse its altered apartments, or look on its vacant niches, or visit its humble cells, without forcibly recalling the words of the Irish bard:

"You may crush, you may break the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

But we hope that the day is at hand when the sense of even tardy justice will dictate the long delayed reparation, when the same long postponed restitution will be dispensed to the sons of Carmel of Olot, which we have lately witnessed with pleasure in Ossuna, and other cities of the Peninsula. Then Olot's ancient monastery will again be restored to its legitimate owners, and with exulting joy will all the Catholic people see this prolific home of Carmelite saints and scholars, re-peopled by the sons of Mary. Then will the cloistered sons of Elias throughout the peninsula, but particularly those of this beautiful frontier city, have reason to proclaim in the inspired language of the prophet Isaiah: "The Lord will comfort Sion, and will comfort the ruins thereof. He will make her desert a place of pleasure, and her wilderness a garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and voice of praise."

It would be unpardonable as it would be ungrateful, were I to close this hurried "resume" of my first impressions of Olot, without a small tribute of sincerest thanks to the Rev. Fathers, who compose the Carmelite community; the Very Rev. Brocardo M. Recatala, Prior, Fr. Serafin Vidal and Fr. Joaquin Codinach, the elder brother of the Very Rev. Fr. Carmo, the talented organist of the mother-house at Jerez de la Frontera.

True it is, that to the two former from our acquaintance years ago at Jerez, an introduction on my arrival here, was unnecessary, and the mere mention of my old friendship with the reverend brother of the latter, was enough to open the door to his friendly confidence, yet, when I disclosed my mission as contributor to the pages of the CARMELITE REVIEW, and that I was its authorized correspondent in the Peninsula, these facts were truly the "open sesame" which at once unlocked for me the treasures of mediæval literature, with which this library is so highly enriched. Many volumes there are in it, extremely rare, which throw a beautiful light on the Carmelite history of Spain, before and after the revolution, from which I took copious notes. Therefore, through the pages of the REVIEW I thank sincerely this reverend community for the repeated acts of kindness shown me ungrudgingly at all hours, and I only hope, that if I have not the happiness of witnessing it, I may, at least, hear the delightful news of the early restoration of their convent.

The feast of this day, "Our Lady of Carmel," its solemnities and procession, the universal joy that animates the people, and makes so festive the whole city, from the lengthy notice already written, could claim no space in this month's issue, so it is reserved in detail for another month.

Olot, on the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, 1895.

A MAN'S great deeds are always greater than himself.

THE bigger crowd a man is in, the harder he finds it to fight himself.

THERE are many who are at peace as long as we hold them in good esteem, but let their honor be ever so slightly touched, they at once lose all their peace.—ST. TERESA.

Out of Town for a Month.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.



Y friend, whom I had learned to dub "the cynic," spent the month of August, 189— out of town. The world was quite oblivious of his existence during those thirty-one days. But "out of sight, out of mind," is the world's motto, and for all it cared my friend might have joined "the silent majority." But he had not. On Labor Day he again "hobbed up serenely," and seemed to be more healthy and wiser.

"The cynic" had spent a novel vacation, and it wasn't lost time either.

Before he had decided on his annual outing, I happened to call on him. The dog days were on hand and the only comfort seemed to be in the evenings, when one could sit on the verandah and quaff anything resembling a breeze. Thus we spent the evenings in July, discussing everything sublunary.

My cynical friend was a good sort of a fellow, and very well posted on things in general. He was only a nominal Catholic, and had some very strange notions on religious subjects, and he didn't hesitate to air them. "Deeds, not creeds," was one of his pet phrases. He had the fortune in his case I should say misfortune of having had well-to-do parents. In consequence he was given the best in the market as far as education went, and one fine morning he found himself a freshman at Harvard. Years passed and he finally graduated. Today a sign on a down-town office announces to passers by that he is "a counsellor at law," etc., etc. He has made his mark in the world, but alas! at the expense of faith and piety which suffered shipwreck. Still, the spark of faith had not been wholly extinguished, as I discovered one day, which was a festival of the Blessed Virgin, when "the cynic" rather surprised me by saying that he had been to Mass that day. I liked him all the more for that. But let us retire to those two easy chairs on the verandah.

One evening—there was yet light enough to read—"the cynic" and I were buried in

two current magazines. Suddenly he came across something that excited his risibles and gave vent to his feelings as even to excite the attention of a dreamy policeman who was passing. "The cynic" then showed me the cause of all the laughter. It was a comic picture in which a fat old monk played a prominent part. When I was looking at it my friend commenced to whistle "I am a Friar of Orders Grey," apparently for my benefit.

"By Godfrey!" he said, (I must say to his credit that he used no stronger expletive). Those monks must have been gay old fellows, living on the fat of the land, and making the world believe they passed their time in hard labor and contemplation. Probably "contemplating" a table loaded down with good things. Well, after all, I don't blame them, for every man ought to get all the pleasure he can out of the world while he is in it. As our friend Luther puts it, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die." These remarks seemed to excite my friend's appetite, for he remarked he wished it was supper time.

He seemed waiting for some remarks from me, so I said in a rather unconcerned way, "I think you are rather rough on the monks."

"Oh, no," he said, taking up the gauntlet, "I only voice the sentiments of public opinion."

"Yes," I said, "I know what the world thinks of monasticism. It is most unjust in judging the monks. It can never repay the debt of gratitude it owes to the inmates of the monasteries, but instead of recognizing its true benefactors it only strives to blacken their characters by libellous caricatures."

"Bravo!" said "the cynic." "You would make a good defender of the monks."

"Would that I were fully able to be so," I answered, and getting somewhat warmed up I continued: "Science, art, literature, in fact all branches of learning owe everything to the monks. Their enemies cannot deny that. More than this the monks have taught how virtue can be practiced in its perfection, and by their prayers they have appeased an angry Providence on behalf of a sinful world."

"What about Luther and a host of other monks who have thrown aside the cowl?" broke in my friend.

"Don't be too sweeping in your assertions," I said, "I never heard of *husts* of monks forsaking their monasteries. It was very true what Virgil said, '*ab uno disce omnes*' from one judge the rest." That is the world's unjust way of passing a verdict. If one or a few unfortunate men have thrown aside the habit it only proves they were unfit for religious life and argues in favor of the good discipline of monasteries which are freed occasionally from obnoxious subject."

"Well," said "the cynic," "but monasticism has had its day. Good King Harry gave the death-blow to the orders. It is true there are to-day what are called monks, but they are not the real old stuff, they are only living on the name of past generations."

"Henry the VIII., of unsavory memory, is dead, but the monks still live," said I, "there are the same causes for their existence and we still have them with us."

"That's strange," said "the cynic," "I have traveled and read a great deal and still remain of the opinion that monks only exist on paper. They couldn't stand the glare of the light of the nineteenth century."

"That would be nicely put, if it were only true," said I. "I fear the sources of your information have not been the best. It is not good to seek information from the enemy. My dear friend, monasticism is as vigorous to-day as it was in the early ages of the church. Even the poisonous atmosphere of Protestantism can't choke it. Learning and sanctity still go hand and hand, and the monks quietly pursue their work in spite of the lying accusations of their adversaries."

"That may be very true," said "the cynic," "but I tell you sir, the proof of the pudding is in the eating."

"I think I can procure for you as much of that kind of desert as you can digest," I retorted; "It might serve as wholesome food for you."

"What do you mean? are you speaking in parables?" asked "the cynic."

"My meaning is clear," said I. "I mean that you ought to spend a few days in some monastery or other. I think I can make it possible for you."

"By Jove, what's the matter, are you in league with the monks? It would be a great joke, wouldn't it, if they got me im-

mured. Why, it would take the whole United States' army to free me, that is, provided that it knew of my whereabouts. Let's drop this foolish talk."

"Oh, no," said I, "I am in earnest. Would you mind spending a few days in some monastery—in fact make the rounds of several? It will be a most novel way of passing over the warm days. By the way, I'll be your advance agent. I'll go to some of the monasteries and arrange things for you with the superiors."

"Agreed!" said "the cynic."

He actually did pass the month in the way I suggested. When the month had elapsed he turned up on Labor Day, as I said in the beginning, and the evening found him and myself spread out on the same old verandah. I commenced at once to congratulate my friend on his healthy looks.

"Why," he said, "regularity did that. If we were as methodical as those monks, we wouldn't be a race of dyspeptics. I am going to get a large dinner-bell, and if it is not rung at regular hours hereafter in this house there will be war."

"How did you spend the time? Did you learn anything?" I asked, quietly opening up the cross-examination.

"Learn anything?" said the cynic; "I should think so, and I might add, I have *unlearned* many things. Why, I didn't think such things were possible on this planet. Away with your Utopias! Brooks Farm! Model communities are all nonsense. Those would-be reformers haven't learnt the A B C of life yet. By Godfrey! the monastic life is an ideal one. If the world knew it as it is, the whole globe would be a revolving monastery." It would be perhaps tedious to retail all that "the cynic" had to say. He invented metaphor after metaphor with which to describe his enthusiastic views of monasticism. After that I told him I would call him "the convert" in place of "the cynic."

"Oh! that was your object in packing me off to the monastery," he said. "I have since thought so. You wanted to convert me, eh? You played a very clever game. I *am* really converted. I was indeed a very lukewarm Catholic, if I indeed deserved the name."

"Not at all," said I; "I only wanted to

change your opinion, which I knew could be easier done than by arguing."

"Well, my opinions are changed, and my life too," he said. The Prior up there was a good old soul—all kindness in fact. In some way or other he got me onto the subject of my own soul's salvation. Why, sir, I have had a retreat, made a general confession, and learned a lot of other religious things of which I was before ignorant. I have promised to say my prayers every day; to go to mass every Sunday, and to perform some little devotion in honor of the Blessed Virgin in whose Scapular I have been enrolled,—in a word, I am a new man in soul and body. I have to thank you for it. I am indeed the gainer by having been out of town for a month."

All I could answer to all this was a devout "Amen."

DUST AND POT POURRI.

BY M. L. SANDROCK REDMOND.



HE room is silent and darkened. The white couch in the centre of the chamber projects a ghastly discomfort over all the furniture.

The figure of a woman clothed in soft white lies motionless upon the couch. The cluster of Easter lilies at her breast is not stirred by the faintest breath. The heavy sweetness of hyacinths fills the air. The floor is covered with little drifts of rose petals.

The attitude of the woman expresses perfect repose. There is peace in every lineament; in the droop of the black lashes against her cheek, in the broad forehead from which the furrows of care have relaxed, in the careful arrangement of the luxuriant hair, whose blackness is streaked with white, most of all in the firm chin and the smiling lips.

The peace is mingled with pathos. As one looks, one sees that suffering, heavy and hard, has lain upon her beautiful face, and soul, has released her only at the humble prayer of that most loving and unloved angel, Death.

Now and then the stillness of the room is broken by a sob. Up and down, with slow, steady strides, a man walks. His hands are twisted together, his head is bent low in the agony of an overpowering grief.

At length there is a pause in his slow pacing. He falls upon his knees beside the

couch and gazes long at the beautiful, dead face. Tenderly he presses his lips against the cold fingers. Her lips he does not dare to touch. An invisible hand holds him back. Something warns him his kiss would be an irreverence.

The days of the past come before him one by one. It is they that forbid him to touch the lips of his dead wife. It is they that remind him of the days and years of their life together, when she had silently hungered for the kisses that were not given her, when her soul was faint for affection and tenderness withheld.

What a record of unkindness rises before him! His grey beard droops lower and lower as the accusations of the past troop silently before him.

Cold and grave he had been—at last he saw himself in the clear light of unflattering truth—slowly crushing out of the life that had joyfully united itself to his, all the bright animation and gladness of heart that were her chiefest charms. The sweet content of her nature would have been happy with so little, and he had starved her for that little. The little joys, the little comforts he might have given her, rose in myriads before him.

Unsmiling self-absorption had been the rule of his days.

Perfect nature her kindness gave out as a flower its perfume.

Sweet as the fragrance of oriental pot pourri were his memories of her, stirring as dust his memories of himself.

Deprecatingly he raises his head, half expecting to meet the silent accusation of her eyes. Instead, the pathetic smile of her lips is before him. Humbled, and feeling still further rebuked, he touches her feet caressingly, timidly with his hand, with his lips.

A cry of anguish breaks from him. "Oh, God, if I could but live it over again!"

Again there is silence. Again the haunting images of the past tear at his heart remorselessly. A cold despair seizes upon him and remains with him for hours. He throws himself face downward upon the floor. He dares not even look at her again.

All at once a beautiful memory, like another whiff of oriental perfume, floats across his mind. It is of her dying moment when his arms supported her and her eyes looked into his and her tender, dying will whispered, "Beloved, how I love you!"

The beautiful memory abides with him and the agonies of remorse and despair are quieted at last.

He rises and again looks down upon her face. Sorrow and regret can never leave him any more, he knows, but one more blessed than they shall henceforth bear him company.

The peace that she has gone forth to meet enters also into his heart as he stoops and lingering reverently, kisses her lips.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

LOVE AND LOVERS.



WHEN Mrs. Bryce called for Ethna in the evening, she was rather dismayed to find Miss Judith seated alone on the porch.

"Come in, Susanna. Mrs. Acton has taken Ethna to a concert. They will be at home by 10 o'clock."

"What concert is it?"

"The Literary Circle of the Parish give their Quarterly Entertainment at the hall to-night. Mrs. Acton is much interested in the young folk, and has devoted herself to assisting them in developing their talents."

"I often wish that Ethna had some one to take an interest in her."

"You were both invited to join the Circle in the beginning of the winter, and you received the invitation with an indifference that was very discourteous to Mrs. Acton, and was very mortifying to me."

"Is that so? I did not know it."

"That is your greatest misfortune, my friend, that you do not see yourself. Mrs. Acton is an admirable woman, the charms of her natural character have been enhanced by a solid education, and contact with truly cultured people. She is an excellent musician and a good linguist. Through her kindness she was drawn to take an interest in Ethna. Could you but have appreciated the opportunity, Ethna might have received much benefit from intimacy for six months with one whose companionship is a liberal education. The noblest families of France have considered themselves honored by Mrs. Acton's friendship."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why should I? You would not have profited by the information. You had your mind set on Ethna's making a conquest matrimonial, and preferred your own way. You have enjoyed it, but I deplore the results."

"She looks awfully, don't she? What made her fall in love with him when she knew he was so bigoted?"

"That is a cruel speech from your mouth: you, who should have been her guardian angel, bring her from the home in which she was happy, and thrust her into society such as her father would not have allowed to enter her presence. Young Stuart is the best of them, and indeed the only decent man among them, in spite of the fine tailoring on exhibition at your house. I tried to draw Ethna within the circle of our young people, among whom are some of the wittiest and wealthiest, as well as some of the most edifying and hard-working young women of our city. Evidently you did not consider our coterie to your taste. My heart aches for Ethna, she is very affectionate, and will not easily recover from this entanglement; through it she has lost confidence in the nobility of manhood, and in all probability the sweetness of her nature has received a poisonous infusion, from which she may suffer all her life."

"I thought that perhaps they might marry. You know the church gives dispensations."

"The young lovers are more prudent than to engage themselves under such hopeless conditions. Thanks be to God, Ethna is firm in accepting none but a Catholic marriage, and the canny Scot will rather give up his sweetheart than abandon the shackles of worldliness and bigotry by which he is enslaved."

"She is evidently very much in love with him: I don't see why, he's as obstinate as a mule."

"You sang his praises before her all winter; you repeated, *ad nauseam*, that you did not see why the church was so opposed to mixed marriages; that you considered a good Protestant husband infinitely preferable to a bad Catholic. In vain were you reminded that the church did not advise her children to marry *bad* Catholics, and that even when a Catholic husband proved negligent, or sinful, there was ever the hope that the consciousness that he was acting

In violation of his conscience might bring him to repentance, and that the seeds of the christian virtues sown in his childhood might germinate anew and cause him to return to the piety of his youth. Deep in the heart of every well-instructed Catholic are associations lovely and tender, entwined with the memories of father and mother; the preparation for the first confession and first communion, all that goes to make Catholic childhood angelic. The remembrance of those early days may be obliterated by the sinfulness or worldliness of years, but when adversity reduces the pride, and illness provides a period of isolation, the grace of God often renews in the soul the vernal beauty of the happy days when the creature lived by faith; and he is touched by some special grace, perhaps through his fidelity in wearing his scapular, and he says: "I will arise and go to my Father; He will receive me, even though I am driven to him by the falseness of those in whom I placed my dependence."

"Yes, I know what you say is true, Miss Judith, but I know so many lovely Protestants; indeed, I think Protestants are often a great deal nicer than Catholics."

"My dear Susanna, I know they treat you far more agreeable than—your humble servant, for instance; but why? Because they are living for this world, and I would have you live and labor for a happy eternity. You call those outside of the church Protestants; if you called them Pagans you might be nearer the truth. Their standards are those of the world, and their methods are ungodly. I know that there are a few earnest, conscientious Protestants, but your ambitions would find condemnation from them, as positive as mine. I cannot, as a friend, refrain from protest when I see you imperilling the faith and happiness of your child."

"It's horrid to be poor. Everyone despises us."

"You cannot prove that the contempt exists, and if you could convince me of it, you could not be sure of the cause. I grant that you do not possess the esteem that your father's daughter should command, but that is because you have shown yourself this winter to be a very foolish mother. You are not a fool, Susanna, and it is a pity you should behave like one; life in the country home provided for you by your

kind husband's forethought, is much less expensive than here in town. There you would have fewer necessities. You have striven to push Ethna into the society of your former school friends who have attained or retained luxurious homes here. You have not met the welcome you sought, but the cause lies, not in your poverty, but in your over eagerness.

"For the world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings. Grasp it firmly it stings not. In one of two things it behooves you to settle. Avoid it, or crush it."*

"As you are not of the valiant type, your discretion should guide you to live quietly and sensibly, thus you would win for yourself and child the good opinion of the community, and attentions would come to you unsought."

"O, you have so many rich friends."

"Our friendship is quite independent of their bank-accounts, and they know it well—to give you another bit from Owen Meredith:

"Let a man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of his bark, and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone,
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone."

"When you and I left school, I went home to hard work, which continues. Thanks be to God I have always a dollar when I need it, and one to spare for the less fortunate of God's children. I have come to know that the rich are often more desolate, more deserted than the poorest beggar. Wealth hardens the heart and makes the possessor selfish. The poor will not only share with each other their last crust, but they will spend themselves for one another. If you would have friends, make them by your own friendliness."

"O, mamma, I've had a lovely time." Ethna's voice was quite joyous, her mother kissed her fondly, for she had dreaded to meet her again. She was now a different creature from the dejected girl from whom she had parted in the morning.

"The entertainment was delightful; exquisite music, recitations admirably rendered, and some good words from that lovely Archbishop, and the audience—why, the representative Catholics of New York were there in full force. I am so sorry we never attended any of these gatherings."

* Lucille.

"I, too, am sorry, Ethna, for we are to leave the city next week."

"I'm so glad."

"Isn't this sudden, Susanna?"

"Yes, Judith, I got a note to-day from our tenants, they are giving up the cottage."

"I am delighted," said Ethna. The brightness of her countenance was now overshadowed by the remembrance of her lover's approaching departure. The distraction of the evening had partially banished the thought of the trying ordeal. When her mother rose to depart, the young girl embraced Aunt Hilda tearfully.

"You are an Angel," she said. "I will never forget how good you have been to me this day."

"Dear Miss Judith, don't you love me any more?"

"I do, indeed, Ethna, love you very tenderly. Won't you make me a present of that shabby purse? I want it for one of my careless errand-girls. I should be sorry to give her a new one to lose. Here is an affair I knitted for your birthday. Don't open it until to-morrow. I put an Immaculate Conception medal in it to remind you always to spare a little for the poor."

"This is a beautiful purse, Miss Judith, and to think that such a busy woman as you are, made this for a selfish little girl such as I. You are just the loveliest woman I know." A good hug cemented the renewal of the friendship.

"You see, child, you twined yourself round my heart when you were a baby, and I cannot, if I would, detach you from it, without wounding myself deeply. Remember this truth, dear, when you find me savage: 'Precious are the wounds of a friend.'"

"You are always generous, Judith, and I suppose I must acknowledge that I am a wretch," said Mrs. Bryce.

"We are a bad lot, Susanna, even the best of us, but while there's life there's hope."

Aunt Hilda saw nothing of Ethna until Friday evening. Miss Judith was not at home when the young girl entered with a dejected air.

"How are you, my dear?"

"O! wish I were dead. I cannot bear this agony. I have kept up all day before

the people at the house, and then mamma watches me so, but I can stand it no longer. You are so good to let me cry without scolding me. Mr. Stuart left this afternoon. He goes on board to-night. I said good-bye this morning, and remained in my room until he left the house."

"You have a battle to fight, my darling, and grace shall not be wanting if you seek it. What arrangement exists between you and your friend?"

"He said he might still be able to win his father's consent, but I told him I had resolved never to marry any but a Catholic. He answered me very sharply, that it was a pity that I had not known my own mind sooner. I told him that his regret could not be keener than my own; but I do love him, Aunt Hilda, and he suffers in it, too. I put round his neck the medal Miss Judith gave me. Don't you think that good woman put a ten-dollar gold piece in the purse she gave me?"

"And took as much pleasure in giving as you could possibly experience in receiving. Can you give me your attention, my love?"

"Always; your words sink deeply in my memory, and when I lie awake at night I hear your voice repeating again the wise things you tell me."

"Well, Ethna, there is but one remedy, and that a tedious one, but you can shorten the term if you are willing to use a little heroism. Put away out of sight everything that is associated with Mr. Stuart. His picture, the books and music you have enjoyed together, all that can remind you of him. Drop with your own hand the pall upon your dead past, and wisely set yourself to improve the present. Fly reverie; leave yourself no idle moment for the indulgence of unavailing regret. Have ever an entertaining book that will ennoble your judgment, and enlarge your heart. That heart was stolen because you left the avenue free to all intruders. You can regain your independence only by supernatural means. As a child of Mary you can easily resume the pious practices you delighted in at school. Be faithful to your meditation and to your weekly confession. In your daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament you can pray for the conversion of all unbelievers, rather than for Mr. Stuart directly."

"That seems almost impossible, Aunt Hilda."

"When a man wishes to cut down a tree he lays the axe to the root. Your objection reminds me of the compassion of the French barber. His neighbor heard yelps of agony from his dog every morning at about the same hour. A humane old lady called to inquire the cause. 'You see, my dear madame, that I have one dog very beautiful but for his tail, that is too long. I must take some of him off, but I am one man merciful. I not like to cut him all at once. The dog is so leetle, and I just take of a bit, un small morecean every morning.'"

"Dear Aunt Hilda, that is wonderfully applicable."

"You are young, and if you will be brave and earnest, I can promise you that time and faith shall cure your wounds. Would you like to walk with me to the Church. I am going to make the Stations?"

"Yes, indeed, I love to go to Church in the twilight. I seem nearer to Our Lord when I can kneel in the shadow just under the lamp before the tabernacle."

When Aunt Hilda arrived at the Tenth Station, she glanced affectionately toward the bowed head of her golden-haired favorite as she whispered:

"By thy ignominious stripping, Blessed Lord, teach this, thy child, to detach herself from earthly love, and to soar to the liberty of the children of God."

Ethna, hearing a slight noise in the sanctuary, looked up and discovered one of the fathers enter the confessional close to the altar of the Sacred Heart. A lady rose from the shadow of the pillar, and raising the curtain, took her place on the penitent's side of the screen. When she re-appeared, Ethna succeeded her in the tribunal. The sins and miseries of humanity are often so inextricably intermingled that the sinner often finds it impossible to make a confession without, at the same time, laying bare to the minister of Christ the gaping wounds of the soul. Perhaps this is by a merciful dispensation of Divine Providence, since the good Samaritan, prompted to compassion by the sight of such misery, pours therein the oil of consolation and the invigorating wine of wise counsel, Marvellous institution of the confessional, through whose agency the representatives of the Redeemer raise the pusillanimous, stimulate

the slothful, and apply to the souls of all, the infinite merits of the God-man.

"I am so glad you brought me to Church, Aunt Hilda," said Ethna, as they walked home in the sweet June night. "I had not been to confession for an age. The priest was so kind and good, you would think he had known me all my life."

The experiences of souls are often similar, and the priest is like the experienced physician, who can often diagnose a case at sight.

On Monday morning Mrs. Bryce and Ethna left town for "Sea-Side Holly." Letters came regularly to Aunt Hilda for about a month, but after an unusual term of silence, Mrs. Bryce wrote.

"SEA-SIDE HOLLY,

"New Jersey,

"July 30th, 1883.

"DEAR MRS. ACTON,—

"How I wish you were still near enough for us to run in and unload our burdens on you as we did a month ago. I am very anxious about Ethna. She worked very hard after our return. Those people left the cottage in a horrid condition. When we had restored everything to its proper place, Ethna appeared overcome by exhausting lassitude. She would lie in the hammock by the hour with her eyes closed. Sometimes I saw tears raining down her cheeks when she seemed unconscious of them. She has been trying to forget that stupid Scotchman, I know, but there is always a busy-body on hand to meddle. A letter came yesterday from that gossip, Miss Gaid. She said that she had received a letter from Mr. Stuart, and that 'he sent his affectionate regards to Miss Ethna.' What blundering bats some men are. Stuart ought to know that such a medium of communication would be unwelcome. A book came by the same mail to Ethna, addressed in Mr. Stuart's writing. I think it was the copy of Milner I lent him. He promised to read it at sea.

"July 3rd,

"I laid this sheet aside yesterday to put my bread in the oven. I am taking Judith's advice and am trying to mind my own business. I shall send you a loaf of this baking to show you that I can bake good bread. Ethna did not come to me as usual when she returned from the postoffice yesterday, so I went to look for her. She

had thrown herself across her bed and was crying as if her heart would break. An open letter lay on the table. She did not hear me open the door, so I just crept out again and had my cry down stairs. In the evening she handed me the letter. 'You can burn that when you read it,' she said, 'I wish never to hear it mentioned. She had just come in from the Chapel, she had been rehearsing with the children. She has gotten now so that they keep time. They are to sing at Mass during the summer. They are an uninteresting lot, but she seems to really like them.'

"Brave little woman," said Aunt Hilda, as the tears dimmed her spectacles. Taking them off to wipe away the moisture, she read on. The letter was from Archie's father:

"MY DEAR AMERICAN LADY,—

"Perhaps you will not flout an old man who comes to give you his thanks. Through my son I know you very well, and am not ashamed to confess that I honor your bravery; that my son should bring home a Catholic wife would have been my death-blow, and it is but just that I tell you I consider we owe to you our present happiness.

"I have asked my son to give to me your photograph. I look often upon your bonnie face, and have placed it in the wee box that holds another of my treasures—the first curl cut from my Archie's head. I hope he will soon choose a wife among his own people, and I pray the Lord to bless you in providing a husband worthy of you.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"ALEXANDER STUART."

Mrs. Bryce drew her writing desk towards her, and the next morning Ethna's mother received the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. BRYCE—

"Can you be generous enough to spare Ethna for a day or two? I have made all arrangements for the reception of the little fellow at the eye-hospital. Perhaps she will like to bring the little man with her.

"Hoping that Ethna may reply to this in person, I remain,

"Very affectionately yours,

"HILDA ACTON."

"While you are in town, Ethna, you should get yourself a new dress. Your gold-piece that Miss Judith gave you will buy

one of those pongee silks. They are cool and pretty."

"I have invested Miss Judith's present, mamma."

"You foolish child, what do you know of investments? Have you bought a lottery ticket?"

"Not so bad as that, mamma. It is a little secret I want to keep all to myself."

"Very well, if you don't want to tell me."

"Not now, I don't want to tell anybody at present."

"Does Mrs. Acton or Miss Judith know of it?"

"No, mamma."

The shadow passed from the mother's face—deep in her heart unknown to herself was a mean jealousy—her nature was a narrow one. The subject of the letter was a little boy, whom scarlet fever had left with sore eyes. Ethna discovered him when hunting up the children for her Sunday school class. The moment she saw the sufferer she conceived the hope that proper treatment might be of service. Miss Judith's experience in such cases came to her memory; but Tommy Brown's mother could spare neither time nor money to convey the child to an oculist. With the aid of her good friends in town all formalities were complied with, and on the 3rd of August the little fellow was introduced to the House of the Good Samaritan. The examination was soon over, and Ethna received the joyful news that there was every reason to hope that the sight might be preserved.

"A week later, Miss Bryce, and this visit would have been in vain," said the learned man.

"Is not God good to allow us to help one another?"

"Yes, indeed, Ethna, the greatest, holiest, and most exquisite happiness in life springs from helping our neighbor, and through relieving his bodily necessities, one can often do good to the soul of some sinful creature."

"That happened in this case, Aunt Hilda. Tommy's mother was a drunkard; her husband's death and the sickness of her children had crushed all hope in her, she just gave up everything. Since I have been visiting Tommy she has been to confession and taken the pledge. She, and all the children old enough, have joined the

League of the Sacred Heart. Every night she gathers her children about her for night prayers. This little Tommy is quite a missionary. He has a wonderful memory, and repeats at home all the instructions he hears at the Church. Aunt Hilda, this is one of the fruits of my sorrow. Don't you think Our Lord will accept it."

"I do, indeed, my love. Your thorns shall yet please God, bring forth roses red as your heart's blood, and fragrant with the odor of Divine Charity."

"When I was happy I was utterly selfish. Since my disappointment I feel myself in touch with all who weep. My heart ached for the misery of Mrs. Brown and the wretchedness of her children. She has told me lately that my concern for her won her heart, and was proof that God had not forgotten her."

"God is so good to let me bring her consolation; I nearly drifted away into despondency last week, but this visit and the good news about little Tommy, have put me on the right road again. I found a good sentence lately:

"Demand this lofty service of every deep experience through which you pass—demand that it shall help you, understand and aid the battles of your brethren; and then the devils of memory which haunt your life may be turned into strong angels, by whose help you may do the will of God.*"

Thus we turn away from the Christian maiden: Later on from Aunt Hilda's treasures and those of Mrs. de Vere, we may call the history of the circumstances that led her to matrimony.

* Phillips Brooks.

THE END.

OBITUARY.

By your charity, pray for the souls of Mr. Currian, who died at South Framingham, Mass., June 14th; of Michael Quinn, who died lately at Geneva; of Mrs. J. Sheehan, who died on the 6th of July at New Britain, Conn.; of Owen Smith, who died March 27th at Bear Valley, Wis.; of Stephen Schmitz, who died May 5th, at Bear Valley, Wis.; of Mrs. Catharine Whitwell, who departed this life at Buffalo, N. Y., May 24th; of Simon McMahon, whose soul was called to the reward of a well-spent life at Niagara Falls, Ont., March 20th. R. I. P.

OUR LADY'S CLIENTS,

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for registration in the Album of the Scaupular Confraternity, from St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Galt, Ont.; Merrittton, Ont.; Dundas, Ont.; Fortune Harbor, Nfld.; St. Peter's Palace, London, Ont.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Peter's Church, Jeannette Creek, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, N. S.; St. Francis de Sales' Church, Newark, Ohio; Taberg, N. Y.; St. Andrew's Church, Port Arthur, Ont.; Holy Cross Church, LaFontaine, Ont.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; Our Lady of Angels, Niagara University, N. Y.; St. Charles Church, Amherst, N. S.; Bothwell, Ont.; St. Mary's, Ont.; St. Boniface's Church, Exira, Iowa.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Quincy, Ill.; Evansville, Ind.; Chester, Ill.; St. Peter's, Franklin Co., Ind.; Convent of Good Shepherd, Cleveland, Ohio; Antonius, Adams Co., Ill.; St. Thomas' Church, Waterford, Wis.; St. Agatha's Church, St. Louis, Mo.; Baker City; St. Mary's Church; Lake Church, Wis.; St. Peter's Church, Belleville, Ill.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from Millville, N. J.; St. Monica's Church, Atlantic City, N. J.; Santa Clara, Cal.; St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Seton Hall College, N. J.; Industrial School, Arlington, N. J.; St. Joseph's Academy, Morristown, N. J.; St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N. J.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

We owe a debt of gratitude for cancelled stamps received from Ven. Sr. M. T., Green Ridge, N. Y.; Miss K. C., South Framingham, Mass.; Rev. P. A. B., Englewood, N. J.; Miss S. X. B., Erie, Pa.; Ven. Sr. M. G., Fredrickton, N. B.; Mrs. S. K., Philadelphia, Pa.; Ven. Srs. of I. H. M., Biddeford, Me.; Ven. Sr. M. A., Crates, Pa.; Miss A. B., London, Ont.; Miss K. M., Niagara Falls, Ont.; Ven. Srs. St. M., Waco, Tex.; Mrs. M. W., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. M. M., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. B. L., New York City, N. Y.; Miss K. L., York City, Me.; Mrs. H. G. D., Latrobe, Pa.; M. A. D., Rockport, Mass.; Miss K. A. C., North Framingham, Mass.; Miss R. McG., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Ven. Sisters of G. S., Columbus, Ohio; Miss M. C. M., Mercer, Pa.; Mrs. M. M., Louisburg, Kas.; Miss J. O., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss M. K., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss T. Haysville, Ont.; Miss M. H., Painted Post, N. Y.; Ven. Sr. M. V., Crates, Pa.; Mrs. M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss M. S., St. Louis, Mo.; M. H., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. B. S., Chicago, Ill.; J. B., Toronto, Ont.; Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.; Miss S. X. B., Erie, Pa.;