



HOLY MOTHER.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.



HOLY Mother! on thy breast
 Fain my troubled heart would rest:
 Jesus' sorrows thou didst share --
 Help us all our cares to bear!

II.

Though thou art as pure as snow,
 Still for sinners thy tears flow:
 Contrite souls with sorrow riven
 Through thy help may be forgiven.

III.

Holy Mother! hear my cry --
 In Death's hour, O be thou nigh:
 Bear me to a home of peace,
 Where all sin and sorrow cease.

A PLEA TO ST. JOSEPH.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY JANET C. BELLON.

I.

A lily sprung up out of Israel's desert,
 And opened its petal so dazzlingly white;
 Its perfume, like incense, borne upward to heaven,
 Sent back the fulfillment of Israel's light.

II.

'Twas then that God saw how this blossom so lovely,
 Might droop 'neath the breath of the hot desert air,
 And forth from all men, He then called, dear St. Joseph,
 To cherish and watch o'er this flow'ret so fair.

III.

Thou chosen protector of Israel's lily,
 Thou guardian strong of her heaven-born Son.
 How great must have been thy life's virtues and graces,
 How spotless the soul which that rare favor won!

IV.

To thee 'twas first given to taste the great blessing,
 Of dying in arms of that Mother and Child;
 From thence we have called thee dread Death's strong, true
 patron.
 And plead for thy presence so gentle and mild.

V.

Come then with thy Foster-Son and His sweet Mother,
 Obtain this great boon for us now at their feet!—
 Assured we will then be in Hope's last fond refuge,
 Death's terrors our souls will triumphantly meet.

VI.

A galaxy holy, with Jesus and Mary,
 Thou shinest, blest saint, as a soft, gleaming star;
 Through Life's vale of shadows, through Death's awful
 portals,
 Thy beams guide us safe to the dear shores afar.



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.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUED.



IT must then be evident to every true lover of the Republic, that the State, were it at liberty to favor any particular portion of the community, should favor its conservative element—the Catholics—instead of exacting of Catholics millions of dollars, to continue, by godless education, the impious work for the increase of the number of enemies of the Republic: it should rather supply Catholics with the means to bring up their children in the spirit of true freedom—in the spirit of devotedness to republican institutions. But as the State is neither Catholic nor Protestant, it should at least act justly and impartially; it should not favor its own enemies; it should not make a lie or a farce of our glorious Constitution; it should no longer play the usurper and the robber; it should no longer continue digging its own grave; it should not tax Catholics any longer to support infidel institutions—nurseries of all kinds of crimes—and thus continue to violate most atrociously the very letter and spirit of the Constitution, and to commit a direct outrage on the most sacred convictions of Catholics.

It is the well-instructed practical Catholic that alone is capable of appreciating and realizing true freedom. Ever foremost to concede the rights of God, ever careful not to trench on the rights of his fellow-creatures, he is, for all this (and precisely because of this) well aware of his own rights and dignity as a man, as a citizen and as a baptized Christian—a regenerated son of God—and, knowing his rights and dignity, he dares maintain them! He protests against godless education as a volcano that is destined to bury law and authority, and bring about universal anarchy and prepare and establish the reign of Antichrist. We must, then, have separate schools to educate our rising generation in a religious atmosphere, and imbue them with the principles of Christianity. All those who oppose any longer truly Christian education, in any manner whatsoever, are traitors to the Republic, and the worst enemies of the country, and from henceforth the vengeance of God will not be slow to overtake them. On the contrary, he who will be

first and foremost in promoting this noblest of objects, may truly be called the savior of the Republic,—the father of his country; he will be as great, nay, even greater, than Washington himself. Upon him the blessings of heaven will descend in superabundance, and his name will be blessed from generation to generation." †

THE REV. JOHN EDWARDS, OF THE CHURCH
OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,
N. Y., AND McMASTER.

In the eyes of our journalist, none of the clergy displayed so divinely in their pastoral charge the character and mission of the Good Shepherd, as the priests who gathered their children into the Catholic parochial school. It is the common sense method of saying and increasing the flock by caring for its lambs.

Among others of the estimable clergy (hard-working and self-sacrificing) of New York City, the Rev. John Edwards, in particular, for his grand and admirable schools, received the merited commendation of the *Freeman's Journal*.

The schools of the Immaculate Conception Church of 14th street are pre-eminently among the progressive Catholic works, incalculably far-reaching, of the Archdiocese of New York. During a pastorate of twenty-five years, the Rev. John Edwards must have graduated from his schools ten thousand adults, men and women now, who form the best element of Catholic society, and the sturdiest people of the great metropolis of New York. That is the way to build up American Catholicity.

What a sight to behold a thousand boys and a thousand girls, file in to assist at daily Mass at Father Edwards' church,—and thence into the adjoining parochial school buildings. And this stream of Catholic youth from the altar to the Catholic school has flowed on, and out into society for a quarter of a century! What a flood of spiritual life,—to purify society.

Such grand parochial schools as Father Edwards' are also so many nurseries of blossoming, priestly and religious vocations. We cannot expect the godless public schools but to nip vocations in the bud.

To secure a thoroughbred Catholic generation of people, and to provide for an American, Catholic priesthood, the parochial schools are absolutely essential. Mixed marriages begin the mischief for

† Father Miller, C. S. S. R.

Catholic society, but godless schools consummate it. Neither Catholic people nor priest, nor religious may be expected from godless schools. In a word, they debase the Christian family. We heard one of the Fathers at St. Charles' College, Maryland, of the Society of St. Sulpice, a society of priests, the most valuable in the Church for the education of youths for the priesthood, remark, that boys coming from the godless public schools were neither desirable nor hopeful candidates for the holy priesthood. They came out of vicious surroundings, and a freezing atmosphere to spiritual life, fatal to any germ of a priestly vocation. Besides, such boys bring often moral infection with them into the gathering at the petite seminary of holy youths, the very cream of Catholic society and raising. They come but to leave again, and to leave behind, perils, the seeds of evil influence. This is a serious point of consideration for the seminary clergy, presiding over the education to holiest living and ecclesiastical spirit, of hundreds of tender youth. One bad sheep is known to give the rot to the whole flock. A pointer to good morals, and to strong faith, tender piety, to a truly sincere desire in a youth to study for the holy priesthood is his early attendance at the parochial school.

Says McMaster:

"A parent must see that his children receive the Faith. And this cannot be done by having them taught the catechism fifty-two hours, more or less in the year, and geography, arithmetic, and the other branches of a secular education, occupying all the rest of the time. A Catholic man who puts all things else before the Faith in the mind of his child, acts a horrible lie. He believes in God with his lips, and denies Him in his actions.

"It faces us—this duty to the children. The little ones must be surrounded with the atmosphere in which the Faith blossoms. Their eyes must rest on the Infant Jesus in the arms of His blessed Mother. They must be taught, as soon as their lips can form words, that they are children of the Queen of Heaven, and that the Infant Jesus is their model for life and death. But there is 'no time' for this at home. If there be a crucifix or a statue of the Blessed Virgin in the house, it may be put away into some remote corner, and it is as little noticed as the big show Bible on the parlor table. Where then can the children learn the value of that priceless gift, which makes them equal of kings and higher than angels? Nowhere, except in schools. No-

where, except in daily schools. Nowhere, except in schools where Catholic doctrine and practice, Catholic truth and tradition, are part of the daily routine—the oxygen of the daily atmosphere. There is no escaping this. Who can look forward to a happy death over the chasm of despair made by the neglect of the souls of His children? There are only two ways open. I save the children through Catholic schools, or to let them drift into darkness and unbelief without Catholic schools."

RT. REV. BISHOP J. J. KEANE, Rector of THE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, AND THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

In his admirable brochure on christian education in America, the learned and broad-minded Rector of the Washington University, Rt. Rev. Bishop J. J. Keane, D. D., champions the cause of education, as McMaster in the *Freeman* never ceased to do. "As Christ," writes the eloquent American prelate, "is the light of the world, and enlighteneth everyone that cometh into the world," as "God is light, and there is no darkness in Him," so Christians must be the "children of light," and the knowledge of the truth is to make us free. For forty years, this was the banner that the *Freeman*, in its journalism proudly waved over our Republic, whose Constitution acknowledges God to shape the destinies of governments. The bishop brings argument and eloquence that captures, in his appeals for our country at large, to suffer religion to make education christian. "Not what manner of producer, but what manner of man the American of the future is to be, is the question, that the civilized world will bless America for bringing christian influences to bear on the children of the land as fully as possible."

The learned bishop concludes by admirably proving that the education of the children can only be great and complete, when fully christian; that the foundations of our christian civilization can only be sure by providing for the youth of the land a system of christian education.

The lecture is an irresistible appeal for the State to permit the people at large the use of the school taxes for the education of their children after their own christian

NOTE.—McMaster advocated the true principle, that the education of the child is the inalienable right of the parent under the guidance of the Church of God. The State may assist with money. We may not exalt the State, as it did, over the state of King Nebuchadnezzar, for admiration.

views. Otherwise it is a taxation without a representation.

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS, AND
MR. JAMES A. McMASTER.

We remember to have heard His Eminence, when but Vicar Apostolic of N. Ca., remark that McMaster was a great orator, but his subjects were ever grand and worthy of the strong canvas he gave them. Even at that early period, nearly twenty-five years ago, we remember the intense regard the then Rt. Rev. Bishop Gibbons had for McMaster's able advocacy of the parochial school question. One day, when the bishop was reading a leader in the *Freemans* on parochial schools, in our presence, he broke out into unqualified expression of the highest praise, declaring that McMaster's views found a staunch advocate in himself, a warm response in his own mind and heart. It was very true. As a priest with Rt. Rev. Bishop Gibbons of N. Ca., we can testify to his self-sacrificing zeal for the establishment of Catholic schools throughout the Vicariate, and under stress of direst poverty and the most adverse surroundings. To this end he not only sacrificed money, and time and labor in begging money; but descended to teach himself daily a class in the parochial school, to help and encourage the priests whose services, for the want of lay-teachers, had to be gratuitously engaged. This spirit and esteem for the Catholic school the Rt. Rev. Bishop brought along with him to N. Ca. As a single priest, immediately after his ordination and appointment in St. Bridget's Church, in Canton, Baltimore, Father Gibbons began a parochial school. He shared his own house, a long, two-story frame building. He lived below; the school flourished above his head. The noise and tramping overhead, and the boys' shouts and noisy sports around the yard, continually reminded the amiable Father Gibbons that he possessed a parochial school. He was happy, for as pastor he had provided for the children of his charge. Appointed Bishop of Richmond, Va., he carried there the like apostolic zeal and spirit. He was the first to establish in the city a parochial school for boys on an extensive scale, erecting an attractive, commodious building, and, as

Bishop, originating an ingenious plan in his poverty, to supply teachers. Admitting the Jesuits as educators, he expelled after their Institute, and had his seminarians, in number as far as requisite, to suspend their ordinary studies, and even engage in teaching the parochial school. The young seminarians had a chance to show their strength of character, living in the city and out of the seminary, and at the same time they acquired a practical knowledge to serve them afterwards in the priest-hood of the manner of conducting the parochial school, and its incidentally blessings to Catholic youth.

On his promotion to the Primate's See of Baltimore, the zeal and spirit, religion of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, now still further displayed itself in the erection of the Calvert Hall parochial school building, which in the massiveness, grandeur and magnitude of its structure, queenly rivals the proud Romanesque Cathedral itself across the way. The one is the necessary adjunct of the other.

The spiritual life of a Christian which the baptismal font of the Cathedral Church bestows on the child is within Calvert Hall, as in the bosom of a tender mother, nourished, protected and furnished against temptation with the defence of Catholic truths and holy living.

If schools and school buildings may speak, McMaster may count thus on His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, as one, all through his life, warmly admiring the *Freemans*' strong advocacy of the thorough Catholic education of youth by means of the parochial school system.

END OF CHAPTER V.

OBITUARY.

Our readers are requested to remember in their charity the souls of the following persons: Mrs. Mayer, the mother of our Very Rev. Provincial Fr. Plus B. Mayer, O.C.C., who fell asleep in the Lord on Ash Wednesday; also Mr. Patrick O'Neil, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., who has been our benefactor; Ven. Sr. Mary of the Holy Cross White, who died, fortified by the Holy Sacraments, at 3 a.m., March 21st, at the Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Kate Driscoll, who died at Lewiston, Me.; James B. Dodge, who died piously in the Lord on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, at Pittsburg, Pa.; Annie Faulhaber, one of our benefactors, who departed this life last December at Carnton, Ky., R.I.P.

¹ Note.—Every American citizen should read this lecture. To be had by addressing *Catholic News*, Washington D. C. Price 10 cents.

Our Irish Correspondence.

The Poor.

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

For the Carmelite Review.

"Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrejoicing,
Without a hope on earth to find,
A mirror in an answering mind;
Meek souls there are who little dream,
Their daily life—an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."



HIS year has been one of the hardest on the poor, since the famine of 1847. The weather was cold, and even severe since the opening of the year. The snow storm was greater than any since 1854. All this told fearfully on the poor, though a deal was done to bring them comfort. We hope that God will give us a good spring and summer, so that things may be restored to their normal state.

There is no subject on which such painful misunderstanding and bitter recrimination have prevailed between the peoples of England and Ireland as the workhouse system and the Irish famine. The enmities and antagonisms arising out of other historical events were comprehensible. The havoc and devastation of the war of 1641, the confiscations and proscriptions which followed the Stuart struggle in 1690, and the overthrow of the Irish Constitution in 1800 were causes of ire, on the one side or the other, as to the reality of which there was at least no controversy. But it was not so in this case. The English people, remembering only the sympathy and compassion which they felt, are shocked and angered beyond endurance when they hear Irishmen refer to the famine of '47, as a "slaughter." In Ireland, on the contrary, the burning memory of horrors of that awful period drives away every other recollection but that of disgust at the government of the day, who might have done more to bring relief to a starving people.

In 1841, shortly after the Poor Law came into operation, the population of Ireland was 8,175,124 souls. By 1845 it had reached nearly nine millions. These millions living at best in a light-hearted and hope-

ful hand-to-mouth contentment, totally dependent on the hazards of one crop, destitute of manufacturing industries, and without reserves to fall back upon in time of reverse! What did all this mean but a state of things critical and alarming in the extreme? Yet no one seemed conscious of danger. The potato crop had been abundant for four or five years. Moreover the temperance movement had come to make the "good times still better." Everything looked bright. The workhouses were shunned and avoided, even despised.

The harvest of 1845 promised to be the richest gathered for many years. In one short month, in one week, it may be said, the withering breath of a simoom seemed to sweep the land, blasting all in its path. The smiling potato crop changed even in one night from a luxuriance to a shrivelled and blackened waste. A shout of alarm arose. The crop was profuse, and hopes were entertained that the healthy portion would reach an average result. The winter revealed the alarming fact that the tubers had rotted in pit and storehouse. 1846 came, the people begged and borrowed on any terms the means whereby to crop the lands once more. Anything to tide over the interval to the harvest of "forty-six." It was this harvest that sealed their doom. The last desperate stake for life had been played, and all was lost. A cry of agony and despair went up all over the land. The doomed people realized but too well what was before them—they must die!

The situation bristled with difficulties. The cry was: Do not demoralize the people by pauper doles, but give them employment. This was not done. Soup kitchens under committees were relied upon to arrest the impending famine. The world never saw so huge a demoralization, so great a degradation, visited upon a once high-spirited and sensitive people. All over the country large iron boilers were set up, in which what was called "soup" was concocted. Around these boilers there daily moaned and shrieked and fought and scuffled crowds of gaunt, cadaverous people, that once had been a people high-spirited and noble. The feeding of dogs in a kennel was far more orderly and decent. The people hardly ever recovered the shame of that public soup boiler scheme. It was heart-breaking, almost maddening, to see; but help for it there was none. It made easy the way to the *poorhouse*, which brought a deeper and more degrading system into operation. To write about these things makes the blood boil in the veins of every honest Irishman and spurs him on to wipe out this stain of degradation.

Brought to Rome by Stamps.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY REV. FR. JAMES, O. C. S.



WELL, Tessie, I will depend upon you next Wednesday, then. I really do not know what I should do without you."

"You may, indeed," replied Mrs. O'Connor, as she led the way to the door, "the little I can do to make your house-warming a success, shall be gladly done. I know you will take all your new friends by storm, so you need not worry in the least."

Mrs. Irving had just taken possession of her new residence on Fifth avenue, and as she had only the one friend in New York, where her future home was to be, she was somewhat nervous about the first few months. Not that her husband was not more than sufficient; no, indeed! but then his large practice as a physician took up so much of his time, poor Mrs. Irving was so glad to have a friend to aid her until she was steady on her social feet. True, Mrs. O'Connor was a Catholic, and Mrs. Irving an Anglican, or, as she called herself, a "Catholic," too, but not a "Roman Catholic." Still, since their early girlhood days in St. Louis, the difference in religion had never been an obstacle to their warm friendship.

"Good-bye, then," and as Mrs. O'Connor opened the door, she was confronted by the letter carrier, who had just entered the vestibule with a letter.

"Oh, wait a minute, Maud," said Mrs. O'Connor, "this is surely from Terrence. Perhaps he may be coming home, and in that case I could not—well, we will see before getting alarmed." At this she intended to tear open the letter, when Tommy, her 9-year-old boy, came running down the stairs, exclaiming: "Stop, mamma, let me open the letter, please, for the stamp, you know! Don't tear it, now, please."

"All right, Tommy, use your pocket-knife and open it, as you usually do," replied his

mother, with a laugh, and turning to Mrs. Irving, whose puzzled look invited an explanation, she said: "You don't know that this little chap is an A. P. A., although a Catholic. But he doesn't belong to the odious kind. My brother, you see, belongs to the American Philatelic Association, or, in short, the 'A. P. A.,' and he has managed to rouse Tommy's interest to a great extent, too. But Tommy has proved ungrateful, for, after a few months of faithful gathering of stamps for his uncle Jerry, he now gathers, as he calls it, on 'his own hook.' Come into the parlor, again, Maud, until I read the letter." Tommy had cut open the envelope and taken off the stamp, leaving a little margin around the stamp, which he intended to loosen from the paper attached at some other time.

"You can count on me," exclaimed Mrs. O'Connor, after reading the letter, which was a hasty note, dated Minneapolis. "Terrence has to stop over in Chicago and Pittsburg, and cannot be home until Saturday."

"I am so glad, but tell me, of what use are the stamps? I can understand boys gathering them for pastime; but you spoke of your brother belonging to an association. Am I to understand that there are really stamp societies?"

"Why, yes; not only one, but dozens of them. They have regular meetings, and there are over a hundred journals published in the interest of Philately, as the science is termed. 'What use do they put them to?' Well, the rare kinds are used for albums, of course. It is a craze, but a profitable one. The more common stamps are used for decorating purposes, such as wall paper, also ornamental little stands, paper weights and the like."

"Now, this astonishes me. I could get thousands of them through my brother Ralph, who is in the shipping firm of E— & Co., and who, no doubt, throws them all into the waste basket. I shall ask him to save them for me, and then Tommy can call every week and get them at my house. This will be a good excuse for him to come, and I can send you communications much easier than if I had to post a letter each time."

"Oh, he will be delighted. But he does not gather for his uncle any longer, and I am afraid that if you find out what he does

with them, you will want to save stamps yourself for the same purpose."

There was a suspicious twinkle in Mrs. O'Connors eye, as she said this, for she knew her friend's heart well.

"Do you mean to tell me that Tommy has become a 'stamp merchant' himself, then?"

"No, Maud, not that, exactly; now he saves them and sends them to the Carmelites at the Falls, who are building the Hospice, and are collecting stamps in order to add a little to the Building Fund. In return, all those who help them, by money or in any other way, are considered as benefactors, and share in their prayers and masses. Sister Catharine explained this some time ago to the children of her class, and since that time there has been a holy rivalry among the young people to outdo one another in collecting the largest amount of old stamps. Tommy has been one of the most successful ones, and in consequence he holds a certificate which he has received for a box of some 5,000 stamps which he sent to the Falls three weeks after he started.

"Tommy, bring your certificate and show it to Mrs. Irving."

With evident pride the young A. P. A-ist returned from the nursery, exhibiting a beautiful little chromo of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, with the Divine Infant in her arms, and holding a Scapular in her hand.

"Oh, I understand now your fears, about my collecting 'on my own hook,' too. How lovely," Mrs. Irving remarked, as she gazed at the picture. "You know that I love the Blessed Virgin, (she always called the Mother of God, not merely the Virgin, but the Blessed Virgin) and you were afraid that my desire to possess one of these certificates would be a sufficient inducement to make me withhold the stamps from Tommy. Well, I will promise you, Tommy, that I will give you ninety out of every hundred that Ralph gives me, I do, indeed, desire to have such a beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin, but since I can get thousands of stamps, I will merely reserve enough for one box full, and you can have the rest."

"Thank you, ever so much," replied Tommy, overjoyed at the prospect that he would now remain the 'facile princeps' stamp collector of his school.

"Well, I must go now, Tessie, it is get-

ting late, the Doctor will be home from his office for dinner at 5 o'clock, and it is already half past two. Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye, Maud," and with an affectionate kiss they parted.

As Mrs. Irving was about to enter her carriage, Tommy came breathlessly down the stairs, with something in his hand, which he handed to Mrs. Irving, explaining: "This is one of the return envelopes with the name on, so'se you'll have the right directions."

Amused at Tommy's zeal, she took the envelope and deposited it in her reticule, giving Tommy in exchange, an orange, which she drew from the same source.

Mrs. Irving was a noble-hearted woman, and always on the alert to exercise her charity. It mattered not who or where the objects were. In the exercise of her religion she was most exact, and she felt great comfort in knowing that she could attend the High Church in New York every Sunday. As already hinted, she loved the Blessed Virgin, too, but her love was one of admiration rather than a filial love, such as every Catholic child instinctively feels towards the mother of God. Mrs. Irving was aware of this in a certain way; that is, she felt that she did not love Mary as she would wish, and she yearned to know what was wanting. She prayed to Mary, too, words of prayer, which her frame of mind would suggest, and still, after her prayers she always felt that something was wanting.

II.

About a week after the house-warming, Mrs. Irving called on her friend again, and after a few words of greeting, hastened to show her a letter she received in reply to the stamps she had sent to the Carmelites, at the same time producing a little Scapular which accompanied the letter, as a token of gratitude. Mrs. Irving did not mention that she had also slipped a little donation of money into the box. Her modesty would never allow her to display her charity unnecessarily.

"Why, Maud," said Mrs. O'Connor, after reading the letter, "the Fathers must have thought you a Catholic. What are you going to do with a Scapular?"

"That is just what I wanted to ask of you, Tessie. What is a Scapular, as you

call it, or rather, what use do you Catholics make of it?"

"That requires some lengthy explanation, to one who does not know, still I may say in a few words, that it is the livery of honor which all Catholics wear, who wish to be called children of the Blessed Virgin in a special manner."

"Oh, do tell me all about it and its history, then; you know I love to hear all about the Blessed Virgin."

"Well, I will tell you all I can," and Mrs. O'Connor began with the history of the Carmelite Order, as she herself had learnt it from the Raynaw, to which she had been a subscriber since 1893.

This interesting conversation made an hour pass very swiftly, and as Mrs. Irving rose to take her departure, Mrs. O'Connor stepped into the library, and taking from one of its shelves her bound copies, she gave them to her friend, saying: "Since you are so much interested in the Scapular and the Blessed Virgin, I am sure you will appreciate the perusal of these books. You may keep them as long as you like. My brother Jerry also subscribes, and I can use his copy when I wish to read, which I do regularly every Saturday, whilst Terrence attends his C. M. B. A. and Casino meetings."

"I thank you, very much, Tessie. I do hope that I shall now learn to love the Blessed Virgin as I wish to."

"God grant it," murmured Mrs. O'Connor, inaudibly, saying aloud, "I am sure, you will."

"I shall call soon, perhaps, day after to-morrow; I have not met your husband yet, and the Doctor, too, is anxious to meet him."

"Very well, Maud, we shall be delighted; this just reminds me, you must come surely the day after to-morrow for dinner; it is the eleventh anniversary of my marriage, and although we do not intend to have a formal celebration, yet I wish to surprise Terrence, and yourself and husband, together with Jerry and my husband's niece, will make a nice gathering for the evening."

"Very well, then, Tessie. I shall be there for a certainty. Good bye."

Early the next morning Tommy called at the Irving residence with a note from his mother, briefly stating that Mrs. O'Toole, Mrs. O'Connor's mother, had been

seized with an attack of pneumonia, and that in consequence she (Mrs. O'Connor) had to leave on the first train for St. Louis. She begged her friend, Maud, to do her the favor of enclosing a petition for the speedy recovery of Mrs. O'Toole in the next letter that she would write when sending stamps to the Falls. The Fathers would understand what was meant, she added. Mrs. Irving wrote the same morning, also sending another lot of stamps. She expressed her gratitude for the Scapular sent to her, and naively asked whether she "could wear the Scapular, not being a Roman Catholic, although an Anglican Catholic." She wished to do this, she added, to "show her love for the Blessed Virgin." The reply she received after a few days pleased her very much, the Fathers assuring her that nothing could be more beneficial to her soul, and that she, although not a Roman Catholic formally, was, however, one in spirit. After this, she sent a package of stamps every week, accompanied by a little note, which was the real reason of her sending the stamps herself. Tommy would have been quite willing to send them all, but as Mrs. Irving always put aside a large number for him, he was satisfied. The third week after Mrs. O'Connor's hasty departure for St. Louis, Mrs. Irving was preparing her last lot of stamps, which she would prepare and send herself, for some time. The Doctor would no longer permit her to occupy herself for more than 15 minutes at a time, no matter how easy the occupation might be. After all, counting and sorting the stamps had taken up quite an amount of time, and she felt fatigued by the time that a box was prepared. So, on this morning she called in her maid, Norah, to ask her to look after the stamps during her accouchement. The Doctor had already engaged a nurse, so that her maid would have plenty of time for the charitable labor. When Norah understood what it all meant, she showed the greatest delight, since it was in honor of the Holy Mother of God!

"You see, Norah," Mrs. Irving instructed her, "these two-cent carmine stamps of the United States you must put into a little basin of water by themselves, and after ten minutes take them out and spread them on a sheet of paper, and let them dry. All the paper adhering to the back of them will

easily peel off. The reason I wish you to soak this kind separately is, because I have noticed that their color will come off a little in the water, and thus they would spoil any other kind, if you put them in promiscuously. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'm," replied Norah, who was already beginning to 'do the stamp racket,' as Tommy would say. "I will take care to do as you say."

"As to the other kinds, you can soak them all together in a common basin. Then you can separate the different kinds—Oh! what are you doing? You should not cut those envelope stamps in that way. Have you cut many?" "No!" "Well, you see, stamps like that one, and all stamps that are not glued on the envelope or wrapper, but printed on them, must be cut off square, leaving a little margin of the paper around the stamp. You may throw those that you have cut round into the fire. They are of no use to the dealers. What was I saying? Oh, yes! Well, when you have separated the stamps, after washing them, you put all of one kind together, and count them, making little bundles of one hundred each. Then tie each little bundle with a bit of thread, and you will be astonished at the amount that you can, in this way, pack into a small space. Besides, it saves the Fathers a great deal of labor. I have been sending my stamps in little pasteboard boxes, but I saw Tommy packing his lately in a much more practical way. He takes some muslin, just enough for the amount of stamps he has to send, and then gets his nurse to make a little bag of the muslin, into which the stamps are packed until the bag is quite full. Then the bag is sewed together at the top, and the address written on a bit of paper is pasted on the outside. Boxes often break, and, besides, closed boxes are liable to arouse the suspicion of customs officers, whereas they leave a muslin bag unmolested since the stamps can easily be seen through the muslin. Take particular care with all Columbian stamps. All the envelopes that have Columbian stamps printed on them, are more useful if left entire. Do not cut out the stamps of such envelopes, but send the whole envelope as it is. So also with postal cards, which, as a rule, contain nothing of a private nature. It is better to send the whole postal card.

Now, I am sure, Norah, I can rely on you to send them just as if I did it myself?"

"Certainly, I shall follow your instructions exactly, ma'am."

Just then the door opened and the Doctor came in, bringing with him Miss Kelleher, a young lady, whose charity had often brought her into contact with Mrs. Irving, in consequence of which a particular friendship had been formed between the two, after they had begun to know each other better. She had just met the Doctor at the corner, and although she intended to go a little further, she accepted his invitation to call and see Mrs. Irving.

The Doctor handed his wife some letters and papers addressed to her, which had come in the morning's mail. One letter bore the cancellation stamp of St. Louis. She opened this first. It was a brief note from Tommy's mother, excusing herself for not having written, Mrs. O'Toole's condition was no better; in fact, the physician had announced to her that evening, that two weeks would be the limit of her earthly existence. She begged her friend to ask re-doubled prayers when she would write again to the REVIEW.

Miss Kelleher promised to send in a petition also to the Sacred Heart League. The other letter was from the Falls, acknowledging the last lot of stamps, and referring her to a little pamphlet which the Fathers thought might interest Mrs. Irving.

The pamphlet, the letter continued, was a plain "apologia" written by a recent convert from Anglicanism to the Roman Catholic Church, in which the writer sets forth the reasons that induce *him* to take the step. The pamphlet had been sent by a clerical friend of the Carmelites, who had known the writer personally for some years in London, and as the gentleman had formerly held a prominent position not far from Niagara Falls, he had sent the little pamphlet to the Carmelites, believing that they would be delighted to hear of their former neighbor's conversion.

Mrs. Irving's curiosity was hardly less than her anxiety. She had of late quite often had some doubts regarding Anglican doctrines. If her religion were the unadulterated pure thing, how was it that it failed to inspire warm devotion to the Mother of the Redeemer? Or was it

merely that she was at fault herself? No, this could not be. For, she was continually sighing and yearning for that feeling of satisfaction which surely the true religion must at times have in store for those who try to live up to its tenets as conscientiously as she had striven to do. She expressed this doubt to Miss Kelleher, and incidentally told her of the Scapular she had received.

"And do you wear it?" queried the latter.

"Most assuredly I do," was the answer, "and I have been reciting the miraculous prayer of St. Simon Stock every evening. Mrs. O'Connor was kind enough to give me one before I got one myself."

"Oh, if that is the case," exclaimed Miss Kelleher, "I am sure you will appreciate the services which shall take place in the Carmelite Church on East Twenty-eighth Street next Sunday. They will celebrate the Scapular Feast then, and in the evening there is to be reception into the Scapular Sodality and a beautiful procession in the Church. An eloquent sermon on the Scapular is also announced. Do you think you would care to come with me?"

"I shall ask the Doctor, and if he permits, the carriage shall be ready for us."

After Miss Kelleher had left, Mrs. Irving asked the doctor at once, and although he was somewhat reluctant at first, he consented finally. Had it been for one of Gilmore's concerts, he would unhesitatingly have vetoed the request. But, at last, he thought the opportunity had come, which he had hoped for, and in a way, foreseen at the time of their marriage. Otherwise, he would not have so willingly and apparently also with such little scruples, married a non-Catholic. Besides, his conscience had smitten him for some time past for having neglected to replace the Scapular which he had laid aside just shortly before their marriage. The old one was worn out, and not having one at hand, he had forgotten about it until after the marriage. Then his human respect asserted itself, and he did not care to go into explanations to his wife about the meaning of the Scapular. Since then he had often thought of resuming it, still he waited and waited. Surely the day could not be far off when his wife's unbounded charity would be rewarded by God, by leading her to the Church. So, if he re-

fused now to allow her to go to the service at the Carmelite Church, perhaps another opportunity as good as this one, might not turn up for a long time again. He, therefore gave his consent.

In the meantime, Mrs. Irving's brain had become unusually active. The reasons which were set forth in the pamphlet to justify the Anglican's conversion were too clear, and when Sunday evening came, Mrs. Irving was, as far as conviction goes, a Roman Catholic. Had she not been, it would only have needed the beautiful service which she drank in that evening to make her one. At last her heart felt a sweet, tranquil peace, and she knew now what it was to love "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel," and to be loved by her.

Two weeks later her accomplishment prevented her from taking active steps towards becoming a formal Catholic. However, her husband forestalled her, for she had, naturally told him all. When she had become sufficiently strong after the birth of her little son to receive visitors, the Doctor introduced Father T---, an old friend of his, to her, and when, after a little conversation, the good old Father asked her some questions about the change which the Doctor had told him of, he was astonished to find that there was very little instruction necessary.

The rest of the story is told in a few words, and can easily be guessed. Mrs. O'Connor came home about the first of August, having paid the last tribute of honor to her dear, departed mother, who had died a few days previously.

On the fifteenth of August, Mrs. Irving and her husband, with Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Tommy and Norah, formed the centre of attraction of a large crowd that had gathered to celebrate Our Lady's Feast. Mrs. Irving made her formal declaration of faith in the teachings of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and received her first Holy Communion that morning, and in the afternoon, her baby boy was baptized and received the name of Thomas Albert, in honor of the sponsor's little son, Tommy, who, as Mrs. Irving remarked, had been the first cause of leading her by "Stamps to Rome."

But her happiness received the finishing touch, when she was enrolled into the Scapular Confraternity after the baptism of her child.

The Priest and the Explorer.

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

For the *Carmelite Review*.



A MOTTE, acting probably on instructions received from La Salle, now prepared to visit the Seneca chiefs. His object was to obtain permission to construct a fort near the mouth of the Niagara river,

enter into a friendly alliance with the tribe and secure their good will and approval while building the Griffon. Father Hennepin with four men and one or two of the Iroquois fishing party accompanied him. The priest, as we have seen from his own account, was in a measure familiar with the language of the tribe, and as he was something of a diplomat and a man of indomitable courage and endurance, he was an invaluable companion of La Salle's lieutenant. Leaving a guard at the foot of the mountain ridge, now Lewiston, they set out on snow shoes and well armed and equipped, plunged into the depths of the cheerless forest. It was the Christmas morning of 1678, after the Sacrifice of the mass had been offered up, when they began their journey, bearing on their backs five hundred pounds of gifts of considerable value and several sacks of dried corn. For five days they held the Indian trail, and towards the noon of the thirtieth entered the Seneca town of Tegarondies, near the present city of Rochester. The Iroquois received them with distinguished consideration and conducted them to the lodge of the head chief, where their travel worn feet were bathed and rubbed with bear's oil, while a gaping crowd of women and children stared at them with awe and curiosity. Here, to Father Hennepin's intense delight, he met Fathers Julien Garnier* and Peter Raffeix, the Jesuit missionaries. In 1654 Fathers Chaumonot and Le Moynes opened the missions to the five Iroquois cantons, and from that year with hardly an intermission the heroic members of the great Jesuit order labored among these savages with an intensity of

zeal and heroism of self denial that to-day excite the wonder and admiration of the historian.

The following morning Father Hennepin celebrated mass in the book chapel of the Jesuits, and after he had finished his thanksgiving and breakfasted he was told that the Seneca chiefs to the number of 42 met in grand council and awaited himself and La Motte. When the priest and his companion entered the council house they were received with courteous silence. The tall and lithe forms of the Iroquois, enveloped in ceremonial robes of beaver, wolf, and black squirrel, were as motionless as statues. When Hennepin and La Motte advanced to pay their respects to the assembly the chiefs squatted on bear skins, lighted their calumets, and with a dignity and stateliness becoming the importance of the occasion invited the strangers to speak. La Motte made known the object of the embassy accompanying each request with valuable gifts, "for," adds Hennepin, "the best arguments in the world are not listened to by these Indians unless accompanied by presents." They accepted the gifts with apparent satisfaction, gave wampum belts in return, but answered La Motte's demands so evasively that the council ended without any satisfaction. Their gravity and diplomacy excited the surprise of the priest, and their bearing during the whole interview he compared to that of the senators of Venice. Before the discomfited embassy returned two prisoners of war captured near the boarders of Virginia were brought to the village, one of whom, ostensibly out of compliment to the French, was put to death with unspeakable torture. The priest and his companions, to show their abhorrence and condemnation of the scene about to be enacted, refused to witness the awful spectacle and withdrew to a neighboring lodge. Ten years before in this very town, when the

*Father Julien Garnier was the first Jesuit ordained in Canada and the last missionary of that order among the Senecas. At the early age of 25 he began in 1668 his labors among the Oneidas, and during the same year preached to the Cayugas and Onondagas. The following year we find him with the Senecas, having charge of the mission of St. Michael, and also that of St. James. In 1671, according to the Relations, he had charge of the three missions of the Senecas. After sixty years of a missionary life, Senecas, filled with examples of heroism surpassing belief, he calmly died at Quebec in the month of February, 1729. He was well versed in the Algonquin, Huron and Iroquois tongues and was said to be familiar with their various dialects. It was from him that LaFiteau gathered his knowledge of Indian manners and customs.

Sulpician priest Father Galinee visited these people, the same awful tragedy took place, and the graphic description given by the illustrious priest in his journal still exists to record the ferocious thirst for blood and human agony that devoured the North American savage.

"During this interval," he writes, "I saw the saddest spectacle I had ever witnessed. I was informed one evening that some warriors had arrived with a prisoner, and had placed him in a cabin near our own. I went to see him, and found him seated with three women, who vied with each other in bewailing the death of a relative who had been killed in the skirmish in which the prisoner had been captured. He was a young man, 18 or 20 years old, very well formed, whom they had clothed from head to foot since his arrival. They had inflicted no injury upon him since his capture. They had not even saluted him with blows, as is their custom with prisoners on their entering a village. I thought, therefore, that I would have an opportunity to demand him for our guide, as they said he was one of the Tonguehas.* I then went to find M. de LaSalle for that purpose, who told me that the Senecas were men of their word; that since they had promised us a captive, they would give us one; that it mattered little whether it was this one or another, and it was useless to press them. I therefore gave myself no further trouble about it. Night came on and we retired. The next day no sooner dawned than a large company entered our cabin, to tell us that the captive was about to be burned, and that he had asked to see the "mistigouch."† I ran to the public place to see him, and found he was already on the scaffold, where they had bound him hand and foot to a stake.

"I was surprised to hear him utter some Algonquin words which I knew, although, from the manner in which he pronounced them, they were hardly recognizable. He made us comprehend at last that he desired his execution should be postponed until the next day. If he had spoken good Algonquin I would have understood him, but his language differed from the Algonquin still more than that of the Ottawas, so I understood but very little. I conversed with the Iroquois through our Dutch interpreter,

who told me that the captive had been given to an old woman, in place of her son who had been killed, that she could not bear to see him live, that all the family took such a deep interest in his suffering, that they would not postpone his torture. The irons were already in the fire to torment the poor wretch. On my part I told our interpreter to demand him in place of the captive they had promised, and I would make a present to the old woman to whom he belonged, but he was not at any time willing to make the proposition, alleging that such was not their custom, and the affair was of too serious a nature. I even used threats to induce him to say what I desired, but in vain, for he was obstinate as a Dutchman, and ran away to avoid me.

"I then remained alone near the poor sufferer, who saw before him the instruments of his torture. I endeavored to make him understand that he could have no recourse but to God, and that he would pray to Him thus: 'Thou who hast made all things, have pity on me. I am sorry not to have obeyed Thee, but if I should live I will obey Thee in all things.' He understood me better than I expected, because all the people who are neighbors to the Outaouas understood Algonquin. I did not consider that I ought to baptise him, not only because I could not understand him well enough to know his state of mind, but for the reason that the Iroquois urged me to leave him, that they might begin their tragedy. Because I believed that the act of contrition which I had caused him to make would save him. Had I foreseen this event on the preceding evening I would certainly have baptised him, for I would have had, during the night, time to instruct him. So I could do nothing but exhort him to endure patiently, and to offer up his sufferings to God in saying to Him often, 'Thou who hast made all things, have pity on me.' This he repeated with his eyes raised towards heaven. In the meantime I saw the principal relative of the deceased approach him with a gun barrel, half of which was heated red hot. This obliged me to withdraw. Some began to disapprove of my encouraging him, inasmuch as it was a bad sign among them for a prisoner to endure the torture patiently. I retired, therefore, with sorrow, and had scarcely turned away when the barbarous Iroquois applied the red-hot gun barrel to the top of his feet, which caused the poor wretch to utter a loud cry. This turned me about, and I saw the Iroquois with a grave and sober countenance apply the iron slowly along his feet and legs, and some old men who were smoking around the scaffold, and all the young people, leaped with joy, to witness the contortions which the severity of the heat caused in the poor sufferer."

*Andastes.

†The priest.

—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 SCAPULAR.

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

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, May, 1895. No. 5

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Owing to unusual calls upon the time of the exchange and review editor, we cannot give any notice this month of new books and magazines, sent to us for review. We will have them all in next month.

To our numerous readers, who are interested in the contribution of cancelled stamps to our building fund, the story appearing in this issue, "Through Stamps to Rome," will prove very useful reading. Besides, there is a beautiful lesson in this true story, which every one of our readers may learn with profit.

As we stated in a former issue, we are now sending out bills to our subscribers, in order that they may learn the exact date of their subscription. We also enclose a return envelope, which will safely carry their subscription to our office, and leave the settlement of their indebtedness to their conscience. If you cannot pay just now, don't mind. These bills are not intended to dun you. Pay when you can, but keep the REVIEW. Our dear Lady will not allow you to suffer on account of your generosity to her "Brothers."

By a strange coincidence, three of our esteemed writers have chosen the same subject for their contributions to this May number. "Aunt Hilda" begins a story, dealing with the question of mixed marriages. The writer of the "American Foibles" in a masterly way treats of the iniquity of our marriage and divorce laws.

And in "Twilight Talks" a touching incident is related of the sad results of a mixed marriage. But they could not have chosen a subject more welcome to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the Spouse of St. Joseph. Oh, if we could only teach all her children the holiness of marriage, and the sacred obligation of keeping it on the sacramental plane of the supernatural, far above the reach of possible degradation and unworthy considerations! There would be no more mixed marriages.

The novitiate of our Carmelite province in North America is located at New Baltimore, Pa. This little Catholic village is most romantically situated in the heart of the Alleghany mountains at an altitude of about 2000 feet above the level of the sea. Near the famous Mason and Dixon line, it combines the genial climate of Maryland with the dry atmosphere of the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania. As may be expected our novices and students know very little of sickness and ill health. Their number is increasing steadily and in consequence, a new addition to the building has been completed to accommodate them. A new chapel was dedicated in the new wing and on March 26th the first ceremony of profession took place in it. Frater Basil Koehler, of Meadville, Pa., was admitted to simple profession, whilst Frater Isidore Martin, Frater Anselm Werner, both of New Baltimore, Pa., and Frater Benedict O'Neill, of Niagara Falls, Ont., made their solemn vows.

The "Month of Mary" has many a feast dear to the lover of Carmel. The whole month is dedicated to Our Lady. On the third of May we celebrate the Finding of the Cross, which is so intimately connected with our peculiar rite, the rite of the Church of Jerusalem. On the fifth, St. Angelus, the Martyr, receives our homage. This year, the third Sunday after Easter, happens to fall on the same date, a Sunday set aside for the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. This Feast has been celebrated by the Carmelites for centuries, as the Order had chosen the Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, the Protector of the Mother, as the First Protector of her order. It was largely owing to St. Teresa that this

Feast has become universal. Then, on the 16th, we remember the favorite of Our Queen, St. Simon Stock, to whose hands she confided the priceless treasure of the Scapular. And finally, on the 25th, we gather around the incorrupt body of that saint of Divine Love, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzis, who, in her eagerness to be like her crucified Spouse, desired "to suffer and not to die."

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THE editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW desires to publicly tender his acknowledgments to the Very Rev. Dean Harris, who with characteristic courtesy has furnished for publication in the REVIEW the first six chapters of his forthcoming work on the "Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula." We have been favored by the publishers with additional chapters of the work, and we have no hesitation in saying that the book will be one of absorbing interest. The REVIEW will contain in its next number the balance of chapter six on the "Priest and Explorer," and by that time the book itself will be in the hands of the public. Referring to this work, the *Toronto Globe* says: "It gives the most complete history of the Neutral tribe ever published." Those of our readers desiring to secure the book may address the editor of the REVIEW. We take the liberty of making this suggestion on the assumption that the articles already published have awakened sufficient interest to induce our readers to continue the subject.

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AMONG the many beautiful schemes, which are being continually devised by pious souls, for the spread of Catholic practices, one was brought to our notice lately, which must have been inspired by the Poor Souls, so sadly neglected in our pagan century. No custom could be more heathen, more senseless, than that of offering costly floral tributes at Catholic funerals. It serves no holy purpose. On the contrary it leads to the unholy neglect of the soul departed. Gifts, that would be of the greatest benefit to the poor soul, are made impossible, in order to make a vain show of pagan sympathy. The new scheme is this: Instead of sending flowers, Catholic friends of the deceased, send to his mourning relatives a beautiful folding card, which

bears a printed form of presentation, with blank spaces for the insertion of number of prayers and masses to be offered for the departed, and name of the sender. These cards form spiritual bouquets, whose perfumes refresh not the living mourners, but the poor soul itself, and whose fragrance mounts to the throne of God. They are called "Eucharistic Flowers for the Dead." Mr. P. A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, who has a hand in so many pious schemes, is trying to make this one known throughout the country. He will most gladly give all the information necessary to any one who asks for it. We hope many of our readers will adopt these Catholic flowers as their tribute to departed friends. There is no need to wait until it is a fashion. How can any Catholic object to such an offering for the benefit of his deceased relatives? God bless the man who first thought of this new code of etiquette towards the poor souls. Mr. Kemper's address is, Mr. Philip A. Kemper, Dayton, Ohio.

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OUR readers will be glad to know that one of our literary contributors, Mrs. M. A. Sadlier, has been signally honored lately by the University of Notre Dame. The *Montreal Star* of the 2nd of April gives the following account of the presentation of the "Laetare Medal" to our venerable friend: "Yesterday afternoon, the drawing room of the Archbishop's Palace was the scene of an event, the memory of which will live long in the minds of those who were privileged to be present. Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, the gifted authoress, whose writings have made her name a familiar and beloved one to the people of two hemispheres, was being presented with a token of appreciation from Indiana. The Laetare medal is awarded annually by the University of Notre Dame to some person who, in the opinion of the authorities has proved by his or her literary achievements, worthy of the distinction. This year Mrs. Sadlier had been selected as the recipient, and the ceremony of presentation was performed in the presence of a select gathering, comprising some of the most prominent of the Irish citizens of Montreal. His Grace Monseigneur Fabre presided. Strictly, the event should have been celebrated on Laetare Sunday, a week ago; but, owing to the absence of His Grace in Manitoba, whither he had been

summoned for the consecration of Mgr. Langevin, it had been postponed till yesterday, 'Lactare Monday,' the anniversary of Mgr. Fabre's elevation to the episcopate. Among the clergy present were the Rev. Father McGarry, the new superior of St. Laurent College; Fathers Geoffrion, Carriere and Condon of the Congregation; Father O'Donnell, of St. Mary's; Father Quinlin, of St. Patrick's; Father Donnelly, of St. Anthony's; Father Doherty, S. J.; Father O'Brien, S. J., and Father Lefebvre, Provincial of the Oblate Fathers. There were also present Dr. Hingston and Mrs. Hingston, Dr. Guerin, the Hon. Edward Murphy, the Hon. J. J. Curran and Mrs. Curran, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, Q. C., Mr. Kearney, Mr. Leblanc, Mrs. Leblanc and the Misses Leblanc, Dr. Leprohon and Mrs. Leprohon, Mr. G. Lamotte, Q. C., Mrs. Rodrigue Mason, Mme. Crathie, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. (Dr.) Pelletier, Mrs. Taibaudeau, Mrs. de Bellefeuille Macdonald, Mr. Michael Guerin, Mr. McCabe, representing the firm of D. and J. Burstall, Mr. and Mrs. Burstall, Mrs. Sadlier, Miss Sadlier, Mr. Joseph Sadlier and many others.

"Mrs. M. A. Sadlier occupied the place of honor to the Archbishop's left, Dr. Hingston sitting by her side with Senator Murphy on the right. The Rev. Father McGarry presented the medal, reading the following address:

'Friend of the friendless, lady, peace to you,
You that in past days fought our fight alone,
Benignant and true-hearted, while the mean
Of your poor race in exile upward flew,

And found its answer, - fresh as morning dew
After parched days, as scent of lilacs blown
When snows are gone, - that answer all your own,
Gave sad hearts joy, and kept the tempest true,

Doubt feared the nimbus lucent of your pen,
You showed the exiled race their golden past,
In dreams you raised them from the sordid dress

Of daily toil; you made them live again
In ancient splendor - e'er their lot you cast
The light of Hope, and kept them near the Cross!'

"Dr. Hingston said on behalf of Mrs. Sadlier:—The advanced age and the enfeebled health of the venerable lady who is honored in this especial manner are the chief reasons why she does not acknowledge, in person, the appreciation of her work. She bids me speak for her, and to thank Your Grace for presiding at this ceremony and the reverend rector of St. Laurent college for the address. She hopes he will convey to the authorities of Notre Dame Mrs. Sadlier's gratitude for having sought her

out in this her northern home.' Dr. Hingston added: 'Here my mission ends, but let me say to you ladies and gentlemen—representing a large class of readers everywhere on this continent—that the University of Notre Dame is to be congratulated on the wisdom and discrimination of its choice.

"For upwards of half a century the writings of Mrs. Sadlier are to be found in many homes. She began her career as a writer nearly sixty years ago, when she was but eighteen years of age, and since then, a volume a year has been, in round figures, the product of her prolific pen.

"If the writings of an author are to be measured by the effect they produce on the public mind then have the works of Mrs. Sadlier been of incalculable benefit in making virtue more attractive, and vice more loathsome.

"I wish I could add that the gifted writer had reaped all the advantages of her labor, but as it often happens, to the publisher has been the chief tangible reward, while the brain worker has in great measure been unrequited save in the gratitude of her readers, and in this signal manner to-day."

Heartily joining in the chorus of congratulations, we, at the same time, acknowledge the debt of gratitude we owe her gifted daughter, Miss Anna T. Sadlier, whose charming story "Carmelita" gave such pleasure to the readers of the *CARME-LITE REVIEW*. May both mother and daughter, for many a year to come, continue by their writings to foster true christian faith and piety.

The Feast of St. Joseph—Its History and Popularity in Spain.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



DEVOTION to St. Joseph is eminently popular and extends far and wide throughout Christendom, but amidst these vast regions of the world there is one nation that combines devotion in a special manner to the Queen of Carmel, with the church's beautiful veneration of her holy Spouse. There his festival takes its rank, as one of the

great feasts of the hearth and family. There the oil of gladness flows unimpeded in numberless households. Not only on the grand national festival of the 19th March, which is one of pre-empt since 1890, this privilege, through condescension to the pious zeal of his devotees, rather than through official initiation, was conceded to this land the first to signalize its devotion to the Holy Patriarch by a holiday, and this devotion is continued on that of his Patronage. This land is the glorious Catholic nation of "Maria Santissima," historic Spain, from whose bosom sprang forth the great Apostle of the Josephine devotion, Carmel's illustrious and sainted daughter, St. Teresa of Jesus, she, whom, with the immortal hero of Pampolina, St. Ignatius of Loyola, Almighty God had chosen to be the great bulwarks against the heresies of the sixteenth century.

To reflective minds the popularity of this feast is no surprise: for what name in the church's calendar is more sympathetic than that of St. Joseph's? After those most sweet names, Jesus and Mary, what other more popular? What other excites more devotion, inflames more charity, and moves more compassion than that of this descendant of the Prophet King? For the life of the chaste Spouse of our sinless Mother Mary, even in the simplicity of its routine, in the utility and happiness of its ends, in the dignity of its genealogy, in the meekness and silence of its sufferings, supplies our devotion with a copious fountain of mystic tenderness. There the investigating spirit of the Christian philosopher finds conceptions of an order the most elevated; the imaginations of the past: pictures of beauty, the most ravishing; the labor of the preacher finds itself amply rewarded by the rich mine of spiritual wealth ever present for his explorations. Yes, there in all its details he will find a wide field in which his varied talents can expatiate, notwithstanding that the holy Evangelist, St. John, says comparatively little in his graphic gospel narrative of the life of the "Shadow of the Eternal." Yet, in psalm and prophecy, he has been prefigured, and the Holy Ghost pronounces his panegyric in the shortest, but most complete of sentences, "and Joseph was a just man."

Amidst this paucity of details in holy writ—amidst the absence of lengthened descriptions of the holy life at Nazareth, which by the providence of Almighty God was hidden, there is still sufficient to leave it, however imperfectly, as a figure of great, transcendental importance on the mysteries of the redemption. Nor in the councils after Trinity was it necessary that Joseph should shine with the dazzling rays of scientific renown, nor with the subjugating power of thrilling eloquence, or masterly erudition, nor carry with him the prestige of worldly achievements, whose fame would proclaim and drag it into popular light, with all the frenzies of enthusiasm. All this was not needed, for there was ample field for Joseph's fraternal affection, whether as he sat in ecstasies of contemplation besides the Crib of Creature Love, or bewildering in humble resignation when hunger gnawed his vitals—and poverty and unremunerative labor in his wanderings to, and residence in Egypt, proclaimed, as it were, Divine abandonment, or when afterwards busied in his humble workshop at Nazareth in the company of His Son and His God, with the Immaculate Queen of Carmel as his unwearied companion, during his long and laborious life of thirty years. But, now, in the boundless sphere of his untrammelled Patronage, before the Throne of the Eternal, in union with our Sinless Mother, Joseph is ever active. Yes, when sorrows are to be soothed, temptations to be resisted, sins to be pardoned, tears to be dried, the tribulated spirit to be consoled, wounds to be healed, good works to be promoted, the last agonies to be sweetened, death-beds to be surrounded there, oh, there, Joseph with Mary is busy at work. Who shall then wonder? Who shall not rejoice at the fact that in the midst of our trials and afflictions, by the domestic hearth, or in distant exile, the wisdom of one of the greatest Pontiffs of our day—the noble Pope of the Immaculate Conception, the fearless Pio Nono said to the Universal Church, "Ite ad Joseph"—go to Joseph, as Pharaoh of old said to the hungry multitude? Is it a wonder that the finger of the Church's infallible guide pointed to the carpenter of Nazareth, when we are assured that in the Heavenly Jerusalem "Joseph commands rather than suppli-

comes." In truth, then, this devotion conjointly with that to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, is to be found all the world o'er, by the hearths of the rich and poor, in the lowly novel and in the gorgeous mansion, in one and the other it exists with impartial affection, for neither earthly happiness, nor the world's misery, close their portals to the veneration of their glorious Patriarch, "the shadow of the Eternal and the depository of the Secret Council of the Most High." In fine, it may be truly said that St. Joseph quickens the tenderness of Almighty God Himself towards mankind, and it glorifies His paternal goodness for sinners, while it fills our souls with that boundless trustfulness, that springs from having, as an advocate, with his Immaculate Spouse Our Loving Mother, in their Heavenly Kingdom, one of whose advocacy, his sainted panegyrist, one of the brightest stars in the firmament of Carmel, St. Teresa, assures us that we never appeal in vain to St. Joseph.

Nor, has this abiding hope and beautiful devotion been of recent growth. Gazing wistfully down the long vista of centuries, we read that the eastern churches celebrated the glories of the "Guardian of the Man God," long before St. Athanasius sent preachers into Abyssinia. The Persians had a traditional knowledge of the Holy Patriarch, and venerated him, whilst the Greek church had his images in their sumptuous basilicas. In the peerless Cathedral Church of St. Sophia, in the magnificent Temple of "Belin," which St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, had erected, in Constantinople, the statues of St. Joseph found a prominent site, whilst we find that in the twelfth century, Italy was aroused by the preaching of St. Bernardine, of Sienna, to venerate the virtues of the Spouse of Mary, and century after century, it has been propagated throughout Germany, Italy, France and England. It was the same devotion, which the example and burning exhortations of St. Teresa of Jesus caused to be spread, throughout the whole of the peninsula and its dependencies in the Old and New World, a devotion, then, and since, enriched with inexhaustible treasures of indulgences and privileges.

When the fell spirit of revolution and

free-masonry had entered in their secret conclave into a sworn alliance and an unholy compact, to upset religion, to crush the Church, and exterminate the papacy, and with vain, impudent and untruthful vaunting, strove to convince the world that the gates of hell had prevailed against her, when such a one as the Prophet King, writing in a long distant century, far away in the vast past, so graphically describes, "For what reason have the people maddened themselves, and the nations concocted vain projects, and the kings of the earth have leagued themselves and the princes have formed a confederacy against God and against Christ," yet amidst this seething turmoil, this impetuous rush of angry waters, tossing and foaming towards the Niagara of their own destruction, Pio Nono guided the barque of Peter, through this tempestuous sea of that cycle of the nineteenth century, and neither the impetus of the winds, nor the roaring of the waves, nor the clamorous opposition of even some few of the passengers themselves, frightened him from the tranquility of what seemed to some, an audacious confidence. Neither did he for a single moment deviate from his course, at a time, the most perilous to human eye, in the church's history of this nigh expiring 19th century. At a time, too, when the poniard of the assassin, reeking with the life blood of a zealous minister of the gospel, had added another illustrious name to the long litany of martyrs to duty in the person of the Archbishop of Siberes, when the Orsini bombs of the Nihilists were bursting on the boulevards of Paris, and later when its skies were illuminated by the incendiary fires of the Communists, when the bigoted tumults against Catholicity, when the senseless ravings against Papal supremacy disturbed the nascent activity of the restored Catholic Hierarchy of England, when the armies of the east and west were in deathly grips on the heights of Alma, and on the slopes of Inkerman, and in the valleys of Balaklava, when Austria and Italy, Prussia and Denmark were rallying their vast battalions, when revolutions and dynastic disasters were daily chronicled, followed by the cowardly shooting of Maximilian in Mexico, when one fratricidal struggle desolated this Peninsula and another laid

waste the fertile plains of the "Union"—marshaling their sons in opposing camps and spilling the best blood of an ancient monarchy and a young republic on the battlefield, when the agonies of Poland and the martyrdoms of the church's children in America filled political Europe, aye, entire Christendom, with general consternation and profound sadness, in fine, when the church was sorely afflicted, bleeding and despoiled, and on all sides oppressed; by the ungratefulness and greed of her unfaithful children, *but yet unconquered*, when society was threat-ned with a return to chaos, when the dogs of war were unchained and let loose, nowhere more unjustifiably than over the patrimony of Peter, then was the hour when Pio Nono from the innermost depths of his heart, repeating the words of holy writ, "*Domine de inimicis meis inveniatis, ab insurgentibus in me exaltabis me; a vice lupino eripies me*," raised his eyes to heaven and invoked the protection of St. Joseph over the universal church. And now viewing the history of this comparatively short interval—a life of a generation—who will be so presumptuous as to deny that that solemn declaration and invocation of the great Pontiff of our Mother Mary's Immaculate Conception has not proved itself by subsequent events to have been an event in the political order transcendental for religion, for science, and for society, and one from which has flown an unfailling stream of consolation to the children of the church throughout the christian world from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

Besides its popularity and its historical importance, this devotion has, in Spain in particular, a picturesque aspect, but, which on this occasion to describe in its beautiful details would, perhaps, be to weary your readers and to covet increased space in your valued REVIEW, to which no production of the writer could lay claim. However, in a subsequent number we will strive to inspire an interest in your Catholic readers by carrying them in imagination to some of the many sanctuaries of our Immaculate Queen of Carmel that dot this favored land, where the feast of the Patronage is being annually celebrated. But, until another month we must say *adios* to your kind supporters, when we hope to return to scenes that may mutually interest those for whom they are written.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Miss Matilda Cummings.

Is this the time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around—
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground?

Repent—



O, in truth it is no time to be gloomy and sad, for "the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers have appeared, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

The heart and its springs of perpetual hope awaken at the touch of a hand, softer, more tender than even that of nature, beneficent mother as she is. The soul answers at once to the sweet strains of a melody linked with all the tender emotions of life. The ghost of a dead past arises from a grave over which bitter unhallowed tears had perchance fallen, and memory lives again the days of youth, of innocence and of joy.

Whence comes the magic charm which outwits even the power of nature in this balmy month of May? Why do heart and soul yield not unwillingly to the mystic influence of this month, which seems akin to all the true, the good and the beautiful within us? Because it is the month of May, sweet mother of fair love and holy hope. We are all little ones again at the mere mention of the words "month of Mary," and a softening of the heart, and a dimming of the eyes are the tributes paid to this sweet reminder of past days of grace, and hence of beauty. Now are the "days that begin and end sweet as a cup of milk," because of her whom Father Russel, S. J., so happily calls "our nursing mother," she who can so winningly touch the hidden fibres of hearts whom the world had either hardened or turned into themselves in a bitterness neither healthful nor holy. So do we welcome with a love ever new this gracious month whose influence is as the dew of Hebron on our souls. The years creep on apace and hope lives forever young

in the heart. Love may grow cold and faith grow dim, but "hope rules a land forever green." Hope is the dower of those who love Mary, and we would fain believe that 'tis a ransom sure, even when to human eyes a soul's cause is a lost one.

Strange how the love of the Immaculate Mother survives even amidst the most unseemly surroundings. A little child lying sick in a poor home was visited on the feast of our Lady's Dolours by her teacher, who, not knowing aught of the little one's religion, sought to brighten a dark little life by a cheery visit and a bunch of sweet spring flowers. She was not graciously received by the mother, who was gruff enough in her replies as to the condition of the little sufferer. "I am poor," she said, and unwittingly she told her life's story in the very words. The sight of the flowers seemed to soften her somewhat, and while she left the room to put them in water the teacher, glancing around the poor place, saw with a thrill of delight a picture of the Sacred Heart of Mary on the wall. "Oh, you are a Catholic, little one," she said. "I do not know," was the only answer. "Do you say your prayers?" "Yes." "What do you say? Do you know the Our Father, Hail Mary?" "No, ma'am." "Well, say it after me," and the child in her innocent confidence repeated her first salutation to the dear mother whom she knew not, and yet whose gentle presence graced the cheerless room. When the mother returned the teacher said to her, "Your little one is a Catholic?" "Yes." "She does not know the Hail Mary. Shall I write it down and send it to her that she may learn it?" "I don't know; I will ask my husband, he is the boss." "Oh, then he is not a Catholic." "No." "And you, do you go to church?" "No, I never come so close to the priests." "Why?" said the would be missionary, amused in spite of her growing anxiety as to the very evident desire of the mother to get rid of her. "Oh! I know no German." Then the child explained that her mother was born in Pennsylvania and spoke only the dialect of the Dutch in that section, and for that reason was unable to understand the German spoken in the Redemptorist church near her home. "Well," said the teacher, (hoping to make one impression even, before she left, and it needed not a

little courage, since the good woman, who had been ironing a skirt, glanced longingly towards it and said, "It is getting dry.") "Well, life is short and der liebe Gott—the dear God—is all we have. He and the heilige Maria," (the holy Mary) this last only ventured on with a longing glance towards the picture on the wall. At once the stolid face broke into a smile, as in her broken English she said, "Oh, yes! I believe the holy Mary, she is all right." That broke the ice and the poor soul listened with as good a grace as she knew how to the parting words of the visitor, who knew less German than the mother knew English, and yet whose very soul was stirred within her as she left the home where the dear Heart of Mary was the only hope for better things in store.

'Tis only a simple little incident, one of many like it that are happening daily in great cities, but oh! the lessons it holds for the thinking ones, the evils of a mixed marriage, the sacrifice of the little one's soul to the husband who was the master of body and soul for his unfortunate wife, the desolation of a poverty that knew not the comfort of the holy faith, and a bitterness born of it all which resented even the kindly sympathy of a warm heart which owed much to the dear mother who shared her care of the poor little straying sheep with the teacher in a public school.

Strange are the designs of God. That picture of the Blessed Mother was the only vestige of a faith that was well nigh dead in a poor despairing heart. Who will say that it is in that home for naught? Oh, no! the motherhood of Mary is the great secret of her undying influence in the world. Just as her divine maternity is the point of vantage most attacked by those who love her not, so has it been the magnet that has ever drawn and kept the sinner and saint alike to her feet.

So now, in the twilight of May, let us pray with a gratitude too deep for words for an increase of faith, faith in God and man, faith in the justice and equity of the will of God, faith in a providence inaptly termed "the survival of the fittest," faith in simplicity, the faith of the child who kneels and says "My mother!" of the christian knight who grasping his sword says "My Queen!" This is the want of our day, a living faith which makes us.

chary of how we venture out of the household, where perforce we must say, "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." The cedar is Libanus, the real Judith of her people, she whose cry was ever "Tho' He slay me, still will I trust in Him." She will teach us the lesson we need. But let us kneel at her knee while we learn it, children all of us while we cry, "Our life, our sweetness, and our hope." Not ours the cry of those who say "Where is our God?" No, as of old, all who seek shall find Him with Mary, His mother and ours. Having found her we find life, for "all good things come together with her."

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

Translated for the Review

BY S. X. B.



IT is a fact widely known, and well attested," says a Carmelite Father, who has written much upon the Scapular, that upon the eighth of December, 1630, Mother Martina, superioress of the Royal Monastery of Montmartre, was attacked by two ferocious dogs, which rushed at her with such fury that all hope of escape seemed futile. No help was near, and the frantic creatures grew even more enraged at her efforts to keep them at bay. Her habit was torn, and her hands were bleeding. She held the Holy Scapular against her throat, for it was towards that point that the dogs had sprung several times, and fervently invoked Our Lady of Mount Carmel. When she had finished her invocation, her tormentors suddenly desisted, and went quietly away, leaving her throat unharmed, and the Scapular untouched.

She solemnly attested the truth of this remarkable preservation in presence of the Abbess and the older members of the community.

A missionary father relates the following: "We had fairly entered upon our duties at Cypress when I was told that a

young Greek, a schismatic, was very ill, and almost at the point of death.

"It was a very pathetic case. He was a helpless idiot, and had always been so, yet his devoted mother, not wishing him to die without a prayer, had entreated that a Catholic priest might come to bless her child.

"The priest found the youth in his agony. He first put a Scapular on him, and a great change was at once perceived, for he who had never been able to utter a prayer, to the amazement of all, now asked what had been put around his neck, and then he called upon MARY. Those lips repeated over and over that blessed name, as if it were indeed honey to his taste. He died upon the morrow, his last words being: 'My Mother, take me.' Our Lady of Carmel recognized in this poor afflicted one her own true child."

There occurred on the 8th of May, 1812, on the railroad to Versailles, a terrible catastrophe, in which at least one hundred victims succumbed to the fiery fate, which so unexpectedly came to send them to eternity. May we hope they found a merciful Judge!

In this dreadful misfortune Mary manifested her goodness and power in favor of one of her most devoted clients. Three days later on, the following appeared in *L'Union* of May 11: "A young student accompanied his friend to the Neckar hospital, he having been seriously injured at the recent accident.

"While they were attending to the patient, the friend said to a Sister who was near him: 'O! Sister it was the Scapular that saved me. I owe my life to the Blessed Virgin. Of all those who were in my car, I alone was saved. I have not even a scratch. O! how can I ever show my gratitude to God!'"

Culte de la Sainte Vierge, p. 625.

(From the Archives of Notre Dame des Victoires, Nov., 1861.—Dunox.)

The following incident was narrated by a Marist Father, December 5, 1892: "It is fully two scores of years since I, a seminarian of eighteen, went to visit my uncle, the Vicar at Pornic, *M. l'Abbe Balbeau*. One Saturday we made it up to take a plunge in the sea, in company with a third party, an ecclesiastic of our acquaintance, Monsieur Jean. As it was the day of our weekly confession, we, my uncle and I, wished before setting out upon the little excursion, to present ourselves at the Sacred tribunal.

"Monsieur Jean demurred, saying, we could attend to that upon our return. But as *pars major trahit ad se minorem*, he decided to follow our lead, so all three went to confession, to Pere Couthon, the pastor of St. Mary's. Then we started. Arrived at the spot, we laid aside our garments, and

assumed the bathing dress provided, but Monsieur Jean took off his Scapular also, and laid it upon his clothes, saying, that he could not swim with it on, as it greatly impeded his movements. We told him that we would, under no consideration, remove ours, but he persisted, and in we went. Alas! the sea was rough, the sandy shore glittered in the sun. Soon poor Monsieur Jean lost his footing, and struggled desperately in the water. I swam towards him with my utmost speed, but we all know that a drowning man will cling to the first object within his grasp, and as he seized my foot, I found myself in a similar peril, without the power to aid him or save myself. My uncle swam to our assistance, but, without letting go his grasp upon my foot, our hapless friend seized him also with that instinct of self-preservation so strong within us all.

"We were slowly being dragged beneath the surface, neither able to rescue our friend, nor to help ourselves.

"One vigorous effort finally set my uncle free, then Monsieur Jean let go my foot, and alas! sank to rise no more. My uncle, who had swallowed so great a quantity of water, was utterly exhausted. I was not much better, yet I tried to keep his head above the surface that he might breathe more freely until assistance came.

"At last we were rescued, but it was some hours before we were fully restored.

"And now to speak of what our dear Mother did for us. I say nothing of our companion, whose lifeless form was brought to shore. We said to each other, as we sorrowfully looked at poor Monsieur Jean: 'Well, were we not right to keep on our Scapulars?' Still more. My uncle, who fully realized his danger, had made fervent acts of contrition, and added a vow to the Most Blessed Virgin: 'My dear Mother, save my life, and I promise to enter a religious congregation devoted to honoring you, and specially engaged in foreign missionary work, and I will set out for those missions without delay.' He was entirely ignorant of the existence of the Marist Fathers, and, of course, could not know that one of their dearest aims was the evangelization of unbelievers in pagan lands.

"Shortly afterwards Mgr. Bataillon, first Bishop of Oceania, arrived at Nantes. Uncle Bauteau, at 35, entered upon his novitiate as a Marist. Then he set out for Oceania, where he remained for sixteen years according to the testimony of his brethren, a most devoted missionary priest.

"I returned to undergo a painful operation, instead of relieving him, caused him to die."

"And you, dear Father, what did you do when beneath those cruel waters?" The Father began to laugh. "O! I went to confession before I began my story—but—but—(he seemed rather to enjoy the recol-

lection of his adventure) "I followed my uncle into the congregation of Mary—Providence!" So the Scapular saved two lives, made two religious, and one faithful worker for the savage children of Oceania!

CAMBRIDGE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C.



THY name, time-honored town of scholars' fame!

Where learning's lamp hath never ceased to glow,

Brings back to memory another name.

When I recall the deeds of long ago!

There lived six centuries ago and more,
Within thy walls a good and holy friar,
Obedient by profession, chaste and poor,

Whom Mary's monks most wisely chose
as Prior.

When loosed from parent-stock on Carmel's
mount,

Without a shepherd came that scattered
flock

To Albion, there, at Cambridge, soon they
found

A guide and father,—great Saint Simon
Stock.

With him, the saintly leader at their head,
They planted Carmel's fertile vine

Throughout the isle; and far beyond were
spread

The branches which had flowered in
Palestine.

When troubled was the heart of every
brother

In Mary's pious, holy, prayerful band,

Then prayed St. Simon to Mount Carmel's
mother

To shield her children from a hostile
hand.

Behold his fervor as he kneels to pray
In accents new, which faith and love im-

part!

The saint of May salutes the Queen of
May,

And "Flos Carmeli!" wells up from his
heart.

As Christ, her son, His own in endless time
With bread celestial feeds, He being

loathe

To let us faint, so too in every clime,
At Simon's prayer her own does Mary

clothe.

We thank thee, Saint so dear to Mary's
heart!

For her great gift to thee, the Carmelite!
Our Scapular, which ne'er from us shall

part
In brightest day, or dark and gloomy
night.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

"When we discussed law together, Mick, you mentioned among other laws that you wished to see abrogated our divorce laws, which you called licensed prostitution. Now, I would like to know what law you would substitute for them, since divorce laws are certainly necessary."

"Really?"

"How can you doubt it? I shudder to think of all the possibilities in case of a total extinction of those laws."

"Really?"

"Look here, Mick, your 'really' is provoking. Do you perhaps deny the right of the government to pass such laws, as this alone would explain your cynical question."

"Yes indeed, I deny the government has any such right, because marriage is an act of religion and a sacrament, and God gave the administration of sacraments and religion in general into the keeping of the church, not of the civil government."

"You forget, however, that we protestants do not acknowledge this, and you seem to forget likewise that we are not the only government passing such laws. Every other government has them likewise, even in Catholic countries, and thus you attack us for doing something, which you do yourselves."

"Your refusal to acknowledge the sacramental character of marriage will not change it, nor is it of any consequence that other nations act as we do, since it is not a question of fact but of right, and what you say of Catholic nations is but partly true. If they are really Catholics they may pass marriage laws, but not divorce laws; if they pass the latter they cease to be Catholic."

"But what is the difference between marriage and divorce laws? I am afraid this is a distinction without a difference."

"Not at all. Marriage has two sides, a civil one and a religious one. The civil side is represented by all the questions that come up concerning administration of property, protection of the wife's dowry, the right to inheritance and kindred matters. These matters properly belong to the realm of

civil government. But the questions of the relative rights and duties of husband and wife, the obligation of raising their children and the like, are moral and therefore religious questions, and belong to the forum of religion, hence to the church."

"I cannot see this point. Marriage to me is simply a contract between two persons, and as the government has a right to legislate on contracts, and to stipulate the conditions under which a contract shall be valid or invalid, so in the very nature of things it has a right to legislate the marriage contract."

"But has the government also a right to invalidate a contract, entered into validly? Could it render null a sale of land which, before, it authorized and recorded?"

"No it could not."

"In this case it can neither invalidate a marriage which, before, it acknowledged as valid. Besides, you overlook the fact that matrimony is not so indissoluble by nature, as by divine law, and God certainly has a right to establish the condition, under which He will allow a union between his creatures."

"Acknowledging His right to do so, I deny that He ever did it."

"Did you not read what Adam said when he first saw Eve: 'This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, therefore man will leave father and mother and cleave to his wife and they shall be two in one flesh.' Christ quotes these very words and adds: 'what God has joined, let no man put asunder.' Here you have the divine law, forbidding man, therefore also any human government, to separate those whom God has joined."

"Yet the very bible you quote speaks of a brief of separation and mentions divorce in both the old and new covenant."

"In the old covenant there was divorce, I admit, but Christ told the Pharisees that Moses allowed it on account of their hardness of heart and added: 'It was not so from the beginning.' And you may see in chap. xxiv of Deuteronomy, how Moses looked upon divorce, for there, speaking of a dismissed wife, he says: 'She is defiled and is become abominable before the Lord.' As to the new covenant I deny that it anywhere sanctions divorce between Christians."

"Does not St. Paul write to the Corinthians: 'But if the unbeliever depart, let him depart, for a brother or sister is not under servitude?' What else is this but a divorce?"

"Yes, it is a divorce, but not among Christians. The apostle speaks of married people, one of whom is a Christian and the other a pagan, and he says: 'If the *unbeliever* depart let him depart; that is, if he does not want to live peaceably with his christian partner, and proves himself thus an obstacle to the practice of the christian religion, a divorce can be allowed, because in this case God takes away his power over the body of his christian mate, and as this power is the very essence of marriage, the contract becomes void. Moreover the same apostle adds: 'for to the rest I speak, not the Lord. If any brother have a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away.' Consequently a divorce is allowed only in case of a marriage between an infidel and a christian, if the christian's soul would be in danger through their joined life, not otherwise. But where is the warrant for a divorce between christians?"

"Why, Christ says, that if one dismisses his wife, except for fornication, he makes her break the marriage. Hence he allows a divorce at least for fornication."

"You are mistaken. Christ speaks of a separation, not of a solution of the bond of marriage. This becomes perfectly clear, if you read the respective passages of scripture in connection. Mark x, says: 'Whoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her.' Luke xvi, says: 'Every one that putteth away his wife and marryeth another, committeth adultery, and he that marryeth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery.' In Cor. i. 7, St. Paul subjoins: 'But to them that are married, not I, but the Lord commandeth, that the wife depart not from her husband; and if she depart, that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband.' Where is there a permission of divorce?"

"Even if I admit that the texts you quote, speak against a dissolution of marriage, I still consider it a necessity of the times. For murder would often result from an indissolubility, and the warring couple

only refrain from crime, because they know that they can get a divorce."

"How do you explain the universally admitted fact, that Catholics hardly ever apply for a divorce, and when it is granted, remain unmarried?"

"I suppose their church would not admit them to membership, if they acted differently."

"Of course not; but what I would like to ask, is: How can *they* get along without this punance for all matrimonial woes?"

"Well, I think their religious convictions make them bear the yoke unflinchingly, but I look upon it as a cruelty."

"A cruelty? We do not look upon it that way. We believe that with the blessing of God, and the sacramental grace of marriage, it is not only possible but comparatively easy, to live together harmoniously, and to discharge the duties of wedlock faithfully."

"What duties do you refer to?"

"Naturally the duties intimately bound up in marriage vows, the procreation and education of their offsprings for God, mutual forbearance, conjugal love and fidelity, 'until death do them part.'"

"I don't see why we could not have all these things as well?"

"With divorce everlastingly staring in your face? What woman will care to burden herself with children, when she has to fear that her husband, on some flimsy pretext, puts her away shortly, or when she hopes, that she may find somebody she likes better than her husband, whom she is willing to abandon as soon as youth, position or wealth invite her to do so?"

"You evidently over-draw the picture. We have a good many happy marriages with numerous offspring."

"I am aware of this, and the reason for it is, that many non-Catholics are far more Catholic than they are aware or willing to admit. But the number of these happy marriages is constantly on the wane, whilst the number of divorces is just as constantly increasing at an alarming rate. And the more divorces, the less children, as experience proves. The evil has grown to such proportions that a Presbyterian minister in Boston, expatiating on the complaint, that the Catholics were supplanting the Protestants and filling the country, declared, that they ought to do so, as this was only the

legitimate outcome of the sacredness of their marriage ties."

"You seem to think that every application for divorce is also granted by our courts. Such, however, is not the case."

"It is the case in too near a degree. And a decision, with subsequent perjury, is of daily occurrence. Perfidy, infidelity, adultery and the like are directly traceable to divorce as their fountain. Do away with divorce, and a great temptation to these crimes is removed. Divorce is an incitement to crime."

"But don't you think yourself, that on the other hand an unhappy marriage, without the hope of deliverance, is just as great an incitement to crime?"

"No, not in the same proportion. Besides, as I stated before, neither Christ nor the church is averse to granting a separation from table and bed, as it is called, so that those may live apart from each other, who cannot jointly live in peace. But even that is an extreme remedy, and should not be resorted to except in extreme cases."

"But where is the difference in the case between our divorce and your separation?"

"The difference lies in the fact that the couple are married, and remain married, and, therefore, look upon the separation, not as a deliverance, but a severe punishment for both, while your divorce laws hold out glittering prospects for the sinners, who may fall in a nation for the very purpose of securing a divorce."

"Say you look upon a divorce granted by the court as an evil in every instance?"

"Not only this; I look upon it as absolutely null and void. What God has joined, let no man put asunder. These couples remain married after the decree just as well as they were married before the decree, and if they get remarried, they live in concubinage or adultery, and their children are illegitimate before God, no matter what they are before the law."

"Would you acknowledge a divorce granted by the ministers of the gospel?"

"Just as little; they are not the owners, but the stewards, of the people belonging to God, and God only can say what shall be done with them. The interests of mankind, which are really the interests of God, demand the sacredness of marriage, so that children, meeting a man on the street, cannot say, 'this man used to be my father.'

There is no essential difference between the marriage of divorced people and ordinary prostitution; the education of children, if there be any, is neglected, parental authority destroyed, conjugal love exterminated, fidelity to promises uprooted, and the gates opened wide for any kind of licentiousness and crime. It's an evil, a great and thorough evil! Let the state engage itself to allowing separation in cases of incurability; but under all circumstances forbid another marriage as long as both the divorced parties are living. I tell you, the rebels of the 16th century in floundering over marriage to the state, and divesting it of its sacred character, drove a nail into the coffin of their own creation, and as divorce follows divorce, nail rivets nail, until the consequences of that rebellion are buried out of sight, and the Catholic church lays anew the foundation of morality and happiness by laying anew the foundations of the christian marriage."

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

Favors have been received in the shape of cancelled postage stamps from Miss S. H., Lyndon, Wis.; Miss M. A. D., Conroy, Ont.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Mrs. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss R. L., New York City; Miss S. M. D., Lyndon Station, Wis.; C. Ven. St. G., Laugel Pointe, P. Que.; A. J. K., Lindsay, Ont.; Miss J. D., Lewiston, Me.; Miss M. T. K., Poudre, Centre, Conn.; Miss A. M., Falls, View, Ont.; A. M. L., Kingston, Ont.; S. M. T., Chalkburg, Ont.; Mrs. W. D., London, Ont.; P. S., Pimlico, Me.; Mrs. E. M. O'H., Manchester, N. H.; Von. Sus. St. M., Wagon, Tex.; Miss T. H., Schomberg, Ont.; Miss A. B., London, Ont.; Von. St. S., Nfld.; M. A. M., Rochester, Ont.; Miss M. M. O'D., Adirondack, Ont.; C. H. R., 270 St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss S. B., Mrs. S. J. W., W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. W. M., Chicago Park, Cal.; Mrs. M. C., Chicago, Ill.; D. McS., Canton, Mass.; Abyssin, —?; Miss K. W., Cherry Grove, Ont.; Mrs. A. H., Lameshoro, Minn.; J. G. C. P., Ry., Brit. Col.; Miss T. A. W., Indianapolis, Ind.; M. A. C., Perea, P. Que.; C. C., Rochester, N. Y.; also from many other places where no names were given.


Other favors have been received from Miss M. D., Niagara Falls, Ont.; J. Mett., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; E. T., Penetanguishene, Ont.; B. S., New York City; Miss J. D. L., Hammett, Pa.; W. H. S., Minneapolis, Minn.; A. W. B., Montreal, P. Que.

The interior life is a bath of love in which the soul plunges itself.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

Who Was Aunt Hilda?



It is quite time to answer so pertinent a question. I remember her principally as the friend of my mother. In appearance, she was tall, and slight of figure, the expression of her face would have been severe, but that a pair of kindly, attentive blue eyes belied all suspicion that she was of a morose nature. She was naturally impetuous, and accustomed to arrive at a conclusion by the briefest possible measure; but submission to a rule of life had tempered much of her abruptness; at the time of her death she had passed her seventieth birthday. She was a native of the city of Dublin. Left a widow at the age of nineteen, she fled from associations that reminded her too painfully of happiness so rudely interrupted. For some years she lived in Paris, and, when time, aided by religion, had brought a degree of tranquillity to her troubled soul, she became an active worker in many of the charitable societies of that wonderful city wherein are found, dwelling side by side, the pious and impious. I made her acquaintance one Sunday afternoon, when we were both visiting the charitable institution that owed its existence to her indomitable zeal. She found me an exile from home, and her womanly heart yearned to befriend me. "I remember well, my dear," she said, "when I, too, was a stranger in Paris. I had just lost my husband, whom I loved to idolatry, God forgive me. I was on the verge of madness. Oh! it was dreadful! It was a long time before I could look calmly on the face of my baby boy; he was born one month after his father's death. But all that is long past," she said, as with an effort she detached herself from the gloomy memories of the past. "My son has now a lovely wife, and an interesting family. My home is with them, but I keep myself

free to go and come. They would spoil me if I remained permanently with them. I must 'work while it is yet day.' These little ones need me here; this day-nursery is my pet scheme, and I hope to see it securely founded before I am deprived of activity. I noticed that you were a stranger and a mother, and felt attracted towards you. If I can be of service to you at any time, seek me here. Your mother and I were classmates at Rathfarnham Convent."

Thus began a friendship with one from whom I had learned much. She was very sympathetic, although quick to discriminate between the real and the fancied miseries of those who sought her advice or compassion. Ten years after our first meeting she came to New York. Death had claimed her son; his wife and children needed her not. The day-nursery had grown to wonderful proportions; she had given it to the care of a religious order; she yearned for a life free from responsibility, in which she might reserve some quiet hours wherein to prepare for Eternity. Our city attracted her, especially because in one of its many religious houses lived the sister of that husband so fondly loved in that cherished long ago, which now returned to memory, renewing its claim, as the years advance, like the impressions made with some of those wonderful chemicals, and which remain indelible when the characters traced by a later hand have been erased. Near us Aunt Hilda led the life of a widow indeed, her only distractions—the poor—and the work of the Tabernacle Society. Wonderful is that mysterious attraction that reveals to each other congenial souls. My mother was delighted that her instinct had not misled her when she prophesied that "Hilda and Judith were made for each other." They had much in common; both were interested in young people. Many of our girl friends took pleasure in presenting the young men of their circle to Aunt Hilda, sometimes through eagerness for her opinion, but oftener still impatient that her judgment might approve their own fancy. Among these was Ethna Bryce, the only child of a widowed mother. Mrs. Bryce was a dainty, gentle creature, who, as "pretty Miss Eastace, of Norfolk," had received much homage. She was married when quite young to an elderly army officer, to whom at the time she felt very kindly.

Colonel Bryce was actuated purely by a benevolent desire to offer a home to the penniless orphan. Her's was a mind quite incapable of estimating properly the generosity of her husband, whom she regarded during the few years of their married life as an old fogey. The death of Colonel Bryce, after a short illness, left her a meagre pension. Her income appeared all-sufficient during Ethna's childhood, but as the time approached for her daughter's appearance in society, Mrs. Bryce found herself sorely straitened to procure toilets in which her darling might "look like other girls." A second cause of anxiety was presented to her by an alarming illness, during which she was confronted with the awful possibility of leaving the world before Ethna was settled in life. Restored to ordinary health, after a tedious convalescence, the thought of Ethna's marriage seized upon her mother's mind in a morbid fashion. Mrs. Bryce was one of those who consider it necessary to shape the designs of Divine Providence. She was quite ignorant of the wise old maxim that "Those who meddle often mar."

The pleasant cottage, "Sea-Side Holly," was rented to an invalid for the winter, and the cosy home exchanged for the questionable comfort of a boarding house in the city. In order that Ethna might see something of life, the place chosen was patronized by a variety of young men whose studies or business made the central locality desirable. Called away from home by an illness in my family, I was absent from town for many months, and on my return was informed that Mrs. Bryce and her daughter had gone home. I saw them but rarely in the years that followed, but was reminded of them when looking over "Aunt Hilda's Portfolio" last summer. I saw therein a package, bound with a silken cord of violet and crimson; over the knot that tied it was sealed a paper, whereon I read, "Not to be opened until after the death of Mrs. Ethna Bryce De Vere." I laid aside the bulky manuscript, and thought no more of it until during the past week, whilst indulging in the leisure permitted the convalescent, I read in the death list the notice:

"Please pray for the soul of Mrs. Ethna Bryce de Vere, widow of the late Jerome de Vere."

Opening my cabinet, I took the sealed packet reverently forth. The wrapper removed, I found myself confronted by a lovely girlish face, from which the soul looked out with appealing eyes, as if imploring deliverance from some calamity. In them I read reserve, sorrow, surprise. The eyelids appeared heavy with the weight of unshed tears; and this was a face made for laughter.

Fancy a merry, roguish baby, with eyes of blue, and hair a tangle of golden curls, and think of this joyous creature, when surprised by unkindness. An eclipse of the sun on a June afternoon has just such a weird effect upon the reckless bloom of that beautiful month; it is like death in the midst of life. The happy heart-beats of this innocent girl had evidently been suspended by some tragedy. "The lot of woman is full of woe," thought I. While I gazed upon the face of my friend of years gone by, a caller was announced; he was a priest, and my well-beloved friend; friend also to so many whose sorrowful hearts would have been desolate indeed but for the priestly consoler, rich gift from God's own treasury:

"I have come," said Father Clovis, "with a commission to you from a death-bed. Mrs. de Vere, whom I attended in her last illness, requested me to give you this packet."

"A singular coincidence," I replied. "Whose is this likeness, Father Clovis?" and I handed him Ethna's photograph.

"I know not, my child."

"Ah, look again, Father."

"No, my child," he said, after a careful inspection, "I have never seen the original."

"Why, Father, this was Mrs. de Vere at twenty."

"I do not doubt it, but I never knew the face of my penitent. She told me, on her death-bed, that she came to me regularly to confession when she was a young girl; but that was thirty years ago. Recently she came but occasionally; she lived far from our church."

I showed him Aunt Hilda's packet, which I had just unsealed, and prayed him to remain until I had glanced over these two legacies.

In Aunt Hilda's I found letters from Ethna. They were arranged consecutively,

and covered a period of seven months, from May until November, 1893. Ethna's bequest contained her diary from October, 1895 until October, 1896. A tiny note to me said: "The package in Aunt Hilda's portfolio, that bears my name, will complete the history I give you in this diary. I have often wished that the bitter experience that nearly wrecked my life, might be given to the young women of the present generation. You can so shape the incidents that my identity shall not be suspected. Perhaps, through my story, some exulting soul may be heartened to choose wisely when tempted to marriage with a non-Catholic."

After careful reading, I found that the matter contained in the two legacies could not be presented intact in the limited space of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, I am, therefore, compelled to summarise, but will endeavor to adhere closely to the spirit of each.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PETITIONS.

The following intentions are recommended to the prayerful remembrance of our charitable readers: Employment for 9 persons; 4 children; 2 spiritual favors; recovery from ailments, 11; 18 conversions; 7 cures; 22 seminarists; 3 special intentions; temporal favors; also the temporal and spiritual success of our students; progress of the Hospice and the prosperity of our benefactors and readers.

More Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

NAMES have been received for the Registry of the Scapular of Mount Carmel from St. Leo's Military Chapel, St. Leo, Fla.; St. Francis Church, Tilbury Centre, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, Troy, N. Y.; Amherstburg, Ont.; St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont.; Windsor, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.; Lake Ainslie Chapel, N. S.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Watertown, N. Y.; St. Peter's Palace, London, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., names have been received from St. Francis, Wis.; Kankakee, Ill.; Golden, Colo.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; Holding's Ford, Minn.; Kenosha, Wis.; Bard Station, Pa.; Immaculate Conception Church, Chicago, Ill.; Trenton, N. J.; St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.; Belle Fonte, Pa.

At Holy Trinity Priory, Pittsburg, Pa., from Plymouth, Wis.; St. Clair, Minn.; Immaculate Conception Church, ?; St. John's Church, Ypsilanti; St. Kieran's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Agnes Church, Chicago, Ill.

OBSTINACY is good for nothing: it is the caricature of firmness.

WHEN a soul is pure it cannot help loving because then it has found the spring of love which is God.

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