



OUR LADY OF THE WAY.

*Madonna della Strada.*



## Our Lady of the Way.

*Madonna della Strada.*

## I.



HE way is long—thro' weary wastes, it passes,  
 Thro' deserts without water, without shade ;  
 Across green marshes, treacherous morasses,  
 It stretches, till the pilgrim grows afraid.  
 For unknown peril, all the known, surpasses,  
 And none can say where hangs the ambushade.

OUR LADY OF THE WAY, whate'er betide,  
*Madonna della Strada*, be our guide !

## II.

The way is steep—it reaches high and higher !  
 The rough stones bruise the naked, wand'ring feet ;  
 The sharp thorns pierce them, burn them, as with fire :  
 There are no cooling springs to quench their heat.  
 Now faints the heart with languor of desire,  
 Longing for rest beside the waters sweet !

*Madonna della Strada*, gracious, be !  
 OUR LADY OF THE WAY, we cry to thee !

## III.

The way is dark—no moon or star is shining :  
 The sun, long since, hath sunk behind the height.  
 The cloud above us hath no silver lining,  
 And all around is blackest, drearest night.  
 And yet we know these shades may be enshrining  
 The glory of a Morn, supremely bright !

*Madonna della Strada* ! lead us on,  
 Until th' Eternal Day-Star on us dawn !

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## Mane Nobiscum, Domine!

"Stay with us, because it is towards evening and the day is now far spent."—St. Luke xxiv., 28.

"STAY with us" Lord, the shades of eve are stealing,  
And fade life's sunbeams in the golden West.  
We need Thy peace in heart, and soul, and feeling;  
"Stay with us" Lord, it is the hour of rest.

The morn of life was hopeful with Thy shining,  
The Eucharistic love illumined our way,  
And oft it seemed around our spirits shining:  
Still more we need Thee now, at close of day.

"Stay with us" Lord! the night-clouds darkly gather,  
We dare not pass "the vale of death" alone,  
We pray like Philip, "Show to us the Father,"  
O may we see His glory and Thine own.

—E. DE M.

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## The Rose.

[Lines suggested by the taking of a rose from a nun.]

WHICH is the lovelier,  
The rose or she who gives?  
Which is the purer, rose-life  
Or the sweet life that she lives?

Is she not with labors ended  
A rose-waste on the sod?  
Oh! I feel they've a common beauty  
In the wondrous sight of God.

—MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

## "MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from "The Life of General de Sonis"—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr. Baudard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

### PREFACE BY LADY HERBERT :

The beautiful life of this true Christian hero has been given to the English-speaking public at the earnest request of several military men, and especially of the one to whom it is dedicated. It will be read with interest, not only by all who love their profession and are stirred by a tale of gallant deeds and hair-breadth escapes, but also by those who look upon life as an earnest thing, to be spent for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. In Monseigneur Baudard's admirable Preface to the French edition, he says : "This life is more than a rare spectacle—it is a great lesson. I hear on all sides that what is most wanted in these days are men of character. M. de Sonis was eminently a man of marked character ; we have rarely seen one like him, even in better times than the present. The profound convictions which from the first to the last day of his career were the light of his life, never saw him deviate one single step from the right line : *Per vias rectas*. He was straightforwardness itself : 'I always put the head of my ship towards the good God,' he said one day ; 'whatever winds blow, favorable or the contrary, I keep in that direction ;

for it is that port I wish to make.' He has been called emphatically 'the man of duty.' This duty he practised at whatever cost in the face of heaven, without ever considering the sacrifices it might entail. Heroism itself was only the natural fruit and the simple consequence of this view of duty, and, as he observed it himself, so he expected it of others. Discipline, honesty, morality, honor, were virtues which he guarded with jealous care. He has been called the 'just,' but he was also, when necessary, the judge, and 'did not bear the sword in vain,' as the Apostle says. To us, he appears as a man of another age—a noble knight of old France ; and to see him, by the united testimony of all, so noble and so constant in his principles and conduct, brings to our remembrance the great St. Louis, who won the admiration of the infidels themselves, and forced them to hold him for 'the proudest Christian that could be found.' But, besides all this, General de Sonis was a man of heart. As a husband, a father, a brother, a friend, he was a model of the deepest tenderness and the most constant affection. He was not a stranger to anything that was lovable ; he admired beautiful places, beautiful works of

General Lord Ralph Kerr, the model of a Christian soldier.

art, brilliant deeds, good books, holy souls above all. In fact, his love of souls was an absorbing passion; and with all those who came across his path in life, he never rested till he could enrol them or bring them back (as far as was in his power) under the banner of his Divine Master. He loved the young, of whom he was the father rather than the chief; and he himself kept to the end of his life, by his warm feelings and hearty enthusiasm, the perpetual youth of the friends of God. He loved all that suffered—the poor, the sick, the oppressed, the conquered, the humble. He loved the army, to which he gave forty years of his life and all his strength and all his sons; and for which he strove to procure every glory and every virtue. His country had no more devoted son—devoted in her reverses even more than in her days of success; devoted to her honor even more than to her fortune. He loved the Church as one loves a mother; and, in the Church, all her faith, all her laws, all her worship, her independence, her ministers, her institutions, her religious orders, especially her supreme Pontiff, for the defence of whom he would have gladly died. He had for the Mother of God that filial piety which marks with a sign of grace the race of the elect. She was more of a Mother to him than of any one else, and he was more of a son to her; and on the night of his bloody agony at Loigny, there passed between him and her hours of ineffable and eternal remembrance. But the love which, in him, surpassed all other, was the love of Him to whom from his youth upward he had engaged himself 'never to refuse anything,'—Him of Whom he wrote in the decline of his life: 'When one once begins to love God, he feels he never can do it

enough.' The Heart of Jesus Christ was the life of his heart. We may say that he only breathed in and for Him. To Him were addressed his adorations, his aspirations, his vigils, his tears, his struggles, his hopes, his joys. We shall see throughout this book how he speaks of this love, and what a supernatural grandeur was given to his harmonious life as a Catholic and a soldier by this alliance of the truest Christianity with the most brilliant heroism." To Englishmen, this life will appeal with the greater force as no nation has a higher reverence for a conscientious discharge of duty and the absence of all human respect in the practice of religion. Already, in the lives of Henry Dormer, of Rudolph de Lisle, of Walter Pollen, and many others, we have seen the highest military virtues combined with a genuine and earnest piety, which won the respect and affection of all their comrades. To them, as to General de Sonis, an apostolate was given; and who shall say how many souls have been saved by men like them, who boldly and honestly have stood up for their faith, and proved by their deeds that the greatest bravery and every military virtue may be allied with a strong love of God and His Church? To those who are striving to lead a Christian life in the army this book is full of encouragement. In the words of Monseigneur Baudard, General de Sonis "fought as a hero, lived as a saint, suffered as a martyr, and died as one predestined to eternal life." He has left a glorious memory, not only to the French army, but to all whose blood is stirred by heroic acts. May his example be followed by us all, and may he thus perpetuate after his death the good he never ceased to do during life.

—MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

## CHAPTER I.

## GUADELOUPE. FRANCE. COLLEGE LIFE. 1825—1844.

The recollections and notes of the General—His birth, family and baptism—The French Antilles—Guadeloupe—Point a-Pitre and his paternal home—Madame de Souis—Her sufferings—Her children—His first impressions of God—A fine night—The sea—The idea of the Infinite—Corpus Christi—Basse-Terre—Excursions in the Mornes, and la Soufriere—Separation—The Colbert—Return to France—Life at Paris in the Rue Tronchet—His pious grandmother—Death of Madame de Souis—Mourning—Gaston at Stanislas College—His ardent piety—His First Communion—Gaston at Juilly College—Louis de Seze—Preparatory schools for the sea—and for St. Cyr—Intimacy between father and son—Counsels—Hopes—The father dies at Bordeaux—A night of agony—The adieux—The priest—Death—The son and daughters—God's visit—Pere Ponceet—His conversion.

FOUR years before his death, M. de Souis undertook to record for his children the principal events and lessons of his life, and began his memoirs as follows :

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. I write under the eye of God, and I place this simple statement under the protection of Mary, Queen and Mother of all Christians, but especially mine, as I belong to the Third Order of Mount Carmel. May St. Louis my Patron, St. Joseph and my Angel Guardian guide my pen, so that I may write nothing which may not be true, sincere and useful for the glory of God and the instruction of my children! . . . I only wish to jot down certain notes," he added, "and intend this little journal to be solely for my own family, so that they may hear my voice after my death."

Unhappily, he had neither the time nor the strength to go on with the work. He had hardly described the events of his childhood and his college life, when death tore the pen from his hands. We will give the substance of these notes in this chapter.

Louis Gaston de Souis was born at Point-a-Pitre, in the Island of Guadeloupe, on the 25th of August, 1825,

the day of the Feast of St. Louis, whose name was accordingly given to him. His father was a soldier—a Lieutenant in the 13th Infantry, stationed at Guadeloupe. He had married a Creole lady of great beauty, Marie Elizabeth Sylphide de Bebian, the widow of a M. Chanais de Lestortieres, who had died, leaving her with one little girl, Charlotte Josephine, who was still a baby. When Gaston was born, he found, besides this maternal sister, another named Aline, who was two years old. Marie and Theobald followed Gaston a few years later, so that there were soon five children in this bright and happy home. Gaston's godfather was his mother's uncle, Louis de Bebian; while his godmother was Marie Louise Latran de Lagrange, who was also his maternal grandmother.

Never in after life did Louis forget the extreme beauty of his early home, with its tropical vegetation and wealth of color. Guadeloupe is divided into two parts by the Salt River, the one to the East being called "Grand Terre," composed of vast plains richly cultivated; and the other "Basse Terre," the West, forming a range of volcanic mountains, with a crater always smoking like Vesuvius, their base fringed

with magnificent forest trees. Here grow palms, cotton-trees, cocoanuts, bananas, caroubiers, and a multitude of other tropical trees, while birds of the most vivid plumage flit among their branches. Beautiful rocks of coral and madrepora form a natural rampart to the shore on the sea-side; while the azure blue ocean is studded with little islands glittering in the sunshine. The town of Point-a-Pitre contained at that time between 12,000 and 15,000 inhabitants. It had not yet been devastated by the fearful eruption of February, 1843, which destroyed the greater part of it. M. de Sonis had a vivid recollection of their town-house, a large building looking on the quay, belonging to his grandfather de Bebian, and which had a large balcony, stretching round two sides of the first story. There he and his brothers and sisters lived; while above were the apartments of his grandparents, whom he daily ran upstairs to visit. But his tenderest recollections were those connected with his mother. "She was very beautiful," he writes, "with great dignity and distinction of manner. She was always beautifully dressed, and I can see her now in the evening walking up and down the balcony and watching the sea, while a shade of sadness used to pass over her face." She had, in fact, suffered very much during her first marriage, although the tenderness of M. de Sonis and her passionate love for her children were beginning to dispel her melancholy. "One day," Gaston writes, "my father, being obliged to make a short journey, thought he would like to take me with him, little as I was. We were to start in the middle of the night, so I was consequently awoke and dressed and wrapped up in I don't know how many

shawls before starting. But then came the parting with mamma. It was our first separation, and I felt a sort of terror lest I should not see her again. She covered me with kisses, and we both cried; though my father, who had a woman's tenderness, took me in his arms and did his best to console me. They laid me on a soft mattress at the bottom of a boat, rowed by eight or ten strong negroes, my father kissing and petting me from time to time to dissipate my sadness. I have never forgotten that beautiful night. The sky was studded with stars, each more brilliant than the other. The silence was only broken by the regular cadence of the oars. This was in reality the first visitation of God in my soul. I was only six years old; but my whole heart was filled with admiration of, and wonder at, His glorious creation, and the most vivid realization of His presence."

The future General early developed a passion for military exercises, which seems innate in all Frenchmen. "I remember so well," he writes, "the quay and the square where the soldiers used to drill at Point-a-Pitre, and which was called 'Victoria.' I used to coax my nurse, an old negress, to take me there every day, if possible, and, as she loved me like her own child, she generally consented."

It does not seem, however, as if much religious instruction were given to the child. "I remember the church," he writes, "at the end of this square, and assisting at a great procession, which was, I suppose, for the Blessed Sacrament. But no one explained anything about it to me."

The Revolution of 1830 occurred soon after, and this made a change in the little Gaston's daily life. The government of the island had been trans-

ferred from Baron Vatable to Admiral Arnoux, who at once appointed Gaston's father to be his aide-de-camp with the rank of Captain. But he transferred his residence to Basse-Terre and placed his aide-de-camp in a house adjoining his own. "They were large and spacious houses," Gaston writes, "placed on a rising ground, with beautiful cocoa-palms and other trees, and a magnificent garden which delighted us children. I have never forgotten the exquisite smell of the hedges of large white jessamine all round it."

From hence they made frequent expeditions into the mountains, his father on horseback, his mother and the children in a litter, drawn by two mules and led by negroes. The wild beauty of the scenery enchanted Gaston, especially when they had to cross rivers, converted into torrents, in which there was a spice of danger. "My father would often take me out of the litter and place me in front of his horse," he writes, "which was my greatest joy, and then we had interminable talks together. In this way we paid a visit to the great volcano and the hot springs, which filled me both with fear and admiration."

But this happy time did not last long. A fresh change took place in the administration of the colony. Captain de Sonis lost his father at Neufchateau in the Vosges; and it was finally decided that he should return to France with his three eldest children, leaving Madame de Sonis with the two youngest in Guadeloupe, where her father's great age made it necessary for her to remain a little longer, if possible, the old man being so dependent upon her.

Gaston was then seven years old. They embarked in September, 1832,

and to spare both mother and son the agony of separation, both were assured that it would be for a very short time; and so the "good-byes" were hurriedly said, and the boy started with his father full of hope; but he never saw his beloved mother again.

The passage in the *Colbert* lasted forty-one days. Captain de Sonis did all he possibly could to cheer his children during this weary voyage, drawing sketches for them, singing all their favorite songs, and telling them stories, of which he had an inexhaustible store. They landed at Havre, but were kept there several days in quarantine, on account of cholera, which then ravaged France, and which made the French mistrust every vessel coming from the West Indies, where it was supposed to have originated. Captain de Sonis, therefore, hurried through Paris, and went straight to Neufchateau where his whole family were waiting for him. This meeting would have been a very happy one save for the absence of the wife and mother, which weighed heavily on Captain de Sonis and his children. He had been appointed to the 2nd Dragoons, which were garrisoned in Paris. His mother, who had so lately become a widow, consented to follow him and keep his house in Paris, till her daughter-in-law could join them.

The years 1833 and 1834 were consequently passed in a small apartment in the Rue Tronchet, where the thoughts of all were engrossed in the education of the children. Captain de Sonis's regiment was soon after sent to Versailles, but he came back to see his children as often as he could. "He never was happy," writes Gaston, "unless he was in the midst of us, and his arrival was always a fresh joy. He was very demonstrative, and loved



to feel his children's arms round his neck and their kisses on his cheek."

Their good grandmother was very pious. She got up at five o'clock every morning, and her prayers and Mass occupied her till nearly eight, after which she devoted herself to the cares of the little family. Soon more cheerful news came from Guadeloupe. Madame de Sonis could no longer bear the separation from her husband and children; and, her father being better, she proposed to sail for France in the autumn. This was in 1835, and the days to her expected arrival were being joyfully counted by Gaston, when a letter arrived which gave a death-blow to their hopes. Madame de Sonis took the fever, and a subsequent letter announced that all was over. "Our sorrow was positive despair," writes Gaston. Her poor old father followed soon after, not having been able to survive the death of his favorite child. His widow implored Captain de Sonis to send her back her eldest grandchild, Josephine de Lestortiere, who was accordingly at once dispatched to Guadeloupe; and, as the old grandmother was obliged to return to Neufchateau, Gaston was sent to the college of Stanislas.

"I have the happiest recollections," he writes, "of my stay in this college. My masters were most kind and considerate towards me, and I very soon became devoted to them. Our religious instruction was most carefully attended to, and my naturally pious disposition found all that it needed for its development. I was broken-hearted at that time at my mother's death, and I remember how, when I came into the dormitory at night, I used to throw myself on my knees and pass a long time in prayer for her. My confessor, Abbe le Blanc, admitted

me at once into a congregation which had Abbe Buquet for its director, a very zealous and holy priest, who was afterwards Vicar-General of Paris. Under his care I made rapid progress in piety, so that at ten years old I was allowed to make my First Communion. I prepared myself for this great act with the tenderest devotion, and really hope that I brought my baptismal innocence to that altar. Ah, I have never lost the recollection of that delicious First Communion. The thought of it has been a consolation to me in my saddest hours. I have always thought that it was the blessing of my whole life."

In 1837, Gaston left Stanislas to enter the college of Juilly, according to his father's wish; it was at the time when that old and illustrious college had just been re-established. M. de Salinis and M. de Scorbicac were its directors, and upwards of two hundred and fifty students, belonging to the best families in France, filled the vast building, around which was a magnificent park.

"I found another Stanislas here," wrote Gaston, "the same traditions, the same principles." Here he passed through all the different classes with distinction, and formed friendships which lasted him through life. The first day of his arrival, a bully in the college, seeing the tall, delicate and graceful boy, fell upon him and tried to knock him down. But another of the elder ones took up his cudgels, and dealt his enemy such vigorous blows that the attempt was never made again. This was Louis de Seze, of whom we shall often hear in this biography, as well as of Henri Lamy de la Chapelle, and many others. One amongst them, Gaston Tristan de l'Hermite, writing

of the future General about this time, says: "De Sonis was the most sympathetic of companions, towards whom one felt drawn at once and for life. There was nothing extraordinary about him, but a great sweetness and dignity, together with an admirable simplicity. The charm was in his character, which won all hearts. His piety was genuine and strong, yet modest and gentle. Physically, he was tall, well-grown, rather graceful than strong, with delicate features and limbs, and a singularly high-bred and aristocratic bearing. He excelled in all our games, especially at the manage, where we were taught riding and equitation. The courage and calm with which he rode a difficult horse, and the way in which he conquered all difficulties, pointed out the future cavalry officer and the hero of many battles."

One day, the subject for a composition given by the professor of history, M. Leon Bore, was *Jeanne d'Arc*. De Sonis drew so stirring and eloquent a picture of her mission and her patriotism that he was given the third place out of forty, and the honor of a public recitation before the whole college.

To serve France—that was his one wish, his one aim. His father had just been sent to the 8th Hussars on his promotion to the rank of Major, and afterwards to command a squadron of Chasseurs in garrison at Carcassonne. Gaston at that time fancied he would prefer the navy to the army, and consequently was sent to a naval school to prepare for his examination. This college was a detestable one,—“a hot-bed of vice,” he called it; and very soon he became so disgusted that he implored to leave it and to enter St.-Cyr. For that purpose he had to seek another preparatory college,—“as bad

as the last,” he writes,—but, determined to persevere, he worked hard, and passed the necessary military examinations in July, 1844.

His father was waiting for him at Libourne, where his regiment was then quartered, and had lately passed through a serious illness. However, he considered himself cured, and was delighted with the prospect of having his son once more with him. “I used to go out riding with him every day,” writes Gaston, “and he confided to me all his plans and hopes for my future. Our interesting talks never ended; and I could only daily more and more admire the real treasures of goodness and affection in the heart of my dearly-beloved father.”

There were other lessons of honor and disinterestedness which Gaston learned at the same time. Writing to his own son many years after, who was a soldier in Algeria, he says: “What you say, my dear Henry, confirms a doctrine which my father always impressed upon me, and which I have since personally followed—namely, that one ought never to ask to go to the right rather than to the left, save to march against the enemy!”

One day towards the end of September the Commandant came early into his children's room, saying that he was starting for La Fleche, where he was going to place his youngest boy, Theobald, at school, and that he should be away for a couple of days only. Every one was merry and gay, and his little girls made him sundry compliments on his handsome appearance out of uniform. The next morning Gaston, not being very well, had not got up as usual, when to his great surprise an intimate friend of his father's, Commandant de Planhol, came into his room with tears in his eyes, and, coming up to his bed, exclaimed: “My poor child! your dear father is very ill. He has had to stop on his way, and is in bed at Bordeaux.”

Gaston at once guessed the full extent of his danger; he and his sisters

made instant preparations for departure. A friend lent them his carriage and horses, and towards evening they arrived trembling at the Hotel du Midi, and found their beloved father stretched on a bed, deadly pale and motionless. He had had a terrible hemorrhage, which had so exhausted him that he could not say a word, but could only look at his children and lift up his eyes to heaven. They were in mute despair; holding his hands they sat on each side of the bed, their eyes fixed on his. Suddenly a priest appeared on the threshold. Gaston, almost beside himself, rushed to the door to stop him, fearing that the sight of the priest would reveal to his father the hopelessness of his state. The priest spoke. "My son! I am here to fulfil a sacred duty of my ministry. If you will not let me accomplish it, I will go home; but on you will rest the responsibility."

The sisters dragged Gaston out of the room. The dying man made his Confession and received Extreme Unction, while Gaston, more dead than alive, sobbed out his heart on a little bed in the next room. When he came back he was surprised at the calmness of his father, who asked by signs for his watch which he afterwards gave with the chain to his son. It was his last farewell.

A fresh hemorrhage left no hope. Several devoted friends arrived, among others the de Grailly family from their Chateau of Bomale. The hotel was a very noisy one, and unhappily that day there was a fete given in the adjoining salon, and the noise of the merry voices next door jarred sadly on the weeping children in the room of the dying man. At last night came, and with it silence. The doctor in a corner of the room drew near the bed from time to time to watch the passing breath. The sick man was motionless. At last, the doctor lifted the officer's hand, felt his pulse, placed his hand on his heart, lifted up his eyelid, and then looked at Gaston with eyes of the deepest compassion.

"We understood but too well," he wrote; "our beloved father was no more." He adds: "The doctor re-

turned in silence. We remained alone sobbing and kissing the body with the tenderest love. My sisters knelt by the bedside, and I sat on the mattress by his head, holding his hand and trying to warm it in mine. Oh, God alone knows what I suffered that night!

Early in the morning the door opened gently; a priest entered, whom we did not know. Having prayed by the dead body, he turned to us and said: "My children, I have just heard of your terrible sorrow. I am a minister of Jesus Christ, and I am come to share your grief and to bring you divine consolations." We were all silent, and he began talking to us in the tenderest and most admirable way; every word told; there was not a word which did not go to our hearts. From the very first moment I felt consoled at hearing expressions which during the last two years had been strange to me. My old piety revived. Jesus had once more taken possession of my heart; . . . my despair was over. . . . This holy priest was a Jesuit and a saint, and his name was Pere Poncet."

Such was Gaston's account of the memorable effect of God's grace in the midst of his deep sorrow. The Christian life of de Sonis, we may say, dated from this hour, never to slacken or to cool, but to go on, from one stage of fidelity to another, till he arrived at the highest sanctity.

The next day the five orphans, the eldest of whom was only nineteen, found themselves again at Libourne, without either home, family or fortune. Their grandmother de Sonis had died the year before at Neufchateau. Gaston, who was too ill even to attend his father's funeral, only heard the musketry-fire announcing that all was over. A few days later he received the notice that he was admitted into the military college, and must start at once. His sisters soon after embarked for the Antilles under the care of an uncle of Josephine's, M. de Bernay.

Forty-eight hours had been enough to destroy their happy home and disperse these young lives far and wide.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

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

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.  
BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE ADMINISTRATOR OF BOLOGNA—TROUBLE IN BOLOGNA—TUMULT IN THE  
CITY—BLESSED PETER SPEAKS TO THE ANGRY CROWD AND PACIFIES  
THEIR WRATH—TREATY BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND  
BARNABO—SEPTEMBER, 1363—MARCH, 1364.



ACCORDING to the preliminary conditions of the truce signed at Milan in the month of September, 1363, the city of Bologna and its territory, the principal objects of litigation, were to be confided provisionally to the care of the King of Cyprus, Albornes, therefore, who was then in possession, resigned the government of this factious city into the hands of the Archbishop and his colleague de Mezzieres, as representatives of Pierre de Lusignan.

During the few months that this intermediate administration remained in operation, Peter Thomas had, more than once, occasion to show that strength of soul is not less the virtue of Church-men than of warriors.

A wave of insurrection swept over

Italy from north to south, but nowhere was it more perceptible than at Bologna. As yet the pacification had not fully materialized. In spite of the armistice there were frequent skirmishes. There were the roadmen, turbulent spirits, who look upon quiet as a calamity, mercenary spirits who sell their services to the highest bidder, and these regarded the cessation of hostilities as a misfortune.

Then, there were the feudatory nobles of the Holy See, who, in time of war, received subsidies from Cardinal Albornes. These did not conceal their dissatisfaction at a state of affairs which forced them to disband their troops and lead a life of dull inaction. These disaffected ones did not hesitate to show their special discontent against the two who had promoted the armistice, and were not slow to say that they only waited for an opportunity to be revenged.

And, indeed, one day, whilst crossing a large plain, the Archbishop and

his companion beheld, making a precipitate descent upon them, lance in hand, a band of thirty Croatian cavalieres ready to run them through. The prelate stood unmoved. Having first raised his eyes to heaven and breathed a silent prayer, he awaited the furious troop.

"Where to, art thou come?" he said, simply, using the words addressed by his Divine Master to the soldiers, led by the traitor Judas.

Dazzled by some sight—or vision—we know not what—the would-be assailants turned, and swiftly galloped away.

These road-men being always eager for the fray, and being no longer able to exercise themselves upon the battle field, resorted to unlawful measures. The country became infested with banditti. Sometimes the two administrators, as they quietly went from one castle to the other, to pursue the thread of their negotiations, would see, lurking in ambush, bands of men eager for robbery, or even murder. More than once they were so fortunate as to rescue from their persecutors their unfortunate victims, and send them rejoicing to their friends.

During their visit to the province, the spirit of discord seemed to be let loose in the city of Bologna. A rumor was promulgated that the two ministers from Cyprus were bought by Barnabo, that they were resolved to give him the place. The nobles, dissatisfied at the departure of Albornoz, wove a plot against Thomas and Mezzieres and already laid plans for their death.

One morning, whilst they awaited their return to the city, the conspirators sounded the tocsin from the belfry, and, as is generally the case, the masses were easily led, and hastened

to the scene. The instigators excited them to revolt, and the watchword, "Death to the tyrants!" urged them on to the point of assassination.

The two friends were at a castle at some distance from the city. They had gone to treat with the lord of the manor, who up to that time had been inimical. They were surprised at first that no one met them, for their return had always been the signal for marks of deference and regard. Indeed, it was not unusual for a cortege of nobles and a throng of all classes and occupations to meet them even beyond the city gates. Presently they met a few country people on their way home from market, and learned from them the tumult raging in the city. The faithful creatures entreated the Archbishop and his companion not to venture in, or at least to choose the most unfrequented streets. Surprised, but not disconcerted, the Archbishop said, "God is our witness that we have not done anything wrong. It is the evil one who strives to stir up feelings of enmity against us, and to frighten us, but he will not succeed. The Lord is upon our side. In His name let us go on."

Having entered the great gates, they perceived that the peasants had spoken the truth. They were met by averted looks or glances of hate. They reached their apartments without molestation, however, and, later on, some alarming intelligence was brought by a few friends who had succeeded in gaining admittance unobserved. The tumult from without confirmed the recent tidings. Howls and yells of execration came nearer, borne by the wind which seemed to wail in mournful cadence for the persecuted friends. "Death to the traitors!" was the cry.

Mezzeres, who certainly was no coward, confesses to a thrill of terror, and believed that his last hour had come. The Archbishop, seeing his colleague thus overcome, sought a Counsellor who never withholds His light. Celebrating Mass in their private chapel with angelic fervor, he thus communed, heart to heart, with that God who deigns to dwell upon earth with us.

After Mass he unfolded his plan, and proceeded to put it into action. By his order the great bell in the municipal palace, which always sounded the tocsin for meetings of the people, now unexpectedly pealed its warning call. This at once sent the surging multitude to the public square. The two deputies soon made their appearance, under the protection and escort of some faithful friends. Calm and dignified they came on, although the crowd plainly manifested unwillingness to let them pass.

The nobles surrounded them as they entered the palace, but indeed their demeanor was not encouraging. They looked now at the people, now at the deputies, as if undecided which part to take.

The Archbishop raised his hand, to enjoin silence, and then began to speak, but it was with great difficulty at first that he could make himself heard beyond the foremost ranks. But as he continued, the tumult ceased, and silence prevailed. After having demonstrated the grave nature of the insult offered to the Holy Father and the King of Cyprus in the person of their legates, he shattered without mercy the edifice of calumny raised against himself and Mezzeres. Before long he had overthrown it from turret to foundation by clearly proving, and that without any attempt at vain

glory, the constant integrity and uprightness that had ever distinguished his conduct and that of his friend.

At this sincere and persuasive language, replete with texts from Holy Writ, according to the style so much in vogue at that epoch, the more reasonable amongst the audience grew calm, as if by magic. They withdrew, no longer having any dread of Barnabo, and many of them expressed regret at having listened to so infamous a suspicion against the deputies. The general opinion was now one of the highest esteem for the Archbishop, so eloquent, courageous and saintly.

One portion, however, refused to be satisfied, and that was the numerous and easily excited bands of students in attendance at the University.

*Bologna, the wise*, as it was styled in those days, sheltered within its walls legions of turbulent students who came from afar to go through the course at the famous institution of learning. From the early days of his administration, Peter Thomas, formerly professor of theology at Avignon, had evinced a special predilection for the University of Bologna. His reputation had already secured him the esteem of its professors, and his respect of their rights and privileges had won their gratitude. But it was different with the students. They had had no occasion to know him intimately enough to attach themselves specially to him.

In all countries the germ of sedition fructifies more readily *in the heart of youth*, but more particularly in the youth whose "local habitation" happens to be in the university towns.

The discourse of the Archbishop of Crete, which had disarmed so many, was not enough for that hot-headed

class. Fortunately, one of the masters, a celebrated professor of law, took up the cause and made a most flattering commentary upon the holy Legate's address. Passing on to his personal merits, he enumerated all that the illustrious Carmelite had accomplished, and dwelt upon his incomparable virtues. He concluded by advising submission and subordination to one so faithful, and his words had so much of an effect that the students gradually became quieter, and finally dispersed without disturbance.

All being happily adjusted, it was not long before Bologna and all belonging to it could not do enough for the provisionary government. The keys of the city, of the fortress and of 120 castles were given into the hands of the Chancellor, Mezzieres. The happy Chevalier, ravished at so favorable a result, rendered thanks to God and to his saintly friend.

Meanwhile, all was not proceeding smoothly with the truce at Milan. Barnabo, still true to his turbulent instincts, even before the opening of the solemn conferences, made the condition that Cardinal Albornoz should be removed.

Nothing seemed to him so terrible as to feel himself always under the surveillance of this grand and gifted statesman, and Urban V., burning with the desire of arriving at a definitive conclusion, accepted the unwelcome condition. In his place he named Cardinal Androin as minister plenipotentiary. The new functionary set out at once and was received with all possible honor upon his arrival.

The definitive treaty was concluded March 3, 1364. Androin, whether with justice or otherwise, is accused of having therein sacrificed the rights of the Roman Church. Barnabo re-

nounced unequivocally all his claims to Bologna, and restored to the Pontiff and his allies whatever he had wrested from them. But he stipulated that the Pope would pay him 500,000 florins and that Cardinal Albornoz would have nothing henceforth to do with the legation of Bologna, of which he was still titular, although the ambassadors from Cyprus were in charge. The Sovereign Pontiff pondered long and deeply before ratifying the conditions accepted by Androin. To cast an apparent censure upon the valiant Albornoz by taking away his title of legate, seemed, on the part of the Pope, an act of weakness, the most critical that could be committed by a sovereign—the abandoning of his friends. To pay to Barnabo the enormous sum of 500,000 florins would be to place himself almost in a state of inability to sustain the expenses of the crusade. Nevertheless, the ruin of the papal treasury would be more disastrous still if they would continue a war which seemed interminable.

On the other hand, to become reconciled with the representative of a race whose enmity had endured one hundred years would be a grand example for Europe, and a vast aid to create universal peace.

A careful consideration of the question from every point of view finished by gaining from the anxious Pontiff his signature to a wise capitulation. The devotion and noble generosity of the great Albornoz soon dissipated all apprehension that he would do aught to interfere with or delay the ratification of the treaty. He at once responded to the request of the Holy Father—couched as it was in the most affectionate terms—he relinquished all claim to the definitive title of the legation of Bologna. Yielding the govern-

ment to Cardinal Androin, he was satisfied with the administration of the frontier of Ancona, and the patrimony; and until the day of his death he never ceased to merit universal admiration. It remained now for Cardinal Androin to remove the ban of excommunication from Barnabo and his accomplices, as also to release Milan from the interdict which had for so long rested upon that city. Then he took possession of Bologna, and entered upon his new duties.

The two administrators, faithful to the last, had provided a dwelling for him, suited to his dignity and position, and arranged a fitting reception to greet him. Then, their mission accomplished, they lost no time in resuming their relations with the holy cause and directed all their efforts to further preparations for it. A letter from the King of Cyprus, enjoining them to give special attention to everything connected with the fleet was for them a favorable opportunity to decline the invitations and honors with which the new governor would have overwhelmed them. Having placed in his hands the keys of Bologna, and its fortified castles, they went to Venice to see that all was in order regarding the naval force.

## CHAPTER XX.

EUROPEAN COLDNESS—EFFORTS OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF TO EFFECT A RECONCILIATION BETWEEN CHRISTIAN PRINCES—THE KING OF SPAIN IS DISAPPOINTED AT THE RESULT OF HIS VISITS TO THE PRINCIPAL CITIES—THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY SEEMS ON THE WANE—1363—1364.

In order to raise a powerful force against the Turks, the quota of every state was essential and it was custom-

ary, and right that it should be so. But first it was necessary to extinguish the firebrand which discord had lighted in many of the Christian provinces. To this end the holy Father did not content himself with the example of his reconciliation with Barnabo, he brought all his authority into play to bring the coolness between several of the ruling powers to a happy termination. The Apostolic nuncios were enjoined to do their utmost to prove to these disputants that the cause in which they were engaged—the crusade—should be placed far above any personal quarrel.

The Count of Savoy and the Marquis de Montferrat were at war with each other, a legate interposed and eventually induced them to lay down their arms. The Kings of Hungary, Denmark and Poland were leagued against the Emperor of Germany. Urban V. himself effected the desired reconciliation. Whilst these four monarchs were assembled in congress at Cracow, the King of Cyprus went to learn their opinions and decision, but despite his best efforts, he could not induce them to make any positive promise. Many fine words were spoken, they held out hopes of future assistance, but nothing definite was uttered.

Poland, it is true, could scarcely make any definite suggestion or arrangement for the future. This nation, exposed from day to day to intestine quarrels, through the defective nature of its constitutions, could not give full scope to its well known bravery. Besides, it had enough to do to repulse the Muscovites, the Cossacks and the Tartars, all either schismatic or pagan foes.

It will be remembered that the King of Hungary, when he had received the title of "standard bearer of the



Church" had vowed to take up the cross before a decade of years should have passed, and under its holy shadow go forth against the infidel. (1356). He did not mean to be false to his vow, but perhaps foreseeing that he would soon have to defend himself and his interests against the Turks, he temporized and deferred as long as possible its so much to be desired fulfillment.

Disappointed more than he could say, Pierre I. turned his attention to the league of the holy Empire. He first went to Prague, the capital of Bohemia, the residence of Charles IV., King of Bohemia and Emperor of Germany, and remained three weeks. Charles IV., however, was a mere phantom of an emperor. Although not devoid of religious feeling, he was weak and irresolute, avaricious, apathetic, and utterly unable to arouse his enthusiasm for the cause. His was one of those colorless natures without passions, but without virtues. His friendships scarcely merited the name, and his enmities would not be recognized as such. He promised to examine into the merits of the cause, and to confer with the Holy Father. It may be that he supplied some light subsidies, but that was all that could be gained from him. He did not go to Avignon until the spring of 1365, and returned June 2, having decided to aid the work. Would to God that he had kept his word: his assistance would have been most opportune and acceptable.

The King of Cyprus visited in succession the Dukes of Juliers and of Brabant, as also the Count of Flanders. He went to Paris, and from thence to the court of the King of England, Edward III.

The disposition of this country was

not at all enthusiastic for the holy war. Witness a recent trait of its generosity. England proposed to pay annually to the Holy See, under the name of "Peter's pence" a thousand marks of silver. So small a sum proves that it was accorded less as a token of gratitude towards the Church which had given the nation the precious gift of faith, and as a result thereof, the boon of civilization than as a tribute from which the kingdom could not escape. But for thirty years not even this had been paid.

Urban V., trying every means at command to raise funds for the tremendous undertaking, tried to gather in the sums which were owing to him from the different countries. He wrote to Edward III., urging him to acquit himself of a debt, the fulfillment of which had been promised by one of his predecessors, and which the present sovereign was in honor bound to redeem. Before replying, the King consulted the Parliament. The decision was that King John (Lackland) could not bind his successors, or engage for the future, and so the payment was refused.

To the court of England came also about the same time the King of France. John the Good had hastened, without doubt, to repair the fault of his son, who was a prisoner upon parole, and had escaped from English surveillance. But he wished at the same time to provide for the safety of his domains during the levantine expedition. He hoped to carry in his train to the Orient the troops of his too fortunate conqueror, by urging them to enter into rivalry with his on the most glorious field that warriors could find. But, alas! death surprised him at London, and his fondest hope was never realized. He died May 8,

1364, and in him the crusade lost not only its best swordsman, but its most active and enthusiastic commander.

With his death, the favorable turn of affairs regarding the holy war underwent an entire change throughout France. It was soon understood that it was not the new king who would put himself at the head of the distant expedition. Whilst his royal father had shown himself brave almost to the point of rashness, Charles V. was, both by temperament and on account of feeble health, self-contained, placid and tranquil. His disposition was to wait and temporize rather than to urge matters on with resistless ardor.

Duguesclin, whom Providence had specially raised up, it would seem, to enlist new soldiers for the glorious cause, might have, in place of the King, given to the crusade the benefit of his experience and intrepidity, but at that very time he was engaged in following up, step by step, the perfidy of the King of Navarre, a rebellious vassal of France. Brittany also claimed the attention of the illustrious captain.

Jean de Montfort, sustained by the English, continued in that province the revolt against its legitimate duke—Charles de Blois, the ally of France. At the battle of Amay, (September 29, 1364) Charles de Blois fell, facing death like a valiant warrior and a hero, whilst Duguesclin and Beaumanoir were taken prisoner. In Spain Aragon, to which Pope Boniface VIII. had admitted, under the name of fiefs, Corsica and Sardinia was to pay to the Holy See an annual quit-rent of two thousand marks of silver, but for ten years no notice had been taken of the obligation. Pope Urban V. wrote several letters and waited, even after

those appeals, for another year. Finally, to bring the delinquents to a sense of justice, he was necessitated to resort to threats. He was less fortunate, however, in restoring peace. Despite his efforts, Arragon and Castile became involved in the mazes of an implacable war.

At Naples, Queen Jeanne found it most difficult to keep possession of a throne shaken by contending factions, whilst in Central Italy a number of castles in which noted brigands had taken up their abode continued to claim the attention and exert the vigilance of Cardinal Albornoz. The nobles of Florence had returned no satisfactory response to the letter written by Pierre I., June 15, 1362, before his departure for Cyprus.

On the fifteenth of the following September, the same king addressed a letter to Nicholas Accaiuoli, Grand Senechal of Sicily, which elicited no favorable reply.

Venice, too, was sadly in need of the presence of Peter Thomas to prevent her forgetting all the fine promises so readily made. To the noble and generous sentiments with which the vacillating republic had responded to the appeal had succeeded opinions prompted by the sordid meanness of crafty politicians. What, then, had caused such a change? The Sultan of Egypt, master of all Syria, tolerated in some ports of his empire commercial relations with Venice. Would it not be a most ill-advised move to excite the wrath of that mighty potentate? Would it not be the height of temerity? For the crusade was no longer regarded with that rapturous transport which had marked the proclamation. King John's death had just been announced and no other European prince seemed to make a move. "If some ruined

nobles, and brigands whom it would be a boon to be rid of had offered themselves for the holy war, money would certainly not be the heaviest part of their luggage. Could they pay the indemnity agreed upon? Besides," and this was the most serious objection, "Crete was in a state of revolt on account of a new tribute demanded. The Venitian Governor Leonard Dandolo, taken as a hostage, sighed behind bolts and bars, and several valuable vessels had been seized by the insurgents. Was this the time when the Venitian colony was devastated by broils, to go seeking to adjust those of Cyprus? What! Whilst the Republic enrolled for Crete one thousand chevaliers and two thousand auxiliaries, without counting their equipments, would there remain a surplus sufficient to furnish vessels and advance funds for an expedition which, after all, might be merely the evolution of a chimerical idea!"

Behold how over and above all hovers the spirit of gain! Always the same, personal interest must take precedence of everything. It obscures the view of the general good, and permits the voice of selfishness to stifle the universal cry of distress!

Peter Thomas was the very person for this emergency, both on account of his gift for managing the most difficult entanglements and the prestige with which, in the eyes of the Venitians, he was environed through his title of Archbishop of Crete. It was to their interest to yield to a prelate who by his influence might bring back their straying flocks.

Decided, nevertheless, not to consent they adopted the following plan to render their refusal less bitter to those who were so deeply interested in the sacred cause.

From amongst the nobles they chose four of the wisest and most learned in the ranks, two clerics and two from the laity to confute the arguments which the two friends would bring forward at the discussion.

Then for several weeks the four sages would daily, once at least and not infrequently twice a day, enter into conference with the two champions of "the folly of the Cross." The contest, notwithstanding the ability worthy of a better cause displayed by the Venitians, could not fail to be most unequal.

For, the two ambassadors, elevated by their Christian sentiments far above the arguments of ordinary interests—even as the divine surpasses the terrestrial good—adduced such powerful motives touching upon the honor and moral advantages which would accrue to the Venitians, that they ground the arms of the enemy to powder.

And yet it was only after forty days that the four orators, deprived of their very last pretext for argument, agreed to acknowledge themselves conquered.

The conferences over, the clauses of the convention, which had only been indicated summarily, were specified. The Republic was to have in readiness, for the beginning of the year 1365, vessels sufficient to carry two thousand soldiers, a proportionate number of horses, implements of war and munitions, not forgetting provisions to last during three months.

This fleet was to be subservient to the order of the King of Cyprus, at a moment's warning, to set sail when he would see fit. As to the expense of the expedition, the King and the crusade were to pay the half, whilst the Venitians agreed to defray the rest.

After the conclusion of this important affair, the deputies, in order to give the Sovereign Pontiff and the King the earliest possible tidings of the result, left each by a different route. But if they had to be apart for a few weeks, their two hearts, we may rest assured, were linked together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "THE BREAD OF ANGELS."

A Thought for Corpus Christi.

BY THE REV. ELISEUS RICK, O.C.C.



THE religion instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ is not a purely spiritual one; that is, it does not only teach us the sublimest mysteries and a spiritual union with God by loving and adoring him in spirit and truth. Christianity is also eminently realistic; spiritualism together with realism is the flower of Christianity, because its founder is God and Man. A sect, a community cut off from the only true Church, may be one-sided, confess spiritualism or realism, or the one may absorb the other; but true christianity or catholicity is essentially a connection of the one with the other, an alliance between heaven and earth. This is shown most forcibly by the feast of Corpus Christi, the institution of which is a remarkable instance of the inscrutable ways by which God governs His Church and how He sees that His divine Will be accomplished. There lived in a monastery near Liege in Belgium an humble nun, Saint Juliana, whom God had chosen to give the impulse for the institution of this hitherto unknown feast.

This saintly religious lived in a continual intercourse with God, and among other celestial favors she had frequent visions, in which she often saw the church-year under the image of a full-moon, of which, however, one side had a large dark spot. As she prayed for

an explanation of this vision, Juliana heard a voice saying, that it signified the want of a special feast in the Church militant to commemorate the institution of the adorable Sacrament of the Altar, and that God in His infinite wisdom had selected her to effect the introduction of such a feast. For about twenty years she besought Almighty God to charge one more worthy and powerful than she with such an important task. But in vain; having been admonished repeatedly, she at last communicated her visions to some saintly friends and then to her confessor, who in his turn made them known to the Bishop of Liege, the archdeacon James Pantaleon, and several other pious and learned men, who, after a severe and critical examination, pronounced that such a feast, far from being detrimental to the faith, was in perfect conformity with the teachings of the Church. Now Juliana engaged a learned priest to compose a Latin office in honor of the blessed Sacrament and having changed it somewhat (for she was well versed in the Latin language), she had it approved by the first theologians of the country, who were full of praise for her good work. But now great persecutions arose from different sides, objecting that a lowly nun should have been chosen by God to introduce a new feast into the Church. It was evidently God's will, who wished to show again that with what ease He could overcome every obstacle which man would put in His way. In time Robert, Bishop of Liege, recommended by a pastoral

letter, to the clergy and laity of his diocese the celebration of Corpus Christi on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and so it was celebrated with great solemnity for the first time in the year 1254. But soon after it fell again in disuse, and it appeared as if the desire of St. Juliana, who died in 1258, would never be fulfilled. Three years after her death, the former Archdeacon of Liege, James Pantaleon, ascended the papal throne under the name of Urban IV., and the new Bishop of Liege, Henry of Geldria, begged him to sanction, by his apostolic power, the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi in his diocese. The Pope granted the request, and in 1262 the feast was solemnly introduced throughout the diocese of Liege.

St. Juliana had prophesied that the whole Church would celebrate the feast, and Pope Urban was inclined to order its celebration; already he had taken the advice of St. Thomas Aquinas, who was at once enthusiastic with the project; but he hesitated to issue a bull on this tenor, until God manifested His will by several miracles, the greatest of which is known by the name of "the Mass of Bolsena." When in 1264 Urban IV. sojourned in Orvieto, a priest in the neighboring town of Bolsena spilled a drop of the holy blood on the corporal, which he folded in order to hide his fault. But imagine his consternation when the little drop spread through the whole cloth and appeared all over like large blood-red hosts. As the priest could not hide the miracle, it soon became known and also the Pope witnessed it. This manifest miracle convinced Urban and he hastened to issue a bull ordering the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi for the whole Catholic Church. At the same time he engaged St. Bona-

venture and St. Thomas Aquinas to compose an office for its uniform celebration. When finished, they were summoned before the Sovereign Pontiff and St. Bonaventure was so affected by the wonderful unction and power of the words of St. Thomas, who read his composition first, that he secretly tore his in small pieces; and so when his turn came he produced those pieces saying: "Thomas has been more fortunate than I!" In 1264 Urban IV. celebrated the feast in the presence of a great number of bishops and prelates; but after his death in the same year, as his successors did not show the same zeal, the feast was again neglected and for over forty years there were few churches, outside of the diocese of Liege, where Corpus Christi was celebrated. But at the oecumenical Council of Vienna in 1311, Clement V. had the decrees of his predecessor, concerning this feast sanctioned and republished, and since then it was received and celebrated universally. John XXII., the successor of Clement V., ordered the magnificent procession, in which the Blessed Sacrament is carried, and whose splendor distinguishes this feast as one of the greatest in the Church-year. The Popes did much to excite the devotion to this most adorable Sacrament in the hearts of the faithful by granting Indulgences and approving the confraternities in its honor.

So this feast, the institution of which had been announced to the world through the mouth of an humble nun, grew from century to century, up to our times, in spite of the greatest contradictions, and the zeal of the faithful people for this solemn celebration gives testimony that God's hand worked in it and that his ineffable love embraces all mankind with the same tenderness. The rejoicing that marks the celebration of this feast, the exterior pomp accompanying it is but natural to the Catholic heart. Last year it has been asserted by some papers that the procession of Corpus Christi is neither prescribed nor in accordance with the usage of the Roman Church. In the history of the feast we see that the former objection

is disproved, that John XXII. prescribed the procession for the whole Catholic Church. And it is a well-known fact that the procession was held every year with the greatest solemnity in the city of Rome itself and that up to the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese in 1870 the holy Father assisted at it in person with all the bishops and prelates present. For one who has witnessed this procession it is without doubt one of the grandest remembrances of papal Rome. With more or less splendor it is throughout the world where Catholics can venture a procession outside of the church without fear of profanation. We say outside of the church, because especially on the feast of Corpus Christi, the building becomes too small for the joy and the jubilation of the Catholic people and they have to come out in the open air and wend their way through the fields or the streets of the city to accompany their God with loud prayers and joyous hymns. Nothing is more natural for one who believes that under the species of bread, which the priest carries in the remonstrance, our Lord Himself, the God of heaven and earth, is present as He was when He walked among men.

For four thousand years the world had longed for God because the heart of man is created by God and for God; therefore this insatiable longing after Him. Even the pagan worship of gods and the fables of mythology are a proof of that ardent desire to have God present with men. At last the plenitude of time arrived; amidst the jubilation of the angels God appeared in the flesh. Should this longing have been satisfied for only thirty-three years? But it was not even satisfied, for He came unto His own and His own received Him not. Only when His heart had been pierced they knew Him. Besides the Twelve and some pious women should there be none to enjoy the presence of God except those who had eyes and saw not? The ardent desire of the children of God for the immediate presence of Christ could not remain unheard. The presence of God in the incarnation demanded His pres-

ence in the Holy Eucharist. The innate desire of man for a union with God leads us to such a belief even without that supernatural faith in the divine revelation of the great mystery of the real presence. But let us go further: The Israelites were the chosen people and God showed them favors and graces especially by giving them the Tabernacle and the Ark of Testimony: "They shall make me a sanctuary and I shall dwell in the midst of them!" (Ex. 25, 8.) With what rejoicing the Ark was brought by David on Mount Zion! What lamentation was there for the loss of the sanctuary! When the Jews had forfeited their title of the people of God, the Christians became their heirs, not only as the children of promise but, moreover, they became the children of fulfillment. So among other things also the tabernacle, which had been a mere figure, had to receive its fulfillment and consummation in Christian Church. Here is more than Solomon, more than the temple and its Holy of Holies; here is the God of heaven and earth present with soul and body in His divinity and His humanity. Therefore the rejoicing of the Catholics for this mystery of the New Testament should not be less than that of David, in spite of the sneers of Michol. It is indeed a soul-inspiring sight to behold a whole congregation walk in procession, in their midst the eucharistic God, filling the air with their prayers and joyous hymns of praise; and where a priest full of zeal for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, introduces the Corpus Christi-procession, he should rather be encouraged than criticized, the more so because he is in perfect harmony with the precepts and the wishes of the Church. In our days of religious indifference and when the faith is constantly waning, it is a powerful means to rekindle the flame of divine faith in the hearts of those who had allowed it to grow dim or even to be extinguished. By participating in it, the Catholic can show to the world that he belongs to the Church instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and that he is not hindered by a cowardly human respect from professing the same.

## ROMAN LETTER.

### THE POPE IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

ROME, May 16, 1899.

The usual celebration which is held annually in the Sistine chapel on the occasion of the anniversary of the coronation of His Holiness Leo XIII., and which could not take place last March on account of the sickness of the Pope, was held on Sunday, April 16, in St. Peter's church. This was done by the order of the Holy Father himself, who wanted to give his children the consolation of seeing him perfectly restored to health, and with him give thanks to the Most High for having preserved him in his old age.

At 6 o'clock a.m., the bells of the large Basilica rang out with a joyful peal on the air, announcing the approaching ceremony, whilst from all parts of the city immense crowds of people in carriages, trams and on foot began to move towards St. Peter's church.

The large square of St. Peter's filled with such a great number of people, intermingled with the bright uniforms of the soldiers and officers, who had been stationed there to prevent the people from passing till the appointed time, with the blue heavens above, the surrounding colonnades and the two large fountains, whose waters formed a mass of silvery spray, upon which the sun had painted a most beautiful rainbow, all presented a sight beyond description.

Several times the soldiers had to make use of their bayonets to keep the anxious people back; but when they heard the bells ringing 8 o'clock, and saw the doors of the church thrown open, they broke through the

rank of the soldiers in one place, and perhaps they would have done the same thing in other parts if the soldiers had not allowed them to pass at that moment. The way being free, a struggle ensued for the first entrance into the church and the best position from which the Pope could be seen.

At 8.30 the church was filled with almost sixty thousand people, all waiting impatiently the arrival of the Supreme Pastor. The nave of the church was divided into two parts, with a large space in the middle for the passage of the procession in which the Palatine guards were placed. The service of order in the church was entrusted to the Papal gendarmes.

At 10.30 the procession began. First came the Vatican chapter, then the representatives of the different Religious Orders and the various persons attached to the Papal court; following these were a few Bishops, and the Most Eminent Cardinals Serafino, and Vincenzo Vannutelli, Mocenni, Ledochowski, Masella, Rampolla, Di Pietro, Satolli, Gotti, Jacobini, Agliardi, Ferrata, Cretoni, Macchi, Steinhuber, Segna and Pierotti. Suddenly all eyes turned to a certain direction for at the entrance, carried high up on his sedia gestatoria and preceded by his noble guards and domestic prelates, appeared the Vicar of Jesus Christ in the person of Leo XIII.

As soon as he appeared from behind the curtain, he was greeted with immense applause, waving of handkerchiefs and many "Long live the Pope! King of Rome!" in different languages. The band placed at the rear of the church began to play, but it was useless, for the noise of the shouting

rendered it impossible for the music to be heard.

As His Holiness, with a paternal smile on his countenance, now proceeded up the aisle, the applause became louder, occasionally arising from his chair, turning first to one side then to another, he raised his trembling hand to bless his dear children, at which the people, looking on his candid face crowned with the silvery locks, and with the bright eyes, which seem to pierce the very depths of your mind, and charm all that saw him, became insensible to the surroundings and gave vent to their feelings of joy in a continued acclamation and waving of handkerchiefs, which only ceased when the Pope had reached his throne.

The throne erected for the Holy Father was both in dimension and style according to the ancient custom observed before the year 1870.

Around the Confession of St. Peter some tribunes were erected for the nobility and some Belgian and Dutch pilgrims.

The solemn High Mass was sung by His Eminence Cardinal Camillo Mazzella at the Papal altar over the Confession by a special dispensation of the Holy Father. The music was rendered by the choir of the Sixtine chapel, under the able direction of Maestro Mustafa.

As soon as the Mass was finished and the procession began, the applause also commenced again. The Holy Father proceeded to the Confession of St. Peter to give the blessing. As if by some enchantment, the great noise suddenly ceased, and prostrated, all listened attentively to hear His Holiness singing the long formula for the Benediction, and finally he stood up and imparted the Apostolic Benediction. A solemn and precious moment

indeed, in which the venerable Pontiff raised his trembling hand and blessed the immense throng prostrate at his feet. A profound silence reigned throughout the Basilica, and the voice of His Holiness could be heard invoking the blessings of heaven upon his beloved children. No sooner was this completed than the applause began again; not satisfied to shout and wave their handkerchiefs, they clapped their hands, and this increased always, until the Pope, about approaching the door, arose in his chair and turning around, gave all his blessing, when all raised such a roaring acclamation which seemed forcible enough to raise the roof from the church.

The services being finished, the people left the church and in a few minutes the spacious square and neighboring streets were crowded, and it was only after an hour or so that the city assumed its quiet state again.

Any one who ever has had the happiness of assisting at these ceremonies in St. Peter's church, cannot but be impressed by them. To see such a great number of people, at least fifty and sixty thousand, both Italians and foreigners, and among the latter many Protestants, all as it were overcome with joy and charmed at the presence of the Supreme Pontiff, giving expression to their intimate feelings in every possible way, is a sight that would affect the very pagans themselves. Some foreigners came here expressly for the occasion.

All this exertion did not seem to do any harm to the Pope; for when he arrived in his apartments after the service, he said: "There, this is done too," and during the following weeks, instead of giving two hours of audience as before, he gave three hours. May God preserve him yet for a long time.

A. W., O.C.C.



## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

*All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City*

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JUNE, 1899.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

"And what is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days." No better pen picture of this month of beauty is needed than the words of James Russell Lowell in his "Vision of Sir Launfal." Read it and try to remember two lines which are worthy the pen of a saint:

"'Tis only heaven that is given away,  
'Tis only God can be had for the asking."

Are they not a text in themselves for the month of the Sacred Heart?

Each month, as it comes to us with its own special devotion, seems like a very well-spring of grace, but June is the crown of them all because it brings to us Infinite Love begging, pleading for the hearts of men.

There is something very touching about devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is so real, so life-like and so full of human nature that in spite of themselves men and women have been won by its fascinations, until to-day it seems as if the whole Catholic world were members of the League of the Sacred Heart.

How edifying are the crowds (who throng the churches) on First Friday mornings. Surely, it seems as if the plaint of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, "Behold the Heart which has loved men so much and is so little loved in return!" is not as true now-a-days as when it was forced from His Sacred Heart, yearning for the love of His own creatures.

And yet there are multitudes who know Him not and love Him not, and for them too the cry still rings out in pleading.

Dear children, we must all pray hard for sinners this month. The holy souls have friends everywhere, but very very few care for poor sinners. Suppose each one of us should take one whom we know or have heard of and pray earnestly every day for his or her conversion.

The Secretary knows some one who saw a poor forlorn creature sitting in the back of a church one day. She was a young woman, very much intoxicated, and yet had something pleasing in her face, notwithstanding her dreadful condition. Perhaps the Lord in his mercy sent her to that church to become the object of prayer; for every day since the friend of the Secretary met her, the poor sinner has had earnest prayers offered for her—"that she may not die in mortal sin." Join in the league, dear children. Take some one—you need not know the person—and say one Hail Mary every day for his or her conversion—using the words, "that he, (she) may not die in mortal sin!"

Poor sinners! our Lord lived his life for and among them. Those who love Him best are full of pity and tenderness for them, and prayer—secret, silent prayer for them is working miracles daily. Begin the apostolate this June and keep it up as long as you live.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." They are the

words of Eternal Truth—win their realization in your own case, dear children!

You know the world is so hard, so unkind to those whom they call "tramps," to the poor afflicted ones, homeless and friendless. Suppose they are unworthy. What did our Lord say? "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

Many times it is unwise to help such unfortunates with money or material aid, but a prayer is never thrown away. Begin to pray for the forlorn ones who are outcasts and have no dear ones to pity or pray for them.

Long ago there was an old song which we used to sing in the convent school:

"Be kind to the unhappy, for oh!  
their friends are few!"

Prayerful kindness is the truest kindness. It is a very comforting thing to have secrets which are only known to the good God. You meet a poor sinner on the street, and for the love of the divine Heart of Jesus you say an aspiration for that soul's conversion. You forget it—God does not, and there will be plenty such surprises when you meet our Lord in judgment. Don't be selfish in prayer. Every one loves the open-handed, generous giver. Don't be niggardly during June, but forget yourselves and pray for sinners.

And, of course, you will not give up the daily Mass so perseveringly offered during May. Thirty Masses in June. What will they not, must they not do to give souls to the Sacred Heart. He loves His own—yes—but He yearns for sinners. Pray for them, and even if you think you are forgetting yourself, you'll soon find out your mistake. Don't forget Saint Paul—the great, glorious, generous-hearted Saint Paul.—when he speaks of sinners he says—

"of whom I am the first." So don't fear that you will be forgotten when you pray for sinners.

Keep the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 9, as a day of pleading for them and your devoted friend,

• CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### MAXIMS FOR JUNE.

1. It is my irrevocable wish to belong to the Heart of Jesus, and to do all through love of this Divine Heart.—Blessed Margaret Mary.
2. The Heart of Jesus loved us from the first moment of the Incarnation and will love us forevermore.—Archbishop Walsh.
3. Say often in the midst of your contradictions: This is the way to heaven; I see the harbor, and I am sure that storms cannot hinder me from reaching it—St. F. de Sales.
4. What is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days.  
—James Russell Lowell:
5. Our Lord sometimes leaves us alone, and yet at that very time our dear Father loveth us never the less, but does it for the great love He has for us.

#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Why is "O" the noisiest of all the vowels?
2. Of what trade are many authors?
3. In what case did Adam put the animals when he named them?
4. Why is the world ruled by a bee, a goose and a calf?

#### FOR OUR BIBLE CLASS.

1. What was the trade of St. Paul the Apostle?
2. What is the meaning of the word Abraham?

3. Why is St. John compared to an eagle?
4. What was meant by the horn of salvation in the Canticle of Zachary?
5. Who was the father of St. Joseph?

—

ANSWERS FOR BIBLE CLASS.

1. 750 ounces of silver, £187, 10s. sterling.
2. Parchments on which were written the ten commandments.
3. A place in the temple where the people put in their gifts. The poor-box of the Old Law.
4. King David.
5. The sweet singer of Israel.

—

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. When it is ground.
2. Hooker.
3. *Rotatory* motion of the earth.
4. When you take it into the pen.
5. Four quarters.

—

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

To the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

OH dearest Jesus, ever good  
 To those who dwell with Thee apart,  
 Draw us, with golden cords of love,  
 To rest within Thy Sacred Heart.

Thou knowest the fleeting joys of  
 earth

Can never lasting peace impart;  
 Oh, grant us, more and more, to seek  
 For rest within Thy Sacred Heart.

We pray Thee, make us all Thine own;  
 For this Thou need'st no other art,  
 Than that most gracious love divine  
 That burns within Thy Sacred Heart.

—

St. Aloysius Gonzaga.

St. Aloysius was born in the castle of Castiglione, March 9th, 1568. His mother was lady of honor to Isabel of

Spain, and was remarkable for her piety and devotion. She taught her little son, as soon as he could speak, parts of the Catechism and the sign of the cross. His father was a marquis in great favor at the court; so that our young saint was surrounded by every temptation to be proud and haughty. But from infancy he was humble and meek, very kind to the poor, and always gentle to his servants, never using tones of command.

He used to hide away in corners to say his prayers, and those who found him declared he looked more like an angel than a child.

His father wishing him to be a soldier, gave him little guns and other weapons for toys, and took him to the camp and left him, where he remained long enough to learn from the officers unbecoming words, the meaning of which he did not know, being only seven years old. His tutor hearing him use these bad words, chid him, and he never again could bear the company of those who profaned the name of God.

Young as he was, he never omitted his prayers, even when ill many months. He was so faithful and studious, that when only eight years old he had made great progress in his studies.

When going down stairs, he said a Hail Mary at every landing, such was his devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Humility and obedience were his favorite virtues, and his discretion was so great, as he grew older, that he was often called upon to settle disputes, and no enmity could resist his meekness and charity. He converted many from their sinful habits, and died, after living a pure and holy life, at the age of twenty-three.

## Editorial Notes.

### An Invitation to Our Readers.

We call the attention of our readers to the article on the Hospice of Mount Carmel, appearing on another page in this number, and forming the first instalment of a series of articles under a new department, exclusively reserved to notices on the Hospice and its workings.

In this first article, our Very Rev. Father Provincial announces the solemn opening of the Hospice by His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto on Thursday, June 15th next. We cordially invite all of our readers and benefactors to come to Niagara Falls on this occasion, or, at least, during this summer. Other days of public pilgrimage will be Sunday, July 16th, feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and Tuesday, August 15th, feast of the Assumption of Our Lady—these being days of special Indulgences. Every day of the year the pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady can be made, and a Plenary Indulgence gained, at the first annual visit. Every subsequent visit during the same year is favored with an Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines. Catholic lay persons, men or women, who wish to arrange for a retreat, should write for particulars and address: Hospice of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont.

### Saint and Soldier.

Our readers will be pleased to observe that this month we give them the first instalment of the life of General de Sonis, who, according to his biographer, "fought as a hero, lived as a saint, and died as a martyr." This sketch will be of interest to all, particularly those whose lot is cast

amongst the soldiery. They can learn therein to imitate this great French soldier, to be as prepared to meet their God as they are prepared to meet an enemy. It is also timely that this biography be now brought to light in this month of the Sacred Heart, for to de Sonis—to quote a fellow-officer—"is due the honor of having unfurled the banner of the Sacred Heart on that very battle field where, four centuries before, the banner of Joan of Arc had floated." De Sonis died as he lived. He requested to be buried as a poor man, without any ceremony. On his grave was to be simply inscribed, at his request, the words—"Miles Christi," "Soldier of Christ." His whole life, indeed, could be summed up in two words, "honor" and "sacrifice." Devout Carmelite as he was, he gave us an object lesson of pure and fervent love of the Mother of God, of whom he himself had said to his own soldiers as they lay dying at Loigny: "Mary is placed on the threshold of eternity to give courage and confidence to those who are about to cross it."

### Peace Without Christ.

A peace conference is being held at the Hague, in Holland, without a representative of the Vicar of Christ, the "Prince of Peace," being invited to its meetings. It is the old mistake of the world. Futile efforts are to be made to keep the passions of men in check without invoking the only power on earth able to do it, the power of Christ. If you take away the cross you must substitute the bayonet, and whenever you silence the tongue of the Christian apostle, you must expect to hear the roar of the guns.

Man, unsubdued by the meek voice of the Crucified One, will only bend to brute force, and yet they come together to speak of disarmament, and leave out Christ and His Vicar on earth. "And behold they have cried: 'Peace, peace,' and there was no peace."

They might, at least, have invited Oom Paul and Aguinaldo—Uncle Sam is anxious enough to have Aguinaldo disarm—but there seems to be no prospect of such a one-sided proceeding as yet. Oom Paul, too, seems not to believe in unarmed innocence, and, while they are talking of peace at the Hague, is preparing his Boers to give a warm reception to the peaceful overtures of England.

The Town Council of the Hague has given a proof of its love of justice and fair play in refusing to give an official reception to the delegates of the Peace Conference, because the Vatican and the Transvaal had not been invited to take part in it.

#### A Breach of Contract.

An interesting lawsuit is now pending between Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the Duke of Parma. The Prince is suing his father-in-law, to recover the annuity fixed upon the Prince in the marriage contract between himself and Princess Marie, the Duke's daughter. Since her death the Duke has refused to pay it, on the ground of a breach of contract on the part of the Prince, who had his son, Prince Boris, baptized in the schismatic Greek Church, in spite of the protestations of his pious Catholic mother. It will be interesting to note the decision of the court. In our country the Church also insists on certain promises on the part of the non-Catholic parent in cases of mixed

marriages. In most cases a written promise to allow the Catholic party to have full liberty in the exercise of her religion, and in the Catholic education of her offspring, must be signed before witnesses in order to obtain the necessary dispensation. As far as our experience goes, these promises are hardly worth the paper on which they are written, much less have they any legal value before our American courts. Men of honor, who would keep their word under all circumstances, do not need this additional formality to give value to their promises, whilst those, who do not believe in any sacred obligations, will not be bound by a document, which cannot be enforced by court of law. The sense of honor, which, outside of the Catholic Church, is about the only moral restraint on the passions of men, seems to be gradually swallowed up by the growing selfishness of the times, leaving as sole guardian of law and order—a corruptible policeman.

#### Philanthropy and Charity.

Millionaires and capitalists on both sides of the ocean are indignant at the apostasy of one of their number. Andrew Carnegie has retired from business, and intends to spend his accumulated millions in the promotion of the public good, for the common weal of the commonwealth. His famous saying: "He who dies a millionaire, dies disgraced," has struck home more forcibly than all the pulpit utterances of the fashionable preacher. Were he a Catholic, the shock given to the world would not be so violent, for Christian charity has more than once, even in modern times, stripped itself of every earthly possession for the least of Christ's brethren. That it does not happen frequently, is owing

to the fact that good Catholics find it very hard to become millionaires honestly, and even when they do accumulate wealth, very often do so at the sacrifice of their supernatural virtue of charity. Mr. Carnegie, whatever may be the cause of his decision, be it merely a humanitarian principle, or, as we may charitably suppose, a true Christian motive, is giving a much needed example of unselfishness to a world, which is becoming brutal in its thirst for riches and pleasures. A few more such practical applications of the advice given to capitalists by our Holy Father in his immortal encyclical on Labor, would soon disarm the desperate anarchist, and pacify the turbulent socialist.

#### Benevolent Assimilation.

The great American Republic, with its colossal achievements in material progress, has for so long a time served as a text to the followers of Republicanism all over Europe, that we sympathize with their present feelings of disappointment at the latest developments of our institutions. Fiendish delight in roasting negroes alive, "having lots of fun," as one of our soldiers expresses it, in killing Filipinos, and shelling villages of women and children in Samoa, are the latest process of "benevolent assimilation" used in giving equal rights to all men, regardless of color or creed. We had as an excuse hitherto, when reproached by the world for our inhuman lynchings, the manifest disapprobation of our government, which was only prevented from putting down forcibly such breaches of republican fraternity by its delicate regard for the rights of individual States. But what can we say now? Now, when the Government orders such doings? No wonder

our present antics must be as surprising to outside admirers of our American institutions, as the action of the good Sunday-school boy, who, being patted on the head by an admiring deacon of the church, unexpectedly stuck out his tongue at the good worthy.

#### The Holy Year.

On the feast of the Ascension of Our Lord last month, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. caused a bull announcing a universal jubilee in the year 1900, to be promulgated from the vestibule of St. Peter's Church, as is the custom. We have seen no official translation of it, but according to cabled accounts the bull opens with the pathetic statement that this proclamation may be the last act of the ministry of the reigning Pontiff. Then he refers to the last Holy Year, a name given to the great Jubilee, which occurs every 25 years. Owing to the condition of Rome and the Holy See there was no jubilee in the years 1850 and 1875. He refers to the last one, held in the Pontificate of Leo XII., and regrets that the coming one cannot be celebrated in Rome with the same solemnities. He speaks of the virtues and failings of the present century, especially of the ever-increasing greed for the goods of this world. The Holy Year opens in Rome with the first Vespers of Christmas, 1899, and ends on Christmas Day, 1900. He invites the whole Catholic world to visit Rome during the Holy Year and prescribes the conditions necessary to gain the Indulgences, Confession, Communion, and a visit to the three basilicas, St. Peter's, St. Paul's and St. John's. He also asks all good Catholics to stay away from all profane shows and spectacles during the holy season.

### A Wise Step.

The government of the United States could not have selected a better minister to Spain than Mr. Bellamy Storer, of Cincinnati. He is a convert to the Catholic Church, and will be, therefore, not only far more acceptable at the Catholic court of Madrid, but will also be far better able to understand the affairs of Spain, and the relation between Church and State in that country, than even the best-meaning non-Catholic. Had Uncle Sam displayed the same wisdom in the selection of a Chief Justice for Samoa, whose population is almost entirely Catholic, all the disgusting and brutal interference on his part with the rights of the great Catholic majority in those islands would have never blotted his escutcheon.

### Uncle Sam's Index.

We don't object to it. We never believed in the so-called liberty of the Press. There should be no restriction put on good and wholesome literature. But the Church and every decent government have found it necessary from time to time to put the ban on literature, subversive of authority and morals. Uncle Sam is learning a lot of lessons since he became a centenarian. Now, he has adopted the Index, and the first publications placed thereon were Atkinson's pamphlets against Imperialism. He does not dare, so far, to enforce the Index at home, but he wishes to save his poor bought subjects in his imperial possessions abroad from being corrupted by Boston culture, and therefore forbids the exportation of such literature. We'll have the terrible days of the Inquisition next, "if we don't watch out."

### Another Catholic Invasion.

Uncle Sam's Walhalla has to make room for another eminent Catholic. The State of Maryland has lately voted the sum of \$25,000 for the erection of a statue of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, to be placed in Statuary Hall, at the Capitol in Washington. This illustrious citizen of Maryland, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was a most devout son of the Church. We are satisfied in our own mind, that this fervent Christian is now enjoying the company of the great Jesuit missionary, Pere Marquette, in the eternal realms of bliss above, and, therefore, find it most appropriate that their effigies on earth should be in each other's company under the same dome of the old Legislative Chamber.

### A Golden Jubilee.

Loretto Abbey, in the city of Toronto, the mother-house of the "Institute of the Blessed Virgin" in the New World, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation on the 13th, 14th and 15th of this month. The Sisters have lately erected a beautiful chapel in connection with the Abbey and their flourishing Academy for young ladies. His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, will bless the chapel and open it with a Pontifical High Mass on the morning of the 13th of June. Then will follow two days of receptions and entertainments to their numerous friends. The Governor-General of Canada, the Earl of Minto, and all the prominent dignitaries, Protestant as well as Catholic, will be present at these celebrations.

# The Hospice of Mt. Carmel, at Niagara Falls, Ont.

V. REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C.

## Opening of the Hospice.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel, projected by Archbishop Lynch of saintly memory, begun under the late Archbishop Walsh, blessed by the Holy Father, and approved by Cardinal Gibbons and many archbishops and bishops of the United States and Canada is now entering upon its first stage of public utility.

On the 15th of this month of June, His Grace the new Archbishop of Toronto, the Most Reverend Denis O'Connor, D.D., will solemnly bless the building and thus officially open it for its sacred purpose. This first building is to serve as a house of retreat for the Catholic clergy and laity.

Although the building is ready for occupation, many things must yet be done to bring it and the grounds adjoining it to that point of perfection which will put it in harmony with its surroundings and make it worthy of the glorious Queen of Mt. Carmel, under whose title and protection it is placed. Owing to the long-continued spell of hard times, which has been hanging over the whole country for several years back, we have not been able to carry out all our original plans.

Most of all do we regret that we were unable to begin the erection of a new church to take the place of the present pilgrimage church. Dear as the old shrine is to the thousands who have visited it, and have there found an answer to their prayers for temporal and spiritual favors, the present chapel is in a ruinous condition and almost beyond repair. Nor is it large enough to accommodate the pilgrims,

who come here annually to pay homage to the Mother of God and to gain the many spiritual privileges attached to it.

But the beginning is made, and well made. The Hospice building in its massive beauty is the herald of the noble church edifice, which, sooner or later, will occupy the centre of the entire structure.

Realizing the needs of our present generation, we have provided all modern improvements. By an agreement with the Niagara Power Company, we have secured sufficient electric power to light the building not only, but even to heat it throughout, to do the cooking in the kitchen, and to supply all motive power needed.

The private rooms are furnished with simple but neat and substantial furniture, enamelled white steel beds, wardrobe, dresser, washstand, table and chairs. There are nine bathrooms in the house, with porcelain lined tubs and cold and hot water, the latter being supplied by electrically heated boilers. The water supply is obtained from an inexhaustible spring on the grounds, which furnishes the purest and most wholesome drinking water out of the heart of the rock, at a depth of over a hundred feet.

The rooms are dedicated to saints, each room bearing the name of a saint. We have allowed benefactors, who have contributed the sum necessary to furnish a room, viz. \$50, the privilege to select the name of a saint to whom they wish the room to be dedicated. So far, but eight of the fifty rooms



have been paid for in this way, but we have hopes that all will be christened in the same charitable manner.

All our subscribers and readers are invited to attend the solemn ceremony of the opening on Thursday, June 15. An excursion train on the Michigan Central to the Hospice grounds will leave Buffalo at 7.30 a.m. on that day. The fare for the round trip will be only 50 cents. Trains will leave the grounds about 8 p.m. Our friends who are coming from other points in the States will do well to connect with this train at the New York Central station in Buffalo. Canadian visitors can easily reach the grounds by the Canadian Park Electric Railway. This trolley line connects with boats from Toronto at Queenston, Ont., and with

the Grand Trunk Railway at the Bridge. We hope to see a large gathering of our friends on this solemn occasion.

After the 15th of June we can offer hospitality to a limited number of visitors. To secure lodging at the Hospice, our friends, who contemplate a stay of a few days, should notify us at least ten to fifteen days ahead. A certificate as benefactor or subscriber to THE CARMELITE REVIEW will be sufficient to make you a welcome guest. Those who have hitherto not been in communication with us must present references from their pastors or confessors to be admitted.

The dates of retreats, as soon as we are ready to give them, will be made known in these pages and in the principal Catholic papers of the country.

### A Famous Shrine.

There are famous shrines of Mary throughout the world, but few are more ancient or more curious than the chapel of "Our Lady of Peace" in Normandy. An oak under which the Druids offered their heathen rites, paying actually divine honors to it; a tree consecrated by the earliest apostles of Gaul to Jesus and Mary; a tree beneath whose shade William marshalled his Norman hosts before he led them to the conquest of England; a tree under which the returning warriors of the first crusade told to wandering crowds the story of their strange adventures in the Morning Land; a tree which time hollowed out to form a crypt for a chapel in honor of Mary—it still stands revered by all hearts as their dearest monument. This venerable tree, the last of the chapel trees, is thirty-five feet round the trunk, and in spite of its centuries, each spring still robes it in green. The statue of Mary had dedicated it to her, so when ages ago time hollowed it out,

the people lined the hollow trunk with white marble, and set up within this crypt an altar surmounted by a beautiful marble Madonna. In this tree-shrine Mass is celebrated. A flight of steps leads up to it; and above, amidst its still brilliant foliage, towers an iron cross surmounting a little hermit cell, to which a winding stair encircling the tree leads you up. Even this little chapel is ancient and the people cling to it so devotedly that, when during the French Revolution the envoys of the infidel government were sent to seize and destroy it the people flew to arms, and presented so bold a defiance that the deputies of the National Assembly left them masters of the field, and this was the only spot where the old faith was openly practised in that part of Normandy, hearing on its portal amid the hurricane of civil war and desolation its long honored title: *Notre Dame de la Paix*—"Our Lady of Peace."

## PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co., 172 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., will be pleased to send their catalogue to any one desirous of learning where to purchase anything in the line of good books, church ornaments and religious articles of all kinds.

Messrs. Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York and Cincinnati, publish in cheap form (paper covers at 50 cents) two valuable books by James J. Treacy. The titles are: "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," and "Testimonies of Distinguished Converts." These works will form a powerful auxiliary in the propagation of truth and spreading of light among our separated brethren. In the alphabetical index of distinguished converts, comes first the name of a very "distinguished" convert—or rather pervert, if we are not mistaken, viz., one William E. Addis, who in former editions of the now revised Catholic Dictionary gave a shock to every client of Mary by slandering the holy Scapular and things held sacred by the venerable Order of Carmel. The name of a pervert should have no place in such a role of honor. The compiler and publishers, without a shadow of doubt, acted in good faith, and in printing a new edition will probably expurge the name in question from this valuable work now, that we call their attention to what seems an oversight. In the meantime we give timely notice to any of our readers who shall come in possession of these desirable additions to Catholic literature.

In interesting narrative the Rev. John MacDivett, D.D., tells us "The Story of a Great Servant of God" Father Hand, Founder of All Hallows' Catholic College. As the author says in his preface, "the story of his (Father Hand's) life cannot fail to be interesting, and especially interesting to all belonging to the Old Country," and also we should say to all who know and revere the zealous and self-sacrificing Irish Catholic priest at home and abroad. Price, in paper cover, fifty cents. To be had from the publishers, Fr. Pustet & Co., 52 Barclay street, New York.

"The Echoes" from "The Pines" unfolds to us a beautiful home of piety and learning situated in the picturesque Canadian town of Chatham. The Ursuline Ladies have charge of this highly recommended educational institution.

A "Short Catechism of Church History" for the Higher Grades of Catholic Schools, by Rev. J. B. Oectering, is a compact little volume bound in cloth, which is a veritable *multum in parvo* touching on everything which graduates from our Catholic schools should know to complete their education. It is published by B. Herder, 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price: bound in cloth, retail 30 cents; wholesale, 20 cents; introduction price, 15 cents.

The Feasts of Corpus Christi, The Sacred Heart, and St. Anthony occur in June and some new books appropriate to each devotion can be had from Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York.

Three neat little volumes in uniform binding have just been issued by Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 and 38 Barclay street, New York. Each book sells at 75 cents. The author is the Rev. Joseph Keller, who has also given us an interesting book on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The other three works referred to are in the form of anecdotes. One is devoted to the popular St. Anthony. Another volume contains some beautiful "Anecdotes and examples to illustrate the honor and glory due to the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar." The third book will promote devotion to the Sacred Heart, and is most seasonable now that the Catholic world is once more to perform a solemn act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In answer to an enquirer, we beg to say that the beads of the Infant of Prague is recited as follows: The "Our Father" three times, said in honor of the Holy Family; then the "Hail Mary" twelve times, in honor of the twelve years of our Divine Lord's Infancy. Before each bead should be added the words: "And the Word was made flesh, etc." 300 days Indulgence by Pius IX., Aug. 9, 1855. We purposely call this little devotion the *beads* of the Infant of Prague. The *rosary* can only refer to the Dominican beads.

### Favors for the Hospice.

Miss J.C., Colchester, Conn.; Miss N.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Miss I.G., St. Louis, Mo.; H. and A.C., Lancaster, Pa.; Miss M.M., Williamsport, Pa.; W.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. S., Paterson, N.J.; J.M.L., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; F.J.D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; W., Laporte, Ind.; N.R.W., St. Mary's, Pa.

### WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular. \* \* \* in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from: St. John's Church, Johnsville, N.B.; Rev. C. O'M., Watertown, N.Y.; Sydney, C.B.; Baltimore, Md.; Walkerville, Ont.; St. Peter's Lewiston, N.Y.; Dalhousie, N.B.; Drayton, Ont.; Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash.; Good Shepherd Convent, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Martin's, Starckenburg, Mo.; Sacred Heart, Florissant, Mo.

Names received at Carmel Convent, Scipio, Kansas, from: St. Peter's Church, St. Charles, Mo.

Names received at New Baltimore Monastery from: Chicago, Ill.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; Peoria, Ill.; Merrill, Wis.; St. Mary's Church, Scranton, Pa.; Columbia, Mo.; Goodwin, Wash.; St. John's Church, Bellefonte, Pa.; St. John's Church, New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Bonaventure's Church, Auburn Centre, Pa.

### ORITUARY.

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

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

WILLIAM DIBB, who departed from this life at London, Ont., fortified by the Sacraments of the holy Church.

JAMES SCALLAN, one of our first subscribers, who went to his reward at St. Andrew's N.B.

MRS. M. DONAHUE, who died at London, Ont.

JOHN M. McCATTERY, who died January 29th.

MISS CATHERINE DALEY, who died April 12th.

SISTER M. ST. ANNE JILBERT, who died at the Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, on May 15th.

JOHN COLLINS, killed at Pittsburg, Pa., May 8th.

MRS. SARA WHALEN (nee BOLGER), who went to her reward on Sunday within the Octave of Ascension, May 14th last.

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

### PETITIONS.

*"Pray one for another."*—St. James, *v.* 16.

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

For restoration to health: for recovery of failing sight; happy death, 1; health, 2; spiritual, 1; First Communicants, 125; 9 Sunday Schools; careless Catholics, 6; sinners, 5; vocation 2; restoration of ill-gotten goods; payment of lawful debts; prevention of several mixed marriages; for a family; for parents, 3; prevention of scandal; peace in families, 6; employment for a reader; special, 2; all the intentions of our readers; all the intentions of THE CARMELITE REVIEW; for all our deceased readers; all intentions of the Church and of all other pious confraternities, leagues or unions.

### Falls View.

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