





October, Month of the Holy Rosary.

BY ENFANT DE MARIA.

PRELUDE.



COMING again like a summer breeze
 Scented with fragrant flowers,
 E'en though autumnal leaves are sere
 And darkening the evening hours;
 Breathing once more in the sweetest tones,
 Melodies soft and low,
 Joyful, and plaintive, and glorious strains
 Blend like the water's flow.

SONGS OF JOY.

List to the Bethlehem songs of joy:
 "Glory to God on high!"
 Angels are winging through vaults of night,
 Far in the star-lit sky.

List! for the chords of a golden harp
 Shrill with exulting praise;
 Sweeter those tones of the Virgin's soul
 E'en than angelic lays.

TONES OF SORROW.

Slowly the dirge of sorrow now is stealing
 Mournfully and low,
 Like a passing bell its voice appealing
 To each tender, sympathetic feeling,
 In the tones of woe.

Murmur soft the words of Jesus dying,
 Veiled in shadows dim,
 Through the Mother's heart their sweetness sighing
 Echoed by her love and grief, replying
 To the farewell hymn.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

GLORIOUS STRAINS.

Hark to those glorious strains of song!
 "Alleluia!"
 Through the bright choirs they sweep along,
 "Alleluia!"
 Shadows of suffering have passed away,
 Golden the light of His Easter-day,
 Gladsome our souls as we watch and pray,
 "Alleluia!"

FINALE.

Beautiful Mother and gentle Queen,
 "Hail full of grace!"
 Now art thou rising o'er moonlight sheen,
 Radiant thy face.
 White is thy robe as the Alpine snow,
 Stars in thy diadem flashy and glow,
 Gifts through thy hands to our spirits flow.
 "Hail full of grace!"

 THE RANGE OF MEEKNESS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



HE sage outspake, in conscious pride,—
 "The mind of man, like the world, is wide;
 Mighty to measure this earthly ball,
 Whose dross, whose atoms, may be our all.
 O science, far searching! We plunge with thee
 Into the depths of the deepest sea."

Flashed out Saint Michael on wings of flame,
 Brushing him by, as he downward came;
 Brought, swift as light, by the potent tears
 Of a woman crowned with the grace of years,
 Whose mere petition availed to span
 The awful gulf between God and man.

"The great profound of life defies
 Thy power," the Prince Archangel cries;
 "O, son of man, would'st search out Him
 Whose silences baffle the cherubim?
 The woman's up-soaring outstrippeth thine,
 Scaling, in meekness, the throne divine."

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS,

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.



IN the State of New York there is a Catholic population of half a million souls at the least. The human reason and divine religion of these half a million alike tell them that they are responsible for the education of their children, and that they are bound to bring them up in the Catholic religion, and under the supervision of the Catholic Church. The Pope, to whose voice pastors and people alike are bound to listen, has called on all bishops to see to it that Catholic youth are educated in schools, where all, and in all things, are Catholic; that is, in schools under Catholic teachers of approved faith and morals, where the instructions given in secular science shall be in conformity with and accompanied by the religious teachings of the Church, and where during the years of their study they shall not be exposed to the company of children who are heretics or infidels. The late National Convention of Baltimore, in conformity with the voice of the successor of St. Peter, has called upon us, people as well as pastors, to labor earnestly to this end of providing an exclusively Catholic education for the children in this country baptized in the Catholic Church. The state of the case is thus made exceedingly clear. The duty of Catholics in the premises is most plain. They are bound to unite and to strive to provide for the entire Catholic youth of the country, schools, Catholic in their teachers, in their instructions, and in the character of the scholars attending them.

"In so doing they must meet with opposition from the devil, and from his ser-

vants, the world and the flesh. It is the condition of being soldiers of Christ that this three-fold opposition be made to them, and it becomes active just in proportion as the servants of Christ exert themselves in behalf of Him, of their duty, and of their religion.

"There are, then, two active visible influences set up and opposed to the commands of the Catholic Church in reference to education. The world, which is represented by the system of State schools, ignoring the existence of the soul, of eternal life, and of God, claims the right of taking the education of children into its own hands, and of bringing them up for its own purposes; of teaching them to read, and write, and calculate numbers, and so on, for its own worldly purposes, as if there were no God and no Church having authority over men.

"The flesh, which is represented by Socialism, sets up its claim to educate children for indulgence in their passions and natural inclinations. It insists not only on ignoring God in education, but on substituting its own God, which it avows to be passion. It rejects all authority, of the State as well as of the Church, and seeks to bring up children to be lawless men and women, without natural affection or natural restraints, but as slaves of passion and adepts in vice.

"By way of preference the devil, of course, would choose Socialism as his favorite of these two. Socialism is, indeed, the devil's own church, the very incarnation of this spirit. But six thousand years of experiment on human nature have taught him that things on earth go by degrees; and like a skillful politician, he takes what he can get and uses it for getting more. Socialism in this country is not strong enough yet to resist the State; the devil therefore urges it to take part in

the meantime with the State in the matter of education, and to aim in future at carrying out the views of the State, that is of the world, in educating men and women for worldly pursuits without reference in any way to religion or to the existence of God, or of immortal souls. When this shall have been obtained thoroughly in any one generation, logical consistency, the cravings of souls distracted from their true end, and the downward impulses of fallen human nature would make the triumph of Socialism a sure thing at the next stage.

"The world, then, is the hostile power now openly arrayed by the devil against the Catholic Church in the matter of education, State education and the form of this array. The flesh, or Socialism, is obliged to coalesce in the meantime with the State in order to half effect its desired debauchery of youth.

"We have stated the case of education in this State precisely as it exists. Our contests as Catholics is not against any given form of Protestantism as taught in the State schools. It is not against 'Protestantism in general' except that most general sort of Protestantism which negates all positive religion.

"Now it is well for us half million Catholics in this State to recollect that this is professedly, and, in a good degree, really a land of personal and religious liberty. On almost any question a statute that oppresses half a million of the people of the State of New York—that takes their money without rendering them any valuable equivalent, is too oppressive and unjust to meet with popular support. Such a statute is, past all doubt, the school law in its present form. The State, in stepping forward to control and prescribe the education of the children of her citizens, has struck a deadly blow at the liberties of American Republicanism as distinguished from Jacobinic and despotic Democratism. The providing for education by State tax is something outside of the normal duties of government according to the principles of American Democracy, and is tolerable only on condition that the education thus provided is one that does not clash with the wishes, interests, or convictions of any body of citizens, or, at least, of any considerable body. But the existing State school system conflicts

directly with the convictions of the half-million Catholics, and beyond them with that of every religious sect that has positive dogmas to teach, and enough of life left as a sect to wish to perpetuate itself. Under these circumstances we look upon it merely as a question of time when this odious anti-American Jacobinical system of impiety is to fall. If Catholics will please now to shake off the sluggishness that has so beset them on this as on other mixed questions affecting their political rights, and if Presbyterians and other Protestant sects, which have still dogmas or a religion which they care to teach to their children, will not refuse to work with them for a common interest, we know that there are in this State enough of candid impartial men, and enough of men disgusted with the profligacy, the inefficiency, and the expensiveness, as well as the illegality of the present State system, to extinguish the monstrous growth, or so to modify it as to give back to parents and citizens their right of directing the education of their own children. If Catholics still sleep on under the pretext of being quiet citizens, or from their usual honor of combination for the assertion of their political rights, then their fellow citizens will reasonably conclude that their backs were made for packsaddles, and will very properly load them with other grievous burdens made especially for them, until even their patience will be worn out, and, with more difficulty, and by more disturbing and violent efforts they will by and by be compelled to stand up in defence of their legal rights.

"If Catholics will now arouse and organize for effort on this subject, and if the Protestant sects join hands again with the infidels and Socialists in opposing the right of positive religious education in schools—choosing rather to sink in the flood of unbelief than to swim by helping with Catholics to bale out and caulk the vessel in which both are interested, then the glorious sight will be given the world, and especially to all men of good will among ourselves, of Catholics struggling alone in behalf of the principle of religious education for the young. It would be a spectacle in its general moral results on the community worth every sacrifice. It is one that would become intolerable to all

heretical sects, which would thus be self-condemned of destroying religion, and being purely negative, and in face of such a contest we would see the most striking conversions to the faith of all men in whom the natural sentiment of religion had not been extinguished by impiety. Moreover, we would see far sooner than we dream that the correctness of the principle would be conceded, and honorable and well meaning men in sufficient numbers would join us in regaining our rights.

"The Catholic sentiment on this subject is a hundred times stronger and more general now than it was two years ago. Our own opinion is that it is high time to organize and to commence our work. We shall never carry it through except by long and patient efforts, but the sooner we commence the better. We are glad of the letter addressed to us from Utica, which we publish this week. The proposition to have a convention we heartily approve of, and we know of no fitter place to hold it than at Utica. As to having representatives from the parishes we can say nothing. That would be a question about which our correspondent would do well to consult the bishops whose Sees are in this State. We cannot go into the consideration of parishes without their approbation and consent. But that a convention of Catholics, clerical and lay, and of such others as would meet with the same object in view, to devise means for relieving from the injustice of the State school system those who object to it on principle, would be of great interest and of great importance, is to our minds very certain. There are influential gentlemen in all parts of the State of much legal, political and practical experience whom it would be very desirable to bring together for consultation on this subject. We hope to hear the opinion of others on this matter. Will our friends write to us their sentiments without delay?"

"Saturday, Aug. 14, 1852."

EQUAL TO THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

"The extracts from the report of the Catholic School Board of the diocese of Fort Wayne, Indiana, published in the *Freeman's Journal* of last week, are of great interest, as showing that the parochial schools of all dioceses do not go as they please.

"While the 'cultured' East, particularly Massachusetts, is only awakening to the real necessities of Catholic children. Indiana, which does not boast of its 'culture,' sets an example of good school government that might be widely imitated. The Fort Wayne system tries, perhaps, to do too much; it is capable of improvement; but the fineness of purpose and breadth of mind which have so far distinguished its management, are guarantees that no new and good suggestion will be disregarded, even if an old idea will have to be dropped. One of the strongest obstacles in the way of the progress of Catholic education is not conservatism, but a sensitiveness to criticism of the methods already in use. The result of this is that parents who do not believe that the teachers should entirely usurp their rights, grumble quietly, or refuse to send their children to schools where a little catechism and an occasional prayer are supposed to redeem methods of teaching which are mere imitations of the public school system.

"There are parochial schools which are truly Catholic, the directors of which do the very best thing they can; in the most trying circumstances showing an angelic patience and a heroic devotion in the cause of Catholic education that eventually must gain their end. But there are others where the fatal mania for imitating the methods that make the public schools dreaded by the wise and avoided by the prudent of all religious beliefs, is prevalent. 'We follow the public schools,' is a motto which some of our Catholic teachers, wearing the garb of religious, are not ashamed to use. And what is there in all this 'glorious' public school system worthy of imitation? Thoroughness in the secular branches? Fitness of the means to the end?"

"Development of the natural faculties of each child so that he may make his way in the world? No. Thoughtful men of every creed—from Richard Grant White to the editor of the *Teacher's Institute*, answer no. And yet we find Christian educators willing, either from lack of ability to strike into better ways or from ignorance that there are better ways meekly to follow the crowd. To say that a parochial school is as good as a public school is not to recommend it, except to

the ignorant; some of our educators admit this when they say that they are obliged to advertise their schools in this manner, to conciliate the prejudices of parents. Parents with prejudices against Catholic schools cannot be conciliated by concessions which are only apparent. No parochial school can be 'as good as a public school.' If the Catholic school be held in a barn or by the roadside fence, and the duty and privilege of the human soul to love God and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next, be taught, it is infinitely better than the school held in a handsome structure, where the God of the Christians, and the teachings of Christianity are banished as 'sectarian.' If Catholic educators were as anxious to profit by criticism and to put good suggestions into practice as they are to conciliate the prejudices of the ignorant, Catholic parochial schools would not be, as they are in many places, considered by judicious parents as compromises, which they support perfunctorily without enthusiasm, without zeal. Catholic schools must be Catholic—not schools in which a rivulet of religious instruction is let on at certain hours of the day, then turned off until the next day. A Catholic atmosphere must permeate every crevice of a Catholic school. Christianity, above everything else, must be taught—engraved sharply on ductile minds, rubbed in until it would resist the influence of a social state in which every duty of society is held tightly. Everything should be held secondary to Christian teaching. Our late Holy Father, speaking of the teaching orders, said emphatically: 'Make education more Christian.'

"That is what we need—to have education made more Christian—that the gifts and fruits of the Holy Ghost may be secured to our children—that others, noting their example, may say, with a just pride bordering on humility: 'I, too, am a Catholic.' 'Parents,' the reply is, 'want for their children education, shallow and showy though it may be; they want education, not religion.' Conciliation is not the means by which to reach the hearts of such ignorant and careless persons. To give way to them is to confirm them in their error and to ruin our schools.

"The managers of some parochial schools

are obliged, in order to compete with the public schools, to assume a great part of the burden of education which should fall on the parent. They are compelled to furnish the pupil with books, etc., thus relieving the parent of all the charges that may fall upon him. As the poorest parent is, however, indirectly taxed to support the public schools, it is well that he should be taxed as lightly as possible for his own school. Yet to relieve him of all pecuniary responsibility is to cheapen the value of that most inestimable of all things—a good Christian education. There are Catholics sufficiently foolish to believe that Christian education can be obtained in almost fifty-two hours a year of teaching of the catechism, and that a child who sits in a Godless school during over fifteen hundred hours in the year will learn how to save his soul in fifty-two!

"Is it strange that, in spite of the statistics of optimists, which give us results in brick and mortar, not in souls, the children of the Church grow up lukewarm—that 'nominal Catholicity' increases, and that mixed marriages create indifference, and promiscuous reading, unchecked by good knowledge, makes infidels?

"The need of the age is more Christianity. It is not a time to minimize truth or to conciliate prejudices by catering to them. It must be remembered that American Protestants with whom our children must mingle are not enemies of morality or faith, but though without faith they sincerely respect the man who is willing to proclaim aloud that his soul is God's, not his own. Our children must be taught that they stand on solid rock; that the truth is with them; that they have naught to fear from mock science, shallow philosophy, or the everlasting drivel of 'free thought.' In a truly Catholic school they will learn to respect themselves and their neighbor; but if we go on teaching them that the public schools and such like inventions of the state and the devil are to be admired and imitated, the formation of stiff Catholic backbone sadly needed in this country will never be accomplished. Let us have no more imitation of features of the public school system which all sensible men are deploring. Catholic, practical schools are needed, and some kind of

centralization which will give strength and vigor to their management."

THE "CATHOLIC WORLD" AND A "MODUS VIVENDI."

"In the last number of the *Catholic World* Rev. I. T. Hecker answered the question: 'What does the public school question mean?' It is unnecessary to say that Father Hecker's article is lucid and elegant to in style—so lucid and elegant that the reader might be tempted to forget its inclusiveness. Father Hecker's answer is addressed particularly to Prof. Lyman, of Chicago, whose very sensible letter is published in the *World*. Among other things Father Hecker says:

"All the State has for its duty is to see that such instructions are imparted to children as are necessary to good citizenship, itself being the judge of this, and to remunerate for this education accordingly, and for nothing else. It is a matter of indifference as for the rest to the State whether the school be denominational or a common public school. The suggestions of interference on the part of the politicians to the free development of denominational schools, or jealousies among them, or complaints of the smaller sects against the larger sects securing the lion's share of the fund—these objections are all based, in our opinion, on misconceptions or on fears without foundation in reason."

"This is an admission of State claims which can be made so wide and elastic as to cover any usurpation on the part of the State. Radical France demands no more than this. It desires to mould citizens, and it has decided that the crucifix, the statues of the Mother of God in the school house, make citizens 'superstitious'; therefore these sacred symbols must be removed. The State is, then, not only infallible in its judgment as to what constitutes good citizenship, but it is to be the judge of the extent of that infallibility. This is the only interpretation that can be put on Father Hecker's words. Good citizenship implies a number of attributes. Morality is the first. If the State assumes the right of teaching morality. It usurps the right of the Church; it usurps that right now in the public schools. It insists that the more 'education' a child receives the better 'is he fitted to be a good citizen;

consequently it gives him at everybody's expense that long-drawn-out smattering of knowledge which it has decided is necessary to make him a good citizen. If we allow the right of the State to define 'good citizenship' according to its taste, we are illogical and inconsistent if we do not accept the public schools as mistaken but rightful fruits of the prerogatives of the State. If we admit the right of the State to tax childless people for the education of other people's children, we admit the right of the State to levy taxation without permitting representation. And that would be a very unreasonable and unrepugnant assumption.

"Again, quoting Prof. Lyman, Father Hecker says:

"But the doctor's main objection surprises us, because we did not anticipate such a clear-headed man falling into so great a confusion. I object, he says, to such support of a denominational school for the same reason that I object to State support for any high school, college or university. He then lays down this correct general principle: It is unjust to tax the whole people for the support of anything in which they have not a common interest. This is precisely the ground on which Catholics base their objection to the so-called common schools, which are not common schools at all. And if the plan proposed involves a remuneration from the State, it is distinctly stated over and over again, it is only for those instructions imparted to children which the State considers necessary in order to make them, when grown up to manhood, good citizens."

"The hope of a division of the school fund, to which some Catholics cling so desperately, is illusive. Politicians raised it, knowing it to be illusive. This hope has led Catholics to 'wait for something to turn up,' instead of turning up the thing which lay nearest to their hands, and ought to lie nearest to their hearts—the means of improving Catholic education. To accept aid from the State is to endow the State with a right which it never possessed—that of educating. The recent expulsion of the teaching orders from the schools in France has shown how far a State may stretch its assumption of the right to make citizens. The same danger would confront Catholics here if they per-

mit the State to interfere in the education of their children. If the State contributes funds for education it will insist on forcing conditions, and, as it is the church which makes good citizens, not the State, the Church can accept only such conditions as do not interfere with the Catholic ideal. But if the State, as Father Hecker asserts, is to be the judge of what constitutes a good citizen, the Church loses her right and her power. Her influence becomes oblique, indirect; she is not the educator, but the assistant, in a mild and deprecating way, to the real educator—the State. Father Hecker, speaking for Catholics, concedes too much to the State. In fact, if his concession be accepted by Catholics it leaves no grounds of complaint against the present school system. The State—or the States—taxes everybody ‘to make good citizens.’ It has decided that the common schools turn out the kind of citizens it wants. Anybody that does not think so can pay his money and take his choice. The State does not interfere. But in offering free instruction as it does—‘colorless instruction,’ in keeping with principles of a government which acknowledges only a vague Deity—it simply puts into practice the right which Father Hecker too generously offers it.

“Taxation without representation is a wrong which ought to be particularly abhorrent to Americans, since, in fighting against it, they achieved the means of governing themselves. And yet, in a country ruled by the will of an ostensible majority—though generally by that of a real minority—many men must bear the imposts of the government without exercising the right of representation. The *soi-disant* majority steps into power, and the apparent minority has no right of representation under the constitution. This is a principle which the citizen of the United States accepts uncomplainingly. It is not a good principle; it is a principle which might be made very efficient in a Napoleonic coup d’etat, but it is a very bad principle. There is no evidence anywhere that the founders of our government intended to interfere with the right of the parent to educate his children—that they intended the State, or States, should assume the prerogative of educating children in the ways of ‘good citizenship.’ The

men who drew up the Declaration of Independence and those who signed the constitution held the family—the pillar of the State—sacred. But in taxing the people, without distinction of creed or opinion, to support schools, the State does interfere with the right of the father. It attempts to assume a responsibility which God never laid upon it. The State may make laws to punish crime and repress vice, but when it tries to teach virtue and to form good citizens it goes beyond its warrant. It invades the jurisdiction of the parent. A public school system is, however, a fixed fact in most of the States; and in approving of this system the mass of the people—Protestants, Jews, atheists, and some so-called Catholics—agree. Those who do not agree are in the minority; but it is settled, according to the teachings of our sages, that a majority must rule, and that a minority has no rights which anybody is bound to respect. In this case the voice of the people is for a public school system. It is an exceptional case in which a majority rules here; and this case is exceptional. *Vox populi* is not *vox Dei*; *vox populi* is strident and powerful; and, in accordance with the spirit of American institutions—the oldest mixture of republicanism and tyranny ever moulded by the hand of man—the public school system has every reason to exist. But the eyes of the public are gradually opening to its anomalies. It may be American, but it is not right. The time will come, if the United States do not drift into the current of modern Radicalism, when the right of the State to educate will be derided as the attempt of inexperienced statesmen. The pet plan of certain Catholics—a ‘division,’ which would end in the parcelling of the children, so many to each denomination, after the manner of the Indian policy—is ridiculous and impracticable; and Catholics have only made themselves seem grasping and shortsighted in listening to the siren voice of the politician. Catholics are freer and less hampered in this country than in any country under the sun. Their real enemies are not primarily the public schools, but liberty, half understood and half practiced, and, above all, the ignorance and callousness of most Catholics. If the consciences of our own people were Catholic, we should not fear the blandish-

ments of Casar or the allurements of materialism. *The Church must educate, since her's is the right.* She cannot sell her right for the few drops of State pap which a 'division' might offer. She must educate her children now, every hour, every day. The commission to teach is her's, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

YOUNG MEN AND FREE MASONRY.

"There are some young men—mostly ill-instructed and ill-read young men—who grumble against the attitude taken by the church against the Free Masons. There is no harm in Free Masonry, they say. They know crowds of good fellows that belong to the Masons. The rites and the ceremonies, the grip and the oath, are only innocent amusements, which do nobody any harm, etc., etc.

"Now, the position of Catholics with regard to Free Masonry is settled by the church. The encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. —*Humanum genus*,—so wonderful in its effects on the seemingly impregnable wall of Free Masonry—made that very clear. The Catholic must avoid Free Masonry. It is a matter of obedience with him.

"Still, this obedience is very often yielded grudgingly. The young man takes for granted all the Free Masons say of themselves. He sees himself that many of them are well meaning men, who would shrink from the horrors known to be planned and executed by the Continental Masons; who believe in God, although the Grand Orient of France has declared that God does not exist. The exaggeration of Masonic horrors, which certain people, in their zeal, occasionally resort to, do more harm than good, since the young men who find out these exaggerations are inclined to doubt that any horrors are to be rightly connected with Free Masonry. There are no exaggerations in the Encyclical *Humanum genus*. And it is a foolish thing to say that priests know nothing about Masonry or secret societies. A little reflection on the opportunities which confessors must of necessity have of discovering matters hidden in the depths of the soul until the soul trembles on the brink of eternity, will put an end to that illusion.

"Another illusion which young men entering life are fond of cherishing is, that the Masonic societies are safe investments

for widows and orphans. 'How charitable they are!' cry our young men. 'Why have not we a society which will look after our relatives when we are gone?' And then follow the usual regrets that Catholics are uselessly handicapped in the race of life by the church's prohibition against Free Masonry.

The formation of the Catholic Benevolent Legion and other societies has done away with the ground of the dissatisfied young man's complaint that there is no substitute for him for the Masonic Associations. The praise given to the Masons for their immense charity to their own associates is very much overrated, as is also the great temporal benefit gained by being a Mason. Recently, in New York, an aged Mason, a member of numerous lodges, died. He was thoughtfully supplied with a coffin, and the transportation of the corpse to the place of burial was paid for out of the Masonic funds to which he had liberally and interestedly contributed. That was all.

"The *Freemason* is a paper recently begun in Toronto, Canada. From this publication we take extracts from a letter, written by a 'grand officer.'

"The time has arrived when the brethren should inquire what they are paying for,' writes this 'grand officer,' 'where does all the money go, and if we are to attend lodge for the sole purpose of manufacturing Masons.' The cry comes from all over the jurisdiction that the craft is degenerating, and this is owing to the want of some practical effort to arouse the enthusiasm of the craft in the direction of benefiting mankind. But what is the old and wealthy Grand Lodge of Canada doing to benefit mankind? Is the paltry \$30 given to a few pensioners, and the few dollars granted to transient brethren in distress, calculated to arouse the brethren to take deeper interest in the craft?

"Now, about dues. We pay in from \$3 to \$5 annually, according to locality. What do we get in return? In some cities an apology for refreshments in the shape of stale beer, cheese and antiquated biscuits, or cold coffee, sour milk and confectionery, whose age alone entitles it to respect. In the country an oyster spread, say, once a year. The sum left after paying for these 'luxuries' is hardly sufficient

to pay our rent and capitation tax. This may seem harsh criticism, but I ask my brethren to honestly state if it is not correct in every particular? Now, I want to know how we can expect the brethren to retain a living interest in the fraternity, when there is no other motive apparent?

"The 'apparent motive' in Free Masonry is mutual assistance. But it is not the real motive which is never apparent in secret societies. The remarks of the Canadian 'grand officer' apply to American lodges. Let the grumbling young men cease to find fault with the wisdom of the Church. There is not even the shadow of an excuse for it."

CATHOLIC HOMES.

"If homes are made Catholic they will be happy. If not—if the whole responsibility of keeping the children right is laid on the teacher—they will run great risks. The root of the evils that fill the hearts of parents and guardians of souls with sorrow is in the neglect to make Catholic homes. Preserve the Catholic family and there will

be no fear for the future of the Church in the United States.

"It is a shortsighted method by which the parents and children are separated at Mass. There are good reasons why children should go to Mass in flocks; better reasons why families should go together. The decline of family life, home life, among Catholics of the new generation is more alarming than even the increase of bad literature. The father that reads good books to his assembled family on Sunday is a figure of the past. He who leads in the recitation of the Rosary during Lent is regarded as very 'old-fashioned.' And in every congregation the heads of families who occupy their pews together with their families are becoming rarer and rarer. Family union, family love, is a gift of Christianity. The Church fostered it, and changed the cold selfishness of paganism with it. To preserve the family, to preserve society, the bonds of home life ought to be strengthened in every possible way."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.



OUR Lady of Mount Carmel, hear thou me;
Turn thou thine eyes of pity—list my plea!
On sorrow's hour, when clouds roll dark as night
Above me, may thy love guide me aright.

II.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel, hear thy child;
O, succor me when sinking in the tide
Of worldly care and strife; help me to win
The struggle fierce, and conquer every sin.

III.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel! I am weak;
Make thou me strong. O guide me as I seek
The better way—the higher, nobler plane;
The crown of glory help me to retain.

THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER X.



R. MURPHY returned to Philadelphia early in autumn. He became the associate of an eminent physician whose extensive practice and declining years made the services of an assistant desirable. John's

duties left him little leisure for visits to his family. He surprised his mother one day by appearing unexpectedly before her.

"I am glad to find you alone, mother," said he after the interchange of greetings.

"Dr. Grim advises me to marry and bring my wife to reside over our household."

"Well, my son, what do you think of the suggestion?"

"I do not know what to think. I see so much unhappiness from ill-assorted marriages that I confess it has chilled my boyish ardor for matrimony. Another reason against it was that I did not consider myself free to marry until I had made some pecuniary acknowledgment to my father for the great expense my education has been to him."

"The latter consideration need not prevent your settlement in life. Our income is sufficient for our expenses, thanks to economy and simplicity in our manner of living."

"Paul is self-supporting. I have been the slowest in responding to your care."

"I am afraid you are inclined to take a morbid view of your relation in the family. Your father and I have ever considered our children as the gardener regards the precious plants committed to his care. We realize that our darlings were entrusted to us with their respective talents by Divine Providence, that we might contribute as far as we were able to their highest development, not for our own satisfaction, but that they might fulfil their duties in the different vocations to which

they should be called. We have been blessed in the fidelity of each one of our children to duty. Your father and I are fully compensated by the praises borne to us by your patients, especially the poor. The record you have made in your profession is more gratifying to us than any money value. We are grateful to God who vouchsafes us such consolations."

"My dear mother, 'a good name is better than riches.' It shall be my aim to preserve unstained the inheritance bequeathed to me by the purity, temperance and integrity of my ancestors. The idea of marriage has occurred to me occasionally, as I suppose it does to the generality of young people. I have before me three types whom we will call Belinda, Matilda and Beatrix. Belinda is accomplished and at times attractive, but so egotistical that her mind is dwarfed. She is so occupied with herself that she is incapable of giving serious attention to any subject under discussion. In her eagerness to appear well informed she often manifests her ignorance and lays herself open to ridicule. In her vanity she is so exacting that I should not be able to satisfy her demands and those of my profession. Matilda is truly good, she is amiable and eminently domestic, but I fear to find her but a dull companion. Beatrix is sparkling and most enjoyable, any man might be proud of her, but she has spent her life in school and at hotels and knows nothing of domestic duty."

"The old-fashioned poet says, 'Ask a good wife of thy God.'"

"What do you say?"

"I cannot give advice while ignorant of the circumstances to which you should apply it. I can but state a few general principles, leaving to your judgment to decide on their fitness to the exigencies of your case. It is said that men often ask an opinion not because they desire advice, but because they seek approbation. In the choice of a wife one should use the same discrimination he would exercise in the selection of his clothing. The prudent

man considers the occasions for which he will require his suit and decides on the material and style most fitting. The man who in marriage is guided only by sentiment or passion is likely to regret the consequences all his life. One in faith and with mutual love founded on esteem a man and woman enter the marriage state with a fair prospect of happiness. The graces of the sacrament find in them fitting subjects. I can imagine that the conceit of a Belinda might prompt her to a haughty exaction of unreasonable attention, and that under disappointment she might make home miserable by her peevishness. But I have known such a one to prove herself a sympathetic companion to a sick or sorrowing friend. If you can pierce the crust of selfishness you may discover a quick perception of the sufferings of the afflicted and a tender compassion for the grief-stricken. It is sometimes said that a person is too sensitive, that is a mistake. It is only that their sensitiveness has been badly directed. I know such a character as Belinda's whose fine possibilities were frustrated by the flattery of an unwise mother. Removed from such pernicious influence and in the companionship of a manly husband Belinda's native good sense might awaken in her a proper conception of her relative position in society. To judge of Matilda's type you must know her familiarly in the home-circle. Such an one is usually provoked to contempt for the man who she thinks has no standard but that of fashionable society. She is embarrassed under his monocle and indignant at the assurance that presumes to sit in judgment on her. She protects herself by retiring behind her eyelashes and the man loses a good friend. Matilda may not play the piano, but it is possible for a man to be very happy in his home even though his wife is not a musician."

"Are you not very severe, mother? You think I refer to"—

"Pardon, my son, it will be wiser to confine ourselves to generalities. If we become personal we may find it embarrassing. I am following the characters of the imaginary women you have presented me. The one thing necessary is to discover what qualities are essential in your wife, and your mutual ability to assimilate with each other and with your respective families.

The adaptability of our American women is the marvel of our trans-Atlantic neighbors. If your wife shall have good sense you can trust her to adapt herself to the exigencies of her position. It is not necessary that the bride shall have the aplomb of the society veteran. Generosity is the characteristic trait of a loving woman, and I can imagine a Beatrix not only content, but radiantly happy with the husband of her choice, even though deprived of her accustomed luxuries. There is another consideration. The Beatrix is a creature of sensitive organization. Is it just to ask such a one to become the wife of a poor man? That depends on her point of view. If her affections are interested it may be unjust to withhold the proposal. In my youth I knew a noble hearted Beatrix bring her joyousness into the details of the domestic economy of a ranch. She was a dainty creature, the darling of a luxurious home, but she gladly left it all to become a Queen of her husband's log cabin, and speedily proved herself equal to the requirements of the primitive conditions. From a frail and delicate girl, she blossomed into a noble matron, with vigorous sons and stately daughters encircling her. When her husband became a senator their home was one of the most elegant centres in Washington, the favorite point of reunion of the brightest minds of the capital, and its mistress a universal favorite."

"Time 's up, mother; my mind is clearer for this chat."

"I think, my son, it amounts to this: If a wife has the fundamental qualities, she may be trusted to acquire or develop the social graces necessary to the changes in her position. The husband and wife educate each other. If, on the other hand, the bride is ignorant of all that pertains to housewife's duty, she will, if loving and sensible, soon make herself acquainted with all that is necessary in her new position."

To busy people time passes swiftly. The arrival of Christmas surprised our friends. With it came Mr. and Mrs. Redmond. In the midst of the festivities in the Murphy household, Mary's absence was felt by all. Her parents heartily approved their daughter's decision that her place was with her husband's family, and suppressed all useless

expression of their privation. Paul spent a fortnight at home. John managed to appear at the family-dinner on the festival days. Letters from uncle Edward gave the menu for Christmas dinner at the ranch; it was as varied and toothsome as that of a grand hotel. Mrs. Edward Butler expressed her satisfaction with the assistance she received from the men in her family during her preparations, which were on a grand scale.

All the bachelors of the immediate neighborhood were invited, and the company of twenty-five was a merry one.

Mrs. Dent and Alix were the guests of Miss Chase. Mother and daughter had been received into the Church on All Saints day, and found the prospect of Christmas in the family much more to their taste than all the friendless display that the hotel could present.

During Christmas week Paul detained Margaret in the dining-room one morning. "Sister, can you spare time to call on a friend of mine?"

"That depends, dear boy, on the length of the journey."

"It will be a matter of fifteen minutes."

"I am entirely at your service."

As they left the house, Paul said, "I am much indebted to Miss Desmond for her kindness to one of our men. He met with a serious accident and was compelled to go to the hospital. Miss Desmond is a trained nurse, and was unremitting in her attentions to poor Johnson; I shall be pleased if you will arrange for her to spend an evening with us."

"You may be sure, Paul, that any friend of yours will be welcomed at home."

The exhilarating walk was too short for Margaret. Paul rang the bell at the house that Margaret remembered was devoted to boarders. Miss Desmond was "at home." They were ushered into the parlor. Margaret shrank from meeting strangers, and often found the initial steps in forming acquaintances, rather formidable. She had not time to stiffen with apprehension when Miss Desmond appeared.

"How very kind of you to bring your sister to call so soon; I know that in the family circle every one is busy with the duties of this happy season, and scarcely expected you."

All Margaret's shyness sped away, ab-

sorbed by admiring love for the genial woman before her. The rich full tones of her voice, the brilliant coloring of her face, her dark eyes, eloquent with mirth, or tenderly compassionate, according to the varying emotions of her heart. All these impressed Paul's sister most pleasantly. Miss Desmond explained that she was visiting her sister, who had a position in the city. The death of their father had left them orphans and compelled them to seek for employment.

The sisters rejoiced in having attained, by years of striving, that proficiency in their respective professions which secured them a comfortable income, while their dignity of character commanded the respect of all who knew them. Before leaving, Margaret received Miss Desmond's acceptance of an invitation for herself and sister to take tea at Mrs. Murphy's the following evening. Margaret was eloquent in praise of Paul's friend. Mrs. Murphy looked forward with unusual interest to the appearance of the strangers. The family were assembled in the sitting-room, chatting by the fire-light, when the bell rang. Margaret ran down quickly. As soon as the visitors were admitted the salutations and replies were borne to the group upstairs.

"Those tones are very familiar to me," said Mrs. Murphy.

"I should say that was Rose Carey speaking," replied her husband.

The lights were turned on when Margaret ushered the ladies into the room. As she introduced them to her mother, Mrs. Murphy grasped Kathleen's hand affectionately, saying, "Unless I am much mistaken, I see in you the daughter of my old friend Rose Carey?"

"That was my mother's name; my sister is her namesake, Rose Carey Desmond."

"You are very welcome for your own sake, my dear girls, and I am delighted that I have the opportunity of welcoming your mother's daughters."

The evening was passed most enjoyably by all. When Paul returned from escorting the young ladies home, he found the family still in conversation.

"I congratulate you, Paul," said his father, "in having secured such a delightful friend."

"Thank you, father; I was pretty sure she would meet with approval. I hope very soon to ask you to receive her as a daughter."

The Feast of the Purification witnessed the marriage of Miss Chase and Mr. Dillor, Alix Dent and Dr. Murphy acting as bridesmaid and groomsmen. The wedding was very private; Paula felt that she should miss her father more sensibly in a public ceremony.

After the departure of Paula and her husband for Montana, Mrs. Dent and Alix removed to Philadelphia.

Mrs. Murphy was soon reminded of the conversation she had with John, and was not slow to recognize in Alix the Beatrix he had portrayed. She was a delightful creature, and gave promise to develop into a noble woman. Her merry nature told wholesomely on John's seriousness; united they formed a harmonious pair—as the vine embellishes the granite, which sustains it.

The feast of St. Monica was chosen for the double wedding of the brothers. Cousin Bert gave Alix away; Kathleen, our young friend Redmond, was her bridesmaid, Margaret sustained the same relation to Kathleen Desmond. Cousin Bert told his friends at the club, on his return from the wedding, that he considered his cousin had shown her usual good sense in choosing her husband, and declared that he had never met a more delightful set of people. The wedding breakfast was served at Mrs. Murphy's, Dr. George Vinton and wife being of the party.

For some weeks Mr. Scott had been suffering from an attack of influenza. His convalescence was tedious, and caused much anxiety to his wife and daughter. At last the doctor ordered the family to try change to the sea shore.

Although early in the season, they found many visitors enjoying the delightful May days in the air which was at once so restful and invigorating. The change worked wonders. Not only to the invalid, but to the entire party, came increase of vigor. Mr. Scott, in his wheeled chair, accompanied by Adolph on his bicycle, became familiar objects on the ocean boulevard.

The resting-place chosen by Mr. Scott and Dora became the objective point for the wheelers of the party. Dora found her-

self quite shy in meeting again acquaintances whom she had not seen since the days of her early wifehood. This excursion was Dora's first return to the world since her separation from her husband. She found the ordeal quite painful, but she was resolved to resume her place in society for the sake of her boy. Adolph was a noble little fellow, sturdy and boyish. The two spent their afternoons on the sand; the boy, most happy when building a miniature Fortress Moore. The moat encircling it was his crowning satisfaction. Wearied from his exertions he would throw himself beside his mother, waiting and watching for the rising tide to fill the ditch. These quiet afternoons brought to Dora many a reverie. She was constantly meeting old friends, husbands and wives, happy in their domestic relations, and a yearning for her husband's companionship filled her heart. Prayer, and devotion to her parents and child, were her only consolations. One sunny afternoon when Dora and her boy were at their usual resort, Adolph came running to her, crying out:

"Mother, if you don't help me I can't get done in time; that wave came nearly up to the ditch, and it's not half done. Here's somebody's shovel. Do dig, mother, dig."

"All right, Adolf," responded Dora; "there will not be another breaker like that very soon; that must have been the tenth; we will have nine before another great one."

The little mother and her big boy worked together with all their might, chatting merrily as they plied their shovels. Both were clothed in blue serge. Dora's jacket revealed the white blouse of linen, her felt hat fitted her head snugly; her hair was blown into little curls about her forehead. Adolf's sailor suit, completed by the regulation cap, left him free to enjoy his favorite amusements. As they finished their task the water flooded the ditch. Adolf's shouts of delight testified to his satisfaction.

"You are a love, mother," cried the boy, gratefully; "that would have been only pudding if you had not worked; it has made your cheeks as red as anything."

Borne by the breeze, their voices reached a trio of men seated under a canopy near them.

"Isn't that a pretty sight?" asked the eldest of the party. "What a delightful playfellow that boy has, what a wise mother she must be to devote herself so utterly to her child. I never see them apart. They are stopping at the same hotel that I am, and I have been observing the little man at table. His manners are beautiful; it is refreshing to meet an unspoiled child nowadays. I think the little mother's parents are of the party. Why do you not marry, Max?"

The response from Max was inaudible. The next morning's mail brought Dora a letter. The address startled her usual composure.

"Join Grandpa at the table, Adolph. I must go back to my room for a moment." In the privacy of her own apartment Dora read her husband's words.

"My Noble Little Wife:

"You have conquered. At intervals I have observed you; sometimes I have followed you into church, where you seemed to be in paradise. Again I have had glimpses of your dear face as you passed me on the street. I am full of admiration for your training of our son; has he forgotten me? I am longing to atone for the past. The experience of years has brought me bitter lessons, during which I have missed you sadly.

"I see what your religion has enabled you to accomplish, and I recognize the mistake I made in leading you to neglect it. I am very anxious for an interview with you at an early day, but I recognize that I should await your convenience.

"We are still young, and I trust you will allow me to prove myself your devoted husband.

"MAX VAN BRUNT."

"Blessed be God!" cried Dora. When she joined the party at table Adolph said: "Mamma, you look so happy this morning. What was in your letter?"

In the spring the birds are busy building their nests, which soon are filled with families of tiny creatures. Not many weeks go by until the nests are empty.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were visited frequently by their children, and entered with

full sympathy into the joys and sorrows of their lives.

"Our Graduates have gone from us, wife," said her husband, "and we must remember that our 'Commencement Day' cannot be far off."

This was in the evening of the day that Margaret left home for "that better part." She entered the Order in which Miss Chase had spent some months, the object of which was the education of poor children. In their schools the girls were taught trades, and worked at them under the supervision of the sisters. A family friend asked Mrs. Murphy why she consented to Margaret's abandonment of home.

"Would you have asked me that question if we had given her to be the wife of a foreign prince?" was the reply. "Suppose she had married," Mrs. Murphy continued; "What assurance have I that she would have been spared to keep me company? My prayer has ever been, 'May the Holy Will of God be accomplished in me, and through me in others.'"

A wise priest inquires:

"What became of Kathleen Redmond, who has in her the material of holy nun or valiant mother?"

Kathleen is still unmarried. It is not essential that a woman shall marry before a certain age or become a nun; between the two lies an unearned for class with few to care for them. Here and there a solitary lay nun struggles single-handed in her strife with sin and poverty. There is ample scope for the noble-hearted single woman in the world. She can draw closer to the poor in their homes; she can persuade more effectually even than the nun the intemperate mother to rise to a life of temperance. If Kathleen is to marry her husband is now living on the earth and shall find her in due season. Meanwhile her life is full; congenial occupations await each moment. Her father finds in her an intelligent councillor and assistant in his profession. The pastor of the little chapel calls her the angel of the parish—his right hand. She is the prime mover in Church work, at home, in the sanctuary, the choir, the Sunday school or the reading circle. She lives—

Last week the father, mother and daughter left home to visit the architectural wonders of Europe.

Katbleen's course of reading during last winter has well fitted her to visit the principal countries of the old world. She is

familiar with their histories and their present politics. Should she be married to a foreign Princee she will persuade him to make a home in America, for she is an ardent Patriot.

THE END.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

V.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



THE second question we asked last month referred to the different kinds of labor organizations: "Are laborers allowed to join ANY union for the legitimate purposes of their organization?" As we said before the end does not justify the means employed, and only those organizations can stand the test that can boast of good intentions, upright means and a just end. Let one part of this triad be wanting and the organization is no longer commendable.

Often we are compelled to acknowledge that labor organizations act not with a view to righting an injustice under which they suffer, but to give vent to envy or a desire of vengeance, to harrass capital also, when such action does not involve any boon to themselves. In this case the action is bad, and no conscientious Catholic can take part in it.

Again, some organizations are wont to inflame the passions of the laborers in order to make the men overlook the real merits of the case and drag them into measures which in sober mind they never would have countenanced.

Or, the meetings of the organization are opened by a chaplain, real or so-called, by prayer and hymns taken from a Protestant ritual. But participation in this is not lawful to Catholics.

Furthermore, some of these organizations are oath-bound, and there the question

comes up: To what do the members bind themselves?

That any organization of men in order to defend their interests may bind their members to secrecy towards outsiders and forbid the presence of all but members in their deliberations, there can be no doubt. Nor is it in itself reprehensible, if the easier to obtain secrecy, they introduce grips and passwords by which members may know each other and detect foreign elements. The oath enjoined should in our opinion be abandoned. Decent conscientious men will observe their pledge as faithfully as they would keep an oath, and unprincipled men would not hesitate to violate even their oath if it seemed to serve their interests. Experience furnishes ample proof of this. But when an oath not only enjoins secrecy, extending even to the confessional, but adds an obligation of blind obedience to masters known or unknown, without any limitation as to the laws of God or religion, such oath becomes a monstrosity, sinful and therefore forbidden to Catholic workmen. No plea of material interest can excuse it, and no plea can bind those that rashly took the oath to keep it. Spiritual and eternal interests are always to be considered first, and whatever jeopardises them must be abandoned.

There is a fatal tendency in all similar organizations gradually to go beyond the original scope and to develop into a secret society, whose aims are inimical to religion or government. Consequently Catholic workmen joining one or the other of the labor unions ought to be on the lookout against this design, and frustrate such

designs by voting them down or leaving them in a body.

An organization built upon sound principles and desiring just ends to be obtained by just means has no need of secrecy, which in itself is calculated to rouse suspicions and thus effectually bar an understanding based upon trust and good faith.

The third class of Socialists is composed of Titans, storming heaven. Dissatisfied with the results of meetings and deliberations, and believing the way of force to be the shortest and most effective for their purpose, they advocate violence against the persons and property of their employer and against laborers act of the same mind with themselves.

This class of turbulent spirits, though numerically small, is the most loudmouthed and active. And their very aggressiveness drags others with them.

The question now is: "Is it ever and under any circumstances allowed to resort to violence?" We answer decidedly not. We have laws, we have arbitration, we have strikes, each member is individually allowed to quit work of a certain kind or for a certain employer whenever he wishes, but these are all the means legitimate. Any amount of damage inflicted cannot right the wrongs the employee may suffer.

When about twenty years ago a mass of laborers in Pittsburg, Pa. took forcible possession of the roundhouse of the P. R. R. and destroyed property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, what good did it do the laborers? None whatever, but it injured the municipality, it injured Pittsburg trade and manufacture, and it injured the laborers themselves. The same has to be said of similar occurrences in Chicago, Buffalo, Cleveland, etc.

There is a divine law binding the violator of his neighbor's property to reparation, that is to restitution of the damage caused, and when a number of men club together for the purpose of inflicting damage each of them is bound to make restitution jointly and severally. Now the greater number of transgressors will not acknowledge such an obligation, or at least will not discharge it, and in consequence it falls upon the few that have conscience enough to obey divine laws. But in such a case the unlucky man owes more in restitution than he can honestly earn in years. Will

anybody be foolish enough to imagine that by loading himself heavily he will better his circumstances? The world's stability rests upon the recognized right of private property, and Proudhon's famous word, "Property is theft," is a glaring monstrosity. The assumption of the anarchists that the factories were built and run by their sweat is false to a great extent. Capital, skill, learning, experience, etc., are required that do not come from them, and these qualifications are of much greater importance to success than mere mechanical labor.

By destroying machinery or factory buildings the workmen render it impossible to themselves to obtain constant employment, which without the machinery is impossible. Thus they work directly against their own interest. Any violent change of existing relations is fraught with evil, and though the capitalists may suffer severely for the moment, the ultimate loss falls upon the shoulders of the masses.

Is not the French revolution of last century a convincing proof of this? There the words, "He that uses the sword, by the sword he shall perish," found its awful application, and the unlimited liberty which by excess became licence was speedily followed by the most ruthless autocracy. Fortunes were wasted, but never won back, faith and morality were destroyed and could not fully recover their ground to the present day.

Therefore anarchy is a monster, swallowing its own children, and no matter how serious and well grounded the complaints of the laborers may be, an appeal to violence ought to be always out of question, and this the more since there are so many other expedients which if properly handled will prove successful.

Christian Socialism as advocated by Protestant bodies is a failure, because it supposes a paramount influence upon the individual conscience which Protestantism does not possess, and by its own principles cannot even claim. Only the Catholic Church can hope to cope successfully with the issue, if its voice is heard. How often did Catholic bishops and priests prevent riot and bloodshed, and compose matters which but for their participation looked hopeless. How much more could they have effected if both employers and employees

would without exception have listened to their admonition. When complex questions do not admit of a definite settlement for good, a fair compromise is to the advantage of both parties.

In the next number we shall give some hints how the social question to our mind ought to be treated from a Christian point of view.

The Great Shrine of the "Pilar" in Spain.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO



THE famous pilgrimage church of "Nuestra Señora del Pilar" is situated in the ancient metropolis of Caesar Augustus, the modern Saragossa. Saragossa is one of the principal cities of Spain, connected with Madrid and Barcelona by rail.

The Shrine itself is one of the oldest in Spain. It dates back in antiquity to the days of the Apostles. It vies with the House of Loretto, not only in antiquity, but also in the wealth and abundance of the votive offerings, brought by the pilgrim hosts, who came from afar, like the Kings of old, to deposit their gifts in the sanctuary of Our Sinless Mother beneath the columns of her "Pilar," both of which have been in the past, as they are at present, the citadel and stronghold of the spiritual life and hope of a nation.

Popular as pilgrimages to this shrine are throughout Spain, they are pre-eminently so in the principality of Arragon. For it was here that this altar with its column, was raised as a glorious Thabor of devotion to our Immaculate Mother, under the endearing title of "Nuestra Señora del Pilar," to commemorate the visit of "La Virgen Aragonesa" made by her during her lifetime, to the diminutive church erected by St. James in this city, which, then, was the pride of the Caesars. Since that memorable event, a thousand generations have passed away, each proclaiming louder and more lovingly: "Blessed art thou amongst women." Since then countless

multitudes from North, South, East and West have here chanted her praises in accents of love. Millions have rejoiced to hear her eulogies, millions have blessed her holiness and invoked the salutary efficacy of her power, beneath the lofty dome of this glorious Byzantine basilica.

Nor has the stream of pilgrims decreased during the course of the centuries. On the contrary, with the gradual increase of population the number and size of the pilgrim hosts has steadily increased until their gigantic proportions may well startle the stranger who visits this shrine. Thousands and tens of thousands of the devoted children of Mary are found journeying, by day and by night, by rail and by road, in order to kneel beneath the shadow of her "Pilar" in her historic sanctuary, beside the waters of the Ebro, to pray before that miraculous statue in the gorgeous basilica erected in her name, and enshrining within it the Lilliputian chapel which she ordered the "Son of the Thunder"—Santiago—to build in her honor, the first temple raised to Mary within the narrow limits of that early Christian world.

Here, then, annually, during the historic October feasts of the Pilar especially, are heard the loud invocations of the litanies, rising like the clamor of assaulting armies, intermingled with the suppressed soft pleadings for mercy at this throne of the Eternal.

Such was the heavenly benediction given to this sanctuary and its frequenters, in the spring time of the infant church, that neither the tyranny of the Roman governors, who covered the soil with the life blood of the innumerable martyrs of Saragossa, whose feast the universal church celebrates on the 3rd of November; nor

the bloody persecutions of the supporters and advocates of Arianism; nor the cruel fanaticism of the hordes of the Crescent, who for seven centuries by fire and sword laid waste the plains and deluged with slaughter the sequestered glens of Arragon; nor the varied atrocities of the disciples of the Encyclopaedia of the 18th century; nor the torch of the Communists and Iconoclasts of the Voltairian era; nor the truculent godless warfare of the followers of the French Revolution at the dawn of the present century; nor the fierce deluge of fire, with which the impious Liberals swept the monastic institutions not only of Saragossa, but those of the entire peninsula, together with the cruel massacre of countless religious of both sexes during the dark days of July and August, 1835—not all of these terrible upheavels were able to break the "Pilar" of a nation's faith. The gates of hell have not been able to undermine the rock of Peter, neither have these terrible persecutions been able to undo the work of Mary.

Yes, thanks, under heaven, to the heroic custodians of its fortunes, the trustees of its traditions, Saragossa is still her bulwark, sanctified and sealed by the blood of countless martyrs. It is still the impregnable fortress of devotion.

Through the blessings of our Heavenly Father, and the never failing protection of our Immaculate Mother, Saragossa to-day, for her defence of religion, bears the proud title of the "Villa Invicta," of the Peninsula. Hun and Saracen and fiery Goth—children of the trackless wastes of the desert and of the barren steppes of the North, as well as the valiant cohorts of the mighty Napoleon (in 1808) have reeled back, discomfited and disorganized before the mere handful who fought with supernatural powers beneath the azure blue of Mary's banner, in defence of her sanctuary.

It was during this last attack that the daughters of Sparta and the Roman matrons had their rivals in the bravery and devotion of Augustina of Arragon—the Joan of Arc of the 19th century—and her noble sisters. For sixty days, during which time every house was an hospital, every convent and home of prayers a fortress, the indomitable bravery of Saragossa's sons and daughters made its seige as memorable and

their heroism as conspicuous in the World's history as Numantia and Saguntum.

Their enemies, the hitherto unconquered Gauls, launched forth their thunderbolts of fire and destruction, poured forth an incessant rain of iron against the walls of the city, and converted its streets into a continuous series of blazing furnaces; yet, those, whose first sigh in life is for the "Virgin," and whose last embrace is the column of her "Pilar," have learned from it to fight, and to conquer the invaders who sought to pollute that sanctuary with their impious footprints. Like the autumnal leaves of the forest are scattered by the fierce blasts of approaching winter, the chivalry of the Napoleonic hosts, the flower of the battalions of France, are scattered by Arragon's devoted soldiers of Our Lady of the "Pilar." Their heroism, too great for words to eulogize, their endurance and privation too deep for tears to measure, now figure on the golden pages of the church's history.

Even the poetic genius of the stranger has found in their bravery and devotion to Our Lady, subjects of lofty inspiration. Byron in his "Childe Harold," and Wordsworth in his "Excursion," have both immortalized the human woes, the mortal pains, the excruciating sufferings and the heroism which these brave children of Mary inspired by faith and sustained by love whilst battling with matchless ardor in defence of their Shrine.

It remained, however, for the artist Wilkie to bring to canvass the principal incidents of a siege that has few equals among the many memorable ones of ancient or modern times. Surely, few called forth such deeds of noble heroism, all the more noble, as they were inspired by the loftiest patriotism and the most elevated motives of love and veneration for the Queen, whose sanctuary was placed under their guardianship. Thus the "Pilar" has ever been the fountain of Arragon's prosperity, the shield of a nation's safety from the heresies of the past, and the godless teachings and maxims of the present.

Nor is it less popular now, that Lourdes has attained the world-famed celebrity, which in the middle ages belonged to the "Pilar," now that this new shrine has halted, and not without cause, in their march southwards the tens of thousands,

whose ancestors were accustomed to scale the Pyrenees, and climb their winding paths to penetrate through their defiles into northern Spain onwards to the banks of the Ebro.

The fervor is not diminished nor the enthusiasm frozen which the children of Maria Santissima throughout the length and breadth of Spain have still for their national shrine on which "Our Lady of the Pilar" is enthroned. The hymn of praise, the palm of joy, the loud voiced litany of petition are still heard there, and, as of old, miracles of God's grace are again and again wrought there. To-day, as in the heyday of its historic greatness and popularity, the earnest outcries and humble entreaties of Mary's countless hosts have oft and oft turned aside through Almighty God's omnipotence the universal laws of nature, and proved to the unbeliever the power of prayer and confidence in Mary's patronage.

Oft and oft, when earthly love and earthly power with all its scientific aids had exhausted their varied resources to stop the insidious inroads of an apparently inevitable mortal illness, to soothe the agonies of the death-bed, to wrestle with the devastating advances and destructive power of the flood and the hurricane, the typhus and the cholera, in fact, when all worldly wisdom and calculating science had looked in vain and in dismay at these terrible calamities, then, at the eleventh hour maybe, a deputation of pilgrims is thought of as the only remedy left, the panacea around which flickering hopes are clustered, and off they hasten with humility and faith, fortitude and perseverance, to the shadow of the "Pilar." There their confiding prayers are breathed, their loud, incessant ejaculations are uttered, appeals for Divine compassion are wafted on high, and break with majestic power, like the waves against the solitary rock in mid ocean, around the throne of Almighty God.

And, as if Mary's supplications, as she presents through the merits of her Divine

Son, the petitions of her clients, cannot be refused—relief comes from the throne of the Eternal, lightning like, preeminent and efficacious.

Such is but a brief epitome of the miracles, which, year after year, are chronicled in the archives of the "Pilar." These miracles are the fruitful cause of the overflowing crowds which annually cover the Corso, the Plazas and the streets of Saragossa. Thousands of our brothers and sisters of Carmel come in serried ranks to the Shrine of the "Pilar" to participate in its gorgeous annual festivities, and especially the beautiful processions of the Rosary in October—events, which, as ever, have God's benediction on them, for they are beauty to His eyes, sweetness to His taste, and music to His ears.

POSTSCRIPT.—One of the most beautiful traditions of the "Pilar" is, that when a new archbishop enters the city to take possession of his See, and to visit the matchless Cathedrals, the "La Seo" and the "Pilar"—one, that of the son and the other, of the mother—he must arrive at the latter for his first visit, mounted on a snow white mule caparisoned in all the glittering trappings of Arragon. For it was thus that St. James, the Apostle, appeared at the battle of Claverigo. The archbishop is surrounded at this visit with a gorgeous suite, civil and ecclesiastic of all the highest dignitaries of Church and State. Such a ceremony took place on the feast of the Purification, when Dr. Alda, formerly bishop of Hulsea, preconized in the last consistory as the new archbishop of Saragossa, to succeed the late Cardinal Buenavides, entered the city amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of its citizens and proceeded to the "Pilar," and before the column of Our Immaculate Mother of Carmel prostrated himself, imploring the protection of her, who has ever been the invincible shield of the prelates of the "Pilar."

A PERFECT WORK.

BY ADA A. MOSHER.



In nature's temple, 'rapt, the poet stood
Where violets purpled 'neath him miles on miles;
He heard the sweet-voiced choirs of the wood
Thrill all the length of its tree-pillared aisles.
Impelled of his imperious poethood,
He sang as only heaven-born poet could.

How his sweet song his sweeter thought to express
So pitifully little had availed,
The poet only knew—we did not guess—
“I've failed, my heart, thou knowest I have failed!”
And straight his true heart made him answer: “Yes,
Thy passion was divine, thy song is less.”

Again the poet stood as one bespelled
And watched the sunset creeping like the sea,
Till all the gates that had its floods withheld
Were loosed to let the mighty waters free;
And as the golden glory surged unquelled
E'en so the rapturous heart within him swelled.

The olden passion—subtle, sweet and strong—
He seized his brush—his soul was in his hand—
Look, look, these tints to heaven alone belong!
Ah, that sweet after-glow upon the land!
We wept for joy; the poet, for the wrong
His inspiration bore in scene and song.

White streamed the moonlight, wherein, pale and sweet,
The apple blossoms drifted flake on flake,
And yonder, wave on wave, the wind-swept wheat
In silent, silvery blossom-billows brake—
A tear-drop startled a pale Marguerite—
He bowed his head and struggled with defeat.

Starward at last he lifts beseeching eyes
As searching for a sign—then, tenderly,
He folds together both his hands, childwise,
“Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be
Thy name—” “At last! At last!” his heart replies,
“The only perfect work that satisfies.”

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings,
1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

OCTOBER, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The most delightful month of the year has come—the queen month of the golden autumn. The summer heat is over and now we may enjoy to its fullest that most charming of seasons—the Indian summer. Never is nature more attractive than during these days when the earth is robed in crimson and gold. When the sky seems to vie with the earth in a display of gorgeous color, and all nature revels in the enjoyment of the wonderful scene. No book teaches us the goodness of God like this ever open book of nature. His finger is seen on every page and traces but one word—Love! When the soul is in the state of grace, and the heart almost irresistibly rises to God in prayer, a walk through the country, or even through a green field or park, is a source of delight second only to the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Nature and grace are always in harmony; so we find this gracious month of October dedicated to the Queen of the Holy Rosary. It is as if the Church in the magnificence of her desire to lay all the fairest tributes of nature at the feet of this heavenly Queen, rejoices in adding a second month to her calendar wherein to honor Mary. We crowned her with flowers in the sweet month of May. Now the forests give of their wealth of glowing foliage to deck her autumn shrine, while the beads of the Holy Rosary will more than compensate for the loss of the roses which are always her's by right divine. How dear to us are the blessed beads. How often the pious Catholic mother gives them into the hands of her little ones even before they have learned to lisp the Hail Mary. Happy mothers who thus early surround their

children with the atmosphere of holy faith and love. While traveling through Catholic Canada last summer the secretary was edified most deeply by the tender devotion of the little children to our Blessed Lady. In the great cathedral of St. James in Montreal she saw a little boy whom one would think hardly able to do much more than talk sitting alone in a pew, before the statue of our Lady of Victories, playing with if not saying his beads. In another French Church she saw each morning one of the altar boys lead his baby brother to the front pew and leave him there while the elder one served the Mass, and lo! the little toddler took out his beads too. In another pew sat a forlorn looking child, poor and deformed, looking as if she were a street waif for whom no one cared; but there she was, happy and at home before the holy altar at the early morning Mass, and she too had the blessed beads in her hands. Most charming is the piety of the French children of Catholic Canada. At St. Anne de Beaufort, that most favored shrine of America, the devotion of the people—men, women and children—to the holy Rosary is a sermon in itself. The beads are constantly in their hands. With the children they are a sort of plaything, jingling in the pocket like the old-fashioned game of "Jacks." Very few children play "Jacks" nowadays, but the little lassies of Quebec and St. Anne de Beaufort are like the dear children of whom Adelaide Proctor sung so sweetly in her poem: "Links with Heaven." The babies who died and whom our Blessed Lady amused in paradise by giving them her milk white beads to play with, promising that their mothers would come soon. How beautiful are the things of faith, and how easy it is to teach children to love them and grow familiar with them, and make them a part of their daily lives. Dear young friends, if any of you who read

this letter are so unfortunate as not to own a chaplet—a string of blessed beads—let me beg of you to enrich yourself at once. More precious are they and more to be desired than the costliest necklace of gems. Why, the secretary would count it a great privilege if any or many of the dear children who read her letters would send their names and addresses to her and she will send them a pair of beads blessed by a Dominican father and indulgenced so highly that not all the riches of earth could purchase heaven as easily as they. Why do the children take no part in this corner of Our Lady's magazine? Here is an opportunity to start them. It is their especial department, and yet they leave all the work to the secretary, who would be delighted to hear from them and put their letters in their own "corner." Now set to work; and the one who writes the nicest letter, telling something about the blessed beads—a true story—shall have the prettiest pair the secretary can get for her, or him either. There is plenty of room in a boy's pocket also for a pretty rosary. Be sure of one thing, dear children, no true child of Our Blessed Lady is a stranger to her rosary, and I am sure that no child who loves the blessed beads and carries them through life will die anything but a happy death. Our Lady of the Holy Rosary will see to it that the cry of the soul that went up to her day after day will be answered—"Pray for us now and at the hour of our death." One word before we part about St. Teresa, the great doctress of the church of whom the Carmelites are so justly proud. Her feast falls on October 15th. Ask her to teach you how to pray, not only with your lips but with your minds. She was a great teacher of the science of prayer; and perhaps you will learn to love her so well, if you begin to pray to her and read things about her, that you will want to read her wonderful works when you grow older. Did you ever hear that she was fond of novel reading, and that God showed her in a vision the place she would fill in hell if she kept on? Think about that and do not lose your time in foolish reading. Above all things ask St. Teresa to make you think as little of the opinion of the world as she did, and you will become a saint without knowing it. There is something for us all to think about long and earnestly while we say our beads in October.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What has a mouth larger than its head?
2. What road has no dust?
3. Why are people who never return books to the owner very useful in an office?
4. What would the Armenians like to do with the Turks?
5. What sea do we all hope to sail on when we die?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.)

1. Mango.
2. A coal.
3. Nothing.
4. When it is a projectile.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who invented the notes of the gamut?
2. Who discovered the mouth of the Mississippi?
3. Who invented speaking trumpets?
4. What white man first discovered Falls of Niagara?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

(SEPTEMBER NUMBER.)

1. A Winter's Tale.
2. Pius VII.
3. Montreal.
4. St. Francis of Assisi.
5. Madame Barat.

ΠΑΡΑΙΣ FOR OCTOBER.

1. You ask what heart will enter most surely into the Heart of Jesus: The most humble will enter best into that adorable heart.

—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

2. The life of every man is strewn with the wrecks of his mistakes. The wise man blunders, and from his blunders learns the large experience and the more prudent mode of action; the holy man blunders, and out of his blunders builds unto himself a citadel of sanctity that becomes his protection against temptation.

BROTHER AZARIAS.

3. Attentively consider how fickle people are, and how little room there is for trust-

ing them, and so repose all your confidence
in God who changes not. —ST. TERESA.

4. When you find the world most opposed to you, be of good cheer; you have a sure token that you are in the right.

—CARD. MANNING.

5. Great talkers, little doers.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ST. TERESA.

(Feast, Fifteenth of October.)

When St. Teresa was a child,
As sweetest act of love,
She longed to die a martyr's death,
To please her Lord above.

In after years her burning heart
Seemed like a caged bird,
Beating its bars with weary wing,
To make its love song heard.

And later still, love's longing grew
Till the tired soul would sigh
"Almost I die, my dearest Lord,
Because I cannot die."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A little boy ten or twelve years of age, in Namour, a city in Belgium, was often forced, without fault of his own, to hear much cursing and swearing. He had no one at home to teach him, so it must have been his dear guardian angel who filled his heart with hatred and disgust for this sin, so displeasing to God. His father was a cross, ill-tempered man, and one day when his little son came home rather late, punished him severely, and then began to curse and swear. The child, terror-stricken that he had been the cause of his father taking God's holy name in vain, fell upon his knees and cried, "O, father! father! beat me, but don't curse." The man looked on the pale, frightened face of his child, and was silent. He was deeply touched, and never forgot the incident, and from that time was completely cured of his evil habit.

Ask your guardian angels, my dear boys, to give you the same hatred for this sin, and when you hear God's holy name used without reverence, do you whisper it to yourselves as lovingly and devoutly as you are able.

A CHRIST-CROSS RHYME.*

Christ his Cross shall be my speed;
Teach me, Father John to read,
That in church, on holyday,
I may chant the psalm and pray.

Let me learn, that I may know,
What the shining windows show,
With that bright Child in her hands,
Where the lovely Lady stands,

Teach me letters—one, two, three—
Until I shall able be
Signs to know and words to frame,
And to spell sweet Jesus' name.

Then, dear master, will I look,
Day and night, in that fair book
Where the tales of saints are told,
With their pictures all in gold.

Teach me, Father John, to say
Vesper verse and matin lay,
So, when I to God shall plead,
Christ his Cross will be my speed.

*An abecedary marked with a cross at the beginning, is called a Christ-cross.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

(Feast, Second of October.)

Is it not sweet to think
That at our side,
Ever God's angels wait
Our steps to guide.

Angels, who see His face
By night and day;
Angels, who sing His praise
Even while they pray.

Dear angels, fair and bright,
Proven and tried,
By His sweet love, whose will
Made you our guide.

Lead us, with loving hand,
Ever to Him
Who on Mount Calvary died
Meekly, for sin.

Lead us, oh, angels fair,
And help us on,
That we may reach at last
Our God and home.

LITTLE LUCY AND THE ANGELS.

Little Lucy was about four years o'd, and her mother and father loved her very much. She was quite a pretty child; her hair curled in ringlets all around her head, and her eyes were very black and bright.

Her mother loved her, not because she was pretty, but because she thought her little Lucy was also good; but I am sorry to say that, though Lucy knew how to do right, she was sometimes very naughty.

Let me tell you all about it. Lucy would obey her mother, and do everything she knew her mother wished her to, when her mother was near; but if she went out walking with the nurse, she would run all about, just where she liked, and would not obey nurse, but gave her a great deal of trouble. Then sometimes, if her mother would go out and leave her at home, Lucy would not be good, but scream and cry, and say "I won't," and tease her baby brother, and do a great many naughty things that she would not think of doing if her mother were home.

Now this was very wrong, and Lucy knew it was. Nurse did not like to tell her mother about it, because she knew it would trouble her very much.

These were not all the naughty things she did, for very often, when her mother had company, she would not go to bed for nurse, but would cry and give her a great deal of trouble.

One day Lucy's mother went out and stayed all day, and Lucy was just as naughty as she could be, and nurse did not know what to do with her. The very next day, when she was playing beside her mother, she coaxed her mother to tell her a little story, and this is what she told her:

ABOUT THE ANGELS.

"Always when God sends a little child into the world to its father and mother, He sends an angel along with it, to take care of it and keep it from all evil. Holy Scripture says 'He has given His angels charge over them.' As the little infant grows larger, and learns how to talk and walk and run about, the angel whispers in its little heart to love every one and be

good, and if the child does what the angel tells it, it is always happy and everybody loves it. But then the bad angels come too, and whisper to the little child not to do what the good angel says. The bad angels tell it many wrong things to do, and if the child does them, then the ugly, bad angels are glad. But the good angel is very, very sorry, and covers its face with its wings, and follows the child at a distance.

"It is a dreadful thing," said her mother, "for a little child to be naughty and make sad the good angel, and I am always sorry for such a child. I am afraid even to see it go to sleep, for fear something will happen to it before it wakes up."

When Lucy heard this story she thought how naughty she had been the day before, and she began to cry, for she knew her dear good angel must have covered its face with its wings when she was so bad.

She told her mother all about it, and asked her if she thought her angel would be pleased with her again, if he saw she was sorry, and if she tried to be good from that time.

Her mother said that he would.

So Lucy knelt down and made a promise to God to be as good as ever she could, whether her mother was with her or not, and she begged God to give her grace to keep her promise.

After that, nurse had no more trouble with Lucy, for she always tried to behave so that the angel never had to cover its face with its wings for shame at anything she was doing.

Dear little children, who have been reading this story, remember that every one of you has a guardian angel near you, to teach you to be good, and to watch over you. Do not make this dear angel sad by doing naughty things, for then he weeps. Please him always, and when you die he will lead you safely to Heaven and God.



BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

X.

OF CHARITABLE SMALL THINGS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



HIS is the time of year when the busy housewife sets about an investigating tour of her closets and attic. She is just as much astonished as at the last pilgrimage of like order at the accumulations, mostly rubbish, that have taken place in the interval. Who would have supposed that she and the children had worn out such a quantity of garments? And with such economy as she had practised! If it were Mrs. Overthway's attic, now! One would expect revelations there!

The pile of gowns, coats and hats looks formidable. On closer examination, at least three-fourths are found to be soiled, faded, out-grown and worn out beyond redemption. Here and there something is discovered, spared equally by moths and sun, which will stand "making over"—that nightmare of childish vanity only equalled by the mortification of wearing big sister's old dresses.

After the wheat has been carefully separated from the chaff, a few more camphor balls are stuck at random in the pockets of John's best winter's suit. The head of the family carelessly decides that it will do very well for him again. A new tie is all that a man needs to freshen him up. Besides, men's clothes are so expensive, and there are so many new winter dresses to be bought for the children and one's self!

After, I say, the wheat has been carefully put on one side, the question of the disposal of the chaff arises. Mrs. John and her daughters agree that there is positively no room in the attic for all this trash. The dresses are too hope-

lessly out of style to be worth remodelling or to be worn as they are. And most of them are so dreadfully soiled and filled with moths.

The question is speedily answered. That convenient receptacle for superannuated necessities or unsightly superfluities, the family laundress, when she next gets to the end of the weekly wash, tries to look as grateful and cheerful as she knows she is expected to feel when she finds herself the possessor of a huge bundle consisting of one or two very soiled light silk waists, a chiffon ball gown as tattered and draggled as only chiffon past its prime can look, an opera bonnet and a cloth skirt or two badly in need of sponging and velveteen.

In view of such a donation as this, and every family laundress has experienced the benevolence of which my account is scarcely an exaggeration, is it to be wondered at that we have complaints of the tawdry finery of the poor.

Very often, too, we hear of the women who have bestowed these doubtful gifts confidentially enumerating to a circle of friends various instances of their own generosity and complacently accepting the fervent hope of their listeners that such munificence will be appreciated and that the "perfectly good" garments given away "will be properly cared for."

It is thus that our left hand keeps the charitable secrets of our right, and that we women, who have kind impulses and not a great superfluity of money nor of thought, combine our benevolence and our rubbish clearance.

It is not my purpose to lay down arbitrary laws of charitable giving and doing. Every woman must decide for herself what her purse and time and duties can allow. Even if we all had the holiness to practise alms-giving to the extent recommended somewhere by Father Faber, viz., to the

point where our giving pinches ourselves, it would be quite impossible for any of us to know when that point was reached by our neighbor. There could hardly be a truer charity, perhaps, than to believe it often reached by others.

My intention is only to suggest a possible method of systematizing small charities for those who are not active members of any regular aid society, or who have a little extra leisure and a desire to use it in a good cause.

I shall briefly describe for their benefit a little organization founded three years ago. This circle, which shall at present be nameless, was composed of nine young girls, and begins work this year with the number of its members unbroken, although four of them, since its organization, have stepped from the ranks of maid to matron and assumed larger and different duties.

The meetings of this society are held regularly at the homes of the different members from September to June. One afternoon each week is given up to sewing for the poor. Each member pays the very small sum of five cents a week into the treasury. This, with occasional donations from the hostess of the day, furnishes material for work and also helps largely towards the decoration of the Christmas tree that has been a source of delight to some thirty or forty needy little children for the past three years. No regular line of work has as yet been taken up. If a member hears of a case of distress, an afternoon or more is given up to supplying the necessities needed.

Underclothing, quilts, infants outfits, children's frocks, have all been fashioned at these pleasant little gatherings. Over the coffee and sandwiches that generally

end the afternoon many a plan is laid for future work.

Whenever none of the members happens to know of a worthy object of charity, an appeal is made to indefatigable religious, whose tact and practical good sense make her the refuge and aid of many troubles, who always knows of just the person to whom a little benevolence will be most welcome.

Every year at least one communicant has been dressed by these young women. Last year they were enabled to prepare four little girls for the Beautiful Day.

The society of which I speak is most unpretentious. The good it has accomplished—and some good, we may hope, has been done by it—has been done easily and simply and pleasantly. The members are delightfully congenial. The meetings are marked by an air of good fellowship. Candor and good humor reign supreme. Spite and petty misunderstandings, those insidious foes of most feminine societies, could never live in the highly oxygenated atmosphere of these afternoons, for the watchword of this society is common sense.

In its humble way, it might serve as a model. Other societies, of like or greater scope, might be formed by the numberless women in the world who are not very rich nor very clever and whose time has many claims, but who earnestly desire to help their poorer neighbor and who have an occasional afternoon at their command.

It is always consoling in such a little undertaking to remember what that wise old book, "The Imitation," says: "Without charity, the outward work profiteth nothing; but whatever is done out of charity, be it ever so little and contemptuous, all becomes fruitful."



EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

At a time when Luther cast aside the solemn obligations of monastic life, and bade his followers no longer to take up the cross and follow a crucified Lord, but to indulge in all the lusts and inclinations of sinful nature, St. Teresa successfully introduced the most severe monastic life in her many foundations, and asked Our Lord "either to suffer or to die."

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Those who find the Rosary monotonous are like those who find the ringing of beautiful chimes of bells monotonous. The Rosary is a chime of bells; fifteen bells of joyous, mournful and glorious melodies, sounding harmoniously upon the deep diapason of our apostolic faith and Our Lord's prayer—to the glory of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

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ST. TERESA is the great Carmelite Saint of this month. She appeared in Spain at a time when Columbus had opened all the material treasures of a new world to the greed and rapacity of the impoverished nations of Europe. Her mission was to draw away the attention of a world ready to forget everything in its pursuit of riches to those higher treasures of heaven, which were revealed to her so abundantly.

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IN October we gather the last roses of summer and bind them into a wreath for our Queen. We call her the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, and we consecrate the first Sunday of this most beautiful month to the celebration of the Rosary. We kneel down before her throne in company with the Holy Father of Christendom, and offer our mystical garlands of roses—to the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Flower of Carmel."

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A GENERAL chapter of the Carmelite Order is to be held in Rome during this month of October. A new Superior General is to be elected for a term of six years. Many questions of importance are to be decided. The Order is prospering every-

where, and new provinces are springing into existence. This entails considerable work for the members of the chapter. News of its elections and transactions as far as it may interest all the lovers of Carmel will be furnished in these pages.

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THE unusual excitement in political matters, due to the introduction of the money question, shows how deeply rooted is the anxiety for material prosperity which animates all classes of American citizens. If people were only as anxious about their souls as they are about their pocket books—But we fear the ratio between those who are more anxious for this world than for the next and those who are more anxious to save their souls than to gain this world, is far greater than 16 to 1.

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WE are glad to be able to announce to our readers that the prospects of the CARMELITE REVIEW for next year are brighter than ever. We have made arrangements for thorough going improvements in every direction, and we have secured the assistance of many new and able contributors. A new story by Miss Anna T. Sadlier will appear early in the year, and a most interesting work will follow the "Life of McMaster," which will soon be completed. The last two chapters of "McMaster's Life" will be the most interesting of all—as they deal with his inner life, and contain many private letters which passed between him and his daughters.

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THE poor man's saint, the most perfect imitator of the poor carpenter's Son of Nazareth, St. Francis of Assisi, is becoming more widely known than ever. Even Protestant students of medieval institutions look upon him as the ideal patron of the laboring man and the poor man. Let our Catholic workingmen, who hear so much now-a-days about their rights and their duty to govern themselves, and not to be governed by the classes; let our Catholic

voters adopt St. Francis as their guide and learn how to govern themselves in the true sense of the word. Then the vote in their hands will be used for the benefit of themselves and of their country. The beatitude of the poor can only be found in the methods which St. Francis taught and practiced.

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WE hope that not one of our readers will neglect to honor Our Blessed Mother during the month of the Holy Rosary by a fervent recitation of at least five decades of the Rosary every day. In families, all the members of the household should be assembled every evening before some picture or statue of Our Lady to join in this salutary prayer. It is the prayer of the people, the democratic prayer as it has been called. But it is no less the prayer of the scholar, whose mind feasts on the profound mysteries of the Rosary. The most intelligent Catholics are the greatest lovers of the Rosary. Our readers will not have forgotten the touching incident connected with Sir John Thompson's death, when a rosary and scapular were found on his body. Those who are following the "Life of McMaster" in these pages will remember his love for the Rosary. And yet, how many of our Catholic men are without the blessed beads?

NEW BOOKS.

THE Carmelite Nuns of Boston have conferred a great favor on all friends and lovers of Carmel and the Brown scapular by publishing the *Proper Offices of the Saints according to the Carmelite Breviary*. The Order of Mt. Carmel, by its very nature, shuns publicity and seeks quiet and solitude. Hence the Saints of this Order are not so universally known and esteemed as those of other orders, who led a more active life and are therefore more before the public. St. Teresa is probably the best known of the Carmelite Saints. She was too great a saint and made too powerful an impression upon her century to be ignored. But so many other glorious Saints of Carmel are but little known—Saint Albert, the great thaumaturgus of Sicily; St. Angelus, the friend of SS. Francis and Dominic; St. Berthold, St. Cyril, of Constantinople; St. John of the Cross; St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi; St. Andrew Corsini, St. Peter Thomas, St. Simon Stock, and so many

others are known only by name to those who have heard of them at all. This book, which is well printed on good paper, and bound in brown cloth, contains the lives of all the Carmelite Saints who have an office proper to themselves in the breviary and missal of the order. The book is sold by the Carmelite Nuns to help them build their new convent in Boston. It can be obtained by writing to the Rev. Mother Superior, Carmelite Convent, 61 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Roxbury, Mass. The price of the book is \$2.00.

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THERE is nothing so conducive to stagnation of mental and moral life in the individual as self-satisfaction. And what is true of the individual is true of corporate bodies. On the other hand, no greater stimulus to progress can be provided than a frank and friendly exposure of our shortcomings. The Rev. John Talbot Smith, in a most readable book called: *Our Seminaries—An Essay on Clerical Training*, has performed this friendly office for our Catholic Colleges and Seminaries. It is not written in a fault-finding spirit, but contains any number of highly practical suggestions for useful and even necessary improvements, in methods, discipline and training. The author gives his own views on all the subjects that enter into the training of a seminarian, and gives voice to many an unpublished sentiment in the minds and hearts of his fellow-priests. Whether we agree with all his views or not, the book provokes thought and stimulates progressive action. It will do good, as it was no doubt written with that intention. It is published by Wm. H. Young & Co., 31 Barclay street, New York, in the best style of printing and binding, and is illustrated with beautiful photo-engravings of the leading seminaries of America.

PETITIONS.

The following petitions are earnestly recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: Urgent needs, 5; means to pay debts, 15; employment, 14; success in undertakings, 12; safe journeys, 5; schools, 6; spiritual, 20; temporal, 25; special, 23; reforms, 30; conversions, 17; in affliction, 5; sick persons, 8; children, 10; parents, 4; families, 18; happy deaths, 10; for patients,

3; resignation, 11; vocations, 8; souls in purgatory for many special intentions. Thanks are rendered for the return of two who had neglected their religious duties for 40 years, and also for many other favors obtained.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Barbara's Church, West Brookfield, Ohio; St. Vincent's Church, Chicago, Ill.; Garnavillo, Ia.; Mt. St. Vincent, Halifax, N. S.; St. Martin's Church, Whitfield, Ind.; St. Michael's Church, Bradford, Ind.; Merrickville, Ont.; St. Francis Church, Tilbury Centre, Ont.;

Sacred Heart Church, Sydney, N. S.; Traverse City, Mich.; St. Bernard's Church, Saranac Lake, N. Y.; St. Patrick's Church, Brooklyn, Ia.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Watertown, N. Y.; Holy Trinity Church, St. Johns, N. B.; St. Joseph's Church, Shediac, N. B.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Bourbonnais' Grove, Ill.; Sacred Heart College, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Ridgely, Md.; St. Peter's Church, Louisville, Ky.; Holy Trinity Church, Evansville, Ind.; St. John's Church, New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Doytville, Wis.; St. Mary's Church; Lake Church, Wis.; Dane, Wis.; Lodi, Wis.; Annunciation Church, Portsmouth, Ohio.

TWO MIRACULOUS CURES.



WING to two sudden cures the Italian colony in Newark is rejoicing over what the members think are undoubted miracles, and there have been several church services of thanks. The case of Gregorio Policastro, a little girl, of No. 73 Monroe street, has caused her family great rejoicing.

The friends of Antonio Policastro, who is no relation of the girl, do not hesitate to attribute his cure to the divine influence as a result of prayer.

Father D'Aquilo, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Ferry and McWhorter streets, said yesterday that the girl's father had sent thirty pounds of wax candles to the church as a Thanksgiving offering. An impressive service of thanks was held at the church and both families attended. Speaking of his daughter's case, Policastro said:

"My little girl of three was ill with some unknown complaint and began to waste away. We could not find out what was the

matter with her. The doctor could not help her, and two weeks ago said she would die. My wife and I felt very bad, and told Father D'Aquilo about our sorrow. He said he and the other priests would pray to the Blessed Virgin to remove our affliction. I prayed, too, and asked that my little girl be made well in time for the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. After we had prayed for several hours I went home and my little girl opened her eyes and knew me for the first time in a good while. Then a rosy color came to her cheeks and she grew well very soon."

Father D'Aquilo said Antonio Policastro had been told by physicians that they would have to resort to amputation of his left leg. He did not want to lose it, and, added the priest:

"He supplicated the Blessed Virgin that his sickness pass away. His leg immediately grew better, and to-day he is as well as ever."

Policastro in return offered a wax leg on the shrine of the Virgin in the Church of Mount Carmel.—(*The New York World*, July 22nd, 1896.)