





### The Loss of a Friend.



## I.

NOTHER voice is silent  
 That o'er the ebb and flow  
 Of changefu' joy and sorrow  
 Oft whispered soft and low.  
 And in our thoughts and feelings  
 Its tones would gladly blend.  
 How sad it is and lonely  
 To lose a cherished friend !

## II.

It is not like those cloudlets  
 That overcast the day  
 And then, in beams of sunlight,  
 So quickly pass away.  
*This* shade is never over,  
 A heart has been most dear :  
 As life flows on how often  
 Its loss will re-appear !\*

## III.

It seems so very needful  
 To hear a voice once more  
 Whose dear, familiar accents  
 We heard with joy, before.  
 But mournfully the echoes  
 As of a sad refrain,  
 Are waiting through remembrance,  
 It may not be again !

\*"The loss of a friend is never over—it is always re-appearing."—FR. FABER.

## IV.

And still we are not friendless.  
 O kneel in silent prayer  
 Before the holy altar,  
 Our *dearest* Friend is there.  
 And all the kindest feelings  
 That friendship can impart  
 Are beating in those love-thrills  
 Of Jesus' Sacred Heart.

## V.

A day will come when partings  
 Will be to us no more.  
 We'll see those well-known faces  
 So loved, and lost of yore.  
 The ties of tender friendship  
 On earth were loosed with pain,  
 But in our home for ever  
 Dear friends we will regain.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

### A Sister's "Undying Love."



HE sent me a little emblem,  
 A delicate snow-white spray,  
 Like her own pure, gentle spirit  
 Now far from earth away.  
 And to cheer my onward pathway,  
 To raise my thoughts above,  
 She wrote, with tender meaning,  
 Of her "*undying love*."  
 On our Blessed Mother's birthday  
 My darling was laid to rest :  
 She will rise in immortal beauty,  
 And mingle with virgins blest.  
 Oh ! those words, like a stream of music  
 Softly wafting on zephyr's sigh,  
 Often whisper to my spirit  
 Of love that can never die.  
 The eyes with their lustrous meaning,  
 Have closed to the light of day,  
 And the warm heart has stilled its beating,  
 But her love lives far away.  
 And, like to a silvery star-gleam,  
 That ray of "*undying love*,"  
 Shines forth in the night of sadness  
 That preludes the day above.  
 And I know that her heart thrills responsive  
 And echoes each breathing of prayer,  
 For love that is living in Jesus,  
 Is purified, perfected there.

—E. D. M.

"In Memoriam," Rev. Mother M. Gertrude.—R.I.P.

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

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

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

By MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE—UNIVERSAL LEGATE OF THE ORIENT—BISHOP OF  
CORON—RETURN TO CONSTANTINOPLE—NEW CONFERENCES—  
SURPRISE OF THE FORTRESS LAMPSAQUE—1359.



HE return of Peter Thomas to Avignon caused a great revival of Catholic sympathy in regard to the Oriental Church. His report confirmed the account already received from Constantinople, and was a source of the deepest joy to the Roman Court. With one accord the members of the Sacred College resolved to agitate, with all the energy of which they were capable, the best method to accomplish the much-desired re-union. And to bring the negotiations to a happy termination where could they find a more fitting mediator than he who had been so intimately associated with the Orient? The letter of John Paleologus, as also one which King Hugo wrote, were full of laudatory expressions of the marvels which the saintly Legate had wrought. These two epistles went far towards augmenting the confidence of Pope Innocent, already very great, in the energy and wisdom of this faithful prelate. Thus

he unhesitatingly made known his design of entrusting him with a second and more important mission to the Orient. Blessed Peter was not the one to paralyze the universally manifested inclination, neither was he—above all—given to weighing in the balance a sacred desire with his own particular tastes. He knew well that this appeal for a public benefit as expressed by legitimate authority should silence his own views, even in regard to *humility*. Besides his fervor had kept pace with the rich guerdon of spiritual benefits granted him from above. The recollection of the services which God had permitted him to render during his former mission impelled him to accept the position, but on a far greater scale, which would entail similar duties and trials. So far from asking a respite he found his pleasure and his recompense in the opportunity to serve the Church with renewed devotion, and declared his readiness to obey the wish of Christ's Vicar on earth.

Several Bulls were therefore issued. By one Blessed Peter Thomas was appointed universal and special Legate of the Holy See for all the dependent countries whether of the empire of

Constantinople or the kingdom of Cyprus, as also for Thrace, Greece, the isle of Candia, the Archipelago, and the city of Smyrna.

By another he was named Inquisitor of the faith for all those countries. Like Isaiah and St. John the Baptist, it belonged to him to make the crooked paths straight and to smooth the rugged ways. Like Jeremiah, it was his mission in nations and kingdoms to tear up and destroy, to build and to plant—that is to chastise the infidel, to lead back the erring, and to sustain the faithful Catholic. A tribute to the newly appointed Legate accompanied his nomination. The Sovereign Pontiff declared him to be *penetrated with the fear of God, thoroughly informed in all matters of faith and discipline, eminently prudent, and specially capable of acting for the best under circumstances the most difficult.*

Still another Bull announced that the project of a crusade was under discussion. The Legate was commissioned to prepare the soil with the numerous prelates to whom the letter was addressed—viz., the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Archbishops of Nicosia, of Crete, of Smyrna, of Patras, of Athens, of Thebes, of Corinth, of Colossus, of Naxos, of Durazzo and other suffragans.

In order that his special representative should enjoy perfect liberty of direction the Sovereign Pontiff, by a fourth Bull, suspended the power with which all the other legates of those countries were invested at the time.

And something else in the interest of this ministry was done by His Holiness. A few days previous to the departure of Bishop Thomas, Innocent VI. thought best to transfer the See of Patti and Lipari to that of Coron. This city was situated in the most

southern part of Greece, and belonged to the Venitians at that time.

The Bishop, Luigi Turiano, had just been promoted to the Patriarchate of Aquilia. Peter Thomas was transferred to the vacant See of Coron, either for the reason that, in his mission to the East, communication with his flock and with the Vicar who had charge of it would be less difficult, or because, the resources of Coron being richer than those of Lipari's volcanic territory, the revenues of the Bishop would be in keeping with his enlarged sphere of action.

For the latter reason, according to the Bollandists, the Holy Father gave him as a benefice in perpetuity the bishopric of Negropont, an island also under Venitian rule, and in view of the varied nature of the services he was to render to the universal Church, he dispensed him anew from residing in those places.

Blessed Peter had, in fine, jurisdiction not only over the spiritual interests of religion, but over the temporal interests as well. In the Levant he was actually "Commander-in-Chief of the Christian forces, thus in his office as universal Legate of the Orient he was invested with the most extensive authority which the Holy See could impart. But if his powers were immense, we will see that his zeal, fully as great, displayed an ability and virtue equal to his glorious duties.

That he might the more readily gather an army of recruits eager to unite with the holy cause, the Legate bore with him a treasure whose power to win was mighty and whose priceless value was fully recognized by the eyes of faith. He was authorized to proclaim a PLENARY INDULGENCE for the benefit of all who would enroll them-

selves for the approaching campaign, or who would assist by way of subsidies.

The Pope and the Cardinals, joining example to precept, sent considerable sums which permitted the procuring of several galleys, providing for the crews, and supplying the soldiers with arms.

As lieutenant for the military department, the Legate appointed a Knight of St. John, Nicholas Benoit, formerly in charge of the commandery at Venosa in Apulia.

These preparations accomplished, our saint knelt for the last time before Innocent VI. to receive the Apostolic benediction, and then, without delay, hastened to the post of honor, and of danger too, to which he had been assigned. The early summer of 1359 witnessed a fleet of galleys, three abreast, furnished by the Venitians and Hospitalers, ready, under the auspices of our holy Church, to set out upon their glorious mission to the Orient. In the course of the voyage the papal representative visited several isles and cities included in his legation to recall to the people, in a practical way, that they had not been forgotten by the Holy Father, who considered their cause his own. Having taken in supplies at Smyrna, he soon arrived at Constantinople. John Paleologus, always at variance with the Ottomans, was at this very time in the greatest distress. The return of "the holy Legate," as he was generally styled, the sight of the imposing escort in attendance, not less than the attitude of the Latin chevaliers revived his fainting courage, and confirmed him in his political and religious alliance with Rome. Notwithstanding the vehement opposition, which unhappily was never withdrawn, he

avored even more ardently than before the development and the solidity of reunion.

Under the auspices of the Emperor, the Bishop of Coron, knowing well that ignorance is the principal cause of schism, and indeed of all those evils which tarnish the beauty of the soul, hastened to enkindle, as before, the flame of his irresistible eloquence.

Endowed, as we already have seen, with admirable resources, which enabled him to delight the varied tastes of his hearers, he lavishly offered, in turn, erudition and subtlety, mildness and impassioned fervor, enlightenment upon many necessary points, and a tender persuasiveness that could not fail to win.

It would seem that nothing was wanting *this* time to touch the hearts of our erring brethren. The Legate whose authority was accompanied with such eloquence, force and sanctity, became an object of great veneration. His very presence seemed to breathe a benediction, and was, we can truly say, one of the greatest graces vouchsafed by our Lord to lead back those misguided souls.

And yet it was not sufficiently appreciated by the majority of a people deeply imbued with prejudices and suspicions regarding Rome. If vast throngs hastened to St. Sophia and the other churches to hear Blessed Peter Thomas, all were not inspired with the same good intentions. Whilst every day produced some new token of the love felt for the Legate, the basest animosity, which had not been so evident during his first embassy, now boldly traduced him with no attempt at concealment. The jealousy, alas! so deeply rooted, of whatsoever related to the primacy of the Holy See assumed a more venomous character,

and refused to be influenced either by patient kindness or severer methods. But, generally, the saint presented to these personal attacks only humility, the practice of mortification, the permanent sacrifice of his life, and an indefatigable activity in his multiplied duties. His journeys from the city to the army were frequent. After having fulfilled the functions of "Controversialist" he went to his post as commander of the forces, where he might be seen opening the attack against the pirates, making them disgorge their ill-gotten goods, and successfully combatting against the Ottoman battalions. God evidently sustained him and the divine blessing crowned his zeal. The intrepidity of the hero went hand in hand with the power of the Thaumaturgus.

Amongst the exploits accomplished by the combined fleet of Constantinople and the Church, one of the most memorable was that in which the city Lampsaque formed the chief point of interest.

This city (now called Lampsacus) was situated at the western point of Asia Minor, in the centre of the Dardanelles. It was a most important place in regard to maritime communication. The Turks who had taken possession of it were most aggressive and caused the greatest trouble to European navigation. They had built a strong fortress at some distance from the sea, and from its almost impregnable walls they would, from its secure refuge, watch for the propitious moment to carry out their unlawful schemes.

Acting under the command of Peter Thomas, the Christians invaded the fortress of Lampsaque.

After a siege of several weeks, they gained their point and pulled it down. Satisfied with the victory, won by the

most heroic efforts and invincible bravery, they retreated to their vessels never dreaming that a treacherous foe was nigh. Suddenly, at either side, arose a perfect forest of lances, and fierce looking janisaries precipitated themselves upon the lately jubilant Christians in ever increasing numbers. The savage yells, the multiplied charges, the sea of glittering angry eyes produced the wildest confusion and terror. Eager to reach the safe refuge of the vessels they deserted their standards, threw down their arms and made the best of their way to the sea. Upon beholding this weakness, the holy Legate sent forth to heaven his cry of alarm, for it was useless to call back the panic-stricken fugitives. Rallying around him, however, fifty chevaliers or esquires of his military department, of the order of Hospitalers, he exhorted them not to betray the honor of the Christian name, which was so closely interwoven with their ranks. From that moment, as though his invincible soul had found a mate in each of those noble knights, they foiled, with their saintly leader, the efforts of that dark phalanx and made an honorable retreat to the sea. But the valiant are not always invulnerable. In a short time seven of those brave men had fallen beneath the Moslem's hand. The assailants, on the contrary, constantly gained new enforcements. From every side they came, their swarthy faces lighted by glittering eyes, gleaming with rage and hate. But nothing could daunt the courage of the little band. Bleeding and decimated, but sustained by Christian heroism, they marched nobly to their ship.

Their honor was saved, the panic averted and the surprise avenged. Three hundred slain of the Turkish

force covered the soil, whereupon the brave and heroic comrades of the saint had met a noble death. As to the latter, we are permitted to believe that he valiantly and with his own hand attacked the infidel foe, for the prevailing customs of the middle ages authorized such a proceeding.

Mezieres says in several instances: "*Personaliter eervando, corporaliter bellando,*" thus showing that his heroes really fought sword in hand with all the bravery of a belted knight.

During this campaign, the splendid qualities of the *monk, now general and even admiral*, were displayed in all their greatness. Whether sailing with a fleet or with a small light vessel, whether he had to encounter the fiercest storms, to face the rigors of the severest winter—or feel that treacherous foes were nigh—he never for a moment faltered. Now he would present himself at Candia, then at Cyprus—Constantinople would not be forgotten.

The Archipelago would be included in his mission. The Turks received so many lessons, in the way of defeats from him, and were so impressed with the supernatural character of this friend of God, that discouragement and disunion soon began to penetrate their ranks. One of their Chiefs, the ruler of Alto-Laga, (the ancient Ephesus) made his submission to the Legate, paid tribute to him, and ever after treated his Christian subjects with deference and respect. The holy Legate manifested then, in those vast countries, an activity far beyond the greatest of human efforts. Consoler of the Greeks, invincible foe of the Turks, mandatory of the union, and *above all* the orator who, with eloquence keen as a two edged sword, waged war against every vice. Such was Blessed

Peter Thomas. Is it necessary to say that to us his life stands forth a *marvel*, a truly celestial and perpetual prodigy? Through his mediation the light of faith—of Catholicism—burned with resplendent lustre in the capital of the Orient, and, with its re-enchanted radiance, confidence was again revived in the hearts of a people whom unpropitious circumstances had always held in apprehensive consternation.

The Byzantine Empire found itself ready to resist, with greater assurance and courage, the ever increasing invasions and encroachments of Mahomet.

Thus, by the grace of God, a mendicant friar was enabled to stretch forth a helpful hand to imperial potentates—the son of a Perigordian.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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A touch of a kindly hand will oftentimes render more help and comfort than the most eloquent words. Our hands were made for helpfulness, and they are never more worthily used than when they are stretched forth to lift the fallen, to aid the weak, or to comfort the sorrowful of heart. Oh! for a touch of the Master's hand! Oh, for a baptism of the Master's spirit, Whose hands were ready for all helpfulness, even to being nailed for our redemption to the cross of shame.

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"By the prayers of the holy Church, the profitable sacrifice and aims bestowed upon the faithful departed leave no doubt, that the deceased are delivered. For this practice, delivered unto us by our fathers, is observed universally in Christ's Church that prayers should be made for the departed."—ST. AUGUSTINE.



## Our Lady's Presentation.



POTLESS as a stainless lily,  
With love glowing like the rose,  
Mary, from her home and kindred,  
To the Lord's bright temple goes :  
Oh ! the sweetness—the completeness—  
Of that kindling sacrifice ;  
From Light's blossom to Love's bosom  
Blessed Perfumes Godward rise :  
She doth run on the sweet odors  
Of the Bridegroom, she doth fly,  
Amorous Dove, to Heaven's bosom  
Lost, embraced in love most high ;  
Ah ! for sweetness, what completeness  
Burning in the sacrifice ;  
God's Dove's cooing softly wooing,  
Wooing Heaven from Paradise—  
God's Dove's cooing softly woos  
Heaven to earth from Paradise !

Little life of Wisdom's flowers,  
Great in love breathed sweetly through,  
Busy hands so filled with graces,  
Feet so faithful, heart so true ;  
Such rare sweetness of completeness  
Crowns this blossoming sacrifice,  
Full of yearning, ever turning,  
From the earth her heavenly eyes :  
Lowly, holy, like the Virgin  
In God's temple, let us be ;  
With each breath grow nearer, dearer  
Unto Jesus, as did she :  
Then, faith's sweetness in completeness,  
Mary's children's sacrifice,  
Shall rise purely, through her, surely,  
Heaven-bless'd from Paradise—  
Shall rise purely, through her, sure  
Of hope's crown, love's Paradise !

—SISTER W., O.C.C.

## AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER VII. (Continued.)



**A**F**TER** FLOOD of sad thoughts ran in his brain as he looked on her face, showing now more plainly than ever, in its death-like mask the pathos life had boldly traced, and pity for it all, fierce remorse that he had by even a word, done ought to add to her suffering, made the tears creep into his eyes. He called her name loudly, or whispered it softly, and after a time that seemed eternity to him, Judith's white lids fluttered, unclosed and meeting the tear-wet glance bent on her, feeling the tender protecting arms around her, her first awaking thought was that she had died, and this heart happiness was her first taste of Heaven. But Bluebell's brown head over her, the great liquid eyes, almost human in their sympathy, fixed on her, would be, she sharply realized, no part of her hereafter bliss. She drew herself away from his clasp, and sitting erect, feebly pushed away Bluebell's head and glanced around bewildered. When her eyes came back to him it did not need his words to tell her how deep and lasting was his regret; but she said it was standing in the sun that had caused the faint, and there was no reason why he should take any blame to himself. After a while she rose and announced her intention of returning

home. She declined his offer to accompany her, and seeing she was suffering from excitement and wanted to be alone, he gently assisted her to mount Bluebell. With an effort to regain her natural self, she bade him good-bye and rode away.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Filled with a variety of contending thoughts, Mr. Gray wended his way toward his hotel. A new element had entered into his interest in Judith Sanders. That she knew, or at least, had a suspicion who was the real murderer of Jake Sharkley he felt convinced, but that she should have kept silence during all these years while an innocent man languished behind prison bars was one of the greatest surprises of her character. That behind this silence lay a reason, he knew; but what reason, he questioned, could possibly be stronger than the divine claim of claim of justice? Always when thus perplexed he would turn to his ever-ready wheel and betake himself to the country; so, after the noon-day meal, and a brief rest, he started, following the old Maysville turnpike. Half-a-mile from the hotel rises the little white meeting-house, and directly back of it is the famous battleground where Daniel Boone and his brave pioneers met disastrous defeat from the hands of the treacherous Indians, who greatly outrivalled them in number, and in their knowledge of the weedy recesses of the deceptive hills and valleys. But

the church, this Sunday afternoon, was deserted, and down the long white stretch of road no object showed, save a few cows, leisurely cropping the grass fringing the way on either side. Once in the course of an hour he met a couple on horseback, a young girl who stared at him from under her pink sun-bonnet in wonderment, while her companion, a stalwart country swain, with handsome, boyish face and honest brown eyes, divided his attention between him and the frisky colt, coquetting from one side of the road to the other at sight of the bicycle and rider. Mr. Gray heard their laugh as he sped on and with good-nature admitted mentally he must be a mirth-provoking object, covered as he was with dust and warm with his exertions. At one point an old wagon road, smooth and hard as a race track, and deeply overshadowed by foliage, tempted him from the dusty highway. Lost in thought, he followed its quiet path, heedless of the passing of time or the changing face of the sky, seen at intervals through the canopy of green; but as he proceeded, a streak of lightning shot its zig-zag course through the gathering gloom, while a low, ominous growl of thunder announced the storm's approach. The prospect of encountering a summer storm in the fierceness with which it breaks over such desolate places was not a pleasant one, and as he gained the brow of the hill he sprang from his wheel and searched the landscape, hoping to sight some habitation. All that met his view, however, were hills—hills bare and rugged, hills covered with deep undergrowth or showing an occasional patch of young corn or wheat—nothing but the everlasting hills. Yet how beautiful was the prospect under the gloom and hush that come with a gathering

storm! The soft purple haze that had bathed the land was being slowly gathered up, the while the thin sheets of the approaching rain were spread like an unbroken line of sails along the horizon. In a few minutes, he knew, that phantom fleet would have gained on him to pour down its merciless shot and shell from its unseen guns. As he was debating whether to turn back and give it chase, or press on, the friendly bark of a dog from the hollow below came to his glad ears. Springing on his wheel, he dashed forward and soon reached the bottom of a hill, where stood a comfortable log house, in the yard surrounding which sat a man, reading, while a little boy and girl played on the grass near. Over in the barn-lot a flock of sheep were being turned into their shelter for the night by a shaggy shepherd dog, whose bark pleasantly broke the stillness. A man stood at the gate counting his white sheep as they passed him in huddling groups, while at a short distance was a woman, her attention between the calf she was feeding from a pail and a number of turkeys spread around, impatiently awaiting their expected supper.

"Nettie," she cried to the little girl, "bring me the chicken feed, quick!" and as the child sprang from the grass to do the bidding, she caught sight of the minister now leaning against the fence, regarding the scene with pleased eyes. He smiled back at the girl's startled glance, wherewith she scampered off, followed by her brother, to whom, by some mental telegraphy, she had communicated her knowledge of the stranger's presence. A few first big drops of rain warned the minister to secure shelter, so lifting his wheel over the low stone wall, he crossed and announced his approach to the unconscious reading man by a

friendly "Good afternoon!" Very slowly the man withdrew his eyes from the pages and seeing the stranger said in even tones, with a rich Irish accent, "Good evening to you, sir!" His face was yellow and dry as parchment, his eyes were sunken deep in their sockets, his hair was of a peculiar dead blackness and was smoothed so closely over his head it more resembled a tight-fitting cap than the natural covering. His frame was spare, and the sunken chest did not need the short, dry, occasional cough to confirm the indications of ill-health.

"It is going to rain," remarked Mr. Gray, feeling he should give the reason for his intrusion on this strange person, "will you allow me to stand on the porch until it is over?"

The man lifted his yellow face to the sky.

"We are going to have a storm, sure," he commented. "We'd better get inside." Then remembering the other's question, he said: "I'm only a passing guest here myself, but I know Mr. Hetting will be pleased to see you. They are clever people. I've been putting up here nigh onto three years. I'm a dry-goods pedler," he explained, as they turned toward the house.

The room they entered was large and comfortable, its floor covered with a new rag carpet, its white-washed walls adorned with prints that hideously represented sylvan scenes. In one corner was a tall-posted bed, with a rude home-manufactured couch pushed under it for the children. A rocking chair stood in splendid isolation in the middle of the floor, and at proper distance apart, six hard-bottomed chairs, painted a bright red, were ranged along the wall. A tall clock was on the mantel-piece above the stone fireplace, whose wide mouth was concealed by a

screen made of newspapers, fitted smoothly over a cloth tacked on a slender frame. A pin-cushion hung against the wall under a small mirror, and on a rude stand, covered with a white towel, were a lamp and an old Bible. Mr. Gray took in these simple details as he drew the chair indicated by his fellow guest toward the door, where together they watched the coming of the rain. As the drops began to fall with increased rapidity and force, the master of the house, attended by his great dog, blustered in, but seeing the minister, he drew himself up and taking off his hat acknowledged that gentleman's introduction of himself.

"You're welcome, Brother Gray," he said, extending his hand. "It's lucky you happened to be this near, for I think the rain's a-goin' to keep up all night, an' it's a pretty uncomfordin' feelin' to be out in a sto'm in these pa'ts, 'specially when a feller ain't got his hoss."

"How far am I from the Springs?" asked Mr. Gray, a little dismayed at his host's prediction regarding the rain.

"It's nigher eight miles than seven by the pike, but less'n five ef you cut across an' hit the Parks' Ferry road. But you're welcome hyar, Brother Gray. Mr. Daly 'll tell you we Kentuckians hyarabouts are just as glad to see strangers as you fellers uv the Bluegrass."

"I took the liberty, Dave, of extending your hospitality to this gentleman," said Mr. Daly, in his quiet voice. "It's the right disposition to have, sir," he continued, addressing the minister, "this hospitable one. It's fulfilling the Scriptures, taking in, as your own, the stranger at your gate. I've travelled a great deal through the country,

been in 'most every State in the Union, but I find the Kentuckians are the best people in this line."

"What do you think of the South Carolinians?" asked the minister, a twinkle in his eye.

The old pedler caught it, but the knowledge he was to speak of a people to one of them did not influence his answer.

"They're a very fine people, what I know of them, hospitable and kind; but you don't find them as frank and open as the Kentuckian. They are more reserved in their intercourse with strangers, a sort of dignified friendliness. It makes you feel at home with them, however, because you know they are sincere."

"I see," said the minister, smiling, "you are loyal to Kentucky. Though my adopted State for a years only, I admit its people are all you claim them to be. I am from South Carolina myself."

"I thought so by your accent," said the old pedler, lookin out out at the rain and relapsing into silence. Mr. Hetting took up the conversation until the appearance of his wife, with the two children clinging to her skirts.

"Are you a Methodist, Brother Gray?" she asked, and at the negative reply the disappointment she felt showed itself on her comely face.

"Couldn't you a-told that, honey, without askin'?" questioned her husband, with a quizzical laugh. "Ef he was a Methodist, he'd a-had us singin' hymns afore this. As it is, he ain't even quoted a line from the Script'r yet."

His wife's face flushed under the words, as she said to the minister, excusingly:

"Dave oughtn't to talk like that, Brother Gray. He j'ined with the

church when we was married an' tried to do what's right ever sence."

"Yes, I turned my coat to get a wife, Passon," said Dave, taking a seat and drawing the children to his knee. "I was a Campbelite raised. Not that it made any diff'rence, that I c'uld see; an' one 'ud do much fur a gal like Hattie was an' stick to it fur the wife she tu'ned out to be."

"O, hush, Dave!" said the wife, a flush of pleasure chasing away the momentary annoyance from her face.

"What do you say to that, ole man?" asked Dave, leaning over and slapping the pedler on the shoulder, for the grim smile that had crossed the old yellow face during the conversation had not escaped the host's sharp eyes and he wanted to know the thought that had prompted it.

"Just what you said, Dave. It don't make any difference with *you*."

Mrs. Hetting had left the room to prepare the evening meal, so her husband felt free to continue the conversation.

"But it would have with you?"

"Yes, Dave, it would have with me."

"Do you mean to tell me you wouldn't have turned ovah frum the Cath'lic Church fur a woman you loved an' who wouldn't marry you 'less you did?"

"I mean just that, Dave," said the old man.

"Then," laughed Dave, "you nevah was in love!"

The pedler made no reply, but the minister filled up the gap by saying:

"That is too sweeping a statement, Mr. Hetting. There is many a man who sets his conscience above everything in life, yes, even above a woman's love."

"Dave would have done it himself,"

interposed the pedler, with fine loyalty to his friend and host, "if conscience had had any voice in the matter. But it didn't, for it is true what he said, it didn't make any difference with him."

"Do you think it made any difference, Mr. Daly?" asked the minister, leaning slightly forward. The question plainly embarrassed the old man, and the minister, noting this, said:

"I ask for your frank opinion. I am accustomed to meeting men who differ from me in religious views. If a minister, Mr. Daly, I am not a bigot."

"Well, my young friend. I do not think it did," said Mr. Daly, fixing his deep-set eyes on the minister's pale, reposeful face.

"Why not?" asked he.

"Mr. Gray, down in your own State I once stopped at a house where I had two young lady customers," began the began the pedler, after a thoughtful pause. "In those days I used to carry jewelry, though I since stopped it, as I found it often tempted women to buy it when they needed other things for their house and children. I had that day two rings, with imitation turquoise settings. They were alike in price and make, but the color of one was somewhat lighter than the other. One of the young ladies wanted a ring. Of course, she wanted a good one, but as I did not have it, she concluded to conclude to content herself with the imitation. She couldn't, however, decide whether she wanted the lighter or darker set, and turned to her friend for advice. "Why," said that young lady, "what difference does it make which one you select, since neither is the true gem?"

The minister smiled as the old man finished.

"So the inference I am to draw is: What difference does it make whether

our friend here stays Reformer or turns Methodist, since neither is the true creed?"

"Yes," said Mr. Daly, calmly.

"Mr. Daly," asked the minister, a nervous quickness running through his tones, "is it not rather un-Christian in you Catholics thus taking to yourselves all the merits of the Redeemer's life and death?"

"But we do not want to keep them for ourselves," returned the pedler. "The heart of the true Catholic longs to see all mankind embracing the truth."

"The truth!" repeated he. "May it not be possible we Protestants hold the truth, also?"

"When you do you are no longer Protestants," returned the pedler. "The Catholic Church is not made up alone of those who openly profess membership with it. Every earnest seeker after justice and who lives up publicly and privately to the natural truth which he finds in his soul, belongs to the Catholic Church, although the outward expression of that truth may take a various form; it may, as in your case, make him the minister of a false doctrine."

Mr. Gray looked on the face before him with a slow dawning of surprise in his eyes.

"Do you mean," he asked, fixing the blue light of his clear direct glance on the dark eyes, deeply set in the parchment-like face, "you think I am a Catholic?"

"Yes," said the peddler, rising, as one who was tired, not of the conversation alone, but of all things in life, "you are a Catholic at heart, but you do not as yet know it," and he went out to the white-washed porch and lighted his pipe, while the minister sat gazing at the place he had vacated,

with a glow indescribable, but exquisitely soothing, in his heart, and never before experienced. He a Catholic! He repeated the thought, lay it on his soul and in his ears he felt a strange, yearning listening as if for a voice beloved. Over this deep moment his host's voice unwelcomely broke, as he said in low, earnest tones:

"Brother Gray, all the good men ain't left this earth yit. Thar's one uf them in that ole peddler out thar. One time he ust to run a big lickin' place in some Noth'n city. He wus rich an' had a wife an' two little gals. But his wife died an' then, whatever was the cause uf it, he shet up shop. He tole me he tuck the money he had made, a pow'ful lot, an' giv' it some Church s'ciety to be used by it fur keerin' fur fam'lies of drunkards. Then, he tuck his two little gals and put them in a convent school an' he went out peddlin' to make a livin' fur them and himself. He walked over the whole country an' it was sometimes two yars afore he'd see his children. He ben a doin' this near thirty yars, now. His gals is married now an' want him to live with 'em, but wh'n I asked him why he don't, he said; 'Dave, I caused much sin in my early life an' I must do penance while I live.' But that won't be fur much longer," concluded Dave, sadly, "fur he's growin' weaker an' yallerer every time he comes back. He's a strange feller, too. Them piercin' eyes uf his'n seem to see moh than any one elses. I asked him once how it was, an' he said much sorrow makes folks wise. That was 'long when I fust knowed him an' when I tole my ole mammy I reckoned that was why I was allus such a stump as I'd nevah had any trouble all my life, she said: 'David, don't be a seekin' aftah the wisdom that sorrow bring. It

comes soon enough.' But it seems it's goin' to furet me entirely," and he laughed.

"God grant it may!" said the minister, fervently, looking on him as he sat with a shy-faced child on each knee.

Mr. Gray seemed to shun conversation with the peddler when the simple evening meal was over and the little family returned to the room. But the peddler smoked his pipe in deep thought, from which he was drawn occasionally by a question of Dave's. That night when the two men, thus strangely brought together, had retired to the bed-room in the loft, which they were to share, Mr. Daly asked, suddenly:

"Is that nigger man you saved from being lynched still living?"

"Yes," said the minister, wheeling quickly from his position by the small open window, through which the moonlight, the clearer for the newly-washed sky, was pouring her holy silvery beams.

"The last time I was in Frankfort," said the peddler, "about a year ago, that was, Father Williams told me the nigger was sick and that he might die."

"He had a serious illness," said the minister, "but we pulled him through. His constitution is not good and the confinement is trying on it. But Father Williams and I brought our influence to bear on the Governor and secured for Pete more comforts, for he must not die before his innocence is established," finished the minister, more to himself than to his listener.

"How are you going to do that?" asked the peddler, his eyes on the floor, showing white under the rays of the moon.

"By finding the real criminal," said the minister, decisively.

"Was that what brought you down here?" asked Mr. Daly.

"Principally, yes," returned Mr. Gray.

"Do you think you acted with wisdom? Do you not know that if your mission is suspected by the real criminal, supposing Pete is innocent, and that he is living here, if he did not hesitate to take human life once for revenge, he will pause now when his own is in danger? You don't want to pile up crime on his soul!" finished he, a shudder running over his frame.

"Nor do I want to see an innocent man suffer the penalty another should pay," said the minister, the light flashing out of his blue eyes.

"Should pay?" asked the peddler, looking for a second at the straight, young figure and the fine profile of the face well outlined against the moon-light. "Do you know the soul of man so slightly as not to think that murderer is paying a penalty each day, nay, each moment of the day, past the power of all human authority to administer? Do you think the irons of the criminal, the darkness of his cell, are any comparison to the weight of unacknowledged sin, the blackness of God's withdrawal from the soul? To stand before one's fellow man an admitted sinner, and receive his punishment, destroy the keenness of Remorse's arrows. We show a superiority of moral courage, too, that in spite of himself, he must admire, however much he may detest the deed and the doer, for it is a quality our very condemner may not possess. Place in the sinner's shoes, not all the throwers of the stones would have the courage to admit their punishment was their just reward. But think of going down one's days with the great mountain weight of hidden guilt on one's soul,

afraid to meet the eyes of an honest man, afraid every wind that blows carries away with it our secret, afraid the very bird from the tree-top is proclaiming it."

The low voice sounded preternaturally loud along the moon-lighted space separating them and gazing on the figure seated on a low chair, with his arms hanging by his side, his yellow face and black head showing more strangely in the semi-gloom, Mr. Gray felt as if in the presence of something not entirely of earth. He regained himself soon, however.

"That is not the point at issue," he interposed. "It is an innocent man suffering the human penalty belonging to another. It is an innocent man branded with the crime of the guilty. It is an innocent man with his whole future ruined, while the culprit is living, honored, perhaps. It is the injustice of the case."

"Have you ever thought of that other?" then asked the peddler. "Have you ever thought of his home? There may be a wife, a virtuous, good woman, ignorant of his crime, and there may be innocent little children. Have you ever thought of the community in which he lives? If you have thought of these, do you realize what your discovery of him means to his wife, his children and his friends?"

"No," said the minister, "I never thought of these. But now that I do, it would not deter me from placing my hand on that man's shoulder and saying, 'You have no right to be here, free, happy in your family, honored in your social relations, while a poor, friendless, unloved negro is wearing your clothes in the Frankfort jail.' Do not think me a merciless man. I would take that wife and family, if they needed assistance, and do for them



as if they were my own. They should never miss their natural protector, as far as providing for their material comforts went ; but I would have the wages of sin paid and not by the innocent. There is no punishment of crime but brings with it its own train of sorrow to the innocent, yet we know it also brings its warning. It is the most forcible sermon on the impossibility of escaping God's justice ever preached."

In the partial light he could not see the glow that over-spread the parchment-like face of his listener nor how the deep-sunk eyes turned on him with an admiration that made them almost beautiful in their intensity.

"When you come to see your duty you will do it, no odds what the consequences are," he said, half-aloud.

"I did not understand you," said the minister, thinking the muttered words had been addressed to him.

"You know Father Williams?" asked the peddler.

"Slightly," replied Mr. Gray. "We are both engaged in work among the prisoners and so meet occasionally."

"You must never," said the peddler, in his slow tone, "in any way interfere with his work there, even if it should cross your own in a manner you naturally object to."

Mr. Gray was taken back by the words. He half-lifted his head to make the reply that might have been expected from one under the circumstances when there suddenly flashed through his mind the remembrance of a line he had read that morning in his Testament, "For he spoke not as the Scribes and the Pharisees but as one having authority," and the suddenness of its recalling chained his tongue.

"And you must," continued the peddler, "act with caution while you are in this neighborhood. We may

sometimes ourselves be held, before a higher tribunal, as accessories to the evil men do to us."

The next morning as the peddler was about to start, his host asked him concerning his route.

"I ought to start direct to Mount Olivet," replied he, "as I need to buy some things for a customer of mine, but the last time I was around here I promised to bring Mrs. Burns a book she wanted, so I must first go around to her place."

"Why don't you send the book by Brother Gray and save yourself that long tramp?" asked Dave. "He stays at the Springs and it is not so far from there to her house."

"Well, now, I never thought of it," said the peddler.

The minister hastened to express the pleasure it would give him to be of any service, while Dave gave a few explicit directions how he was to find Mrs. Burns' place. The minister placed the little paper-bound volume in his pocket, then he and Mr. Daly shook hands, and after bidding the little family farewell, both left the old house and turned their faces in different directions.

#### CHAPTER IX.

As Bluebell dragged her feet over the stony road that Sunday, on Judith's brain, with that dull mechanism on the will seems paralyzed and could no longer direct the thoughts, surged the words: "Short years pass away and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return." Reaching the stile, she dismounted and led the horse around to the stable. She sat down on its doorway, fashioned from a narrow log, and while Bluebell crunched her corn in the stall behind, Judith's benumbed

senses slowly began to recover themselves. First she felt shame that her physical courage had so basely deserted her, that she, at the first hint of danger, had dropped over like any faint-hearted woman; then, she experienced fear, a fear that touched her soul, that made her clasp her brown hands together and raise her face to the blue, sun-flecked heavens. Sorrow followed, a sorrow that bowed her head on her knees, that shook her frame, that scalded her eyes and cheeks with tears and left her as limp as when she had lain unconscious in the arms of the minister. But, lo! over all these emotions swaying the young heart, one first, then another, until its pain was physical, a presence seemed to move and a world of joy and gladness followed. It came with the thought of Silas Gray's face as she had seen it bending over her, all-comprehending sympathy in the blue eyes and around the sad mouth. She knew that in all her life she had never experienced such a complete happiness as had followed that first conscious moment, such was it, she had gladly, had the power been hers, dropped into death's unbroken dreamless slumber that this one perfect span of time might take up a tranquil continuance in eternity. It had broken on her soul as she had often seen the sun cleave its way through the autumn clouds that herald the equinoctial storms and it seemed to fill her whole life, past, present and to come with a radiance surpassing what even her childish dreams had been of Heaven. She knew this was love, the love she had read about, the love she had seen bring such changes in lives around her, but a love, as we imagine even of our own possessions, surpassing aught that earth had ever known. It bound up

her wounded soul, all the knotty problems of her existence were solved by it, it made her dull, barren life to glow with beauty and her face to grow into a wondrous loveliness.

"O God," she said, again lifting her eyes to the sky, her words unconsciously falling into the Biblical form familiar to her, "I thank Thee that Thou has brought me to this hour. Often did I fret under Thy ordinances, often did I question the purposes of Thy plan. Now I see that Thou wast thoughtful of me. Thou didst hold back Thy own most precious hour until heart and mind and soul were ready for it. Thou didst cast me down to lift me up speedily and set me forever among Thy most happy ones. My God, I thank Thee! I pray Thee, make me worthy of Thy blessing!" And she again buried her face on her knees and wept, but this time for joy. Then, as one newly girded with a courage to brave the future and strength to endure, Judith rose and walked toward the house. But as she entered, she was struck with a chilling sense that she was not the same girl who had left it a few hours ago, neither was it the place she had known. She tried to dispel this feeling, and set about preparing her simple mid-day meal; but it would not assert itself. Finally she laid aside the uncooked food and turned toward the front room for her one never-failing solace, her books. It was as she had left it, except that the Bible was not on the table and the muslin curtain was drawn across the two rows of shelves. But these differences she did not note and she walked toward the shelves. As she raised her hand to draw it aside, it suddenly recurred to her that in leaving this morning she had not, as was her wont, replaced the curtain. Re-

membering the Bible she had left open, she turned her eyes toward the table and seeing it gone from its place, she snatched down the gathered piece of muslin; and then a short, sharp cry broke from her lips. Her books were gone! She stood gazing at their vacant places with that expression of face one wears when told suddenly a friend is dead, hopeless, tearless, passionless, that first terrible moment when the heart seems as cold as the loved one that has ceased to beat with our own. Then, she went back to the chair by the table and sat there through that long Sunday afternoon, her eyes fixed on the catalpa tree, pressing its green leaves against the panes of the small window. When the rain began to fall, she suddenly recollected her young chickens. Rising like one in a trance, she placed a shawl about her head and shoulders and going into the yard, unfastened the coop doors and stood watching her poultry as they hastened into the welcome shelter. When all had huddled down, she closed the doors and, unmindful of the beating rain, crept back to the house. As she was passing through the small kitchen, the half-cooked meal on the table caught her eye and she again placed it on the stove and stood watching it as it began to simmer over the fire she had replenished. Mechanically she removed it, and setting a plate on the table made an effort to partake of the food, but she pushed it from her after a few mouthfuls and re-entered her deserted room. Her loss, the very greatest that could befall her, had deadened her mind, she could not cry nor think clearly. As the evening drew on, she turned to her usual work, and when this was finished, as her cousin would not return until the morrow, she called in the dog to keep her company, and

locking the door, threw herself on the bed dressed as she was, and there through the greatest part of the night she lay, staring out into the soft darkness enveloping the room.

When she woke on Monday the sun was trying its bright darts against the broad shield of the catalpa tree and tiny spots of light lay on the carpetless floor. Unclosing her eyes, she thought not of the trouble she feared was coming, nor yet of the loss of her uncle's books, but of Silas Gray's tender glance and sympathetic face and she buried her head in the pillow to the longer keep that vision before her mind. But it was not powerful enough to ward off remembrance and slowly the details of yesterday's occurrences struck against her waking senses. She sprang from the bed and her eyes seeking for, and seeing, the dismantled shelves, she fell on the floor and broke into a passion of sobs. The old dog rose from his place near the hearthstone, the dog had been her Uncle Brian's favorite, to whom he turned when books and pipe and friends alike failed him, and, to whom his appeal for comfort had never been made in vain. When the master had died, because neither brute nor man can stand alone without some affection on which to rest, he had taken the wealth of his dumb, loyal love to Judith, and, too, to her became more companion than dog. He went to her now, where she lay on the floor, and strove to thrust his slender cold nose between her face and the shielding arms; and this failing to rouse her or quiet her sobs, he began to lick her temples and red-brown hair. But not even his affection could compensate her for her loss and his action only seemed to awake a keener sorrow. Finding his efforts useless, he flung himself beside her and resting his black head on his fore paws, gazed at her, a piteous whine escaping him at intervals. There they lay, girl and dog, until a knock on the door aroused them. The dog sprang up barking fiercely, while Judith rose and wiping her eyes, unfastened the door and admitted Bud Logan.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

### An Invincible Rampart.

In 1597 the people of Holland fought the Spaniards, who had taken possession of their country. The Hollanders knew that the garrison of the city of Geldern was not strong, and, besides short of ammunition. Therefore they resolved to re-take Geldern, but they did not know that this city had a powerful protector in Mary. Mary loved Geldern because its citizens were devoted to the holy Scapular.

As soon as the authorities of Geldern heard of the plan of the Hollanders, they knew that human means to defend the place would be without avail. It was impossible to defend Geldern against a disciplined army, an army great in numbers and fanatical.

It was the day after the beautiful feast of Our Lady of the Holy Scapular which had been celebrated with great solemnity by the good people of Geldern.

The statue of the Mother of God, followed by the clergy and the faithful, had been carried in grand procession through the streets of the city. Was it possible that this demonstration in honor of Mary could be followed by universal grief?

The Blessed Virgin showed to the pious people of Geldern that she knows how to bestow benefits on those who honor her publicly.

At the first alarm the mayor, the members of the city council, the clergy and the people went to the Carmelite church and there prostrated themselves at the foot of the altar of Our Lady of the Holy Scapular. It was a truly touching spectacle. All the people surrounded—like a group of children—

the statue, full of fear and ready to perish near their Mother. Tears flowed and suppliant prayers were said.

Then the mayor solemnly deposited the keys of the city at the feet of Our Lady of Carmel. All exclaimed: "Oh, Holy Virgin, Mother of the Lord of hosts, be to-day our refuge, shield our city, which has remained faithful to you. Do not allow that it falls into the hands of heretics and enemies of your son. We promise to persevere in our Faith, and to revere you most ardently."

Mary was not insensible to this cry of distress. Of a sudden a terrible tempest came, which confounded the enemy, who fled in great disorder, leaving behind munitions of war and provisions.

We shall not attempt to depict the enthusiasm of the good citizens when they saw their city thus preserved. Expressions of gratitude were heard everywhere, and the munificence of the beloved Queen of Mount Carmel was praised by all. The citizens gathered all objects of value the enemy had left behind and deposited them at the feet of the statue of Our Lady of Carmel. A Latin inscription remains to-day commemorating this event.

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When faith grows weak, all virtues are weakened; when faith is lost, all virtues are lost.

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Whenever you are found fault with on any point, receive the reproof with both interior and exterior humility, and pray to God in behalf of the person who reproved you.—ST. THERESA.

## The Return of the Dead.



FELT thy presence like a breath  
Of morning, moist with dew  
And fragrant with the balmy words  
The buds in greeting threw,  
Fall o'er my soul and soothe its pain  
And raise my drooping hopes again.

Then sad unrest, my constant guest,  
And doubt and every ill  
Were as those waves that heard, long since,  
The great command, "Be still!"  
While joy broke on me as doth fall  
The redbird's note at morning's call.

So those we love betimes come back  
To share with us their bliss,  
And wait expectant at the door  
For tender hand and kiss.  
Pray God, that, when they homeward turn,  
Nor change nor sin their eyes discern!

—ANNA C. MINOGUE, IN *The New World*.

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## To My Blessed Mother.

VIRGO Sanctissima! Mother my own;  
Bending before thee  
Lost and alone.  
O! wilt thou hear me, feeble my cry,  
See me in darkness—  
O! art thou nigh?

Sorrow oppresses me, sin bends me low,  
Weary, dear Mother,  
I long for thee so.  
Take thou my hand, and lead thy poor child,  
Out of the darkness—  
Mother most mild.

Virgo Sanctissima, ne'er will I sigh  
Feeling that earth is drear  
When thou art nigh.  
Thou hast been all to me, Mother my own,  
E'er when I called thy name—  
Joy have I known.

—NELLIE BRADY.

## ST. JOSEPH PROTECTS HIS CLIENTS.

St. Joseph, Refuge of Poor Sinners, at the Hour of Death.

"Some years have passed," said the priest, "since I beheld extended upon his death-bed a young man, twenty years of age. Given the care of his soul, I placed him under the protection of St. Joseph, and it was on the first of March that I gave him the Holy Eucharist and administered the last anointing.

Although he had always kept up some practices of religion, perhaps even more than strict obligation required, he had never evinced any special piety. Now, however, it was not long before I perceived a wonderful change. Eight days after he had received Holy Communion, he said to me, Father, I do not know how to thank him." He evinced the most tender sentiments of devotion and love to the Holy Eucharist, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Not long after he had received, he said to me, "Will you not soon bring me Holy Communion? O! if my young friends only knew the strength that is contained in that heavenly food." On the eve of his death he said, "If our Lord would call me now, I would be happy." Then he added, "I am very ill. I am going soon to see the Blessed Virgin in heaven—O! Father, pray for me!"

Some hours afterwards on Wednesday, the day of the week dedicated to St. Joseph, he died. It was in Holy Week, and he died with the image of his Saviour on the Cross in his hands. His last words, uttered in the most touching accents of love and devotion, were: "O! Jesus, I am about to die for Thee, as Thou didst die for me. Dear Lord! soon will I see Thee face to face."

The Good St. Joseph Assists a Faithful Client to Defray a Troublesome Debt.

It was the month of March, which is dedicated to St. Joseph. It occurred to M. de Sonis that this celestial friend of the family hearth might aid him in a certain financial difficulty, and he promised to make a novena every year of thanksgiving if he granted his request. This was that during the present month the sum of money required would be forthcoming. The next day when writing to a friend of his—M. de Melican d'Arc, also a good Catholic—he told him confidentially of the promise he had made. The friend was full of sympathy, and greatly admired the sentiments of the letter, every word of which evinced the most lively faith.

He in turn confided the facts to a pious and wealthy friend. "Well," said the latter, "this is the first mission with which St. Joseph ever honored me, and I will not refuse it. Do not say a word. To-morrow I will send 7,000 francs to the brave and good Col. de Sonis, as if it came from St. Joseph." And, sure enough, the money went with no other letter or explanation save a slip on which read, "*From St. Joseph.*" The secret was kept for some years. M. de Sonis thanked St. Joseph faithfully, entirely ignorant of the instrument he had chosen. One day, however, it came to him that M. de Melican had had something to do with it. The latter, not wishing to be credited with what he did not deserve, related the story to M. de Sonis. Confused, yet full of gratitude, the good man wrote an admirable letter in which he expressed his feelings to the medium selected by the dear Saint. M. de Sonis (now a General) looked upon the debt as an obligation of justice and, despite the refusal of his benefactor, he never stopped—even at the cost of repeated sacrifices—until he had accumulated it all. Then he hastened to pay the generous emissary selected by the dear St. Joseph to aid him in his hour of need.—FROM *Chroniques du Carmel*, by S. X. B.

## ST. THOMAS AQUINAS' DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FACE.



AS devotion to the Holy Face is so characteristic of Carmel, our readers may welcome a little suggestion on this subject, namely to imitate the example of St. Thomas, the "Angelic Doctor," in the practice of this act of religion. The well-known prayer, "Anima Christi," generally called "The Prayer of St. Ignatius," because he loved and used it frequently, is, in reality, an out-pouring of the glorious Dominican's love. We quote the following extract from his life, recently published in *The Saints of the Rosary*, an interesting series of short lives, written by members of the Order:

"To the pen of St. Thomas, we are also indebted for the 'Adoro Te,' for beautiful devotions before and after Holy Communion, and many other prayers solid in doctrine and beautiful in expression. It is a tradition that he composed the well-known prayer, "Soul of Christ sanctify me!" which was a favorite with St. Ignatius, who introduced it into his book of Spiritual Exercises, though leaving out the lovely petition, 'Light of the sacred countenance of Jesus, shine down upon me,' ('Lumen vultus sacri Jesu, me illumina,') which is found in the old forms of the prayer. This petition occurs in the version of the 'Anima Christi,' found in an old prayer-book called the 'York Hours,' where it is stated to have been indulged by Pope John XXII., when said after the elevation at Mass.

"This prayer-book was published in

1517, four years before the conversion of St. Ignatius."

This is not the only time we hear this great saint sighing after the light of God's Face. In the "Adoro Te" we find these beautiful words:

"Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio," etc.

"Jesus, whom at present veiled I see," etc.

Now that he is gazing on its unveiled beauty, will not a new thrill of joy be added to his bliss, when these words, breathed forth lovingly on earth, are echoed above? Will he not pray that in all vicissitudes of life the "Light of the Sacred Countenance" may "shine down upon us," and that we may, hereafter, see Jesus "Face to face?"—  
E. D. M.

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The Catholic Church is indestructible. It cannot be conquered. For twenty centuries states, rulers and societies have tried to crush it. If it had been human, they would have obliterated it. But it is Divine. It is the work of God. It has the promise of perpetuity, let nations or individuals rage as they please against it, for Christ Himself declared that He would abide with it forever. It, therefore, fears no man and no combination of men. It will last until the end of the world.—*Catholic Columbian*.

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"Prayer for the dead is more acceptable than for the living, because the dead are in the greatest need of it, and unable to help themselves as the living are.—St. THOMAS.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

The month of November, with its dark days and cheerless skies, is in striking contrast to the charming Indian summer, which makes October the queen month of the year.

And yet this bleak sunless November holds in itself a strong reminder of the lesson, which our holy mother the Church, in her wisdom, desires to teach her children.

The mournful sound of the wind, as it falls on our ears, seems like the voices of our dear dead calling to us from their exile in that sunless land of souls where they yearn for the sight of God, which is the perfect day of eternity.

November, cold and bleak and mournful as it is, does more work for the glory of God than any other month of the year. See how unselfish people grow during this month of the holy souls, as it is lovingly called.

Comfort, and pleasure, and self-indulgence are all forgotten where there is question of the beloved dead who have carried away with them our very hearts, so hard does it seem to live on after them and take up the burden of a life which without them is desolation.

In November a strange peace steals into the souls of the sorrowing, as the world disappears and they live another life drawn nearer to God and the holy dead.

God in His tender mercy seems

prodigal of consolation at this season of the year, and eyes long unused to tears shed them in love and submission, without a thought of bitterness against that adorable Will, which does all things well.

Dear children, you will say, *we* do not want to hear a prosy talk like this about death and tears and suffering—they are not for us now.

No, I fondly hope they are not for you now, nor may they be for many happy years—but sweet sympathy and love for those who suffer, THAT is for you now, all the sweeter because it comes from your young hearts, to whom sorrow is a stranger.

Even the very little ones of the household can be taught to pray for the dear dead. The Secretary knows a darling little boy not five years old who prays morning and night for his dead father and talks about him as "waiting to see God."

Let every boy and girl, who reads this letter, try to become "helpers of the holy souls."

In New York there is a band of devoted women, religious, who are known by this touching name, and who are doing great things for God and souls all for the holy dead who are prisoners of divine justice.

Think, dear children, what it would be to spend years and years dying of hunger and yet unable to die. That is just the case with the holy souls in Purgatory. The pain of loss, as it is called, the being shut out from the sight of God's face, after having seen it for the first time at the particular



judgment, *that* is a hungry pain which is so awful that only the saints of God know what it means. Now, if we loved our dear dead in life—and oh! how tenderly we *did* love them, *can* we be idle in November, when they are calling to us so piteously for help?

Oh! no, a thousand times no. We will work for them and suffer for them, and make a ladder of our prayers whereby they may quickly mount to heaven. Why, we can be *so* busy with their cause in November that we will have no time to think of ourselves—no time for sin, nor foolish talk, nor silly reading, nor selfishness of *any* kind—and oh! how our dear angel guardian will smile as he sees us fast growing into saints all because of love for our dear dead. But, you may say, *I* have no dear dead—all *I* love are around me. Well then, dear children, learn to be generous and *buy* your future happiness by charity to the dear dead of God. They *should* be yours also—for in November the whole world is one—all are kith and kin in praying and weeping for the Church suffering, and the prayers of the young are especially dear and precious in God's sight.

So now set to work. One little aspiration: "My Jesus mercy!"—that is all—but, 100 days' Indulgence for it every time. So who would not be willing to say it over and over again—going along the street, in school, at play—any time, every time you think of it? Let it rise like a mountain to the heart of Him who, "like all good fathers, wants his children home."

Bishop Grant, of England, lovely, saintly soul as he was, used to teach the children, who were happy enough to hear him talk, this little aspiration: "Dear Immaculate Mother, open the door of heaven to the suffering souls

in Purgatory!" He used to write it on the blackboard when he visited a school, he taught it to grown men and women, and now in turn the Secretary teaches it to you. Use it—write it down, say ten copies of it—become missionaries for the poor souls during November, and you will only know in eternity how very generously God remembers charity to his suffering children.

Dear children, learn to comfort those who are in sorrow. Oh! if you only knew what it is to have a kind and tender heart which is only happy when it is making others so. Be very sweet and loving to those who are in trouble—and how many are. An act of kindness shown us when we are in sorrow is never forgotten. A poor child in a great public school of New York was crying bitterly one day, because some one was talking of loving one's dear mother and holding on to her as the most precious thing in *life*. She was a dull stupid-looking child, and a trial in the school. The lady who was talking saw the little one's grief, and, without seeming to notice it, passed down the aisle of the class room, still talking, bent down and kissed the child.

It was like a miracle. That child was starved, hungry for kindness, for love, and her poor little heart was touched, not by her own sorrow, but another's responded to sympathy, and the once dull, uninteresting child changed, and came out of her shell as it were, all because of one kind act.

*No one* can resist kindness. Show it then lovingly and faithfully all this month to those who need it most. Your turn will come some day—and as you sow, so shall you reap.

Devotedly,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS.

1. Blue (blew).
2. Because his gait is broken and his locks are few.
3. Bread to the mother is a necessity—the locomotive is also a necessity—and necessity is the mother of invention.
4. Nothing.
5. Hebe—rides.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS

1. Charles II. on seeing the stamp of Liberty ordered by Cromwell to be placed on a certain sized glazed paper said: "Take it away! I have nothing to do with a foolscap." The term thereafter applied to that sized paper.
2. Because of the obstinacy of Chas. V. of France, who would not be corrected when told that IV. was the proper Roman number for 4.
3. Krupp, the great gun-maker.
4. The pansy after Pan.
5. Indian pipe and blood root.

## FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What is the third and a half of a third and a half of ten?
2. What is the difference between a wood pecker and a peck measure?
3. What is that which a boy has not, does not want it, but if he had it he would not sell it for a million?
4. Read: If the B putting:  
If the B Mt, put:
5. A goose weighs  $\frac{1}{2}$  its own weight and 10 lbs.—what does it weigh?

## FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Where was the first Catholic college in America founded?
2. Who first taught the principles of mineralogy?

3. What three plants were introduced into Europe by the Jesuits?
4. Who invented fire works?
5. Who was England's first printer?

## MAXIMS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. We do not sufficiently remember our dead, our faithful departed.—St. Francis de Sales.
2. Kindness has converted more souls than zeal, eloquence or learning.—Faber.
3. The friendship which ends with death is never true.—St. F. de Sales.
4. There's no to-morrow for the Christian.
5. Charity to the holy souls is rewarded in time and eternity. 'Tis well to make God one's debtor.

Of all creatures, the highest, the purest, the most beautiful, the most loving, the most divine, is Mary.

When you have offended or pained any one, extract from his heart, by expressions of regret, the arrow where-with you have wounded it.

Give no one any just grounds for censuring you; but should you be blamed undeservedly, accept it without complaint through a spirit of penance.

"Habit" is hard to remove. If you take away the first letter, "a bit" is left. If you take off another letter, you still have a "bit" left; while if you take off another, the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another, it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to get rid of a bad habit you must shake it off altogether.

## FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Thanksgiving Story. Not Long. But Sad.

There was once a fat old turkey  
Of very handsome feather,  
Who went walking in the barnyard  
In every kind of weather.  
And he gobble-gobble-gobbled  
While his birdly head he wobbled,  
And smacked his lips together.

For there dwelt a caterpillar  
In the yard where he was living—  
So extremely fat and juicy,

That she set his bosom heaving.  
And he gobble-gobble-gobbled,  
With such joy he fairly hobbled,  
While planning for Thanksgiving.

At last it was November,  
And the turkey was no thinner ;  
He lost his head one morning,  
And himself was served for dinner.

He was gobble-gobble-gobbled,  
And the gravy round him bubbled  
As became so old a sinner.

But the caterpillar started  
On a tour far warmer weather,  
And reflected as she travelled,  
On her friend of lordly feather  
Who had gobble-gobble-gobbled,  
And his head toward her had wobbled,  
When they used to live together.

## The Way to be Happy.

A hermit there was, and he lived in a  
grot,  
And the way to be happy they said he  
had got.

As I wanted to learn it, I went to his  
cell,

And when I came there he said,  
"Well,

Young man, by your looks you wish  
something, I see ;

Now, tell me the business that brings  
you to me."

"The way to be happy, they said, you  
have got

And as I wished to learn it, I have  
come to your grot ;

Now I beg and entreat, if you have  
such a plan,

That you'll write it me down, and as  
plain as you can."

Upon which the old hermit went in for  
a pen,

And brought me this note when he  
came out again :

" 'Tis *being*, and *doing*, and *having* that  
make

All the pleasures and pains that men  
partake—

To *be* what God pleases,—to *do* a man's  
best,—

And to *have* a good heart,—*is the way to  
be blest.*"

## November.

Oh ! dear old dull November,  
They don't speak well of you ;  
They say your winds are chilling,  
Your skies are seldom blue.  
They tell me you go sighing  
Along the leafless trees,  
You have no warmth or brightness—  
All kinds of things like these.

But deary me, November,  
They quite forgot to speak  
About the wealth of color  
On each round apple's cheek ;  
How yellow is each pippin  
That in the meadow lies,  
Almost as good as sunshine,  
And better still for pies.

Why yes, dear old November,  
You've lots of pleasant things ;  
All through the month we're longing  
to taste your turkey wings ;  
What if you are a trifle dull  
Or just a little gray,  
If not for you we'd never have  
Dear old Thanksgiving Day.

## Editorial Notes.

### Requiem in Rome.

"The Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria was celebrated on Monday the 19th inst. in the Church of *St. Maria in Transpontina*, and was of a most imposing character. Special places were reserved for the representatives of various continental governments, and also for the diplomatic representatives accredited to the Holy See. His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, Pontifical Secretary of State, pontificated. The Mass was celebrated by command of the Holy Father. Various members of the Diplomatic Corps were absent from Rome at the time of the assassination of Her Majesty, but they received instructions from their governments to return in time for this Solemn Requiem. The scene in the church was intensely impressive, and the crowd enormous. The number of ecclesiastical dignitaries in their robes, either of scarlet or purple, contrasted strikingly with the full dress of the foreign Ambassadors, and the military uniforms of different nationalities. The music was magnificent, its solemn tones appealing to the very hearts of the worshippers, whose feelings, already overstrung, found vent in tears." Thus the Roman correspondent of the Chicago *New World*. To this we add the fact that Santa Maria in Transpontina is the mother-church of the Carmelites and to it is attached the residence of our reverend Father General.

### Seasonable.

Up to this issue we have fortunately been able to print a seasonable frontispiece each month. The one of St. Theresa in October was much praised. Strange to say this month's illustration seems out of place. Nevertheless it is inserted intentionally, simply because our limited means force us to use what

we have—and it is something borrowed at that. However, we hope our readers will soon help us to continue a series of appropriate pictures. It is not hard for the pious imagination to make the present cut of the Visitation a seasonable one—for will not our divine Mother, urged by our prayers, make frequent errands of mercy to Purgatory during November? Besides, we are reminded to visit our graveyards this month—there to pour forth our charity in prayers for the suffering souls.

### The Religious Garb.

Our American monks and friars should wear their religious costume always and *everywhere*, according to the *Church Progress*, for "a religious without his habit is like a fowl without feathers." The advice is good, and the sight of the religious garb would be an object lesson to our separated brethren. In some parts of this land our Carmelites, dressed in their habit, go abroad for long distances unmolested. It was an odd sight at first, but people soon became accustomed to it. By degrees the custom can be introduced elsewhere. However, *festina lente!* The habit is a blessed article, and it seems imprudent in some places to expose it to disrespect. When feasible, superiors will make the continual wearing of the habit obligatory, and their subjects will be glad to obey. The comparison of the *Church Progress*, in advising the monks to do as the nuns do, does not seem a just one. Woman, religious or secular, is respected throughout the length and breadth of the land, and can go where she pleases. She can dress as suits her own sweet will, with or without feathers. The day will come when the esteemed editor of the *Church Progress* can hang a holy-water font on the door of his sanctum with impunity, and the "featherless" friar wear his habit always and everywhere.

### After the Strife.

Divine Providence brings good from evil, and well does this apply to cruel war. Many a reckless soul has made peace with its Maker during the last days of strife. The truth and beauty of God's Church have been more and more revealed, and the well-organized system of charity within the Church has found a large field in which to operate. No doubt many a humble Sister's diary could unfold to us plenty of edifying death-bed scenes. There is one pleasing incident mentioned in connection with a Protestant clergyman's visit to a hospital where there were sick soldiers. In his intercourse with the soldiers, this minister came across a Catholic who had lost his Scapular, and who regretfully made mention of the fact. When the minister left the hospital, he started to the nearest Catholic rectory to obtain a Scapular for the sick soldier. These are edifying incidents which augur well and hold forth bright hope for a re-united Christendom at the commencing of the twentieth century.

### Cause and Effect.

Press and pulpit are in these times loudly bewailing the fact that the masses are becoming indifferent to religion. One secular journal, the *Toronto News*, tells non-Catholic clergymen that "they seem to be dead, or, at least, silent to this quiet but resolute opposition to church government, and indifference to church worship." But, what can these men do—even the best of them? In these latter days the sectarians have resorted to every means to allure the crowd. *Cui bono?* What have they to offer? Things that tickle eye and ear. Music has its temples—so has oratory, and there is no need seeking it in the house of worship.

Any church must fail if it lacks divine guidance. No one can preach the truth if he has not found it. In churches outside the true Church, the rich pewholder is not at home with the company he finds around him, and the poor man feels out of place. What inducement is there to attend? All these churches offer can be had in the newspaper at the cost of one or two cents. On the other hand, in the Catholic Church one at least hears the gospel preached—and more than that, he finds the means in the Sacraments whereby he can live up to the Gospel. Dr. DeCosta, an Episcopalian clergyman, lately said that one "hundred years ago there were 1,000,000 people out of the church. To-day there are 50,000,000 out of the 70,000,000 people in this land who are either hostile or indifferent to the teachings of the church." And listen to the comment of the *Boston Republic*. "That," says this eminent journal, "is the record of Protestantism in the United States for the century. And for nearly half a century it had the field practically to itself. It was in full possession. It controlled church and state. It framed not only religious ordinances, but civil statutes. It rigidly excluded those who did not agree with the men in control, and it persecuted those who squeezed in and remained recalcitrant. And after 100 years of labor its failure is acknowledged by one of its ordained preachers, who says that there are 50,000,000 people either hostile or indifferent to Christianity in the United States, and that "blatant" infidelity prevails throughout the land." What of the Catholic Church during that period? To be a Catholic 100 years ago in this country was to be a despised, disfranchised, suspected person. In some of the states Catholics were

denied civil rights. The avenues to profitable employment were closed to them unless they renounced their religion, which many of them did. They were too poor to build churches or to support priests. Yet the vast majority preserved the faith and struggled with sublime perseverance and courage against the terrible conditions confronting them. To-day there are over 12,000,000 Catholics in the United States; the Church is flourishing, and thoughtful Protestants who see, as Dr. DeCosta sees it, the utter failure of Protestantism are quietly entering the Catholic fold. The contrast is, indeed, striking; the lesson it conveys is eloquent and convincing."

"Tolle! Lege!"

"Our German-American brethren deserve credit for their zealous support of the Catholic press. The importance of good reading is never lost sight of by clergy or laity." This well-deserved compliment comes from the *Ave Maria*. It is to be regretted that we cannot say the same of all our brethren. God grant the day when we all join hands to support the struggling English-Catholic publications. Why should all our spare dimes and nickels go to support the secular press? All the advice and exhortation of the clergy will count for nothing without the co-operation of the heads of families. Father Cruise lately said some things in Toronto concerning the press which, if taken to heart by those who heard him should bear great fruit. Let the Truth societies, or those who have the means, put Father Cruise's lecture in pamphlet form and send it into every Catholic parlor or kitchen defiled by yellow journalism.

**Remember Them!**

Over fourteen hundred years ago a Catholic Bishop—St. John Chrysostom—in 407, said we ought to "mourn and

weep over the dead and help them according to our ability" And the saint, asking how is this to be done, answers: "By praying for them and moving others to do the like." Alas! we well know our duty, but need too often to be reminded of it. Perhaps the gentle St. Francis of Sales would say to us to-day what he once said to those of his day, namely: "We do not sufficiently remember our dead." We are indeed ungrateful if our love does not pass beyond the grave. Let not "out of sight, out of mind" apply to us in this matter. The poor souls will remember us. What a consolation for us to go back to the thought of those we loved in life! We will feel like that pious deputy in the German Reichstag, who one day exclaimed "When the waves meet over my head, when fear and apprehension fill my soul, when I do not know which way to turn, I have one last place of refuge left—my mother's grave. There I kneel down and say an "Our Father."

### Flowers of Carmel.

In commemorating All Saints this month, we are reminded that a special day is put apart—the 14th—on which we pay honor to the glorious saints of Carmel. They are of the Eastern and Western Church, and few indeed are inscribed in the calendar, but they are legion. We are well acquainted with St. Theresa, St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, St. Simon Stock and St. John of the Cross, whose feast occurs this month, but there are hundreds unknown, who some day we hope to see raised up for veneration—for instance, the many Sisters who suffered during the French Revolution. Apropos of this subject, Father Villigers, the Jesuit, writing this month in the *Messenger*, says: "There are writers

who state that the number of martyrs in the East, belonging to the Carmelites, monks and nuns, amounts to more than forty thousand, a glorious tribute to the faith, which they loved to the shedding of their blood."

\*.\*.\*  
A Sister in a famous teaching institution in the West recently told us that wonderful favors have come to the school since they enthroned the Divine Infant of Prague in the class-rooms.

\*.\*.\*  
Novenas of Masses will be offered up for the poor souls by our fathers at the privileged altars of our Blessed Lady's shrine during November. Send us the names of your departed friends and relatives, so they be not forgotten.

\*.\*.\*  
During this month we should be mindful of the many graves filled during the late war by Catholic soldiers. These brave men, who during life sought glory at the cannon's mouth, now need and ask our prayers.

\*.\*.\*  
This month the members of the Sacred Heart League are asked to pray for "Charity to the Poor." And the poorest and most helpless are the souls in Purgatory. It costs nothing to help them, and by assisting them we ourselves become rich. "Charity covers a multitude of sin."

\*.\*.\*  
We are getting towards the end of the year now, and we will be pardoned if we remind some of our readers that we are waiting to hear from them—for some we have waited a couple of years. We dislike plagueing them with bills, nor have we cut their names off our list, hoping that some day their subscription would be paid. Better late than never, and *Now* is the acceptable time. Make a note of it: and remember THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

In spite of every effort on our part to please our readers, mistakes will happen. Some of our friends complain of not receiving this magazine regularly—others say they receive it in a mutilated condition. Those responsible for this are beyond our control, nevertheless from time to time we have made vigorous protests. Under these circumstances we beg our readers to be patient with us. Let us know when you fail to get your REVIEW and we shall gladly send you another copy.

\*.\*.\*  
A daily prints a paragraph saying: A museum in Berlin has secured possession of Luther's bible, which he used in his study. Its margins are covered with notes in the reformer's handwriting. It was printed in Bale in the year 1509, and is said to be in an excellent state of preservation. To this we may add the fact that to-day in the library of the Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana, the visitor can feast his eyes on a beautifully printed and perfectly preserved copy of the holy Bible, which was printed in 1483—nine years prior to the discovery of America and seven months before the birth of Luther.

#### SOULS AND THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

From the earliest times under the Old and New Law, Sacrifices have been offered for particular objects and persons.

They have also been offered for the souls in Purgatory. The greatest love and mercy we can show to the souls in Purgatory is to pour out upon them the merits of the Cross through the Mass. The Mass avails the souls in Purgatory both as an *impetratory* or *supplicatory*, and as a *propitiatory* or *satisfactory* sacrifice.

Consider what Purgatory is. A realm of pain created by infinite Justice for the punishment of souls.

No doubt there are degrees of punishment; but the least degree of purgatorial pain is keener and intenser than all the pains of this life put together.

You ought to get as many Masses as you can said for your deceased friends and benefactors. They not only expect this service from you, but they will at once repay you by becoming your most grateful friends and intercessors with God.

You may now perhaps ask: What are you to do when you desire to have a Mass applied according to your intention?

You must ask a priest to offer the Mass for you. Of course he is not obliged, and indeed he may not be able to do so. But you need have no delicacy in asking him, because this relation between the priest and the people is regulated by the Canon law, which supposes that a *honorarium*, *tax*, *stipend* or *alms*, as it is variously called, should be given on the occasion.

The Holy Scriptures lay down the principle that they who serve the altar shall live by the altar, and that they who minister to the people spiritual blessings, shall receive, as St. Augustine puts it, "their support from the people and their reward from the Lord." Whenever, therefore, you ask that the Sacrifice be offered up, especially and exclusively for your own intention, it is right that you should practically recognize this principle. If the priest accepts the *honorarium*, it is a pledge to you that the Mass will be offered exclusively for your intention; for he is then bound by justice and under pain of sin to offer it.

The stipend or *honorarium* must not be regarded as the price or equivalent of a Mass. Such a thought would be blasphemous, the Holy Sacrifice being beyond all price and of infinite value. It may be regarded, however, partly as the Canonical daily maintenance of the priest and as a slight recognition of the time and labor actually spent for you, and of the long years of self-denial and study by which the priest prepared himself for services of which the people reap the benefit.

## PUBLICATIONS.

*The Ave Maria* of October 15 last contained a beautiful sketch of St. Theresa, by Ellis Schreiber.

That peerless publication, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, besides a host of good things, has a beautiful article in the current number on "Mount Carmel in Palestine."

*The Catholic Almanac of Ontario* is now published from 510 Queen St. West, Toronto. The editor is E. O'Sullivan.

The leading article in Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* for November is a discussion of the origin of the peoples which originally settled middle America. Prof. E. S. Morse, the author, is well known as a scientist and traveler, and his views on such a subject are of great value and interest.

*The Christian Housewife*, from the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel, has just been put on sale by B. Herder, of (17 South Broadway), St. Louis, Mo. Considering the fact that this is a neatly printed book, strongly bound in cloth, the price, forty cents, is very low. Every mother should read this book—or let someone read it to her. It is full of truth and contains many consoling sayings.

A treasury of wise sentences, pregnant with consolation for many religious souls is *Striving After Perfection*, by Rev. Joseph Bayma, S. J. We are sure that when once known a copy of this excellent work will be seen on the kneeling-bench of every English-speaking religious. It is a book suitable for daily wear and tear. Pages, 264. Price, 81. Write to Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York City.

*A Victim to the Seal of Confession*, by Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S. J., is a true story, founded on fact, which vividly pictures the extent to which a priest is bound to guard the seal of confession, even when his own life is at stake. It is a book that interests and edifies. It is sold at one dollar, and can be had by mail from the publisher B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

*The Weekly Bouquet*, of Boston, says: "Miss Anna C. Minogue is now at work on a series of sketches of Catholic Southern writers, to be published in *The Weekly Bouquet* during the coming fall and winter. Mrs. Theresa B. O'Hare will be the subject of her first sketch, to appear in October. Miss Minogue, although still very young, is herself a Southern writer of note, and an estimate of her work will appear soon in our columns."



#### Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude favors received from: Miss S.X.B., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; M.D., London, Ont.; J.W., LaPorte, Ind.; M.A.D., Middletown, Conn.; H.D., Guelph, P.O., Ont.; Miss R.M., No. Ridgeville, O.

#### OBITUARY.

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

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

PATRICK McMAHON, who died at Bay City, Mich., last September.

MISS AGNES SCRAPPEN, of Pittsburg, Kans., who for ten months patiently endured a most painful sickness, finally passing to her reward on Aug. 31.

MRS. HARAGAN, whose charitable life ended peacefully on Sept. 22, at her home in Kinkora, Ont.

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

#### PETITIONS.

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

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

Special requests, 5. That an absent son may return. Conversions, 1. That a young man may obtain the situation he is seeking, and may have grace to overcome temptation. That a man may be cured of a running sore on his neck, and an ulcerated tongue. That three of our collectors may recover their health. That a father and brother may attend to their religious duties. That a subscriber may obtain suitable employment. That a brother may have grace to overcome temptation to drink. That a brother may obtain a position near home. That a brother may recover a sum of money which he lost. Health for a paralyzed child. That a young lady collector may obtain a situation. That a young man may be reinstated in his old re-

munerative position, and be able to meet a note which is soon due. That a young lady may recover her diamond engagement ring, which was stolen.

#### WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names received at our Monastery in Scipio, Kansas, from: Catholic Church, St. Charles, Mo.

Names of persons enrolled have been received for registration at our New Baltimore (Pa.) Monastery from: Peoria, Ill.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Venice, Ill., and Annunciation Church, St. Louis, Mo.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular registry from: St. Stephen's Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Augustine's Church, Wawanosh, Ont.; St. Philomena's Church, Rudolph, Wis.; St. Vincent's Arch-Abbey, Beatty, Pa.; Church of Mary Immaculate, Cincinnati, O.; St. Francis Xavier's Church, N. Buffalo, N.Y.; Holy Saviour Church, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; Sandy Point, Bay St. George, N.F.L.; St. Peter's Church, Jeanette's Creek, Ont.; St. John's Church, Oswego, N.Y.; Sacred Heart Academy, London, Ont.; Sacred Heart convent, Buffalo, N.Y.; Church of the Nativity, Williamstown, Ont.; Church of St. Anthony of Padua, Camden East, Ont.; Church of St. James, Kenosha, Wis.

#### Thanksgiving.

KINKORA, ONT., Oct. 7.

REV. FATHER,—Please accept the enclosed offering and have a Mass said in thanksgiving to our dear Mother for a favor obtained from her. I promised to have it published in your REVIEW.

MISS C. W.

A. B., Brantford, Ont., writes wishing "to thank the Divine Infant of Prague for a number of financial difficulties satisfactorily settled."

## LETTER FROM THE KLONDIKE.

KOSOREFSKI, YUKON, ALASKA,

August 19, 1898.

*Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C., Niagara Falls, Ont.:*

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—What I have seen and heard during the last two months, confirms what your Reverence expresses in one of your letters—that Alaska is now-a-days attracting the attention of the world. Three years ago we had only some four or five boats running on the river, last year there were a few more, but this year there are already more than eighty boats, steamers making their way up to the gold mines. Most of them seem to be destined for Dawson City on ClonDIKE Creek where, it is reported, the precious metal abounds in the veins of mother earth. Some, however, go only as far as the KovaKuk and intend to make their fortune somewhere on the banks of that river. A large crowd, too, goes some four hundred miles farther up, as far as Rampart City, near Menook Creek, where they have very rich mines, discovered last winter. General Carr, of Washington, D.C., and another gentleman, his companion, stopped here at the Mission for a while, February last, and showed some nuggets of these latter mines, which promised indeed a great deal. Again, there are other people who say that they are going to Eagle City, a place some two thousand miles up the river, near the boundary line, but on American ground. These are then the places to which people from all parts of the world are rushing, in order to make, as they say, their fortunes—that is, to gather some wealth. And is there any hope that they will succeed in this? There can be no doubt that at least many of them will become rich. They say that last year at Dawson City, one miner, with the help of a few workmen, made in 40 days 40,000 dollars; thus, one thousand dollars per day. Others come down the river with the news that in about half a year they succeeded to make sixty and others seventy thousand dollars. At Dawson there is actually a man who is estimated to be worth at least ten millions. It can, therefore, not be denied that gold can be gotten in Alaska. And, I

am glad to say, that some of these miners have found here in Alaska even greater things than the gold of the earth; some, I have been assured, faithful to the guidance of Divine Providence, have found the true way to the kingdom of heaven, and one or two even most probably heaven itself. Dawson City is rather a swampy place, they say; the many marshes surrounding it have, during the summer months, a bad influence upon the air, and hence scurvy and typhoid fever have already thrown many miners on a bed of suffering. Some time ago, a Protestant, a man who had already in some way made his fortune, being the owner of a very good claim, took sick and came to be treated in the Catholic Hospital. It seems that it was that true charity which reigned there that caused the man to reflect and brought about his conversion. In any case, he died in the Catholic Church, after he had written a most touching letter to his children and relatives in the States.

Some four weeks ago I left, together with two Sisters of the congregation of St. Ann and some eight children, our Coast Mission, to return to Holy Cross Mission, Kosorefski. At Hamilton Station, some thirty miles above the mouth of the Yukon, we were happy enough to get aboard the steamer Merwin. We expected to be home after some two or three days; but we were to be disappointed. The Merwin, though one of the fastest river boats, could hardly make any headway, impeded as she was in her course by a very heavy barge which she had to push ahead. And, thus, it took us fully eight days to make a trip of some two hundred and fifty miles. Surely, such slow travelling was by no means agreeable to many a passenger on board, nor to the captain or the owner of the boat himself; but to the latter it brought not a small gain. Besides other freight, there were on that barge four thousand five-gallon cans of coal oil to be delivered to a company at Dawson City. Now, the freight of this coal oil alone run up to twelve thousand dollars. And a man on board the steamer told me that one gallon of coal oil is to be sold at Dawson for five dollars. Among the passengers, who were almost all miners, some came

from Canada, some from Rhode Island, some from New York; others from the south and west of the States; others from Europe, and two even from Japan. And we were told that a whole family from South Africa was ahead of us in another steamer. We were scarcely aboard when we were surrounded by a crowd eager to hear something about the country around the Yukon, about its climate, its gold mines, etc. And, of course, they, in their turn, gave us the news of the States—of the war against Spain, and of the great excitement Alaska's gold mines have created all over the States—and also how this thirst for Alaskan gold had caused the life of many. Among other things, I was told by a Canadian, a Catholic, coming from the States, how he and a partner of his were saved from a shipwreck. The little steamboat, he said, on which I had bought my ticket for the Yukon country, left Seattle, I believe, Thursday afternoon, May 19th. After a voyage on the sea for about two days, several on board observed that the life of the passengers was in danger, that the boat, loaded as she was, could hardly withstand the rough sea much longer. On Saturday evening I warned my companion, and told him we ought to be on the lookout. He, however, and many others, did not see the danger so great and went to bed. About two o'clock on Sunday morning cries of distress were heard, and in about ten minutes after the little steamer, with thirty-four passengers, was swallowed up by the fury of the sea; twenty-seven of us had time enough to save ourselves in a launch accompanying the boat. And now, of course, we had to work hard to bring our launch safely to the shore, which was certainly pretty far off. After we had gone on for a while, one of our crowd remarked that he heard some human voice. We stopped, looked around and finally we saw that a short distance off a man was trying to save himself on a large plank, a remnant from the lost steamer. Of course, we waited for him, picked him up, and to my great delight I saw that it was my partner. "Yes, Father," he said, I was really glad at that moment to see him safe. He is actually here on the Merwin, too; and I think we shall remain faithful partners as long as God wills.

Everybody on the steamer seemed to be well pleased with our children's behavior, and praised them for talking English so well. One evening an Irish young man came to me and said: "Father, I was present last night when people after supper were talking of your school children. One of the more prominent men, a Protestant, made this remark: 'Now, if I look at these Eskimo children, trained by the Sisters of the Catholic Church, I can't but say that the Catholics are the only that can bring about such fruits of education, and if there is a true religion, it must be the Catholic.' Another young man, an American, about 20 years of age, gladdened my heart by coming and asking me for a Scapular. So, you are a Catholic and a child of Mary, I said. Oh yes, Father, he replied; and saying this he showed me his Rosary.

It makes me pleasure, indeed, to know and to see that in Alaska, too, Mary has her faithful clients; let us pray that their number may increase.

Enclosed find my subscription of THE CARMELITE REVIEW for next year.

Recommending myself and our missionary work in your prayers and Holy Sacrifices, I remain,

Your humble servant in Chr.,

J. POST, S. J.

[The above letter was not intended for publication, but being so edifying and interesting we presume on Father Post's permission and print the same.—Ed. C. R.]

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### Falls View.

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