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CARMELITE REVIEW,

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

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**“Jesus ! be my heart’s sweet sighing,
Jesus ! be my life when dying
And in thine eternity.”**



JESUS.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

NAME of Jesus o'er me stealing
With thy eloquence appealing
Music of the soul thou art!
Now in tones of joy and gladness,
Now in those of tender sadness,
Breathing of the Sacred Heart.

II.

Life divine and human blending
In a union far transcending
All our spirit's imagery.
Name of light and peace and healing,
Balm of every wounded feeling,
Hope and rest are found in thee.

III.

Jesus! be my heart's sweet sighing,
Jesus! be my life when dying
And in thine eternity.
May the shades thy face concealing
Fade before its light--revealing
All my Saviour's love to me.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

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

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

ST. Thomas asks the question: "Should Christ have preached to the Jews without offending them?" And he answers: "The salvation of the people is preferable to the caprice and bigotry of individuals. If their perversity and fanaticism is huffed at what the true minister of God preaches, he must not be daunted and troubled on that account, for the Word of God is free, in spite of tongue and sword. If the truth scandalizes the wicked, says St. Gregory, it is better to suffer their scandal than to discontinue the doctrine of grace and truth. Who were those who took offence at our Saviour's doctrine? A small number of fanatic Scribes and Pharisees, full of hypocrisy and wickedness, who, through malice and jealousy, opposed the divine doctrine, which alone could save and sanctify the people. "Let them alone," said our divine Saviour, "they are blind, and if the blind leads the blind, they shall both fall into the pit." (Matt. xv. 14.)

Our journalist was but an humble and lowly follower of the Lord, even a sinful man. And all comparison is out of place when question of one and the other. But a lowly disciple may be commended for copying after a divine master in the cause of truth.

"You have not known my Father," said Jesus Christ to the Jews, "but I know Him, and if I should say that I know Him not, I should be like to you, a liar." (John viii. 55.) Here our Lord calls the Jews liars. Had our journalist called any one by that epithet, some people would have said that he was not a gentleman, that the use of such expressions shows lack of good breeding. And what names did our Lord give to the Pharisees?

"O generation of vipers!" He said, "how can you speak good things, whereas you are evil?" (Matt. xii. 34.) Again He says: "Woe to you Pharisees, hypocrites; you serpents, generation of vipers, whited sepulchres." (Matt. xxiii. 29, 27, 33.) In this chapter of St. Matthew, Christ calls the Pharisees hypocrites not less than six times, and He very often told the people to beware of their hypocrisy and false doctrines, and was this language of our Lord vulgar? Who would dare say so? The Pharisees are not as yet all dead. If McMaster has, on similar occasions, given hard names to such people, he meant it for their correction. What wrong is there in calling a thing by the right name? Our journalist had to expose many false principles and break down the unsound reasoning given in support of them. Could any sensible man expect him to use soft words and to say of such false teachers what our dear Lord said of Nathaniel, "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." (John i. 47.) If he had written in such a style, every sensible reader of the *Freeman* would have taken him for a time-server rather than for an uncompromising journalist. St. John the Baptist also used cutting words when he spoke to the Pharisees. He called them "ye brood of vipers." (Matt. iii. 7.) Was he no gentleman? Did he lose his temper? Did he show lack of good breeding for calling such people by the right name?

St. John the Evangelist was not afraid to call false teachers by the right name—calling them liars!

The Church in her Office approvingly speaks of the great St. Jerome as follows: "Acerbissime hereticos expugnavit."

When St. Paul was standing before the Jewish Council, the high priest, Ananias, commanded those who stood by him, to strike him on the mouth. "Then Paul

said to him: God shall strike thee, thou whitened wall." (Acts xxiii. 2, 3.)

When SS. Paul and Barnabas came to Paphos, they found a certain man, a magician, a false prophet, whose name was Bar-jesu, who was with the Proconsul Sergius Paulus, a prudent man. This man, sending for Barnabas and Saul, desired to hear the Word of God. But the magician withstood them, seeking to turn away the proconsul from the faith. Then Paul, filled with the Holy Ghost, looking upon him, said: *O thou full of all guile and of all deceit, son of the devil, enemy of all justice, thou dost not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord. And now behold the hand of the Lord upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a time, and immediately there fell upon him a mist and a darkness, and going about, he sought some one to lead him by the hand.*" (Acts xiii. 6-12.)

St. Polycarp was ordained Bishop of Smyrna by St. John the Apostle. When in Rome, he met Marcion, a heretic, who perverted many Catholics by his false teaching. Being asked by Marcion: "Do you know me?" St. Polycarp answered: "Yes, I know you, the first born of the devil." St. John did not use the expression, "my separated brother," or my brethren differing on religious views of faith.

We doubt whether McMaster ever used expressions so harsh and cutting as those of the Gospel. But if he did, he was justified by the holy cause of truth he was defending, and its divine Author's example, and that of the Apostles and Fathers of the Church. Just as we are writing this, we remember one occasion on which he used the Gospel term for a hypocrite and heretic. One day McMaster was walking up Broadway in New York. He encountered a short, stout man whom he took for a priest. He shook hands with him, and asked him his name. The gentleman said: "I am Bishop McNamara," (the apostate priest.) "Oh! devil, devil," exclaimed McMaster, quickly withdrawing his hand.

We read in Holy Scripture that our dear Saviour made, as it were, a scourge of little cords, and drove out of the Temple all those who were selling and buying oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the chairs of them

that sold doves, saying to them: "My house shall be called the house of prayer; but you have made it a den of thieves." (Matt. xxi. 12, 13; John ii. 15.)

Now, it would be blasphemy to say that our Lord did all this, because He lost His temper and was no gentleman. He gave to all the pastors of His Church, and, I may add, to all Catholic editors, and even to every Catholic layman, an example which they should imitate. If our dear Saviour was so much displeased with those who sold innocent things in the Temple, how greatly must he not be displeased with those who sell, as it were, the foul cuttlefishes and poisonous serpents of heretical doctrine. They must be unmercifully driven by a good whip out of the Temple of God. "But if any man violate the Temple of God, him shall God destroy. For the Temple of God is holy, which you are." (I. Cor. iii. 17.) Every soul that lives in sanctifying grace is the Temple of the Holy Ghost. But the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of Truth, and therefore bears the greatest hatred to false doctrines. To teach false doctrines is to be a great enemy of the Holy Ghost, and of the souls of the just as well as of sinners, of Catholics as well as of non-Catholics, it is to be a gentleman like the devil. Such men are called thieves and robbers by our Lord, and every pastor who is not a hireling, and every Catholic editor, and even every Catholic who loves his religion, will do all he can to keep such thieves and robbers at a respectful distance, and if, for this purpose, a good whipping is necessary, he is obliged to give it, no matter whether some people may say of him that he loses his temper and is no gentleman. We must please God rather than men. The Fathers of the Church call attention to the fact that, when our dear Saviour with a whip drove out of the Temple so many people, not one of the Jews opposed Him; and we may rest assured that none of them said to Him that He lost His temper and was no gentleman. And will any sensible Catholic or honest non-Catholic show himself displeased with McMaster for having used the whip of sharp expression to drive away ravenous wolves from Christ's flock, whom Pius IX. calls "impious wretches," "the enemies of the Church," "the destroyers of religion." McMaster was called to do the

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work of rough times, and he succeeded in doing it, where polished caution would have failed. If his zeal in the cause of faith seemed at times excessive, who shall honestly say that it was a fault? In all ages, the Fathers of the Church have passionately asserted those dogmas which the world most denied. And, in an age of perfunctory religion and positive unbelief, he met unfaith with all the strength of a mighty nature. Above all things, he abhorred a Laodicean, "neither hot nor cold." His whole nature was hot with the love of God and the desire for His service. He had no enemies but those whom he conceived to be the enemies of some great and essential principle. He respected all men who were in earnest, but he did not spare them when they were wrong. But, the battle over—the blows given and taken—he was ready to hold out the hand of friendship.

If, in his writings, even some of his friends found some strong expressions which seemed to them better omitted, it must be remembered that they were *obiter dicta*—flies in the amber of principle. "To know all," as Montaigne said, "is to pardon all." And the men who were hurt by them were, after a time, ready to acknowledge the nobility of soul that Mr. McMaster possessed, the readiness of his genius, the extent of his sacrifices, and the loftiness of his aims. He who understands the physical obstacles which Mr. McMaster had to overcome during the last ten years, in order to work at all, and the intense irritability induced by a physical state in which he could eat almost nothing, and scarcely sleep, can forgive these *obiter dicta*.

Even the saints had to pray: "Forgive us our trespasses."

In a letter which McMaster wrote to Mother Louise, Prioress of the Carmelite convent in Baltimore, he plainly states why he uses sharp language, when in his opinion it seemed necessary. We here reproduce his letter:

"NEW YORK, May 7th, 1884.

"REV. MOTHER LOUISE, Prioress.

"My very dear friend:—I sent off to you this afternoon two copies of my first article on the new Scapular discussion. It is *yough*. Maturely thinking it over, I concluded that was the right way to deal with

the enemy. To have been more gentle, would have been to treat the Dictionary matter as a question of opinion. Next week I propose to give an article,—not of controversy,—but setting forth what the Church teaches for the *practical good of the faithful* in the Scapular. God has given me a facility for writing clearly, and sharply. As in this case, of impudent assailants of the Holy Scapular, it is right to confound them, that the simple faithful be not misled. But an intellectual triumph over error is a barren thing, if it be not promotive of the *living exercise of the truth* indicated. For this higher aim, I need help and grace. I am a miserable, indevout worldling. I can handle all the words necessary, but the *unction* that can make them tell, must come from on high. So 'I lift my eyes to the mountain, whence help can come to me.' I turn to your 'Carmel,' to propitiate Our Lady of Carmel for me. That my zeal may not be bitter, and the wisdom that will guide me may be as my Patron St. James prescribes,—first modest, then peaceable, and finally, full of good fruits. I do assure you, and with no mock humility, which I detest, I stand greatly in need of these sweet graces. And, for the love of our dear Lady of Carmel, ask for me these graces, and do not make the mistake of thinking I am a pious man. I wish to be,—but I am not,—and do not work to become such, though I so well know I ought to do so. 'He that knows to do good, and does it not, makes himself guilty.' I ask, then, the help of your Carmel. For I hope, out of this dirty controversy about the Dictionary, to awaken, for the glory of Our Lady of Carmel, and for the good of souls, to arouse a fresh devotion among many of the faithful, to the *perpetual miracle* of the most sacred Scapular. I intend writing several, perhaps a good many articles, with this purpose. Now, very dear Mother, having finished with the above, I ask to enclose to you eight dollars, to cover the cost of binding the new Breviary. I will, also, send you the *odd* copy of the *Hore Divine* I spoke about. As I am the one Father of the community, give my love to all the dear Daughters. As to the *little one*, that I miss every day, from my poor, New York domicile, tell her, once more, that I rejoice that she is where she is. What is this life, but a moment. How

short the time, however many years or ages—in comparison with eternity, till the day of the Grand Resurrection—then Eternity!

“Devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,

“JAS. A. McMASTER.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. JAS. A. McMASTER.—HE SEEKS A PARTNER IN LIFE FROM THE HANDS OF GOD.—NUPTIAL MASS!—MISS GERTRUDE FETTERMAN, THE BRIDE.—McMASTER'S FAMILY.—HIS LOVE AND DEVOTEDNESS.—ITS PIETY.—DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

There is an important truth which many at the present day are apt to forget. It is extremely difficult, aye, morally speaking, impossible, for us to be saved, unless we choose that state of life to which God has called us. For, in order to be saved, we must fulfil the obligations of our state of life, and avoid all the dangers which are naturally attached to such a state. The duties of a priest, for instance, are different from those of a layman; the duties of a religious are different from those of a secular; the duties of the married life are different from those of the single life, and so on.

Now, each of these states has its duties, its difficulties, and its dangers. Upon the fulfilment of these duties depends our whole eternity. To fulfil the duties of our state, we need not only the ordinary graces which God gives to all men, but we need, beside, the particular graces belonging to that state; and without these particular graces, it is morally impossible for us to fulfil our obligations.

Now, to whom does God give these particular graces? Only to those who have chosen that state of life for which God created them. As for those who enter a state of life to which they are not called, they cannot expect to receive those particular graces: consequently, they will not be able to fulfil the duties of that state. There is, therefore, every reason to fear that they will be unhappy in this life, and forever miserable in the next.

Mr. McMaster had been assured by Father Ottmann, his confessor in Belgium, that he had no vocation for the priesthood. So he remained single for several years. One day he felt a kind of a desire

for a partner in life. He did not heed it much in the beginning. But gradually this desire grew stronger upon him, and he began to think that it might be the will of God for him to marry. Not being sure, however, of his vocation to this state of life, he often prayed for light to know the will of God in this regard. With St. Paul he said: “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” Thus he prayed daily, especially at Mass. For this intention, he also often received Holy Communion and performed other good works. As he had always walked in sincerity before God, the Lord heard his prayer in the way He had heard it when he prayed to ascertain for certain whether he was called to the priesthood. He spoke to Him again through his confessor, to whom McMaster had communicated his reasons for judging that God had called him to the married state of life. His confessor, a prudent and enlightened priest, advised him to enter the marriage state. But, he added, you must pray very much, in order that you may have for a partner in life that person whom God has already chosen to be your wife; for you must remember that the Holy Ghost says in the Scripture: “A good, virtuous wife, is a great treasure, her worth is beyond compare. But better dwell in a desert than with a woman who is ill-tempered and quarrelsome.” (Prov. xxi., 19.) Mr. McMaster followed the counsel of his director. He besought the Lord in heartfelt prayer to lead him to acquaintance with that person whom he had destined for his wife. His prayer was heard and soon answered.

In the spring of 1856, McMaster was invited to lecture for the benefit of the St. Vincent de Paul's Society, in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., by the president of the society, Gilbert Lafayette Fetterman, eldest son of the deceased Wilfred Washington Fetterman and Sarah B. Fetterman. The next evening he dined at the house of Mrs. Fetterman, and Miss Gertrude, as eldest daughter, was placed at his side.

This was their first meeting, although Miss Fetterman had a long acquaintance with the editor of the *Freeman* through the columns of his journal.

Mr. McMaster also knew of her by reputation, some lady in New York having told him about her, remarking that she

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would be just the wife for him. However, he had paid little attention to her well meant interest, thinking that a man was the best judge for himself in such a case.

Miss Fetterman awakened within him at once a lively interest and admiration, and after only three interviews with her during his short stay in Pittsburg, he felt that she was indeed the one destined for him by the wonderful Providence of God.

On his return to New York, he wrote to Mrs. Fetterman, asking her permission to address her daughter Gertrude, begging her at the same time to allow him to be the first to make known his intentions to the latter. Mrs. Fetterman assured him of her good will towards him, and how glad she would be to have him for a son, but that she feared her daughter had resolved never to marry.

In the month of July of the same year, McMaster visited Mrs. Fetterman, then at her country residence at Valley Falls, West Virginia. He had obtained the mother's willing consent, but her fears proved to be not without foundation. Miss Fetterman told him very frankly that she had admired and esteemed him as editor of the *Freeman* for some years, but that she did not intend to marry any one. McMaster, finding that he could not win her over by affection, accosted her on the side of duty. He had a special vocation. He felt strongly that it was the Will of God she should help him to fulfil it. He pleaded with her long and earnestly, and she parted with him to give his proposal prayer and reflection, in order to discover the Holy Will of God. During these days she became convinced that this was indeed her mission in life. They were accordingly engaged, and the day of their marriage being appointed, they prepared themselves for the great Sacrament of Matrimony in a truly Christian manner.

Marriage, even among the heathens, is a natural and lawful union, sacred in the eyes of God. Catholic marriage, however, is something different from the marriage of heathens, of Jews, of heretics. Among Catholics, marriage is something far higher, far nobler; it is a Sacrament, a means of grace, and a holy state. It is as far above mere natural marriage as the religion of Christ is above mere natural religion. Among Catholics, marriage may

be said to be next to the priesthood. The Sacrament of the priesthood consecrates those who receive it, and separates them from the rest of the world by solemn and perpetual vows. At the same time, it confers on those that receive it worthily, distinct and especial graces. The priest is espoused to the Church, and bound by solemn vows to fulfil the duties of his state, to accept all its cares and sacrifices, even until death.

In like manner, the married couple are espoused to each other by the most solemn vows; they promise solemnly to fulfil all the duties, and accept all the cares and sacrifices of their holy state, till death shall part them. The priest is consecrated; so are married people also consecrated to their state of life. There is drawn around them a mysterious circle, which it would be a sacrilege to cross.

Now, the Holy Church has appointed the proper manner of receiving this great Sacrament. It is the wish of the Church that the Sacrament of Matrimony should be received in the house of God. The house of God alone is the proper place in which to receive so great a Sacrament, and to perform so high and solemn a religious function. Marriage, as we have said, is next to the priesthood. Now, where should the priest be ordained? In his own house—in his own parlor—at the convenience of friends and relations? Common-sense revolts at the bare thought of such a sacrilege. Even heretics have more reverence for their preachers than to ordain them in a parlor. And is there nothing unbecoming in the celebration of a marriage in some hotel or parlor? Marriage is a Sacrament. Therefore it should, if possible, be received on consecrated ground, in God's Church, before God's altar. 'We are children of the saints, and we must not be joined together like heathens who know not God.' (Tob. viii, 4.)

Mr. McMaster and Miss Fetterman, knowing this spirit of the Church, fully complied with it. On the morning of the 13th of November, 1856, the day of their wedding, they made their Confession and received Holy Communion, by which they were united in truly Christian love of God. Then they were married by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Michael O'Connor, in his

private Chapel, in the presence of the family and intimate friends of the bride and to the disappointment of the numerous acquaintances, and others, who were gathered in the Cathedral to witness the ceremony.

To call down a more abundant blessing on the married couple, the divine sacrifice of a Nuptial Mass was celebrated. The sacred blood of the Lamb without spot cemented their union. After the consecration and the Lord's Prayer, the married pair went up again to the altar, and the Bishop turned toward them and prayed over them: "O God, who, by the might of thy power, didst create all things out of nothing; who, when the beginnings of the universe were set in order, and man was made to the image of God, didst ordain the inseparable assistance of woman, in such wise that thou gavest beginning to her body out of the flesh of man, teaching thereby that, what it had pleased thee should be formed of one, it should never be lawful to put asunder! O God, who has consecrated the bond of matrimony by such an excellent mystery, that, in the covenant of marriage, thou wouldst signify the Sacrament of Christ and His Church! O God, by whom woman is joined to man, and society, as ordained from the beginning, is furnished with a blessing, which alone was not removed, either in punishment of original sin, or by the sentence of the deluge! look mercifully upon this thy handmaid, who, being now to be joined in wedlock, earnestly desires to be fortified with thy protection. May it be to her a yoke of love and peace; may she marry in Christ, faithful and chaste, and be an imitator of holy women. May she be amiable to her husband, like Rachel; wise, like Rebecca; long-lived and faithful, like Sara. May the author of sin have no share in any of her actions. May she remain constant to the faith and commandments; united to one spouse, may she fly all unlawful approaches; may she protect her weakness by the strength of

discipline. May she be grave in bashfulness, venerable in modesty, learned in heavenly doctrine. May she be fruitful in offspring, approved and innocent; and may she arrive at the repose of the blessed in the heavenly kingdom; and may they both see their children's children, even to the third and fourth generation, and arrive at their desired old age. Through the same Jesus Christ our Lord."

This newly married couple left the altar with the blessing of God upon them. Mrs. McMaster was to her husband all he could desire. From the very beginning of their married life, McMaster and his wife endeavored to increase in true Christian love one for the other. She was not only mistress of the house, but queen over her husband's heart. She had the key not only to every cupboard, but she had also even the one to her husband's affections. Her husband was, indeed, very kind and respectful to her, but what is of greater importance, he looked upon her as his second self. The affection which they entertained for each other was true and strong, and therefore their interests were identical. Mrs. McMaster was in every way qualified to be not only the wife of such a husband, but also at the same time a most helpful and congenial companion. She possessed a fine intellect and a well cultivated mind, but her childlike simplicity of heart gave her so youthful an appearance, that when McMaster took her to New York after their marriage, his friends teased him, asking him why, after waiting so long, he had married a "little girl." But the "little girl" proved herself a valiant woman, holding the heart of her husband under her gentle control throughout the varying scenes of his stormy career; governing her household with prudence and discretion, and taking upon herself the burden of her children's education, and this not at intervals, but at fixed hours, day by day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

THE GRADUATES is a collection of composite photographs, and has been prompted by my disinterested love for young people. They attract me as do the flower buds. The canker worm of passion early manifests itself. It is with real concern I see a fine character marred by folly, which usually ends in vice and desolation. I entertain the hope that my story shall be not only pleasant, but profitable to The Graduates of to-day, — THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

"Lady Mother, here is an invitation from somebody to something. I hope I am included. This letter is from Aunt Fanny. Bless her heart. This one looks like an advertisement. May I open your envelopes?"

"Yes, dear, if it is any pleasure to you, but I think we should not keep breakfast waiting."

"Oh! we can eat that any time."

"Oh! we can read these any time," said Mrs. Redmond, laughing, and turning into the dining-room.

Mr. Redmond entered from the library at the same moment, and Kathleen regretfully resigned herself to await the unfolding of the mysteries, that she had brought from the table in the hall.

The room in which they sat faced the west. From its lofty windows could be seen the Blue Ridge mountains, now white with snow.

A small stream ran past the house. It was silent this morning, hushed by the frost. Without, the scene was exquisitely beautiful. The trees incased in crystal, their branches bowed by the pendant icicles which shone resplendent in the January sun. Over all, the dome of blue. In mid-air an occasional cloud, floating serenely. Everything combined to form a picture especially impressive.

"Is not this a glorious morning, my dear," said Mr. Redmond, as he concluded "the grace."

"It is truly beautiful, thanks be to

God. There will be fine sleighing for those who enjoy it."

"I hope the Sargents will call for me," exclaimed Kathleen. "Jennie said they expected to go to Doubling Gap to-night, and she thinks they will have a dance."

"Will you be much disappointed if you cannot go?" said her father.

"Well, to bare my heart to you, I think I shall."

"You had better wait until you're invited," he answered, teasingly.

"Did the mail bring you anything, John?"

"Yes, a fat letter, as Kathleen calls it." After the fruit and oatmeal had been disposed of, Mr. Redmond having finished carving, began his "serious attack" on the substantial of the morning meal.

Commiserating Kathleen's impatience, Mrs. Redmond opened her letters. She gave first attention to the invitation. It read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy.

"The Misses Murphy.

"Tea

"Wednesday

"January 27,

"4 until 7.

"600 South 40th St."

"Shall we go, mother? I hope you will take me."

"Bless my soul, Kathleen, what a 'going' creature you are."

"No v, father, you did some 'going' yourself, I am told, when you were my age."

"Don't believe all you hear, daughter, or your capacity will be exhausted."

"Who is the other letter from, Elizabeth?"

"From Fannie. It is too closely written to read now, but I see they expect a visit from brother Edward."

"I suppose he had good luck with his sheep last year, and is giving himself a treat. But finish your breakfast, woman alive, I never saw the beat of woman for curiosity."

"I think some one, not a woman,

prompted my investigation of this very letter."

"Oh! you are dreaming, woman."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so," as Nelly says.

"By the way, Kathleen, I wish you to call at Nellie's this morning, and tell her I wish to see her."

"Your wish shall be my pleasure, noble madame," replied her daughter, as with a mock heroic courtesy she swung herself out of the room.

"Don't leave the house until I see you," called her mother, as she followed her husband into the library.

"Before you begin your paper, John, I wish to talk this letter over with you. I see that Fanny wishes us to make them a visit about the time of 'The Tea.' It would certainly be delightful to be there while Edward is with them. Fannie says, very truly, that Kathleen should see something of life in the city, and this reunion furnishes a very agreeable opportunity."

"Well, my dear, do as you please."

"It is not my pleasure, but my duty I am seeking. Can you go with us?"

"Not immediately, but have no anxiety for me. My 'fat letter' has brought me occupation for a long time ahead."

"I am thinking of the evenings. You will be lonely here."

"I lonely? Don't be too sure of it. I shall have a chance to take my revenge on Father Taylor in chess. The boys asked me last night to give them a lecture in the hall on Washington's birthday. I will devote my evenings to the preparation of my matter. Although a common subject, I do not wish to treat it in a common-place manner. Of course I shall miss you both sadly, but I quite agree with you in thinking it will be of service to Kathleen, and I think you will also find pleasure in meeting our friends."

"Well, you must promise me to have young Martin stay at night. Nellie can keep Sallie company. I will find work that shall keep them both busy while I am gone."

Wrapped in a long, blue ulster, whose grey fur collar matched the band of her toque, Kathleen awaited her mother in the sitting-room. The exhilaration of the frosty morning had made her eager, and restless to be off. She looked ready for any

sled or sleigh to which she might be invited. Such opportunities were quite probable, for Kathleen was a favorite in her native town.

"Sit down a moment, daughter, throw off your collar. I wish to say, dear, that the night trip to Doubling-Gap is a scheme I cannot favor, and should you receive an invitation, it will be discreet to postpone your acceptance."

"Why, mother, I did not think you would object to my going. The Sargents and their friends are the nicest people in the neighborhood."

"If you will consider a moment, I think you will remember that their standards are not ours. Mrs. Sargent is a very amiable woman, and an agreeable neighbor, but I cannot allow you to be one of the party. Such gatherings are usually promiscuous, and for many reasons I must decline all such invitations for my precious daughter."

"But, don't you think, mother, it is very hard that I have to stay out of so many of the frolics here? You know I could not go last summer when the folks spent a week at the grove."

"I can understand, my dear, that you feel these occasional privations, but have you no compensations? As a Catholic, you will have to make sacrifices all your life. The Lord you serve gave His life for you. If you are truly a Christian, you will model your life according to His spirit. Learn to look for approval to the Sacred Heart of our Divine Redeemer. Suppose I were from home, and this invitation came, could you with a good conscience accept it?"

"I suppose I could not, but I thought only of the fun they will have. I remember now that the Episcopal minister said, when he met me in town, camping out week, that he knew there was one mother in town on whose good sense he could rely."

"I appreciate Mr. Padgett's good opinion, not only is he a learned man, but he is of a distinguished Baltimore family; for many years he moved in the best society in Washington. In that city the ministers of foreign nations, and the representatives from our own numerous states, unite in making social life quite exceptional. I often regret, my daughter, that you are deprived

of friends of our faith, and have concluded to accept your Aunt Fanny's loving invitation to spend a fortnight with her. At her house you will meet girls of your own age, some of your convent friends are her neighbors."

"Oh! Mother Redmond, you are just the loveliest woman I know. You would rather stay at home, but I acknowledge, this trip promises so much pleasure that I want to be selfish. Will father go?"

"He cannot accompany us, but I think he may find time to bring us home. Run away, now, for Nelly. I have some preparations to make, and need her help."

Off went Kathleen, her eyes sparkling with pleasant anticipation. She was a happy, wholesome girl, in all the glow of seventeen.

Her school days had been passed at Emmittsburg, the remainder of her life she had known as presented by circumstances in Sargentsville. Many handsome residences had been built in the neighborhood in the last few years. Mr. Redmond was an architect, and found pleasure and profit in the improvements of the beautiful town.

Rapidly sped the days of preparation, and, at last, Mrs. Redmond and Kathleen found themselves in Philadelphia. They were met at the station by Aunt Fannie and her husband, and in half an hour they were cordially welcomed by Mary and Margaret. The cousins had not met since their childhood. Mrs. Murphy believed in home education, and, as the convent was within walking distance, her daughters were able to attend school without separation from the beloved home circle. They had been graduated the summer before our story opens, and had gone into society on a few occasions. They were of fair complexion, and Kathleen thought them very elegant, as they moved gracefully about, helping her mother and herself to lay aside their wrappings, and showing them the convenient appointments of their sleeping room.

The bell rang for supper, and the travelers declared themselves quite ready to appreciate the bountiful meal set for them. They adjourned afterward to the large sitting-room, and Kathleen found the same custom observed as in her home. The

servants came in and were introduced to the visitors.

When all were seated Mr. Murphy read the meditation for the following day; one decade of the Rosary was then recited, and the *De Profundis*, after which the servants left the room.

Her cousins drew Kathleen away to the parlor, leaving their elders to a family talk. Merrily the young girl chattered away, as freely as if she were at home.

It was with surprise the sisters learned that Sargentsville contained no Catholic Church, although boasting of nine houses of religious worship.

"That was the reason mother sent me to Emmittsburg," said Kathleen. "She wished me to have not only religious instruction, but companions whose lives were formed on Catholic principles. At home we drive two miles to Church, at the factory village. After grandma's death mother did not send me back to school, I think she needs my company."

"And very good company you must be, dear," said Margaret, fondly.

Long before the eventful day Kathleen had become quite one of the family, and was therefore prepared to enjoy the occasion.

The spacious parlors were separated from the dining room by portieres. Looped back they displayed a charming view. The furniture was simple, selected for comfort rather than display. A few good pictures on the walls, chosen for their subjects, as well as for artistic merit, gave a home-like tone and a sense of companionship. Growing palms, and other foliage plants, made a harmonious background for the toilets of the ladies receiving. Here and there, on mantelpiece and tables, bright tulips, varied by vases of roses, and other cut flowers, gave color and perfume to the scene.

Kathleen thought Aunt Fanny appeared very handsome this evening. The heliotrope tint of her dress, relieved by some fine old lace of creamy hue, emphasized her clear olive complexion. Her figure, a little more erect than usual, owing to the unwonted excitement, added something to her usual height. Her smile, so cordial and gracious, gave to each visitor an assurance of loving welcome. Mary's tall, girlish

figure detracted from her twenty-one years. Her complexion had all the delicious freshness of a rosy baby. Golden hair, with the glint of the sun in it, eyes large, and beautifully blue. She looked the impersonation of innocence. Impulsive in movement, her friends had christened her the "humming-bird." She was devoted to little children, and usually had a borrowed darling visiting her. With the young men of her acquaintance she was a great favorite, and was ever an interested listener to their talk, whether of sports or studies. They were unanimous in declaring her the most "all around" girl of their friends. Her gown, of pale green, *diaphanous* material, was very becoming. Lilies of the valley nestled at her belt. The Promotor's badge fastened her bodice.

The yellow daffodils in Margaret's hand shone out gloriously from the silken folds of her white dress. She had chosen her colors in compliment to the golden jubilee of our Holy Father. Although a blonde, Margaret differed from Mary in type. Her manner was serene, her air thoughtful. She reminded one of a study of Julien's, called "Meditation."

Mrs. Redmond, in black lace, from which her diamonds scintillated, acted as a ministering fairy in the dining-room. With the old friends she was familiar, and her exquisite tact put her at ease with all. Kathleen was the Mercury, and kept busy, with those numberless attentions, that go far to make such an event a success. Her pink gown rivalled the hue in her cheeks, her eyes shone like stars, her mouth seemed made for laughing. Mr. Murphy always called her "Cherry Ripe." There were early arrivals and many happy meetings of mutual friends. In a vast city like Philadelphia occasions like "The Tea" bring together those, whom the magnificent distances prevent from frequent intercourse. A delightful presentation of social life appeared, as, during the reception, the guests came and went. There were representatives of various classes of society, and of the successive eras in the family experience. It was said of Mrs. Murphy that she never lost a friend, and the gathering this afternoon endorsed the statement. With the old friends, whose loyalty forty years had tested, were inter-

mingled the acquaintances formed during the girls' recent entrance into society.

Greatly as Kathleen enjoyed the excitement, she was quite happy when 7 o'clock brought them to the usual family life. She had many questions to ask, and, after supper, seized the first opportunity to secure her Aunt Fanny's attention.

"Please tell me, who was the pretty lady in the green dress?"

"Do you mean Cousin Mary?" inquired Mrs. Redmond, smiling quizzically.

"Oh! No, mamma, but another pretty lady, in a dark green street dress, who invited me to go and see her children."

"You show excellent taste, Kathleen, in admiring Mrs. O'Donnel, her personal beauty is ennobled by her goodness. She is amiable and womanly. Her parents died when she was a little girl, and she was placed in a convent considered excellent, not only in the method of instruction, but very conservative in discipline. In that house the pupils were brought to the standard. It never occurred to those ladies to lower the standard to the pupils. Soon after your 'pretty lady' graduated she won the heart of an eminent man of this city. He is an honor to the Church, a model citizen, and a worthy scion of the race from which he sprang."

"And who was the lovely girl in the grey dress, who had the face of an ingenious child, and the pose of noble womanhood, I should say that her mind never harbors an unworthy thought?"

"Why, Aunt Elizabeth," cried Mary, "you and Kathleen select my favorites. Edith is one of my admirations. She is a convert, and although the idol of her family, and reared in luxury, lives but to do good. The rare combination of spiritual beauty with personal loveliness accounts for her charm. Some day I must tell you her history. She has tasted unusual degrees of joy and sorrow. Indeed, the greater number of our visitors this afternoon are leading earnest, useful lives."

"Yes," said her father, joining them at the moment, "I tell Mary, that her geese are all swans."

"Now, father, you are just teasing. You know you are very fond of Edith."

"I think Edith is a very fine girl, but some of your friends are not so admirable,

and unload on you the burdens which they should themselves carry."

"Oh! well, I don't consider such burdens onerous, they are my pleasures. In this case Esther's illness is the reason for my assuming double duty. Father has reference to a promise I made this afternoon to play at a concert to-morrow evening."

"Why, Cousin Mary, you speak as if it were an everyday experience."

"I anticipate a very indulgent audience, Kathleen. These entertainments are given by a charitable society called 'Our Neighbors.' It is for the amusement of the very poor people, in a part of the city where there is much sin and suffering. A reading-room has been opened, in which short lectures are given, in familiar style, on subjects useful to 'Our Neighbors.' Cooking and nursing are remembered in the course. The women are taught to prepare good meals for their families at small expense. The members of the committee visit from house to house, and become acquainted with the necessities of each family. You would enjoy some of the results. The tidy maids, whose neatness and handiness you admired in the dining-room this afternoon, came from 'Our Neighbors.'"

"Who trained them, Cousin Mary?"

"I will spare Mary's modesty," replied Mrs. Murphy. "She induced me to allow them to come when we needed extra help. She thought it a good work to teach them, and I am often grateful to her for the comfort they bring the family, when sickness or company make their presence necessary."

"What will you wear at the concert, Cousin Mary?"

"The plainest dress I have, dear. You know it would not be in good taste to sport my finery among the poor."

While she was speaking the door bell was rung very gently.

"That is an unusual ring. I think it must be some poor fellow in search of a meal."

"Right you are, Dan, every time," cried a manly voice in the hall. "I hope you have one ready for me."

"It's brother Edward," exclaimed Mrs. Redmond.

"All that's left of him," said the traveler, affectionately embracing her.

The remainder of the group, rallying from their surprise, welcomed the new arrival in characteristic fashion.

Fondly the traveler gazed upon them, noting the development of the girls and the happiness of their parents.

"I declare," said he, "I think I'd go back to the ranch. I came to see the children, and lo! they've vanished, and left fine ladies in their places, I have nothing to say to such."

"Never mind, Uncle Edward, you will find we are—Not too fine nor good for human nature's daily—" replied Mary.

"Give me your overcoat, Edward," said Mrs. Murphy. "You must be ready for supper."

"What delayed you, uncle?" asked Margaret. "We were quite disappointed when you did not appear at 'The Tea.'"

"I came near giving you a funeral," he whispered, "but mum's the word now."

How much there was to tell and to hear. Five years had passed since Mr. Dillon left Philadelphia for Montana. The bashfulness he alluded to was not altogether feigned.

From the lonely life at the ranch, where he was his own cook, and without companionship, save that of the men who cared for the sheep, to this scene of comfort, which appeared magnificence, by contrast, was indeed an abrupt transition. The accident that wrecked his train had brought death to some of his fellow-passengers; his own escape filled his soul with grateful awe. The loving hearts that welcomed him appeared newly created for his express delight. To hide his emotion he drew Margaret from the parlor, saying, the others would give him no chance to talk or eat. "Daisy always did give me a hearing, and she's not her mother's daughter, if she does not know how to administer the commissary department."

After they were seated in the dining-room, he said: "When I rang the bell, in a whisper, I thought I should gain admittance without informing the whole family. The truth is, I am somewhat shaken up by an unpleasant experience I had on the way."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Murphy, who had entered unperceived.

"Well, Dan, I have just passed through an ordeal worse than war days. I will not go into detail now," said he, glancing at Margaret. "The papers will give you the gruesome particulars soon enough."

CHAPTER II.

After supper, and a hasty toilet, Mr. Dilloa rejoined the family. Mary hastened to decorate his button-hole with red carnations. Like Mrs. Redmond, he had that rare combination, met in the people of Galway, eyes of tender blue, raven hair, and skin delicately white. He was very tall, but so shapely, that there was no suggestion of awkwardness. His smile was at once kind and discriminating, as if he saw his neighbor's follies, but viewed them comically. An acute observer would pronounce him a staunch friend, and a formidable antagonist. Eloquent the pauses that occur, when friends, long parted, meet again. Apprehensive that a question may be unwelcome, keeps it unspoken. In such a silence, Mrs. Murphy asked the girls for some music. Kathleen sang very sweetly, her voice, a mezzo soprano, was very sympathetic, well suited to the old-fashioned selections of her repertoire. The "Robin's Good-Bye to Summer" was encored. She asked her cousins to join her in some of the College songs, to which Mary's banjo accompaniment formed a fitting back ground. Mr. Dillon and Mr. Murphy had been boys together at old St. Joseph's. Mr. Newland had been very proud of them as choir members. Devotion supplied, in some degree, the deficiencies of a

musical education. It is an incontrovertible fact that true piety inspires the soul of art, and gives to the painter or musician an eloquence impossible to mere technique. Many of the melodies in the collection were familiar to the elders of the party. Mary's pure soprano, Margaret's fervent contralto, were well supported by the men's voices, which gave volume to the harmony, and resulted in a concert that would have gratified many a critical audience. Mary made a mental note to inform the committee, that available talent could be secured for next week's concert at "Our Neighbors."

After breakfast next day, the men went into town. Mrs. Redmond and Margaret set off on a shopping expedition. Mary directed the maids in the restoration of the house to its usual condition. Mrs. Murphy needed rest, and proposed to Kathleen to share her retirement and occupation. This invitation was very agreeable to the maiden, on whom the unusual exertions of the past week were beginning to tell. She was very fond of her Aunt Fanny, whose vivacity frequently reminded her of her father. Mr. Redmond and Mrs. Murphy had been a very congenial brother and sister. Aunt Fanny cherished a wise tenderness, for the interesting young creature, so rapidly approaching maturity. She was attracted not only by her beauty, and the noble possibilities she perceived in her character, but in Kathleen she recognized the daughter of him, who had been to her a fond guardian and devoted brother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EPHAPHANY.

BY PIUS B. MAYER, O. C. C.

THERE is a peculiar charm in this festival, particularly for those, who sprang not of Hebrew blood. It is the day, that opened wide the gates of truth and the hopes based upon it to the nations. What the prophets so often and emphatically foretold came to pass on this day, when the Wise Men of the East were led by the Star of Bethlehem to the crib of their new born Saviour, to kneel there as the representatives of the Pagan nations, and offer their mystic gifts of gold, frankincense and

myrrh, the gold of faith, the incense of prayer and virtue, and the myrrh of mortification and penance.

Where did these men come from? What became of them? These questions are often asked, and the Augustinian nun, Anne Catherine Emmerich, in her visions, gives us the following information:

"The people living east and south of Palestine knew of the prophecy of Balaam, and expected the star rising out of Jacob, that should herald the expected of the

nations. They therefore in studying the stary heavens looked for the promised token,—in vain for centuries.

“But fifteen years before the birth of our Lord they, for the first time, discovered a new star, remarkable not only for its position in the skies and its brilliancy, but more so, because in it they beheld the figure of a virgin seated. Five years later they again saw the star, and in it the representation of wheaten ears and grapes. Again five years passed before the reappearance of the star, which now exhibited the picture of a young mother with a babe in her arms.

“These repeated apparitions caused widespread comment, and the wise men, widely separated territorially, sent messages to one another, and came to the conclusion to examine into the wonderful matter thoroughly, and to follow the star when it reappeared.

“Thus the next five years were spent in hope and preparation, and finally in the blessed night of the Nativity of Our Saviour, the star shone again, more brilliant than ever, and showed them a picture that filled their souls with delight, for it was nothing less than the representation of the stable in Bethlehem, containing all the figures.

“They at once set out with a large retinue and costly gifts, the star acting as a guide to each of them, and bringing them together some eighty miles east of Jerusalem. The farther they journeyed the nearer the star came to them, and the more distinct the picture grew. As they approached Jerusalem the star disappeared, but leaving the city they saw it again nearer and nearer, until it stood above the cave, which they entered, prostrating themselves before the babe, and adoring Him as their Master and their God.

“The names of the three kings were: **Mensor, Theockens and Seir, the one was a**

descendant of Job, the other of Abraham's wife, Keturah, and the third of Jews, who at the time of the Babylonian captivity had fled the country and settled near Egypt, where they became mixed with the Chamites of Egypt. Thus the three Magi represented the three great divisions of mankind, Semites, Chamites and Japhetites.

“Being admonished in a dream not to return to their home by way of Jerusalem, they followed another route and settled on the spot, where the star had brought them together, determined to stay there, until the new King of the Jews should send them a messenger, to conduct them elsewhere.

“The King of the Jews did not send a messenger, but after the raising of Lazarus he went there Himself. Seir was dead. Mensor received him in solemn procession, and repeated his act of worship. Our Lord told them to tarry, until one of His Apostles would come to them and baptize them. Three years after the Ascension of Our Lord, St. Thomas baptized them and their followers, who then settled in the Island of Crete, where they probably suffered martyrdom.”

The christian legend calls them Melchior, Caspar and Balthasar. Their bones were brought to Milan, and when Emperor Barbarossa destroyed this city, he donated the sacred relics to his chancellor, the Archbishop of Cologne, who lost no time in transferring them in solemn procession to his Cathedral, where they are venerated to-day.

A great many saw the star, comparatively few followed it. The followers were rewarded with the priceless gift of faith, the others sank back into all the abominations of Paganism. Happy we, who in our ancestors followed the star. Be it ever a beacon light of faith to us, and lead us to the true service of the Saviour, whom it revealed.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

I.

OF NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.

AND first of all, let me bid the other women, the friends known and unknown, a very happy New Year!

There is hardly one of us, I fancy, whether she be of the new or old variety, who does not joyfully hail the newness of the year. Fresh beginnings are such a stimulus, such a long breath of invigorating oxygen after the close quarters of the old twelve-months. And so we set busily to work, with our string of good resolutions inscribed upon the clear tablets of January, half believing that we will at last do better, and half cynically fearing that all will come to naught again, as it has always done before. With a little self-knowledge one unconsciously looks with a more sceptical curve of the eyebrow at one's self than at the rest of the world.

And yet, it is only simplicity and faith that holds us to the best that is in us. We women, so far as our own lives and struggles are concerned, lack both.

"The world is too much with us." Its struggle and unrest have caught hold of us. Imitation and conventionality force us out of our round niche into the square one. Independence of thought or action leaves us. Self-assertion becomes impossible; self-development a dream long forgotten.

The world-spirit is responsible for much of this. A holier spirit, dragged out of due time and place, for much more. I mean—and I pray that I may not be misunderstood in saying so—the spirit of self-sacrifice, of unselfish devotion.

Only the unending New Year of heaven can tell us the number and the grandeur of the long martyrdoms of womankind, the lives spent in heroic charity towards the souls and bodies of the suffering and the sinful.

All honor to these heroines of sacrifice! In speaking of them, whether they be religious, or wives and mothers, there is no

question of misspent lives. But there is another side to the picture.

Who of us does not know instances of complete, all-absorbing, and alas! utterly useless, self-abnegation? It is the woman's shibboleth. Self-sacrifice is the beginning and end of our alphabet of domestic life, therefore of life unadjectived, for the new woman does not reign so completely among us but that domesticity is, and ever will be, our sphere.

Scarcely a family exists in which some member, generally of the order of father, husband, brother, does not claim and most willingly receive the self-sacrificing attention of the rest of the household. In most cases this devotion is both unnecessary and useless. It involves for the person sacrificed heedless destruction of health, strength, time and talent; as for the person who accepts the sacrifice, his gain is only the negative one of increased selfishness and wrong-heartedness. The wrong-heartedness lies in our woman's leaning towards the works of supererogation—not concerning God, nor, in general, our neighbor, but our masculine relations.

"Men are so selfish," sighs an amiable little woman. Alas! that amiability and logic so seldom dwell together! One plaintively accepts the fact; the other asks, *why* are men selfish?

It seems to me there were fine possibilities, even of unselfishness, about Adam, and that, even at the present day, more than one of his sons know the meaning and practice of noble self-abnegation. I doubt not, however, that as soon as Eden's honeymoon ended and more prosaic house-keeping began, our good-hearted Eve set about the same course of spoiling for complacent father Adam, that other Eves and Adams have been reciprocally indulging in ever since.

Set a man a high ideal, and there are nine chances out of ten that he will do his ut-

most to live up to it. Accept him as your ideal, and be very sure he will most willingly accept himself as such, and for the rest of his lifetime will sink steadily below his best.

If I were to put my finger on the New Year resolution most desirable for many of us women to make, it would be, that we live our lives for the future less as parts, even though the indispensable cog-wheel of the domestic machinery, less as fractions of the family unit, and more entirely as indivi-

duals whose God-given mission is first of all the salvation of our own souls. And that is a problem not separate from the conservation of our health and energies, the development of our intellect, the broadening of our sympathies, and the best interests of family and home.

Let us look to this, not selfishly, but earnestly, and then, with days not empty of thought, word and deed, let us look to the giver of all good for a truly happy New Year.

FAVORS OBTAINED

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

BY S. X. B.

CONTINUED.

THE incident I am about to relate was told to me by a young man, to whom I had given the Brown Scapular in 1875. It had occurred in his own parish, and the unfortunate hero was quite well known to him. A man who was entirely given up to the fatal habit of drunkenness and to all the vices which follow in its train was an object of great scandal in his village. He never entered a church, and could not even see a priest without blaspheming. Still he did not lay aside the Scapular, which he had probably received after he had made his first holy communion. In the midst of his disorders he was taken sick, and was soon pronounced dangerously ill. The near approach of death made no change in his sentiments. He obstinately refused to see a priest, although so much reduced that they expected every moment to see him die. Suddenly those who stood by his dying bed saw him convulsively struggle as if he wished to relieve himself of some weight which oppressed him, and when they enquired if they could give him any aid, he cried out in despairing accents, "I stifle, I smother, and this is what does it." Then with a supreme effort he tore open his linen and tearing off the Scapular threw it as far as he could. The next moment he died with every mark of reprobation.—*Annals of Carmel*, 1881, page 304.

Evil companions and pernicious literature wrought such fatal effects in the mind

and heart of a young girl that she forgot the good principles instilled into her from early childhood, until virtue and reputation were no longer hers. A prey to the deepest remorse, instead of casting herself before Jesus and Mary to implore pardon and mercy, she gave herself up to despair, the only sin which does not admit of a pardon. Full of the most gloomy thoughts she resolved to end her life, and plunged into the river for that purpose. What was her amazement, for she could not swim, when she found that she remained on the surface of the water. A fisherman who saw her danger ran to her assistance, but when he was about to rescue her, the demon, no doubt, suggested to her that what prevented her from drowning was the Scapular she wore around her neck. The unfortunate creature took it off and cast it away. Then she sank, not only beneath the waves but into that abyss whose shores are but a poet's fancy, and whose fathomless depths no human skill can measure—eternity.—*PERE HUGUET, La Devotion a Marie in examples, tome II, p 55.*

The solemn promise of the Most Blessed Virgin, the enthusiastic words of so many learned and holy priests, devoted clients of Mary, the unanimous belief of the whole christian people, the numerous examples of a terrifying as well as of a consoling nature here related—all unquestionably give us the right to say positively: No! Satan

has never yet beheld *one single* Scapular of Our Lady enter into hell!

CONCLUSION.

O! that we could give due expression to our gratification that Providence permitted to fall into our hands the following charming little brochure of the venerable Fr. de la Colombiere, the saintly Apostle of the adorable and Sacred Heart. He writes with so much reverence, love and zeal, in praise of the holy badge of Mount Carmel, that he can with equal justice be entitled *the Apostle of the Scapular*.

Apostle of the Sacred Heart! Apostle of the Scapular! Touching coincidence! Very soon it is to be hoped that this great servant of God will be placed upon our altars for veneration. No words could be more persuasive! Let us hear them! "The faithful so unanimously agree that devotion to the Mother of God is a mark of predestination that independently of the reasons upon which this opinion is based, I think that a concordance so general should cause it to be regarded as a *truth of our holy faith*. The holy Fathers have spoken upon this subject in such forcible terms, that, if we did not know how enlightened they were, we might think they expressed themselves with more zeal than exactness. And the Church does not fail to authorize this belief. She encourages it by every means in her power. What a source of joy for all who wish to spread devotion to Mary! But because all the forms of our love for the Blessed Virgin, all its various modes of expression cannot be equally agreeable to her, and therefore do not assist us in an equal degree on our way to heaven, I aver without a moment's hesitation that the Scapular is the most favored of all. It is enough to say that the Scapular, like other practices of piety, is a sign of predestination, I maintain that *there is no other devotion to Mary which so CERTAINLY ensures our salvation as this admirable one*. We should therefore wear it ourselves, and besides, do all in our power to induce others to assume it. Divine Mother! what marvels thou hast wrought to confirm this sweet belief! O! Christians! To assure yourselves of the protection of this incomparable Queen, wear the Scapular, and wear it until you die. I would reproach myself were I to

weaken your confidence in those other practices of devotion to Mary which are approved of by the Church. They are all salutary, and cannot fail to touch her maternal heart. But if she graciously accords her favor to those who avail themselves of *them*, how much more propitious will she not be to *all who assume her holy livery*. She has positively promised this to her children of the Scapular; this loving Mother has absolutely placed no limits to her encouragement. The promise to assist is made without any condition, she has pledged herself that they shall never fall into the power of the demon. That is, she gives them all the assurance they can possibly have, in this life of their salvation. If they persevere in her service, they will most certainly persevere in grace. What think you, Christians, of the explicit promise which the Mother of God made to St. Simon Stock? Could any terms have been more decided? I know well that the saints have spoken most encouragingly of the powerful protection of Mary, but enlightened and holy as they have been, they are, after all, only *men*: only servants of the Queen, whilst here it is *the Queen herself* who, in that celebrated revelation, reveals all the tenderness of her heart to St. Simon Stock. Those great saints have assured me that with Mary to protect my interests I need fear nothing. That does not suffice for me. I wish to know if *she does protect my interests*. Yes! She gives me proof unequivocal. I have but to cast a glance at my Scapular. Tangible proof before my eyes! I have but to recall the promise attached to its devout wearing: "*In quo quis moriens eternam non patitur lucendum*."

"Whosoever dieth clothed in this holy habit will never enter eternal fire." And the Holy Ghost has given to the Scapular, and to the promises of Mary, through the lips of the Vicars of Christ, the most absolute approbation. And the sovereign Pontiffs, to excite the zeal of Christians towards this holy Camfraternity, have enriched it with *almost innumerable indulgences*."—(Fr. de la Colombiere's very words.)

What still remains, dear Christians, to render this pledge of our divine Mother more solemn if it be not the ratification

thereof of God himself? And I will demonstrate to you that the Supreme Being has testified, by means of miracles, to the favor in which he holds the Seapular. You know well that God alone can be the author of a miracle. Consequently all the marvels which have been

vouchsafed in favor of the faith or piety of His children are, as St. Augustine says, so many ways by which the Lord Himself gives testimony to the truth of our faith, or the solidity of the pious practices which we have taken upon ourselves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Immaculate Conception and the Spanish Army.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

DEVOTION to our sinless Mother, the august Queen of Carmel, is not confined to any particular section of the Spanish population. No class can monopolize it. It dwells in every Catholic heart. Neither misery nor happiness can shut it out from the domestic hearth. It is not confined to the innumerable Sodalties of the Blessed Virgin, nor is the exclusive privilege of her countless Confraternities. It so pervades all grades of society, that clergy and laity, the civilian and the soldier, the poor and the rich, the patrician and the plebeian, the burgher and the artisan, are equally animated with this eminently Catholic characteristic.

This is evidenced particularly on the grand national feast day of the "Purissima."

It is on this day, at the beginning of winter, that the Spanish army, exalted by faith, radiant with hope, and overflowing with fraternal charity, celebrates with unusual splendor, the festival of the Celestial Patroness of one of its chief divisions.

The cavalry have chosen St. James, "the Thunderer," as their Patron, ever since the time of the battle of Claverigo, when he appeared, mounted on a white charger, at the crisis of the combat, and secured by his apparition the complete and final rout of the Moslem hosts.

The artillery have chosen St. Barbara, the virgin and martyr, as their Patroness.

But it remained for the great bulk of the national forces—the infantry—to place themselves under the special patronage of their Immaculate Mother "La Purissima."

Therefore, the glorious feast of the Immaculate Conception, is a day specially set apart by this great and distinguished arm

of the military body, to honor their august Patroness with civic and religious festivities, whose splendor goes far to prove the deep Catholic feeling which animates the army of Spain.

On this day of general rejoicing all grades of military life, commissioned and non-commissioned, gather at the foot of the altar and around the sanctuary. Here the venerable veteran, whose grey hair and numerous medals recalls many an historic skirmish and blood-stained battle field, meets in fraternal intercourse with the "quinto," the conscript fresh from his mountain heather, and together they proclaim solemnly, before their fellow-citizens, and in the presence of the Divine Solitary of the tabernacle, their ardent sentiments of faith and piety, their love and devotion to our Immaculate Mother. They profess their adhesion to the Catholic faith and their childlike submission to its dogmas, in whose defence their forefathers performed such noble deeds of valor and heroism, many of them watering their native land with their life-blood in this holy cause. It was for the protection of this holy faith, that, during the historic siege of Granada, was born the Artillery Corps. At this sanguinary conflict, between the Crescent and the Cross, the cannons of the Spanish army first belched forth their fearful missiles of destruction against the Moslem. The daring heroism of the new born artillery, in defence of altar and country at this siege, as well as the later ones of Algiers, Cordova, and last, but not least, of Zaragoza and Gerona, deserves to be written down in letters of gold. Thus, to-day, Spain rejoices with her military sons, who in times of peace, as well as in the stormy days of war, have recourse to

Mary, and place themselves under the mantle of her maternal love.

In the celebration of this feast no expense is spared. With lavish spirit of religious chivalry, in every garrison city, in every military centre throughout the kingdom and its foreign dependencies,—wherever a Spanish soldier is stationed to-day—the most elaborate preparations are made to add eclat to the grand ceremonial of the religious celebration. Ancient tapestries, priceless heirlooms of many noble houses, are unearthed from the museums to drape the walls of the churches; the floral wealth of the cities are unstintedly contributed, the most valuable orchids are generously supplied to beautify the altars; the sanctuary is one blaze of lights with its thousand of lighted tapers. But the most conspicuous decoration is made with all the trophies of war, all the insignia of military life. Bayonets and drums, swords and shields, cannon and lances, guns and spears, flags and banners, are artistically arranged, forming exquisitely constructed chandeliers, shrines, pedestals and columns in honor of the Immaculate Queen.

Not content with this tribute of homage, music and oratory are invited to add their artistic charms to this great military feast. The most popular and celebrated choirs are called to interpret the grand masses of the masters, Gounod's "Messe Solemnelle" is a favorite, as it gives such welcome opportunity to military bands and invited musicians to form full orchestras, whose matchless performances are the grand "Te Deum" of the festivity.

The most distinguished orators of the peninsula, such eloquent men as Father Marcellus de la Pay, of the Jesuit house of San Sebastian, Father Ludovic, the Carmelite, Father Paulino Alvarez, the Dominican, Father Noyes, the Franciscan, and in Madrid the distinguished Court Chaplain, the Bishop of Zion, occupy the pulpits on this day.

All the immediate friends, relatives and admirers of the national forces are invited, and these, with the ordinary congregations which this holiday of obligation brings to the churches, fill every available work of our large basilicas.

To add a finishing touch to this interesting picture, so unique in its beauty to

heighten the gorgeousness of the ceremonial, to crown the pious aspirations of the valiant soldiers, to cheer him on the eve of his departure to the far distant battlefields of Cuba, to complete his happiness on this great feast, royalty, with its brilliant suite, the rich dresses of the ladies vying in dazzling splendor with the elegant military costumes, honors the brave troops with its august presence. Thus it fosters among the soldiers that love of religion, that devotion to the Immaculate Queen of Carmel, which is so eminently practised by the illustrious Queen Regent, the august Infantas and the whole Royal Household.

The pious sentiments of the noble Queen Regent, find their highest gratification and reward for the Royal patronage bestowed on the troops, when she subsequently learns many a sweet miracle of conversion that was wrought, unseen to human eye beneath the kindling sunshine of the Church's glorious ceremonial.

Yes, these days of religious festivity are often pioneers of grace to many a brave soldier's heart, in whom the distractions of the service, and the poisonous atmosphere of the guardroom have prematurely debilitated the supernatural health, which once danced so innocently in his veins when he roamed the glens and mountains of his native province.

This day recalls all the good resolutions of his boyhood, which have been shipwrecked so sadly in the promiscuous companionship of the barrack. Once more he struggles to climb the rugged mountain on the road to heaven, and the magnificence of the military services in the churches acts as a potent magic to draw him to God. For, "beautiful" as they are "before Almighty God, sweet to His taste and music to His ear," they become inexhaustible fountains of grace and Divine mercy.

When we behold the long lines of infantry prostrate before the altar, at the elevation of their arms placed as trophies around the sanctuary, the incense arising amidst the exquisite music of the military bands, in a cloud of praise and thanksgiving, symbolical of the fervent prayers welling forth from the lips of priest and soldier, when we see religion and the army entwined, as it were, in one affectionate embrace, our hearts are ravished at this

heavenly union, cemented, consecrated and sanctified by these beautiful festivities in honor of "La Purissima," the Queen and Mother of all Spanish chivalry in the past and in the present.

Nor does it lessen our love for our dear

Catholic country, to know, that sadly enough, the devotion of the military sons of Spain to their Immaculate Patroness is not equalled by the troops of any other Catholic nation of Europe.

POET PRIESTS.

BY P. A. B.

"I like a priest, I like a cow,
I love a prophet of the south;
And on mine eyes monastic aisles
Fall like the grace of pensive smiles,"
—*Amory.*

MANY who are blind to the beauty of the Bride of Christ—the Catholic Church, cannot be made to believe that priestly duties or monastic life can produce poets. History contradicts such a belief. Many of the names of these poets are lost to posterity, because in their humility they mostly used a *nom de plume*. But who has not heard of a Newman, a Faber, and our own American poet-priest, Father Ryan? It was a poor friar who composed the lovely *Stabat Mater*. The great Virgil had but one rival, the Blessed Baptist of Mantua—he was only a poor Carmelite monk. Why do not non-Catholics give us our due? More than a dozen times I have seen those beautiful lines, "Lead Kindly Light," in Protestant books, but the publishers took good care not to say it was written by Cardinal Newman. Some of the sweetest poems have also come from the pens of the cloistered nuns. Readers of this REVIEW have seen more than one of these gems. There are many poets "born to blush un-

seen" nowadays among our clergy and religious, but they have to neglect the Muse in order to attend to other duties. Of late some gems of verse have appeared in the *Century* over the name of one Tabb. These lines have been copied very extensively by some of the scissors' editors. Lately somebody made the horrible discovery that the writer in the *Century* is a Catholic priest. Now they will have to drop him, or disguise the fact that he is a priest. Perhaps he will share the same fate as sweet Father Faber. In a country paper last January, sandwiched between some Baptist hymns for Sunday schools, was one poem over the name "Fred Faber!"

Finally, why shouldn't the Church produce poets? Everything in her is inspiring, loving and ennobling? How can one who feels and knows how Christ loves us in the Tabernacle refrain from bursting into jubilant lines. Our tender and sweet Mother, the Immaculate Virgin, who herself is a poem of poems, is an inexhaustible and thought-inspiring theme for every Catholic poet—just as she has ever been the ideal for the greatest painters and sculptors.

Words of the Popes on the Rosary.

"Augmentation of the Christian religion."	Urban VIII.
"The light which dispels the darkness of heresy."	St. Pius V.
"The salvation of the faithful."	Clement VIII.
"Appeases the wrath of God."	Gregory XIII.
"The destruction of sin."	Gregory XIV.
"Treasury of Grace."	Paul V.
"Shining ornament of the Roman Church."	Julius III.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1896.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
—*Longfellow's Ladder of St. Augustine.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Another New Year, bright in hope and promise, has begun for us. The Rev Editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW greets you in an especial manner, by opening for your pleasure a Youth's Department in the columns of Our Lady's journal. You will, no doubt, remember the "Children's Corner" of its first year. That was a very solitary angle for the secretary, who could not tempt any of the little ones into it, even for the shortest game of "Puss in the Corner." Now, let us begin all over. This year, since we are older, we will dignify our department with the title of "Youths."

Boys in knickerbockers, and girls in—*not* bloomers—anything else they please though, are most cordially invited to come and join our circle. You know these are the days of Reading Circles and Summer Schools, and all such delightful things. Now, why can we not have a "Carmelite Circle?" See what a very pretty name that makes. Long ago, when the secretary was studying geography and such like trying tales, the *Young Catholic* of New York, edited by the Paulist Fathers, was a source of great joy to the young people who read it, because all had a key for the "Letter Box."

Don't let the secretary do all the talking, give her some models of good English style.

This month's letter to you is headed by the beautiful verse of the poet Longfellow.

This is a New Year—so if we are away down at the foot of the ladder, let us look up, and then we must needs climb. Sup-

pose our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel stood at the top. Imagine her so, her loving arms extended to embrace us when we reach her, and her smile encouraging us to "Come up higher." Ah! let us make the effort, one and all, dear children. If we slip down one day—never mind—laugh at the slip, and wish ourselves better luck next time.

Only laugh at things, and you will be much nearer the top of the ladder than you imagine. Who ever heard of a sad saint? So let us take a laughing good humor for our daily practice for January in honor of the winning smiles of the sweet and lovely Infant Jesus. Now, fill up the secretary's letter box, and believe her always your devoted friend.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES,

Infant Jesus come to me,
That I may good and happy be;
My heart is small; for Thee my all,
For Thee, dear Jesus, Holy Child.

What father, mother, teacher say,
I'll do at once, yes, right away,
All that they will, I must fulfil,
For love of Thee, dear Jesus, Child.

Should wicked satan to me say,
"Come, little friend, do walk my way,"
I'll say *No! No!* I can not go,
I'll only go with Jesus Child.

MAXIMS FOR JANUARY.

1. Wouldst thou the fervid glow
Of endless sunshine know;
It is the Heart Divine,
Whose rays forever shine,
Live in this sunshine clear,
A holy, happy year.

H. V. R.

2. Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

C. W. HOLMES.

3. It is easier to forgive an enemy than a friend.

4. A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man.
 Youno.

5. Love is the strongest thing in the world; even God will follow when you draw with that.

FOR THE THINKERS.

QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.

What is the oldest of all things? God—because He always existed. What is the most beautiful? The World—because it is the work of God. What is the greatest of all things? Space—because it contains all that is created. What is the quickest of all things? Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe. What is the most difficult of all things? To know thyself. What is the most constant? Hope—because it still remains with man, after he has lost everything else.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

I.

What animal dropped from the clouds? said Mary to Martha. (The rain, dear.)

II.

Did any one ever hear the dead walk? (Yes, many have heard the Dead March in Saul.)

III.

In what season need we take no care of children? (In winter we may let them slide.)

IV.

From what may the wife of a witty man make butter? (From the cream of his jokes.)

V.

Behold peril and leave a violent passion. (D | anger.) Anger.

A CHILD'S ALBUM.

Our Freddy is a wise little boy. Indeed, his name seems to fit him very well, for, when I come to think of it, the Hebrew professor used to tell us that Frederic or "Peaceful" was the English equivalent for Solomon. But you wouldn't flatter Freddy very much if you called him Solomon, because that is the name of a little boy with a crooked nose who once called Freddy "a dirty Christian."

Freddy does some thinking on his own

account. He is at present very much absorbed in philately. Last Xmas Santa Claus brought him a stamp-album and now he has it nearly filled with divers kinds of those little many-hued square bits of paper.

Freddy and his album are inseparable companions. One day I said to him: "Freddy, if you paid so much attention to your prayer-book as you do to that stamp book you would soon be a saint."

"This serves me as a prayer-book," he answered, "in fact I was just lost in meditation when you disturbed me."

"Oh, excuse me then," I replied, "but really I am curious to know how that album has been transformed into a meditation book."

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "You see, when I look at those stamps I consider of what value they were and are. Before a two-cent stamp is cancelled, and if I put it on a letter, Uncle Sam at once takes it under his protection, and will carry it all over the continent for me, even to California—and for five cents it will go around the globe. But as soon as it has been smeared by the stamp of some clerk, and once used, it is worthless in the eyes of the government, in fact only fit to be burned. It is the same with our souls. When they are free from the mark of sin God takes them under his protection, and if they remain pure they will reach the end of our journey here—heaven. But as soon as they are defaced with mortal sin, God has nothing to do with them—they are only fit to be destroyed, burnt up in hell. Moreover, the mark of the government reminds me of what I learned in my catechism, namely, that some of the sacraments, especially baptism and confirmation, leave an indelible stamp on our souls whereby we are signed as it were as God's property."

"Bravo, Freddy! You will be a philosopher some day," I interrupted. Not minding me, he continued:

"Besides, all these stamps here have travelled in many directions. They have accompanied letters which were messengers of joy to some—of misery to others. They remind me to thank God for having spared me from the many crosses with which He has been pleased to afflict others. If any of those stamps are mutilated they are useless to me—they must be perfect. It's the same in our duties to God. We

must observe all the commandments. If we break one we break all. Even the stamps lose value in the eyes of collectors if some of those tiny teeth you see on the margin are wanting, and it is hard to replace them. It is the same with our sins, we must make satisfaction here or hereafter, as the Bible says; 'An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth.' You observe how tenaciously those stamps adhere to the paper. In like manner must we stick to the church and her teachings, and persevere until the end. Those likenesses on the stamps of our great men teach me a lesson. George Washington teaches me honesty, integrity and love of country. So with all the rest. They were men great in the eyes of the world, so I ought to be great in the eyes of God. It reminds me of a piece I had to learn at school, in which ran the words of Longfellow, I think, who says that

'The lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time.'

"Again look at those beautiful Columbian stamps. What lessons of piety, patience and perseverance does not Columbus teach us! I make his motto my motto, viz.: 'May Jesus and Mary be with us in the way!' I wish I knew the Latin of those words."

I ventured to suggest that it ran: "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via*," and Freddy told me to repeat it slowly while he wrote it on the fly-leaf of his album.

"And now, a word about the colors of the stamps," he said, laying down his pencil. "You see, 'the blue reminds me of heaven, for which I must fight. It also reminds me of Our Blessed Lady with the blue mantle, like the statue in our Church. Green tells me faith and virtue must always be kept fresh and vigorous, and also that some day the grass will cover our graves and we shall be forgotten. Violet preaches that 'unless you all do penance you shall perish.' Yellow is the Papal color, and exhorts us all to hear and obey the Pope—Christ's Vicar on earth, because 'He who hears you, hears me, etc.' as the Catechism again says. Brown reminds me of Our Lady's Scapular, which I received when I made my First Holy Communion, and in which I hope to die. Finally, black

not only reminds us of death, but of the darkness of hell and sin."

"Why, you have given me quite a little sermon, Freddy," I said.

"Hold up," he said, "I was almost passing over the most important color of all, red. That speaks to us of the Holy Passion of Christ and the Most Precious Blood which He spilt for us. It reminds us, too, of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and of the burning charity which we ought to have for God and our neighbor.

"So, after all," he said, closing his album, "this book has some value if it could only suggest the things I have mentioned."

PHILIP A. BEST.

MY MOTHER.

That was a thrilling scene in the old chivalric time—the wine circling round the board, and the banquet-hall ringing with sentiment and song—when the lady of each knightly heart, having been pledged by name, St. Leon arose in his turn, and, lifting his sparkling cup on high, said:

"I drink to one
Whose image never may depart
Deep-graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory is dead;
To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledge to you."
Each guest upstared at the word,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."
St. Leon paused as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another—
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "MY MOTHER."

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.
TELLING STORIES.

I know a boy that's sleepy,
I can tell by the nodding head
And the eyes that cannot stay open
While the good-night prayer is said.
And the whispered " Tell a 'tory,"
Said in such a drowsy way,
Makes me hear the bells of Dreamland
That ring at close of day.

So you want a story, darling,
What shall the story be?
Of Little Boy Blue in the haystack,
And the sheep he fails to see
As they nibble the meadow clover
While the cows are in the corn?
O Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up!
For the farmer blows his horn.

Or shall it be the story
Of Little Bopeep I tell
And the sheep she lost and mourned for,
As if awful fate befell?
But there was no need of sorrow
For the pet that went astray.
Since left alone, he came back home
In his own good time and way!

Oh! the pigs that went to market—
That's the tale for me to tell;
The great big pig, and the little pigs,
And the wee wee pig as well.
Here's the big pig—what a beauty!
But not half as cunning is he
As this little tot of a baby pig
That can only say " Wee-wee!"

Just look at the baby, bless him!
The little rogue's fast asleep,
I might have stopped telling stories
When I got to Little Bopeep.
Oh, little one, how I love you!
You are so dear, so fair,
Here's a good-night kiss, my baby—
God have you in His care!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

To all our readers, friends and benefactors a happy New Year, filled with God's grace and mercy, and our Blessed Mother's love.

* *

Our former editor, *R. v. Philip A. Best*, contributes one of his clever little stories to the Youth's Department. We are glad to be able to promise his many friends among our readers that they may look forward to regular contributions from his versatile pen.

* *

This is the last leap year of this century. It looks as if it were going to be one of the most momentous years of the dying century. There are forces at work, which will not be checked by brute military strength. Europe is uncertain of the next hour. The only solid comfort an anxious inquirer into the future can find, lies in the supernatural stability of the Catholic Church.

* *

The new year of the CARMELITE REVIEW opens auspiciously. We are able in this first number to give our readers some of those treats we promised last month, but did not specify. *Bits of Talk with Women*, by *Mrs. M. L. Sandrock Redmond*, of which the first toothsome bit appears in this number, will be continued throughout the year. They are bits for refined palates, but delicate food is pleasant to all tastes.

* *

The Scapular and the hagiology of Mount Carmel will find their place in our pages from month to month. *Favors obtained* through the Scapular; some chapters on the organization of the Order in the Latin Church; the *lives of St. Albert and St. Peter Thomas*, and other subjects interesting to all lovers of Mount Carmel, will be presented to our readers by *Sue X. Blakely*, whose linguistic talent enables us to cull from foreign literature so many a precious Carmelite flower.

Among the new princes of the Church created Cardinals at the last Consistory, there is one who for a time held a high position in the Carmelite Order, Monsignor Gotti, who was lately the Papal Nuncio to Brazil, had been previously General of the Discalced Carmelites. He is a very ascetic man, and it is said, that he did not change the severe austerity of his life while holding his high office in Rio de Janeiro. The Holy Father chiefly wishes to honor the Carmelite Order in conferring the Cardinal's hat upon this exemplary friar. The last Carmelite Cardinal was Archbishop Luch, of Sevilla, in Spain.

* *

MISS AGNES REPLIER, one of the very few good essayists of the present day, in a gracious letter to us, generously enters the ranks of our benefactors, and kindly promises our REVIEW a contribution from her gifted pen. She has been in poor health lately, and we request our readers to join us in praying for her recovery. The wholesome influence of Catholic writers upon contemporary literature, and the incidental glory thereby reflected upon the Church, and the cause of Christ, are objects of such importance, that every good Catholic should sympathize fully with those who are instrumental in furthering them.

* *

The *London Universe* of the 16th of Nov., 1895, records the following interesting fact:

"A Carmelite crypt, about 12ft. square, has been discovered while exhuming the cellar of a house in Britton's Court, Whitefriars. It dates from the middle of the fourteenth century, and is supposed to belong to the monastery which existed in the place in those ages of faith. The roof is a Gothic vault supported by eight groins of Caen stone, and terminating in a rose. It is in a marvelous state of preservation. There is an archway on one side, evidently leading to a passage, but no relics have been found in the interesting crypt. It is

feared that excavations cannot be pursued as the place has been built over to such an extent that there would be danger lest the foundations of other houses were disturbed."

This was, no doubt the burying place of the Carmel Priory of London, one of the principal houses of the Carmelite Order in England before the Reformation. Gasquet, in "Henry VIII and the English Monasteries," states that the library of this Priory was the most valuable in England at the time of the suppression of the Monasteries.



THE last half decade of the nineteenth century has begun. A few years more and it will join the centuries that have passed before it, and take its place in the pages of history as the century of ——— what? It is too remarkable, not to receive a distinguishing title. It has not distinguished itself in art or literature. Science has achieved a partial success, but truly scientific men know, that this century has produced more absurd theories and more overweening conceit than solid progress. It has been a century of industrial success. A century of machinery. It has been called the century of iron—a metal which is indispensable in machinery of all kinds. It has been called the century of paper—on account of the activity of the printing press. But the greatest characteristic of the century has been the development of rapid communication between all parts of the globe. The railroad and steamboat are the great inventions of this century. The telegraph and telephone are only aids in this rapid intercourse between nations. If we are to specify any particular symbol of the age let us call it the century of the *wheel*. The century closes with the triumph of the wheel. Part of our life is spent on the wheel. Railroads, trolley cars, bicycles, and last but not least, horseless carriages are rendering distance a pleasure and enjoyment, rather than a fatigue. We are on wheels now, and are rolling along in our course of progress into the twentieth century. After ages of walking, of riding, of sailing and of wheeling, there should be an age of flying—and it will come. The twentieth century will be the century of *wings*.

Two Worthy Carmelites Called Home.

THE Carmelite Order has to record the death of two of its members, one of whom labored in Ireland, the other in the American Province. The Very Rev. John Bartley, O. C. C., closed his earthly career in the 63rd year of his age, on November 28th, 1895, at the Carmelite Convent, Aungier street, Dublin, Ireland. Father Bartley, who had been in failing health for the past few years, had come to Dublin to consult his physician, but all medical aid proved unavailing, and he quietly passed away, surrounded by his religious brethren, in the convent where he had spent the greater part of his pious and laborious, though unostentatious, life. Father Bartley was one of the most distinguished members of the Carmelite Order in Ireland. He held the office of Provincial in Ireland for three terms; had presided over the Colleges at Terenure and Lower Dominick street for many years, and at the time of his death was Prior of the Carmelite Convent, Kildare, to which office he was only recently elected for the fourth time. During his term of office as Provincial he was mainly instrumental in obtaining a foundation of the Order in New York, which city he visited twice in connection with that work. Indeed, it is to his arduous labors there during one of the most severe winters on record, that the beginning of the lung affection, which ultimately caused his death, must be attributed. His loss will be deeply mourned not only by the members of his own community, but by the large number of the faithful with whom he came in contact during the forty years of his sacred ministry, and to whom he endeared himself by his gentleness and benevolence, as well as by his zeal and ceaseless labor in their spiritual interests. He was for many years honorary secretary of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society, in the work of which he took an active part. His death was a fitting close to his life, edifying and peaceful. The Solemn Office and High Mass for his eternal repose took place at the Carmelite Church, Whitefriar street, Dublin, on Monday, Dec. 2nd, at 11 a.m., after which his remains were removed for interment to Glasnevin cemetery.



OUR own Province in America has suffered a heavy loss in the person of the Rev.

Father Anselm Duell, O. C. C., late Prior of our Monastery at Scipio, Kas. Father Anselm succumbed to a treacherous throat ailment on Dec. 11th, 1895, after a brief illness of two or three days. He was born 52 years ago at Eichelsee, in the parish of Ochsenfurt, Würzburg Diocese, Bavaria. In 1867 his zeal brought him to America, and in 1871 Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville, Ky., raised him to the dignity of priesthood. As a pastor of souls he is well remembered by the host of friends he had gained at Cumberland, Md.; Holy Trinity Parish, Pittsburg, Pa.; Butler, Pa., and vicinity, and Scipio, Kas.; in all of which places it had been his lot to spread piety, devotion, and love of truth. His was a noble character, a deep sincerity of purpose underlying all his works. He was unostentatious, loved retirement, and withal was most cordial and condescending in his contact with his fellow men. At the last Provincial Chapter, held at New Baltimore, Pa., in 1894, he was elected Prior of St. Boniface's Monastery, Scipio, Kas. In him the Order has lost a noble priest, and the Community at Scipio a faithful Superior. His life was the life of a just man before God, and without blame before men. Let us hope that the crown of glory which Carmel's Queen has in readiness for her devoted servants, has been bestowed upon our dear departed Father Anselm long ere these pages will have been printed, as a reward for faithful service in the Lord's vineyard and the garden of Carmel.—Requiescant in Pace!

PUBLICATIONS.

The *Buffalo Volksfreund* publishes an annual called *Der Hausfreund*, which is as pretty an almanac as any of the imported ones. It is out for the new year with beautiful illustrations and excellent stories, printed by "Muhlbauer & Behrie, Chicago."

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* begins its 31st year in a handsome new dress. The design of the cover is much more artistic than it has been hitherto. The typography is excellent, and the illustrations are of the best kind of half-tone engraving. The literary contents are better than ever. The *Messenger* is beyond

doubt the most beautifully printed and illustrated devotional magazine published anywhere. The subscription price remains the same, \$2 yearly.

The *Young People* is giving its readers the latest serial story written by Father Finn, S. J. In its Christmas number it publishes a portrait of this genial writer. His face is what we expected. Every genuine Catholic boy who has become acquainted with Tom Playfair and Claude Lightfoot will grow warm at the sight of these kind features.

Charity, the Origin of Every Blessing, is the title of a dainty little volume, published by the Benziger Bros. Sweet charity is here portrayed in all its charms. The most suitable book for Christmas, the season of good will to all men. The low price (75 cts.) makes it a possible present even for the poorest. We are shown in this delightful volume that through charity we obtain wealth, honor, and health, and are delivered from evil, besides receiving all spiritual blessings and eternal rewards.

Of all the many beautiful Christmas numbers of the various journals and magazines, not one was more welcome, than the new illustrated monthly, published at Toronto by J. C. Walsh. The Christmas number is the third issue of this bright venture. It is the only English illustrated magazine published under Catholic management in Canada. We are, therefore, glad of its success. There was a decided need of it, and the confidence of the editor, that it would at once spring into popular favor, seems to have been fully justified. But then he has known how to make his readers believe in him and his promises. The table of contents of this Christmas number includes a most judicious variety of subjects, treated by such popular writers as Eugene Davis, Charles Robinson, Dean Harris, Thos. O'Hagan, Dr. Flannery and others. It has been growing in beauty also, and we are, therefore, quite willing to await the time, when *Walsh's Magazine* will not need to embellish its pages with inferior

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wood cuts, but will rival in wealth and beauty of illustration the higher priced magazines of the secular press.

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In the December number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, one of our modern men of science gives us an amusing instance of the wonderful contradictions continually dogging the footsteps of so-called science. The writer, Sydney G. Fisher, is certainly a believer in the survival of the fittest. He maintains that savages and barbarians do not and cannot increase in population. And yet he writes a lengthy article to prove that the immigration of a lower class of European settlers has given a shock to the refined and prolific native Americans, sufficient to check in them the principal of population. He justifies the know-nothing movement on this head. It is, no doubt, a rather shocking thing, that the Yankees are dying out—but then they must have been lacking in fitness, for the fittest must and will survive. Some time ago scientists were casting about for means to check population, for fear the world would be overstocked, and now they are writing articles to express their regret that population is not increasing fast enough.

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We have received from the firm of P. Tequi, Paris, the following new publications:

1. *Alexis Clerc, S. J.*, martyr of the Commune, a most interesting life of this Jesuit priest, who had been an officer in the French navy, before he entered the Society, and who ended his life as one of the victims of the Commune.
2. *Saint Albert of Messine*, of the Carmelite Order. An excellent biography of this great thaumaturgus by the Countess D. de Beaurepaire de Louvigny. We shall have occasion to refer to this book more at length, and to give our readers copious extracts in future issues of the Review.
3. *Un Aide dans la Douleur*, a book of spiritual consolation for the afflicted, by the author of the *Arts Spirituels*. It con-

tains a consoling thought for every day of the year.

4. *De Bethleem au Tabernacle*, reflections on Holy Communion, by the same author.

5. *Manuel de la Devotion* on Saint Esprit, by the Dominican Father Marie Joseph Friacque, containing an excellent treatise on the Holy Ghost and his gifts, the Latin and French Office of the Holy Ghost, and twenty-two canticles.

SOME OPINIONS ABOUT US.

"I believe the REVIEW to be the best Catholic magazine for the price, that is published to-day, at least on this side of the water." REV. A. McD—, D. D.
Antigonish, N. S.

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None of the magazines which come to our "exchange" table is more welcome than the CARMELITE REVIEW, a monthly Catholic magazine devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, published at Niagara Falls by the Carmelite Fathers, with the approbation of Cardinal Gibbons, Mgr. Satolli, Archbishop Walsh, etc. With the December number this excellent magazine closes its third year, and during all that time it has grown steadily and surely in the favor of a discerning public. That the magazine may continue to prosper as it deserves is our sincere wish. — *The Catholic Record*, Dec. 7th, 1895.

A THANKSGIVING.

LOCKPORT, ILL.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

"Inclosed please find order for \$— sent by a lady in this place for masses for the Souls in Purgatory in thanksgiving for the recovery of her baby boy, six month's old. "The child's life was despaired of by able physicians. We advised her to have the child receive the Scapular of Mount Carmel. She took our advice, and now the baby is in perfect health."

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.