



Courtesy of the "Catholic Union and Times,"

By Goodall.

THE PURIFICATION.

"And to offer a sacrifice according as it is written in the Law of the Lord, a pair of turtle doves or two young pigeons." (Lev. 2:24.)



THE PURIFICATION.

"And to offer a sacrifice according as it is written in the Law of the Lord, a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons."—Luke 2:21.



I.
WHITER than the wintry snow-drifts,
 Or first blossoms of the Spring;
 Welcome to thee, Blessed Mother,
 And the treasure thou dost bring!
 Light unto all Gentile nations,
 As when shades of night unfold,
 And fair beams of early morning
 Glean as pure celestial gold.

II.
 Yet the shadows darkly gather
 O'er our gladness, Mother mild!
 And the mournful Passion-emblems
 Twine around thy Holy Child.
 For Simeon's words prophetic
 Breathe a low and plaintive strain,
 And thy gentle virgin-spirit
 Shall be pierced with sword of pain.

III.
 Sweet the lessons thou dost teach us
 On His Presentation day:
 Thou art purer than God's angels,
 Yet, most humbly dost obey.
 Jesus is the Priest and Victim,
 And His Father's will divine
 From thy loving hands receives Him
 As a priceless gift of thine.

IV.
 May we, when dark clouds o'ershadow
 All our upward, homeward way,
 Clasp, like thee, the Infant Saviour
 Still more closely day by day.
 Jesus' light, (though veiled,) is shining
 Ever in the holy place,
 Teach us to adore its beauty
 'Till we see Him "face to face,"

ENFANT DE MARIE.

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

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

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

By MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHILD OF PERIGORD—BIRTH OF PETER—POVERTY OF THE FAMILY—HE IS INDEBTED TO CHARITY FOR SUSTENANCE AS WELL AS FOR THE EDUCATION SO DEAR TO HIS HEART—1305-1325.



BENEATH the skies of Occitania, in the province of Guyenne, and that portion of Perigord which is known as Sarladais, is to be found the parish of Saller. Included at the present day in the department of la Dordogne, the mountainous district of Sarlat, and the Canton of Belves, it forms a part of the diocese of Perigueux.

Profane history would scarcely know the name even of this peaceful village. Its writers, whose dear delight is in the detail of battles and revolutions—those scourges of mankind—would pass it by unheeded. But then it is gilded with a glory of which they know but little—the glory whose golden luster is bequeathed by the saints of God to the spots which witnessed their birth.

There is a little hamlet at Saller, in the quarter of Lebreil, almost hidden amid the thick foliage of the surrounding forest trees, and there, just as the fourteenth century had dawned upon the world, was born a child of pre-

dilection—a child destined at some future time to enact a glorious part in the Church of God—a child whose name would one day yield forth sweetest fragrance in that vast garden whose fairest flowers are the canonized saints of that holy mother. The silence and obscurity which overshadow his birth permit us merely to designate the year 1305 as that of the auspicious event, but we can point out neither the month nor the day when it occurred, nor are we absolutely certain that we possess the correct rendering of our saint's name.

In the ecclesiastical annals, when reference is made to the subject of this life, French authors call him "Blessed Peter Thomas," thus leaving it an open question as to whether the *second* is a family name, or whether the *two* appellations were given at the baptism of the babe.

Perhaps divine Providence, in devoting him exclusively to the apostolic ministry, cared only to have his baptismal names handed down, thus giving the world glimpses of him in a supernatural light alone.

Be that as it may, we know that his father's position in life was a very

humble one, and that his time was divided between the raising of cattle and the tilling of the soil. He did not own even that little portion of the earth which he moistened with the "sweat of his brow" as he daily plied his weary task, for he was but a "small farmer;"—and poor, even amongst the poor inhabitants of those cantons. Sustained by Christian principles, however, he cast his whole heart into his work, that he might be enabled to procure the necessaries of life for his family.

His wife, one daughter and little Pierre were the objects of his solicitude, but his best efforts could give them nothing better than black bread, and the chestnuts which grow abundantly in that locality.

But *the soul* was amply nourished with the best of spiritual food. The child, naturally pious, had, from its very cradle, an atmosphere of virtue around it, and enjoyed, as the period of infancy passed, the good example of a family, thoroughly Christian, as indeed were all the families of ancient Perigord. When Pierre attained the proper age, he began to attend the catechetical instructions given by the clerics, or the pastor—thus beginning to taste the happiness of belonging to God by right of innocence, and to experience the fear of offending that infinite majesty by sin. From the moment that his heart was capable of feeling and loving, he realized what it was to love the Blessed Virgin, and became one of her most devoted children. A confidence which had no limit, and which never for one moment wavered, arose from this love, and was henceforth the active power of his miraculous life.

As his heart was thus steadily formed to all things holy, his understanding,

first awakened by those instructions in religion, proved itself both precocious and practical. Holy Writ promulgates the decree of labor imposed upon all mankind, and the mandate had not been passed un-noticed by this quiet and thoughtful child. As soon as he was able to be of service in the household, or to lend his little aid at harvest time by tending the cattle, his satisfaction and even joy were most charming to behold.

The years of childhood were numbered with the vanishing past, and although the constitution of the young villager was sound, his size and strength did not develop in accordance with his age, and it was evident that a life of labor in the fields would never be a life for him.

And all the while the lowly roof of their little cottage looked down upon poverty for which there seemed no relief, and privations for which the future held out no hope of change. Peter Thomas now stood upon the threshold of youth, and the uncertainty of the future began to give him very serious thoughts. Seated upon a bank of fragrant fern, under the sheltering foliage of the tall chestnut, or leaning against a stately pine tree, he would concentrate his thoughts, with a seriousness but ill according with his years, upon the solution of an important question—one which at the present day would be called the problem of nutritive labor, and remunerative activity. If nature had not dealt out physical advantages to him with a generous hand, his qualities of mind and heart more than compensated for the deficiency, and many a brave, courageous thought and noble resolve waited but the fitting opportunity to materialize. How ardently he desired it! Why, then, should he continue to

resist an impulse which, under the circumstances, was so perfectly legitimate, that led him to seek elsewhere something more in accord with his abilities? Why, in a word, in order to relieve his dear family from the charge of his maintenance, should he decline to try his fortune away from home? Having then secured, in default of a rich dowry, what he regarded as something of infinitely more value—a father's benediction, a loving mother's parting counsel, and a devoted sister's fond caresses, he turned his steps towards the neighboring city, there to carve for himself a career, by the grace of God! The close of that day found him at Montpazier, a place about four leagues from Saller. There he at once had himself enrolled as a pupil of an unpretentious school, where, through charity alone, he was admitted to the ranks. And his "daily bread"—how did he procure the food necessary to sustain his life? From the alms which he received from door to door in the little city, or its vicinity, especially from the Religious at the ancient abbey of Notre Dame de Capdrot.

Constant application, united to talent of a high order, led him, with such rapid steps, along the path to learning that before very long he essayed the role of teacher himself. It is true, it was a small beginning. He initiated a class of children into the mysteries of reading, and was greatly encouraged that he could do so.

Ardently longing for more rapid progress, after remaining for some time at Montpazier, he left, in order to take up his abode at the beautiful Gallo-Roman city of Agen.

And, whilst pursuing his search after learning, did he make frequent visits to the home of his childhood? During

this period, life to him might be called a struggle for existence. Was it granted to him to go for a rest, under the roof where he first beheld the light of day? Did he ever return to breathe the sweet, fresh air of the forest, or to stroll along the verdant hill sides where, as a shepherd lad, his leisure hours had been spent? None of his biographies mention that he did so, therefore his visits, if they ever occurred, must have been very rare, especially after he left the city of Agen for another home. And when we consider how he was situated—taken hither and thither, without intermission, to distant spots—it can readily be conjectured that the God of the Gospel most rigorously exacted from Peter Thomas, as from his devoted Apostles, the utter renunciation of family joys.

His hopes of finding greater facilities at Agen were not disappointed. The studious young man devoted himself to the study of grammar, which he thoroughly mastered, and even made excursions into the domain of Logic and dialectics. In return for his zealous attention at her shrine, Knowledge, whilst not absolutely profuse, did not act the part of an ingrate to her votary.

Some wealthy citizens engaged Peter to act as private tutor to their sons, and thus a portion of his maintenance was secured. As for the rest, the good offices of the charitable were again called into requisition, for his poor family could never aid their cherished child more than by sending the beloved wanderer at long intervals, the merest trifle for his use. For seven or eight years he maintained this struggle, and not a day during that time did Peter Thomas fail to petition for strength to come forth from the ordeal unscathed—not a day passed upon which he failed

to implore light from above to aid him in deciding upon his vocation in life. An innate love of virtue was his guiding star, love of study ranked next. Though destitute of all guardianship—isolated—with no friend but his confessor, he passed, without any untoward lapse, and most probably without the stain of mortal sin upon his soul, that period when the passions lie in wait to gain the ascendancy in youth. "Whilst still young," says Lamerzonius, "he had acquired the wisdom and prudence of age. His heart disdained and his will turned away from all the vain pleasures of his time of life." What, then, was the marvelous secret which enabled him thus to be the victor in the conflict with the senses? Mezieres, another of his biographers, has told it for the benefit of those generous souls who wish to walk unspotted through the dusty highways of earth. It was *prayer*; the constant, earnest and fervent prayer which he offered at the shrine of MARY, the Immaculate Virgin, his dear Mother and Queen.

CHAPTER II.

A CALL TO THE RELIGIOUS STATE—NOVI-
TATE WITH THE CARMELITES—HIS
PROFESSION, ORDINATION, APPARITION
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT AGEN—
BACCALAUREAT IN THEOLOGY AT THE
SORBONNE—1326-1328.

There can scarcely be named an epoch of history wherein, as the direct agents of some great undertaking from on high, the *Religious Orders* do not lead the way. In the fourteenth century, the Lord, wishing to prepare, in the person of Peter Thomas, an able champion for his Church, sent him at the age of twenty to the Carmelite fathers. During his long sojourn at Agen, the

youth had, more than once, felt for those Religious that spiritual attraction which is the ordinary token—or evidence—of a religious vocation. Without having bound himself by any pledge, he loved to visit their monastery, and a mutual sentiment of esteem was the result.

The prior of Lectoure—a monastery in the vicinity—coming to Agen, made the acquaintance of Peter. Gifted with great powers of penetration, he soon perceived the noble qualities which that unassuming exterior concealed, and offered the hospitality of his house in exchange for a course in grammar, to be given by the young man to the pupils who frequented the monastery.

Actually to be a master in the schools! The shepherd lad could ask for nothing better. Often, perhaps, he had lamented in silence—the monotonous routine, the weary solicitude inseparable from so precarious an existence, knowing that it was an obstacle to intellectual advancement, but powerless to change what came again and again with each successive day. Behold him now regularly domiciled with the monks of Lectoure! He acquitted himself of the charge entrusted to him admirably, and gave satisfaction to all—too happy himself in finding sufficient leisure to pursue his own studies, books to facilitate, and masters ever ready to extend their kindly aid.

But Providence apparently designed him, in a special manner, to have "no lasting city" in this world, and in the course of time another change awaited him. This time it was the prior of Condom, who, for some reason which we have not learned, obtained permission to take Peter with him, and carried his desire into effect in the year 1327.

But no matter where he was led, the

precious treasure which he always bore with him was a tender devotion to, and intense love for the ever blessed Virgin. The powerful attraction which drew him towards whatsoever tended to enhance her glory, had gradually changed from a vague idea to a positive wish to enter an Order specially devoted to her honor.

The humility which for a while restrained him from asking to be admitted within its ranks, finally gave way to the love which whispered "Courage!" and he heeded the inspiring voice. The consent of the superiors to admit this worthy and intimately known subject was readily gained, and Peter was clothed, at Condom, in the holy habit of Mount Carmel.

With what transports of joy did the fervent youth receive the coarse woollen habit, the Scapular and the white mantle, emblematic of humility, self immolation and purity! From that moment he vowed eternal fidelity to his insignia, and we can, without hesitation, affirm that from the day he entered the novitiate until the one which witnessed his departure from this world, he never would lay aside the garb of his Order. Simple religious—bishop—or patriarch, no other attire was so dear to his heart. Wearing, even during the night, in accordance with monastic rule, the woollen tunic and the blessed Scapular, his slumbers sheltered with the cowl, he felt himself protected against those evil spirits "who roam through the world seeking the ruin of souls." Thus, when a valiant knight knows that the enemy is nigh, to be prepared for his attacks, he always snatches his brief repose beneath his helmet, and with his cuirass close at hand. The spirit of penance and mortification

evinced by the young novice, his observance of his Rule and fervor placed him, in a very brief space of time, in a position to be a model for the edification of all. He said to himself, resolutely, that the will of God, in his regard, was that he should become a saint. And, as sanctity can have only *humility* for its foundation, and *chastity* for its crown, he was to be seen even *anticipating* the intentions and the good pleasure of all with whom he came in contact, and joyfully submitting his will not only to his superiors, but to the least of his brethren. This affability could not fail to render him beloved by all. After the ordinary period of probation, our novice was, whilst still at Condom, permitted to pronounce his solemn vows, according to the usual formula. O! how perfectly the words corresponded to his desires "*I, Peter, make my Profession, and promise Obedience, Poverty and Chastity to God, and to the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.*" This consecration, which he fain would have also written in his blood, he imprinted in ineffaceable characters upon the whole course of his existence. His every action was henceforth to be marked with the pure gold of monastic virtues, and crowned with the diadem of love for MARY, his well beloved Mother and Queen.

Pierre de Casa was at that time Provincial of Aquitaine. As though he wished to diffuse throughout his province the virtuous example of the newly professed monk, and permit others of his subjects to inhale the sweet odor of his pure and holy life, the Provincial sent him to spend several months at Bordeaux and then at Albi.

He eventually placed him at Agen, where, that they might profit the more thoroughly by the serious character of Peter, and the well-disciplined maturity

of his mental gifts, he gave to him the charge of directing the studies of the young clerics. Thus, by instructing others, he most efficaciously reached the point of acquiring fresh knowledge himself. He could venture into the domain of rational science, which at that time went by the (rather indefinite) name of physics, metaphysics, and scholastic philosophy. The three years spent at Agen passed peacefully away. A blissful tranquillity and holy recollection marked each day as it vanished, to join the eternal years.

It was perhaps the most peaceful period of Peter's life, and was an admirable preparation for the great dignity of the sacerdotal dignity which he received through the hands of the Bishop of Agen, Amanieu de Fargis, in 1331 or 1332. If it were to be asked what were the sentiments at the first Mass celebrated by this faithful and devoted priest, the only possible answer would be that the angels hovering about the altar alone could reveal them without a flaw. The ecstatic joys of heaven were his, in his inseparable union with the great Victim, a union which Peter Thomas henceforth cemented more and more intimately by the daily celebration of the august sacrifice. Except in the case of real impossibility, he never omitted it during the remainder of his life. With a love, which neither constant occupation nor the advance of years could render less fervent, he devoted himself for the longest time in his power to prayer, and thus fittingly did he prepare himself for offering up the adorable mysteries. The fruit, therefore, that he derived thus was more than marvelous. If he had to perform any function *after* Mass, or if it were assigned to him to preach, he felt more illumined by the light of the Holy

Ghost, and enabled to give a clearer elucidation of his subject. A thousand points upon which he had not previously reflected, and in regard to which he was himself surprised, would present themselves to his mind.

His loving haste impelled him, generally, to celebrate at a very early hour. He had, we may rest assured, proved satisfactorily that the soul is, in those first moments of the day dawn, better disposed to derive all the value of so great a favor. Even as the expectant flowers receive the sparkling dew in the golden rays of the rising sun, so does the human heart imbibe more abundantly the deep draught of divine nectar when it has not been, as yet, contracted by the feverish agitations of the day.

The prayer which precedes labor sustains it, fructifies it, and sanctifies it in the sight of God.

Laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, to fit themselves for giving to others the requisite nourishment of the soul, should make a special and extended preparation.

Beneath a tranquil exterior, they must practice prayer, and with it pursue constant and unremitting study. They must guard against giving undue importance to temporal labor. They should trust to Providence for their maintenance—Providence, which seems to address, in a special manner to them, the following words: "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things else shall be given to you." This was the motto at Agen, and nevertheless it seemed that the divine promise was slow of realization. The establishment was so poor that clothing, books, light and other essentials had to be meted out to the students with a most rigid economy. It was difficult to prevent the apprehension for the future, which

imperceptibly agitated the atmosphere of cloister life.

Full of compassion for the distress of his pupils, the master, faithful to his custom, addressed himself to *her* to whom he never had appealed in vain. He poured forth in prayer the petitions, the granting of which was so needful, and implored the Blessed Virgin to truly "show herself a mother." And behold! at the return of Matins one night, as he was walking thoughtfully in the dormitory before retiring to rest, this most amiable mother favored him with the sweetest consolation. With a caressing touch, MARY lightly laid her hand upon his habit to attract the attention of her devoted servant, and then deigned to appear to him in person. In a voice whose tones of melody breathed only *Paradise*, she said: "My child, give thyself no more anxiety in regard to the temporal affairs of the house: Study with diligence! Be faithful in the service of my divine Son, and be ever devoted to me. I will never abandon you!"

With these words the holy Virgin disappeared, leaving diffused in the apartment an odor so exquisite that most fragrant incense or aromatic balm of the perfumer could not compare with this wafted air from heaven. At dawn of day the favored child of Mary celebrated the *Mass de Beata Virgine* (of the most holy Virgin) in thanksgiving for so signal a mark of her love. This token of appreciation did not pass unheeded, for the divine Mother was not long in manifesting her maternal care. At the close of the Holy Sacrifice, a personage, whom none of the household recognized, wearing a military garb, asked that the priest who had said Mass might be called to the confessional, and after the sacred duty was over, he begged the confessor to accept

his offering of twelve golden reals. These were the first fruits of the temporal blessing which Father Peter Thomas seemed to impart, and those who have had the charge of the "Chronicles" affirm that from that time, in what house of the Order soever, he was stationed, through him were always received a sufficiency of alms for the maintenance of all. He has, himself, testified to this fact for the greater glory of his august mistress. And, as his holy life was drawing to a close, he confirmed the fact of the apparition and its happy results to Philip de Mezieres.

In regard to such providential resources vouchsafed to religious houses, a large portion was always set aside for and devoted to the intellectual formation of their subjects. It was the custom, after a preliminary and thorough preparation in the houses of the Province, to send a certain number of young priests to one of the great universities to complete their theological studies. The time drew near for Peter to go. He was sent to Paris towards the year 1334.

The city enjoyed already—and deservedly—a reputation in its admirable university, which, since its establishment in the previous century, had never ceased to advance. It numbered its pupils by thousands; from every part of Europe they came to avail themselves of its excellence. Theology and philosophy were taught by the most eminent doctors.

Ancient and modern languages, civil and canonical rights, physics and medicine alike found able expounders within those walls. It was the reign of scholastic subtleties, later on so much derided. It was, above all, the age when Catholic doctrine shed its brilliant light over every branch of

knowledge. If we except a degree of exaggeration in the method, was not this wholly Christian tuition of our ancestors most admirable for both social and private morality? Would any one presume to place it in the balance with that pretended religious neutrality whose self-imposed mission seems to be to extinguish the lamp of faith? In thus diffusing the spirit of atheism, they plunge the leading classes into a state of impertinent egotism and selfish indifference, whilst those in the lower walks of life give way to a morbid spirit of hatred and a despair which knows no bounds.

Yes! these instructors might be called public malefactors—unpardonable, if conscious criminals!

Peter Thomas passed the following six years at the Carmelite Monastery in Paris.

In the capital, as at Agen, his objects were the same. His piety even grew more fervent, his favorite volume was the Crucifix, his dominating principle, observance of rule. The holy office, meditation, vigils, the discipline! To these he added bodily mortifications of a nature that would terrify our enervated frames. Thus did this devoted religious consecrate the days of his sojourn. Then, too, he was very often called upon to exercise the office of director of souls to the throngs who preferred him to all others. And all the while his own studies did not suffer.

He pursued with zeal and attention philosophy and literature. This we can understand by the results—that of making him one of the most distinguished men of his day. Most probably also he mastered the Oriental languages, at that period, for during his subsequent travels we find him using them to such advantage. But

the sacred studies—Holy Scripture and theology, ever held the place of honor in the program of the student.

It was, nevertheless, only after six years frequentation of the Sorbonne that he could, according to the rules then in force, present himself for, and be admitted to the baccalaureat in theology.

Having gained their degree after this thorough intellectual training, the aspirants generally returned to their local residences, there to be assigned to the various charges in the sacerdotal life.

The smaller number aimed at a higher degree, for which a much longer time of preparation was required. Five years, spent in the most diligent application to the Master of Sentences and the Angel of the Schools, were required for admission to the doctorate.

Peter Thomas, in his wonted humility, had no other views than those of his superiors. Whether the Carmelites did not desire, even for their most gifted subjects, this brilliant dignity, or whether a change of Provincial, which occurred at that time, had any influence upon his recall, certain it is that he thence returned to Aquitaine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOTHER OF GOD.

Mother of God! such love as thine
Distils a healing balm divine:
The depths of woe to thee are known,
Oh plead for us before God's Throne!

In care and trial be thou near,
'That we may never doubt nor fear;
When crushed beneath the load of grief
May we then find in thee relief.

Mother of God! take thou a share
Of all our troubles—help us bear
The heavy cross of care and pain,
And lead us back to God again.

—HENRY COYLE.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER I.



OUR days had elapsed since Saturday morning when Brian Lacey had saddled his brown mare and bidding his niece Judith "Good-bye, God keep you till I come back!" had left home for the town of Carlisle, some fourteen miles away; for on the day following, it being the second Sunday of the month, Mass was celebrated in the old frame building, dignified by the name of St. John's Church, and Brian, notwithstanding the hardships it necessitated, was particular in the practice of his religious duties. It was too long a journey, however, for the old man, now bordering on his seventieth year and carrying in his left side a bullet received when he fought Santa Anna's men on a burning Mexic plain, to make in one day; hence it was his custom to start on Saturday, returning the following afternoon. But, though his absence had stretched itself beyond the usual limit, and though her heart, impatient for his coming, sent her every little while to the low front door, over which the Virginia creepers clustered, a dark shining mass of green, to listen for the sound of the brown mare's light, trotting feet on the rocky lane, hidden from view by the row of scraggy trees, covered with the wild grape vine, Judith felt no alarm. Like

the majority of Kentucky girls she was not afflicted with the ailment known to modern science as "nerves," and with unimpaired health, she was also blessed with a generous amount of good common sense.

"Very likely," she thought, as she turned from her fruitless watch under the Virginia creeper, no sound, save the clear, piercing song of the red-bird, pouring out his rapture-filled heart from his high perch on the tempest branch of a deadened tree, standing spectre-like in a field of young corn, breaking the stillness that fills with awe the stranger in that wild, desolate country, where the hills, covered with tall, dark, wailing cedars, shoot up like pyramids from the lonely, narrow vales, "he went back to Mr. Evans' after Mass, and is coming home by Stony Creek so he can spend a night with Uncle Redy. Or, maybe, he heard of someone who wants a cistern walled up and has gone to see about the job."

And as she returned to her simple household duties, she hoped the latter supposition were not true, for her uncle was too old for such hard work; although she knew he needed some money badly to buy young calves for the fall market; and, perhaps, there would be enough left to purchase chain, and pay for the weaving of the rag-carpet, the material for which, neatly wound in huge balls, hung in a large sack in the loft, well out of reach of the mouse intent on home building.

To possess that carpet was the ambition of the girl's heart, although an advocate of beauty and simplicity had told her it were but little short of wrong to cover her hard floor of white oak, in its natural color, and so clean, a bride might sweep, unsoiled, her skirts across it, with the glaring deformity manufactured by the country weaver. The leg walls and the ceiling, which being the floor for the loft overhead, left exposed the narrow joints, also hewn from the ancient forests, from which long years ago the house had been built, wore a spotless coat of whitewash; and with the wide, smooth hearthstone and spacious fireplace, over which was a tall oak mantle-piece, presented a neat, homelike aspect. A green holland blind shaded one window; an old-fashioned, tall-posted bed, spotless in its appointments, occupied one corner near the fire-place; opposite was a small stand, covered with a linen towel and holding a lamp. Nearby, was an arm-chair, the product of some home artisan, and on the wall above was a rude book-shelf, with a few treasured volumes. That was her uncle's special place and when he was home, his clay pipe and tobacco might be found on the hearth-stone. Here, if the day were cold and he felt disinclined for a walk to the store at the Blue Lick Spring, about half a mile away, he sat and read; while Judith, when a child, studied, or played with her rag doll on the floor, and when older, sang softly as she gazed into the fire, or plied her needle industriously. His household gods are not more sacred to the devout worshipper than were those books to the young girl. She never looked between their covers, for her uncle had once told her she was too young for such reading; but she loved them for the pleas-

ure he found in them. She regarded them as possessing some charm which made their one reader never tire of their pages. She grew so weary of her school books once she had mastered their contents, while her very earliest recollection was of her uncle with one of those volumes in his hands. He never added to his small store for his possession was the "cream of the world's literature," as she had heard him say to the strange man who had taught one year at the district school near the Spring, and who almost every Sunday afternoon, came over from his uncongenial boarding-house to spend a few hours with the hospitable Irishman who was familiar with, and could talk intelligently on, those subjects, that were to the unloved, unappreciated scholar as the breath of his nostrils. The Old Testament and Plutarch's Lives of Great Men represented Brian's ancient literature; while all modern history, it seemed to the young Southern teacher, revolved, in Brian's eyes, around one holy, all-absorbing central-point, Ireland! But in the realms of poetry, Brian was a cosmopolite, and Shakespeare and Byron, Shiller and Dante, were as familiar as the music of Burns and Moore.

"The poet belongs to no nation," he would say, during one of those heated discussions with the teacher, when the latter would laughingly accuse the old man of inconsistency in hating England, and yet loving her poets, "he belongs to mankind!"

Judith loved those Sunday evenings. She would make her nicest preparations for the simple supper, and when it was over, and the dishes again in their places in the home-made cupboard, standing against the wall in the little lean-to kitchen, back of the two-

roomed house, it was her delight to take her chair, and sitting in the shadow cast by the slender figure of the school-master, watch her uncle's glowing face, as he recounted the greatness of ancient Ireland; or, taking one of the treasured volumes, would read page after page of grand, majesty prose, making her catch her breath, or sadly tender poems, filled with the heart-breaks of time, filling her soul with nameless, wordless longings. Or, perhaps, religion would be the topic, when she would hear expounded the doctrines she had learned in the little blue-covered catechism. But whatever was the subject, she realized the teacher was an able adversary, and when his arguments were shattered by her uncle, the light brown eyes would flash with a yellowish gleam in the shadow, while the heart would beat in a tumult of joy.

Of course her uncle was right, always right, she would tell herself in after self-communions; but how clever he was to be able to bring the school teacher to his way of thinking! But the five months' term, the usual limit of the country school, was over and the master had returned gladly to his home in the South. Brian was moody and restless for a time, and on more than one occasion, Judith had surprised him gazing sadly at the picture of the teacher, which lay in the little stand drawer. Then, he would say, with the suspicion of a tremor in his voice,

"I love that young man, Judith."

"Maybe he will come back next fall, Uncle Brian," she would answer hopefully; but the old man would shake his head, while, with a voice that stung like a whip, he would rail against the ignorance of a people that failed to properly respect and appreciate the abilities and work of a person

like the teacher. For Judith never forgot she was one of the "native-borns," as Brian contemptuously called his neighbors.

The people of that district, the northern, rugged portion of Nicholas county, are a less accentuated type of the mountaineer. It were almost as impossible to trace their ancestry as to follow the way of the shining lizzard that darts across the path of the traveler through their dark, solemn woods. Many, you find, with a name betraying an Irish or German forefather, but his history is as forgotten as last year's leaves. They have, too, had their feuds, when a life for a life is the then merciless code, and in the wild fastness of their cedar-clad hills, they can bid defiance to the punishment of the law; or, if, at last, brought to bay, many of its minions will bite the dust before the steel bracelets are clasped on those blood-stained hands. They have their faults, but necessity and ignorance have never taught them treachery, and he goes among them as a man is, as among friends. But let him once show cowardice, let them once feel he looks upon them as of a lower strata than himself, let him once overstep the rules of hospitality, and he were safer in another community. For the man who will share with the stranger the last meal of himself and family with the same open-handedness of the wealthy planter of the Blue Grass Belt, and which has made the name of Kentucky the synonym of a hospitality broad enough to embrace Dives at the table and Lazarus and the dogs at the gate, is just as ready to defend his rights. The same quick passionate temper belongs to both classes, only the world calls it honor, and respects it in one; revenges and punishes it, in the other.

Too just to blame them for the results of inexorable circumstances, and too much of a philosopher, to say nothing of his Christian sentiments, to despise any portion of the pitifully weak and sinning human family, Brian, inconsistently enough, could not forgive them because one of them had wooed and wed a dead brother's daughter. It were bad enough, he told himself in lashing, impotent anger, that one of his kindred had married a man not of her own religion; but that that man should be Jack Sanders, whose family of all in that wild country was the most ungodly, was a visitation he felt he could never bring himself to accept. This woman who had so disgraced him in his own views, lived long enough to bring five children into the world; then died, leaving a wailing infant scarcely six weeks old. Brian looking over the dead mother's coffin to the baby sleeping in its rude cradle, so unconscious of the woe and misery and evil-doing around it, saw it wore her face in a miniature. Not a trace was visible of the hated bold beauty of the Sanders race that had won one of his blood to such an alliance; so he said: "I will adopt the baby," and because it was a girl, delicate and helpless, notwithstanding the hatred he bore his wife's uncle, the father gave his consent.

Brian did not like the baby, at first. Her cries disturbed his bachelor quiet, and he thought he saw in her childish humors characteristics of her father's people. He was inclined to be severe with her, to visit on her her mother's punishment; but one day, the widowed cousin who took care of his house for him, died, and when he saw the child of scarcely eight years, take up her duties with readiness and execute them with effect, he was surprised out of his narrow estimation of her character.

But the blood was in her, as he told himself, so he did not lessen his vigilant care. The love the girl entertained for the old man was such as we might give to an angel, or some other superior being, if he were to live among us, a visible presence. With that intuition, so sharp in womankind, she felt, before she knew of it, the stigma of her mother's marriage, and strove, with pathetic patience, to remove it. Groping blindly along, as does every young girl with no kind, womanly hand to guide her, she sought for that line of living, which would shape her acts, so she might, at length, merit her uncle's commendation, if not his love. She felt, as she grew older, and it stung like a lash, the suspicion, which, in spite of himself, lingered in his mind about her, and which tinged the opinions entertained of her by other members of her mother's family.

"She is the best one of them," Brian had said one day to his brother Rody, forgetful of her presence in the little kitchen adjoining.

"Yes," assented Rody; but I always feel with her, Brian, as I do when I handle a gun which may, or may not, be loaded?"

"Why don't you pull the trigger, man, and find out?" returned the bachelor brother testily.

"Find me the trigger of a woman's nature," returned Rody, who was a married man, "and I will!" And through her blinding tears Judith heard no word of defense uttered by her loved uncle.

"She is the best one of the family, on either side!" he said in after days to Mrs. Evans, who, being, with her husband, one of the few friends to whom the old man ever opened his heart, naturally felt a deep interest in the girl. "Your own daughters, Mrs.

Evans—God bless them!—are not more devoted to you than is she to the cross, unkind, old man. These winter nights, she will get out of her bed a dozen times to put wood on the fire, lest I should take cold; and often, when she thinks I am asleep, she will fold the covers closer around me and stoop down and kiss me. Actually, she used to get up early and feed the brown mare so I would have no need to leave the house until I had had my breakfast. The only way I could bring her to obey me and quit such work was by threatening to send her home to her brothers."

"What has become of her brothers, Brian?" asked Mrs. Evans.

"Living like the rest of their kind!" he replied, curtly.

"Are none of them Catholics?" she continued.

"They are not, and what is more, never will be. I could do nothing with them," he concluded. "While the father lived, I would not enter the house, and when he was dead, I found he had turned them against all their mother's people. They are a bad lot, root, stock and branch. But Judith is not like them. She is a good girl and will make a fine woman."

Yet he told none of these words to Judith because he did not know how passionately the young heart waited for them; and because she had all the pride of his people, intensified a thousand times by the womanly dignity his early suspicions had outraged, and would have died, inch by inch, before she could have stooped to bring about their utterance.

But they would never be spoken now, for Brian was dead, and while she listened under the Virginia creepers, or dusted and re-arranged for the hundredth time his treasured books, a

messenger, on the little brown mare, was speeding over those fourteen long miles to bear her the dread tidings. As she was placing the last book in position, the thought flashed across her mind her uncle had not said on Saturday when he would come home. Hitherto, he had ever specified the time of his return; Saturday he had said "till I come back." The vagueness of the phrase smote her with a sense of fear, but she hastened to the door to catch the sound of a horse's feet on the narrow, rocky lane. The bright light danced into her eyes and she flew to the rail fence separating the green yard from the road. She could not see the horse and rider because of the thick foliage, but Bluebell's foot-fall had never deceived her; she would recognize it among a cavalcade. Bluebell's feet always seemed to touch the earth as if she were too proud to permit them to long linger there, and Judith liked to fancy they were fleetier when homeward bound, because of the loyal heart to which she carried her master. Resting her arms on the low fence, Judith leaned forward, anxious for the first glimpse of the shapely brown head. Nearer came the light feet, and she noted they fell not in the familiar running trot, but in a hard gallop. Her uncle never rode Bluebell at such a pace, for as dear, almost, to him as his right hand was that piece of horse-flesh, the direct descendant and namesake of the mare, that, with a sense almost human, had borne him, wounded, dying, from a horde of Mexican cavalymen, and, when he was safe, dropped dead from the volley of bullets she had received in the performance of her heroic act.

Before she could find a reason for a thing so unusual, the brown head, with wide, distended nostrils, flecked with

foam, appeared from behind the obstructing tree; then the body. But instead of the erect, spare figure of the customary rider, Judith saw one of her own brothers. The blood left her face, the joy died in her eyes, and she felt a terrible tightening of the heart, never before experienced. But she could frame no words until Bluebell, quivering with pain, stopped at her side, and laid her wet head on the girl's shoulder. Then Judith said:

"Charlie, where is Uncle Brian?"

"He's dead," said the brother, bluntly.

One full, long, awful moment, in which the face aged under his stupid gaze, passed; then, she repeated

"Dead!" and a shriek, that made Bluebell jerk up her head and the black dog spring from his sunny bed on the door-step, tore the mid-day hush, stilling the song of the cardinal bird. She fell back on the ground, and the brown fingers, seeking to entwine themselves in something tangible, for the blackness of unconsciousness was sweeping over her, caught convulsively at the soft, thick grass. The dog began to whine loud and piteously, but was quickly silenced by a well-directed stone from the hand of the unfeeling man, who had now dismounted. He felt an impatient longing to as summarily deal with his sister's woe, for it annoyed him, hot and tired with his long ride. He felt no sympathy for her, for he did not believe her grief was sincere. Why in the name of common sense, he would have asked, should any one be sorry because cross old Brian Lacey was dead? And he remembered then, with sudden, intense anger, she had scarcely shed a tear when their father, returning from Carlisle late one evening, was drowned while fording the Licking River.

On the hill, overlooking Brian's home and well-kept tract of land, stood another small, log house, where dwelt Mrs. Logan, a widow, with her only child, a son of about four-and-twenty years. From her citadel, she ever kept a close eye on the happenings of her nearest neighbor, and the horse and recognized rider, did not escape her notice that day.

"Thet critter looks mighty like Bluebell," she remarked to her son, who was mending a broken harness, on the door-step, "but thet ain't ole Brian."

"You bet it ain't!" replied he, pausing in his work. As the girl's scream came to them across the field of young corn, where stood the dead tree, with its startled, silenced singer, and up the steep, shrub-covered hill, Mrs. Logan snatched up her cotton sun-bonnet and yarn half-gloves—for if the roof were burning over their heads the women of this district would not leave the house until they had donned that part of their out-door attire—saying: "Thar's sumthin' awful happened, shore's you're bohn!" started in a run down the narrow fence-path, followed by her son, and a crowd of dogs, of all ages, from the yelping three-months' pup, to the ancient hunting hound.

"Wal, Charlie Sanders! Thet ain't you?" she exclaimed, breathlessly, as she climbed the high, stake-and-rider fence, separating the corn-field from the lane. "Foh the Lawd's sake! what's happened, thet Judith let that holler out uf her, like a stuck pig?"

"Nuthin'," he replied, sullenly, as the woman crossed the lane, for he was in no humor to answer questions; "only Uncle Brian's dead."

"Dead," she echoed, in a horror-stricken voice, unconsciously clutching

the rail fence for support. As her son advanced, she turned her face, that had grown pale under the big bonnet, to him, saying,

"Brian's dead." And a silence fell.

Judith had opened her eyes at the sound of the voices and lay staring straight at her visitors, but without seeing them.

"When did it happen, Charlie?" young Logan asked, after a pause.

"This mornin'," replied he. "He'd be'n out to a man's by the name uf Evanses, sence Sat'rday, er Sunday, I furgit which. 'Pears like he did n't hev eny breakfas' Sunday—Cath'lics don't eat eny breakfas' when they go to church, I know mother nuver ust. Af'er Church, he said as how he felt kinder sick, and Mis' Evans, she pressed on him to go bac' hum with hur. He wus said by hur an' this mornin', he wus feelin' bettah an' sta'ted fur hum; but he hedn't no soonah'n got onto the saddle, then he took sick agin. They scarcely got him into the house when he wus dead. The Evanses, they sent fur the doctah, right away. He said likeli thet bullet, the ole man wus always talkin' about in his side, med somethin' grow 'round his heart. I wus in town an' Uncle Rody sent me out for Judith."

Still in the stupor that had succeeded her first outbreak of sorrow, Judith lay listening to her brother's almost brutal recital of her uncle's death.

"Whar ur they goin' to take him to, Charlie?" Mrs. Logan asked, beginning to recover from her surprise.

"To Uncle Rody's," replied he. Instantly Judith sat up.

"To Uncle Rody's?" she repeated.

"Whar else did you think?" he asked, looking at her, with a sullen brow.

"Home! To me!" she cried.

Her brother laughed, contemptuously.

"Much they think 'bout you!" he sneered. "It's s'prisin' they sent fur you to go to see him, even. You'r the only Sanders'll be thar, you bet! An' I'll be dog-goned, ef I care! I'd not go, ef they did sen' fur me!"

"Nur I wouldn't either, Charlie!" said young Logan.

"Shet up, both of you!" said the old woman, sharply. "Luk at thet po'r gal! She luv'd the ole man!" and she hurriedly crossed the yard-fence and bent over the young girl, who had thrown herself back on the grass in a passion of weeping. But they did not understand that the mother's relatives, in shutting her out, as she supposed, from their common grief, had pressed the last bitter drop into her already over-flowing cup of misery. In that moment, there suddenly loomed up before her a whole life of struggle to right herself in the eyes of these people, and she realized, after all, that they regarded her, even in such an hour, as one apart from them. Her father's people despised her; her mother's had no place in their affection for her; she was now, utterly, alone. But over the tide of anguish the thought made to sweep across her heart, came whispers of the prayers her uncle had taught her; the faith, received from a repentant mother, and nursed by his care and example, flashed forth and weak, failing, the soul groping forward "touched God's right hand in that darkness."

When the funeral was over, Mrs. Evans took Judith with her to her pleasant home. The woman's motherly heart had warmed toward the strange, bereft girl, who seemed to shrink from any intercourse with her

own relatives. For Judith's sensitive nature exaggerated the sentiments entertained for her by her mother's family. Her poignant grief for the loss of the old man brought her close to them, and they would have taken her forever into their affections, if the lonely, miserable heart, that had begun to prey upon itself, had not misunderstood them as they had ever misunderstood her. Mrs. Evans' quick, large sympathy made her realize the girl's situation, as it also showed her the possibilities of such a nature. She was not a rich woman, but to be of any help to another, she would have incurred any amount of personal sacrifice; and, with a large, young family of her own, realizing the need of that heart for love and tenderness and motherly guidance, she devoutly hoped Brian's will had made her husband Judith's guardian. But the unbendable family pride would not permit Brian Lacey to pass by his brother for one not of his own blood, and Rody was appointed guardian of Judith, to whom he left all his possessions. But the office was only nominal, that the law might be fulfilled, and she was entire mistress of herself; for the last words of Brian were eloquent of his love for, and implicit confidence in, his niece. It was her privilege to choose her own place of residence, to dispose of her property when she was of age, as she desired, to map out for herself any career she wished. "Be true to the faith in which I have tried to raise you," concluded that strange will; "be guided by the advice of your Uncle Rody in financial matters, and follow the dictates of your own pure, loyal heart in the rest."

Mrs. Evans offered Judith a home with her, which her Uncle Rody urged her to accept, but the strange nature,

free as the wild scenery of her native hills, fretted like a caged bird under the restraint caused by the stranger's presence. She could not bring herself to mingle in their home life; of the Evans' children she felt more in awe than of their parents, while their cousin Judith, a girl of her own age, though striving by every possible means to win her love and confidence, only drove her further in on herself. She had never known another who bore her name, bestowed upon her by her Uncle Brian, and she felt as if Judith Evans had usurped a sacred right. Nor had she ever seen a girl like that Judith, with her finely featured fair face, and great dark eyes, that shone like twin stars, her white, small hands, and voice so low and soft, it always set her thinking of the poetry Brian was wont to read from his books for the school teacher, on those Sunday evenings of that long ago. With the memory of the books would come a great longing for the home where she had spent her eighteen years of life. Oh, to be there once more! To see Bluebell, the old dog, and the great solemn hills, the sighing of those thick cedars was ever in her ears! She could talk to them. She could pour out her sorrow to them as she never could to these strangers, were they ever so kind. So the invitation of Mrs. Evans was not accepted. Accompanied by an elderly female relative of her mother's, Judith, strangely reconciled to her great loss, because of the comfort brought her by her dead uncle's long delayed words of love and confidence, returned to the little log house, her own now, and dearer than ever because it was his gift, his perfect tribute to her worth.

WHAT WOMAN OWES TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



IN our article of last month in the REVIEW we showed the peace and happiness that men enjoy under the benign influence of the Christian religion, and the miseries and sufferings from which they were rescued, by its elevating and refining action on the nations and peoples who were so happy as to receive this most precious of God's gifts to His creatures. But if man owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Catholic Church, for the many blessings he received through her, for the freedom, for the refinement, and for the social elevation in which he moves to-day, woman has much more to be thankful for, in the sense, that in pagan civilization she was more deeply degraded than he was, and suffered many wrongs and injustices, from which he was entirely free. She was despised by man, even in the highest state of pagan development, as an inferior species of the human race. The shadow of slavery ever brooded over her unhappy lot. Doomed to drag out a miserable existence here, without distinct hope of a better hereafter, it does not take a great stretch of the imagination to discover the appalling despair that must have settled down on this victim of pagan cruelty. Nor was this state of affairs, revolting as it is to the Christian heart, confined to any particular heathen nation, it obtained in all the gentile nations of antiquity, and is not much

better to-day in the nations that remained pagan. Even in Turkey, to-day, though not entirely pagan, to what a state of debasement is woman reduced? Polygamy, the deep source of the degradation and humiliation of woman, is established and protected by law. We need only take up *The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, and what a sad scene do they portray of woman's unhappy condition in China, and in many other countries, both in Asia and in Africa. In China there is no dowry permitted to girls by law, and their parents may sell them like vile animals. It is true, the legislature condemns this vile traffic, but the government tolerates it. Boys alone inherit; if there are only girls in the family, the property passes, with all its rights, to the nearest relative in the male line. Females are looked upon as inferior to men, and this state of affairs is not confined to the lower classes; it is in the higher grades of society that the debasement of woman is more distinctly seen and felt. The condition of woman is no better in the East Indies, in Central Africa, and among the Arabs of the Delta. The form of marriage used by the latter is remarkable, and shows how woman is looked upon by the denizens of the desert. The father of the girl says to the future husband, "I will give thee a slave to take care of your household." *The Annals* from which we quote were issued away back in the forties, and if since that time, public opinion, in the above mentioned countries, has somewhat softened the manners of the people and elevated woman

even a little in the estimation of man, it is all owing to the light of Christianity borne by the self-sacrificing missionaries to these benighted countries.

Let us see if the condition of woman was any better in the Roman Empire at the zenith of its glory. That we may understand more distinctly the place held by her in society in that corrupt, and, what the abettors of modern paganism, would call, refined people, it is necessary to know that three distinct classes constituted its society. The Patricians were the highest class, and were distinct from all others, so much so that no one of an inferior grade was allowed to contract marriage with them. The next class was the Plebs or Plebeians. Though they held a lower position in the state, and had not the same political power as the Patricians, nevertheless they were not an insignificant factor in framing and ruling the destinies of the nation. Very frequently their influence was felt in the state, and many Plebeian houses were as rich and powerful as the best families among the Patricians, as the civil war between Marius and Sulla proves. There was also the Proletariate, which, though composed of free men, was made up of the lowest and the most improvident members of society, who for the most part depended for maintenance on the state and who clamored for bread, and for the shows in the amphitheatre. Our object, in defining these classes, is to show, which we will do further on, that there were two distinct forms of marriage in use at that time among these people. As marriage is the source on which the family depends for its existence, woman's position and influence in the home, will be determined according to the manner in which a people look upon

matrimony. If they look upon marriage as a mere civil contract, that can be broken at the pleasure of the parties who made it, woman is in a certain sense degraded among them. Her husband can never look upon her with the same veneration and respect with which the Christian husband does, who holds matrimony to be a sacrament of the Church. He looks upon the state on which he has entered as an exalted and a holy one, a state of sanctity, of unity and of indissolubility; he fully comprehends the responsibility and the obligations which such a state implies. He looks to his wife, the partner of his life whom he has chosen until death, in riches, in poverty, in sickness and in health, to unite with, and, as they are both encouraged and strengthened by the grace of the Sacrament, to aid him in the fulfillment of the duties that devolve upon him. He elevates her to the highest position at his disposal, and whether he is rich or poor, he makes her the queen of his household, and offers to her what is better than riches, love, honor and respect. This is the position to which the holy Catholic Church has elevated the Christian wife and mother. Let us contrast this with the pagan marriage. Among the Patricians, it was performed by a religious ceremony, and as it had the sanction of religion, such as it was, woman was more elevated, or at least she was not so debased as she was by the Plebeian marriage. The Patrician could divorce his wife for very little reason, or for no reason at all, still it required the intervention of the ministers of religion to loosen the bond of marriage, as the law considered it a tie sanctioned and bound by religion, which could be loosed only by the same power that bound it. Little as

this was, it gave some dignity and protection to the wife; but in the Plebeian marriage there was no religious ceremony, and woman was degraded to the lowest degree. This marriage was contracted by purchase, that is, the husband bought his wife who legally became his slave, and was sold by her father or guardian in the presence of five witnesses. In many cases the amount paid was merely nominal, but there was always something paid, to legalize the contract, as this gave the legal right to the husband to hold his wife in a state of servitude. Marriage by purchase was about the only form used by the Romans, as the empire grew richer, more civilized, and much more corrupt. National power, great wealth, a high state of civilization, and external refinement of manners, without the influence of religion, purifying, ennobling and elevating the aspirations of man to a higher and a holier sphere than this world can afford to give, are but the fomenters of immorality, even though they endeavor to throw a tinselled veil over the refined corruption they engender. It was thus in the Roman Empire in the zenith of its glory; it is thus with the nations of the earth to-day, where the refining and the elevating influence of religion is discarded.

As there was no religious ceremony used in contracting marriage among the Plebeians, there was none needed to dissolve it, nor was the separation effected by divorce. That was used by the Patricians alone, a small and privileged class, who, in the time of Augustus, were reduced to fifty families. Repudiation was the legal form used by the Plebeians for the dissolution of marriage, and differed from divorce in so far as the latter presupposed some

existing rights between the contracting parties, but the former was the act of a master toward a slave, and it never came but from the master that is the husband. The poor wife had no rights, the husband could drive her ignominiously from his home, for no reason more than that it pleased his fancy, and their union was dissolved by a mock sale to the party from whom he bought her. But this act of repudiation did not make her free, as she once more, through the last purchase, became the slave of her father or guardian. Unfortunately her woes did not end here, for she was not even free when her husband died, nor at any time could she hold any property. As the lord of creation, her husband and master, found the time had come to bid farewell to the visible things of this world, he was always thoughtful enough to tighten the bonds of slavery on the creature he called his wife, and provided for her another master under the title of guardian. But this is not all, for if he were in too great a hurry going away, and had not time to attend to this important business, the gentleman of the law intervened and made her the slave of her father, and in his default, the slave of her nearest male relative. Thus we have seen woman a slave all her life; the slave of her father in youth, who could kill or sell her at pleasure; the slave of her husband in after life, who could sell or repudiate her. She was despised and looked upon by all with contempt. Juvenal was indignant with the manners of the age and their cruelty to helpless woman. The great satirist is inimitable in his description of the flimsy reasons which men gave for repudiating their wives, a description that would be certainly amusing were it not so ghastly. "Scarcely," he

says, "has the complexion of Bibula begun to fade, and her teeth to lose their whiteness, and her eyes to lose their brightness, when a freed-man comes to her. 'Begone,' he says, 'you blow your nose too often; make haste; we want a less disgusting nose than yours.'" These words, coming from the pen of the great pagan writer, speak volumes of the flimsy pretences upon which the poor mothers of families were repudiated, and driven from their children and their homes. This is by no means a pleasing retrospect, that history opens up for us away back in the past ages of the world, of woman's degradation in the brightest days of pagan civilization.

Thus far we have seen the condition of the wife and mother in the pagan family, but all her woes are not yet told. The father having the right of life and death over his children, could sell them as slaves, or put them to death at pleasure. When the child was born, no matter what natural love the poor mother might have for it, it was laid on the ground at the father's feet. If he took it up in his arms, it was understood that the mother might have it and bring it up; if he did not condescend to take it up, it was understood that he wanted it destroyed, and, no matter how harrowing it might be to the mother's feelings, it was taken and left by the wayside, either to die of hunger or to be adopted by any disreputable person, who might pass the way, or to be torn and devoured by dogs. This is the ghastly scene that the pagan family and pagan society present to us, though half its horrors are left untold.

With what veneration and love ought the Christian woman to look upon the Catholic Church, that

emancipated her from the state of slavery in which it found her in the days of paganism! How dear ought the holy and refining influence of the Church be to the Christian mother; that elevated her and placed her at the head of the Christian family, subject only to her husband, and he bound by the law of God and the Church, under the peril of his salvation, to look upon her not as his slave, but as his equal morally and spiritually! But this is not all. To what an elevated plane has woman been exalted in the Christian dispensation? The ideal woman, the Blessed Virgin, the model for all women, whether mothers, widows, or virgins, is exalted above all creatures, and is seated in the highest heavens, above the celestial hierarchies next to her beloved Son, the Incarnate God. To Her that had all that was beautiful in nature and grace, the most perfect mirror of the divine attributes of God, to Her in whom shone forth in this life the most lovely and exalted virtues, good men look with veneration and love. Christian men look with reverential awe on this highest created personality, and in this most exalted ideal creature, they acknowledge the elevation of woman.

Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Ave Maria! day is declining;
Safety and Innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and Danger walk forth in the
night;
From the fall of the shade till the matin shall
chime,
Shield us from danger and save us from crime.
—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"The saints had about them a sweetness, a softness, a delicacy, an affectionateness, nay I will say a poetry which made them living images of our Lord."—FATHER FABER.

A DAUGHTER OF THE PROPHET.

A TRUE TALE OF ALGERIA.

By REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C.



DURING the great famine which raged in Algiers in the year 1867, there lived in the district of Bel-Abbes the widow of one Kaid, an Arab of the tribe of Tifles.

The Arabs residing in the French colony of Algiers, it may be remarked, are at times called Bedouins. Their religion is of the Mohammedans. These tribes are the remains of various immigrations from Arabia, and they keep themselves aloof from other races around them. They have their own distinctive habits and customs.

Kaid, the Arab we have now in view, left five children, two boys and three girls; and, in order to keep them from starving, the poor widow very soon exhausted her scanty resources. Cruel hunger and pinching poverty crushed the Islam pride and buried the hatred for Christianity, and Dabia, the Arab widow, reluctantly allowed her two eldest daughters to accept positions as servants in Christian families, while she herself, together with her youngest daughter, Hadra, was glad to work for food and lodging in the home of a French colonist named Reynaud. Madame Reynaud, who was noted for her great piety and kindness, took a great interest in the welfare of the indigent Arabs, and was among the first to gain the confidence of the widow, Dabia. Long before the famine, the

the good Frenchwoman had lavished her kindness on these poor children of the desert, and they thoroughly appreciated her charity. "A religion which prompts such love for the neighbor must be noble and divine." So reasoned the Arabs. And rightly.

The innocent little Hadra was an especial object of Madame Reynaud's care and solicitude. The good lady gave the child some religious pictures, which represented the chief events in our Lord's life. It was Madame Reynaud's great delight to steal up behind this little daughter of the Prophet, as she sat contemplating the pictures of the Christians.

"That is the holy Mother of God and our mother, dear Hadra," said Madame Reynaud, pointing out the image of the Blessed Virgin.

She then gave all the details of Christ's birth at Bethlehem, His life at Nazareth, His public life and sufferings. The child was very much impressed, and, young as she was, expressed an ardent desire to be baptized, and become a Christian at once.

But events were shaping themselves which would long postpone the consummation of these longings of the Arab child, who in her tender years was now called upon to play the role of a martyr for the faith, which in fact she was, as the sequel will show.

In 1872 Hadra's mother—Dabia—was suddenly laid low with a serious illness and Madame Reynaud did all in her power to relieve the poor sufferer. Above all, was she anxious to see her

baptized, in case things became critical. All arrangements had been made to baptize the sick woman, but she died before the holy sacrament could be administered. At midnight Dabia suddenly called her daughter, who slept in the next room.

"Hadra! my child!" cried the dying woman, "I feel that the end is near. Light a candle quickly, if you wish to see your mother still among the living. O Hadra, would that I were baptized, and that I could die a Christian! Listen, to me, child of my heart, and forget not the last words of your dying mother. Protect yourself from the sons of Mahomet. Do not return to them. Remain with the Christians and be like unto them. I know that you will then be better enabled to pray that I reach heaven. O God! Pardon me! Mercy, mercy!"

With these words Dabia sank lifeless on the pillow in the embrace of her poor child, who screamed aloud for help.

Poor Hadra! It all came so suddenly. She had not time to make a light. Dazed by pain and sorrow, the poor child threw herself over the body of her dead mother and repeatedly kissed the cold cheeks.

Much alarmed, Madame Reynaud rushed in, in response to the child's cries. It pained her very much to know the poor woman had not been baptized.

Hadra related all the circumstances of her mother's death and repeated her dying words.

"Will I ever see my mother in heaven?" asked Hadra.

"God heard the desire of your mother's heart, my dear child. She was baptized with the Baptism of desire," answered Madame Reynaud.

A few days after her mother's fune-

al, Hadra sat at the window enjoying the cool evening breeze in company with Madame Reynaud, who loved Hadra as a daughter. Suddenly the child heard a sharp cry, and, with trembling, pointed towards the street. On the corner stood an old Arab accompanied by a young man. Both stood for a moment, and threw searching looks towards Reynaud's house.

"Ismael Abdullah, my uncle, and my brother Mulei," whispered Hadra. "Woe to me! They have come to take me away."

In another moment the men were out of sight and the girl breathed easier. She had not been deceived. With the quick instinct of a wild bird, she had scented the danger. It was, indeed, Ismael Abdullah, the fanatical hater of Christians. He had heard of the death of his sister, Dabia, and now came to Benjub in order to claim her three nieces, whom he was to bring back to the tribe amongst whom the girls were to be given in marriage to three Arab chiefs. The two oldest sisters made no objections and returned willingly, but the thirteen-year-old Hadra was determined to remain at any cost. In her ears still rung the words of her dying mother: "Protect yourself from the sons of Mahomet. Do not return to them!"

On the next evening Hadra sat in a far end of the garden, reading the Lives of the Saints. Suddenly there was a shrill cry, and, looking up, she saw standing before her her uncle Ismael, with his rough and fierce countenance. At his rear stood her brother, Mulei. Hadra stood at bay like a frightened doe.

"Allah is great!" began the old Arab in suave tones, "and he has helped me to discover the most beautiful flower of our flock. The valiant sons of our

tribe expect thee, O Hadra! and thy young play-mates await thee in the tent of thy father."

"No, no!" exclaimed the frightened maiden. "I shall remain here. I will be a Christian. Jesus, Mary and Joseph help me!"

These words fell like a stroke of lightning on her visitors, and fearful oaths and curses on all Christian "dogs" came from the Arabs' bronzed lips. Abdullah fumed and swore by the beard of the Prophet. It was to no purpose. Hadra heeded not all his fearful threats. Nor was her brother successful by using words of assumed kindness.

Abdullah, lost patience, caught Hadra by both arms, and dragged her by force from the garden. She struggled hard against the overpowering and brutal strength of her uncle. By a desperate effort the poor girl succeeded in holding fast to a neighboring tree. Her clothing was torn off piece-meal, and Hadra feared the blessed Scapular, which Madame Reynaud gave her, would be exposed and torn to shreds.

Her brother, Mulei now began to strike his sister with his hard fists. He soon succeeded in drawing blood from Hadra's face, leaving her cheeks in a frightfully swollen condition. So far, however, she still clung to the tree and repeated aloud "I will be a Christian." Nothing could shake her resolution.

"I will remain with the Christians!" She screamed with renewed effort. The enraged Arab now applied a stout whip to her lacerated back, and the poor child finally released her hold on the tree. As she walked along a stream of blood marked her path, a sure evidence that she only submitted to brutal force. More dead than alive she followed her uncle.

"I was afraid that I would die without Baptism," said Hadra in later years, "but God's holy Mother would not allow that to happen."

And once more the young heroine entered the tent of her fathers. There she remained a whole year, being closely guarded. No day passed without her planning some means of escape. In place of weakening, her close confinement rather strengthened her desire to become a Christian.

Late in the summer of 1873 Hadra saw a chance to escape, and took advantage of it. It was evening, and the sun was about to conceal himself behind the far off western hills. Ismael together with his large family sat before the tent enjoying the evening meal. Near by were seen grazing several beautiful Arabian steeds. Abdullah was narrating his last pilgrimage to Mecca. As he described what he saw in the city of the Prophet all the women and children hung upon his lips, and every eye looked towards the head of the table. As for the men, they sat enveloped in clouds of smoke which came from their long Turkish pipes.

Hadra's opportunity had come. As quick and noiselessly as a cat she slid into the tent unseen. She then quietly slipped out at the opposite side, and ran like a deer towards a distant bit of shrubbery where she would be unseen. Hadra's youngest brother turned out to be her bad angel on this occasion. The boy was the first to notice his sister's absence. He observed that she was slow in returning.

"Where is Hadra?" he asked looking around. "I'll wager that that young antelope has fled."

With these words the young man sprang to his feet. Reaching for his rifle he ran towards an elevated spot in

the field. Standing on tiptoe his sharp eyes swept the country in all directions. He was about to return to the tent when he espied Hadra's form in the far-off bush. Quick as a flash he fired his rifle into the air, and the next moment at his side stood his father, eldest brother and three cousins. All the men now started in a wild chase after Hadra, the young brother taking the lead. From time to time Hadra looked back at her pursuers and each time she saw them gaining more and more. They had nearly reached her, when, throwing her hands heavenwards, she screamed, "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the holy Ghost."

"I ran like a wild hare," said Hadra afterwards, "and without any difficulty I sprang over bush and brook. I was bare-footed and, of course, my feet were badly cut by the rocks so that I left a long bloody trail behind me. It seemed to me after I had prayed as if I had a supernatural strength, and I easily lengthened the distance between myself and my panting brother."

Like our American Indian the Arab is fleet of foot, but quick as he is, Hadra's brother and relatives were handicapped in their mad chase after a weak and delicate maiden.

The youngest brother got the nearest to Hadra. His hot young blood boiled with indignation at the thought of being outwitted by his sister. In his fury, he grasped his rifle and brought it to his shoulder. When Hadra looked back again, she was horrified to see her brother about to take deadly aim at her. At that moment his other brother had gained on him, and grasped his hand just as he was about to pull the trigger. All stopped to reprimand the rash youth. This delay gave Hadra a

new start, and with one bound she sprang into a neighboring cluster of wild olive trees which stood hard by. "In the name of the Father, and the Son and of the Holy Ghost" once more went out from her grateful heart. Then she pressed her way into the woods deeper and deeper. Breathless, she fell at the foot of a little hill. She lay there, keeping as quiet as possible, hidden from her pursuers. The night was dark and quiet. Now and then Hadra could hear the angry voice of her younger brother as he shouted loud and long, "Wretched girl! Let me but find you, and you shall die."

"Another danger now confronted me," said Hadra. "I was in danger of being devoured by wild beasts. Some animal did approach me. I could feel its rough skin rubbing against me. I knew my new danger and in my fright again uttered aloud the words, "In the name of the Father, etc.," as I did before. Just before that I could feel the hot breath of the beast behind me. The next thing I was conscious of, was to find myself kneeling down and shivering in some other part of the woods. I saw no more of the wild animals."

Hadra soon approached a valley from where she could see the lights of Benjub—the nearest town—where lived her friend and protector, Madame Reynaud. About 9 o'clock the tired and daring girl reached Reynaud's house, and in the next moment she had thrown herself into the arms of Madame Reynaud. Hadra lay senseless, and the good French lady gently nursed the poor Arab girl, who soon fell into a sound sleep. In the morning Hadra was as fresh as if she had not gone through such an ordeal. She related her thrilling experience to her protectress and thanked God and His

mother for her miraculous escape from so many dangers.

Throughout the next year, Hadra was left in peace. Time and again she begged for Holy Baptism. Her request was denied. According to the French colonial law, it was necessary for her to have the consent of her uncle in order to be baptized. The hope for this was vain. Hadra could but hope and pray for the future.

In the meantime she spent much time in studying Christian doctrine. In the deep recesses of her innocent heart, she nursed a burning desire to remain a virgin all her life. No Christian maiden excelled her in the diligence with which she guarded the most delicate plant which graces the garden of virtues. This tender daughter of the Prophet was blessed with nature's best gifts. Her beauty attracted many. But there appeared nothing sensual in her Oriental loveliness.

The soft, mild eyes of Hadra were seen to emit a fire of indignation whenever anyone uttered anything like an immodest word in her hearing. One day she was serving at table. She was filling up the cups of each one with hot coffee. As she approached a Moorish porter, named Foragh, who sat at Reynaud's table, the Moor whispered an unbecoming word into Hadra's ear, at the same time pinching her arm as if in play. Her coal-black eyes flashed, she withdrew a few steps, and then dashed the hot coffee into the Moor's face. For two months he lay in his bed and had plenty of time to reflect on his unseemly conduct.

One morning, a year subsequent to her wonderful escape, Hadra went to the neighboring spring to draw water. As she had lifted her pitcher on her shoulder to return, she noticed her

young brother coming towards her. It was too late to think of escaping him. He carried in his hand a heavy, knotted club, the Arab's inseparable companion. Hadra put down the pitcher and awaited her unwelcome visitor.

"Hadra," commenced the young Arab, "why do you remain with the Christian dogs? Why do you not return to your own people?"

"Because I love my master and his wife, and also because I wish to become a Christian," replied Hadra.

"Poor fool!" said Mulei. "Do not pain me any longer. Come home at once and eat the kuskus with us."

(Kuskus is a native Arabian dish, made of mutton, rice and many condiments.)

"Never!" said Hadra. "I prefer to sup with the French."

(To eat kuskus is equivalent to fidelity to the tribe. To sup with strangers means to expatriate oneself.)

"Dare not to speak thus, Hadra!" screamed the angry Arab.

"Yes, Mulei," replied his sister, "and, moreover, I shall eat pork."

This was too much for an Arab's ears. To eat pork is a great offence in the Moslem eyes, and shows a disregard for the teaching of the Prophet. Mulei's face grew red with anger, and he brought down a fearful blow with his club on the head of his sister. Hadra fell at her brother's feet, writhing in pain, while streams of crimson flowed from the gash in her head. The blood-thirsty and unnatural brother was not yet satisfied. He struck Hadra again across her face and limbs. Finally, seeing no signs of life, and thinking she was dead, Mulei hastened away, and was soon lost to view in the neighboring woods.

The alarmed household found the poor girl lying in her own blood. She

was carried into the house and everything done to bring her back to consciousness. Hadra finally opened her eyes, but her jaws being so awfully crushed, she was unable to describe her assassin. Nevertheless, through Mr. Reynaud's exertions, Mulei was captured, safely landed in the jail at Benjub, and duly arraigned for trial in the criminal court at Oran.

It may be in order to say a word about the town of Oran, which is a fortified place on the Mediterranean sea. It is a commercial port. The Spaniards were master of it until 1792. In size it comes next to Algiers. Before the port of Oran, in 1815 were seen the ships of the United States, which captured an Algerine frigate. At that time the Dey was reluctantly compelled to conclude a treaty with the Americans, renounce all tribute, and pay \$60,000 for ships that had been plundered. On the glorious anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th 1830, the French came in possession of Algiers and the forts and harbors surrounding it. Oran has many European inhabitants. Algiers and Oran are Cathedral towns. Readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW will also recall the great Algerian Cardinal Lavigerie—the staunch champion of the poor slave. It might be noted, too, in passing that not far from Oran is the site of Hippo, the former Episcopal See of the great Saint Augustine.

After this little historical digression let us return to our heroine. Hadra became very sad when she heard of her brother's possible future punishment. She pleaded hard for his release. Her friends urged her to remain passive. "He deserves to suffer, Hadra, and it will be a lesson to others of his kind" they said. But it was to no use. Hadra cried the louder

for her brother's release. "I forgive him, and will die for grief if he suffers" she said repeatedly. In a few days Mulei was a free man.

Hadra was slowly recovering from her wounds. Her desire to be baptized grew stronger every day. Often did she weep bitterly when she saw her companions receiving Holy Communion. One day her patience gave out. She waited until the church was empty. She stole up to baptismal front and pouring some of the water over her forehead said in a loud voice:—"Hadra, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

With joy she returned home. "I am at last baptized," she said to Madame Reynaud. After she explained the circumstances, the good people understood what she had done in her childlike zeal. Now poor Hadra saw that it was only a pleasant dream. Weeping bitterly she said: "Well, if men will not baptize me, God Himself will do it some day."

The shadow of another heavy cross loomed up before her. Her sly and cunning uncle had not been idle. He had been so far thwarted in his diabolical plans, and became desperate. He played his last card. Hadra was brought to court and accused of being a vagrant. Abdullah invoked the law to order her back to her tribe. The judge seemed inclined to grant the Arab's request. Hadra protested.

"I did not come here as a vagrant" she said to the judge. "I fled to Benjub because I was persecuted for believing in the Christ whom you and these surrounding gendarmes believe in and worship."

Luckily for Hadra, a French official was present, who knew the girl's his-

tory. He at once championed her cause. His pleading was successful, and Hadra Bensibenjub was a free-woman. After this her tribe had no claim on her. Hadra spent the rest of the day in church where she poured forth her soul in thanks to Mary the "Help of the Weak" whom she had so earnestly and often invoked.

All obstacles were now removed, and Hadra prepared herself for Baptism. She had found a temporary home with a rich and pious lady in Oran.

On April 22, 1876, after many cruel delays Hadra was duly baptized. Her Oran friend was her god-mother and the other sponsor was Mr. Reynaud, her old employer at Benjub. On the following day, Mary Magdalene Elizabeth Josephine—for such were her new names—made her first holy Communion in the Jesuit church. And with what eagerness did our Lord not enter into her pure breast! On August

6, of the same year, Mary was confirmed in the cathedral at Oran.

Another desire of the girl's heart yearned to be filled. She was bent on becoming a Religious. Her wish was to consecrate her life to God in the little Carmelite convent. Everything seemed to prevent this last step. Mary hoped, and God made all things possible to her. The good people of Oran quietly went to work and collected sufficient money to make a handsome dowry for our little heroine, who finally triumphed over all crosses and became a Carmelite sister.

Thus runs, dear reader, the true story of Hadra, daughter of a Prophet whom she renounced. She still claimed a Prophet as her spiritual father—the great St. Elias, Founder and Patriarch of that vast army of Religious, known in Catholic language as the "Brothers and Sisters of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel."

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

Mary's Little Pagan Child.

Reverend Father Leo, one of the Carmelites, whose missionary labors in Malabar extended over a distance of twenty leagues, observed amongst a number of poor children a lovely little boy of nine or ten. Being told that he had neither father nor mother, the priest determined to place him with the orphans at the mission of Carmel. Imagine his surprise when, a few days later, a woman presented herself at the orphanage and asking for Father Leo, demanded her child.

She was indeed his mother, but, upon the death of his father which had oc-

curred some time previous, she had left the poor little one to his fate. She was not alone, for a detachment of dark-faced, sinister looking men had been given to her as a guard. The Turks had offered her money in exchange for the child, for it is one of their principal delights to wrest innocent souls from Christian care.

The Father having objected to yielding up the child, its mother became perfectly furious. She acted like one under demoniac influence. The priest then said that if the child would recognize her as his mother, and go with her willingly, she might take him

away, but the messenger who had been sent for the latter, returned with the tidings that they had made a thorough search without any result. The priest then insisted that the intruders should leave, but upon their positively refusing to move, he went himself to look for the boy.

After some time he found him in the store room of the orphanage, hidden behind some empty boxes, upon his knees, fervently praying before an image of the Blessed Virgin. Father Leo asked him if he would go to his mother. Pointing to the statue he said, "There is my dear mother, never will I leave her." "Dear child," said the father, "do not be afraid, you need not leave her; but come with me now, and, in presence of those pagans, repeat what you have said to me." Taking courage, then, the child made no further resistance. Nay, despite the angry glances of the dark-browed Turks, and the tears and vehement rage of his mother, who called upon all the pagan deities to curse the priest, he remained steadfast in his determination to stay. The priest, taking the child by the hand, told his unwelcome visitors that if they did not leave he would call in the aid of the police. He was about to bid the boy take leave of his unnatural mother, but she called down upon the priest the vengeance of all the gods of India, and consigned him to the demons of hell. The Father, without further parley, led the child to his place in the orphanage.

Some days later on, the mother with her escort again appeared and demanded the child. Father Leo replied that the boy was at liberty to go, but that if he preferred to remain, he would not compel him to leave. The little pagan was found, as before,

kneeling by the statue of the Blessed Virgin, whispering prayers after his untutored but loving fashion; but at the word of the Father he arose. He distinctly repeated his previous resolution not to leave, and added, "Dear mother, I wish to become a Catholic, and then I will never cease to pray for your conversion." The mother, and the others, amazed at such determination in so young a child, left, and made no further attempt to persuade him. Two months passed rapidly for the boy amid his improved surroundings, and he was prepared to receive the Sacrament of Baptism. It was administered on the last day of Mary's beautiful month, and her little pagan client was now her devoted Christian child—Albert. Never did the prayers of this fervent convert cease that Mary, his dear mother in heaven, would lead his earthly mother to the one true fold. At his entrance into the orphanage, he had been attracted by the practice of the children to pray before the statue of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and even as a pagan he learned to love it. She had granted his first request, that he might be permitted to remain in the asylum, and his faith from that moment was boundless.

The Feast of the Scapular, July 16th, brought the pagan mother to solicit forgiveness from Father Leo, for her conduct, and to beg him to baptize not only the two little sisters of Albert, but her own formerly obdurate self. She was baptized, and remained ever afterwards a devout Catholic, to the inexpressible joy of Albert. The two little girls, after their baptism, were admitted into the orphanage of St. Joseph, in charge of the Carmelite tertiaryaries at Kottayam.—From "*Chroniques du Carmel*," by S. X. BLAKELY.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

Another month has fairly flown, for it seems but yesterday that we were wishing one another a Happy New Year. It is enough to frighten us when we think how quickly time is passing, and how much we have to do.

What *is* time? It is the purchase money of eternity. Eternity is the most important word that has ever been spoken by the tongue of man; and it is the one thing that many think least about.

Yet when we think what it means—a beginning and no end; that heaven and its joys are to last forever, or its loss and consequent misery are to be endless. Then we may well wonder why sensible people can forget the great word *eternity*.

We all love life dear children, but death is dreadful *only* because it is the punishment of sin. Still even in death we can see the tender mercy of the good God. We *must* die to reach Him, and since He is our father, "He wants," like all good fathers "to have His children home." The fear of death is great suffering; but with some effort and a little common sense, (which is *such* a help under all circumstances,) everyone can overcome the fear of death. If people would only consider that religion is a *reasonable* service of God and that he never demands impossibilities if they would think over and over again this sweet thought, God is more anxious to save me, than I am to be saved, how that terror of death would little by little die away.

It is a pity to spoil our lives with hard thoughts of God; and now that Lent is drawing near, it will do us all a world of good to make a short, very short meditation every day on the love

of God as proven by the passion and death of His son our blessed Lord.

Dear children, *Lent* is not intended to be a dreary, miserable season for anyone. "Rejoice in the Lord," wrote St. Paul, and he didn't mean that only for Easter or the joyful days, but for every day of our lives.

Now, what are we going to do *this* Lent to make it the best of our lives?

As for me, I think the getting up to holy Mass, is a splendid penance.

No one likes to get up early—not even some religious who have to do it every day. They do it bravely and generously, but all the same it is not a delightful thing to do. Make a resolution to do it faithfully all during Lent and I'll answer for the kind of season it will be. Daily Mass is like opening the door of heaven to peep in, and then saying, "I must go—I'm sorry, but I'll be back again to-morrow." The thought of that one glimpse and the sight of it stay all day and God stays too—and very often we got hungry, for another little of heaven and then comes the evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament. So dear children life goes on filled with glimpses of heaven caught at the altar and then when death comes *who* need be afraid? Do you think our dear Lord is going to send anyone away from Him forever, who was so loyal to Him in life?—who paid court to Him day by day in His own Sanctuary, who *longed* to go to Him. I found the day empty and worthless that did not find its morning hour at His feet? Oh! no, no, a *thousand* times no. Confidence in the mercy of God is worth years of patient cheerful, hopeful prayer, and it will come in the end. Last month, dear children we spoke of the beauty of the Imitation of Christ, I hope you have made friends with the author Thomas A. Kempis. He is a staunch friend

and tells very plain truths in his wonderful book. Now it is well to cultivate a good taste in our spiritual reading as well as in other lines. It would be worth while getting the book of Psalms and learn to love them too.

There is a very nice edition revised by Card. Wiseman, a small book, very cheap and full of the most beautiful thoughts about God and His mercy that ever came from the pen of man. The holy King David is called the sweet singer in Israel and he wrote the book of Psalms, one hundred and fifty in number. A very holy priest once said that there was no prayer book which covered every want of the human heart and every need of the soul like the book of Psalms. The New Testament which teaches us so much about the personal life of our Blessed Lord and His apostles is another book which young Catholics should learn to know and to love. The beauty of the gospels is unsurpassed by any work upon earth; and the very works of our dear Lord should be the treasure house of every Christian soul. A preachy letter do you say? No—but in these days when books are so cheap, so plentiful and often nasty, it is our duty to cultivate a taste for the elegant in style—it will remain with us later and be a great protection too. Don't read novels—in Lent—other times? Yes, if they are clean, and you don't take too much of them. Just now we have a score of delightful Catholic story books—new ones, so no Catholic child need be without good stories. However don't read any trash during Lent. Try to be more silent than at other times—not an easy matter for some of us. Go to Mass and be as happy as a lark who is thinking only of getting up as far above the earth as he can, singing as he soars. Yes, be happy in God's service. Don't make people dislike piety because you practice it so ungracefully.

Make friends for God and His cause as well as for yourself by *proving* to people that to be good and *very* good, is not to be cranky.

The Secretary wishes to acknowledge with a very grateful heart, the beauti-

ful Xmas remembrance sent her by a friend in Ann Arbor, Mich., on Dec. 20, to whom she would say, "the suffering souls" are not forgotten. The Secretary prays for this alone now-days, or only for others through the holy souls. Dear children, when you grow older and sorrow comes, as come it must to all of us, you too will know how God is to *let* us pray. Oh! if we would only do more of it, how much more like heaven would earth be! Learn to talk to our Lord before His altar this Lent and listen for His answer. Don't let it be all on your side. A good listener learns a good deal.

Ask our Blessed Lady to teach you how to pray and how to listen. She knows, better than anyone else and she is the very best of teachers. A bright happy, holy Lent to you all. Don't forget the sorrowful Mother and her many children in affliction.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN JANUARY.

1. A step farther.
2. *Acrostic*: (1) Robert Bruce; (2) Robert the Pious; (3) Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William I; (4) Robert Burns; (5) Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and (6) Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; (7) Robert Browning; (8) Robert Peel.
3. *Letters*: (1) Regulus; (2) Ovid; (3) Bantry; (4) Egbert; (5) Rheims; (6) Tweed- R-O-B-E-R-T.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JANUARY.

1. August 7, 1777, over a fort in a dense forest, Fort Stamvix, between Hudson River and Lake Ontario.
2. Tetricus, a barbarian captured by Aurelian, the Roman and arrayed in a two-part garment to make him look ridiculous. Custom soon grew in favor.
3. Charles VII of France, in order to hide his crooked legs.
4. Father Abram Ryan.
5. Godfrey de Bouillon.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who said, "England expects every man to do his duty"?
2. Of what bird did Emerson write: "There is no sorrow in thy song, No winter in thy year."?
3. Who was the greatest lover of birds?
4. What author became famous by writing a single poem?
5. Who is called the "Walter Scott of America"?

MAXIMS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. How good a thing and how peaceable it is to be silent of others, nor to believe all that is said.—Thos. A Kempis.
2. While thou livest keep a good tongue in thy head.—Shak.
3. No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm.—Faber.
4. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—Ruskin.
5. He is happiest who finds peace in his home.—Goethe.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

I.

Enigma.

I am found in the water, but not in the sea,
 I am heard in the waves that roll on the lea,
 In whirlwinds wild you may look for me,
 Though in gentler breezes I may not be,
 Silent I fall in the beautiful snow,
 When over the earth my mantle I throw.
 Amid the sweet summer showers I gleam;
 Without me the rainbow unfinished would seem.
 Though forced to contribute to want and to woe,
 From the first sound of wretchedness quickly I go.
 In wealth's lordly dwellings my home I would make,
 For an early concern in their welfare I take.
 Though never admitted to school nor to college,
 I'm known to abound in wisdom and knowledge,

I unite in your worship, your weal I enhance.

Your well-wishes I double, you know me perchance.

2.

Beheaded Words.

Behead a string and leave a drink;
 Behead a boat and leave an animal;
 Behead a rock and leave a sound;
 Behead a drop of salt water and leave a part of the head;
 Behead a famine and leave a planet.

3.

We are black, but much admired;
 Men seek for us until they retired.
 We tire the horse, but comfort man,
 Guess me this riddle if you can.

4.

All the alphabet went to tea,
 Except the letters U, V, W, X, Y, Z,
 Why didn't *they* go?

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Always in a Hurry.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
 She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
 She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
 And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.
 She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
 Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
 She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
 And yet—would you believe it?—she never is on time!
 It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;
 But I'm sure you'll think it simple as I do, when I state
 That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
 And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.

Flower of Carmel! flowering vine!
 Shed thy gifts on us who are thine.
 Virginal Mother! Star of the Sea!
 Glory of Heaven! We cry to thee.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Story of the South.

A good story well told finds plenty of readers. This is an axiom not lost sight of by energetic publishers. Where there is a demand, there ought also to be a corresponding supply. It has been our earnest endeavor and ardent wish to give our readers something in the line of fiction that would absorb their attention from beginning to end. We have been very fortunate, and feel happy in being able to make the fact known to all our readers. A story—real, living and natural—has been written especially for us by one of the best of our Catholic writers—one who is able to make the reader see a thing just as she sees it. The scene is laid in old Kentucky, and the scenery and events are just as vivid as if painted by the author of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Nothing lags, nor is there any attempt to "pad." The story is enhanced here and there by the touch of the poet's hand. Anna C. Minogue stands high in literary fame, and we feel proud in introducing her to our readers. We hope our effort to supply good reading will be appreciated, and that our subscribers' list will receive a large increase.

February Feasts.

By referring to the Carmelite Calendar, it will be seen that we celebrate in February the feasts of two great saints of our Blessed Lady's Order. One of them is Saint Andrew Corsini, whose name has added honor to his already noble family, adorned the Episcopate and shed lustre on the Order of Carmel. On some future occasion we intend to give the interesting details of St. Andrew's life. During this and the succeeding months of 1898, we are enabled to treat our readers to a carefully prepared and highly interesting biography of another Carmelite who holds a most conspicuous place in the February calendar—we mean St. Peter Thomas. It will be observed that the opening chapters of this readable Life appear in this number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. It will not

be dry reading. We say this because some luke-warm Catholics have an aversion for "Lives of the Saints." Perhaps it is because their taste has become vitiated, and their faith blunted, by imbibing too freely of the torrent of sweet, poisonous matter with which money-making book-makers are flooding the land. There may not be enough of "spice" and "ginger" in these lives to suit every reader, nevertheless the Life of St. Peter Thomas will furnish matter highly interesting. And naturally. The life of this great Carmelite was most closely interwoven with one of the most thrilling historical epochs, the events of which are again worked into a living pen-picture for the benefit of our readers. The life loses nothing in the hands of the pious and talented translator, who, prior to this labor of love, has deserved the gratitude and unceasing prayers of every reader of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

Consecration of Children.

Candlemas recalls the edifying sight of those pious parents who bring their offspring to the temple of God, in order to consecrate them to their Creator, as Mary and Joseph brought Jesus "to Jerusalem to present to the Lord." This pious practice of parents, perhaps, is not, alas! so universal as it should be. Parents dream of a future for their children that holds in store for them things that are but shadows. They willingly bring those tender buds to the temples of Wealth, of Honor, or Luxury, and alas! are too often guilty of spiritual infanticide. External acts of devotion are to be commended. They make an impression on the infant mind, and are warranted to be a guiding star to them in future life. Last month, in speaking to our readers of the wonderful spread of devotion to the miraculous Infant of Prague, we mentioned the fact of parents dedicating their children to God. Since we penned those lines, we have received some very edifying letters from some of our readers. Passing, we may say that we are informed of more than one cure in cases where the picture or

medal of the "Little King" was applied to the sufferer. We are just in receipt of a letter from a Carmelite Sisterhood in the United States, a community whose zeal for souls is unbounded. Amongst other things, the venerable Religious says: "We hear of the dear Little King on all sides. It is marvelous. The greatest miracle of all is the rapid spread of the devotion and the manner of men who take to it. It embraces old and young, rich and poor, priests and laymen. It is becoming universal. May God be praised for it all! It means simplicity and humility. That means sanctity. Perhaps the Divine Infant may yet give us an American saint." On the 25th of last month, the annual solemn consecration of children took place in the Boston Carmel. It was simple but very impressive. The image of the holy Infant, robed in the best and surrounded by lights, was placed in a conspicuous part of the sanctuary. A sermon suited to the little ones (of ages from one to twelve years) was preached. The Act of Consecration was then repeated sentence by sentence by the priest and echoed by the children. It is, we are told, a chorus not soon to be forgotten. Then the children toddle up, or walk up, or are carried up to the altar rail, and the Father puts the medals, which he has blessed, around their necks. The children never forget this day, and their devout mothers look forward to it with fervent expectation. Some day THE CARMELITE REVIEW hopes to be able to chronicle the fact that this good custom has become universal.

Hygiene and Holiness.

That awful word "Lent" is again on our ears, and we enter into the temptation of using all our ingenuity to escape the odious Church law. From an enemy fasting should become a fast friend. A friend, indeed, who will wipe away a large amount of our standing indebtedness to God, besides putting the passions in their proper place as servants. Our friends are generally three-fold, namely, wealth, relatives and good-works. The first we leave behind us, the second follow us as far as the grave, and the third go with us into eternity. Let us be wise, and choose

the third class of friends and increase our works of faith, of love, of penance, particularly fasting, which, likewise benefits the body, since wise men tell us that the great sin of to-day is over-eating. It was only lately that a prominent secular journal—the *Youths' Companion* said that the "dietary rules for Lenten observance, which the Catholic Church imposes upon its members, are hygienically irreproachable, and it would be better for nearly all of us—unless the doctors be excepted—if these rules were followed, not only by Catholics during Lent, but by everybody all the year round."

Ransomed, and Ransomers.

On the Feast of the Purification, the fact is once more made known to us that our Blessed Lady ransomed her Son as required by the Law of Moses. It is in place for us to remark that to-day, under the divine Mother's patronage, there are united many earnest and pious persons whose praise-worthy object is to ransom souls—particularly those of our separated brethren and, indeed, all sincere seekers after truth. To systematize the work Guilds have been formed. Listen to the words of the English founder, which are certainly soul-inspiring: "The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom is bent upon accomplishing the more ambitious, the more important, and the more herculean work of Protestant emancipation. We would be Ransomers by prayer and by work, by charity and by sympathy, obtaining for those whom we would help the grace which alone can redeem them. Whither would we lead the captives when released? They are Christians; how, then, in captivity? There are the bonds of heresy, in which some are captives willingly, some unknowingly, some with yearnings for release. With these chains of heresy are interwoven others of position, society, family, and the like, which render the escape even of the most anxious very difficult. Whither should they escape? It is from an imperfect Christianity that the missionaries of the Vicar of Christ would release their fellow countrymen, winning them to that happy allegiance to the Holy See which brings with it true liberty, because peace of conscience, resulting

from definite teaching and means of grace. We, too, know how good, how pious, how exemplary are numbers and numbers of those for whom we pray. Let this move us all to pray earnestly for them, that they may gain admission to the full privilege of the communion of saints."

Critics and Champions.

It is truly an "ill wind that blows no good." We are forcibly reminded of this trite truism, when we consider the periodical spasms of those who scoff at sacred things, and try to tear the truth to tatters. The recent lecture in Buffalo of an ignominious and noted infidel called forth valiant champions of holy Church. It was also an occasion to awaken the fire and eloquence of the brilliant editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*, who, while castigating the scoffer, penned a beautiful and convincing reply to the question, What has the Church done for humanity? In his masterly article, Dr. Cronin brings the strongest proofs to show, among other things, that the Church broke the bonds of enslaved woman and elevated her to her proper sphere, a point that is brought prominently to the front this month by a writer in the pages of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Furthermore, it was the Church, to quote Dr. Cronin, "who preached the brotherhood of the race and the equality of all men before God. It was she who protected the poor and the weak from the rapacity and tyranny of rulers. It was she who saved Europe from the cruelty and barbarism of Frank, Goth, Vandal, Visigoth and Hun by converting them to the creed of the Cross and civilizing their manners and lives. It was she who taught the arts of agriculture and, through her monks, made arid wastes to bloom. It was she who erected asylums for every phase of helplessness throughout the world. It was she who inspired the erection of the great universities in Europe and filled their professorial chairs with numbers of her illustrious sons. It was she who, through the aid of her 'monkish' mariner's compass, enabled her sainted children, like Columbus, to plow unknown seas and open up a new world to the astonished children of men."

PUBLICATIONS.

"Carmel in Ireland—A. D. 1625 to 1896," cannot fail to be interesting—as the very title shows. It will be read by many a client of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The author is Rev. Father Patrick Rushe, O. D. C. The book is bound in the best style by the firm of Burns & Oates, of London. In the chapter devoted to the clients of Carmel the reverend author says a true thing when he tells his readers that the *Irish annalists consider the Brown Scapular of Carmel one of the simplest explanations of their forefathers' devotion to the Catholic religion during the "Penal Days."* Now that our Irish readers are recalling the days of '98, they will find double interest in reading of the "White Friars" of Carmel who devoted their lives to the interest of Ireland's long-suffering people. Our readers can obtain "Carmel in Ireland" by writing to Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York, and mentioning this magazine.

In writing to advertisers please mention that you saw their advertisement in the CARMELITE REVIEW.

Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York, have brought out some new Lenten Sermons done into elegant English by Rev. J. F. Timmins, from the German of Rev. B. Sauter. The reverend clergy will find in this series some new and appropriate matter. The sermons are in season, and we cordially recommend them.

"Vocation Explained"—sold at ten cents—should prove a friend and counsellor to many a young man or young woman who hesitates in taking a step in so grave a matter as a vocation. Following a wrong calling often works untold misery. It is every one's duty to find out God's will and designs. In what class should I belong? Married? Single? Religious? or Priesthood? If in doubt, consult "Vocations Explained," Benziger Bros. will send it to you.

The Carmelites in far-off India are showing great signs of growth and vitality. We are now in receipt of the last bulletin of the congregation in Malabar. We find enumerated in the catalogue five Priors, three Vicariate-Monasteries and three branch houses, all of which were built by the voluntary contributions of the Syrian Catholics. The Fathers have three seminaries, several middle and elementary schools, and also two printing establishments of their own. The priests number 62, and in all, including students and brothers, there are now 131 members. The Monks

of the West are glad to see the success of their brethren in the East, and unite in thanking our common Mother of Carmel for the bestowal of so many material blessings.

The January number of the *Rosary Magazine* was the last to be published under Father O'Neil's management. The current and preceding numbers of this model magazine will be treasured in many a Catholic household and remain as a monument to the labors of an esteemed and eminent friar, for whom thousands of grateful readers will offer a fervent and frequent prayer.

Bound volumes of the CARMELITE REVIEW for 1897 will be sent to those who send us \$1.50.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Mary's Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.; St. Agnes' Church, Roslyn, L. I.; SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Pierre, S. Dakota; St. Patrick's Church, Maindew, C. B.; St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, Ont.; St. Luke's Church, Dansville, O.; St. Mary's Church, Lismore, N. S.; St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; Church of St. Rose, Lima, O.; St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Calais, Me.; Rochester, N. Y.

Received at our New Baltimore Convent:—From Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Theresa, Wis.; Arcadia, Wis.; Boise, Idaho; Ridgely, Md.

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received favors from the Ven. Sisters of St. Mary, Waco, Texas; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; the Ven. Benedictine Sisters, St. Mary's, Pa.; F. F. W., Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. J. W., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss C. A., Toronto, Ont.; Miss K. R. and others; Oswego, N. Y.; Miss A. M. N., Freedom, Wis.; J. D., St. Clements, Ont.; Miss M. C. M., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Miss A. O'R., Norwood, Ont.; Miss A. M. F., Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. T. M., Three Rivers, Que.; Rev. M. F. W., Ottawa, Ont.

PETITIONS.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers: For a son; for vocation to religious life; for a sick mother's restoration to health; for a wayward brother; for recovery of health and sanity; for conversion to the faith; for grace to receive last Sacraments worthily; a parish; material; special; spiritual.

Thanksgiving.

A reader writes to us in order to thank Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel for relief from pain in the face of a child after applying the Scapular to the part affected.

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: Mr. Gleason, Chicago, Ill.; P. J. Waters, Ridgetown, Ont.; James Lynch, Paterson, N. J., and Mrs. Mary Brennan, who died a pious and happy death at Buffalo, N. Y., January 8.

FATHER FINN'S BOOKS.

"Tom Playfair." "Percy Wynn." "Harry Dea." "Claude Lightfoot." "Ethel Preston." "Mostly Boys." sent free by mail; 65 cents each. The best books for young people. Send for Catalogues free.

Catholic Union Store, St. Stephen's Hall,
Buffalo, N. Y.

H. J. ENGBERT, NEW BALTIMORE, PA.

Manufacturer of Church and Household Furniture. Work cheapest and best. References: Holy Trinity, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Johnstown, Pa.; St. Thomas', Bedford, Pa.; St. Joseph's Academy, Greensburg, Pa.

ST. VINCENT COLLEGE

—AND—

Theological Seminary,

BEATTY P. O., WESTMORELAND COUNTY, PA.

This institution was founded in the year 1846 by the late Archbishop Boniface Wimmer, O.S.B., and incorporated with powers to confer degrees by an act of the Legislature on the 29th of April, 1879. It is conducted by the Benedictine Fathers.

The College is forty miles east of Pittsburg, only eight hours' ride from Philadelphia, and rendered easy of access by the Pennsylvania Railroad passing through its lands. Its location at the foot of Chestnut Ridge is most picturesque and healthful. The buildings are large and commodious, well heated by steam and lighted by electric lights.

The playgrounds comprise twenty six acres, including six acres of oak forest. A magnificent gymnasium has just been completed, which offers ample opportunity for physical exercise in rainy weather.

There are three distinct courses of study—the Ecclesiastical, the Classical and the Commercial, besides an Elementary School for beginners. In all these special attention is paid to Religious Instruction.

The students are divided, according to their ages, into three departments, each of which has its own study hall and dormitory and is in charge of two Perfects. Applicants from other institutions are required to produce certificates as to their good moral character.

TERMS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Entrance fee	\$ 5 00
Tuition, Board, Bedding and Washing, per session of five months	100 00
Tuition in Music	20 00
Graduation fee	5 00
Tuition in French, Italian and Spanish at professors' charges	

For further information or catalogue apply to

REV. RAPHAEL WIELAND, O.S.B.,
Director.