



OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



COMETH our Queen from the far land,
 Fair as the dawn of day;
 Shineth her light from the star-land
 Soft through the shadows of grey.
 In her white hand the mystical garland
 All fragrant of scenes far away.

Robed like the snow flakes of our land
 And cinctured with azure blue,
 On her feet, as she stood on the rock-land,
 Were roses of golden hue;
 And her virgin-brow, cloudless as light-land,
 Bore impress of mother-love too.

And her voice—oh! its tones were far sweeter
 Than murmurs of earth's melody,
 And it seemed in the silent air fletcher
 Than whispers of angels could be;
 While the bells of the "Angelus" greet her,
 She speaks of unstained purity.*

Behold! the pure waters are stealing
 In gentle and murmuring flow,
 With miraculous power of healing
 They glide to the river below;
 Fair emblems! to faith they're appealing,
 Like Mary's voice tender and low.

Long years have passed by, and that rock-land
 Is holy with praise and with prayer,
 And the scent of the Rosary-garland
 Embalming the mystical air;
 And the queen of the shadowless bright land
 Seems lovingly, silently there.

*"I am the Immaculate Conception," words of the Blessed Virgin to Bernadette Soubirous, March 25, 1858.

The Life and Catholic Journalism
OF THE LATE
JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and
Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.
For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES A. McMASTER'S DEFENCE AND SUPPORT OF THE PAPAL INFALLIBILITY OF THE TEMPORALITIES AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE POPE.—FLIGHT OF PIVS IX TO GAETA.—MAZZINI, THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, PATRICK DONAHUE.—CONTROVERSY BETWEEN THE GREAT COMMUNIST AND BISHOP HUGHES.—LEWIS CASS.—THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL'S THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.—LOURDES.—THE PAPAL TEMPORALITIES.—A SIN TO EXCUSE A BREACH OF THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.



BEFORE the Vatican council was held there were certain *viri Catholici* who were of opinion that only those truths are of faith to be held which have been defined by the church, and that there-

fore he who rejected the papal infallibility was sound in Catholic belief. McMaster showed this opinion to be erroneous. "A man," said he, "steals a large sum of money from his neighbor. Now is that man no thief so long as the court has not pronounced him guilty of theft?"

Jesus Christ has revealed to his church a certain number of truths. She knows what those truths are. She has always believed and taught them as revealed truths. "Every revealed truth," says Cardinal Manning, "is definite and precise; nevertheless all are not defined; but the church defined many of these truths in precise terms only when it was fit or necessary to do so; and this fitness, or necessity, arose when a revealed truth was obscured, or contested, or denied out of vincible or invincible ignorance. Those who, out of invin-

cible ignorance, denied certain revealed truths, were excused from heresy until the church delivered them from the ignorance of these truths by declaring and defining them in precise terms. The definition, however, adds nothing to its intrinsic certainty, for this is derived from divine revelation; the definition adds only the extrinsic certainty of universal promulgation by the doctrinal authority of the church, imposing obligation upon all the faithful."

No doubt Luther, Calvin, and other heresiarchs of the sixteenth century were considered by the church as heretics even before she had defined those truths which were denied by those impious men; and those denied truths were articles of faith, and believed as such just as firmly before as after their definition by the Council of Trent. "So, in like manner," says Cardinal Manning, "the existence of God has always been an article of faith, and yet it was defined, only a few years ago, in the Vatican Council. Hence, all those truths are articles of faith, which are taught by the church as revealed truths, no matter, whether or not they are defined. For instance, the church teaches the Assumption of the Blessed Mother of God, body and soul, into heaven, in the institution of the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in her office and holy mass of this feast, as clearly as she could teach it by defining this truth. Any one, therefore, who knows that the church teaches a truth as revealed, is bound in conscience to believe it as an article of faith: if he does not so believe it, he is a heretic before God."—*Vat. Conc.*, by CARDINAL MANNING.

Any one, therefore, who, before the Vatican Council, sufficiently knew that the church has ever, from the beginning, believed the pope to be infallible in matters of faith and morals, was bound in conscience to believe this truth. Hence Leo XIII, in his encyclical letter of January 10th, 1890, says:

"In fixing the limits of obedience, let none imagine that the authority of the bishops, and especially of the Roman Pontiff is only to be respected in matters of dogma, the obstinate rejection of which cannot be distinguished from the crime of heresy. Nor is it by any means sufficient that a sincere and firm assent be given to the teaching delivered by the church, which, though not defined by solemn Act nevertheless, by common and universal consent, believed as

divinely revealed, and which the Vatican Council decreed as of 'Catholic and divine faith.'⁴ But it is moreover a chief duty of Christians to suffer themselves to be ruled and guided by the Bishops, and particularly by the Apostolic See. How fitting this doctrine is, is very evident. For the words of God refer in part to God Himself, and in part to man, and to that which is necessary for his eternal salvation. Now in each division the guidance of both belief and action by divine right belongs to the Church, as we have said, and in the Church to the Chief Pontiff. Hence the Pontiff must have the power authoritatively to judge of the meaning of Holy Scripture; what doctrines are in harmony with it and what at variance; and also to declare what is virtuous and what sinful, what is to be done and what avoided in the work of salvation; for otherwise he could neither be a sure interpreter of the moral word of God nor a safe guide to man.⁵

While the Catholic world undoubtedly accepted that doctrine as the only logical deduction from the doctrine of the infallibility of the church, there was not lacking an element of opponents within the fold, few in number, but able and skillful in the conduct of a controversy. These sought to rally around them that much larger class of Catholics who are continually fearful of offending the non-Catholic world, and who therefore believed that the definition of the dogma should have been postponed. The *Freeman's Journal* never wavered for a moment. It called aloud for the definition which the Holy Father deemed it fitting should be made, and it spared no one who stood in the way of adding this keystone to the perfect arch of Catholic doctrine. The wisdom of the church in the Vatican Council assembled, in paying no heed to the clamor of the external world, and in defining the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, has been vindicated by the event. Never has the moral power of the Papacy been greater than it is to-day, for, while the Pope was from the first infallible, still he had not before the Vatican Council the symbol of his power, in its full extent, exhibited to all the world.

An excellent proof of McMaster's faith in the infallibility of the Pope is the following:

"When it had become certain that the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility would be promulgated, this journal opened its columns for a subscription to be a testimonial to the Pope—the Infallible Judge in faith and morals, and the Bishop of the

Universal Church, in token of thanksgiving to God for the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, when teaching the Church." As the result of this subscription, \$7,100.20 were sent to the Pope on December 17th.⁶

As McMaster defended the Papal infallibility, so, in like manner, he defended also the temporalities and independence of the Pope against all those who held contrary erroneous opinions. It should be remembered that, in the establishment of his church, our Divine Saviour did not consult the civil authorities. Neither Herod nor Pilate was asked for approval. If those rulers had not been in the world at all they could not have been more completely ignored, when it was question of the establishment of the church, the preaching and teaching of the doctrine of Christ, and the exercise of all the offices of the Christian ministry. Caesar and his officers had no voice in all this. They had authority in the kingdoms of the world, but none whatever in the kingdom of God. It was established, propagated, to be made universal and to last forever, whether they willed it or not. The apostles, especially the head of the Apostles and his successors are to exercise their power in perfect freedom. It is divinely theirs, freely to teach what is true, freely to condemn what is false; freely to denounce the crimes of men and of governments; freely to constitute the hierarchy in various countries; freely to afford to persons recourse to them in doubt and freely to reply to them; freely to condemn those who refuse obedience to the church; freely to excommunicate from the church those who remain obstinate in error or in disobedience; freely to define religious and moral truths, that is to formulate laws that direct the mind what to believe and the conscience how to act. A ruler of nations like Caesar himself, with vast armies at his back, though he had not been consulted at all in the establishment of the church, was bound to hear her voice like the humblest peasant, and submit his soul to her guidance under pain of eternal banishment from the presence of God. He might pretend to command when it was his duty to obey, but the mistake was sure to be disastrous to himself, as indeed the final result proved to many.

When the divine Master had finished his work, and his vicar reigned in his place, the independence of the spiritual power, is

Its own province, was, if possible, still more evident. We know what was the attitude of the apostles toward the state. In questions of the soul, they set it at naught. They taught loyalty to Caesar in all that religion does not condemn, as their successors do at this day, so that among Christians there was a host of martyrs, but not a single conspirator or assassin: but when Caesar required disloyalty to God, the apostles and the Christians bade him defiance. They knew the penalty, and accepted it. It was perfectly understood that Caesar like other beasts of prey, had claws and teeth, and could use them. He did use them with considerable effect. He had soldiers, lieters, prisons, axes, scaffolds. But such engines, destructive as they were, could only hurt the flesh; and the apostles and Christians were told not to "fear them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul." They were warned that they would be "brought before the governors," but that they were not even to take thought what they should say. The divine master would teach them what to say.

The conditions of the combat between Christ and Caesar, between the spiritual and the secular power, will never cease. In order that the head of his church might enjoy perfect freedom in the exercise of his power, under God's providence the Pope became a temporal prince. He obtained his temporal power before Constantine abandoned Rome, and it was confirmed and completed by Charlemagne, more than a thousand years ago. God inspired Christian princes to attach a principality to the Holy See, called the Patrimony of St. Peter,—the States of the church: "It has been the will of God," says Pius IX., "that the princes of the earth, even those who are not in communion with the Church of Rome, should defend and maintain the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, which has been, by a disposition of divine Providence, enjoyed for many centuries by the Roman Pontiffs. The possession of that temporal dominion enables the reigning Pope to exercise his supreme apostolic authority in the government of the Universal Church with that liberty which is necessary to fulfill to the duties of his apostolical office, and procure the salvation of the flock of Christ." (Allocution, May 10th, 1850.)

The Pope then possesses his territory under a title higher and older than any government in the world. Napoleon I sought to destroy this temporal power of the Pope, but was forced at last to admit the necessity of papal independence: "The Pope," he said, "is not at Paris; it is well; we reverence his authority precisely because he is not at Vienna nor at Madrid. At Vienna and at Madrid they feel the same with regard to Paris. It is, therefore, better that he should be neither with us nor with any of our rivals, but in Rome, his ancient seat, holding an equal balance between all sovereigns. This is the work of centuries, and they have done well. The temporal power is the wisest and best institution that could be imagined in the government of souls."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BLESSED MOTHER.

BY HENRY COVER.

I.

Blessed Mother, on thy breast
Fain my troubled heart would rest;
Thou, sweet Mother, thou didst share
All the ills thy children bear.

II.

Though thy soul, as pure as snow,
Took no stain from earth below,
Still the sinner, lost, forlorn,
Thou didst ne'er repulse with scorn.

III.

The poor soul with sorrow riven
May through thee have sins forgiven;
In death's hour, O be thou near,
Thou my guide I shall not fear!

OBITUARY.

PRAYERS of the readers of the REVIEW are asked for George Johnson, who died June 3rd, 1895, at Toronto; for the soul of Thomas Goodyear, who died on Sunday, May 19th, at Riverstown, Ont., with dropsy of the heart, at the age of 77 years; for Thos. McCarthy, whose happy death occurred at his aunt's residence, Corry, Pa., towards the end of May; for Mrs. Margaret Brennan, who died at Hastings, Ont., June 1st; for Rev. Father Quirk, who died at Hastings, Ont., June 7th.—R. I. P.

OLIVE'S OFFERING.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

III.

"Their strength united best may help to bear."—*Dante.*

OUTSIDE of business hours few people knew of Gottlieb Guttmann. He boarded quietly at a Mrs. Rice's, whose name, by the way, quite harmonized with a well known "celestial" dish, which she dished up under various disguises for "my boarders," as she always said when referring to her permanent and transient guests, who could all be reduced to one person, Mr. Guttmann himself. The latter liked his good old landlady, and the kindness was mutually reciprocated. Guttmann was in the habit of making very droll remarks, which Mrs. Rice seemed to enjoy, even if she couldn't always fathom them. And this was often the cause of little misunderstandings, since Mrs. Rice's interpretation of Mr. Guttmann's saying was generally embodied in her little chat with her next door-neighbor. Hence it often happened that many things were attributed to Mr. Guttmann when the case was just the opposite. This will explain some little incidents to be referred to farther on.

Guttmann usually left his office about five o'clock, arriving at Mrs. Rice's about seven. If you were curious to know how he disposed of the intervening two hours, all you had to do was to follow his steps and you would find yourself descending dark cellars and ascending rickety tenement stairways. In other words, Guttmann paid a daily visit to several poor persons. He did his work quietly but effectively, and the well-fed half of humanity knew nothing about it.

Guttmann, as far as religion went, was a Catholic, and a very practical one at that. He didn't announce the fact to every passer-by—he rather acted his religion. It was a part of his daily life. In fact, on account of his retired life and general reserve, very few guessed at his real belief. All that his fellow business men and patrons said of him was that he was "a right good and

straightforward fellow and a gentleman." That is a great deal to say of a man. But Guttmann deserved it all.

Guttmann usually went to early Mass and hence was not observed going to, or coming from, church by those who knew him best, since at the time when he was on his knees at Our Lady's Church most of his business confreres were still stretching in their bed. If anyone did see Guttmann coming from late services it was said good-naturedly that he had gone to church to hear the music, or perhaps as a harmless concession to his Catholic patrons.

One day one gentleman went so far as to remark in a subdued tone—and in Guttmann's presence—that "Perhaps Guttmann belongs to some Masonic lodge."

No one better enjoyed that remark than Guttmann, who couldn't help but overhear it. He said nothing, expecting to see more amusing developments. All his expectations were fully satisfied.

As usual there was a woman in it, none other than Mrs. Rice herself, and behold what caused it to be rumored abroad that Mr. Guttmann was one of "the brethren."

One afternoon—on an exceptionally cold day, Guttmann arrived at Mrs. Rice's much earlier than usual. Not caring to disturb his amiable landlady, he quietly slipped up to his room, which was rather chilly, since Mrs. Rice, with an eye to economy, had shut off unnecessary calorific when "my boarders" were not at home. Throwing a blanket over him, Guttmann managed to keep from freezing by sitting near the register, which hovered around freezing point. Here sat Guttmann, when Mrs. Rice walked in, altogether ignorant of Mr. Guttmann's presence. Before she had time to overcome her surprise, Mr. Guttmann said in his funny way:—

"Say, Mrs. Rice, I have a conundrum for you. Why is this register like a freemason?"

Mrs. Rice, thinking this might be the unwilling victim of some secret plot, beat a hasty retreat, saying as she went, "O Mr. Guttmann, I always thought those masons would get hold of you sooner or later."

Guttmann followed her and shouted down the stairs:—"Mrs. Rice, the thermometer in my room is like a mason because it rarely reaches thirty-three degrees. Don't you see?"

She didn't.

The next morning Mrs. Rice nearly gave the fits to her neighbor, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, when she said to her in a whisper:—

"O Mrs. Fitzpatrick, for the sakes of you don't mention it, but it is a fact that 'my boarder' has gone and joined them folks that do be making such queer signs, riding goats and all that when decent people are in their beds. Don't tell a soul of it or he might kill me."

And thus was the news quickly spread that Gottlieb Guttman was probably a "past grand" or "most sublime and worshipful master" of some lodge or other. Guttman enjoyed the joke hugely.

Next day there was more fun in store for him. Just as he was finishing up his day's work he noticed two persons entering his office. From the guarded way in which he looked around one would be led to believe that they were under police surveillance. Guttman thought he knew them, especially one whom he had facetiously dubbed Dr. Jekyll, on account of his facility in playing double parts. As for instance lauding the "Grand Old Man of Rome" at an Hibernian banquet and anathematizing "The Scarlet Lady" at another meeting, which for divers reasons was held within closed doors.

"Good evening gentlemen!" said Guttman to his visitors, "I suppose you have come to purchase a few tickets for the Orphans' Benefit. You are just in time, since there are only a few reserved seats left."

"We have come on very important business," said the spokesman, "and would like to see you alone."

"This is strange business," said Guttman. "Why, gentlemen, I think we are alone. Besides, I am accustomed to do my business above board, however, to oblige you I shall lock the outer door. And now let's to business."

"Well," said one of Guttman's visitors, "there is talk in town that you are a 'society' man and we are a committee from Lodge No. 1 of the 'Free and Accepted U. B. D's of the Simian Rite,' and we cordially invite you to join us."

"Then it's brother meeting brother," said Guttman the told me, however, he meant it in the sense that all men were brothers, coming as they did from the same original

parents). "O yes," went on Guttman, "I belong to several fraternal and benevolent societies (all Catholic ones). No wonder that people admire those whose apparent aim is to help the widow and the orphan. But gentlemen——"

Here Guttman, to the short-lived delight of his visitors, assumed a dramatic posture, and, I might remark, very few knew better than he how to "take occasion by the hand."

"But gentlemen," he said, "that artful deceiver—our sworn adversary—who goes around like a roaring lion seeking one's destruction, knows too well how to color a thing in order to make it look attractive. Hence, he causes men to band together for unholy purposes, and while they ply their unhallowed work, the initiated are led to believe that you are engaged in acts of brotherly love. No, gentlemen, I do not believe in binding myself to blindly do the bidding of another in things in which I might injure my neighbor's good name or his property. My Church, which is God's Church, knows this too well, and hence, warns her children against that cancer on humanity—the secret society."

It was becoming uncomfortable for Guttman's visitors, and they were slowly working their way towards the door. They had undoubtedly caught a Tartar.

"It's no use, gentlemen, that door was fastened for your benefit, and now I intend to take advantage of your forced presence by finishing what I have to say," said Guttman, who continued, "You shouldn't feel uneasy since you are accustomed to meeting behind closed doors."

The two men were getting very uneasy and were probably wishing that Guttman might be consigned to some locality where the temperature was far above thirty-three degrees. However, they had to sit it out.

"And, now, gentlemen!" said Guttman in a slow and solemn tone, "I'll let you into a great secret, but you must keep it to yourselves. Doubtless you have heard of those dreadful Jesuitical societies amongst us which secretly plant the assassination of so many innocent non-Catholics. I belong to one of these societies, and carry about me a sign hidden from the gaze of men. Yes, a sign which can work wonders above human power. I do not show this sign—or charm if you will—to everyone, but since

we are alone, I'll show it to you. And here it is," and Guttman pulled out from the inside of his vest one end of his Scapular to which was appended a little Agnus Dei.

"This," he said, referring to the latter, "is sealed even to the Catholic laity. It contains something stamped (blessed wax) by the Pope himself. But this piece of brown stuff had an original, which came from heaven. It seems insignificant, but no magician's wand can equal it. Shake it at your father—the devil, and he would be out of sight in a moment. Talk about your regalia, aprons and all that! What are they compared to this? Yes, gentlemen, I feel happy and secure when I have this

*Scapular Brown o'er my heart reposing
Badge during life of my faith and love.*"

After this Guttman escorted his visitors to the door, gracefully bowed them out and politely invited them to call again when they had time to do so. But that time never came.

At the next meeting of Lodge No. 1, the committee appointed to call on "Brother" Guttman, reported that the latter was not altogether an available candidate. And it was voted that the goat be given another vacation.

I have been rather prolix in detailing this last mentioned episode in Guttman's bachelor days. But it was for a purpose. It will give the reader an insight into our friend's character. I am sure that Guttman himself will smile when for the first time he sees in print this somewhat amusing incident in his own life.

As for the rest—suffice it to say that Guttman was a practical Catholic—that means everything when you are analysing a man's moral qualities. Guttman may not have been perfect. If he had been he would not go to Confession every month to give his conscience a "little scouring," as he himself put it. The truth of the matter is, Guttman would not have been a man of such unsullied character if he had neglected the sacraments.

I don't intend to describe Guttman from a physical standpoint. I leave that to some future physical-culture essayist. However, I might say, incidentally, that there is a "counterfeit presentment" of Guttman's in my album, and everyone who sees it exclaims, "Who is that hand-

some fellow?" There now. This should satisfy anyone, even a woman.

In business Guttman had been very successful. He owed this to continued application to business, and strict adherence to straightforward ways of doing things, which brought him the respect of his business confreres. It is true, he had his reverses, but this did not dampen his spirits nor rob him of sleep. He knew that crosses came from above, and he accordingly resigned himself to God's holy will. But, taking things all in all, Guttman's business transactions had very happy endings, so much so, that people began to speak of "Guttman's good luck."

"Good luck!" Is there such a thing when you examine it closely? I think it was only God's blessing and the Blessed Virgin's protection which never forsook Guttman. If you ask him he will tell you the same. If anyone looked closely they would notice on Guttman's office desk a miniature statue of the Mother of God. "That's my attorney and never-failing counsellor," said Guttman one day in pointing it out to me.

Guttman dressed neatly, but did not believe in being a slave to every fad of fashion. His dress, in fact, had a sort of clerical cut about it. Perhaps this explains why some people referred to him as "Father Guttman." It wasn't altogether a misnomer, for he was truly a "father" to more than one poor family in the town.

Nearly everybody said Guttman was to remain a bachelor. They were all false prophets. Guttman was amused at some of the opinions put forth by his acquaintances.

"Well, after all," said one, "what use is there in marrying? Girls don't remain good looking long enough. Besides, when you are tied down to one partner all your money goes to pay milliners' bills. We would be eternally doomed to listen to their talk on Buddhism, theosophy, hypnotism, and all the occult sciences of which we know nothing, and care less. Oh, no, I prefer to remain single. There is more fun in it."

When asked for his opinions on one of these occasions, Guttman simply dismissed the subject in an off-hand way, saying:—

"It is true there are too many girls nowadays well equipped for anything but a

wife's duty, still, whilst we are begging them to descend to the level of us mortals, we should not forget that many a young man ought to raise himself up from the pitfalls into which he has fallen. Women have a right to demand this."

To sum up all these random remarks, I can truly say that everybody agreed that if they put the emphasis on this last little word) Gottlieb Guttman married anyone it would be a woman, and the latter would get a man for a husband.

Guttman was greatly in need of an office boy—one of the right kind—a rather scarce article now-a-days. If he put a two line advertisement of "Boy Wanted" in the *Evening News*, the next morning there would be an almost endless crowd of anxious applicants, and they would be all warranted to be "smart." Guttman preferred a boy who was honest to a smart one, especially in an office where loose change was apt to be left lying around.

Whether it was a question of getting a good office boy—or, for that matter a good wife, Guttman was desirous of obtaining the best. He deserved it.

One afternoon Guttman was sitting at his desk thinking of the ways and means of procuring an assistant in his office and perhaps an help-mate out side of the office.

Suddenly he stopped scribbling triangles, stars and dollar marks on his writing pad, and jumped up, saying to himself:

"By jove! I'll call and see Father Seligmacher. He will tell me where to find a good boy."

It was near closing time, so Guttman had plenty time to see the priest before supper time.

Gottlieb arrived at the rectory but a few moments before six. He had just greeted the priest with his usual form of salutation, *Gelobt sei Jesus Christus* ("Praise be Jesus Christ"), when the Angelus bell rang. Without starting the conversation, both priest and layman went on their knees to praise Mary, and it was a fitting coincidence that they both knelt below a pretty copy of "Millet's Angelus," which the Holy Family confraternity had given to Father Seligmacher on the last feast of St. Louis, his Names-day.

"Gottlieb Guttman!" said the priest, "I have often heard of you, and indeed, seen you many times in Church, especially some

raw morning, when you formed one of the small groups who attend the early Masses, in spite of the rough weather. I hear that they call you 'Father Guttman,' is the name prophetic? If you want to join the monastery upon the hill, don't be afraid to call on me. I shall gladly give you an introduction to the Prior."

"Thank, you, father," said Gottlieb, "but I do not think God intends me to be a Benedictine."

"But a 'Benedict'?" suggested Father Seligmacher.

"Perhaps," said Gottlieb, blushing, "but I am sure I have no religious vocation, although many a time in passing the monastery I often thought of the rest, quiet and happiness to be found in such cloisters where, as some writer says:

*Like birds with broken wings that seek the nest
Way-farers seeking for the City Golden,
We stop within those hallowed walls to rest."

"Since you have brought up the subject, father, I might as well say that I am thinking of getting married and would be grateful for a word of advice," said Guttman.

"You are certainly an exception to the general run of young men and women," said Father Seligmacher. "Most of them do not need a priest's advice before marrying. Oh, no, they know what they are doing—at least they think they do—poor deluded creatures. They come to the priests after they are married in order to have us help them out of a scrape. Alas! How many boys and girls are unfit for that holy state into which they rush unprepared—without giving it a sober thought! Young men who have not saved a cent and think that mutual love (if it only lasted) will support a family! Young women marrying who can't prepare a digestible dish! On the other hand how many should marry and will not and risk their salvation in consequence. And again, you have others in the married state, who, in defiance of the law of God and nature, bring inevitable damnation upon themselves because they work against the end for which that holy sacrament was instituted. Married life is hard enough even when people enter it with the blessing of God and His Church, but what shall I say of those godless marriages, where a curse rather than a blessing descends upon the con-

tracting parties. Again, you hear of a good person saying that they will reform the one they are to marry—or perhaps make a convert of him or her. Nonsense! Some of the saints, at the cost of tearful prayers and sufferings, might have succeeded in such lofty missions, but it is sheer folly for ordinary persons to talk of such impossibilities. My dear Mr. Guttman, you have opened up a wide field of thought and subject matter for a long series of sermons. So to be brief, let me advise you to prudently seek for a partner who will be a means of helping you to save your soul. Remember that more than natural gifts must be looked for in a good wife. Pray daily that God and His holy Mother will send you a worthy partner, and on your part continue to live in such a way as to make yourself worthy of the one whom Providence has destined for you."

Guttman thanked Father Seligmacher for his kind advice, and then related his experience with his Masonic friends.

"Why did you not sprinkle a little holy-water on them?" said the priest, after he had recovered from a hearty laugh.

"If I had," said Guttman, "they might have jumped through the large window in my office, and the expense of repairing it might have deprived some of my poor of the necessaries of life for a time. Of course that would not do. Now, father, before I go, I might as well come to the point. What I wanted was to know if you could help me in getting an office-boy."

"When I go to the school to-morrow I'll ask Sister Serena. She will probably be able to accommodate you. If I find the right sort of a boy I'll send him up to your office," said the priest.

"Thanks, father," said Guttman, who, after politely thanking him for his kind invitation to supper, went out through the sacristy, which Father Seligmacher said was a short cut to the street.

Since he had to pass through the Church, Gottlieb had an opportunity to kneel down and say a little prayer. He knelt at the Sacred Heart altar. It is wonderful how many loved to kneel in this quiet devotional spot in the twilight. Perhaps they were oblivious of others who thought as themselves and came there to pray unobserved. Perhaps if circumstances slightly changed we might have found Gottlieb praying in

company with some other pious companion. Who knew then but that Providence one day was to bring together the chief actors in this story. Strange things have happened, and methinks before I get through with Jus' memorandum book that I shall have to record some chance meetings which had happy endings.

Talking of Jus, reminds me that Gottlieb has now passed over to the Blessed Virgin's Altar. Little did he think as he knelt there that a poor little news-boy often came there to pray. That same boy—none other than Jus himself—whom Gottlieb had treated so kindly on that wet evening and addressed in such friendly tones. He had often see Jus since that evening and regularly bought his paper from him up to a couple of weeks ago. But Gottlieb had no idea as to what church Jus attended. Much less did he know of Jus' family relations. Jus, on his part, knew nothing of Guttman, except that he was some down-town business man. In the bustle of some towns it is possible for us to pass a familiar face every day in the year and yet know nothing of a person whom we are sure to meet at a certain corner at a given hour.

Returning to Guttman kneeling at Our Lady's Altar, we will find him repeating the same brief and fervent prayer. One favorite ejaculation he loved to repeat. It ran: "O Purest Heart of Mary make my heart like unto thine and thy divine Son."

Gottlieb shared the opinion of others in regard to the necessity of a new statue for Our Lady's Altar. An idea suddenly struck him as he was rising to go. "Come to think of it," he said to himself, "I can do well enough without that bicycle for a while yet. Besides walking is just as healthy. Yes, I'll use that money and give good Father Seligmachera a pleasing surprise. Let's see, I think he said his Christian name was Louis, and the feast comes, I think, on the twenty-fifth of this month (August). That's a capital idea. So on or before his Names-day this altar shall have a statue of the Most Pure Heart of Mary."

The next morning Father Seligmacher paid his usual visit to the school, and whilst there, asked the sister to point out a good boy who could do office work—especially one who could be depended on.

"There is one boy who has just stopped coming to school," said Sister Serena. "It

is true he is poor, father, but he is very honest and reliable. I mean Justin Wright. I think you know him. He served your Mass on one of the first Fridays."

"Sure enough, I never thought of him. He is just the boy. Send for him and tell him to call at the office of Mr. G. Guttmann. The place is near Mrs. Lyon's store," said Father Seligmacher.

Jus promptly responded to Sister Serena's note. After the good sister had inquired about his mother's health, she said to him:—"You remember I told you Justin that I would try to do something for you whenever the opportunity presented itself, and now I am glad to be able to fulfill my promise."

Jus thanked the sister two or three times, and soon was on his way to Guttmann's office.

On his way down town Jus met Olive Reinheart, who was on her way to Jus' home. Her visits were more frequent since Mrs. Wright became ill.

"I don't know about that," said Olive, after Jus told her for where he was bound, "perhaps, Jus, it's better if you turn back with me. I might succeed in getting you a position. I do not think you ought to have anything to do with that man Guttmann—you will be in danger of losing your faith. I do not place much faith in hearsay, nevertheless so many people say he is a member of some secret organization, and even goes to our Church in order to throw people off their guard. No, Jus, if I were you I would have nothing whatsoever to do with such a man. Your soul is worth more than a few paltry dollars."

And thus was Gottlieb Guttmann robbed of his good name, because his landlady couldn't hold her tongue.

"Well, Miss Reinheart," said Jus, "I'll try the place, and will come straight home the moment I hear anything said against Catholics."

But Jus didn't come home, except for his meals. Had he followed Olive's advice, and not applied for the position at Guttmann's, it would have put an entirely new face on what I have yet to relate. It was only a boy's resolution, but a great deal depended on it.

Just as Guttmann was dismissing a new customer, Jus walked up to the desk.

"Hello! here's my little newsboy!" exclaimed Guttmann, entirely ignorant of Jus' present mission. "Why, for the past two weeks I have had to walk down to Mrs. Lyons' for my *Evening News*. Where have you been?"

Only the night before Guttmann was at Mrs. Lyons' for his paper, and since she was generally well-posted on the dates of church festivals, to be doubly sure, he asked that amiable old lady the day on which the Feast of St. Louis fell. He thought, as I said before, it was August 25th, but he was not quite sure. This evening he stopped to have a chat with Mrs. Lyons, saying to her, among other things: "Why, Mrs. Lyons, it seems you'll never get rid of those little statutes of yours. They will, I think, wear out their existence by the many dustings you give them in a year. It's strange how little our people care for these pretty things. They would give a Catholic atmosphere to any room, it seems to me. If some one doesn't soon buy that lovely little statue of the Pure Heart of Mary, it might fly off and seek its resting place some where else."

Guttmann, it is true, was only talking in a half-teasing way, but when I look closer at his words, I think he was only expressing what was uppermost in his own mind. It is a very true saying that "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speak." To put it plainer, Gottlieb's heart was seeking its resting place. If there was a heart beating in unison with his, its throbbing could not be heard by Gottlieb. If there ever was an object on which he was to devote his affections, instead of approaching towards him, it seemed, he thought, to vanish farther and farther away from him. But in truth it was approaching him, faster than Gottlieb dreamt. I fear I have made a digression. So let's return to Guttmann's office and see how Jus fares.

When Guttmann asked him "Where have you been?" Jus could hardly give an answer. He, too, was rather surprised to meet his old customer, the same who had given him the "extra" cent that rainy night. "It surely can't be true that so

good and kind a man is so bad a man as Miss Reinheart says he is," thought Jus.

Jus was correct in his judgment. Olive was wrong.

"Please, Sir," said Jus, after he recovered from his surprise, "I had to stop at home and help in cleaning and cooking as long as ma was ill, and during those days I couldn't sell papers. "That's how you missed me."

"Why, are you the only help your mother has?" asked Guttman, thinking, perhaps, that here was another good chance to help another poor family.

"No, Sir," said Jus, "there's a nice lady who comes to help us now and then. I am not all alone. That would make me feel bad."

As far as a dislike for being alone went, I think Jus and Guttman resembled each other.

Jus then explained to Mr. Guttman that he had really come to apply for a position as office-boy. He got it. And very few questions were asked. Guttman told Jus that there was no need of starting work until the morning, so he returned home. On his way he stopped at the convent to thank Sister Serena, and this time, when the big door opened automatically, Jus did not lose his presence of mind as he did on another occasion.

Jus reached home just as Olive was about to depart, and who stayed a little longer in order to hear the outcome of Jus' visit to Mr. Guttman. Mrs. Wright was wishing that Olive would go, fearing that Mr. Wright would soon arrive home in one of his hilarious moods, as was usually the case during the August races. Olive noticed Mrs. Wright's excited looks, and feared she was falling into a relapse, so she gently chided her, saying, "Now, Mrs. Wright, don't excite yourself. What is it, anyway? Tell me, won't you? Perhaps I can help you?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mrs. Wright, "only I was thinking of that awful husband of mine. I hope, Miss Reinheart, you will be more fortunate when you are married."

A little crimson showed itself on Olive's face. "I thought that possible, some few weeks ago, Mrs. Wright," said Olive, "but I am commencing to think that after all I

am to pass the rest of my life in a single state. Perhaps it is better after all."

"That may all come to pass as you say, Miss Reinheart, but sometimes things take a queer turn," said Mrs. Wright, as Olive wished them all "Good evening!"

Jus got along splendidly at Mr. Guttman's office, and the latter took a great interest in his new clerk. In the evenings Jus used to visit Father Seligmacher, who gave him some lessons in Latin, and Jus proved a very apt scholar.

Many a basket of provisions or something substantial came to the Wright family, and when asked, "Who sent it?" the man who drove the delivery-wagon said he couldn't tell. Of course the unknown benefactor was Guttman. Later on, Guttman, himself visited the family, and even went so far as to carry something or other along with him.

On one of these visits Gottlieb saw Olive. He simply bowed to her, but did not introduce himself. He had a good opportunity of studying her, and could not help but admire her kind and gentle way of treating this poor family. That night Olive left Wright's house early, and hence had not thought of asking Gottlieb's name.

Soon after that the same errands of charity brought them together again at "Wright's Roost." Mrs. Wright was convalescing slowly, and consequently felt rather low spirited. One evening Gottlieb was trying to cheer her up by relating some funny anecdotes, not forgetting to introduce an example of some saint in order to show the necessity of christian resignation during a severe illness.

As Olive was about to enter the house, Guttman was commencing to tell of his laughable experience with the committee from Lodge No. 1. Olive walked in noisily and took a chair—the only one, for Guttman occupied the strongest end of the springless lounge.

Bowing to Olive, Guttman went on with his story. Jus couldn't contain himself for laughter. He now and then looked at Olive, who seemed a little bewildered.

When Guttman finished his story, Olive full of blushes, walked over to Guttman, saying, "My name is Olive Reinheart, is your name Guttman?"

"That's my name, Miss Reinheart, but

whether I am so good as my name seems to imply is another question, and—"

"Indeed he *is* good," interrupted Mrs. Wright and Jus in chorus, "and I hope you will pardon me, Miss Reinheart, if I take such liberty with a newly made acquaintance as to say that your own name suggests a golden quality in any lady. I hope I need to make no apologies for my blunt way of saying things."

"If any one is to offer an apology, Mr. Guttman, I think it is myself, and I ask a thousand apologies for anything I have said against your good name. I must confess I did say something about you to Jus that was not right. But I was deceived by evil reports, which I might have still believed if I had not fortunately heard the truth," said Olive.

After this Olive and Gottlieb became fast friends, and often met at the same or some similar abode of poverty. So far they had had no opportunity to speak with one another except in company.

A few evenings later they both met accidentally, as they were both going to the same place, Wright's house. Guttman, who carried a parcel under his arm, opened up the conversation by saying: "I have something here for some of the boys."

He then pulled it out to show Olive. It was a soft, felt, Alpine hat.

"Why, Mr. Guttman, that's a girl's hat!" said Olive, who couldn't restrain her laughter.

"I might have known better," said Gottlieb. "I did think there was something wrong when I saw that long pin running through it, but thought perhaps it was some new s'yle in boys' hats. I am very thankful to you for telling me of the mistake. After all, two heads are better than one."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EVERY man will die disappointed who does nothing to make the world brighter and better.

ALL other religions have been either national, like the Jewish religion, or territorial like Mahomedanism, or State religions like the Anglican Church. The Catholic religion alone, as the name implies, is universal, cosmopolitan, worldwide.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Miss Matilda Cummings.

I am glad to think

I am not bound to make the world go right;

But only discover to do

With cheerful heart, the work which God appoints.
—Jean Ingelow.



WHAT a world of thoughtful meaning lies in the simple words of the gentle English poetess. They are full of the wisdom which Sir Walter Scott would have called "canny," and they are sin-

gularly appropriate in these days when so many of us are sorely perplexed because of the mass of things that go wrong, while we go away from sheer helplessness to *right* the wrong. Thomas a Kempis has a chapter in his "Imitation" which was very aptly termed the "mind your own business" chapter. And, after all, notwithstanding the very strong desire to help the neighbor which is uppermost in many well-meaning people, there comes a time in the experience of all when one's own little field is the true God's acre, and the thought which it most behooves us to dwell upon, this: "Mine own vineyard I have not kept."

Some people are very much given to what Fr. Faber calls "hugging their beloved melancholy," and this is of a piece with the very prejudiced view which so many take of the world and its seething cauldron of iniquity. August brings us, in the Assumption, the crowning glory of the feasts of Our Blessed Lady; Lady Day in harvest, as our own more Catholic neighbors over the sea still delight in calling it. From the hour when the glad archangel's wing broke the silence of the midnight hour in the holy house of Nazareth, up to the time of her blessed deliverance from earth's thraldom, she was the creature *par excellence* who kept all things in her heart. Surely she, above all others, with her exquisite sensitiveness to the very shadow of sin, could not have been blind to the evil of

the world in her day. Yet no word of protest came from her lips. The sins of men caused her an anguish compared to which, the most burning zeal of an apostle were but a flickering flame. Yet no remonstrance came from her who had no interests in the world save those of God and souls. Solitude is the city of the strong, and silence her prayer. In these days of the "New Woman," (a character happily unknown amongst the children of Mary,) the life of her who is the most perfect model of her sex, looms up in a very striking light. The light of other days, 'tis true, but it has lost none of its clear brilliancy. No, the virgin wax tapers that burn on Mary's Shrine are the fitting emblem of her light that shines in purity and beauty, reflected in the lives of her children, and going on from age to age even unto the perfect day. Give us no more of the "New Woman" type. Alas! for the days when the distaff is exchanged for the wheel, which knows more of bloomers than of linen in beautiful variety. When knight and lady alike are astride, and when the flowing drapery which added grace to beauty is a thing of the past, as are the days of Esther and the woman's kingdom, now that the bicycle is the beast of burden. Not very seemly are such thoughts for the twilights of August. No, let us leave them for the garish light of day and the dusty high roads of the world's thoroughfares. Rather let us draw a sigh of relief as we raise our weary eyes to the true harvest home which Mary, the perfect woman, has reached. 'Tis like the refreshing rain that falls "after the dust and heat," the thought of her on Assumption Day. Some of us know what the sense of exile is. The long years of separation from all the heart holds dear. The yearning for scenes and faces that are a part of our very selves. The feeling of utter desolation which comes over the heart at the thought that life is passing, and the distance 'twixt us and the arms of those we love is lengthening. Happy we if tears can relieve the longing eyes and aching hearts. What then of Mary, during her fifteen years of weary waiting for home and her beloved Son! And oh! what of the rapture of her Assumption Day. How good is God, and how royally He repays those who wait for Him! So, with the help of the blessed beads that crown our dear Mother day by day even

during our weary exile, let us while away the twilights of August. Would that one and all we could pass them among the mountains. Then, with our eyes fixed on the heights, we could frame sweet pictures of hope and promise, and build our castles, not in Spain, but in heaven. Yes, let us take heart of hope. *Some* bright Lady Day in Harvest we will look *down*, not up; then how small will earth and its dreary vales appear, when we view them from the skies. May our dear Lady of Peace hasten the blessed day.

SAVED BY THE ANGELUS BELL.

THE following beautiful instance of a providential escape from death occurred in Austria. Two brothers, aged nine and four respectively, were playing towards mid-day at a brook close to a mill. The small brother happened to fall into the water. Immediately the elder brother, well aware of the danger, jumped in after him, which, though at that place shallow enough, began to flow rapidly towards the mill, which was only twenty paces off. The younger brother was therefore in the greatest danger of being carried away by the current, and if not saved there and then, he would be torn to pieces by the wheel, meeting with a certain and cruel death. The elder brother, aided by the current, was lucky enough to get hold of the younger one; already he had grasped with one arm his half-dead brother, but, as seemed certain, only to die with him. With a fearfully increasing rapidity both brothers were carried by the current to the revolving wheel, and nobody seemed to hear the shouting and screaming of the elder boy. Already the two brothers were touching the wheel, and the elder one was caught in it, when, behold, at the last critical moment the wheel suddenly stops—the *Angelus bell is tolling*—and barehead and praying appears the miller who, at the sound of the Angelus bell, had stopped the wheel and mill, for the usual time of prayer and the mid-day rest, and both the brothers were saved;—*Echange*.

LET the action be ever so insignificant it is impossible to perform it without the help of Him, without whom nothing can be done.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
 IN HONOR OF
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Arch-
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Aug., 1895. No. 8

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The month of August brings with it "Our Lady's Day." Our Spanish correspondent has sent us a most beautiful description of the festivities on that day in Spain, which our readers will find on another page. It incidentally teaches the lesson, that devotion to Our Blessed Mother is the cause of one of the chief fruits of the Holy Ghost in Christian hearts, holy joy.

* * *

The new Church built by the Carmelite Fathers of Pittsburg for Holy Trinity parish is now completed. On the fourth of this month the dedication ceremonies take place. The Church was described and illustrated in one of the numbers of last year's REVIEW. It is one of the most beautiful churches of Pittsburg, a worthy testimonial to the piety and devotion of the members of that congregation, who are all people in moderate circumstances.

* * *

The poem which opened our June number, "Omnia pro Te Cor Jesu," was not written for the CARMELITE REVIEW, but was sent to us some time ago with the request to publish it. It was written by Father Mathew Russell, S. J., and printed in the *English Messenger of the Sacred Heart* in the year 1870. The person who sent it to us did not mention its origin, and thus it happened that we took it for original work of the sender until our attention was called to it.

* * *

The corner-stone of the new Carmelite Convent of Nuns in Montreal was laid a few weeks ago. The new convent is in the

city, and will be built to replace the convent at Hochelaga, which was found to be unsuitable. The Nuns, true to their profession, rely entirely upon charity to raise the funds for the new building. We have no misgiving whatever about their final success. As the Jesuit Father, who preached at the occasion, says: "Christians, who are in need of prayers, can never do better than secure the assistance of a Carmelite Nun." He is right, because he, who helps Our Lady's special servants, places the Queen of Heaven under obligations, and we all know, how royally she meets them.

* * *

The Feast of St. Albert on the 7th of August, will be a day of thanksgiving for many of our readers. Since last year, when we referred in these pages to the water, blessed with the relics of St. Albert, the demand for it has been steadily on the increase, and numerous instances of its efficacy have been brought to our notice. The intercession of this great saint obtained for many a one, what medical skill could not accomplish. We gladly publish the praises of our saints, and would willingly devote a page in our REVIEW to the publication of such instances, were it not for want of space. Therefore, do not promise the saint to have a cure published in the REVIEW until you can keep the promise.

* * *

MANY of our readers complain of the paper and the print of the REVIEW. It is said that the paper is too glossy and the print too fine. These are faults, if they can be called so, which are easily remedied. The paper used for the REVIEW is of the very best calendered paper used in magazine work, more costly than the usual run of magazine paper. The type is new, expressly bought for the REVIEW, and not used for any other work. On thicker paper it would make a broader impression. But we cannot make any changes until the beginning of a new year. If the interest taken in the CARMELITE REVIEW continues to increase, we intend to double its size in the coming year, and use paper and type which, although less expensive, will give better satisfaction. We are learning all the time, and our readers are kind enough to believe in us.

THE papers of Japan, published and edited by pagans, gave an account lately of a very remarkable incident which occurred during the late war with China. Among the Japanese soldiers there are a number of Christians who have shown unusual courage and bravery, and are highly esteemed by their commanders. At the siege of Port Arthur, one of the Chinese forts made a vigorous defence. The Japanese officers selected the Christian soldiers from the various companies, and formed a battalion exclusively Christian. They were ordered to take the fort. The chief officers were confident that the fort would be taken by these valiant soldiers, but not without great loss of life. But their astonishment may be imagined, when, after successfully carrying the fort, the whole battalion was found intact, not a single Christian having been even wounded. They all wore the Scapular. This event made a deep impression on the heathen Japanese, and it is said that many conversions were the result.

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THE question of Home Rule for Ireland seems to be as far from settlement as ever. Ministries may change, in England, elections follow elections, but this question seems to be at a standstill. Ireland, which owes its greatness in the Kingdom of God to its indefectible adherence to religious unity, will not achieve any success among the kingdoms of the earth without political unity. That God loves Ireland, is evident to every Catholic from her very history. If Home Rule will be a blessing for it, it can be obtained from heaven. The lovers of Ireland should unite in prayer for unity among her representatives, and do, as they did for centuries, ask for God's blessing on their undertakings, instead of trying to keep supernatural motives entirely out of their politics. When Parnell was at the head of the Irish party, and success seemed to be but a question of time, we were in great doubts as to the successful issue of his leadership, mainly because we could not separate in our mind, the political from the religious side of the question. Ireland, the Island of Saints and Doctors, the "Holy Isle" will never be great on any other basis, than that which made her great among the nations as the home of the chosen people of God.

THOUSANDS of pilgrims were drawn to Our Lady's shrine at Falls View, to celebrate the Feast of Mount Carmel, and to share in the untold treasures opened to them by Our Holy Father. The piety and eagerness to gain all the indulgences were truly edifying. It was extremely gratifying to witness the sincere devotion of the people of all classes to Our Heavenly Mother. It was clearly the enthusiasm of conviction—which made the pilgrims crowd the little shrine to suffocation throughout the entire day. So vast the throng, so intent upon their devotion, and so earnest in visiting the church, that a stranger exclaimed: "It reminds one of the great pilgrimages of the old country." Last year the grain of mustard seed was sown, when the corner-stone of the Hospice was laid, and its growth has been rapid and prolific. We feel encouraged by the flattering reports from all sides. Especially do we appreciate the efforts of the directors of the Buffalo *Folkstrend* to make their pilgrimage a success. There were six or seven hundred pilgrims who availed themselves of their excursion. The zeal of the pilgrims was thoroughly aroused by the powerful and eloquent tribute which the Rev. Francis Ryan, Rector of the Cathedral of Toronto, paid to Our Lady of Carmel. In our next issue we will publish a synopsis of this sublime conception of Our Lady's Order and its influence on modern times.

BOOKS.

THE Rosary Publication Co., New York, publishes "A COURSE OF STUDY FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS," compiled by an experienced teacher. It may be well-nigh impossible to obtain absolute uniformity in all those points that would make the parochial schools of the United States most efficient. The country is too large; the teaching communities differ too much in methods and systems of teaching, the requirements of the individual schools are too various, and the demands of the controlling powers, as well as of the parents, are too widely divergent to make uniformity on all points feasible. But there should be a desire on the part of all interested in the welfare of our Catholic schools, to bring about a greater degree of regularity in the course of study and system

of grading adopted by the various schools. This little book, evidently the work of an experienced teacher, suggests a most practical method, and is full of hints which no conscientious or intelligent teacher will be likely to overlook.

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THE "LIFE OF BLESSED ALPHONSUS OROZCO, O. S. A." compiled from the Spanish by Father Jones, O. S. A., is the title of a well printed and neatly bound volume of 326 pages, published by H. L. Kilner & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa. Father Alphonsus Orozco was a member of the Augustinian Order in Spain during the sixteenth century. He was Court Preacher at the Court of Spain at the time when St. Teresa was founding new nurseries of saints for the Carmelite Order, and St. John of the Cross was contemplating in seclusion the mysteries of Divine Love. It was the age of great saints, the age of St. Ignatius and St. Peter of Alcantara. This careful biography of a saint, who was eminent for his learning, no less than for his holy life, and who was declared Blessed by our present Pontiff in 1882, gives a true picture of religion and faith in Spain during that century of religious revolution in Europe. The Spanish Court to which, as represented by Isabella the Catholic, we owe Columbus, did not cease to welcome saints as preachers and confessors in succeeding years. This fact alone, is a refutation of the many falsehoods to be found in historical works on Spain during that period, written by hostile pens. Nor can any sincere Christian read the life of this holy Spanish friar without a feeling of admiration for his lofty virtues, and for the noble Catholic race from which he sprung.

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"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA, 1626-1895," is the title of the latest work written by our gifted friend, Very Rev. Dean Harris. It is beautifully printed by William Briggs, Toronto, Ont., richly illustrated, and forms a large octavo volume of 352 pages, in elegant cloth binding. Although this work has a local title, it records historical facts concerning men and places, that are interesting to every intelligent inhabitant of North America. Who has not seen, or wished to see, Niagara Falls, the most

glorious handiwork of the Almighty on this Western Continent? And who, having at all inquired into the history of this new country, which is now the home of so many millions of white men, has not heard of the fierce and savage tribes which formerly inhabited its forests and plains? Of the European pioneers and missionaries, who first penetrated these forests, navigated these rivers and lakes, and named so many localities? Of Father Hennepin, of Renie La Salle, of the indomitable Jesuit missionaries, who became martyrs for the sake of Christianity and civilization? All the historic data bearing on these, all the traces hitherto discovered of the forgotten Mound Builders and Copper Workers, of the Attiwindarons, of the Iroquois, of the Early Missionaries have been gathered, and bound together in a most fascinating narrative by the patient, persevering toil of the writer. With the same warm love for his subject, he treats the later and even the most recent followers of the Early Missionaries. Thus, to mention only our own institution on the Niagara Peninsula, he gives one of the best and most succinct historical accounts of the Carmelite Order we have ever read. The only chapter not brought up to date, is the one referring to his own parish of St. Catharines, Ont. After relating with loving remembrance the labors of his heroic predecessors, he modestly closes the book. Some other hand will finish the page in future days and record the splendid sacerdotal, pastoral, and scholarly career of the present Dean of St. Catharines, and it will not be the least glorious page of the history of "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula."

EXCHANGES.

THE *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, has abandoned its old form and adopted the shape of a newspaper. It looks decidedly better, and is far more handy in its new shape.

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THE *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for July, contains a richly illustrated article on the famous monastic establishments on the Isles of Lerins. There is also an interesting chapter on the first Catholic College in New England, founded fifty years ago in Massachusetts.

THE *Beobachter*, of Pittsburg, a German daily Catholic paper, has been obliged to enlarge its printing facilities, and has lately purchased a large Hoe press to meet the demands of its readers. How is it, that Germans and German-Americans can do all this, and we cannot even boast of a single English Catholic daily in all North America?

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WITH the July number, the *Rosary Magazine* begins its seventh volume, and begins it well. "Our Lady of Mount Carmel" forms the frontispiece of this brilliant number. John A. Mooney contributes a third essay on "Zola and Lourdes," a timely and admirable work for the honor of Our Blessed Lady. An illustrated article explains the wonderful typesetting machine invented lately by Father Calendoli, an Italian Dominican.

HOW TO BECOME A SAINT.

OUR sanctification consists in the proper fulfillment of the many little duties of life, the living in God's friendship and grace first of all, and the doing of our duties with purer intention, not the temporal intention, but with the intention of loving and serving God, of offering them in atonement for our sins, in union with the Sacred Heart Who in all things did His heavenly father's will. It consists in deep, constant contentment with our state, and that calm resignation to God's will that bears with patience temporal loss, trials and sufferings. Its motto always is: "Not my will but Thine be done." Then this sanctification instills gentle charity into all our thoughts, words and actions in regard to our neighbor. Kind towards all and especially towards the poor, patient with their failings, unenvious of their success, it treats all with respect derived from the supernatural dignity with which God wishes to crown us all.

CONSCIENCE, remember, may be a very troublesome companion. It may seem to stand in the way of our interests, of our money making, of our pleasure; but, be sure of this, every step taken in violation of it, will have to be retaken if you are to have peace and the blessing of Heaven.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION.

"What do you think of the temperance question, Mick?"

"Do you mean temperance considered as a virtue?"

"Well, I suppose, the question refers not so much to the virtue, but to the measures the government should adopt against those who violate the virtue by over-indulgence."

"In this sense there can be no doubt, that any government has a right and the duty, to protect itself and the unoffending citizens against the consequences of excess, though I wish to say right here, that the means adopted hitherto have proved themselves utterly useless."

"Do you refer to the prohibition laws?"

"Both to them and to the other laws passed in the different states to check drunkenness and punish the drunkard."

"I cannot see what objection you can have to prohibition, after every other means has been tried and failed."

"Sam, this question of drink is a moral question, and no government ever succeeded in solving a moral question by legislation. Besides, prohibition laws would be very un-American, and therefore reprehensible, even if the object in view could be obtained."

"How is that?"

"It is our boast, that this is the land of liberty, where everybody can do as he pleases as long as he does not interfere with his neighbor, and render himself a nuisance. But the prohibition laws are a slap into the face of liberty and no government of the old world, no matter how despotic it was, ever had recourse to such a drastic measure."

"I cannot see any despotism in a law calculated to defend the commonwealth against a vice which wrecks so many homes, brings poverty and degradation to thousands, and deflects millions of dollars into the pockets of a few publicans that fatten upon the misery of the nation."

"You overdraw the picture, when you generalize in this way and speak of the nation. Pray, tell me, how many drunkards have we in proportion to the population?"

"Altogether too many."

"This is no answer. Of course even a single drunkard is one too many. But with prohibition laws before us, the question is pertinent. Is the number of drunkards so large as to justify the coercion of those who may use intoxicating drink, but with due moderation? No advocate of prohibition will dare maintain that habitual drunkards form a majority."

"I, myself, do not believe that such is the case."

"If I am not very much mistaken, there are not more than two percent of the adult population, that can be styled drunkards. Add to these six, eight or even ten per cent. of people, who, without habitual excess, yet now and then become intoxicated, and you will find that twelve out of every hundred over-indulge, whilst eighty-eight per cent. either abstain entirely or use drink with moderation. Will this percentage justify prohibitive legislation?"

"It would not, if your figures were correct, but I fear you purposely put them too low."

"I do not think so, and you may easily convince yourself that they are approximately correct. Call to your memory all your acquaintances, and count the drunkards amongst them, or compare the population of a place with the police records of drunkenness, and you will find that my figures come very near the truth."

"But how does it come, then, that the papers are teeming with accounts of drunken brawls?"

"In the most simple manner, Sam. The papers make no mention of the sober people, they only emphasize the cases of drunkenness, and hence you are apt to believe that everybody is drinking to excess, unless you use your multiplication tables. Besides, in order to arrive at a satisfactory solution of such a burning question, it is not enough simply to state the amount of drunkards, but we have to examine into the reasons of this drunkenness. It is, for instance, acknowledged that the per capita consumption of whiskey before our civil war was higher than at present, and yet the number of habitual drunkards lower. How would you account for this?"

"Well, I suppose, they were a hardier race, better able to withstand the consequences of their cups."

"This hardly accounts for it. The human constitution has not become so much deteriorated in this short space of time. But it cannot be denied that if man did not deteriorate, whiskey did. In a word, the drinks sold are no longer genuine, and this accounts for a good deal, though it is not the only reason."

"What other reason or reasons have you?"

"Sam, if you keep your eyes open, you will find that, as a rule, drunkenness increases with the number of factories. As long as a country is an agricultural one, it remains comparatively sober, but in proportion to its industries drunkenness increases."

"There is undoubtedly a large grain of truth in that assertion, but I account for it simply by the number of saloons. Wherever a factory is built, bar-rooms in ever increasing number open at once."

"Admitting the fact, I deny the inference. You mistake cause and effect, as you take it for granted that the existence of the bar creates the drinking habit, whilst, to my mind, the desire or rather want of drink creates the bar. You see, it is the old question of supply and demand, and I maintain, that in this case, the demand creates the supply, and *not vice versa*."

"But how are you going to prove this?"

"By the fact that saloons remain few in number wherever there is little industry and multiply where industry holds sway. If the supply would create the demand an increasing number of bar-rooms would correspondingly increase the consumption of drink, whereas experience teaches that bars in such localities simply go to the wall."

"Supposing so, it fails to prove the necessity of bar-rooms in industrial districts."

"It may not exactly prove it, but it infers it, since the existence of these saloons can only be accounted for on a supposed demand for them. Nor need we go far to find the reason for this demand. In a country and at a time when time is money, the quiet and moderate activity of former days gave way to a restless, feverish activity, which puts nerves and muscles of man to their utmost strain and wastes his strength with ever increasing rapidity, and of all the means to repair that waste there is none more handy or more expeditious

than fermented or distilled liquor, and hence the demand."

"Yet there are certainly other means, and therefore no absolute necessity for this?"

"I agree with you, but since we are speaking now not of temperance as such, but of prohibition, I ask you: What right has the state to forbid this means to people who wish to use it?"

"If a means like this would never be abused, I would say that the government has no right to interfere, but as it is abused so terribly and so often, I think it but the duty of the government to put a stop to drinking as far as possible."

"And you think, Sam, that you can achieve this by prohibition laws? Look at our famous prohibition states, Maine, Kansas and Iowa. Did prohibition prohibit there?"

"It may not have prohibited altogether, but it certainly decreased the consumption very much."

"It did the opposite, it increased drink. Just forbid a thing and everybody wants it. In Kansas and Iowa the prohibition laws were administered with a rigor and a disregard for all decency that would put the Russian government to the blush. In Leavenworth the police took their way over the roofs of neighboring houses in their search for liquor. Violations of the law were punished in a way that should have brought the officials to the gallows. In Iowa a miscreant pulled a sick and dying woman out of bed to search the bed for liquor. And what was the result? I traveled through the three states at the time, and, even in the smallest places, drink of every kind could be obtained in abundance, but it had to be taken behind curtains. Never in the history of these states was there as much drinking as then. These laws created hypocrites by the thousand and changed hitherto sober men into drunkards by the hundred."

"I do not see, Mick, how a prohibition law can make a drunkard of a sober man."

"In a very simple way. There were hundreds accustomed to take a so called 'snifter' two or three times a day, whilst they could get it at a public bar. This satisfied them and they remained sober. Prohibition forced them to smuggle in their favorite drink in larger quantities, and the

quantity in their possession proved too great a temptation. The whiskey burned in their pocket, as they said, until they transferred it, whereupon it burned their stomach and their brains. Thus the law in its abuse can be charged with making drunkards."

"Every law can be abused, and the abuse proves nothing against the law."

"It does in this case, because the common sense of the people feels that such laws are a monstrosity and an injustice to the majority; that they are violently partisan in their very conception; and hence they not only feel justified in breaking it, but in a manner called upon to do so as a protest against the monstrosity. This feeling was so universal amongst all classes of people that even those who made the law were continual breakers of it, and it was not by any means an isolated instance to find a prohibition speaker delivering a fanatical tirade in favor of the law, and getting gloriously drunk the same day. As I said, these laws educated hypocrites."

"You are certainly a very determined opponent of prohibition, Mick. There are, however, other very weighty reasons favoring prohibition of which we did not make any mention yet."

"Which, for instance?"

"There is first the loss of an enormous amount of money spent yearly in drink, and secondly, excessive drinking ruins the health and shortens the life of the drunkard and his family, and in the third place it brutalizes and becomes the prolific mother of domestic quarrels, personal violence and shedding of blood."

"I acknowledge all these consequences of drink, and yet deny that they justify prohibition. But these questions cannot be settled in a few words, and therefore I'll wait with answering them till we meet again."

"All right. Good-bye, Mick."

"Good-bye, Sam. And don't follow the example of those speakers who first defend prohibition and then get drunk in order to gather new strength for an onslaught on drinking."

HAPPY Mary, when the child Jesus played near this tender Mother. — ST. EPIPHANIUS.

LADY DAY IN SPAIN.

DON JUAN PEDRO.

For the Carmelite Review.

THE feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is past: that day so dear, to all Spanish hearts, the feast most anxiously awaited by all the children of "Nuestra Señora."

Who can traverse

Spain, or penetrate into France and Italy, and forget "Nuestra Señora del Carmen?" The very streets of the towns remind us of her, the squares of the cities recall her to our memory; the churches and the hospitals, the ancient hospice and the tiny sanctuary, proclaim in tones unmistakable, the time-honored name of Our Lady of Carmel.

Yes, this feast has passed, but not without fond remembrance of the usual splendors of its last celebration, and of the happiness that then swept with a storm of joy her countless sodalities, as they took up their positions in the marshalled ranks of her processions, to wend their way to some of her favored shrines, there to honor their Immaculate mother in hymns of praise and peans of gratitude.

But, with the passing away of even this most popular of feasts, has devotion to our loving mother been satiated?

No, no, there still remains one more feast which claims a prominence not accorded to any other. It is known throughout the Peninsula as the feast of "Our Lady of the Harvest"—the "Lady Day" of the Celt and the Saxon, - the glorious 15th of August, when Holy Church celebrates the assumption of the "Royal Daughter of David"—the day when the "Mystic Rose" no longer embellished this vale of tears, but was transplanted to flourish in the virgin soil of the "New Jerusalem."

This is the day of Our Lady by excellence, the feast of all the countless shrines which dot, like the stars of the firmament, the beautiful landscape of the peninsula, from the banks of the Duro to the Delta of the Elbro, from the Spanish Brighton—San Sebastian—to Gibraltar. These public foun-

tains of mercy are to be met with everywhere, so that grace is ever open, gratuitous and overflowing within their hallowed precincts.

As it is in Spain to-day, so it had been, in days gone by, and still continues, although in a smaller degree, at the Holy Wells—at Croagh Patrick—the "Reek" of western Connaught—at St. Patrick's Purgatory amidst the black waters of Lough Derg, and at the "Lourdes" of Holy Ireland, miraculous Knock. This was before the bitter days of famine and pestilence and the emigrant ship had scattered the devoted children of our heavenly mother, these children of faith who carried with them to foreign lands, the prolific seed of a warm devotion to Mary. Deep, deep in the innermost recesses of their hearts, they kept the memory of each past Lady Day. Therefore, between the exiled children of Erin, and the children of the land of "Maria Santissima" there is and always has been one grand characteristic in common, unequalled loyalty to Mary, and an unflinching faith in her protection and patronage. No circumstances of time or place, no change of prosperity or adversity could weaken in these, her chosen children, their fidelity to the Immaculate Queen.

At no season of the year is the belief in Mary's powerful intercession so patent, at none of the usual feasts in her honor does the faith of her children assume such proportions, nor their gratitude such an extent, less mother, thrills through us like new life, as on Lady Day. It is the feast of the harvest. On this day the devotion to our sinless mother, thrills through us like new life, and renders us more thankful for the mysterious magnificence of those countless gifts, temporal and spiritual of our loving Father, of which through, Mary's sweet intercession, we have, during the past year, been made the recipients. On this day, heaven and earth, as it were, are united in a mystic golden link. Nature has just rewarded the humble toiler of the fields with her choicest gifts—heaven has the drops of sweat pearling down from the brow of labor. Nature revels with delight in her loveliness, and the toiler participates in her joy, and rejoices in her welcomed fecundity. The trees are bending beneath their burden of rich luxuriant fruit, the products of the soil are no less

profitable than the golden wealth of the vineyard and orchard, the olive and the vine vie with the maize in richness.

Is it a wonder, then, that on the day of "Our Lady of the harvest," her shrines are crowded? No matter where they may be situated, no matter how inaccessible their location, no matter what fatigues are to be endured to reach them, thither unflinchingly journey our sinless mother's clients to unite with the vast contingents already assembled to add other units to the vast armies encamped around her favored shrines. Some come to give thanks, others to ask for help, others to express their love for Mary, but they all know and believe that Mary loves the sweet violence of prayer. The very clamors of her assaulting armies have equal charms for her with the low, soft, song-like pleadings that arise from the secluded cloister. She is content, with the fidelity and sweetness of an earthy mother, to offer up her Divine Son, the poverty of our love. And well does the pilgrim throng know the power our loving mother of Mount Carmel exercises in the council of the adorable Trinity, for it is through her unceasing prayers that almighty God deigns to bless us, to aid us to give us His graces with lavish munificence: it is through the persistent importunities of our loving mother, that our sorrows are soothed, and our tears are dried.

What surprising treasures of mercy are not unlocked beneath the shade of our Immaculate Mother's shrines during the feast of the harvest? Yes, to-day's feast with its impetuous rain of graces, and the multitudinous prayers which all day long, break around the throne of the eternal, is the source of conversions as numerous as they are unlooked for; for at the foot of her altar on this day, how deep-dyed is the guilt which Almighty God causes to fall from us like withered leaves "that redden to the fall."

And the dear souls in purgatory are not forgotten on this day of indulgences—souls, so dear to Our Mother, who stood under the cross of her Son and saw the Precious Blood flow for their sakes. These and numberless other blessings for the living and the dead, are to-day flowing from Mary's sanctuaries in response to the prayers and penances of her countless clients.

Thus around her shrines and sanctuaries

to-day groups of old and young are gathered, and although religion is often combined with gaiety, and with the bargaining of traffic, as at the old, time-honored Patron fairs of old Ireland, yet the "Ave Maria" as fragrant incense unceasingly mounts to the skies, as group succeeds group in endless succession within the limited precincts, or around the enclosures, which bind the tiny sanctuary. Not one instant, during the entire day does the perpetual hum of gratitude or the low pathos of petition cease.

And when these religious duties are suspended by some, and the beads are no longer told, and when the early arrivals relax their successive rosaries of the morning, it is then, that the stranger from a foreign clime, with his comparatively cold, calculating piety of the north, is particularly struck with the primitive simplicity particularly in the rural districts of Gallacia, the Austurias, and Cataluna) of their sports, the innocence of their enjoyments, the association of religion with cheerfulness, and the perfect temperance and good humor which reign, without the supervision of a battalion of helmeted preservers of public order. Having satisfied their duties to their Creator and Bountiful Giver of every good gift, they enter, with the heartiest of good will, amidst laughter and jest, into these harmless pleasures, which usage and tradition have consecrated for each particular feast.

In fact, to find equally innocent amusement and exciting novelty in rural sports, combined with profound religious devotion, one has to look amidst the hills and dales of the Alpine landscape of Tyrol, or amongst the glens of Donegal, or at the festivities of the flannel-coated peasantry of the Isles of Arron, or in the mountain passes of Conemaugha or Kerry; in all of these, devotion to Our Lady can and does co-exist with innocent mirth, as a source of thrilling happiness. These pleasures, so far removed from gross sensual ones, of a nature to appeal only to pure and simple souls, joined with strong and dutiful devotion to a sinless Mother, have for them such a powerful spell, that they warm their hearts, moisten their eyes and raise their spirits to heroic acts in defence of religion and of country, of which the history of these Catholic nations furnish so long a litany of examples. It is during these gay scenes of enjoyment in Spain,

amidst the merry sounds of the guitar, the shrill notes of the "gaita" (the Austurian bagpipe), the click of the "castinellos," the jingle of the "panderita," and the accompanying dancing of the national dancers in their varied colored costumes, that oft and oft you will see the sculptor searching for suitable subjects for his chisel, and the artist seeking for topic for his pencil and brush. Here the genius of a Goya, a Millais, a Millet, or a Teniers, could revel in the originality, the freshness and abundance of the picturesque subjects, which this Spanish "romeria" on Our Lady's Day would furnish.

Thus amidst laughter, music and merriment, Our Lady of Carmel's festive "day of harvest," that beautiful feast of "faith" and of the "home" draws to its close. It is a glad some day, when the bounding pulse of youth and the slow throbbings of old age, of the "sere and yellow leaf," with equal enthusiasm join in the religious solemnities of the morning, which brought gladness to their souls and fresh rapture to their hearts, and in the innocently boisterous mirth and blithesome diversions of the afternoon. Order, harmony and holy joy rule over them, the golden fruits of virtue. Worldliness, scoffing, unbelief, and vice are absent from these diversions. One can say, with truth, that Jesus is the director of these Carmelite feasts, since His Love reigns in the hearts of the Christian revellers, amidst the gaiety of the "Romeria" as well as at the domestic hearth, where each family gathers at each recurring eve at the sound of the village Angelus, and joins in the same devotion of the Holy Rosary, which was their source of joy on Our Lady's Day.

GRATEFUL content sauce is the best sauce that was ever served with any dinner.

OFFER to the world a large generous, true sympathetic nature, and, rich or poor, you will have friends and never be friendless, no matter what catastrophes may befall you.

MANY a delicious speech has lost its savor and been turned into gall because a few drops of vituperation had been injected into it. The edifices of moral and social improvement which you aim to build can never be erected on the ruins of charity.—
CARDINAL GIBBONS.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

A WELL-KNOWN priest had preached a sermon on the joys of heaven. A wealthy member of his church met him the next day, and said, "Doctor, you told us a great many grand and beautiful things about heaven yesterday, but you didn't tell us where it is."

"Ah," said the father, "I am glad of the opportunity of doing so this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a poor member of our church. She is sick in bed with fever. Her two little children are sick in the other bed, and she has not got a bit of coal or a stick of wood, or flour or sugar, or any bread. Now, if you will go down town and buy fifty dollars' worth of things nice provisions, fuel, etc., and send them to her, and then go and say, 'My friend, I have brought you these provisions in the name of God,' you will see a glimpse of heaven before you leave that little dwelling."

CATHOLIC SOCIABILITY.

SOCIAL progress among Catholics in the large centers of population until now has been much impeded. The *Catholic Universe* ascribes this to the almost absolute lack of that spirit of fraternity which welds together all the elements that constitute their non-Catholic social environment. Spiritually, of course, the Catholics are a unit, but at the dispersal of their meetings for formal worship before the altar, they become as scattered and disconnected social fragments without any common bond of fellowship beyond the mystic brotherhood in faith. This condition has operated against the material and worldly welfare of the children of the church in a variety of ways. Social union is obviously a powerful force for the promotion of all those common interests which appertain to intellectual and religious activities. If the Catholics in every community were united by the ties of social fellowship as are our separated brethren, their position would be far different from that which they hold to-day. They would have long since commanded the consideration to which their numbers and excellence entitle them, and which only now they are beginning to receive.

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

LOVE AND LOVERS.



WHAT have you to say, Ethna?" inquired Aunt Hilda, whilst by her eyes she endeavored to infuse into the trembling girl the heroism that inflamed her own heart.

"Please speak for me, Aunt Hilda, I have talked over all this until I am worn out. One week ago today we began this agony."

"A week?" it seems to me that years have passed in those seven days," said Mr. Stuart.

Seeing that Ethna was really unable to speak, Aunt Hilda made reply to Mr. Stuart's question.

"I suppose Ethna is aware that by so doing she would offer an insult to that church through which she has received the greatest blessings of her life. Ethna knows also that the Catholic church requires from the non-Catholic party who desires to contract marriage with one of her children the promise that any off-shoot from such union shall be baptized and reared in the faith of which she is the custodian."

"That promise I could never give; no child of mine shall ever be a Catholic."

"Can you tell me the foundation of your prejudice against the Catholic faith, Mr. Stuart?"

"I think she is the most arbitrary body on the face of the earth; she lays claim to being the only church, and that all outsiders are to be lost. I know that God speaks to my heart in my chamber: I have my conscience that tells me what I should or what I must not do; I have paid very little attention to the history of religions, I have been too busy in preparing to make

my way in the world, but I know right from wrong."

"It appears to me, dear friend, that you claim for yourself the infallibility that our Divine Redeemer promised to His church, and the claim to which attribute incenses you."

"Can you think it right to compel this young girl through her love for you to abandon the faith in which she was reared and to which she owes the exquisite, but to you inexplicable charm that you acknowledge has captivated you. Do you not think that your attitude savors of tyranny?"

"Ethna does not doubt my love. She knows I dare not offend my father."

"Since you have both come to me I suppose I am free to give my opinion?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Acton. I shall be very thankful for it."

"I speak in full sympathy for the suffering of both of you and to prevent greater wretchedness in the future. That there can be neither love, nor joy, nor peace, in a marriage between a practical Catholic and a non-Catholic I am firmly convinced. How can love remain where there is permanent disunion, the one contemning all that the other holds sacred? Religion enters into every question in life. The Catholic is called on to protest against the false principles that the world presents, whether in art, in history, in morals, in politics, or in science. Our Lord foretold it when he said, 'The life of man is warfare.' This that you call love is possibly an ebullition of passion on the one side and of sentiment on the other. What is love? I shall define it by its qualities, the first of which is unselfishness; true love seeks ever the greater good of the beloved object. True love delights in sacrifice. There are many counterfeits among them, love of pleasure, love of power, love of love, and love of self."

"I assure you, Mrs. Acton, that I have every reason to hope that I can offer Ethna a comfortable home. My people are well to do and I know they will welcome my wife among them."

"A Catholic wife, Mr. Stuart?"

"I know that when Ethna sees the kind of people the Catholics of Blankshire are she will not wish to place herself among them."

"Marriage in the Catholic church, Mr.

Stuart, is one of the seven sacraments or channels of the grace of God to the souls of His children; through it the husband and wife receive light and strength to understand and perform the duties of their state. Man and woman are human, and therefore imperfect. The marriage of sentiment is founded on attractions peculiar to the senses, and love remains only so long as such charms are appreciated by the lover. I was reading our newly arrived number of *The Review this morning and met this sentence: 'Nothing is more uncertain, variable and fickle than sentiment—the finest imaginable sentimental union may be sundered by a fit of indigestion, a nervous headache, an idle word, or any assignable or unassignable cause whatever. We attain to a reality out of us by sense and reason, never by sentiment, and therefore in sentiment we love never another, but simply ourselves'—our momentary feeling. The feeling changed, the union is dissolved and the love is gone. Christian love rests on a firmer basis. Recognizing each in the other a creature of God, the love of the husband and wife is rational and worthy of reasonable beings. Together they adore and serve their Creator and aid each other in their endeavor to conform their lives to the model furnished by the life and death of their loving Redeemer. Purity of soul and body is the principal care of each, and together they pass through life in the guardianship of their Heavenly Father and fortified by all the supernatural aids that Mother Church furnishes so liberally to her children in all their joys and sorrows. Together they are often seen kneeling at the table of the Lord receiving His body, of which Jesus promised, 'He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day.' When the end of this life approaches—it comes speedily to the longest lived—these Christians encourage and inspire one another for that final act by which the creature resigns his soul into the hands of his merciful creator, and when one has entered into eternity the bereaved one follows the lover of her childhood, with her fond prayers and sacrifices, to the presence of God. The widow lays not herself in the

grave of her husband, but before the altar she makes intercession for him."

"This is all very beautiful, Mrs. Acton."

"God made it so, Mr. Stuart, and therefore the end and the means are in harmony. I do not blame you because you fail to apprehend logically all that our religion means to us. I am conscious that to you my words are as those of one who speaks an unknown tongue, but Ethna will comprehend them. You would take her from home, from mother and from country, and deprive her of that religion which alone gives fortitude to bear not only with patience, but with joy, the trials of life. You would place her with those by whom she would be regarded as a pariah. And why? because the Catholic workers in your neighborhood are true to their faith and for it are willing to sacrifice the promotion their skill merits. On one occasion I lived in just such a district as your own. My husband had a case in court that required evidence from just such a community. We resided among them for six months, and I can safely testify to their intelligence, their honesty, their purity and patience. I have found in them genuine refinement, whose delicacy and tact would challenge comparison with that of so called gentle-folk. I have often found such qualities woefully absent from those whose position gave the world the right to expect their presence.

"I think you desire to be honest and I will therefore remind you that you could have but little confidence in a wife who was disloyal to her religion."

"You have helped me a great deal, Mrs. Acton. I believe with you that there can be no happiness between a husband and wife who hold opposite opinions about religion. I believe there are good Catholics. Miss Ethna is the best woman I ever met, but I cannot be a Catholic."

"Faith is a gift of God, Mr. Stuart, and to be sought by humble prayer. Will you not on your journey homeward raise your eyes to the heavens above you and cry out in the words of the blind man, 'Lord, that I may see.' Nowhere is the creature so likely to be penetrated with a sense of his own littleness and convinced of the insignificance of things earthly as at sea. So precarious is the safety of the shell that conveys him from shore to shore, and so awful is the im-

*Brownson, 1864.

ment and senseless force of the element that surrounds him. When do you depart?"

"I leave town to-morrow. I have some business in the northern part of the state. I must say good-bye. I have some matters to attend to that will claim every minute of to-day. These came after you left the house. I brought them as I thought you might like to show them to Mrs. Acton."

Ethna opened the envelope and drew forth two photographs which she handed to Aunt Hilda. "Yours is very good Mr. Stuart," said she, but I am sorry Ethna could not have sat at a more favorable time."

"I hope you will put mine in the fire," said the young girl. "It is not fit to show to anyone."

"I will treasure it as one of my most precious possessions," said the young man.

"Please accept my congratulations on the success of your examinations," said Aunt Hilda.

"Thank you. I forgot to tell you Ethna that I have taken a prize."

"Which one?"

"For the essay."

"Indeed you deserved it. This man, Mrs. Acton, has not had a full night's sleep in a month."

"O, that does not matter. I have secured my diploma and I have taken the prize. If I could but see some arrangement of our own affair I should be the happiest fellow alive." Bowing his head between his hands he uttered a moan of anguish as the tears rained between his fingers. Mrs. Acton knew not how to break the silence. Ethna left the room.

"I am behaving dreadfully, Mrs. Acton, but I am really quite broken up. I have no self-control left. For the past week we have been harrowed by this unhappy matter. I should not mind if I could bear all the suffering, but to see the wretched condition to which Ethna is reduced: she is the sweetest, loveliest creature, and I have brought all this sorrow upon her."

"It is better for both of you that the separation will be so soon."

"You will be her comforter, Mrs. Acton? I do not think that Mrs. Bryce quite understands her daughter."

"Ethna knows where to seek for the consolation that is all sufficient."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Acton. I am not un-

mindful of your kindness although I appear so stupid; you have helped me to think."

"Good-bye, Mr. Stuart. I wish you a safe return to your family. May you prosper in all that shall help you to heaven."

"Mr. Stuart, will you please tell mother that I will not be at home until evening," said Ethna, re-entering the room.

"I knew you would let me stay here," she said, as Mr. Stuart closed the door behind him. "I will not give you any trouble."

"Indeed I am very glad of your companionship, my precious child," replied Aunt Hilda, "come and help me put the finishing touches on my room. I am never quite at home until all is restored to order after an unpacking."

With loving tact the elder woman entertained her young friend and at last enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing her fall asleep after a bountiful meal.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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

Translated for the Review

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCAPULAR AND LITTLE CHILDREN— THE SCAPULAR AFTER DEATH.

BY S. X. B.



EDICT OF the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated August 29, 1864, has decided: "That little children who have received the holy Scapular according to the ordinary rite may enjoy, when they have attained the use of reason, the same indulgences and the same privileges as do the members of the Confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel, without the ceremony of a second admission."

This decision is not generally known, and it is very seldom that children are presented for admission at so early an age. And when they *have* been taken to be invested they even have been sent away. And this when it is so greatly to be desired that so excellent a custom would prevail and become generally adopted.

Not to speak of the promises regarding our salvation and the preservation of so

many souls from the flames of hell, and the numerous indulgences, does not the Scapular offer priceless advantages to the innocent souls of those little ones? What a mistake to deprive them during their infantile and childish years of the inestimable benefit to be derived from the special protection of Mary!

Adopted children of the Blessed Virgin! Of what countless favors, both spiritual and temporal, is not that protection the pledge! Can we doubt that the words of our divine Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," find a ready response upon the lips and in the heart of Mary? And if the teaching of our holy faith permits us to see in children who have been baptized, and whose souls are still fragrant with the lovely flowers of baptismal innocence, living temples wherein the Holy Spirit delights to dwell, we can well believe that there too the Immaculate Mother finds a sweet abode.

And besides, no one can say positively when the use of reason dawns upon the child. It depends upon the physical constitution, also upon the moral and intellectual development which the child has enjoyed, and therefore christian parents should hasten to provide their precious charges with such a powerful weapon for those assaults which will not fail to be made in their earliest years.

* * * * *

In the village of Sterrebeck, between Bruxelles and Louvain, a very remarkable cure was effected through the intercession of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

A little child, when she had reached the age of eighteen months, suddenly lost the use of her limbs. She had been perfectly able to stand alone and had begun to walk quite well, to the joy of her fond mother, whose delight it was to guide her child and watch its restless wanderings here and there. But all was changed. For five weary years little Marguerite was helpless; then she was provided with crutches, which enabled her, although very slowly, to move a few steps.

The parents finally thought of enrolling their afflicted child under the banner of Mary. This was accomplished in due form, and an offering was made to the altar of our Lady.

The next day brought a decided improve-

ment. Marguerite could dispense with one of the crutches, and upon the following morning she was even better still. She cast down the other crutch and ran joyously to her mother, crying out that she was cured.

The pastor of the village and the Director of the Confraternity had an exact account of the miracle written out and attested to. Several copies were made, and the original document was sent to a monastery of the Carmelite fathers.—*Speculi Carmelitani*, part III, p. 639, *Pere Brocard, de Sainte Terese, Recueil d' instructions*.

Fr. Theophile Raynaud, of the Society of Jesus, relates the following: "Anna Merle, a child four years of age, the daughter of a lawyer of Toulon, became so seriously ill that her life was entirely despaired of. Her parents hastened to lay their petitions for her recovery at the shrine of our Blessed Mother, and their promise to have the child enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular was followed by her speedy restoration to health.

"Strange to say, they neglected to do as they had promised, and seven years passed away. Meanwhile their daughter again fell ill, and much more seriously than before. The attending physicians declared that there was not the least hope of her cure. With the deepest contrition of heart they implored the assistance of the 'Comfortress of the afflicted,' and hastened to comply with the promise made in the distant past. Anna was enrolled in the holy confraternity, with sentiments of the greatest devotion, and again her health was restored. Her parents, to testify their gratitude to the queen of heaven, placed a beautiful marble tablet, with an appropriate inscription, in the chapel of our Lady of Mount Carmel as a token that God protects those who wear His Immaculate Mother's favorite badge."

The feast of the Presentation of our Lady, November 21, 1655, witnessed the establishment of the confraternity so specially dear to our Queen in the church of Austricourt, near Douai. Two days later a child came into the world in the same parish without manifesting any sign of life.

Its parents were inconsolable, but full of faith in the protection of Mary, they placed entire confidence in her and begged her to grant their request. The body of the in-

fant was taken to the church and placed on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, whilst the father and the friends who had accompanied him implored Mary to obtain life and health for this child of so many hopes and prayers. Their supplications seemed not to be heeded, and with resigned but sorrowful hearts they bore the little burden away. They returned the next day, however, and put the child up on the altar, having first hung around its neck the holy Scapular. Then, at this shrine of Mary they implored our merciful mother to obtain life for their little one. Their supplications were still unheeded, and again sorrowing, but with resignation, they left the place, intending to return on the following day. The child was laid at the feet of the Blessed Mother, once more they put the Scapular on it, and a solemn Mass in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel was entoned. When the priest came to these words in the preface, "*Cum quibus et nostris precis, et admitti jubens deprecamur,*" the eyes of the infant opened and were full of light, the lips became moist and life-like, the little limbs grew flexible, so that after the Mass was finished some of the friends hastily took it home and held it by the fire in hopes of a more speedy circulation of the blood. The very reverse was the result, and they were not slow to take it back to the altar of Mary. Wonderful to relate, the body which had grown rigid close by the fire relaxed, a lovely roseate hue tinted its cheeks, and again its eyes unclosed. Eleven days elapsed, and still the baptism was deferred, although unequivocal signs of life were not wanting. Meanwhile the parents promised that the child should be dedicated most specially to the Blessed virgin, and the pastor consulted priests and physicians, who decided that it could and should be baptised. Upon his return from Douai, therefore, upon the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Dec. 3, having found it resplendent with infantile beauty, he caused the *Salve Regina* to be entoned, the bells to be rung, and then, with all possible solemnity, administered the Sacrament of Baptism to the infant.

The eyes still continued open and bright, the lips moist and rosy, and the flexibility of the limbs showed that the little subject of the miracle was still alive. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the *Te Deum*

entoned in token of thanksgiving to God. When all was over the signs of life gradually disappeared, the face grew livid, the limbs rigid—one convulsive movement—and all was still. In three days unmistakable evidences of decay having appeared, the child was buried. The truth of the miraculous occurrence was subjected to a most rigorous examination, according to the rules laid down by the Council of Trent. The University of Douai, in concert with professors of medicine, anatomy and surgery, having judicially examined the witnesses, and carefully verified the facts and attendant circumstances, declared that it was something supernatural, and had been effected through the power of God. They declared that the ordinary forces of nature had nothing whatsoever to do with restoring that little life, and preserving it for the Sacrament of Baptism.—FR. DANIEL, OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. *Spiculi Carmelitani, Part III.*

THE SCAPULAR AFTER DEATH.

It has frequently happened that Scapulars have been found perfectly preserved even amid the withering blight of the grave. God permits that it should be so for the honor and glory of His Divine Mother. The instances are innumerable, but amongst the many the following example will be sufficient. Towards the middle of the last century a devout client of Mary directed that after death her Scapular should not be removed, *as she desired to be buried with it*, a practice which we recommend to all faithful children of the Blessed Virgin.

Seventeen years later her grave was opened to receive the remains of her husband, and there, amid the dust and decay of the tomb, the Holy Scapular was found in a state of perfect preservation, even as it was when, during life, its devout wearer loved and venerated it, as the livery of Our Lady.

PETITIONS.

THE following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our charitable readers: Sick persons, 7; children, 4; insane persons, 4; safe delivery, 2; careless Catholics, 2; peace in one family; temporal favors, 3; special favors, 2; our students and novices; the progress of the Review and the Hospice; the spiritual and temporal welfare of our benefactors.

Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.; Rev. P. F. McE., Syracuse, N. Y.; J. H. M., Dorchester Station, N. B.; Miss A. M. N., Depere, Wis.; E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss S., Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss E. C. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; M. E. B., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. M. F. P., Tickle Harbor, Nfld.; Miss T. C. F., Tickle Harbor, Nfld.; Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.; M. J., Birmingham, Mich.; D. McS., Canton, Mass.; Miss L. M. C., River Vale, N. J.; Miss M. H., Lyndon Station, Wis.; Miss A. T., Richmond Hill, Ont.; Mrs. J. K., Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. A. M. C., Ann Arbor, Mich.; P. O'D., Stratroy, Ont.; Miss T. M., Franklin, Pa.; Miss R. McP., Rochester, N. Y.; Miss M. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. R. F., O. S. F., Quincy, Ill.

Old coins have been received from Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont. Religious articles and other favors from Miss J. C. Snyder, Ont.; Miss F. K., Netherby, Ont.; Ven. Mother E., Falls View, Ont.; Mrs. M. S., and Mr. J. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. C. A. A., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. M. E. L., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Wearers of Our Queen's Livery.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for registry in the Scapular Album, from St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Peter's Palace, London, Ont.; Port Lambton, Ont.; Fortune Harbor, N. D. Bay, Nfld.; St. John the Evangelist's Church, Syracuse, N. Y.; St. Helen's Church, Brockton, Ont.; St. Joseph's Hospital, Windsor, Ont.; Sandwich, Ont.; Amherstburg, Ont.; Niagara University, N. Y.; Brantford, Ont.; St. Edward's Church, Westport, Ont.; St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont.; Immaculate Conception Church, Ithaca, N. Y.; St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Buffalo, N. Y.; Drayton, Ont.; Newport, Mich.; St. Louis Church, Waterloo, Ont.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from Southold, L. I., N. Y.; Cutchoque, L. I., N. Y.; Paterson, N. J.; St. John Evangelist's Church, New York, N. Y.; St. Rose of Lima Church, Frechoid, N. J.; St. Mary's Church, Manayunk, Pa.; North Tarrytown, N. Y.; St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Mary's Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; St. Joseph's Church, New York, N. Y.; St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Joseph's Church, Trenton, N. J.

At Holy Trinity Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Patrick's Church, Lectionia, Ohio; Little Sisters of the Poor, Louisville, Ky.; St. Mary's Church, Moline, Ill.; Church of the Blessed Sacrament,

Greensburg, Pa.; Immaculate Conception Church, St. Clair, Minn.; N. D. Church, Cleveland, Ohio; St. Bernard's Church, South Bethlehem, Pa.; St. Agnes Church, Brighton Park? St. Paul of the Cross Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Dotyville, Wis.; St. Philip's Church, Battle Creek, Mich.; St. Joseph's Church, Ridgeway, Ill.; St. Anthony's Church, Vincennes, Ind.; St. Scholastica's Convent, Ridge Prairie, Minn.; St. Thomas' Church, Cole Co., Mo.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Louis' Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Rosalia's Asylum, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Maurice Church, Perry Co., Mo.; SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Camden, N. J.; St. Agatha's Church, Meadville, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Plattville, Wis.; St. Francis Church, Teutopolis, Ill.; St. Agnes' Church, Millville, Pa., twice; St. Joseph's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Aloysius' Church, E. Liverpool, Ohio; Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D.

At St. John the Baptist's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Lancaster, Wis.; Emporia, Kas.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; Menominee, Ill.; St. Francis' Convent, Trenton, N. J.; Carrolltown, Pa.; St. Rose's Church, Carbondale, Pa.; Milledore, Wis.

THANKSGIVING.

"E. J. B. wishes to return thanks for a position obtained through prayers to the Sacred Heart, and to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, offered up at Falls View. Please say a Mass for the holy souls, promised in anticipation of the event."

Feasts of Our Lady in Russia.

IN Russia numerous feasts of Our Lady are observed to this day, and the veneration of the people for her is still very great. "At Moscow," says a famous French traveller, "you meet at every step some chapel, which every one salutes. These chapels, or niches, contain an image of the Mother of God, before which a lamp is constantly kept burning. They are usually guarded by old soldiers. Between the arches of the Kremlin tower on one of the piers which divide the passages, we meet with an ancient statue painted in the Greek style, called Our Lady of Nivielki. All those who pass by this holy image, be they lords or ladies—all bow profoundly and make repeatedly the Sign of the Cross. Many pause and persons of high rank are seen to prostrate themselves to the earth before the miraculous painting, and touch the ground with their forehead."