



THE DIVINE MOTHER AND HER BABE.



## In The Cemetery.

## I.

DEAREST Mother! as we lingered  
In the grave yard old and quaint,  
When the sun's last radiance gilded  
Grave of many an unknown saint.

## II.

O! the sunset was so lovely!  
Tints of crimson, violet, gold—  
One might think "The gates" were opening  
Heaven's glories to unfold.

## III.

Youth and age with reverent footstep  
Press the still unfaded grass,  
Little children hush their laughter—  
Two and two—they come—they pass.

## IV.

Not a sound disturbed the stillness  
Save the softly murmured prayer,  
Or the plaintive "*Miserere*"  
For the loved ones resting there.

## V.

"Mater Dolorosa's Chapel"  
 See! the doors are opening wide  
 And the fervent Fathers asking  
 Mercy from The Crucified.

## VI.

Mercy for the loved departed  
 Shall His Blood be shed in vain?  
 No! with joyous mien we hasten  
 To the sunlight once again.

## VII.

I could almost hear the sighing  
 Of each dear expectant soul,  
 As it hoped on that blest evening  
 To attain the longed-for goal.

## VIII.

Then we laid our floral tributes  
 O'er those silent forms "at rest"  
 Wondering—thinking—"do they see us?  
 Have they climbed the mountain blest?"

## IX.

When the long procession scattered,  
 Homeward each with softened heart  
 How we thought of that hereafter  
 Where the loved will never part.

## X

Now good bye, my own dear mother  
 (If you only had been there!)  
 Do you miss me? But I'm coming  
 Very soon—your little

CLARE.

*St. Marys, Pa., Eve of All Souls.*

## "MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

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### CHAPTER VI.

TENEZ. LAGHOuat. SAIDA. 1860.

De Sonis appointed Commander at Tenez—The town of Tenez—Thanksgiving to God—The Roman Revolution—Longing to go to Rome—His family at Tenez—The Arab—Disinterestedness and integrity of the Commander—Appointed Commander of Laghouat—The route from Tenez to Laghouat—The town of Laghouat—The reception—Visit to the Church—The capital of the desert—Admiration of the Arabs—Mgr. Pavy visits Laghouat—Insurrection at Djelfa—De Sonis represses the revolt—The Bishop's visit—De Sonis is thrown over and recalled to Mascara—Birth of his sixth child, Martha Carmel—Pelissier appoints him Commander at Saïda—His religious influence—He visits the Circle—His integrity—The Caid exposed—The ostrich hunt—Birth of Marie Joseph—The light of faith—The "Arab kingdom" of Napoleon III—Repatriation of the Arab soil—Insurrection in the south—Peril of the colony—Death of Martha Carmel—His distress—*Sursum Corda*—The solitude of a village on the sea-shore—Progress of the insurrection—De Sonis is sent to quell it—De Sonis buries the victims of the fight of Aoumat—Meditation under canvas—*Tu qui es!*—Birth of his son John—Letter to his sister-in-law—The apostolate—A young officer—A child of his zeal—End of the campaign—Return to Saïda—Alone with God—The Emperor wishes to attach him to his person—Noble refusal and fidelity—Promoted to be Lieutenant Colonel—Holiday at Castres—He is recalled to Africa, and reinstated at Laghouat.



On the 18th of March, 1860, M. de Sonis landed at Oran to take up his post at Mascara. Hardly had he arrived when he was appointed Commandant of the Circle of Tenez. "I am very much pleased with my new posi-

tion," he writes, "as I am absolute master of this part of the Province, and administer it as a General does his division. My only superior is the General, and I am therefore more independent than in a regiment." Tenez was a little town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated on the Mediterranean to the west of Algiers. "The climate is very healthy," wrote de Sonis, "and any sort of illness is rare, which is a great blessing for the father of a family.

I have found here a very nice Government House, furnished by the State; so that I hope my dear wife and children will soon be settled here, and that we shall be allowed to remain for a few years in peace." He ends his letter with the words: "The longer I live the more I cling to our holy religion. I cannot do much for God, but I have the most earnest will and the firmest resolution to lead a Christian life. It seems to me that all the world is conspiring against our Divine Master and His holy Church. Ought not their hatred to be the measure of our love?"

The state of things in Italy at that time filled him with sorrow, and especially the occupation of the Legations by the Piedmontese. Delighted as he was to see men like Pimodan and Lamoricere enrol themselves under the Pope's banner, he felt bitterly his inability to join them. In all his letters at that time, he speaks of his intense anxiety to give his life for the defence of Pius IX., and his sorrow at the duty to his family which kept him in Africa at such a moment. His wife and children joined him in May, and he then set to work seriously to see what he could do for the civilization of the Arab tribes in his province. Thanks to his intimate knowledge of their language, he had no difficulty in dealing with them. Quite unexpectedly he would appear in their tents, hear their complaints, and see that justice was done to them in all cases of dispute. His disinterestedness struck them most of all. Never would he accept the smallest present or reward for his services. His earnest religious habits also excited their admiration. Frankly and simply, he said his prayers and his Rosary, fasted, and knelt morning and night while offering his usual devotions; and the Arabs would look at one another

and say: "We have at last got a good Governor,—*iaraf Rebbi*; for he recognizes the power of God!" But it seemed as if he were never to be left more than a few months anywhere. An imperial decree of the 24th of November, 1860, having suppressed the civil government of Algiers in order to substitute a military one, Marshall Pelissier was appointed Governor, and M. de Sonis was sent to take command of the province of Laghouat. This place is on the confines of the desert, and is the most advanced of all the French posts. It was, therefore, an important position, and de Sonis, flattered at the confidence of his superiors, started gladly from Tenez for Algiers, and from thence by slow stages to his new destination.

"From Algiers, to Blidah," wrote Madame de Sonis, "and even to Boghar, our journey was not difficult. But after that there was no road. The great sandy plain was only broken here and there by a caravansary, where we stopped to breakfast or to take a little rest." The life of the poor people who inhabited these wastes filled de Sonis with compassion, for they had no means of attending to their religious duties. Only one poor woman, who had been a *cantiniere* (sutler), showed them a little oratory, which she had arranged at the back of her house, with a poor altar ornamented with some coloured prints. "It was such a blessing," he wrote, "to find one soul in this desert who remembered God."

Laghouat is a little town of 3,000 or 4,000 souls, situated in an oasis of date-palms, watered by a little river which issues from a spring, but only runs for about a mile. In the centre are two little hills, on one of which is built the hospital, and on the other an unfinished Mosque. Below are the tents and

*gourbis* of the natives. A little lower down is a square containing the Church, the Arab-bureau, the house of the Governor, and one or two French shops. Everything else is given up to the palm-trees, among which have been planted olives, lemons, figs, pomegranates, peaches, pears, and a large number of European fruits and vegetables. The gardens, which border on the desert, are protected from the hot winds and sand by mud walls made of brick baked in the sun. Beyond is the immeasurable desert of Sahara. Madame de Sonis, who, with her little children, had made the latter part of the journey in a litter, determined to enter Laghouat on horseback.

"We arrived very late," she writes. "It was one of those glorious nights which one only sees in the south. We were received by a magnificent display of horsemanship. All the Arab officers and chiefs were present, their horses with beautiful trappings and their saddles embroidered with gold. They fired in front of our steeds to do honour to their new Governor, and it was in the midst of this discharge of musketry that we entered the town, the roofs of which were covered with women. The white houses glistening in the moonlight against the rich green of the palm-trees made really a fairy scene, which impressed me more as I saw it for the first time."

Their new home was a building of bricks dried in the sun, with a terrace on the roof, exterior galleries and balconies, and a fine view over the whole place. M. de Sonis thought it too fine when compared to the Church, which was small and poor. "I am ashamed," he exclaimed, "to be better lodged than my God!" It was an old Mosque, which had been abandoned to make a better one; but the Arabs refused to

set foot in the new one, protesting against what they considered the desecration of their old sanctuary.

The first visit of the new Commander was to the Church, and the next to those who served it. They were Lazarists, worthy sons of St. Vincent de Paul; and when they expressed their humble gratitude for his visit, and regretted that they had not come to him first, he replied: "Whenever I arrive, my first visit is to the Blessed Sacrament; my second for It's minister. If there be a religious community, that is the third; but no one can find fault with me for making God pass before men, and His representatives before the authorities of the place." This fortified post of Laghouat, which is now joined to Algiers by a carriage road, was the chief place in the zone of the Sahara, and was captured by General Pelissier in 1852, after a terrible assault, in which upwards of 1200 Arabs were massacred. A little garrison of 1000 men was installed there, with cavalry, artillery, ambulances, and all that was required for active service, to guard the town and repel the attacks of hostile tribes. Five hundred camels ready harnessed, belonging to the Larbaa, were requisitioned in time of war for the transport service of the garrison. The administration of this place was at all times difficult and delicate. "No one could have been chosen who would do so well as de Sonis," wrote an officer from Africa at that time. "As a thorough Christian, he imposed respect on the Arabs, who, seeing the impiety of our officers, used to call them 'sons of dogs,' — *kelb-ben-kelb*. His thorough knowledge of Arabic enabled him to deal with them directly, while his disinterestedness and his bravery were a continued source of admiration to them."

His great skill in horsemanship was

well known. The Arabs were amazed at seeing him with his escort, mounted on an Arab stallion, which no one had been able to ride before, clearing every fence, completely subduing the animal, and never drawing rein till every difficulty had been overcome. It used to raise their enthusiasm to the highest pitch, for this was a prowess which they could thoroughly appreciate. It was during Lent that this final inspection was made. M. de Sonis would never claim the smallest exemption from the fasts ordered by the Church during that season. "I know," he would say to the missionaries of Laghouat, "that I have sufficient reasons to dispense myself during this fatiguing journey. But I did not want to give the Arabs the occasion to declare that Mussulmen observed the laws of their religion better than Christians; so I kept the strictest fast—that of one only meal, which I took in the evening." The Bishop of Algiers had promised a visit to the new Commander of Laghouat. He started on the 12th of April, 1861, with M. Suchet, his Vicar General, and one servant.

"As we neared Djelfa," M. Suchet writes, "a Spahis stopped our carriage, with a note from M. de Sonis, begging us not to go further on, as the Arabs had just attacked Djelfa and murdered several of the inhabitants. He added that he could not answer for our safety if we went on. Mgr. Pavy simply answered the note in pencil as follows: I shall not stop. To the care of God! Then turning to me, he said: 'And what will you do?' I replied: *Sequar te, quocumque ieris*. But I own I think it would be more prudent to turn back. The insurgents are certainly in ambuscade somewhere along this road. They will probably fire on your carriage and send us into the next world.' 'Very

well,' replied the Bishop; 'we will go there together, and have a good passport to present to St. Peter.' God rewarded his confidence, and we arrived safely at Djelfa after three hours of intense anxiety on my part."

The Cure, to whom M. de Sonis had given notice of the courageous determination of the Bishop, waited for him at the entrance of the village, with two choir boys, one having his head bandaged after a bad wound from a lance, and the other with an arm in a sling from a pistol shot. The few people who dared come out of their houses, burst into tears at the arrival of their good Bishop, who had braved such imminent danger, to come and console them.

At the first rumor of the revolt, de Sonis had flown to Djelfa with a body of troops. He found the village in abject terror. A certain Mahometan fanatic having preached to the tribes a kind of holy war to rid the country of the Christians, two or three hundred Arabs had swarmed down upon Djelfa at night, and murdered thirty or more of the sleeping inhabitants, including a little child, whom they had strangled in his cradle. There were but fifty soldiers in the little garrison, commanded by a Sub-Lieutenant, who had succeeded in driving away the brigands and killing some of their men. On the arrival of de Sonis at break of day, he found that some of the leaders had not had time to escape. He seized those whom he could find, held a council of war and judged them at once. Ten or twelve were condemned to death and shot on the spot. By the advice of M. de Sonis, who feared a return of the Arabs in greater numbers, Mgr. Pavy only remained long enough at Djelfa to visit and console the colonists who had suffered most, and then pushed on to

Laghhouat. To his great astonishment M. de Sonis was there to receive him. He had done the thirty-six leagues in four hours, and declared he was not even tired!

He received the Bishop with all the honors it was possible to give him in that capital of the desert. Mgr. de Pavy was enchanted with the beauty of the oasis, and in addressing his flock took for his text the words of the Prophet: *Justus ut palma florebit.*

But then, looking at the enormous desert to the south, he exclaimed, "Eighteen hundred leagues are before us." He dreamed but of one thing—the Christian conquest of this vast land,—and spoke of himself as "Bishop of the Crusaders." He implored both officers and men to be the bearers of the Gospel throughout Africa, adding that "God had only opened the door for them for that end."

The judgment and execution of the assassins at Djelfa had been a necessary though bold act. "You have done a hazardous thing," had said the Bishop, and de Sonis replied, "I know it, but I also know the Arabs. If I had not acted vigorously yesterday, they would have begun again to-day. My duty is to preserve the good by terrifying the bad." He sent, however, a careful report of the whole transaction to the Military Governor, who approved of the act, but wished it to be unknown. The Paris papers, however, took it up, and made such capital out of it, that Pelissier threw over de Sonis and ordered his recall! It was, to say the least, a singular scruple on the part of a man who in 1845 had smoked to death in a cave 1150 Arabs without mercy! But de Sonis obeyed without a word, and left Laghouat, to the despair of the whole place, on the 19th of May, 1861, after being there only six months.

The only thing he said was: "I expected it; but it is hard. Those gentlemen at Algiers know, however, very well that I journey at my own expense!"

Arrived at Algiers, he was pressed to ask for an audience of the Governor General, and to explain matters; but he refused from a spirit of discipline. "Military obedience," he said, "does not reason." His orders were to return to his regiment at Mascara, and accordingly he embarked from Algiers to Oran for that place. Poor Madame de Sonis suffered terribly during this journey, and soon after gave birth to a little girl, whom they called Martha-Carmel, having been born on the 16th of July, the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It seemed to M. de Sonis that Our Lady had sent him this child to be an angel of consolation to them both in their unmerited disgrace. But in the meantime public opinion throughout the army was very strong in favor of de Sonis, and when they heard the reason for his dismissal they were still more indignant. All the officers at Oran and Algiers had received him on his return with marked attentions, and the Marshal himself was thoroughly ashamed of the step he had taken towards one who was recognised as one of the most distinguished officers of the service. He invited him to one of his receptions; but de Sonis politely refused, adding that, if it were an order, he would, of course, obey. Pelissier had sense enough to understand; and finally yielded and sent for him privately. "Commander," he exclaimed, pressing his hand, "forget what has passed. You are a man who knows his duty and practises it." He did still more; for he appointed him soon after Commandant of the Circle of Saïda, by way of reparation.



Saida, a little new town in the Province of Oran, built in 1854 to the south of Mascara, promised to be an agreeable station. Its name signified "Happy" and de Sonis accepted it as a good omen. "Our house," Madame de Sonis writes, "was a good one, built outside the barracks, with a large garden. We lived there in an almost complete solitude, only seeing the officers and a Cure, M. Lacombe, whose Mass my husband served daily. We had the consolation of receiving Mgr. Pavy, who came here for a Confirmation.

"The arrival of M. de Sonis and his family at Saida," wrote the Cure, "was the religious resurrection of my parish. He came to see me directly, and never missed the daily Mass. He wished to go to Communion every time; but I, knowing the scornful and bad tone of the Garrison by bitter experience, advised him to communicate only two or three times a week. I have always regretted this since, not only for having deprived this noble soul of more frequent Eucharistic joys, but also for having robbed the Sacred Heart of Jesus of more intimate union with one who was more holy than any soul I have ever known. It was a great joy to me," he added, "when, following the example of the Commandant and all his family, I saw the soldiers and the colonists with their wives once more find their way to the church, which they very soon filled to overflowing. The presence of M. de Sonis was better than a mission!"

We may imagine that this new regime did not suit the free-thinkers and evil-livers, who had hitherto reigned supreme. De Sonis was inflexible in repressing excesses of all sorts, and it was even feared that he would be recalled from Saida, as he had been from

Laghouat, for simply doing his duty. But he disregarded all the denunciations of his enemies, and fortunately was able to throw such light on certain disgraceful proceedings, that the Supreme Court of Algiers supported him in every particular, and punished the guilty parties.

His reputation among the Arabs of the "really just man," which had followed him from Tenez and Laghouat, at once won the esteem and confidence of the native population. He visited them in their tents, judged their causes and administered justice impartially to all. One day an Arab, richly dressed, came to him and asked for the post of Caid, which is a function greatly coveted by ambitious Mussulmen. Finding that his request was not very favorably received by the Governor, he suddenly lifted his burnous, and pointed to a large bag of five-franc pieces with a significant smile. De Sonis bounded from his chair, called his guard and ordered them to take the Arab and put him in prison for a fortnight, "for having insulted the Commandant." This act, which was instantly known among the tribes with the reason for it, made an immense impression. "This extraordinary man is incorruptible!" they exclaimed, and venerated him in proportion.

He showed the same inflexible justice to great and small. An officer of high birth took advantage of the temporary absence of the Commandant to organise an ostrich hunt, in which a vast number of Arab horsemen were employed. A great circle is made around the birds, which is narrowed by degrees, and the poor ostriches thus imprisoned are shot or knocked down, while those who escape and fly towards the desert, are pursued by the horsemen till they drop from fatigue. A

great many horses were killed on this occasion; and the French officer decreed that those whose animals had survived should club together to replace the horses which had died. This was an iniquitous proposal, for the value of the ostriches killed would more than have compensated for the Arab horses.

No sooner was de Sonis's return known than the Arabs flew to him to demand justice. Having heard the whole case, M. de Sonis sent for the officer, and said: "Sir, I give you your choice of two things: either you will draw up a true and official report of your proceedings in this matter, which I will myself forward to the General; or you will go yourself with my Arab interpreter, find the horsemen whom you engaged for this ostrich hunt, and tell them that you come, by my orders and in my name, to make amends to them for the loss they have incurred through you, by paying each Arab, on the spot, the price of the horse he has lost. Which course do you choose?" The haughty officer bowed in silence; he preferred to pay for his amusement, rather than lose his reputation and perhaps worse. When the Arabs saw him come in person to make them this act of reparation, they were more loud than ever in their praises of the great *Marabout des Roumis*, whose name is still legendary among the tribes.

The death of a little girl, Marie Therese, in France, far from her parents, and the birth of another son, Marie Joseph, in May, 1863, brought to their home that mixture of sorrow and joy of which the life of M. and Madame Sonis was composed. But both seemed to lift their souls nearer to God. Writing to M. Henri Lamy on the 28th of July, 1863, he says:

"My life is indeed a strange one;

and I sometimes fear the justice of God from having experienced so much of His mercy. God has allowed me to see so clearly into the things of the other world, and He has given me such lights, that if I do not follow them I shall be guilty indeed. I envy you being able to make a retreat. I am always on the move, alas! and yet I feel that it is high time that I should be allowed to recollect myself a little and have a little short time of silence with my God."

About this time, a Bill debated in the Senate and voted in the middle of April, 1863, had decreed that "*the Arab tribes should be considered proprietors of the soil they occupied.*" "Algeria," wrote the Emperor to Marshal Pelissier, "is not so much a French colony as an Arab kingdom. The natives have as much right to my protection as the colonists, and I am as real an Emperor of the Arabs as of the French."

However unwise and imprudent such an announcement may have been, it was necessary to carry out the decree, and to begin by making a repartition of the Arab territory. M. de Sonis was chosen for the difficult task, and was ordered in October to go to the division of Mostaganem for this purpose. He wrote from there on the 22nd of March, 1864: "Here I have been working like a Turk for five months at this arduous task. What will become of me afterwards? Shall I be sent back to Saida? or where? But God knows what is best for us, and I am in a good school for breaking my will and my tastes, though I have not yet succeeded very well in this!" The death of the Duchess of Parma was a real sorrow to him, though one which he had to bear alone. "This country is too new to preserve the memory of great things or great names," he writes; "and yet we are the last testimony of the glory of our kings. Oh, when one is saddened by these thoughts, how needful it is to look upwards! That is, in truth, the only consolation one has in this sad world."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## All Souls.

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

During the French Revolution a young French nobleman was shot in presence of his twin sister. Her heart filled with grief gradually hardened and whenever the thought of her murdered brother struck her, it was coupled with a desire of revenge. Well instructed in the teachings of the Church as she was, she knew, that the petition in Our Lord's Prayer "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," would in her mouth turn into a curse, and that she could not receive absolution until she forgave the murderer from her heart. Hence she neglected prayer, Mass and the Sacraments, for nineteen years.

Her worthy pastor had often and in vain labored to soften this heart and re-awaken religious feelings. At last—it was the eve of her birthday, and also of the anniversary of her brother's death he told her, that he would ask the souls in Purgatory to obtain her conversion, and for the purpose, returning home he said a *De profundis*.

It was the custom of this noble woman to spend the anniversary night watching and brooding over the reminiscences of their childhood, the capture, condemnation and execution of her brother, and to recall with feelings of undying hatred the faces of his executioners. Suddenly her brother stood before her, sad, yet tranquil. "Where do you come from, beloved brother, and why do you re-visit this earth," she exclaimed. "I come," was the reply, "to complain that all these years you have so thoroughly forgotten me." Forgotten! Forgotten? I think of

nothing else but you, and uncounted tears my eyes shed. Indeed you were not forgotten. "Dear sister," her brother answered, "your tears, and thoughts, and desires of revenge did not help me. In eternity we look at these things in a different light. All these years I saw thousands of souls released by the prayers of their relatives and holy Masses, leave purgatory and ascend to God, and all these years not one prayer was said for me, no holy sacrifice offered, nor did my body even receive ecclesiastical burial, and thus I was kept in purgatory all this time, until in answer to a *De profundis*, which somebody said for me yesterday, I received permission to visit you and bring my complaint before you. How could you be so cruel, sister, as to thus neglect one, who loved you so dearly!" Saying this, he disappeared.

The scales fell from the eyes of his sister. She shed a flood of tears, no longer of hatred, but of contrition. For the first time in nineteen years she sank on her knees, to recite from her heart the Lord's prayer, and when the well known and long neglected church bell called the congregation to an early Mass, she rose, went to Church, prayed in tears, received holy Communion a few days later, and thence the remainder of her life was spent in prayer and good works for the poor souls in Purgatory.

Is not this little story our own? How often do we witness that survivors strain every nerve, and spend the last dollar to bring those to justice, who were instrumental in shortening the

life of a deceased relation! How often do we find people, who never tire to sing the praises of the deceased, to have pompous funerals, resembling pagan pageantry, as the tombstones are often but pagan in conception. And all these people flatter themselves that they show their appreciation of their deceased in this way, and they do not reflect, they never ask themselves the question, What would the deceased think of your words and actions, would he be thankful for what you do now in his behalf?

This question, seriously put, and sincerely answered, would lead many to an entire change of conduct towards their deceased relations. For it is an article of faith, that the souls in Purgatory can no longer merit, and it is likewise an article of faith, that they are victims of the inexorable justice of God, unless and until some survivor who is able to merit, intercedes for them.

What good are mahogany coffins and silver buckles to the souls in Purgatory? What comfort is there for the soul in flowers and wreaths? What benefit before the judgment seat of God is a glowing panegyric on the virtues of the dead, and will a dead march soften the rigor of divine justice? And yet we see that the very ones, who are so solicitous about the circumstantial pomp of the funeral, are the ones that hardly ever think of offering a prayer or the holy sacrifice for those they pretend to love so well. How can they be so cruel?

Our ancestors entered more fully and more religiously into the considerations of the true wants of these souls. The funerals were more simple, but prayers, Masses, and alms-deeds, more frequent and liberal. They understood the word of our Saviour: What you

have done to the least of my brethren, you have done to me. And they also understood the other word: By the measure, by which you mete out, it shall be measured unto you. They knew that those, that show mercy shall obtain mercy.

Is not All Souls' Day a memento more for all? If we place ourselves in the place of these holy souls, who have seen their God for one short moment, only to be told, that they shall not escape from prison, until they have paid the last farthing they owe to God, if we consider their burning thirst for the beatific vision, their consuming contrition for their shortcomings, their sorrow for their inability in person to atone and to gain Heaven at once, and if we then ask ourselves, What would you like your surviving relations to do for you?—would you ask for an expensive coffin, a mountain of flowers, a string of carriages or a brass band? No, nothing of these at all. But, like Job, you would exclaim: Have mercy on me, have mercy on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of God has touched me. You would be greatly thankful for every Hail Mary, you would be enraptured by the expectation to have the Blood of your Saviour offered up for you frequently, the smallest alms, given for your sake, would afford you the greatest relief. In a word, you would disdain any service rendered to your corpse, and desire all possible help for your soul.

Do unto others, as you wish them to do unto you.

The Church places All Saints and All Souls at the head of the last month of the ecclesiastical year, and wishes us to devote this month specially to the veneration of our sainted brethren and the intercession for our suffering brethren. All the treasures of the Church are

opened to us for the purpose, and the Communion of Saints gives weight and influence to our endeavor far beyond the intrinsic merits of our efforts.

Let then our readers make up a nosegay of prayers, indulgences and penitential works! They need not fear, that in thus procuring happiness to others, they jeopardize their own interests; God's liberality will amply compensate them, and though the holy souls may not, as they did to some saints, appear to us soliciting our intervention, or thanking for their de-

livery, God will reveal to them the benefactors to whom they are indebted, and gratitude will oblige them, to render unto us, what we rendered unto them. We will experience what the baroness spoken of above experienced. For when she, on the anniversary of her brother's death—lay on her own death-bed, her face shone with happiness. "O," she exclaimed, "I see my brother in his glory, and he calls me to share it with him." She helped him into Heaven, and he reciprocated the service.

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### EARLY MASS.

Like a great rose-red flower, the living dawn  
Comes shining, silent, o'er the waiting sea;  
And Thou dost come, by love's impulsion drawn  
O blessed Christ, thus softly unto me.

'Tis past belief and yet I dare not doubt;  
The shining of Thy hidden power abides  
In consciousness of wonder all about,  
And answering love, in sudden, swelling tides.

It is the force that vivifies the world;  
Why may it not be life and warmth to me?  
Too great to comprehend,—yet, soft uncurled  
Like some rich bloom, its Heart of Love I see.

Then, forth we go—to work, O Lord, for Thee;  
Yet with us go the sacredness and charm!  
Unseen yet felt, Thine own sweet mystery  
Of Love, too near and tender for alarm.

It soothes and comforts, lingering with us still;  
Tenderly clinging, though our wayward souls  
Turn swiftly back to Earth, whose good and ill,  
Like whitening waves, its undertow controls.

O wing us to the blue in fuller flight,  
Dispersing ill, as sunshine scatters rain!  
Shine on us, ever, Sacrificial Light!  
Follow us ever, charm of Love and Pain!

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

# Life of St. Peter Thomas, of the Order of Carmelites:

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

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

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW—CONFIDENCES—PROFESSION OF FAITH—EFFORTS  
OF HELL—APPARITION OF THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN—HIS  
TESTAMENT—I—4TH OF JANUARY, 1366.



OR Blessed Peter Thomas, and for de Mezieres, friendship based upon mutual esteem was so elevated—so pure—that it merited to be ranked among holy things. It elicited an unfold-

ing of the soul almost equal to the Sacrament of Penance. The invalid wished, whilst his friend remained with him, to renew all his confidences to a heart so worthy to receive them. Under a form somewhat resembling Confession, conversing heart to heart with the Chevalier, the Bishop told the story of his own life to the very least detail.

We would not venture to intrude upon this scene of inexpressible devotion if the description rested with ourselves, but we can listen to de Mezieres, who relates it with pathetic naivete.

"Before I left my friend and Father, he summoned me to his side, for he

wished to talk with me, alone, without reserve. He addressed me with exceeding great tenderness, showing that he loved me despite my unworthiness. He thought that I did not know him well enough, and, with great contrition, he made a familiar avowal of all the faults of his life. He called them "his sins": I did not consider them sins, and, every circumstance carefully weighed, I still do not think they were. To console my friend, however, I spoke to him such words as our dear Lord whispered to my heart. He said, 'My dear brother, I am a great sinner, but I have a Judge whose paternal kindness is without limit, and whose mercy is exceeding great. To Him I will have recourse, and I do not despair of obtaining pardon.'

Behold with what a mysterious need of self humiliation the saints are tormented! But God, who will not permit Himself to be outdone in generosity, rewards them by a reflex of His consoling light. As for us, tepid Chris-

tians that we are, whose religion has perhaps been linked with an ordinary, indifferent life, what a lesson this touching example contains for us. Alas! if the lively faith of St. Peter Thomas can discern subjects of remorse in a life which appears to us so admirable, what anguish should overwhelm us when, by the clear light of the Gospel, we attentively consider our own.

Towards the close of their prolonged communing the voice of the Legate became sensibly weaker, and de Mezieres was alarmed lest the end was nigh.

But he assured him that he was full of hope, that he thought *he would soon depart*, and urged the Chancellor to go to the King, to organize the voyage and finish his letters of embassy. "Go to Nicosia," said the Legate, "in order that you may soon return. *Any day of next week will suit for the departure if God so wills it.*" By the term "*departure*," as more remote than that of "*setting out*," it might seem that the Legate had reference to the great journey to the other world. But if so, it was probably only an undefined impression, or a vague premonition on his part.

"I left him as he requested," continued de Mezieres, "God knows that I never had any other solicitude than to fulfil the will of my dear Father." Touching avowal, which alone would prove to us the pious deference of the Chancellor for the Patriarch, "But upon the evening of that Saturday, after I had left him, he grew worse, and by a direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit he knew precisely the hour when he was to die."

There was no apparent terror of death." Far otherwise, he appeared to have more assurance, more discernment, more wisdom than ever. Several prominent personages came to visit

him, amongst them Pierre Marcel, Grand Chamberlain of the King. Blessed Peter said to him, "Messire Pierre, have preparations made for my embarkation, for before next Wednesday I will depart." Thus figuratively did he inform his visitor that he was to die.

On Sunday, January 4, 1366, early in the morning the patient summoned his Confessor, Fr. Amould de Solinis, a Carmelite, and with the most fervent contrition, made, in detail, a sacramental confession of his entire life. Then, at the altar which had been arranged in his room, he heard the Mass which his Confessor celebrated there, and was overjoyed to see all his episcopal family receive Holy Communion.

During his entire monastic life, as much as his varied ministrations permitted, Blessed Peter had invariably refused to accept any mitigation of the rule. And so it was in his last illness. He refused the slightest comfort. Clothed in the woolen habit and scapular of the Order, declining even a feather pillow upon which to rest his head, the Patriarch of Constantinople lay, dying, upon a miserable truckle-bed. And even this, upon this day of special fervor, was not enough for his spirit of mortification. He implored them to place him upon the floor, to cover him with some torn sack-cloth, and, "according to his deserts," to put a cord around his neck. Having been obeyed (under protest) he fervently kissed the cord of camel's hair,—in expiation, as he said, for the sins of his wicked tongue.

In this position he wished to renew his profession of faith.

The celebrated preacher had, above all, been specially devoted to the purity of the doctrine of the Church, and to announcing it in its untarnished splen-

dor. Nevertheless, in view of his proximate death, and the terrible judgment to follow it, his sensitive conscience impelled him to protest publicly that if, in his conferences, or controversies, or sermons, or conversations, or in any manner whatsoever, either from want of thought or from ignorance, anything contrary to the Catholic faith, or to the discipline of the Church had escaped him, he retracted it with his whole heart at the feet of the Sovereign Judge.

This protestation was made before receiving Holy Communion. He was heard to murmur: "O! God! be merciful to me, a poor sinner." Then he recited the prayer "*O! Salus*" (a prayer which we no longer know.) Striking his breast, he thrice repeated "*Domine non sum dignus*." "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou should'st enter under my roof.—Then, his eyes full of tears, and his heart full of love, he received his God, his Master, the only one for whom, during fifty years, he had lived in penitence and prayer, in labors, and journeyings, in solitude and combats. After some moments of silence and exterior recollection he permitted those in attendance to raise him and place him upon his bed, Hugnet de Maymon, his major-domo wished to remove the cord which so irritated the neck of this saintly penitent, that they could not bear to see him suffer so, but the Patriarch exclaimed "No! No!—Do not touch it. It is only too slight a penance for my sins."

That evening in presence of his religious brethren and of his patriarchal house, he dictated distinctly and as if under an inspiration from above the expression of his last wishes. As testamentary executors he named first: the Chancellor of Cyprus. The others were Raymond, Archbishop of Nicosai,

and Birenger, Dean of St. Gregory, of that city, and pontifical collector.

To our great regret the text of this ancient document is not found in any biography.

There are two clauses which have come down to us. The first is, that some largesses, of which mention will be made later on, were to be distributed amongst his servitors. The second regulates the arrangement of his sepulture.

This was to be conducted with a simplicity which confounds us. He who was looked upon by all the Christians of the Orient almost as a Pontiff—and truly he was a worthy representative of one—he, who on account of his eminent virtue was almost adored, says his historian "forbids any pomp at his funeral. To prevent them placing his tomb in the Cathedral Famagouste—as indeed they would have done, he said: "Bury in the Church of the Carmelites, at the entrance of the choir, where every one will pass the place. I would deserve even that the goats and the dogs should trample me under foot." How profound and absolute must not his humility have been to be thus persevering to the end. He had always been an implacable enemy to self love. He was, if that were possible a more bitter foe at the hour of his death.

It was not enough for him to never have sought the esteem and eulogies of his contemporaries: he now desired the disdain and contempt of posterity. To please God that he might live again in Him—such had been his constant occupation. Such was now his final dream. But the heavenly life which this servant of God had led did not prevent the powers of hell from laying their infernal snares for his last moments. They actually appeared to



him under the forms of spectres and phantoms, seeking thus to overwhelm him with terror. The Patriarch, eager to obtain assistance, revealed the fact to two Holy Priests,—the Fathers Bernard and Pierre. The former had the duty of copying the Papal Bulls, and the latter was his assistant. They had come to see the saintly patient, who then entreated their prayers that God would deign to deliver him from the terrible apparitions. He asked them to take his patriarchal cross, which stood at the head of his cot, and place it before him. Thus it was between him and the spot where the diabolical foe was visible. Another marvellous favor was granted him at this supreme moment. The Immaculate Virgin, his constant protectress, also appeared to him, and completed the work of putting the demons to flight. The happy client of Mary, that Queen as gracious as she is powerful, could not conceal this new grace from his two assistants, but imparted it to them, his face, the while, being, as it were, transfigured from joy.

Having thanked all who were in his room, he bade them a kind good night.

Then this child of Mary, falling into a peaceful slumber, even as a bird reposes trustfully under the maternal wing, passed a calm, untroubled night.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

LAST ADIEUX — EXTREME UNCTION —  
REMEMBRANCE TO HIS SERVITORS —  
FINAL COMMUNION OF TWO DEVOTED  
FRIENDS — 5—6TH OF JANUARY — 1366

On the morning of Monday, January 5, Blessed Peter pressing lovingly the two hands of Hugnet de Maymon, one of his faithful clients, who generally had accompanied him on his voyages, said solemnly: "All is over with me. It is the will of God. We have

made our last voyage *together*." Then he added, "Bid them summon my dear friend, the Chancellor." They had on the day before—Sunday—impelled by the ardor of his friendship—heard the patient say softly, "O! why is not the Chancellor, my dear son, with me now?"

Hugnet hastened to comply with his wishes, but the distance between Nicosia and Famagouste was such as would necessitate somewhat of a delay before the Chancellor could arrive.

Notwithstanding his increasing fever, the invalid attempted to recite the canonical hours. Since his entrance into religion he had never once missed that holy exercise, whether on land or at sea. But finally his strength failed him, and after three ineffectual trials he desisted, and entreated his Confessor to recite them aloud for his benefit. That evening, feeling much worse, he sent a messenger to Simon, Bishop of Laodicea. This prelate, who belonged to the Dominican Order, fulfilled in the name of the Archbishop of Nicosia, the duties of Vicar-General at Famagouste.

In accordance with the rite prescribed for the administration of the last sacraments to a Bishop, Blessed Peter requested his lordship, Friar Simon, to come with the College Chapter, and thus bring, in procession, the holy oils, that he might receive Extreme Unction. To prepare himself, he asked for the pontifical book, took it in his hands and read the prayers for the consoling ceremony. Then he begged them to lay him on the floor,—*"in the dust."* His humble request having been complied with, he had the cross placed near him, the holy water, and two white wax candles, at either side.

Then they opened the door of his cell. The Bishop of Laodicea, upon his entrance, saluted the Legate bending

his knee before him. Then he began the sacred psalmody. The invalid, as if he had regained his strength, recited with the Bishop the seven penitential psalms, and the litany of the saints. The Bishop administered the Holy Unction, so strengthening for the final struggle, and it was the Patriarch himself who, in accents of deep emotion, responded to the versicles and liturgical prayers. After the ceremonial, eager for all the assistance which the Church can impart to her dying children, he again struck his breast, and, reciting the *Confiteor*, asked for a general absolution for all the relics of sin; also for the plenary indulgence at the article of death to be free from all his debts towards the divine justice.

Before leaving, amongst other touching words, the Bishop said to the Holy Legate, "O, Father, why do you leave us? Who will now demonstrate to the infidels the articles of faith? Who can organize the *passage*?" The Apostle-Chevalier did not attempt to conceal the undefinable trouble which these interrogatories caused him. Deeply affected, he raised his eyes to heaven. "O! Lord! if I am useful to Thy people I will not refuse the work. But Thy holy will be done." All present wept, and from all came the appeal, "Father, father, give us your blessing!" The Patriarch, with his wonted affability, extended his hands, whilst his gaze still remained directed towards heaven, and blessed his children with the usual formula: "*Benedictio Dei omnipotentis*." Then with an olive branch he traced over the kneeling group the sacred sign of redemption.

Ever mindful of the requirements of courtesy, he thanked the Bishop for the consolations he had brought him, and advised him to take some repose. The

latter, before consenting, begged the invalid to permit them to place him upon his bed. Blessed Peter repeated twice, in decided tones, that it was nothing but just that such a sinner should expire upon sack-cloth and ashes.

Nevertheless, after a third suggestion, he acceded to the wish of the Prelate, fearing to give disedification by a persistent refusal.

A little while and the demons, under the most hideous forms, returned to renew the assault upon the peace of the beloved invalid. But he dispersed them all, making the sign of the Cross, and crying out "Accursed ones! Begone! You can have no power over me. I enjoy the friendship and love of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer." Another principal of consolation and source of strength for him was to hear read the grand scenes of the Passion. "Upon this occasion," remarks the pious Mezieres, who never missed the slightest precious detail of those last hours, "there was witnessed an eloquent token of the lively faith of the doctor of the Church. His devotion to the Holy Spirit,—Inspirer of the sacred scriptures,—was so great that he could never pass unnoticed the least fault in reading them.

So accustomed was he to this that, even in this extremity, he reproved several times the reader for a few inaccuracies which he fell into."

The remainder of the night he enjoyed some intervals of repose.

It was Tuesday, the sixth of January, the day which Blessed Peter knew would be the last of his life. At day dawn he called about him all his intimate friends, and thus spoke to them: "O! my brothers and dear friends, what labors, what sufferings, what dangers you have endured for me!

Hunger, thirst, cold, vicissitudes, and tribulations. I have not considered you. I have not cared for you as I should have done. Forgive! forgive! and accept my heartfelt thanks."

After the ceremonial of Extreme Unction he had spoken similarly to the Vicar-General, the clergy and the assistants: "Pardon me, dear brethren, and ask pardon in my name of all the inhabitants of Cyprus, and of any strangers you may meet there." Admirable virtue! Under the form, so simple and yet so touching, in which Blessed Peter gives expression to the inmost sentiments of his soul, who could refuse to recognize the pure gold of true, solid, and profound humility? But his goodness did not end in loving words. He caused to be opened his private coffer, in which he had one thousand florins (about 17,000 francs.) Of all the resources which had been so unreservedly placed at his disposal for maintaining his establishment as appropriate for the rank of a Legate, there remained but this comparatively modest sum, so much had been devoted to the sacred cause.

The good Father distributed with his own hand to his friends the sum he had fixed upon in his will, and exhorted them to persevere in the service of God, the most generous of masters. He promised them that this divine service would ever yield them all desirable things, and bring them untold joys.

To behold this liberty of spirit, this energy of purpose, one might almost hope for a prolongation of his precious life. There were so many interests of religion that testified to the need of clinging to that most welcome thought. But the court physicians, who were enjoined to lavish every care upon the distinguished patient, agreed that the fever had, by no means diminished,

whilst the weakness had increased. The entire city was stirred to its very depths. It seemed as though all felt that a family grief was pending, and there was a constant stream of visitors, representing "all classes and conditions of men." The dying monk, although growing ever more wan and weak, and suffering now from severe chills, would not permit that even one should go without the much desired benediction from him, to which he even added a few fervent, loving admonitions.

But there was *one* wanting for whom all the rest could not compensate; one towards whom his faithful heart turned in friendship. At three o'clock he called his major-domo, whom he had yesterday commissioned to send for de Meizieres to come and sit near him. "Has not the Chancellor come yet?" he asked. "He will arrive soon" was the reply. A courier has just heralded his approach. Scarcely able to articulate, the Saint whispered that he did not wish to leave this world without having said farewell to his friend. Did the aspirations and supplications of christian friendship ever fail to find a response from the heart of Jesus, the inspirer of pure love, and its remunerator? At this moment by a celestial favor Blessed Peter knew that his wish would be granted. "I can wait still two hours" he said with unswerving hope. And continuing to console his callers, he preserved his sweet and unalterable serenity with all his pain. An officer of the royal army, a brilliant chevalier, Jacques de Rubeis de Parme, whom the Saint loved sat by his bed, in the deepest grief. "Do not mourn thus" said the Saint. "All is for the best, My Saviour calls me, I will go to Him as one of His elect children." Again, before several witnesses, he

protested not alone his resignation, but his contentment, and perfect repose of spirit.

The divine consoler who had revealed to him the day and hour of his death had also favored him with the assurance of his salvation. Another royal messenger who had arrived meanwhile asked him solicitously to take some thing to revive him. He turned towards the crucifix which Godfrey, the chaplain held up to him, and said: "There the only nourishment for which I hunger, the fruit of life which sustains me." And opening his emaciated arms he invited the approach of his Redeemer. He pressed his lips upon the image, which his failing strength would no longer permit him to hold. In this mysterious colloquy he lost the use of his speech. His frame gradually became powerless, his limbs grew icy cold, the fatal denouement seemed imminent.

But no! Peter Thomas could never disappoint Philip de Mezieres. Faithful also, the latter arrived about the hour of sunset. As a sweet and vivifying zephyr his presence revived the feeble heart which had almost ceased to beat. The sight of his friend dilated those rigid eyelids. His words restored voice to those lips already closed!

Celestial interview! even though great tears fell from the eyes of Philip. But Peter to console him began to speak in the loving tones of former days. They conversed for a long time, for in view of the approaching separation what expression of holy thoughts would prevail, what intimate confidences be made! How the fragrance of sanctity would make itself known. Finally with marvelous lucidity and clearness the dying religious explained

the wishes which were already set forth in his testament, and with renewed ardor, enjoined upon his faithful disciple, the devoted Chevalier, never to forget their compact, to always remember the Holy Sepulchre, and the promised return to the Orient.

But this prolonged interview, and too great animation might sever the bonds which retained this spirit already hovering between heaven and earth. The Chancellor, sacrificing his own special joy at the preservation of the dear invalid, and his power to converse with him, in order to leave him a few moments recollection and silent rapture, said. "But my, dear father, the hour is nigh when you will contemplate that sublime Divinity whom alone you have preached during life." The Saint replied without hesitation, "My son, I have already begun! Farewell! farewell!"

Then he requested the fulfilment of some duty which would call the Chancellor from the cell, wishing to spare him the sight of his last agony, for the hour was at hand. These souvenirs, these fragments of conversation, this exact narration of the last hour were all religiously kept by de Mezieres. With far more justice than is any precious stone, they are set in *gold*, in the pure unalloyed *gold of his love*. Reflecting upon such an example, and pondering upon those Christian sentiments cannot fail to edify and enrapture the soul.

In their scintillating brightness the light of faith gleams with redoubled splendor, as if indeed some brilliant ray of paradise had touched it with celestial fire.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY A. W., O. C. C.

The Pope has made it known that during the coming year of the Jubilee on account of his extreme old age, and following the example of his predecessors on similar occasions, he will not receive pilgrims into private audience but in order not to deprive anyone of the privilege of receiving his blessing, he will impart it in solemn form in the court-yard of Belvedere, or some other place according to the circumstances. This ordinance takes effect now and will continue during the whole of the coming year.

His Holiness recently wrote two letters, one to the Bishops of Brazil, and the other a very long one to the clergy of France. In the latter, having reminded them of the love and solicitude with which he had formerly given advice to the Catholics of France, he speaks of the instruction that should be imparted in the seminaries, exhorting them to pay great attention to the study of Theology, ecclesiastical history and Canon Law, and in Theology as well as in Philosophy to follow the teaching of St. Thomas. During the latter part of September a large French pilgrimage visited Rome. Those directly from France numbered about 2,000 and they were joined here by 300 more who had previously visited the Holy Land, and were now returning.

On Monday 25th they were received into audience by the Holy Father, who experienced great pleasure and satisfaction on seeing them.

Every evening whilst they were here, they had service in the Carmelite

church of S. Maria in Transpontina. First the rosary was recited, then followed a fervent discourse in French, and finally benediction of the most Holy Sacrament, all the pilgrims singing the hymns with admirable skill and ability. On Wednesday the 27th His Eminence Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar General of Rome delivered an eloquent sermon in French for the pilgrims and afterwards assisted by the Carmelites gave solemn benediction.

It is a great source of consolation in these turbulent times to know that when the Supreme Pontiff speaks, the echo of his voice is heard from one end of the globe to the other. Last June His Holiness gave out an encyclical on the Sacred Heart inviting all to make a solemn consecration, and his command is obeyed in the far East. In August the Patriarch of Antioch, of the Syro-maronite rite wrote a letter to all the Catholics within his jurisdiction, a beautiful letter, in which he expressed his allegiance and filial devotion towards the immortal Leo, as the lawful successor of St. Peter, and exhorts them all to consecrate themselves to the Sacred Heart all on the same day as was done throughout the whole West.

The Italian people seemed gradually to be losing their ardor and enthusiasm for the celebration of the breach at Porta Pia. The great hopes and expectations of liberty, and prosperity which they formerly nourished have faded away and the present realities stare them too clearly in the face. In 1895 when they celebrated the 25th anniversary of the 20th Sept. they

made a great show, but afterwards nobody wanted to pay the expenses, and the case finally came before the court, where even the mayor was summoned. This year they endeavored to have some kind of a celebration at Porta Pia. By the explosion of some fire-works, however, three or four people were almost killed, and they declared afterwards they would never hold the festival again. To know what kind of people were present it is sufficient to say that in the public houses in the vicinity many articles were missing the next morning. The young engineer, Barman Arne of Bergen, Norway, lately presented to the Pope as a sign of homage two electric calorific machines of his own invention, constructed with admirable mechanism. The Holy Father granted him a private audience. When he saw the stoves had accepted them and asked Barman to explain the mechanism, but as the young artist was not sufficiently acquainted with Italian to do this Mrs. Del Carmen Christofani kindly acted as interpreter and eulogized the assiduous labor of the young

artist, stating that he worked constantly for three years to offer a worthy homage to his Holiness. The Pope listened with great attention to the short but learned discourse, especially when the artist, although a protestant, was presented as a great admirer of his Holiness.

The very presence of the venerable Pontiff inspired the young artist with great joy and consolation, but when the Holy Father made him a present of a large medal with his own image, he could no longer restrain his feelings of joy, and burst into tears. Before retiring the Holy Father asked the lady what she desired for herself, her answer was that the Holy Father bestow his blessing on the young artist; the Pope approached him and pressed his head twice with his august hands, caressing him and encouraging him to persevere in his labors and expressing his desire to see him soon again. This invitation has so effected the mind of Barman, that he has decided to leave his home in the North and come to live near the Vatican.

### Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

“LET the wild rose, blushing on its spray,  
 Mark this day;  
 Let the sweetbrier and the columbine,  
 Flushing, around His tabernacle twine;  
 Let the white acacia wave its plumes  
 Where the censer's precious incense fumes;  
 Let the crimson balm show every dart  
 Tipped in blood from Jesus' Sacred Heart.  
 Sing, O Choirsters! With tongues of flame,  
 Jesus' Name.  
 Bend, in azure beauty, from on high, Blissful sky;  
 Summer clouds, that through the welkin roam,  
 Troop, with angels, round His temple-dome.  
 Summer sunshine let your ardent ray  
 Urge the shy, blue harebell on its way,  
 With the virgin train to bear its part,  
 Round our Lady of the Sacred Heart.”

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

## A LEGEND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.



ANY centuries ago there lived in a city of Italy a little boy who had lost his father and mother. His mother, who had been a most holy and noble woman, had said to him before she died, "My dearest son, I am about to leave you. God calls me, and I obey his voice. But when God takes a mother from her child, He replaces her. I leave you to our common mother, Mary. 'Holy Virgin, from this moment may my son be your son, and dearest Child Jesus, may this child be your brother.' Many times, my dear child, you will have need of consolation and counsel; remember then that if other children have recourse to their mothers, you should have recourse to the Holy Virgin and to the infant Jesus. Go and kneel on the steps of the altar where I carried you when an infant, and dedicated you to Mary, and where I have so often knelt to pray for you. Join devoutly your little hands, and pray with all your heart to Him who has said, 'Let the little ones come unto Me.' At the same moment, I will pray for you in heaven, where I hope the mercy of God will receive his humble servant." Saying these words, and embracing her son with many tears, the mother died.

Her face remained so beautiful after death that she seemed to sleep. The poor child, who knew not what death was, kissed the hand of his mother again and again. "My mother," said he, "speak, I am listening. Speak to

your child of the Holy Virgin and of the Child Jesus. Mother, do you not hear me—you who used to hear the slightest movement that I made in my little bed? Why are your eyes shut? Why do you not smile?"

As the dead mother made no movement, the poor child understood that she slept that sleep of which she had sometimes spoken to him—that last and deep sleep from which no one awakes.

The child wept much. The next day he begged to see once more the face of his mother. God had permitted that the expression of celestial beauty that the last prayer of the pious mother had left on her face should still remain. The priest, on entering the room, asked from whence came the odor of violets and jasmine, but no one could answer him. He became thoughtful, and kneeling, prayed.

He remarked also at the funeral, when the coffin passed under the hedge of white-thorn, the branches seemed to move to and fro, and the blossoms fell upon the black cloth like perfumed snow. Two turtle-doves, descendants, perhaps, of those St. Francis of Assisi had tamed, followed the procession, touching the coffin lightly from time to time with their wings, making, as it were, a solemn and beautiful chant.

The poor, whom the dead had succored during her life, revealed then the secret that her right hand had hidden from her left; and the sick, whom she had nursed, joined their voices to those of the poor, and cried, "We also have lost a mother." Then the child, surprised that tears could dry tears, said to them, emptying in their hands the purse which he carried, "Since my

mother was also your mother, share with me the goods she has left me. I give them to you in the name of the Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus."

The next day, the child was placed, according to the directions of his mother, in a convent of the order of St. Benoit. The reverend father abbot had been the confessor of the mother, and had a great love for the little orphan.

"My father," said the child to him, "my mother told me, when dying, to have a great devotion to the Holy Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and I beg you therefore to give me permission to visit the chapel every day during the recreation which follows the dinner."

"Very well, my son," said the abbot, "I am quite willing. And if you ever have need of counsel or consolation, do not fear to come to me, for though I have many occupations, I shall always find time for you."

Day followed day; without ever failing, the little boy, on leaving the refectory, repaired to the chapel. He wept when he first entered, but he went out consoled. Kneeling on the steps and joining his hands, he said, "Holy Virgin Mary, I had two mothers; now I have but you. Take pity on me and aid me to conduct myself as one of your children should. Dear Child Jesus, my mother said that you would be my brother. I am very weak, very imperfect, very ignorant, very destitute, for I have no more my mother. But thou, oh, Child Jesus, art the most perfect of children; thou art wisdom, goodness, light; teach me to know your holy will and to do it."

The child from the first day wept no more. He spoke always of his mother, but with sweetness and confidence. Some monks remarked that when he went from the church after his accus-

tomed prayer, he had, as it were, the reflection of a shining light upon his face. "One would say," said a young novice, "that an infant Moses had descended from Sinai."

He astonished all the convent by the wisdom of his words and of his conduct. Orphan that he was, he surpassed in prudence and piety those who could consult their parents. The reverend father abbot partook the general astonishment. Sometimes he praised the child for his wisdom and piety, but casting down his eyes, he would reply modestly, "My father, I am only a poor child, very ignorant and feeble, but my mother told me that the Holy Virgin is the mother of orphans and the Infant Jesus is their brother."

The reverend father, without attaching any particular importance to these words, admired the fervor of the child, and only said, "On this little white head there rests the seal of predestination."

One day the usual prayer of the little boy before the altar where the Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus were seated was much prolonged. The father abbot, becoming somewhat disquieted, entered the chapel. Wonder of wonders! The Virgin and the Child Jesus were no longer upon the altar. Looking down upon the steps, the reverend father saw the Child Jesus instructing the other child, who was asking him questions, while the Holy Virgin, as a mother full of solicitude, seemed to watch over them.

The reverend father bent his head before this vision, and prostrating himself upon the marble floor, he remained in profound meditation and prayer.

He still prayed when he felt a little hand resting upon his arm. He opened his eyes. The vision had disappeared. The Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus



were upon the altar. The little orphan stood before him, and, in a voice sweet as the last harmonious notes of an organ, told him that the clock of the monastery had struck the hour for the end of the recreation.

"God has done for you a great favor, my child," said the priest.

"A great favor, truly," replied the child; "but my mother told me often that the Holy Virgin is the mother of those who have no mother, and the Child Jesus is their brother"

Every day until the first communion of the boy the prodigy was renewed. On the eve of this great day, the Child Jesus informed him that He should descend into his soul, never more to leave him, and that he must listen to that interior voice which rises from the depths of the conscience when all is silent within us; that voice which inflames our hearts as the voice of the beloved made the hearts of the disciples to burn within them as they journeyed on their way to Emmaus.

### Mr. Advice and Miss Deed.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

Outside a city there stood a miserable hut. Mrs. Needy lived in it. She was a poor woman, and had seven little children, who were always hungry and cross, and cold and sick, and just as troublesome as they could be. Out of the city there came every day a nicely dressed, fine looking old gentleman, with a frock coat and a golden-headed cane. He very often stopped at Mrs. Needy's and tried to comfort her in her different troubles. "Oh, dear me!" he would sometimes say, "what a bother these children of yours are, Mrs. Needy—always sick! Now, Mrs. Needy, next door to me there lives a physician in whose skill I have every trust. If I were in your place, Mrs. Needy, I would go and consult him about these children; you need not be afraid about the pay—I do not think he charges poor people. Then you must go to the clergyman and ask him whether he cannot get you some corn or potatoes, or something to make you more comfortable. He was speaking this way again one day, when there came a young girl up the road.

She carried her travelling bag in one hand and her shoes in the other, while she walked barefoot. She seemed very tired, and sat down on the bench in front of Mrs. Needy's house to rest a little while. Looking through the window, she saw the poor ragged children, called the youngest one up to her and gave him her piece of bread. After she was gone, the gentleman came up to the little boy and said, "Dear me! a piece of dry, coarse bread, to give to a sick little child! Mrs. Needy, will you allow him to eat that?" "Yes I will," said Mrs. Needy, "and be thankful for it to God and the good girl, who most likely gave him her only piece of bread; but you, sir—you know her—perhaps? And pray won't you tell me who you are yourself?" "Oh, that girl! why, she is Miss Deed, and I am Mr. Advice, my good woman, and a doctor of philosophy, too, ma'am."

Where one little good deed is needed, a cartload of good advice is not worth a shilling.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

Let me acknowledge with grateful appreciation the many letters,—perhaps thirty in all,—that have lately come to the Secretary, requesting a pair or pairs of beads blessed by the Dominicans. All of the requests have been honored, and I trust the beads reached every writer promptly. For the many kind words in the various letters concerning this department of the REVIEW, the Secretary begs to express much gratitude. It is very gratifying to know one's worth is appreciated even by a few.

Now, as it would be impossible to answer personally the multitude of questions about the beads blessed by the Dominicans, they will all be answered in this letter.

First—For every person who signed his or her Christian name to the letter sent to the Secretary, I will have the name entered on the register of a Dominican church, and that person thereby becomes a Rosarian, and gains great indulgences simply because his or her name is on the register.

Secondly—For merely carrying those beads on the person there is an indulgence. For each bead, not said separately, but one decade—Our Father and ten Hail Marys—there is an indulgence, and one decade may be said at a time. It is not necessary to say five in order to gain some indulgence.

One writer asks if these beads are the same as the beads of the Blessed Virgin.

There is only one Rosary recognized by the Church—the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin—no matter by whom the beads are blessed. But the Dominican blessing entitles one to greater indulgences; so many that they are not enumerated.

The lady who asked if the Bridgettine indulgence is attached to beads blessed by the Dominicans may rest assured that every indulgence is included in that blessing. The Dominicans are empowered in this matter more than any other Order of the church.

The lady from Missouri who asked if beads can be sent to Dominicans and blessed, can write to the Fathers at Columbus, Ohio—nearer to her than New York—and they will bless all she will send. Or write to the Dominican Priory, Lexington Ave., cor. 65th St., New York and they will be attended to. Only enclose stamps for their return.

Now we have come to the month of November—the month of the Holy Souls—consecrated to our dear dead. May the Secretary request all who have or will have received a pair of beads through her, to say them once for the dead? Surely we do not desire to gain indulgences for ourselves alone. Oh! No! The truly Catholic heart is never selfish. Sacrifice is a part of holiness, and in November nothing is too much for our beloved dead.

Long prayers are often out of the question, but who cannot say hundreds of times a day, "My Jesus, Mercy!" (100 days indulgence) for the poor souls!

Dear as they were in life, they are inexpressibly dearer now, and our very life goes out to them in piteous supplication. Who does not hear them cry out to us in November, "Have pity upon me, at least ye, oh, my friends."

An! dear children, can any of us bear that reproach? "At least ye, oh my friends!" How few there are who really deserve the name of *friend* in life—who are faithful and true through thick and thin; who believe in us and trust us through good and evil report; who do not tire of us, but love and cling to us even to the end. *That* is what friendship means. Well, all that we may give to our dear dead.

Going to Early Mass is the greatest act of charity we can offer them, and the little sacrifice it entails is the test of our devotedness.

Things that cost us little are not very likely to empty purgatory, and one who is not willing to suffer for those he loves is not divested of the meanest part of his nature—love of self. The older we grow the more convinced we are that the most delightful people in the world are the unselfish ones.

It is worth while studying the people whom we know, and notice how very few of them are unselfish.

One member of a family is invariably so—the beloved mother. One cannot imagine a selfish mother. No; always uncomplaining, giving out her best and sweetest to her own, denying herself that they may have the good things of life, and very often getting nothing in return.

There are many whose lives are spent in the ceaseless endeavor to be kind to their fellow creatures. The world calls them philanthropists, but in the church they are known as hidden saints, and such are they who are noted for unselfishness.

The month of the Holy Souls is rich in opportunities for forgetting ourselves. Some who have made what is known as the "Heroic Offering" can testify to the strange peace which comes into one's life after renouncing all self interest, even in the spiritual line.

The Heroic Offering consists in a voluntary sacrifice of all our efforts—all our prayers and good works, all our indulgences, and all that may be done for us after our death—all for the souls in purgatory. It looks like a foolhardy thing thus to rob ourselves of all our spiritual goods, but the merit of them is always ours, and in reality we are gaining, not losing.

Why? There is no ingratitude in eternity. God never forgets; neither do those who are longing for a sight of His face. We wear ourselves out in our efforts to befriend those we love—deprive ourselves that they may have what we resign. And what do we get? Forgetfulness. It is the will of God to prove to us the incompleteness of life. So few are grateful; so few acknowledge what is done for them, thinking it a trouble even to be the recipients of kindness, voting many things a bore,—all this is the way of the world. Now in November let us forget that world which forgets the dead, and be mindful of our loved and lost. Pray also, dear children, for the broken-hearted mourners who live only in the past, when their dead formed the sunlight of a happy home. Be very tender-hearted to those who are in sorrow, and may you one and all be strangers to it for many happy years.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

## A Troublesome Call.

We were going, on Saturday, ever so far—  
My mamma and I—to the Dollies' Bazar,  
Where fifty wax dollies—the loveliest show—  
Went walking about when they wound 'em, you know.

You wouldn't believe half the things they could do;  
Why, one said: "Good-morning," as plainly as you,  
One played the piano, and one, dressed in lace,  
Walked up to the mirror and powdered her face.

Well, when we were ready we stepped in the hall  
And there was a lady a-coming to call,  
She said she just chanced to be passing that way,  
And she really had only a minute to stay.

We waited and waited, and hoped she would go,  
Till I saw it was almost the time for the show.  
For I heard the clocks striking all over the town,  
And I knew that the dollies would all be run down.

And so I just said: "I should s'pose, Mrs. Black,  
Your little girl wonders why don't you come back,"  
That's all that I spoke, every 'dential word;  
But she said: "Little girls should be seen and not heard."

I guess that's a proverb, so maybe 'tis true;  
But, if people won't see, what can little girls do?  
My mamma looked queer, but that ended the call,  
And we went to the Dollies' Bazar, after all.

## FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## A Russian Fable.

A peasant was driving some geese to town, to sell them. He had a long stick and drove them pretty fast. But the geese did not like to be hurried, and, happening to meet a traveler, they poured out their complaints against the peasant who was driving them.

"Where can you find geese more unhappy than we? See how this peasant is hurrying on, this way and that, driving us just as though we were only common geese. Ignorant fellow! He never thinks how he is bound to respect us, for we are the descendants of the very geese that saved Rome so many years ago."

"But for what do you expect to be famous yourselves?" asked the traveler.

"Because our ancestors"—

"Yes, I know. I have read all about it. But what I want to know is what good have you yourselves done?"

"Why, our ancestors saved Rome."

"Yes, yes; but what have you done?"

"We? Nothing."

"Of what good are you then? Do leave your ancestors at peace! They were honored for their deeds; but you are only fit for roasting."

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So, with every pulsation of our hearts, with the warmest throbbings of our bosoms, and with the earnest desires of our souls, let us venerate this Mary; because such is His will, who decreed that we should have everything through her. This, I say, was His will, but it was on our account.—St. Bernard.

## MAXIMS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Large embrace,  
Infinite Goodness hath whose arms will open  
For every child who turneth back to grace.  
—Dante (Purgatorio.)

2. We who live or seem to live,  
But live to plead,  
For the departed myraids at their need.  
—Aubrey de Vere.

3. For once you think of hell think ten  
times of the bright Heaven your Father has  
prepared for you.—Faber.

4. How strange it seems, with  
So much gone,  
Of live and love, to still live on.—Whittier.

5. Andrew, the good teacher, the friend  
of God, was led to the cross, and when he saw  
it afar off, he said : God bless thee O cross, be  
welcome to the follower of Him that hung on  
thee, even me, master Christ.—Breviary.

—  
“Blessed are the clean of heart, for  
they shall see God.” *St. Matt. v. 8.*

In what manner did Mary enjoy this  
reward, this Beatitude of the pure?  
At the moment of creation her soul  
“magnified the Lord,” because she  
was His fairest reflection, and pos-  
sessed the infused and moral virtues,  
and the Gifts of the Holy Ghost per-  
fecting these virtues, in a manner far  
above all His outpourings in the souls  
of the Saints, or in the spirits of the  
Angels.

She saw Him by the sublime Gift of  
Faith, which is “the light of time,” as  
the light of glory will be the medium  
of our vision in Heaven. She adored,  
loved and praised Him unceasingly,  
who had done “great things” for her.

No poetic mind which, from its  
innate perceptions of the unseen,  
throws a halo of beauty over those  
that are seen, so harmonized with the  
loveliness of creation as did our Blessed  
Mother. No Saint ever penetrated the

mysteries of nature or of grace as she  
did.

She saw Him in man, and hence her  
ardent love of souls. She saw the  
mournful shadows of Calvary and its  
dying Victim, and a little after, the  
golden light of His Resurrection.

After His Ascension she saw the sac-  
ramental veils folded round her Be-  
loved, and longed for His unveiled  
vision. At last the summons came :  
“Arise my love—and come !” Again,  
we echo : “Blessed are the clean of  
heart !” and we earnestly pray that,  
like Mary, we may see God by faith in  
this life, and “the light of glory” in  
the next. And in order to do this, let  
us implore her Immaculate Heart to  
keep us like lilies amidst the thorns of  
earth, and to send the Holy Angels to  
lead us safely through the “vale of  
death” to the Kingdom of unclouded  
vision.  
—ENFANT DE MARIE.

## ORA PRO ME MATER.

When'er goes forth Thy dread com-  
mand,

And my last hour is nigh,  
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,  
As I was born, to die.

But let my failing limbs beneath  
My Mother's smile recline ;  
And prayers sustain my labouring  
breath  
From out her sacred shrine.

Cardinal Newman.

—  
“Holy Mary we implore thee,  
By thy purity divine,  
Help us bending here before thee,  
Help us to be truly thine.”

—ST. CASSIMIR.

## Editorial Notes.

### November Thoughts.

Nature is sinking into its winter sleep. Vegetation is gradually being stripped of its beautiful foliage and flowers. All around us are signs of death and decay. Bleak as the aspect is, the outlook would be still more dreary if experience had not taught us to look forward with positive assurance to a new birth in the spring. Our Holy Mother the Church enters, into solemn thoughts awakened by the season, and at the end of the ecclesiastical year reminds us of our last things. With exquisite delicacy she puts before us the bright visions of Heaven, before she invites us to think of our dead. All Saint's precedes All Souls' Day.

Death is not what it seems. It is not the end of all things. On the contrary, it is but the beginning of our immortal life. By death we put off the corruptible in order to put on the incorruptible. To be a Saint, one of the Blessed in Heaven, is our end. For this end we were created, redeemed and sanctified. The Saints in Heaven are our departed friends, who are still in communion with us, probably in far closer union with us than was possible in life. God who knows how to make our land of exile so attractive in all its varied beauties of the field and flower, of mountain and stream, of sea and sky, displays all His personal beauty to the ravished vision of His Blessed. They are inebriated with plenty of His house and He makes them drink of the torrent of his pleasure. (Ps. 35, 9). All that interests them is communicated to them by the Beatific Vision. In this way they now know, when and what we think of them, what we say to them, what we need and expect from their

intercession, and are full of joy at our thanksgiving.

The souls in purgatory are saints also. They are friends of Jesus, who, though not fully prepared to enter into the abode of the Blessed and to see God face to face, yet are in the vestibule of Heaven, undergoing the necessary process of purification, before they are fit to enter. They also are in communion with us. We can hasten their glory by our intercession, by gaining merits and indulgences for them. They, too, know what is being done for them, and no saint can be guilty of ingratitude. We expect gratitude for favors received from the lowest criminals on earth. Surely the saints must be eminent in this virtue, not only towards God, but also towards all, who honor or have been helpful to them. There is no surer way to join friends with God than to place them under obligations to us. This we do by praying to the Saints in Heaven, and praying for the Saints in purgatory.

And in this connection, no means is so simple and yet so powerful as the Scapular. Who can count the millions that have been saved by this blessed garment of Our Lady? Who can number the thousands whose purgatorial flames are lessened and entirely extinguished by this pledge of eternal alliance "with the Queen of Saints." Who can calculate the abundant graces and indulgences which like a continuous stream of refreshing waters, inundate the suffering souls of those who once wore her scapular. Not to speak of her own gracious promise embodied in the Sabbatine Privilege. Heaven must be resounding with the praises of the Mother who clothed her domestics

with the double garment of salvation. If the Scapular Confraternity on earth is probably the most widespread in extent, and the most numerous in members, it is certain that its Saints in Heaven must be innumerable.

Let us, therefore, enter into the most intimate union possible with our Saints in Heaven and in Purgatory. Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is the Queen of Heaven. The great Saints of the Scapular were among the most intimate friends of Jesus even here on earth. Think of St. Albert, St. Peter Thomas, St. Andrew Corsini, St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzis, St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross' not to mention the thousand saints of prayer continually being formed within the blessed walls of Carmelite cloisters. Such Saints from the Queen down to the lowest of them are all powerful with the Child of Mary. Let us make saints of all whom we can reach on earth by inducing them to wear the Scapular and thus to honor the Queen. Let us make use of the countless treasures of indulgences, merits and suffrages granted to the confraternity of Mt. Carmel, to help our departed friends in Purgatory and thus to unite them to us with still closer ties of friendship, until Heaven, and earth and Purgatory form but one grand vineyard of Carmel, whose Queen is the "Flower of Carmel" by excellence.

#### **An American Centre Party.**

The question of a Catholic political party in the United States has lately been revived by some of our Catholic papers and periodicals. Some speak in favor of organising such a party on the lines of the famous Centre party in Germany, others oppose the formation of such a party altogether. In spite of the intense patriotism manifested on all occasions by some of our ecclesiastical

dignitaries and their assertion that everything is for the best in this best of all republics, the fact remains, that Catholics have serious grievances. Forming about one-seventh of the entire population, and this one-seventh comparing more than favorably with the other six-sevenths in all civic and and domestic virtues, the Catholics are in such a hopeless minority in all branches of the government, that their influence is nil, and they are continually ignored even in matters of the most vital interests to them. The islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico are entirely Catholics, and the Phillipine Islands nearly so. Yet, when commissioners were appointed to visit these islands and to report on their condition, not a single Catholic was called upon to perform this duty. Then there are always the crying evils of compulsory contribution to Godless schools, the injustice displayed in the question of the Indian Schools, the discrimination displayed in some states against the religious garb of the teaching sisterhoods, and periodical outbursts of bigotry at the elections, &c. These are grievances, and Catholics should unite against them. But how? By organizations, such as the Knights of Columbus, or by a great political party such as the Centre party in Germany? In modern times, no party has done more effective work in the interests of the Church and Catholic principles, than this powerful organization. In order to have anything like a Centre party in this country, we should be in somewhat similar conditions, in order to succeed. Let us examine these conditions. In Germany the Catholics form one-third of the population. They are all of the same nationality and language. At the time of the formation of the Centre party they were violently persecuted by the Government. The

Catholics are not so scattered as they are here. Whole provinces are exclusively Catholics, others are overwhelmingly so. The Centre party affiliated with no political party, but formed a political program of its own, which to-day appeals strongly to thousands who are not Catholics. And finally the competent leaders for the party were at the head of it. These conditions of success are not to be found here. We are but one-seventh of the population, of different nationalities, different races, and different tongues. There is no open persecution by any political party or by the administration. Our Catholics are not a compact population anywhere in the States, but are disseminated over the whole country in small and loosely united numbers. To form a distinct political party with our own political programme, would be an utter impossibility, as even our material interests are not identical in the various sections of the country. And the greatest difficulty of all, who could or would be able to lead such a party, even it could be organized? No, all things considered, the times are not ripe for such a movement. Republics are not a propitious field for minorities, and personal merit cannot compete with the ruling power of our country, money and money interests.

#### The War in South Africa.

There are two countries in the world which boast to be in the front ranks of civilization, England and the United States. Both are conspicuous for the immense strides they have made within the century in trade, commerce and industry. England has built up a navy which makes her mistress of the sea, and America has outstripped all older nations in her manufacturers and material progress of all kinds. Both countries attribute their progress to

their enlightened governments, based on liberty and the rights of man. It is a strange coincidence that both are now engaged in warfare against people who are fighting for these very objects, liberty and independence. And this at a time when the deliberations of the late Peace Conference, at which representatives of both countries assisted, have hardly been published. What is the cause of this strange coincidence? Somebody must be in the wrong. History at a future date will settle this question fairly and justly. At present we are too much interested, and too anxious to see our side win, that we can give a fair judgment on the question. The attempt of the Boers to stand up against an Empire, such as the world had never seen, appears to the impartial looker on as a fool-hardy, suicidal act. The Phillipines are in a similar way attempting the impossible. God is the ruler of nations and His purposes will be carried out, no matter, how things may develop. The end is not yet and when it comes, it may be at the close of a tremendous struggle for the Empire of the world between the East and the West. For this war in South Africa seems to be only a preliminary move in a concerted attempt to destroy Great Britain's ascendancy. Under all circumstances, the Church of God, the Kingdom of Peace will gloriously carry on its divine work, and the bark of St. Peter will carefully float on the tempestuous ocean of man's contending passions, the only safe home and shelter of true freedom and liberty.

#### The Hospice.

Our usual instalment of Hospice Notes will be suspended until early next spring. The Hospice is open and there are guests who come to rest and who love solitude, but during the winter season there will be no new developments that might interest our readers.



## THANKSGIVING.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

REV. FATHER ———

Having suffered a painful sickness for twelve years, I was at last obliged to submit to an operation. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Blessed Mother, I am again at home, weak but fast improving. I promised to have this published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Sincerely,

MRS. S. D.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

REV. FATHER ———

Enclosed please find \$—— in thanksgiving for special favor obtained from Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. MRS. J. A.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

REV. FATHER ———

Having promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel to have the granting of my request published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, I now, since this great favor has been bestowed upon me, desire you to publish it in your pages to her greater honor. ~~Yours truly,~~  
K. J. M.

## ORITUARY.

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

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

MRS. KENNY, who departed this life on the 11th of August, aged 75 years, full of years and merits.

ISABELLA DUNPHY, Mr. Paul Sullivan, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, Peter Kelley, Mr. Shillcock, who departed this life on the 25th of August, 1899 and for his son, Master Shillcock, who departed this life on the 28th of June, 1899.

IRENE HARTT, who died on the 4th of Sept. last.

MRS. MICHAEL RYAN, who departed this life on the 18th Oct. 1899. The deceased was a friend and benefactress of our Order, and all our undertakings; she was buried on Saturday, Oct. 21st, shrouded in The Carmelite Habit.

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

## The Mystic Rose.

BY ALIGHIERI DANTE.

O VIRGIN-MOTHER, daughter of thy Son !  
Created beings all in lowliness  
Surpassing, as in height above them all ;  
Term'd by the eternal counsel preordain'd ;  
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced  
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn  
To make himself his own creation ;  
For in thy womb, rekindling shone the love  
Reveal'd whose genial influence makes now  
This flower to germin in eternal peace :  
Here thou to us, of charity and love,  
Art as the noonday torch ; and art beneath  
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.  
So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,  
That he who grace desireth, and comes not  
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire  
Fly without wings. Not only him who asks,  
Thy bounty succours ; but doth freely oft  
Forerun the asking. Whatso'er may be  
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,  
Relenting mercy, large munificence,  
Are all combin'd in thee !

*Translated by Henry Francis Cary.*

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Friars in the Philippines," from the pen of Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O. P., just issued, by Messrs. Martin Callanan & Co., of Boston, Mass., is more than an apology for the much maligned monks. It should more than counteract the made-to-order falsehoods which have been served up to a gullible public by the nauseating "yellow" journals. Father Coleman, while defending his much abused confreres, pays a just tribute to the civilizing and educating activity of the friars. To quote the author in his preface, "There is a real and pressing need for the information it contains," and a "fair consideration of the facts it presents is confidently expected from a people whose love of justice is almost proverbial. Truth should have nothing to fear from Americans." This book is within the reach of all, selling at 50 cents bound in cloth, and 25 cents in paper.

A stirring story of '76 entitled "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet," has been issued by Messrs. Benzinger Bros. of 36 Barclay street, New York. The author is Marion Ames Taggart, who has already charmed a large reading constituency in her other clever productions, particularly in "Three Girls and Especially One," "By Branscome River," "The Pennsylvania Postoffice," etc. The present book, decked in handsome cover, contains 233 fascinating pages. It is a book for both young and old, and is well worth the price, eighty-five cents.

**What is Liberalism?** by Conde B. Pallen. St. Louis, B. Herder. Price 75 Cents Net.

Under this heading Pallen gives us a little work, which is chiefly a translation from the Spanish work of S. Sardav, which was highly eulogized by the congregation of the Indies, and which Pallen has adopted to the needs of this country.

Liberalism is defined, traced to its different sources, examined as to its dogmatic, moral and social aspect, and proved to be a sin, a mortal sin, a sin greater than many another mortal sin.

The language is simple, clear, concise and cogent, calculated to open the eyes of many a Catholic in this country, who tried to combine

the impossible, Church and heresy. It is therefore to be wished, that all the Catholics read the little work, and read it repeatedly, so as to be imbued with its spirit. For unfortunately it cannot be denied, that the description of the character and extent of American Liberalism in the closing chapters of the book is printed from life, and a timely remedy must be found.

Pallen deserves the thanks of well-meaning Catholics for this publication, and the low price of 75 cents for a bound copy places the work within the reach of all.

We wish it Godspeed.

The many Pittsburg and other friends of the accomplished elocutionist, Marie Cote, will be pleased to know that she has just brought out a charming little drama in four acts, entitled, "The Witch of Bramble Hollow." This new play needs only to be read to be duly appreciated, and should be eagerly sought for by Catholic teachers. The price is only thirty cents. Address the publishers, Messrs. Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York.

Julian McCormick has done a good work in bringing to light some beautiful Christian names which makes a handy reference for parents who are in quest of a pretty name for the latest visitor to their household. All sources have been searched, including the martyrology, and there will be no necessity of naming boys and girls after pagan gods and goddesses. "The Child's Name" can be had by sending fifty cents to Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay street, New York.

### Falls View.

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

## WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the Scapular Registry from St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.; Cape Breton Co., N. S.; HoKah Convent; Mt. St. Vincents, Halifax, N. S.; St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, O.; St. Agnes' Church, Quebec, N. B.; St. Michael's College, Toronto; Immaculate Conception, Cape Breton, C. B.; Chicago, Ill.; Sacred Heart Church, Bathurst Town, N. B.; St. Joseph's College, Westmoreland Co. N. B.; Immaculate Conception Church, St. Louis, P. O. P. E. I.; St. Ignatius Mission, Mont.; St. Edwards Church, Westford, Ont.; Church of the Nativity of the B. V. M., Willingstown, Ont.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Holy Cross Church, Pomquet, N. S.; St. Margaret's Church, Grand Mira, C. B.; Debec, N. B.; Watertown, N. Y.; Convent of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Manitoba; Kenosha, Wis.; Long Prairie, Minn.

At our New Baltimore convent one name was received from Sparta, Wis., this month.

Scapular names received at our Monastery at Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dak.; Our Lady of Good Council, Normandy, Mo.; St. Stanislaus Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Michael's Church, Findlay, Ohio; New Coehn, Wis.

## Favors for the Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received favors from W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; M. T., Boston, Mass.; M. T., Boston, Mass.; Mrs. S., Patterson, N. J.; D. L. M., Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Mrs. J. B., Meadville, Pa.; Benedictine Sisters, St. Mary's, Pa.; J. W., Laporte, Ind.; Sr. M. l'E., Longue Point, Montreal.

## PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—St. James, v. 16.

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

For relief from severe fits of headache; for the reformation of a son; for a son that may return to his duties; a very special intention; for assistance in sale of property; for the attainment of a home near a Church; relief in spiritual and temporal difficulties; conversion of a father and brother; that a lady may obtain a suitable home; a very special intention; for the amelioration of the condition of a poor cripple; for the recovery of two sick persons; for four special intentions; very special intention; special intentions 4; for a sick person; for a mother and son; for employment; for a change of heart for a mother; for a father and family; for a mother and daughter; restoration of health, the return to his duties of a brother; the recovery from a nervous disease; settlement of a young lady in life; for means to support of a priest in a little mission; for success in work that a mother is undertaking to support her fatherless children; for peace among brothers; for an equal division of property; a very special intention; for the conversion of a sister; for a young man whose heart is seriously affected; for a brother who drinks; that a son may obtain suitable employment; for amendment of the life of a young man; for the cure of a daughter who is suffering from a severe cough; for success in business; for one who suffers from cancer; for restoration of health; for a special intention; for success in life; for a young man, that he may remain faithful to his religious duties; for restoration of eyesight; to obtain employment for one person; for two special intentions; for the reformation of a sister.

Woe to us sinners, if we had not in heaven this great advocate, (Mary), the treasurer of all the graces that come from the hand of God.--St. Camillus of Lellis.