





## O! SWEETEST HEART!

*From the German,*

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.



Sweetest Heart! In adoration  
 All Heaven bows before Thy shrine,  
 And we on earth intone thy praises  
 In ardent love, O Love divine!  
 O! Sweetest Sacred Heart! Still open,  
 Our suffering Savior's side we see,  
 And hear His tender words of solace—  
 "O! weary souls, come unto Me."

O! Sweetest Heart! The crimson fountain  
 Forever flowing from that side  
 Full pardon wins for our transgressions,  
 For grace comes with its ceaseless tide.  
 O! Sweetest Heart! In loving sorrow,  
 Our Savior's thorn-crowned brow we see,  
 And weep to hear His plaintive murmur—  
 "My child this pain I bear for thee."

O! Sweetest Heart! The cross which rises  
 'Mid ardent fire from Thee above  
 Shows that the infernal foe is vanquished  
 By all who cling to Thee in love.  
 O! Sweetest Heart! Our joy, our treasure;  
 Our source of every true delight;  
 Our guard and stay in grief and sorrow—  
 Our guiding star in life's dark night.

O! Sweetest Heart! The path to Heaven  
 Needs patient steps and constant ward  
 But all through Thee we gain new courage  
 To follow close our suffering Lord.  
 O! Sweetest Heart! Our poor heart's failings,  
 Thy fire of ardent love destroys,  
 Until our spirits, bright and stainless,  
 Dare hope to win celestial joys.

O! Sweetest Heart! Our soul's salvation,  
 We pray Thee, Oh! Thou highest good,  
 Accept us as Thy loving clients—  
 This hope we through Thy Precious Blood.  
 O! Sweetest, Sacred Heart! Receive us  
 When death's dark shadow hovers near;  
 Then *faith* will be a glad fruition,  
 And *Thou*, Sweet Heart, a vision clear.

## LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

### JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.  
BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

#### CHAPTER XVI. (CONTINUED.)

##### McMASTER'S SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

NEW YORK, May 19th, 1886.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—It was not that I forget you, any day of my life, that I was confused, a week ago, and did not write to you for your birthday.

St. Teresa is, especially, the "Pattern shown on the Mountain" to all her daughters. But is there not a special and particular obligation on the sister that bears her glorious name, to seek and follow her? You know that wonderful passage in her life when her Lord—finding her loving any other not only *in* Him but *for* Him—said: "*Now* Teresa, I am all thine, as thou art all mine!" It is a very high, and a very rare grace and virtue even for a Carmelite. Not all, even of the saints have attained it in this life. It is gained by none except after great pains and crucifixion. But it is good as an inspiration. On the instant of reading dear Sister Gertrude's note—who is always thinking of others and forgetting herself—the words of our Lord by the Prophet Isaias, came to my mind: "Can a mother forget her suckling, and not be as one with the child of her own flesh? But if she may forget, (for a moment), I, at least, will not forget thee! I have written thee in my hands, and thy walls, (the willing vows by which thou hast given thyself to me alone), are forever before mine eyes."

Yes, my daughter, my beloved Sister Teresa. It is the desire of my heart that more and more you may grow to love even me, your father, not only *in* our Lord, but *for* our Lord, alone. There can never be a time in your life that you will not seek my spiritual good. For all the rest, turn your eyes to your heavenly spouse. You cannot too often

re-read the solemn office of your profession and veiling, till the words *live* in your soul daily. The accomplishment of that holy office is the whole of your life: "*Amo Christum! In eujsthalamum introivi!*" etc.

For me, poor wretch in the world, I know it to be good, not only sometimes in the day, but as continually as possible, to think of those dear daughters that, day and night in their whole lives, are serving God. And yet, in my very prayers, I am disquieted, and not without reason, for fear that, in you my daughters, I am "loving the creature more than the Creator." In my will I protest otherwise, and that I love our Lord and His Blessed Mother immeasurably more than I love my children. I will it to be so, but the flesh weighs down the spirit.

You, religious—especially you of the "Order of the Mother of God"—should aim higher. St. Bernard, "Doctor of the Church," on the words of the Canticles: "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth," comments: In the beginning of a Christian life, like Mary Magdalen, the *feet* of Jesus are kissed. He is worshipped *for the benefits received*. After the crucifixion, Mary Magdalen kissed the hands, also, of the crucified Saviour. This was *loving Him for Himself alone*. St. Bernard, in grand words, adds: The "kisses of the mouth" are reserved for those that love themselves and all dear to them, *only* for Jesus Christ. Out of humility, perhaps that great saint and doctor says: "Of this let those who have attained, speak. I cannot."

Dear daughter, and sister, I could pour out more words, but perhaps I have written already too many.

My heart goes with them.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, June 25th, 1886.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—Our Lord is again pressing you to His sacred heart. He must love you very much. He loves all of us very much, but only as we respond can that love do its work. When it is not made use of, He withdraws—not his love, but these manifestations of it. But there are graces He gives without our asking. The highest of these are *sufferings*. There is no other way of being united to the Crucified. And it is better, *more perfect*, to accept sufferings at His hands than to inflict them on ourselves, even with the approval of our spiritual guides. See how I, a worldling, talk of things I know, and do not do. O, my daughter, if I had but the generosity to suffer, as you do, and the courage, our Lord would surely lead me by the way of great sufferings and I would have the grace to bear them patiently. Then, my sweet one, I would write to you *rejoicing in your sufferings*. But I grovel, a coward, on the earth.

So, you drew "Fear of the Lord," and I drew, as dear Mother Prioress—the *real* drawing—for me—"Wisdom;" of which "foolish one" I have so much need. But all these seven gifts are linked, like beads on a chain, and yours, Fear of the Lord, touches the first, that, as naming the family of seven, is called simply "Wisdom." But as no one of the seven can exist without all the others—"they are seven in one house," as St. Gregory the Great so beautifully explains. And I think it is the fourteenth chapter of Proverbs that begins: "Wisdom hath built herself a house. She hath hewed out her *seven pillars*,"—all of wisdom. This house, first of all, means our Blessed Lady, the "seat of Wisdom," but it means also—for the meanings of scripture are many fold—that the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost are wisdom, under seven forms. The last verse of that chapter of Proverbs, I think it is, says: "The fear of the Lord is wisdom." I am writing at a hotel and cannot be sure of the chapter, but I am sure of the words, be the place there or elsewhere; while it is said once in the Psalms, and I think once elsewhere: "The *beginning* of wisdom is fear of the Lord;" it is written many times in the inspired book

that: "Fear of the Lord is the *Principium Sapientiae*—the very foundation of wisdom.

Besides, as doctors of the Church have taught, the fear of the Lord that is the beginning of wisdom, may refer to that *servile* fear—that is afraid of punishment; but that fear of the Lord which is a gift of the Holy Ghost is a filial fear—not thinking of the punishment—but horror of doing anything to offend so infinitely loving a Father, who has so loved us as to become, even in our flesh, our brother, that has sucked the breasts of our mother, our mistress, Mary, and has given us such a mother.

Sweet daughter and sister, press to your heart the cross your spouse sends you. It is a *jewelled* cross, and each pain it gives, lovingly embraced, will give you delight to hold then to the heart of that same body you now suffer in, but that then will be glorified. And that delight will never grow wearisome, and millions of millions of years cannot begin the measure of the duration, the eternity of your reward.

Sweet Sister Teresa, I treat you as I treat our Lord. I *think* very much, very often of you, but I do not work for you—not even by writing a letter in time, though you say my letters give you pleasure.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, May 21st, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET AND DEAR SISTER,—This is a note *sharp on business!* You know you are "no longer an infant!" Your sisters, each, on coming of legal age, wrote a note such as I send you . . . . .

Dear sister! How I think every day—and often in the day—of the loving round heart of my Carmelite daughter, trimming the lamp for me, and putting me in the heart of our Lady of Carmel. Was it you or our other dear sister that told me how Mother Ignatius delighted in the Psalm: *Qui habitat in adjutorio Altissimi?*

Who is the *Adjutorium Altissimi?* Who, is help of the Most High? Who then, is the *Help of Christians?* Oh, you chosen souls—chosen by our Lord's free grace and purpose, to "*the Order of His Mother*," not to *visit* her, but to *inhabit*—to have your home in her! Of such a one it is said, not

that he will tarry for a time, not "morabitur but com-morabitur;" it is a continual abode. And, in these days before the feast of the Holy Ghost, what a thought for you Carmelites. Then, "in the form of a dove," the Holy Ghost came upon the Apostles; and, in them, on all the Christian fold. But, at the Incarnation, in the Annunciation the Holy Ghost in the power of the Most High came on our Blessed Lady and overshadowed her, and has never ceased so to do! *Scapulis suis obumbrabit tibi; et sub pennis ejus sperabis!* Each of you that our Lord has taken into "the Order of His mother," dwelling in Her, is thus held and warmed by the heart of God. Is this not a thought for you in this Pentecost time?

Dear love to my dear children.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4th, 1885.

MY SWEETEST DAUGHTER,—I am growing very inaccurate in memory of days and events. Till to-day, I have been for a week looking forward to to-morrow, the *fifth*, as the anniversary of your clothing. Now, I am reminded it was yesterday, the *third*. Well, that I did not write you a little line for the day, you must take among the other things, little and great, that you must take as your portion, in giving up all things, and counting them as nothing, that you may "win Christ," as the Apostle has it. Oh, how blessed a thing it is to have the grace to *suffer*, and to correspond with that very great grace—that special grace that our Lord keeps for His *dearest friends*. You, my dearest Teresa, have had your share of suffering, begun early in your young life. I feel confident you will not faint on the road, now—even if it shall seem good to our Lord to send you a full cup of what He has drunk of suffering—which was His own *Palace* here below. You know that all you may still suffer will be not worth a thought—compared to the glory and the joy that will follow because of every sorrow or pain. Looking, the other day, in regard to the question once disputed, if there were four or only three nails in the crucifixion of our Lord, I found in the "Mystica Civitas Dei," of Ven. Mary of Agreda, the meaning of the *three* nails. When our Lord, thrown rudely

on the cross, was ordered to stretch out His adorable arms—He *first* stretched forth His *right arm*, and so sanctified the virtue of *obedience*. Then His left arm, sanctifying the virtue of *poverty*. And the third nail, piercing both His feet, sanctified the virtue of *chastity*. So it is that in the Crucifix—the best of books of meditation—you *religious* have before you the three vows you have taken. I give this to you for a thought, in these days of St. Teresa's *novena*. I remember your suggestion for two years ago, and I have the candles and the candlestick ready to light before the image of St. Teresa. I will begin it to-morrow—Monday evening. Thank you for the Devotion to St. Michael, that dearest Sr. Gertrude sent me. I did not get the letter till Sunday—but I made the *first* on Sunday for Saturday—and St. Michael will not refuse to count it as if I had received the form earlier. Ask Sister Gertrude, in her next letter, to let me know at what hour on St. Teresa's day the Mass will be at which community go to Communion; also, at what hour High Mass is expected to be.

With love to Mother Prioress, Mother Mistress of Novices, and to the others, as well as to our Sister Gertrude—but this is needless—you know my heart is in Carmel.

I salute you,

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30th, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—Your sister asks me to write to you. How can I write to you? How dare I?

Your Divine spouse is speaking to you! He is showing you *His hands* and *His feet*? He is letting you kiss them. He is *touching* you with them. "His left hand is under your head, and with His right hand He embraces you." *Laeva ejus sub capite meo, et dextera illius amplexabitur me.* The cruel nails wherewith He was pierced are coming out of His hands! Thus it is with those He especially loves. "Nerve up, then, the hands that hang down, and strengthen the knees that tremble." In proportion as He loves you He will let you feel the print of the nails—as if they were too heavy and too sharp for you. But He is close by you—nearer than when

you are free from torture. It is *after* He makes you walk through the desert way—where you see no path out—that He sheds forth “the glory of Libanus, the beauty and comeliness of Carmel and Sharon, and appears Himself coming *thy God* to save thee.” That is the way to read the *thirty-fifth chapter of Isaias*, if you are able to read or hear it. My sweet daughter, I—a poor creature of un-mortified will—have no right to say anything to a spouse of Jesus Christ; and, notwithstanding, my heart forces me to write to you. You are entered on the life of *perfection*. “*Perfection*” does not mean *perfect*, but only the road tending towards the perfect. Do you remember you asked of me, a good while ago, to pray you may be and become “*an obedient and a humble religieuse?*” Do you remember I laughed when I said that would be my *daily* petition for you? That “*humble and obedient*” meant your entire sanctification. And so, now. Except as directed by some one having authority over you, *do not ask* anything farther than that the ever Blessed Mother of God, having chosen you out of so many, to be of *Her Order*, will take you, as a *little one*, at the *beginning* of the grand road of perfection, will vouchsafe to present you to Her Son, our Lord. And you, try to copy, afar off, the wonderful correspondence of our Blessed Mother. *Ask nothing*, but desire that the *will of thy spouse* and of *our most Blessed Mother* may be accomplished in thee.

There are species of dogs called “*Pointers*” and “*Setters*.” These dogs cannot catch the birds the hunters are seeking, but they find where these birds are, and with their paws *point* towards them. And these dogs are content with having some less desirable parts of what the hunters feed on thrown to them.

I am one of these poor dogs—going round about the city of the Great King, and hungry for the food that is abundant in *that city!*

What city is that? Oh, my daughter, you know! *Gloriosa dicta sunt de Te, Civitas Dei nostri*. “Glorious things have ever been told of Thee, City of our God.”—*His Mother, thy Mother, our Mother!* The Virgin Mother Mary—to whose complete charge our Lord has committed His whole work of grace!

*Maria, Mater Gratiae!* In Her, with Her Divine Son, who is *ever with* Her! *Dominus tecum*—we are safe and ought to be happy. And she will be gracious even to the *doys*, that wait hungry but hoping, outside such blessed gates as those that keep, day and night, the true daughters of Her Order.

Courage! Need I cry courage to thee, my beloved daughter? On thy bed of suffering the Everlasting Arms are about thee, and grace, aye greater grace than thou now knowest, is hovering over thee, to “add grace to grace,” if thou dost correspond! and I believe you will.

*The PAPA unworthy of his daughters.*

NEW YORK, Sept. 1-2, 1886.

MY SWEET AND BELOVED SISTER IN DOMINO, —Phons. wrote to-day to Sister Gertrude, so I—as to-day is passing into to-morrow—write to her “little mother!” Is it not funny you should be “little mother” to one on whom you used so to depend? Are not God’s ways wonderful? I am sure it will not tempt you to pride, but to humility and thanksgiving, that God chose you, so little a one, to open Carmel, perhaps, probably to your sister Gertrude—certainly to your poor old papa. And, you remaining faithful and humble, and knowing that God chooses the weak things of this world to confound “those that are counted strong.”

Sept. 6.—See how I am treating you! Letter tossed in my travelling bag—postponed from night till morning, and from morning to night. Too bad! I have wanted, after thanking you for scapulars and pamphlets, to tell you what a delightful visit I had on Wednesday, Aug. 25th, with our Sister St. John. She was *so much better* that she showed that old *elasticity* she was used to abound in. The day was lovely and she wanted to *walk* down into the grove. I made her get into her *gocart* to let me have the pleasure of pushing her. And it was into that same nook where we *all*—that is, papa and the *three* daughters and Pho.—took dinner together on the *Corpus Christi*, on which you made your first communion. And I read to her out of St. Bernard on the Canticles—his “*Trahe me post te curremus!*” Her dear face had no trace of pain, but glowed with joy. Dear St.

John, alas, new burdens are coming on her. She is made Assistant Mistress of Novices, Pity and pray for her, and for all burdened with spiritual offices.

Your letter to me, like all your letters, was exceedingly sweet to me. I am writing this at my office, and the hour of closing is at hand. If you get this *Tuesday*, as I hope you will, tell our dearest Gertrude that I intend she shall have a letter by the next day—Wednesday.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1886.

MY OWN—GIVEN GLADLY—TO BE *altogether* SISTER OF THE HEART OF JESUS,—“Not that you have already attained or are already perfect.” But you are on the surest road by which to “*reach forward*,” to reach while running “for the prize of the high calling.” I am a mean father not to write to a daughter that is so kind in writing to me. But it is some special grace of God, if any words I write can give you any spiritual thoughts. How can it be? I am, as I often think of myself, like “Baalham the son of Pear,” the man that saw great truths and declared them, “As one in sleep, but having his eyes open,” that “beholding but not near,” remained *cold* as the jet of an electric light. Is it not better for you neither to ask for my written words, nor even to read them when I write them? I am so harsh, so slothful, so *full of self*, that I fear, even when I write words precious in their source, that—as “the dead fly in the precious ointment of the apothecary”—my vices create a bad odor even in the holiest words I may use.

Yes, Gertrude, of the heart of Jesus, the words of Mont-Fouque, in his strange allegory of Undine, applies wonderfully to a religious vocation. “There must be something very beautiful, but at the same time very awful about having a soul.”

You, my beloved one, have no longer a choice. It is made! Shall I write here for you the lines you used to love, and that are Catholic—whoever wrote them:

A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

From youth to hoary age  
This purpose to fulfil,  
Oh, may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.  
Teach me to watch and pray,  
And on Thine aid rely,  
Knowing, if I my trust betray,  
I must forever die.

Dip deeper, my daughter, than from anything I can write. You remember that I, singularly, had drawn for me last Pentecost at Carmel, at Sharon, and I for myself, the “Gift of Knowledge.” I have tried to gain a little of it. The Holy Ghost has graciously given me—with great forbearance, because of my misery—a little, a very little, look—as through a smoked glass, faintly—of what this gift of knowledge means. 1st, a knowledge very dimly of myself. Oh! were it only of my own *nothingness*, I could hope to be *filled* with Jesus and Mary. But it is a faint gleam of insight into the filthiness, the hideousness of the nothingness of my soul, as I have degraded it. I am sure, had I sight of but one-fifth part of the hideous ugliness of my soul, as it appears in God's sight, I would fall dead of horror. To this sight is given me, most faintly, blessed be God, the same “gift of knowledge” shows me—so far as I can embrace it—not only the infinite justice of God, but the infinitude of His *mercy*, which is over all His works in Jesus and in Mary.

So, you drew the gift of “Understanding.” It is a *passive*, that is, a *receptive* gift. Treasure then, my beloved, every word spoken to you in the sacrament of Confession, even if they seem childish and unconsidered words. Some of the greatest instructions I have ever received have been in the Confessional, from unlearned priests whose words, when uttered, forced a smile at their simplicity. But, go aright to Confession, and it is God that sits there and speaks by His priest.

In a late letter you asked if it was from a *full* heart that the mouth speaks? No, my daughter. When the heart is full—if of good thoughts—the *fire burns* while the heart keeps silence, except in silent adoration. But the words of holy Writ are: “From the *abundance* of the heart the mouth speaketh.”

The *abundance* is the *overflow*. "While I kept silence the fire burned, afterwards I spoke with my mouth." These are the words of the Psalm.

But see how I have run on and *run over* from the sheet I began to write on.

When I spoke about listening to your Confessor, you know the same rule of sanctity reaches to the voices of our dear superiors, whenever they speak to you as superiors.

But the shallow fountain has been running over too much.

PAPA.

From another letter he adds:

Have you also not learned something more than ever before by the gift of "Understanding?" "Understanding," you remember, is a *receptive* faculty. Its use is to be quiet and let God work, and to receive and be ready to put in practice what He impresses on the waiting soul. "I will stand on my watchtower and note what he will say to me." No *idle* waiting—but a *waiting*; to hear, that afterwards "I may know what to answer Him."

But I have time for no more. My heart's love to you, to dear little Teresa.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19, 1884.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—Three Tuesdays have passed and no letter from me, despite my good "resolutions." I have a letter to write to dear Mother Prioress about the translation I send her, in printed proofs of the ritual of Clothing. I want you to assure her by what you know of me so well, that I have no particle of attachment to *my work* in it, and will be glad of any corrections, or of its utter rejection. You know my motive in making the version. I did it for our Lady of Carmel, for St. Teresa and for the Carmel that holds the largest part of my poor heart.

Trudey, I want to know about Sr. Agnes. You made the novena invoking the intercession of Father Jogues. She is not cured. I asked on the Monday the novena began, our dear Sr. St. John to join, and get the Sharon nuns to join in the novena. Our darling St. John, in that strange, quiet manner of hers, said: "Why, before I ever came to Sharon to

school, I used to pray to Father Jogues. I thought he was a saint. I wish you would ask the dear nuns to make another novena. To make it *markedly* and *distinctly*, asking God to honor His servant and martyr—Father Jogues—by a signal cure of dear Sr. Agnes. Ask Sharon to join Carmel. For my part, I *vow*, if I live, and this grace is granted, that, with all the theological cautions carefully guarded, I will use my journal and my personal influence for the honor of that heroic servant of God, Pere Jogues, and his inscription among the canonised saints.

Sweet Trudey, put down all the points you want to speak of on paper, before week after next. But your big heart will be too full! Blessed be God, and Lord Jesus Christ and His most Blessed Mother, besides the saintly sufferer in Sharon, I have *two* daughters in Carmel! Whence is it to me, miserable old wretch, to have so many harbingers of salvation, so many great strong wings, as of eagles, to force me all the time to look towards heaven, though "I am chained to earth."

Love to your dear "little mother." Tell her I think of her as she used to sit quiet on that old sofa, looking at me with "half-shed tears that never fell." And that I remember her long years after, when I used to listen, outside, while she was playing notes of music that were to be hushed soon by the grander music of the voice of her spouse calling her to Carmel.

To you, my inexpressibly dear daughter, I send no love. Have you no need in Carmel of your guardian angel, then you send him to me to whisper at night and by the wayside at day? What if tears fall fast and often, they are all tears of joy, and not a black five minutes!

PATER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET SISTER IN DOMINO,—Had any one told me that I could have been so fooled by my whims and acted so mean a part as to have let three full weeks pass since I parted with you, a clothed Carmelite, I could not have believed it—bad, and chronically bad as I have known myself. I have felt so ashamed that, week after week, I almost wished you had punished me by ceasing to



write the letters that have been so dear to me

But, do you know, I think very often that your guardian angel—especially about half-past seven in the morning—is prompting me? One morning, the alarm going off at seven and my sleep broken, I wanting another half hour, I asked your guardian angel to waken me, and it seemed to me that, as of old I saw you and heard you say: "Pater, dear, it is half-past seven." Enough of this, we will know more about it when we meet *up there!*

We had a "tea party" at the Keileys, on the Sunday after the clothing—the great thing in it, the Carmelite wedding cake. I invited Mr. Harper but he was not well enough to come. In fact, from the Tuesday I telegraphed him, for a week he did not go to his counting-house, the doctor advising him. It was a kind of neuralgia of the frame work of the chest. He is looking very much better now. I see him every week, he usually paying me a visit in my hermitage, and it is very pleasant for me to see him. I am in better health than ever, except for so much drowsiness—that is a new thing for me. I am continuing this page the day after, this sheet is dated, and it so happens I am constantly interrupted.

I am not altogether surprised that our Lord has not answered the novena to Fr. Jogues. Do we not read repeatedly in the holy scriptures that repetition of supplication is the rule our Lord makes before granting a special grace? Even our Lord in His agony prayed *three times*, using the same words. And the apostle explains the rest by saying that He, the Lord Jesus, "was heard in that He feared for!" Do you remember what that was, as revealed to the Venerable Mary of Agreda? So, for himself, the apostle said he "besought the Lord *three times*" for relief from his infirmities, and then had the answer promising sufficiency of grace! Best of all and most to the point is our Lord's parable of the hard-hearted judge and the poor widow that importuned him with her prayers. So I hope "Carmel and Sharon" will unite soon again in an earnest novena full of faith to Father Jogues and his companions in martyrdom, that He will signalise His servants who suffered in the Mohawk valley, by granting

*these two cures.* Surely the affection of Carmel and Sharon for each other must be pleasing in His eyes! And this is a time for miracles; and the bosoms of fervent convents are places wherein it is most easy to verify the reality of supernatural cures. I will send you tomorrow extracts from this week's Freeman, containing a remarkable sermon of Archbishop Ryan, etc.

The bell rings for locking up the office. In a day or two I will certainly write "our little mother" in answer to her dear letter. Love of course to *all* the daughters.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1885.

MY MOST BELOVED DAUGHTER,—How good in you never to fail of the letter on Sunday—no matter what your suffering, from heat or other causes! Yet, do not be so particular! I can bear the disappointment. I know you will be glad to hear *I am well!* Truth is, the last visit to Carmel did not cure me as it usually does. I was sick, and continued sick after my return. Every day at my office—but sick stomach, weak, unable to eat or sometimes to sleep. Truth to say—you cannot grieve to hear it—I have missed the kind hand of my darling, but, not for one minute, have I ceased to bless our Lord and His mother, that you are in *her* Order and not with me. Monday morning brought a change of temperature, and health with it. But how you Carmelites must have suffered! Well, that is *ad quid exivistis!* For that you have gone forth from the world, bearing the cross after Him. Yes, you are right about patience. It connotes tribulation. The apostle says: (Romans v., 3-5) "We glory in tribulations, for tribulation worketh patience; and patience proving (or probation) and proving hope; and hope maketh not ashamed because of the love of God, poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost." Patience is the holy enduring of tribulation, in whatever form God sends it. It is your enduring "*patientia vestra*," and is through free grace made your own possession in your soul. The possession of likeness to our Lord, who has vouchsafed to "be made perfect through sufferings."

The context of the gospel (St. Luke xxi.) from which the antiphon is taken, is very striking. It told of persecution and death, but "not one hair of your head shall perish!" No need of wigs in the Resurrection, for those who have given up life and all for our Lord in this world! Though all is His free purchase, He makes it the possession proper of each that strives to follow and be like Him, that each shall hold not only patience, but all virtues, not as borrowed ornaments, but as personal possessions! How good is our Lord; how blessed they who are altogether given up to His service!

Pray for poor papa, cowardly and crawling along on the earth, while seeing how blessed it is to mount up on wings as eagles, and to run without fainting.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER AND SISTER IN DOMINO,—For three days I have wanted to write you, at least a little letter, to tell you that I am no longer sick.

And you, my dear Carmelites, housed up in your little cells, and you, darling, that feel the heat so much! King Ezechias, as told of him in Isaias xxxvi., when in the middle of his thirty years' reign, surrounded by comforts, was sick to death and told to put his house in order that he must die. When God heard his prayers and added another fifteen years to the fifteen he had already passed, he recounted the years he had passed, in bitterness of soul. I suppose it was to resolve to spend the years to come more profitably. Pray for me, not for my temporal comfort, but that I may make better use of the days or months or years, that God may still grant me, in doing penance for my sins, and trying to promote His glory. When I think so many times every day of my dear tender daughters—the

two in Carmel and that other little one in Sharon, suffering continually, knowing how great are the rewards of every one of these sufferings—in holy religion, under sanctifying obedience, and contrast these with my soft life, going whither I choose, resting at my own will, eating what I fancy at my own judgment, it is a daily thought with me—but, alas, most often thoughts not reduced to practice—that I should enter into the words of Ezechias, in the chapter of Isaias above cited: "In pace amaritudo mea amarissima!" In this sluggish hugging of peace for the body, the bitterness that should be mine at lost time, and fast vanishing opportunities for gaining merits for Heaven, are the most bitter—and still, for want of courage, I am chained to earth, and to the momentary allurements of earth.

I miss the visit to Baltimore, that, by month's reckoning, would be due next week. Never mind! I will try and enjoy it the more for two days, the 19th and 20th of the following week.

Please tell dear Mother Prioress that, except a full box of lemons is heavy to handle in getting into the convent, I cannot think of sending half a box, with all the hot weather that is ahead. I send this time Catanias, as good—though not so good looking—as Palermos, but that will keep longer if not wanted. Only let them be put in a cool place, and let the Sister in charge pick out those that are least hard.

I have sent also the oil to dear Sister Teresa, with great joy. I hope to write her by the next mail.

I do not send love to any. I keep it, however, forever in my heart for all, and, as you know, in particular.

PAPA.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## THE PROPHET ELISEUS.

BY REV. A. F. BRUDER, O. C. C.



**E**LISEUS the Prophet, son of Saphat, of Abelmeula, was one of God's chosen instruments in the old dispensation, to look after the interests of God's own people and put to shame the enemies of His holy name.

Eliseus became a disciple of the Prophet Elias, whose work in Israel was continued and found its completion in Eliseus—“*Et in Eliseo completus est spiritus ejus*” Eccl. 48:13. We read in the 3rd book of Kings, 19:19, that at the time of his calling by Elias, Eliseus was ploughing his father's fields. He no sooner heard the call, than he prepared to leave everything behind, and only requested to be allowed to bid his aged parents adieu. He ever remained a faithful disciple and companion to Elias, until the latter was carried away in a fiery chariot, 4 Kings 3:11. Being questioned by Elias, he asked for the double spirit of his master, and his petition was granted. The mantle which Elias in his ascent let fall upon Eliseus was a sign that this great favor was granted him, that the spirit of the master had descended upon the disciple. The other disciples of Elias willingly submitted to the authority of their new leader, when in the very first moment they beheld him divide the waters of the river Jordan by means of his mantle, a miracle similar to the one wrought by Elias before his ascent. As we read in the 4 Book of Kings 2:13, the prophetic life of Eliseus lasted from B.C. 896 to 840. His life during these years was that of a Thaumaturgus. They are related in 4th of Kings. He

divided the waters of the Jordan, healed the drinking waters by casting in salt, procured rain, prophesied victory to the kings of Israel, Juda and Edom against Moab, raised a dead child to life, increased the oil in the vessel of the Sunamitess, cleansed Naaman, the Syrian, of leprosy, made iron swim upon water, blinded the Syrians who were sent to take him prisoner, in a time of famine foretold a time of great plenty, anointed and deposed kings, at his invocation the children who mocked him were killed by bears, and even after his death a dead man was raised to life, his body having come in contact with that of the prophet. In consequence of the many miracles wrought by Eliseus, his fame spread far and wide. Even from far-off lands they had recourse to him in troubles and difficulties. Eliseus was always considered in the Church a prototype of the Redeemer. Indeed, there exists a striking similarity between the miracles of Christ and those of Eliseus. Our Lord at various times drew the attention of the multitude to this prophet, (Luke 4:27).

We read in the writings of St. Jerome, that the tomb of Eliseus was highly venerated in his days. In the reign of Julian, the Apostate, it was destroyed, however, some of his relics were preserved and brought partly to Alexandria, others to Constantinople, others again to Ravenna.

The Prophet Eliseus is highly venerated in the Carmelite Order. In fact, after Elias he is looked upon as one of its most glorious pillars. In the Carmelite Order, his feast is celebrated on June 14th.

## A STALEMATE.

### A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

*"Oh! woman, lovely womankind,  
Be careful how you play  
The role of queen in this, your realm,  
To him whom you may sway."*



S was expected Fenton came bounding up the steps bright and early. He received a very hearty welcome, especially from Charity. Our traveler did not come empty handed. He had brought presents galore from the sunny South. Faith got a beautiful doll, and later in the day a large and roomy rocking-chair came for "grandma" Werker. To his faithful house-keeper, in whom his hopes for future happiness centred, Fenton gave a pin with a pretty gold heart pendant on which had been engraved the recipient's name "Charity."

Fenton found agreeable surprises on all sides. His advertisement had brought him more than he had ever expected. "There is something in printer's ink, after all," thought Fenton. He had now a good house-keeper, and Faith was well looked after. And everything was so fresh and cozy. Even the food had a sweeter taste.

A happy man was Harry Fenton as he went that evening to enjoy a genuine "Key West" in his study or "den" as he called it.

Faith was a privileged one, so she

followed her father into his "sanctum sanctorum" and was soon seated on his knees, and it was not long before she was off into the land of Nod.

With the beautiful child reclining on his breast, soft colors all around him, the odor of fresh roses on the little table at his side, and from the outer room coming sweet soft tones from the organ, whose reeds spoke so soulfully under Charity's touch; how else could Harry Fenton be else than in a blissful mood. And so he was.

But in the midst of his musing his eye caught sight of the etching which faced him. Thoughts of other days began to shape themselves, and Fenton thought.

"Yes, Harry Fenton, you *think* you are happy. Perhaps you are. But, O God! all is not complete. There is still a void. Oh, if I had but played my part well. But I didn't—and like yonder player intent in the chess game, I forgot my part and sacrificed my queen. But perhaps all is not irretrievable."

Fenton was now putting his thoughts into words, which were only drowned by Charity's playing. As it was, he awoke Faith. She rubbed her eyes, which first met another picture, not yet seen by Fenton.

"Look, papa!" she exclaimed, "there's mamma!"

Fenton was afraid to turn his head. He was struck dumb. He was almost paralysed. What on earth could the child mean? His very blood froze in him. He finally summoned enough courage to turn in the direction pointed out by Faith and his fear was somewhat allayed. But what possessed the child to say "there's mamma?" Had a face appeared at the window?

Then Charity came knocking at the door. As she entered and saw Faith looking at the picture she smiled.

"Do you know, Mr. Fenton," she said, "that Faith has become a great devotee to our Blessed Lady, whom she calls mother, mamma and other most endearing names! So beautiful in a child, isn't it? Dear little child, she would give me no peace if I didn't dress her up every month as a flower-girl in the beautiful scapular procession held up at Father Angelo's. Faith will have excuses enough to enter your room now, since she will often want to come and greet her heavenly Mother hanging there on the wall. You will have to blame me for all this, Mr. Fenton."

By this time the mystery was cleared up in Fenton's mind—still he had not gotten over it. When Charity came again into the kitchen she said to her mother: "Mr. Fenton looks ghastly pale. I wonder what can be the matter."

Charity soon returned in order to put Faith to bed. As she approached, Fenton said "come in," but I think he said the words uninvitingly. Charity drew back for a few moments. It seemed wrong to intrude while such a tender and pathetic scene progressed. Poor girl, her heart jumped into her throat. And what caused it all? A simple thing indeed. Faith was saying "good-night," and absolutely re-

fused to go until her father knelt down and said a little prayer with her before that picture of the divine "mamma." Faith was victorious, and Fenton had to obey. He recited the *Salve Regina* after Faith and just before Charity knocked, from Fenton's lips there came those words of the prayer, "our Life, our Sweetness and our Hope . . ."

Almost every evening found Fenton now at home. While the tea things were being cleaned and put away, he devoted his time to the newspaper and a smoke. Later on when all was quiet Fenton spent many a pleasant hour with Charity and her mother.

Faith's education and future career was a frequent topic with Charity and Fenton.

"Dear child!" said Charity, "do you know I have become much attached to her, Mr. Fenton. She reminds me of both of my sisters, one a namesake of your child—Faith. Ah! I shall never forget her. And, as I said, Faith, too, reminds me of my sister Hope. Poor girl, she had her faults (and who hasn't?) but you could not help but love her. Oh, I do wish you could have seen her, Mr. Fenton. She really was a handsome girl. Some day I'll try and get her picture to show you. Her only fault was she was somewhat vain and imperious. All she needed was a little suffering and humiliation and then she would be the one whom many a good husband would give much to have, that she might queen it over his heart and home. Yes, indeed, when she loved once, her love was elating, even if it didn't seem so. On the surface she may not have appeared what she was, but I assure you her heart was gold."

As Charity went on with this panegyric on her long-lost sister, Fenton

was doing some very profound thinking and at intervals his eyes involuntarily were glued to the little gold cross which graced Charity's bosom.

"Well, she is gone now," went on Charity, quite unconscious of how cruelly she pulled at the strings of Fenton's heart. "I cannot help but think of poor Hope. I hope she is happy now. Alas! only one who has experienced it knows what it is to lose a dear sister."

"Yes, and grief the deepest to lose a wife," broke in Fenton with tearful voice.

Charity had touched a tender chord, and it was too late to introduce some other topic. The woman now showed herself in Charity and her curiosity being aroused she asked Fenton:

"Is your wife buried near here? Do you think I could conveniently find the grave?"

"No," was Fenton's short answer to both questions, and Charity was none the wiser.

"The reason why I asked," she went on, "was because I have raised some very nice flowers during your absence, among them some lovely forget-me-nots, which would be just the thing to put on the grave of a beloved one. We have a large number of them on Faith's (my other sister's) grave. If we could only find out where poor Hope is laid, if she is dead, which seems to be certain, the lovely little flower would be planted there, too."

"Oh, your sister may turn up some day. You know the saying is that 'While there's life there's hope,' Miss Werker," said Fenton, who was trying to assume a cheerful air.

"Yes," replied Charity, "I would love to find Hope still among the living. Oh! how I would throw myself into

her arms to forgive and be forgiven, and what joy to poor mother. You and I have our faults. So had Hope, but 'The best may slip and the most cautious fall,

He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.'"

"You have great taste, Chari—Miss Werker. I must congratulate and thank you for all your work in my studio," said Fenton, who in truth was trying to change the subject of conversation.

"Oh, well, it is the best a poor country-girl can do," said Charity. "But," she continued, "what do you think of the pictures? Be honest, now."

"Very well selected," said Fenton. "It's quite a coincidence that you have chosen that picture—I mean the etching over my desk. Do you know that the drawing of those players and chessmen had a parallel in my life? I don't care to recall any sad remembrances now but I can't help remarking that men and women are but players in this world—just as Shakespeare said, 'all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' 'Tis only too true—our meeting at times seems accidental, but I think it is really providential. Often, too, do sad beginnings bring happy endings. Yes, Miss Werker, strange influences are at work around us."

"Only too true," answered Charity, "great influences indeed—and in my opinion the greatest is prayer. It is often true that 'what man proposes, God disposes.' In truth, we are but instruments in God's hands. Oh, if we had the proper faith, what wonders would unfold themselves to us; how our hope would yearn for better things and then perhaps I would be more charity in deed than I am in name."

"It was very thoughtful of you to get that chess board," said Fenton smiling, "but it is not like *solitaire*—it takes two to play it."

"It verifies the scriptural saying that it is not good for man to be alone," said Charity, whose bright brown eyes were laughing.

"If you don't mind," said Fenton, "I'll initiate you into the mysteries of the game."

The figures were placed on the board and Charity took her place opposite Fenton.

"Now," commenced Fenton, assuming a meditative mood, "please pay attention."

"There you have the board," he went on, "the field of action—as it were the stage. All is above board and everything on the square. There are thirty-two white squares and as many black ones—64 altogether, somewhat about the limit of human life. Not one square over and above 64. Such, my dear friend, is our life which is measured out by Him who gave it to us. Observe, too, that whenever a figure is touched with intent to move, moved it must be or it is lost. And so it is that in the serious steps of life, we cannot recall them. Some of the spots on the board are dark, some light, and so in life we have sunshine and shadows. There is little talk necessary in this game—it is indeed a very silent game, and so should we go quietly through our life's game with not too much a flourish of trumpets. Too quiet a game for the ladies, is it not, Miss Werker? The chief figure and central one on the board is, you observe, the king. We cannot get along without a leader. We must all have a ruler, be it reason or passion—the devil or God. You also notice each player has eight pieces and eight pawns. Eight, you

know, is significant of perfection—remember the eight beatitudes, they are great aids to us in the game of life. Those figures with the horses' heads represent knights; but the age of knighthood is gone, although at times we are amused to hear in our day companies of men calling themselves Right Worshipful Sir Knight this or that. Poor fools! they remind me of the saying about the wolf in sheep's clothing. See too the castles, sometimes called rooks. They remind you of the castles of antiquity, and also of the fact that every man's house is his castle, and likewise of those silly ones who build castles in the air."

"Why, Mr. Fenton, I knew drummers could talk, but never thought they were such serious thinkers," said Charity.

"Pardon me, Miss Werker," Fenton continued, "but I now come to the most important figure in the game, the queen. There are two queens and they are equally matched. One is white, the other black—you see the lesson there. It is that color doesn't count. The black skinned Cissy or Sue who presides over a family of pickaninnies in old Virginnny is as much a household queen in the negro's eyes as are the fair skinned graces who have erected their thrones up here in the chilly North. In this interesting, ancient and noble game of chess, the queen is the important piece, as I said. She is the strongest assistant and defender her royal spouse has. There are no limits to her moves. She can sweep down in all directions, and it means death to all who stand in her way. She flies away into the ranks of the enemy, and often runs in opposite directions from the king. It reminds me of the comparison of a husband and wife to the blades of a scissors which

go in different ways, but heaven spare what comes between. Yes, the queen is ever faithful. She never deserts her post, and always tries to have a clear path by which she can retreat to her place beside the king. Sometimes she gets on the king's square, but as a rule keeps on her own color. Remember that rule, *Queen on her own color*. Nowadays the would-be queens (those wasp-shaped fairies who take our seats in the street cars) generally stand on other colors than their own, and how offensive it is to those who are not color-blind. And, as I was going to say, the chess queen at times goes so far as to sacrifice her own life for the king. And, again, she is often his sole companion, when things come to extremes. And when, as a captive, he dies who is there to console him? The queen. 'Tis but a game, Miss Werker, but how analogous to life!"

"But must the queen bear all the burdens and heats of the day?" asked Charity.

"Always in chess and not seldom in life," said Fenton. "You see, we men are very apt to put too many burdens on our queens. Thereby we often kill them and sometimes lose them. We are selfish, inconsiderate and altogether too exacting. An open confession is good for the soul. We expect our queens to be perfect, but we are blind to our faults. Half of us do not deserve to have a queen."

"One thing you failed to explain. What of those remaining figures—what you called bishops?"

"Oh! they represent the hierarchy and clergy. A very good thing in its place—what some consider a necessary evil—symbolical, I suppose, of prompt application for salary due."

This last came from Fenton as a mere bit of fun at Charity, who was very

sensitive at anything pertaining to God's anointed, so I crave the reader's patience, if I quote Charity's rejoinder which ran:

"Give me now a chance to draw a lesson. The bishops, as Faith can tell you, are the successors of the Apostles, they rule in God's place. They have a power far surpassing any of your kings and queens—and so has any priest. We make little of these men of God, and God Himself will demand an account for any injury done to them, who are the "apple of His eye." God showed His great love toward us, when He gave such power to His priests, whereby they can bind and loosen. They are our best friends. They are with us from our entrance into the world till our exit from it. We do not respect or appreciate them properly, and woe be to us for it. If some wicked minded person speaks ill of them, we too readily believe it. And then we have the large army of regular clergy—the monk and friar—showing us the higher walks of virtue. How often do we thank God for sending us these angels to guide and succor us?"

"All very fine, Miss Werker, but what of all these ecclesiastical laws; are they not obnoxious at times?"

"Yes, to those who break them," replied Charity.

"I for my part have thought that the church is rather strict at times—especially——" and he stopped short—but it was evident to Charity that Fenton some time in his life had encountered a sign which read, "Thou shalt not," etc.

"Well," said Fenton, "let me finish up what I have to say about this chess game or it will be too late. I was going to say that in the game you will find many surprises, pitfalls, unexpected attacks, unlooked for enemies.



Even your own men will stay in your way and cause your ruin. So much like life, is it not?"

"O, yes, the life of man upon earth is a warfare," said Charity. "Job said so long ago. Enemies from within and enemies without, and we are our worst enemies."

Oh, well, let's wind up the game, or at least the explanation," said Fenton, who looked as if he needed a good share of holy Job's distinguishing virtue. "Now, Miss Werker, when the game closes," Fenton explained, "you either win the game or lose it, that's clear, but sometimes no one wins, and then it is called 'a draw,' *Ergo*, as the college boys say—if I win, I checkmate my opponent, if he overcomes me, then I am checkmated. If the king of the one who has to move cannot do so without walking into checkmate, then it's a draw—or in the language of the game "a stalemate," and the honors are divided. So it is in life, we often give checkmate and in turn are ourselves vanquished, and at other times it is only a stalemate. I checkmated a man once when a queen was at stake, and in turn was myself checkmated. I am at a loss to know what to expect next. I'll give you the honor of being my prophethess, Miss Werker, what will it be?"

"A stalemate!" answered Charity.

In truth she didn't know what she was saying, nor understand the drift of Fenton's figurative language.

And the queens, bishops and pawns were thrown into the box to await the day on which another opponent crossed swords with Fenton.

As Charity arose from the chess-table she turned towards the other picture of the Queen of Carmel.

"What do you think of that, Mr. Fenton?" she asked.

"Very pretty. Where did you get the frame?" said Fenton.

"In the garret," said Charity, "and I don't think it nice of you to have gotten rid of the other picture. It is very true we often are anxious to obliterate some images from our minds, but I think you should have at least allowed me to see it—surely I would have been interested to see the fair one who was formerly the queen of your home, and what a delight it would be to Faith, to have at least one reminder of her mother."

Fenton remained silent, and Charity didn't press the point; however, she was not going to retire without a parting shot at Fenton on religion, so she said gently:

"We were talking of queens, Mr. Fenton, and it seems to me that's the best queen of any household. Our holy mother there is always asking our love and homage. She is the valiant queen ever ready to fight our battles. You men of business have no time for devotion—you leave it to the women, but I tell you nothing would be lost if you commenced to know and honor Mary. It would bring a blessing on you. You would do anything for me, I know. Now show your love for me by saying a few *Hail Marys* daily, won't you?"

"I'll try," said Fenton.

Charity said "good-night" adding that she must hurry to her room and say her rosary.

"For whom will you say the beads?" asked Fenton, as Charity gave a parting dash of holy-water to his room.

"For Harry Fenton," replied Charity.

"Thank you, Charity," followed her as she vanished.

And soon after Fenton was sleeping soundly, dreaming of bishops, pawns and queens.

## TWO CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY.

BY M. L. SANDROCK REDMOND.



**T** you are bent upon the pilgrimage of the Nine Tuesdays, let us hope in a devout frame of mind and filled with faith untainted by that fatal *if* that leaves half our prayers unanswered—the trolley will speed you towards the east end of the town. It is the poor end, of course, the region of dirt and squalor, the abode of cosmopolitanism where sign boards creak to the breezes in the distinctive names of Germany, Poland, Italy, France, and half a dozen other countries of Europe, not to mention that Erin which is always with us. Pawnshops and Jewish second-hand clothing shops jostle each other. It is the land of three cent schupers and free concert halls, of hand-me-down suits and gaudy millinery, of mission halls, free kindergartens and diet kitchens.

When you have gone several miles through this region, your trolley journey is at an end and you proceed on foot up a narrow little side street to the big, grey stone building, jutting on another cross street, which, in the grey light of the winter afternoon, puts on a certain medieval Gothic appearance and dwarfs the miserable little dwellings about it precisely as do so many of the European cathedrals in somewhat similar locations. There is a touch of the old-world too, to our American eyes, in the Franciscan monastery attached to the church.

“There is something very peaceful

and satisfying, as well as picturesque, about this heap of grey stone and the cowed brown figure standing for a moment in the doorway of the monastery. That harmony of quiet color in building and clouds, and the network of tall branches against the sky which in summer will be a dignified cluster of elms, impresses one more to-day than ever before. I suppose it is because it is the last of my Tuesday visits and it all seems to me a sort of personification of the intensity of my desire. Well, Saint Anthony has to take care of that,” and with a little sigh which ended her inward soliloquy, Mrs. Irwin ascended the steps and entered the church.

She was a middle-aged woman, very tall and graceful in appearance. Her black hair parted simply and brushed from her face was thickly sprinkled with white, and the soft and gentle beauty of her face did not hide the lines that told of thought and care and sorrow that had mingled with the happiness of her life.

She walked softly up the aisle towards the distant corner where stood the beautiful shrine of St. Anthony. A pyramid of tapers flamed on either side. A little lamp glowed before the reliquary of the saint. Before the railing in front of the statue knelt several women. Further back in the church, were many suppliants whose eyes were fixed earnestly upon the beautiful face of the saint who holds the Divine Infant in his arms. If the beseeching of these eager eyes be answered, St. Anthony will have cured many a heartache. Who does not come to him? Here are women and men, old and young, rich

and poor, even little children. Everybody comes begging of St. Anthony for relief from ills of soul and body. Those candles as they burn and flicker tell their story to him of sorrow and sickness and want and temptation.

Mrs. Irwin took her place at the railing and prayed fervently for several minutes. Then she arose and lighted a taper. At first she tried to light the one poised on the apex of the pyramid but, tall though she was, it proved beyond her reach and, with a smile and a murmur relative to those who exalt themselves, she contented herself with a candle in a less conspicuous position. Then she went towards the rear of the church, knelt in the corner of an empty pew and began telling her beads. Something caused her to raise her eyes. Involuntarily she glanced across the aisle. Her eyes remained fixed, her hand dropped and her beads fell with a little clatter to the floor. Facing her across the aisle was John Irwin, her husband.

The man, a striking looking personage with grey hair and unusually bright blue eyes, was equally surprised. For a minute or two husband and wife remained gazing at each other. Then, believing evidently that his sight was deceiving him, Mr. Irwin slowly passed his hand over his eyes. The spell was broken. With one impulse both rose to their feet and left the church together.

Outside they stood silently side by side. As usual, it was the woman who was first to apologize and explain.

"John, I should have told you before that I have been a Roman Catholic for a year, but I waited until I finished what we Catholics call a novena of nine Tuesdays to St. Anthony. I was asking," she went on slowly, "his intercession for your conversion."

Mr. Irwin looked at her silently—amazement, pleasure, amusement was in his glance, but above all, a deep and true affection.

"Well, Margaret," said he finally, "this is indeed extraordinary news. But why don't you ask me what I was doing at St. Anthony's shrine? I, too, my dear wife, am a Roman Catholic and have been of the faith for nearly a year. I, too, confess that I should have told you my secret before but I, too, have been making what '*we Catholics*' call a novena of St. Anthony's Tuesdays for your conversion."

He broke into a roar of hearty laughter. She echoed it and peal after peal of merry laughter rang through the quiet little street.

"How did it happen?" said she at last, her gentle eyes agleam with joy and laughter.

"How did it happen?" repeated he. Then they laughed again.

"Ellen, the cook, is responsible for my conversion," said Mrs. Irwin. "I saw many instances of her marvellous faith. It touched and impressed me. I spoke of it to her. She gave me one of her Catholic books to read. Not to hurt her feelings, I took it, was interested in spite of myself, fell back upon Newman's *Apologia*, and the Jesuits did the rest. I said nothing to you at first because I knew your agnostic views and feared you would be hurt and angry at what you would deem a piece of folly on my part. Afterward, I hoped for your conversion. That, in a word, is my story."

"Mine shall be equally brief. I fell into the hands of the Franciscans and the logic of the situation compelled me to become a Catholic. It was this very church I was passing one evening, some legal business having called me into this part of the town, when a

Mission was being given here. An unaccountable whim of curiosity seized me. I entered the church, heard the sermon and came again every other night of the mission. At the end of that time I was a Catholic. I did not tell you immediately because I dreaded your contempt. Great as is the gulf between a good Episcopalian and an Agnostic, it is nothing to the chasm that divides your good Episcopalian from a Roman Catholic."

"How wonderful are the ways of God!" she murmured.

He reverently raised his hat. "And how happy I am!" was in the natural sequence of a woman's logic, her next remark.

The man glanced swiftly around. There was no one in sight. His arms gathered her tenderly towards him and the fervent love in his look and tone would have convinced any sceptic that the charm of marriage had not vanished for these two even at the end of

a quarter of a century.

"Ah, love, am I not happy also?" said he. "It is the perfecting and rounding up of all our happy days together."

"Shall we not go in and thank St. Anthony, dear?"

Together they entered the church and, hand in hand, they knelt before the shrine. St. Anthony and the Babe in his arms smiled down upon their happy faces. The lighted tapers of the pyramid had burned down to the sockets. A monk in sandaled feet stepped softly from the sacristy and replaced the burnt-out candles.

John Irwin rose from his knees and approaching the stand of tapers, lighted the candle at the apex of the pyramid. The light flamed joyously upward. As husband and wife watched its steady glow, they felt that for them the old lights had vanished and the new begun to shine.

## LINES ON RECEIVING A BOUND VOLUME OF THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

(ADDRESSED TO THE REVEREND EDITOR.)

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



LIKE a soft zephyr wafted from Mount Carmel  
O'er the blue sea, with whisperings of love;  
Like the fair star-gleams from the throne of Mary,  
There in bright angel-land of light above.  
Sweet as those scented flowrets that are blooming  
Far in the mossy glade and woodland lane,  
Came to my soul these thoughts of our Blest Lady.  
Breathings of loving hearts, . . . and of my own.  
Father, thy gift is soothing to my spirit,  
E'en as a nameless, mystic melody,  
And, in the heart of Mary's lowly "Enfant,"  
Vibrates an echo softly, gratefully.  
May that dear Mother's sweet and holy blessing  
Shed o'er thy soul her own celestial balm!  
And "post exilium" may she lead thee gently  
On to the glorious vision of the Lamb!

## FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE SCAPULAR.

### A Life Saved.

"Filled with gratitude towards God and the Blessed Virgin, I wish to publish and thereby, if possible, to perpetuate the remembrance of a miraculous event, by which my eldest son, who is superintendent of the railroad depot at Moux (France), was benefitted.

On the 9th of April, 1887, Saturday before Easter, a special train dashed into the depot at Moux at the very moment when a woman was crossing the track. There was no doubt but that the woman would meet her death. The superintendent of the depot frantically rushed towards her and half lifting her, threw her on the sidewalk. At this moment the train reached the spot, on which my son stood. The cross-bar in front of the locomotive, on which the great lantern is fastened, struck against my son and sent him whirling from the track.

The rumor of my son's death spread like wild-fire and soon reached us, his parents, who live at Montauban. But, thanks be to God! my son is alive. Three physicians declared that not one bone in his body was broken, neither was he hurt internally. The doctors justly wondered that the violence of the shock did not kill him. I myself attribute the escape of my son to the protection of heaven. He himself, as soon as he recovered, exclaimed: "My Scapular has saved me." And I know that my son is right. I have seen his shirt and flannel-undershirt all torn, but the Scapular was intact."

BIERMANN, RETIRED ENGINEER.  
(Chroniques du Carmel.)

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### A Conversion.

A pious priest sends us the following communication:

I received a letter, containing these words: "An old man, residing on N. street, is on the point of death. For twenty-two years he was a stranger to every religious practice. Everything has been tried to convert him, but he remains deaf to our entreaties and loving solicitude. Will you please and make a last effort? Call on him as soon as possible. Be not offended when he tells you to leave him, for he is greatly prejudiced against priests."

I was stupefied reading the above words. I understood at once, that, in order to convert such a man, a miracle, and indeed a great miracle, was needed. Remembering the magnificent promise, made by the Blessed Virgin, to save from the flames of hell all those who die, clothed with the Scapular of Carmel, I at once took a Scapular and armed with a bottle of holy water, I started for the house of the dying man, resolved to put the Scapular on him.

I was ushered into his room. Glancing around the room I tried to find some emblem of religion. Alas! All I could see were some irreligious newspapers and periodicals on the table near the bedstead. This was the hellish food for the soul of a dying man. First I spoke to the sick man about indifferent topics. Then, almost imperceptibly, I changed my conversation. I hinted at the necessity of fulfilling our religious duties, especially when a prolongation of life was doubtful. It seemed as if my words made not the least impression on this obdurate heart. Then let me do, I said, at least something to-day, let me give you this

Scapular. The patient answered, "I have no objection." I then performed the ceremony of blessing the Scapular which he seemed to watch with interest. Visible satisfaction was expressed on his face. Evidently Mary began to open this obstinate heart to the work of sincere conversion. In fact, a few days later, by order of the patient the bad reading matter disappeared from the room. With piety and edification he received the last sacraments and his soul soared towards a happier land. The Scapular had snatched from the devil a soul of which he had been sure.

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

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#### A Priest Protected by His Scapular.

Rev. Varet, a worthy priest from Chambéry, went at five o'clock in the morning on Ascension-Day to say mass at the chapel of the Good Shepherd when he saw a suspicious-looking man coming towards him. Rev. Varet tried to turn aside, but the man, following the priest, threw himself on the latter and plunged a dagger into the servant of Christ. The priest groaned and, wrestling with the man, succeeded by his efforts in freeing himself from the assassin. Happily the priest was not hurt at all. His sash and his cassock were rent and the Scapular had been slightly touched. Who could not see in this the protection of the Blessed Virgin? The man was arrested. He was one of those wretches who could not bear the sight of a priest. The reading of bad books had corrupted his mind and heart. Affiliated to secret societies and a habitual drunkard, he was a worthy servant of Satan.

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

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#### The Miners and the Scapular.

A letter from Valenciennes gives the following details about an event which happened some years ago in the neighborhood of that city and which ought to be publicly known.

"About three miles from Valenciennes there is a coal mine, known under the name "Renaissance." In this mine some hundred miners find employment. In a factory, near the mine, fire broke out. The danger of a horrible conflagration was very great, since in the factory an enormous quantity of tar was kept. At the first signal the miners ran to the spot. They were preceded by the Sisters of Charity, and by the priest who had charge of the coal-miners' chapel. It was night and the fire had broken out among the vats filled with tar. Suddenly a man approached the superior of the Sisters of Charity, who is venerated like a saint, and said, "Sister! we must have your Scapular!" "Yes," at once, all the miners exclaimed, "give us your Scapular." Then several women surrounded the good sister, whose name was Vincent, and took, almost forcibly, the sacred vestment from her. At the request of the sisters the Scapular was thrown into the raging flames. At once the fire was extinguished. The eight witnesses of this scene clapped their hands. But the greatest miracle was, that the day after the fire the Scapular was found, perfectly intact. I have seen it myself. All the miners who had witnessed this miracle lost no time in having their names inscribed in the confraternity of the Holy Scapular, promising always to wear this habit of salvation, this protection in all dangers. The archbishop of Cambri himself invested the miners with Scapulars. What I have told is authentic. I have

visited yesterday the hamlet "Renaissance." I have spoken with miners, with the Sisters of Charity, with the priest. All of them attested the miracle."

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

Young Creelman's Scapular.

Young Creelman, the intrepid young midshipman who has just been rewarded with a medal by Congress for his bravery in plunging into the sea to save a drowning boy during the late hurricane around Hatteras, was almost exhausted when they lifted him aboard. On removing his clothes they lifted his Scapular and would have removed it, too, but he caught it and said: "Leave it; it saved me from the sea."—(Western Watchman.)

Cease to Weep.

A lady of Otranto, Italy, once heard a Carmelite priest preach on the devotion to the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. With great eloquence the preacher dwelt on the magnificent promise of Our Lady that she would deliver from purgatory on the first Saturday after their death all those of the confraternity who had piously worn in life this habit of salvation.

Struck by these precious advantages, the lady lost no time to receive the Scapular and to have her name inscribed into the book of the confraternity of Mount Carmel. She observed the rules most punctually. Her progress in piety was so great and her love for the Blessed Virgin of such simplicity, that she did not hesitate to ask for the grace to die on a Saturday and to enter heaven on the very day of her death.

A few years later the lady fell sick. The physician declared that the patient would not survive the next Wednesday.

This was on Monday. The pious patient, full of confidence, said that she was going to die Saturday since she had asked the Blessed Virgin for this grace every day and especially on Saturdays at the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular. As by a miracle she continued to live and her pure soul took wings on a Saturday as she always had hoped for most confidently.

Her pious daughter was inconsolable at the death of her mother. While she was pouring out her soul in her oratory at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, a priest, who enjoyed the reputation of great sanctity and who had been favored before with supernatural communications, came to visit her. He said, "Cease to weep or rather change your sadness into joy. I come to bring you a message from God. Thanks to the privileges, granted to the confraternity of the Scapular, your mother has entered heaven to-day. Rejoice, for though you have lost a mother on earth, you have found a powerful protector in heaven."

Idle is our labor, worthless our toil, ashes is our fruit, corruption is our reward, unless we begin our undertakings in faith and prayer, and sanctify them by purity of life.

A little wrong, a trifling injustice, an insulting word, piquing our self-love and personal vanity, stirs us more effectually and interests us more really than the chances of being lost or saved. And yet we dream we are serving God.—Father Faber.

O good Jesus, let my soul take its flight at all hours towards thee; let my life be but one act of love. Make me feel that every work which does not honor thee is dead. Let my piety be less a habit than a perpetual outpouring of my heart.—St. Thomas Aquinas.



## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JUNE, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

*"And what is so rare as a day in June?*

*Then, if ever, come perfect days."*

The charming poet James Russel Lowell has voiced the thought of the world in the beautiful lines quoted above. His poem, "The vision of Sir Launfal," in which they are found, is well worth reading, full as it is of high and holy thoughts, of which two are especially worth memorizing:

"'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

Now that June in all its perfect beauty has come to delight us, we must make of the whole month a glorious tribute to the Sacred Heart to which June is consecrated.

The wealth of rich, red roses whose sweet fragrance fills the air is ours to offer on the altars of Him who complains so appealingly, "Behold the Heart which has loved men so much and is so little loved in return."

Those very roses are a fitting type of *His* love—why not of ours?

Dear children, the great duty of the Church and of every individual soul in June is that of reparation.

So many offences are committed daily, yes hourly, against the majesty of God; so many blasphemies of sinners, and so much coldness and indifference from His own; from those who should be nearest and dearest to Him. Now, ours is the sweet and loving work of

making up to Him for all He is robbed of by others. What if our own hearts should cry out against us, reproaching us for our own infidelity to Him?

Well, these are the days to prove our loving sorrow for the past, and to fill the present with most fervent reparation.

No devotion has ever blessed the Church with such glorious results as that of the Sacred Heart.

Look at the churches on each First Friday morning. See the crowds of eager communicants, growing larger and larger every year. It is a most touching sight to behold, and one's love is increased by the example of so many fervent souls, all anxious to console the loving Heart of Jesus, who in His sweet and winning humility stoops to plead for the love of men.

Of course, all the children of the CARMELITE REVIEW, who have made their first Communion, go to Holy Communion on the first Friday of every month. It is an excellent training in regularity to have a special day like that for approaching the holy sacraments, and a sure sign of predestination to be faithful to the Sacred Heart on His own special day.

Blessed Margaret Mary, the charming young nun of the Visitation, is our authority for saying so.

In one of the revelations, which the Sacred Heart made to her, He assures her that those who are faithful to the first Friday Communion will not die under His displeasure.

Pray much to her during this month



of June, dear children. Ask her to obtain for you a strong personal love of the Sacred Heart, and also some especial grace in the practical line. Too many of us pray without a purpose. "Practical Piety" after the fashion of St. Francis de Sales, that which helps us to overcome our faults, is what we all need sadly. One is hot-tempered, another lazy, another gossipy. There is room for improvement in all of us, and the grace to correct our faults should be the subject of persevering prayer.

Prayer is pleasing to the Sacred Heart, of course; but acts of self-conquest are the things that please Him most. The hasty word kept back behind the teeth, the unkind criticism unspoken; the temptation to act under impulse restrained—those are the roses which will waft sweetest perfume to the loving Heart of Jesus.

A word to you about the dear St. Anthony of Padua, whose feast falls on the 13th of June. Devotion to him is growing steadily, and wonderful are the experiences of those who confide in him. Let me tell you of one little instance that occurred lately.

A family were in great distress because of the illness of a beloved mother. Fervent prayers were offered to St. Anthony, before whose statue a light is always kept burning, and in whose honor a mass is always said monthly. The invalid, who was in a high fever, craved some home-made jelly. It was quickly prepared for her, but owing to the warmth of the air, it seemed impossible to stiffen it, even while packed in ice.

One member of the family, who is especially devoted to St. Anthony, said to him imploringly: "Dear St. Anthony you often work miracles—make this jelly solid quickly for our dear sufferer."

Many will smile at this simplicity, but the fact still remains that in a very few moments the jelly was a solid mass, and the client of St. Anthony claims it was his work, because everything was against it, as good housekeepers well know.

In the statues of St. Anthony he is represented as holding the Infant Jesus on a book, and very sweet are the accounts in his life of that delightful vision during which he held the Divine Infant for thirteen blissful hours. Say thirteen Hail Marys in his honor on June 13, and make him your friend. Try him. See how much and how often, even in seemingly silly little ways, he will help you. God loves you to be simple with him. Childlike hearts have much power over the Heart of God.

Many of you, dear children, will make your first communion during June and will be objects of envy even to the angels. Anything you ask from our Lord on that happy day will surely be granted you. So don't be afraid. Ask much from the Sacred Heart and in particular beg one thing of Him; say, "Let me *die* before I commit a mortal sin." A holy old French Jesuit once told the Secretary that *that* was an act of perfect love. Make it often, dear children, for yourselves and your devoted friend,

THE SECRETARY.

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#### FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Why are gloves unsalable articles?
2. Why are your nose and chin constantly at variance?
3. What magazine would be likely to give the best report of a fire?
4. What writer would have been the best angler?
5. What was the first bet ever made?

## FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Why do leaves change their color?
2. Why do leaves fall?
3. Name a great American naturalist.
4. Who was called the brilliant mad man?
5. Who was the most famous painter of the English school?

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN MAY.

1. When he is giving a swimming lesson.
2. When they are bound over.
3. Cell (sell) it, of course.
4. Because he was fond of Timothy.
5. Love.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS  
IN MAY.

1. Alice Carey in "Best to the Best."
2. Shakespeare.
3. Florence Nightingale.
4. Bismarck.
5. D. F. McCarthy in "Summer Longings."

## A BEAR PREACHER.

BY P. A. B.

This is not a fable. At a great fair held in the good old days, people enjoyed themselves. It may not have been "the greatest show on earth" as we Americans say when we dream of clowns and bare-back riders, but for all that the jolly peasant was tickled for joy and never demanded back his money at the ticket office. On one of these occasions a large dish of hot honey was placed in the arena. A bear was let loose. Bruin has a weakness for sweet things and it was not long before the beast had sunk his nose deep into the sweet dish. He pulled back his head with a roar of pain. He was burnt. This didn't discourage him. He repeated the act. Again and again he did it, and each time he emitted a

roar of pain. The people screamed with laughter. When silence prevailed a loud voice came from a far-off corner, saying, "Learn a lesson! Thus do people return to sinful pleasures and sweet uncleanness. They return in spite of the pain they suffer. Friends, the bear has taught a lesson. His roaring is a sermon."

## A CLOCK WHICH SPOKE.

BY P. A. B.

A friend of Edison's once passed the night in the Wizard's house near Orange, N.J. Until a late hour, so runs the story, Edison and his friend sat together discussing electrical affairs. The guest retired somewhat before eleven o'clock. He had no sooner jumped into bed ere he heard a clear voice, coming as it were from the dressing bureau, saying, "It is eleven o'clock." Frightened, the gentleman sprang out of bed, expecting to find a strange room-mate. He found no one. He called Mr. Edison, and told the latter of the strange voice. "Don't mind, sleep in peace! There's no one in the room," soothingly said the great inventor.

The guest returned to his bed, tried to ascribe everything to imagination and was just falling into the arms of Morpheus, when loud and plain he heard a voice again. This time it said, "It is midnight. Prepare for death!" This was too much. The frightened man ran towards Edison's door saying: "Mr. Edison, there's something wrong here. I will not sleep here if you make me a present of the house."

Edison laughed outright. He led his guest back to the room. Mounting upon the table, he opened a clock hanging against the wall, and from the inside took out a small phonograph, into which that night Edison himself

had spoken the midnight warning:  
 "Prepare for death!"

—  
 SUMMER EVENINGS.

The sky is aglow with colors untold,  
 A triumph of crimson, cardinal, gold;  
 And over the western portals so bright,  
 Are wavering curtains woven of light;  
 And the sun goes down in a fiery ball,  
 And darkness comes and covers all.

The wind it sings in the springing  
 grass,  
 Through which the lads and lassies  
 pass;

And the robins sing their song of love,  
 As the sun goes down in the splendor  
 above;

And then a silence creeps over all,  
 But still through the dusk the robins  
 call.

The river is running briskly by  
 And reflects the splendor seen in the  
 sky

The echoes are borne on the evening  
 breeze

And a voice is found in the brooks and  
 trees

O! marvel of marvels! O! soul thrilling  
 hour!

And high over all is the Power of  
 Powers.

—MAY BURKE.

—  
 "Don't send me no more cocoanuts,"

Wrote the untaught speculator  
 To his educated agent

Way down near the equator.

Said the agent, as he scratched his head,

"Two negatives, they say,  
 Always make one affirmative—  
 I'll send more right away."

So he sent another ship load,

Which were sold off "under the  
 hammer,"

And all because of ignorance

Of one simple rule of grammar.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"Keep a watch, on your words, my  
 darling,

For words are wonderful things;  
 They are sweet, like the bees' fresh  
 honey—

Like the bees they have terrible  
 stings.

They can bless like the glad warm  
 sunshine

And brighten a lonely life;  
 They can cut in the strife of anger  
 Like a cruel two edged knife."

—  
 He is truly great who has great  
 charity.

He is most truly learned, who does  
 the will of God and forsakes his own  
 will.

Devotion to Mary is like a beacon-  
 light placed on the road which leads to  
 God.

Do not forget that, sooner or later,  
 God will do unto you as you do unto  
 others.

To know and to do what is necessary  
 for salvation is the true science of a  
 Christian.

The humble knowledge of one's self  
 is a surer way to God than deep  
 researches after science.

Nothing is more opposite to charity,  
 or more fatal to salvation, than the  
 evil reports we make of one another,  
 whether they be true or false.

Among all the means which Provi-  
 dence has put at our disposition for re-  
 gaining souls to God, there is one more  
 particularly blessed than the others,  
 and that is prayer.

All virtue consists in having a will-  
 ing heart. God will lead you as if by  
 the hand, if only you do not doubt, and  
 are filled with love for him rather than  
 fear for yourself.—Fenelon.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Local and travelling agents are wanted for the CARMELITE REVIEW. Our terms are very good. Persons willing to work in this field should write to us at once.

\*.\*

June is the month of the Sacred Heart. It teaches us the greatest truth to be learned on earth, and to be enjoyed forever in heaven: that God has a heart, that God is good, no matter how wicked man may be. This lesson is taught by the fiery tongues of Pentecost, the burning furnace of love adored on the feast of Corpus Christi, and the flames bursting forth from the Sacred Heart. All the creed is contained in the truth that God is love, and all the commandments are embodied in the one: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. All God for man, all man for God. It must be pleasing to the Sacred Heart to know that Pope Leo XIII has added the invocation, "Blessed be His most Sacred Heart" to the short prayers said after benediction in many churches. It is customary in Rome, and throughout Italy, to recite these invocations immediately after the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Time and again has the Holy Father recommended this laudable custom, and it is rather hard to understand why it is not more universal at least for the sake of uniformity, which is such an edifying feature of Catholic worship. Moreover, the indulgences granted for the public recital of these short prayers have lately been doubled. It might be added that this act of devotion is in harmony with the many

exercises offered up daily in our Carmelite convents in reparation for the insults offered to our Lord in the Sacrament of love.

\*.\*

Pentecost should remind us of the great need we have, in these days of coldness and unbelief, of the graces we receive by the imposition of the bishop's hands in holy confirmation. At this season we see many of the younger generation receiving this holy sacrament and it ought to remind us that we too are marked indelibly as soldiers of Christ. Soldiers fight. Do you?

\*.\*

The 24th of June, feast of St. John the Baptist, will mark the close of the scholastic year at our Seminary. This year witnessed the ordination of several of our young confreres. May the Queen of Carmel obtain for them abundant grace to bring forth much fruit in the vineyard of the Lord.

\*.\*

Our Lord may not call us to an account for having *dishonored* Him in the most Blessed Sacrament, but He will surely ask us if we did not properly honor Him under the sacramental species when we had the time and opportunity. For instance, how many neglected visits to the church when it required no great effort. Holy church has lifted from us the strict obligation of hearing holy mass on Corpus Christi, 'tis true, but will we go farther and shake off all obligations? We are the losers, not our Lord.

\*.\*

Spring-time is a season of cleaning and polishing, domestically speaking.

Just so in a spiritual way. It is time to throw out the garbage long accumulating in our hearts. We need no X-ray to find mountains of dirt. Out with it. Bathe your soul thoroughly by a good Easter confession. It is healthy, and is the best spring medicine for the conscience. The church, a physician with nearly 2000 years experience, says so. Remember the last chance comes on Trinity Sunday. After that you are thrown out among the rank and foul-smelling weeds. Nothing good will grow in a soul poisoned by sin. Nature is now awake. Imitate her.

\*.\*

Monsignor Merry Del Val, the Papal Alegate to Canada, has been received with enthusiasm by the civic authorities as well as by the ecclesiastical hierarchy. From the governor-general down, the officials of the government have vied with each other to honor the representative of the Pope. "Kit," the well known woman writer in the *Mail and Empire* gives the following description of him: The face of the Alegate, the poise of the head, the delicate strength of the features reveal much. Here was a man—if physiognomy be no vagary of the mind—whose face at once noble, austere and infinitely tender—expressed every high spiritual and intellectual attribute. Fasting and meditation and prayer had left their tokens upon it. Passions must have warred in that soul. From the eyes, deep, soft as a doe's, penthoused beneath black brows that sometimes almost met in one great arch above the wide forehead, there looked out in all its beauty a self-conquered soul. A spirit above and beyond the poor vanities of life; a spirit that had vanquished the flesh most utterly. In the great, dark Spanish eyes with the brown

shadows about them—eyes as we would say in Ireland—"put in with a dirty finger," there brooded a mighty pity for the griefs of humanity, a great tenderness for the temptations and sins and weaknesses of us all.

\*.\*

There is a great cry for action during these hustling days. "Give us active religious!" we hear. We are told that the monks and nuns of the old contemplative orders are too slow. Nevertheless the quiet religious who passes hours in meditation *is* necessary. He goes to make up the salt of the earth, even if it does seem "placid and mature" as Faber once said of the Carmelites. Why did Saint Simon spend so many precious hours beneath his favorite oak tree? He was not idle. His long vigil obtained for us the holy Scapular. Yes, dear reader, action is necessary, but silence and suffering more so. It was by remaining motionless on a cross that our Lord performed the great work for which He came on earth. Those who are active are the arms of the church, but those who silently suffer and supplicate are its arteries. Stupendous events, perhaps the salvation of thousands, hang on the prayer of some poor triar or nun now bent in some unknown cell.

\*.\*

Diana Vaughan was all a myth. Her memories are pure fiction and the self-confessed father of this enormous lie is Leo Taxil. Some, too many, alas!—credulous souls, believed in his conversion. Some timid souls now fear, that his shameless confession of fraud may make people lose their aversion to secret societies. They are not so bad, after all, as Leo Taxil painted them. But the fact remains, that they are bad enough. This very Taxil was one of their leaders in former years, and

claims to be an honored Freemason still. Only the lodge could have produced such a monster. One lesson is to be drawn from the whole affair, and that is, that a Freemason cannot be trusted, even after conversion, when he goes into the revealing business. He is as bad, then, as an ex-priest or an escaped nun. True converts are silent about the follies and crimes of former associates.

\*.\*

The old Carmelite province of Upper Germany, which had been forcibly dismembered in 1802, has, at last, been re-established. It is now called the Province of Bavaria. Of all the former monasteries, Abensberg, Bamberg, Dinkelsbuehl, Heidelberg, Munich, Straubing and so many others, only Straubing had been allowed to serve as a house for the older members of the order. All the other convents were secularized, and the Carmelite Fathers of Straubing were not permitted to have a novitiate. Times have changed since then, and now the very same monastery which was to be the tomb of the last Carmelite, has become the cradle of a new province, with three monasteries. Absberg, Mainburg and Straubing. At the first provincial chapter in January last, Father Autonius Seidl was elected as the first provincial superior.

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Little we know of the great religious work progressing in far-off Patagonia. Who shall recount all the labors and sufferings of the missionaries in that part of the Lord's vineyard. Meagre reports tell us of the gigantic work done there by the zealous Salesian fathers, who find no difficulty too great when the glory of God and salvation of souls is in question. There are many heroes, the greatest of whom was Padre Francesco Agosta who has just

died a martyr to duty—being drowned whilst on a long and dangerous journey to a new mission. This is the first of the Salesians who has thus far made an offering of his life. The church is never wanting in hero-sons.

\*.\*

A correspondent has taken the trouble to copy some of the beautiful quotations engraved on the corridors of our new national library. Some of the chiselled sayings are pregnant with thought for the reflecting Christian. For instance: "There is but one temple in the universe and that is the body of man." A sorry looking temple though, when given over to God's enemy. Here is another quotation: "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wings with which we fly to heaven." However, there are times, we think, when 'ignorance is bliss.' Knowledge of sin, alas! has brought many a soul to hell.

\*.\*

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." This is another true quotation taken from the walls of our great national library. Suppose we apply it to poor old Bismarck who says he is getting lonely. Does he ever think of all the families he saw plunged into mourning? All the poor peasants who died on the battle-field deprived of religious consolations, and all the widows and orphans? Surely these are not inspiring thoughts during the lonesome hours of the once great chancellor who in the days of triumph exclaimed, "We Germans fear God and no one else on earth!" Time tames even men of "blood and iron."

\*.\*

It warms the Catholic hearts to hear what good is being quietly done by zealous missionaries in all parts of the

globe. Now we are told that the good Dominicans are doing wonders among the poor Zulus.

\* \* \*

At the beginning of the year a statement got into print setting forth the fact that the English people were going over to Rome in large numbers. Several excited preachers in this country immediately jumped into print and declared the statement to be false. Nevertheless the first report is true, for a learned Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan—who knows what he talks about—tells us that there were 1,300 converts in the diocese of Salford alone, and over 2,000 in the diocese of Westminster. May the numbers increase, and God speed the day when England once more can claim her title of "Our Lady's Dowry."

#### PERIODICALS.

*The Voice of the Deaf*, is a yearly appeal in behalf of the Ephpheta Union of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Chicago. This union at St. Joseph's Home, 409 South May St., Chicago, Ill., takes charge of Catholic deaf-mutes, and provides them with a home and education. The first number of *The Voice* is an illustrated paper, containing articles contributed by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly and others. The dedication is written by Miss Eliza Allen Starr. She proposes three patrons of the work: St. Francis de Sales, St. John of Beverley and the Venerable Anne of Jesus. Of her she says:

But we have still another saint to call upon as the special helper; no other than a Carmelite, one of St. Theresa's own. When she took the habit in the monastery of Avila, she was addressed by St. Theresa in these remarkable words: "I receive you, my dear daughter, not as a simple novice, but as my co-adjutor in the work of reform."

This Carmelite nun, in the world Anne de Lobera, born at Medina Del Campo, Spain, the 25th of November, 1545, was the daughter of Don Diego of Lobera, and his wife, Donna

de Francesca de Torres. She was born deaf and dumb, but at the age of seven was miraculously cured by the Blessed Virgin. The circumstances of this wonderful cure, I have not been able to obtain even from the Carmelites themselves; but the fact is stated emphatically in the chronological table, giving testimony to her heroic virtues. At ten years old she made a vow of virginity and on the first of August, 1570, took the habit of a Carmelite of the strictest observance, under the name of Anne of Jesus. She was a shining light in her Order, founded many houses under great difficulties, worked many miracles, and was accounted a saint during her lifetime. She died on the 4th of March, 1621, at Bruxelles, and is known and honored everywhere as the venerable mother, Anne of Jesus. Do you think there is a deaf-mute in all the world who has ever heard of Mother Anne of Jesus that will not ask the prayers of this holy Carmelite nun, and even regard her as a special patroness?

#### NEW BOOKS.

*Histoire de la Vie et du Culte de Ste. Jeannie de Toulouse*, is the title of an interesting life of Blessed Joanne de Toulouse, the Carmelite nun, who received the veil from St. Simon Stock, and who was lately beatified by the Church. It is written by l'Abbe Baurens de Molinier and has been printed by a Belgian firm. The edition is on fine paper with red-lined edges and handsomely illustrated. The Rev. author has kindly consented to have the "Life" translated into English and published in our REVIEW. It will soon make its appearance in our pages, and we can promise our readers a most interesting and edifying biography of this saint, so popular in Southern France.

*Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary*. Apostleship of Prayer, New York. (cloth, 316 pages, price 25 cents.)

This neat manual is a reliable handbook for the directors and members of the Sodality. It is published by those who have official charge of the Sodality. It is at the same time, a complete manual of devotions. The blue cloth binding with silver lettering, is very appropriate, blue and white being generally accepted as the colors of the Blessed Virgin.