



The Divine Mother and Her Child.

"My Beloved to me and I to Him."



The Holy Innocents.

I.



FROM the East three wise men journeyed,
 Star led to Jerusalem,
 Asking for the new-born Christ-King;
 Herod, hearing, summoned them
 To his presence privately—
 Stung with secret jealousy.

II.

When the Magi entered, Herod
 Graciously stepped from his throne;
 Condescending, even, hearkened
 Whilst they made their mission known—
 But deceit lurked in his smile—
 For his heart was filled with guile.

III.

Yet he said—"When we have found Him,
 Bring me word, that I before
 This divinely royal Infant,
 Kneeling with you, may adore!"
 Still his soul was cruel the while
 Craftiness leered in his smile.

IV.

They, with passing months, returned not;
 Then to little Bethlehem town,
 Quiet 'mongst its hills, King Herod
 Raging sent his army down—
 Down upon the feeble foe—
 O that wicked day of woe!

V.

In their children's wailing chorus,
 O the hapless mothers mourn ;
 While their bleating lambs defenceless,
 Clinging from their breasts are torn—
 Shrieking babes that agonize—
 Crushed—beneath those helpless eyes !

VI.

Hail ! ye lovely tearful victims,
 In your hard deaths triumphing ;
 Baby soldiers of the Christ-Child,
 Slain to shield your Infant King—
 'Midst your sufferings who flies,
 Shielded by your plaintive cries.

VII.

Martyrs crowned with pearls of morning,
 Slaughtered, ye, in Christ's defence ;
 Rose-buds bloody red, and shrouded
 White in snows of innocence—
 Jesus wafts on dying sighs
 To His blissful Paradise !

VIII.

Little Saints of God—we pray you,
 Slain for Jesus at His birth,
 From your heaven watch to keep us,
 Children of your native earth,
 White-robed guards of honor—true—
 Near the little Christ and you.

IX.

Help the waifs of heathen nations,
 Withered flowers cast away ;
 O'er each drooping blossom sweetly
 Pour the pure life-giving spray ;
 That each lighted, lifted face,
 Jesus in your ranks may place.

—SISTER W. O. D. C.

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

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

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

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OBSEQUIES AND MIRACLES—HIS PEACEFUL DEATH—UNIVERSAL GRIEF—FUNERAL SERMON—NUMEROUS PRODIGES WROUGHT AT THE TOMB OF THE SAINT.



I N accordance with the request of the Patriarch, De Mezieres left the cell. But having spoken with the Notary and some attendants, he returned, and bending over his friend, said :

“Father, I have done as you directed. Everything is just as you desired.” “It is well,” came in a faint whisper from the dying Carmelite, and those were the last words he uttered.

Friar Arnould whispered sweet words of piety, but an icy coldness had taken possession of his exhausted frame, whilst his serene and untroubled agony seemed to merge into a peaceful slumber. There was not the slightest sign of death, yet no one could perceive the least evidence of life. Meanwhile the men and women who had hoped against hope, stifled their grief, and redoubled their prayers. But the summons from on high had been obeyed, Peter

Thomas had given back his soul to God, but so quietly that the most intense solicitude could not have detected the moment of final separation.

Already in a new life, the eternal Love, to whom the saint had ever been so devoted, had infused into that ardent soul unspeakable and never-ending joys. In the beatific vision his transfigured spirit had seen realized the *perfect* manifestation, the *veritable* manifestation of the pure Light which the saint had so faithfully followed. It was Tuesday, the sixth of January, towards ten o'clock at night.

The vivid realization of the event, however, soon was evident, and signs of grief were visible from all. And De Mezieres, after his first outburst of sorrow, reverentially closed the eyes of his saintly friend !

They did not dress the Patriarch in his episcopal robes, for he had requested that he should be buried in his religious habit and white mantle. Still they put the pontifical gloves upon his lifeless hands, and sandals upon his feet.

Then they bore this light burden, the almost ethereal covering of a heroic soul to the chapel of the convent, in the centre of the choir. According to his further suggestion, the mitre was placed at his feet, below the simple catafalque, composed of one unpretentious trestle like those of the other monks.

The entire life of the holy Legate had been consumed like a burning torch, a steady flame, which cast its pure clear light throughout the Church of God—and our Lord was pleased to attest this by a marvelous phenomenon which manifested itself that very night. One of a community who had been noted for her great confidence in the servant of God was keeping devout and prayerful vigil by the silent form. Towards two o'clock in the morning she perceived a brilliant light descending from the height of the Church which bathed in a mysterious radiance the holy remains of the Saint. Others, who also were in the dimly lighted chapel, overcome by weariness and depression of spirit had fallen asleep. The happy religieuse awakened them, but the light had vanished. Nevertheless, they all went to the catafalque, and found the glorious body moist, as if from a recent bath. They wiped the face with cotton which was afterwards religiously preserved.

But now the intense anxiety which had pervaded the city of Famagouste for the past few days was changed into public mourning. From the first sound of the Angelus groups of sorrowing citizens were seen going to the Carmelite Convent. And amongst them were those Venitian merchants who, but a little while—nay scarcely a month—ago, had accused the Legate of being a disturber of the peace! They were remarked for their reverential demeanor,

and the repentance which they openly manifested. Eager to get near the venerated catafalque were not Catholics alone, but members of heretical sects, and even infidels. Amongst the dissenting Christians were Georgians, Copts, Maronites, and *self-styled* orthodox Greeks. What specially deserves mention was the bearing of the Caloyers. During the life of the Legate these Greek monks, because his lucid demonstrations confounded their errors, would willingly have sacrificed him to their hatred. But now, ashamed of the contempt with which they had regarded him, they no longer appeared like schismatics. On the contrary, manifesting a filial affection, they uncovered the head, which they are not in the habit of doing, even in their temples. To-day a blessed and happy union seemed realized. Every one wished to touch the dead prelate, and to kiss his hands and feet.

This ascetic, who during life so mortified and humiliated his body, little thought how it would become an object of general veneration after his death. It was regarded as the body of a saint, a truly great saint, and whatever he had used, was sought after as a relic. Catholic and heretic alike esteemed it a signal favor if they could obtain a shred or fragment, no matter how small, of the coarse woollen garments that he wore.

Another fact worthy to be related, and testified by all who visited his remains was that as soon as his death had taken place, a fragrance, so delightful that it could only have been wafted from Paradise, came from his wasted frame. Like an urn filled with celestial perfume his body continued to fill the Church with this sweet odor, to the joy and admiration of all. His face, which

exposure to the elements, as well as recent suffering, had turned a deep brown color, now appeared snow-white and fair. The joints of his limbs were supple and flexible as if he were alive.

The Archbishop, Raymond de la Pradele, hastened to the scene of death. He arrived from Nicosia that evening, (January 7), and with several other prelates chanted the Vespers for the Dead.

It was decided that, although the burial was not to take place for some days, the funeral ceremonies would be performed on the morrow, which met with general approval. The immense throng in attendance were so profoundly affected that one might well imagine they were assisting at the obsequies of one of the fathers of his country, who had gained some unspeakable favor for his fellow men.

After the celebration of the adorable Sacrifice, the funeral sermon was preached by the renowned Doctor of Theology, John Lamersonius de Lusentia, Minister General of the Franciscans of the Holy Land. It was he who wrote the biography from which we have quoted in the course of this work. Although he had not been informed that this duty would devolve upon him until the evening before, he acceded to the wishes of the Archbishop, and delivered a most eloquent and highly appreciated eulogium.

In his enthusiastic development of the long list of prodigies which had marked the entire course of the Legate's monastic life, the orator continually spoke of him as "the saint." As the Church does not permit that title to be absolutely applied to any except those who have been canonized, the infraction of such a rule by one of such repute as Lamersonius, called for an explanation on the part of his Arch-

bishop. The good Franciscan replied in all sincerity that he had felt *positively impelled in spite of himself* to apply the name whilst preparing the discourse he had resolved within himself, that no matter how great his veneration was for its subject, he would be careful not to attribute to him, as if officially, the holy title. But, when he began, an interior impulse, which he believed to come from above, gained such a mastery that he could not do otherwise than speak as he did.

It would have been more difficult still to understand *how* to prevent the manifestation of the popular devotion to the deceased Carmelite. God, Himself, seemed to approve of it by preserving the body of his servant from the usual corruption, and by granting the performance of miracles. During the six days that the body remained exposed in the chapel, there was neither decomposition, nor rigidity. Meanwhile the throng at the catafalque never diminished, and, not being able to procure veritable relics, the devotees contented themselves with what approached them to a certain extent. The fragrant transudation which moistened the body had been eagerly sought after. Thousands of trustful hands had borne away pieces of cotton or some similar article with which they had wiped it away. They esteemed it a favor to have something which had thus come in contact with the precious remains, and through which, as we will hereafter relate, many marvelous cures were effected.

After the burial which, in accordance with the wish of the humble monk, took place in the Church of the Carmelites at Famagouste in the very spot he had designated, private pilgrimages to his tomb began and continued for a long time. Every day some new tri-

bute was paid to the sanctity of the deceased by the promulgation of miraculous cures. Public opinion was so exercised that the authorities both ecclesiastical and civil, deemed it their duty to examine their veracity in an official process. Therefore, upon the convocation of the King, and under the presidency of the Bishop of Laodicia, Vicar General of Famagouste, three months after the death of Peter Thomas, on April 14, 1366, a juridical commission met in the sacristy of the Carmelite convent at Famagouste.

The first to give testimony was Jean de Faenza, of the Order of Friars, Minor and Custodian at the Monastery of Paphos. He had been suffering since December with an aggravated form of quinsy. In January it reached such a point that for nine days he could neither eat nor sleep. Finally, full of confidence and hope he went to the catafalque, where lay all that was mortal of the Holy Patriarch, and, taking that hand, which had always been so ready to bless the faithful, he touched it to his throat. He was instantly cured.

Dominic Etienne, one of the members of the Commission, related a favor of which he had been the recipient. For twenty years he had been a victim of mange, a most irritating cutaneous affection. He went to Blessed Peter's grave, and having knelt for a while in fervent prayer, he placed his hands upon the tomb and then applied them to the affected part. He immediately found relief, and had, so far, had no more trouble.

Agnes Penoti, whose husband was a painter suffered intensely from her heart and liver. She was visibly wasting away. She testified by a solemn oath upon the Gospel that, after she had applied a piece of cotton saturated

with the moisture upon the face of the Saint, to the region of the pain she was entirely cured.

Residing at Famagouste, Dame Sibylla, widow of Nicholas d'Ancona, testified that her slave, Costa, a Greek, who had a violent fever, besides other chronic troubles, was relieved at once by the application of this marvelous cotton.

Elizabeth de Saigit, a widow, was cured by the same means, of similiar afflictions. Alice, daughter of Nicholas Castel, deceased, formerly a resident of Famagouste, learning that her friend Marie had been cured of an intensely painful headache after she had bound a band of cotton about her temple, applied it to her side where she had continually intense pain, with the same beneficial result. She also related that Sibylla, a friend of hers had been reduced to the last extremity of agony which never ceased during the three days which preceded the birth of her child. After the miraculous cotton was used in her behalf she was relieved, and in gratitude to the Saint she gave her son the name of Peter Thomas.

Friar Nicholas, whose arm had been paralyzed for fifteen years, placed a wax candle, and a hand of the same material upon the tomb, and even *as he prayed* his cure was granted to him.

One afflicted with dropsy drank of the water in which a statue of the saint had been washed, and was healed in a few days. A blind servant gathered some of the dust upon the tomb, and promised to have a Mass celebrated in honor of Blessed Peter. He was cured of his misfortune and was enabled to see, to his great gratitude and joy. Alegressa had almost lost the use of her limbs; Francisca was painfully lame; Marie Baude had been declared

incurable by several physicians. The efficacious remedy that restored them was no other than the application of the blessed soil from the same sepulchre.

It was not only his brethren in religion and "the devout female sex" who found Blessed Peter always so compassionate and helpful. A brave and noble soldier, Jean de Montolivet, Counsellor of the king of Cyprus, obtained on March 27 relief from a chronic fever. The Chevalier Jean Garathus, officer of the household of the Queen Dowager, (widow of Hugo IV), a few days afterwards was cured of a dangerous bronchial malady. A little one, five years old, was stricken with a mortal illness, but after its mother had made a certain promise in case it was spared to her, it recovered at once.

Finally Fr. Simon, the presiding Prelate, had several *personal* facts to adduce. He deposed that when the Patriarch of Constantinople, three days before his death, had told him that he wished to receive Extreme Unction from his pontifical hands, he said, "You will know the hour best suited for the function. I can still make the responses, and I will live more than ten hours after my last anointing." This was verified. Still more, when in preparation for the Sacrament they recited the seven Penitential Psalms together, the Prelate inhaled an odor so indescribably delightful that he could compare it to no perfume of this earth. He seemed indeed to be no longer on earth, but to be breathing in some celestial fragrance, some balmy breeze from Paradise. Turning to the right and left, he sought for the vase from whence it came, and perceived that the nearer he approached the dying monk, the more perceptible was this evidence of his sanctity. It con-

tinued during the entire recitation of the prayers. When he left the cell it vanished. Until now he had not spoken of it, fearing that he might be considered too presumptuous or too credulous, but he had been encouraged to mention it through a very important favor that he had since received. The Prelate went on to say that one night during the month of March he had been suddenly attacked by such violent pain that it deprived him of speech, movement, and almost of sight. His whole body became black and cold, and he perspired so excessively that his bed was saturated. He could not call his attendant, although he was close at hand. "By a supreme effort I managed to seize a cord which hung near me. It was the band attached to a hat worn by the Legate on certain occasions, and which I was so fortunate as to procure for a relic.

"The hat fell upon my bed. I drew it towards me as well as I could, and with fervent devotion held it, and the pain left me at that moment."

Thus far the testimony which it has been our privilege to relate. The account of such marvels will surely promote devotion to the great servant of God into whose compassionate soul we have been permitted to glance. But the enumeration is not yet complete. There are others consigned to the verbal process at Famagouste, most consoling also, but we have chosen the principal ones.

The canonical commission terminated its labors by a tribute of gratitude to the venerated remains. Upon May 8, 1366, four months after the death of the Thaumaturgus, in presence of all the members, the disinterment took place. The flat stone which had been placed over the earth having been removed, the process went on, and the

body of the saint was found perfect as when it had been laid in the grave. The limbs were as flexible as before; the head moved easily to the touch. There was, it is true, a darker tint upon the face, and a slightly accentuated odor from the vault. But according to the most rigid testimony it did not proceed from the withering blight of decay to which our poor mortality is subject. It was rather the odor of mould coming from the action of subterranean humidity upon the grave clothes.

All these circumstances were inscribed with the most scrupulous precision in the regular attestation drawn up by the Secretary Lamersonius, and the duplicate thereof has been inserted in the life of Blessed Peter Thomas by the same doctor.

The tomb having been sealed up again, the pious visits to it, and additional miracles, were in order as before. The Holy Legate, from his bright home above, seemed never to refuse the requests of his devoted clients on earth.

CHAPTER XXX.

PUBLIC VENERATION—WADDING'S HOSTILITY IS CHANGED TO ZEAL—THE PATRON OF CARMEL AND THAT OF PERIQUÈX—THE COMPATRIOTS OF ST. PETER THOMAS—CONCLUSION.

The political revolutions which soon afterwards agitated the kingdom of Cyprus prevented the Archbishop of Nicosia and his successors from continuing the investigation regarding the miracles of Blessed Peter Thomas. The process of canonization of this admirable servant of God never was introduced at the Court of Rome.

Nevertheless, the devout Cyprians continued to pray to their holy Legate. They invoked him specially in the same way as St. Sebastian and St.

Roque are enlisted by the faithful. That is, against pestilence and epidemics. But the record of miracles granted to succeeding generations has not been handed down to us. The invasion of the island by the Turks, and the fall of Famagouste in 1571, it is probable, brought to an end the pilgrimage to the miraculous tomb. If the tomb of the Saint were not subjected to sacrilegious profanation, at least it disappeared, and remained forgotten under the debris of the dismantled monastery.

In 1735 an earthquake completed the ruin of the ancient city, and reduced the population to three hundred. Who, at the present day could designate the spot where once stood the beautiful Church of the Carmelites at Famagouste!

Devotion to the Saint inaugurated by popular confidence insensibly permeated the island of Cyprus. Although Peter Thomas was not canonized according to the form ordinarily used, his name and miracles had been surrounded with so great a splendor that the religious authorities thought it best not to oppose this public homage. The Carmelite family adopted the devotion, not in Cyprus alone, but in all their monasteries. In the fourteenth century the Carmelites celebrated the feast of St. Peter Thomas under the title of Confessor Pontiff.

There came an era of liturgical reform. In the seventeenth century the Congregation of Rites, after having examined the breviary proper of several religious Orders, took up in turn that of the Carmelites. In regard to the office of St. Peter Thomas, there arose a great difficulty. It was feared that the venerated personage must be looked upon as apocryphal. One of the consultors, Luke Wadding, a

learned Franciscan, alleged that a decided error had been found in the lessons of the second nocturne, where mention is made of the Saint. According to him all that was related in those pages of *Petrus Thomas*, notably that he was Bishop of Patti and Lipari, then Archbishop of Crete, finally Patriarch of Constantinople was nothing else than the history of *Petrus Theutonicus*, a Franciscan.

Fortunately a celebrated Carmelite, Fr. J. B. Lezan, the erudite annalist of his Order, was also a member of the Sacred Congregation, Maintaining the exactitude of the Carmelite breviary, he obtained a decree of delay from the judges, that he might discover the proofs of his assertion, and present them to view.

During the interval the zealous Carmelite implored the fervent prayers of his brethren, rigid fasting, and masses celebrated in honor of Blessed Peter Thomas. Meanwhile three other learned Carmelites united with him in searching the archives of the Vatican. In the Mass of Parchments, they at last discovered a Bull of Innocent VI, wherein *after* the death of *Petrus Theutonicus*, Bishop of Patti and Lipari. *Petrus Thomas* was named as his successor. The search was over. Wadding was so amenable to the truth that, to acquit his conscience as historian, he went even beyond his enlighteners in exploring the Archives, and found twenty-eight other Bulls addressed to Peter Thomas,—being those which we have cited in the course of this work.

As an *amende honorable* to the Holy Patriarch he wrote a sketch of his life, which now he knew thoroughly and published the proofs which had rewarded his search in the Vatican. Thus the traditional cultus was maintained and approved. The Apostolic

indult of Paul V, (1609) was renewed by Urban VIII, (June 12, 1628.) The office of St. Peter Thomas, fixed at first for January 29, has, since the canonization of St. Francis de Sales, been transferred for the Carmelites to February 15.

The glory with which the young shepherd boy was now environed could surely not be left unmarked by his native place. The ancient diocese of Sarlat celebrates his feast, with fitting pomp and the actual diocese of Perigux pays special homage to his memory under the title of "Confessor Pontiff," on February 13.

The Parish of Salles justly manifests for him an ardent love and practices a special cultus. The baptismal font of the Church, although simple and unadorned is carefully treasured, for tradition hath it that Peter Thomas was baptized therein. A stained glass window recently put in place proves that devotion to the Saint is ever fervent. This work of art is of the highest conception. It is at the right side, and represent the Patriarch of Constantinople, rather below medium height, wearing his mitre, in his pontifical robes, and with the pallium. He stands erect, his left hand holds the Cross, his right a book and purse, emblematic of his learned writings, and infinite charity. His gaze is fixed upon an image of *Mary*, the constant love of his ardent heart. In this pious souvenir, except for the violet robe, which the humble Carmelite never wore, may be recognized the aesthetic and ideal portrait of this fascinating hero whose sanctity and achievements captivated so many hearts. In default of an authentic likeness of St. Peter Thomas, one could not have a more acceptable substituted than this memorial picture at Salles.

At Lebreil, the hamlet where the Saint was born, a small and unpretentious but pretty chapel, has been erected in his honor. It is said to be built upon the site where once stood the home of his earlier days.

Close by there is a natural basin formed by a depression in the ground. The verdant grass which so luxuriantly encircles it, contrasts in a most pleasing fashion with the lovely wild flowers which grow profusely amid the verdure, and here, according to authenticated tradition, the very day of the Saint's death, the limpid waters of a perennial spring burst forth.

Its placid surface reflects the azure skies of Lebreil, whilst several stately trees afford an inviting shade.

As soon as the saint had "entered into the joy of his Lord," he besought the Almighty to grant him this favor: The hamlet had been badly provided with water; the people had to go quite a distance for that necessary element. Peter Thomas during life had not been able to assist his compatriots, but he remembered them beneficially in heaven. It is still the only fountain in the place, and, when drawing water, the villagers gratefully remember their illustrious benefactor. The fountain and the chapel were, for a long period visited by pious pilgrims throughout all that region. As at Cyprus, they particularly implored the intercession of the Saint in cases of fever.

But the great Revolution, taking umbrage at the little oratory ruthlessly destroyed it. To-day, alas! the hallowed place is scarcely marked by the shrubbery which, twined in and out with drooping ivy leaves, would fain protect it from further ruin in a firm but futile embrace.

A small statue in the niche, as one entered the oratory, represented the

Holy Patriarch, but foreign impiety mutilated it with relentless hate. However, a large piece of almost the entire bust was found, and religiously guarded by a family in the hamlet. All the inhabitants still consider the preservation of their faith owing, in a great degree, to prayers of the glorious Child of Lebreil.

When those faithful friends of Blessed Peter Thomas, the Carmelite Fathers, and their Sisters, the Carmelite Nuns heard of the projected annotation of this life upon our part, they were devoutly interested and overjoyed. Every one wished to cooperate according to his or her means, by prayers, by cheering words, or in whatsoever way came within their sphere.

And thus, with the full sympathy of that widely spread spiritual family, and with an ardent devotion to the Holy subject of this biography, we send forth upon the world, asking his efficacious prayers, this wonderful life of a glorious Carmelite Saint.

LAST WORDS.

Before closing this volume and laying aside the work, it would be most beneficial to us to cast a retrospective glance in unison upon its pages, and recall the lessons to be derived from this Christian Odyssey. Love is an active passion. If there be, according to the vocation of each, different ways of acting for God, certain it is that *who ever does not act does not love*. In Blessed Peter Thomas sanctity was manifested by a life of external activity. If the intrepid hero, without ever relaxing, went always forward, and always upon the right path, it was because he had yielded his whole heart to the power of celestial love.

He loved his God. From his youth this feeling was powerful, and as the years passed it grew more intense. He vowed to serve him generously. Faithful to his religious vocation he observed in every point the spirit and letter of a severe and crucifical rule. Thus it was that in the midst of distracting duties, often of a nature to diminish the spirit of prayer and union with God, the interior nourishment of his soul was never permitted to fail. The thought of the adorable presence and infinite goodness of the Master to whom he was too happy to devote his services, inspired him with that confidence which may well be called *supernatural*: that was one of the principal characteristics of his dauntless and enterprising spirit.

He loved the Blessed Virgin. Devotion to her was his element. Mary, who had watched over his infant steps remained the guiding star of an adventurous life. Tossed hither and thither towards every shore, "he looked at the star and called upon Mary." Was he in trouble? He had recourse to his good Mother. Had he reason to rejoice? It was to the most amiable Mother that he directed his first smile. Had he met with an unexpected success? He paid homage of once to his Protectress. Did any one ask his aid in some pathetic situation, or his influence in promoting some powerful work? He invited the solicitor to unite with him in fervent prayer to the Mother of all. Had he a few hours at his disposal? He hastened to a sanctuary of Our Lady. Not only had Master Peter composed a special treaty to defend the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, but he opened all his discourses with the name MARY for his watchword, and in their development he was always eager, by learned and

fervent considerations, to exalt the glory of his Sovereign Mistress.

In private life his filial love evinced itself in a thousand naive and graceful ways. He never, in any prayer, omitted to interweave an invocation to the Holy Virgin. Before sitting at table he reiterated her praises. His food would have been insipid if it had not been seasoned with a thought of the Immaculate Madonna. At the corner of the streets through which he passed, by the family hearths that he visited, seeing the image or statue of her whom our devout ancestors loved to honor, he always saluted it in the most reverential manner that could be imagined. He loved the Church. To her service he devoted an intelligence bright and acute far beyond the average degree, and an absorbing zeal that would leave nothing untried to effect its end. Never once saying that the weight of his varied duties had grown too pressing, he was ever happy to cooperate by the most heroic efforts to the strengthening and extension of Catholic unity, that ardently desired end. In the fourteenth century, under the French Popes, as in our day, under the glorious pontificate of Leo XIII., the wishes of the Papacy and the means employed by the Pontiffs to bring back the Greeks never vary, for the divine principles never change. With the unalterable patience of a mother, and an infallible confidence in the promises of the eternal Shepherd, the Roman Church calls back her erring ones who have strayed from her sheltering fold. The holy Legate was, in his day, a worthy mandatory of hope and Catholic charity. He loved Jerusalem. In the cause he displayed a degree of energy very rare, even in that age of chivalry. In a way, *he moved heaven and earth* to obtain a general movement in favor of

the crusade. Never reproach him with its failure, *that* must be attributed to *human passions*, not to any defect of his zeal. And, generally speaking, it would be unjust, in the face of his immense and incessant exertions, to criticise some slight faults whether *apparent* or *real*, which may have escaped him in spite of his superior wisdom. We seem to hear, in fact, more than one disciple of a *sanctimonious idleness* censuring, at will, the faintest imperfection to be met with, here and there, in the acts and character of some grand and chivalrous hero. But it is only those who do and accomplish *nothing* in the course of their wasted lives, who *do not commit numerous faults*. They commit only one !..... But that endures *perpetually* !

To suffer trials and contradictions with patience and humility, to adore the delays of divine Providence proves the existence of a virtue great indeed, and wins for the heroic soul who does so the unspeakable joys of duty conscientiously fulfilled.

Peter Thomas, because his love was pure and without a trace of selfishness, always maintained an unalterable serenity. Having so ardently desired to accomplish such great and good things, and yet having *apparently* realized so little of his wishes. Having taken up so many works of zeal, and bringing so small a number to a successful issue, he *might* have given up. Yet never once did he manifest discouragement, never was he heard to murmur. His death was *more* than happy ; his ardent soul went forth to meet its God, fortified with all the consolations which the faith he loved so fervently could give. How admirable then—let us say it once more before we close—how noble—how indicative of the firmest faith was his confidence in

God and in the ever Blessed Virgin ! The story of his life resembles a romance of those golden days when chivalry prevailed—but better far it is the life of a devoted soldier of the cross, of a glorious saint !

But, alas ! with what indifference has he not been treated—Europe, where this valiant promoter of the crusade was not understood during his life, cared little to honor his memory after death. Byzantium always turned a deaf ear. Cyprus, where Mussulman rule succeeded in obscuring the understanding and hardening the heart scarcely thinks of the treasure it possessed. Avignon has forgotten him.

Condomois, Armagnac, Agenois and Quercy have for years neglected the memory of their apostle.

The Roman Church has never been solicited, by either kingdom or province, to award Blessed Peter the glory of a solemn canonization.

Only the Carmelite Order, the diocese of Perigueux, and the little parish of Salles, have faithfully gathered and carefully preserved the bright and scintillating gems of a well merited devotion to the saint, and as year after year rolls away, they have never failed to surround his hallowed memory with glory. But to us who have gained some insight into the great soul of St. Peter Thomas, it should be a joy and duty to honor him by a steadfast imitation of his virtues, and by generous efforts, in our sphere, to promote devotion to this wonderful servant of God, and admirable Carmelite Saint !

[THE END.]

There is nothing which is more profitable and more consoling to the mind than to frequently remember the Blessed Virgin.

ST. TERESA.

Devotion to the Infant Saviour.

BY THE REVEREND THEODORE J. McDONALD, O. C. C.



THE greatest event that the world ever witnessed took place in the present month. Though the earth is bereft of all her beauty at this season of the year, still there is a joy born of that memorable condescension of God that insinuates itself into the hearts of all Christians on that auspicious occasion. On the birth of the Infant Saviour, the children are looking for gifts—earthly gifts, it is true, in many cases; but were there no Babe of Bethlehem, were there no Christ-Child to love, the ideal image of Whom is painted in their little hearts by the sweet words of their mothers, the gifts would lose much of their coloring and sweetness, and more than half the joy would fade. The peals of the Christmas bells are not necessary to rejoice the hearts of Christian people, though they are the outward expression of the pent-up feelings of peace and gratitude fostered in the breasts of the faithful during that holy season. They do not create the general rejoicing, but they give it expression; nor can they communicate the full flow of exultation as it is felt.

Joy is not confined on that glorious day to the rich alone; there is probably more peace, more sweetness in the cottage of the peasant than in the palace of the great. A higher order of things than earthly goods, and the pleasures born of them, go to make up the sweet joys of Christmas, for on that

happy day a holy influence is felt in the true Christian heart,—an influence that the Spirit of God alone can give,—and is worth more than all the treasures that earth can bestow. Heaven has come down to earth, the celestial hosts have come down to a sinful world because their Lord is there. They sing of the two great benefits wrought by the Incarnation,—glory to God and peace to man. The Incarnate God is on earth. He gives His Eternal Father adequate glory. His exalted merits, infinite in value, enter the highest heavens, pass through light inaccessible to the bosom of the Triune God. The offended majesty of His Eternal Father is appeased; a victim is on earth that is worthy of Him to Whom it is offered. Glory and praise go up from earth, gladness and peace come down from heaven, for justice and peace have kissed. This glorious mystery is too great, its influence is too broad, its power is too penetrating, to have its recurrence controlled by riches and mere earthly joys. It brings with it gifts that are not of this earth; its influence is felt, and it imparts a peace that surpasses all understanding, a peace that the world cannot give nor take away.

The Babe of Bethlehem has been always an object of the deepest devotion to Christian people, especially at the holy season of Christmas. That we may the more intelligently understand the doctrine of the Church on this subject, we must know that Jesus, Our Divine Lord, was God and man. In our adoration of the Divine Infancy, we adore His Sacred Humanity united with

His Divinity. In other words, we give the Sacred Humanity of our Divine Lord divine adoration. We pay to the Sacred Heart and the precious Blood of Our Divine Lord the same adoration that we give to the most Holy Trinity, because His Divinity communicates to them Its own worth, by virtue of the hypotatic union. We will quote here the words of the Athanasian creed, which clearly, and distinctly, explains the doctrine of the Incarnation: "It is therefore the true faith that we believe and confess, that Our Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God is God and man. He is God from the substance of His Father, begotten before all ages, and man born in the world from the substance of His mother. Perfect God, perfect man, subsisting of a rational soul and human flesh. Equal to His Father according to His Divinity, less than the Father according to His Humanity. Who, although God and Man, however is not two, but one Christ. One indeed, not in the co-version of the Divinity into flesh, but in the assumption of the Humanity in God. Finally, One, not in the confusion of substance, but in the unity of person, for as the rational soul and the flesh is one man, so God and Man is one Christ."

We see here from the Creed, that the two natures of Our Divine Lord are not commingled nor confused, and consequently His Divine Nature receives no admixture, and His human nature loses none of its integrity. And although His two wills, Human and Divine, are quiet distinct, nevertheless His two natures are united in one person, and that Person is Divine. Thus we see the union of the two natures takes place, not by the blending, but in the unity of the person, and this is what the theologians call the

hypostatic union. This confers an infinite value and dignity on the operations of His Human Nature, and entitles each drop of blood and whatever belongs to the integrity of His human nature, to the honors of Divine worship.

Thus we see how pleasing devotion to the Sacred Humanity of Our Divine Lord must be, and especially how pleasing is devotion to His Holy Infancy. Even this sinful world of ours, defiled as it is, by the footprints of sinful man, stands pre-eminent in the planetary system, because of the Incarnation of Our Divine Lord. It is but a small item in creation. Great planets roll above us in the empty wilderness of space; suns with their systems, are too far distant, to illumine this world, and there are fixed stars so far distant, that their light takes thousands of years to reach us. Nevertheless small as this globe may be, and man but an atom on its surface, in the sight of God and in the sight of His holy angels, it is the brightest gem in the planetary system. Words fail to express its lustre, because it was drenched by the Blood of an Incarnate God.

Then again, if we wish to foster greater gratitude, and evoke more joy in our hearts towards the Infant Saviour, let us consider the condescension of Our Lord in becoming Incarnate. The creation of man was an incomprehensible condescension on the part of God. He created him just and holy, "a little less than the angels." "He crowned him with honor and glory," and placed him above the work of His hands. But if every human being born in this world, were in sanctity and perfection, superior to the heavenly hosts that stand before the throne of God, still in that case, the act of

creation, would be an act of the deepest condescension on the part of God. We could easily perceive this, if we knew God better, and if we knew ourselves much better than we do. We should frequently consider the infinite gulf that must ever exist, between the Creator and the creature. The creature, the tenant of an hour, but yesterday and he was not, the love and the mercy of God alone gave him existence, but to-morrow and he shall not be. Even now if the Creator withdrew His sustaining power, we would fall back to the original nothingness from which we were drawn forth. But behold the Creator, the Eternal God before Whom there is no time; He that was, that is and will be; before whom the past and the future are always present; the All-Holy! the All-Perfect, and the All-Beautiful! What is all the beauty scattered over the face of creation, which delights the hearts of men, but a scintillation, of the beauty of Him Who has made all things! But in what did God by creating man show so much condescension? He showed His condescension by creating man to His Image. Only think of it! The Creator to make the creature the Image of Himself! The Eternal God—He Whom the heavens cannot contain, to make man to His Own Image! and to make His destiny the highest, that the destiny of a creature could be made. To lift him up to a new and supernatural life; to destine him to love Him, and to enjoy His own happiness where the eternal years will not fail! All this to us is an unspeakable mystery, to us who had no existence, till the loving and [omnipotent hand of God, stretching into the deep gulf of nothingness, brought us into existence, we can only be silent and with deep gratitude adore the

goodness of Him Who made us.

The Incarnation was a still deeper condescension on the part of Our Divine Lord. That a God should create man to His Own Image is incomprehensible, but that a God should assume human nature, lift it up and dignify it, by uniting it to His Divine Nature in the unity of His Divine Person, is a mystery that men and angels will ever contemplate with joy, but will never be able to fathom its depths. A still greater condescension on His part, was the institution of the Most Holy Eucharist. He was a hidden God here in this life, His Divinity concealed under the veil of His Sacred Humanity. But before He left this world corporally, that is, before He withdrew Himself from the eyes of men, He would perpetuate the Incarnation here on earth, and remain really and truly with us to the end of time. For this purpose He devised a mystery of love, and concealed His Human and Divine Natures under the veil of the Sacramental Species. By His Incarnation He assumed human nature, but in the Eucharist He unites Himself by the Sacramental union with the individual soul, and through the ministry of the priesthood, perpetuates His Sacramental life for all time. These are mysteries that only the faith of Christians can penetrate, and believe though they cannot fully understand, and still more, it is only the devout Children of the Church can appreciate them.

Now let us look on the Babe of Bethlehem and let us throw a rapid retrospect on His life since His first tear consecrated the manger, where He was born till His last sigh on the Cross, and what a depth of humility, self abnegation, and suffering do we behold! The creation of man, the condescension of the Most Holy Trinity, the Incar-

nation, the Holy Eucharist, the sufferings and the humiliation of Our Divine Lord, the gratitude of man, all call on us, in this holy season, to approach the crib of Bethlehem and adore the Divine Infant. In this stage of His life He appeals to the tenderest sentiments of the human heart. Man may be a sinner and on account of his sins may fear the judgments of God. He may recall to mind, the majesty of the judge on the last day, and the terrible consequences, that may follow. But even though he be a sinner, why should he not approach the Infant Saviour? There, there is no majesty displayed. The Holy Infant came to save the world, and his influence is felt by all classes, to the uttermost bounds of the earth. It is not by the terrors of His Majesty, He calls the sinner from His lowly habitation in the stable, but by the simplicity of His love. He conceals the overwhelming grandeur of His Divinity, but a holy influence surrounds Him. Waves of holiness went out from Him, wave followed wave, and filled the lowly habitation where He chose to dwell. He told us Himself in after life, when healing the sick, as the woman touched the hem of His garment and was made whole, that as virtue went out from Him. The Manger is the city of refuge for the sinner, it is the throne that the Infant Saviour has chosen, it is not the throne of power and majesty, where He will judge and condemn, but it is the throne of His selection, from where the voice of His love calls the weary pilgrim, no matter how weary may be the burden of his life, that He may relieve him. The Holy Infancy has a peculiar charm for men. It is a hard heart, that the lowly situation and the love that created the situation will not penetrate. Our Lord frequently gives special

graces to children, as though He loves their childhood and their innocence, in a special manner. How often, when all things else failed, when the most convincing arguments could not soften the heart of a poor sinner, a little child attending school, where she learned to love the Divine Infant and His Blessed Mother, recalled her father to a sense of his duty, and had the happiness of kneeling by his side, when he received the pledge of life at the altar of God! If the Holy Infant gives special graces to children, special graces to convert others, will He Himself repel the poor sinner, no matter how great may be the burden of his sins? No. He is all compassion, all love. There is hardly one so depraved, that the confiding innocence of the child does not captivate. It is difficult to understand how any one, no matter how great his sins may be, who prostrates himself before the Divine Infant, and not receive the grace of conversion.

The devotion to the Divine Infancy in the strictest sense of the word, is not a particular devotion, for any Devotion to Our Divine Lord in any phase of His life, is not a particular devotion, as under all circumstances, He must be always the object of our adoration. Neither is devotion to the Holy Childhood of recent date, as the first worshiper was His Blessed Mother; and that at the first moment of His birth. The Holy Angels were the next in order, as the Gospel informs us, for on that auspicious occasion, a multitude of the heavenly hosts, sang praises to God and peace to men. It was an angel that brought the glad tidings to the simple and lowly ones of the earth, and they in turn adored the new born King. But what was the adoration of angels and men compared with the

honor given Him by His Blessed Mother? It is true there was a new impulse of joy felt throughout the heavenly court, the angels were in raptures over His birth, the earth that had been a plague spot before His coming, now received a new lustre, more beautiful in the sight of the Heavenly Father, than the splendors of the heavenly court. But with all this, the adoration of His Blessed Mother was nearer to an adequate honor, than that of angels and men, thus it was, that Our Blessed Lady gave the first and greatest honor to the Babe of Bethlehem. With what depths of love, did the hosts of heavenly spirits, gather round the lowly cave, on that cold winter's night? What peans of joy rang out, and were caught up from choir to choir! as they contemplated in rapturous joy, the depths of the great mystery, that they will

always love, but never understand.

As we have said, devotion to the Divine Infancy was always known and practised more or less in the Church, still it is a Carmelite devotion. It received special prominence, by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, through a Carmelite nun—the Venerable Margaret of Beaune, in France. It was this lowly nun that God raised up to propagate, devotion to the Holy Childhood, not only by her teaching, but by her mystic life, and the high state of prayer to which she attained. Father Faber says: "Devotion to the Holy Infancy, was systematized in the hands of the Carmelites, and took a more tangible and exclusive shape, than it had ever done before." "And," he continues, "The present devotion of the Sacred Infancy, is as much the gift of the Carmelites, as the present devotion to the Sacred Heart is the gift of the lowly, sweet-spirited daughters of the Visitation."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

On the eve of Merry Christmas
The blessed angels come,
With the sweet child Jesus presents,
To every little one.
While the children, sweetly sleeping,
Are dreaming of His birth,
The angels, laden with His gifts,
Float gently towards the earth;
And in the lowliest cottage,
Or halls that tower above,
They leave the glowing Christmas tree,
With the sweet Child Jesus' love.
When at last the rosy morning
Has kissed the children's eyes,
And they wake to greet the Christmas,
They look with glad surprise
On the gifts that God has sent them,
And mothers talk the while
About the greatest gift of all,
That of the Holy Child.
And the children bless the Christmas,
And rejoice through all the earth,
For thus our Lord would have them keep
The mystery of His birth.

"MILES CHRISTI."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

TENEZ. LAGHOAT. SAIDA. 1860.



BEFORE the work of the appropriation of the Arab lands was completed, a bloody insurrection was the result of the new decree, which had roused all the old fanaticism of the Arabs. The Ouled-Sidi-Chiekh tribe were the first to revolt; Colonel Beaupretre, who had been sent to subdue them, was assassinated, being betrayed by his Arab guard; his soldiers were massacred, and a "holy war" declared throughout the "Tell," or Little Kabylia. De Sonis wrote: "I expect every moment to be sent for to start again on active service. I believe I should have been already on the march, if I had not been obliged to remain to finish a work here which they think may have some value."

On the 21st of June a fresh domestic sorrow came upon him, which he describes in the following letter:

"My dear Henry,

Pray for me and my poor wife. Our dear little Martha-Carmel died on the 15th at three o'clock in the afternoon of diphtheria. The poor child, who was really the pearl of our family, said: 'I want to go to heaven!' She died

while calling on her mother and lifting her eyes to the Crucifix on her little bed. The chalice is very bitter, but we must drink it bravely, and bless the Hand which strikes us."

Later on, his grief is softened by the thought of "the joys with which my darling is now overflowing, forming one of the little pearls of the crown of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. If our tears still fall on this earth, our hearts cry out: *Suscipe corda!*" He adds: "Ah, how all is vanity save the love and service of God! I know well how poor and miserable a creature I am; but God has given me the grace to attach myself more and more to Him. In Him alone do I find consolation; in Him the only real joys. He alone can fill our hearts. More and more, then, may we be all his!"

But the insurrection in Algeria had become more and more serious, and had spread to Aumale and Setif and the Province of Constantine, and everywhere the French troops had been defeated by superior numbers. Marshal Pelissier had died. MacMahon had succeeded him, and determined on a vigorous winter campaign, of which de Sonis and his regiment were to form a part. He wrote on this occasion:

"I have decided to send back my wife and children to France. Madame de Sonis is again expecting her confinement, which makes this separation still more bitter. We make it over the grave of our child. We kissed the stone together and then parted; she to embark, and I to start immediately for the south. Our hearts were very full, but our Lord helped us to bear the burden." He adds: "The horrible massacres of our troops during this last month made me think seriously of receiving my viaticum before starting. I have had that consolation, and am ready to be buried for all eternity. But I have placed myself unconditionally in the hands of God, Who has always been so good to me, and, borne in the arms of His Providence, I am prepared for the start."

The first thing which met the eyes of his troops and himself was the terrible battle-field of Aiouinet, where Colonel Beaupretre and his corps had been massacred. The bodies of the soldiers had been left unburied to the vultures and the jackals, and the stench was horrible and suffocating. The order was given to the troops to cover their poor mangled remains with sand; but no one had the courage to begin; upon which de Sonis seized a spade and began himself digging the graves. The soldiers hastened to follow his example, and to bury their unhappy comrades. De Sonis wrote to Pere de Bouchaud:

"We came upon this field of death and found that the poor fellows had fallen in the square. Their hands were clenched as in agony; it was a terrible sight, this attitude of despair, and a great lesson! Some had still flesh on their faces; others were mummified by the sun. The impression on the army was very great. They were all buried

in a common grave; but, alas! as usual, there was no priest in this great army of Christians to bless the tomb!"

To another friend he writes:

"We have literally marched day after day over human remains. One day we had to bury one hundred and fifty of our poor fellows, massacred by the Arabs. Among them were some of the officers and men of my own regiment, and I discovered among others all that remained of a very smart young officer, which had not been devoured by the jackals. I saw this body which had been the object of such minute care;—but his soul, what had become of it? Yes, we are souls, and it is of them we have to think! . . . This morning, the third Sunday in Advent, I was reading my Mass in my tent, and I found in the Gospel these words addressed to the great precursor: *Tu qui es?* 'Who art thou?' I could not help addressing these words to myself and on going back to the days of childhood and youth until now, always preserved and guided by the good God. What am I to have been the object of so many graces? to have been preserved from so many dangers? to have been raised up after so many falls? What are we all, in fact, but souls bought at the price of the Blood of God. We are not only dust and ashes; we are something grander,—for we are immortal souls!"

The expedition directed by General Yusuf, with Ain-Mahdi as a centre of operations and Laghouat as a magazine, had been not only a series of skirmishes, but also a continual fight against the privations of the desert. "What a man that de Sonis is!" exclaimed at that time his Colonel, the future General Marmier. "And what a determined Christian! We often had nothing but dead horse to eat during

our expedition ; but in spite of that he never would touch meat on Fridays. He is the most wonderful man in the army !” Forgetting his own privations, de Sonis wrote :

“The army has suffered very much during this campaign. As for me I have no merits, for Our Lord has been as tender to me as a Father. Cold, wet, wind, snow, after the broiling sun, bad biscuit in place of bread, muddy water in the ‘*r’dirs*,’ brackish water in the wells,—all this has not affected my health in the least, so that I have had no merit in tiding over these miseries. If I want to strengthen my faith in the supernatural, I should only have to think of the goodness of God towards myself.”

During these days of fatigue and privation his wife had presented him with another son, whom he called John, and who, hereafter, in the flower of his youth, was to share the cross of infirmity with his father.

“My wife is full of courage,” he wrote. “She is closely united with God, and is to me a great example and consolation. The affection which we had for one another, and which you used so often to admire at Limoges, has only strengthened with our advancing years. It was founded upon God, Who has deigned to help our union more and more.”

It was a like marriage and one equally in accordance with M. de Sonis’s views, that his brother Theobald had just contracted with Mademoiselle de Chiseuil. From his bivouac of El-Menia, de Sonis wrote these words to his now sister-in-law :

“I have just heard, my dear sister, in my camp in the south of Algeria, of your union with my brother. To tell you how happy we are at all the joys and graces which you bring with you

to cheer his home, and which have been bestowed upon you by God, would scarcely be worthy of you. You will let me, then, simply unite myself with you in a common prayer to Him who has made you my sister to thank Him for having thus united two souls so well fitted to love and to understand each other. I thank you beforehand for all the happiness you will bring to my brother. To say that he is half of myself will not surprise you. He will tell you that we have never had but one heart and one mind ; but in this heart, it is the place of God which I recommend to your faith. That is the great object of my solicitude for my much loved brother. Adieu, my dear sister. My position as a soldier in a rough campaign will plead my excuse for these few lines, scribbled with one foot in the stirrup. Before taking leave of you, allow me, as a Christian, to recommend myself and those dear to me to your prayers.”

The life of de Sonis in the camp was, as usual, that of an apostle. Pere de Bouchaud had recommended to him a young man of seventeen, who was making the campaign with him, and whose mother was anxious about him. De Sonis wrote at once to the latter :

“I had hardly read Pere Bouchaud’s letter when I went to inquire after your young son, Madame, whom I found in his little tent. We soon made acquaintances, and I brought him into my tent, which is rather larger than his, and gave him material to write to you. Your child is so interesting, Madame, that there is no difficulty in becoming attached to him. After a few days, we were like old friends, and he will tell you that I scolded him several times for not having come to me, when I would so willingly have placed myself at his disposal. It is necessary for me to add, Madame, that

I went straight to the point with him, which was all the more necessary as we are in a campaign where the ball may touch the life of any of us at any moment? I was delighted to find in him a real lively faith, and it is a great consolation to me to think that I may have helped him a little to increase it. We made our examination of conscience together, and when we arrived at Saida, it was with a promise on his part to get rid of a little coldness and tepidity which had slipped into his religious life, and to devote himself henceforth frankly to the service of God. I did not ask less of him, Madame; and he is now enrolled in that little band of Christians of which I am one, and which is already remarked in the army, to the great despair of the impious. That is in a great measure the work of the Society of Jesus, for it is from their colleges that we get the greatest number of our best recruits. We try to become good Christians, like our fathers in the faith, and I know more than one whose life may be proposed as a model to your dear boy."

De Sonis never lost sight of this soul. He recommended him to his Captain, Vicomte de Lignieres, "a man both distinguished and a Christian." Very soon, at his request, he was made a sub-officer in his own regiment. When he returned to Saida, he got leave for him to pass a week in his home, on which occasion he wrote again to his mother:

"While I am writing, your son Peter is sitting by me, which is a real pleasure to us both. In the morning we go together to Mass, and he has promised me not to leave Saida without having gone to Holy Communion together. I feel sure, Madame, that this will be a great consolation to you, and prove to you what a good father and protector we have in St. Joseph. To him

I have committed the important work of the thorough conversion of our Peter; and by this I mean the entire gift of himself and of his soul to Jesus Christ and His Church. That is what I wish for him, for I have a great deal of ambition for his soul. I long to see him raise himself to those higher regions of thought, where the truth is, and where it is such a comfort to live. Tell your dear boy, then, that it is unworthy of him to do things by halves. You have, I think, a special grace for touching the heart of your son, as he has a tender devotion for you. I do not doubt, then, that your advice and your prayers will be blessed by God. As for myself, you need not fear but that I shall give myself heart and soul to this work. It is a great joy to me to see the tree of faith growing in the army, where at first it was such a feeble shoot. By loving one another and drawing nearer and nearer to each other, we begin to form a strong body, with which the evil-disposed have to reckon. May our Lord do the rest; for it is only for Him and for His Church that we labour."

At the end of December, the campaign was at an end; and General Yusuf could report to the Governor-General that all the tribes had submitted, and that the whole region of the Tell was pacified. But de Sonis was not very well pleased with the result. He wrote:

"It is true that the tribes have sent in their submission; but the repression has been so weak that I fear we shall have to begin again in the spring. The insurrection has lasted from April to December, has greatly compromised the interests of our colonists, and merged the whole civil authority into the military one. I think I shall be ordered to take back my command at Saida before Christmas, but shall find

myself alone there, where I was before so happy with my wife and children. The remembrance of my poor little Martha never leaves me. I know she is in Heaven; but the faith which makes me look upwards does not prevent my turning my eyes downwards to the little stone beneath which my darling lies buried. I hope, however, to be able to keep Christmas this year as a Christian. I have fasted too long from the Eucharistic food, and I am longing to resume my old habits, for God treats me as a spoiled child. I will be sure and remember you, at the holy Altar, and trust you will not forget me."

At the beginning of the year 1865 de Sonis accordingly resumed the command at Saida. On the 3rd of May the following year, Napoleon III. landed at Algiers, and began that solemn visit to Algeria, during which he gave full vent to the chimerical illusions of his youth. Wishing to put in personal relations with the Arabs, he asked Marshal MacMahon to give him an officer who knew the country and the people thoroughly, and who could be attached to his person during his stay in Africa. Every one thought of de Sonis, whom the Emperor had remarked at the head of his Spahis, in all the military fetes given in his honour. But, before bringing him to the Emperor, MacMahon spoke to de Sonis himself, who courteously but firmly refused. His political feelings and the attitude of the Emperor towards the Holy See at that time would not permit him to appear as one of his personal escort. This refusal astonished everybody; and de Sonis lost a glorious opportunity of promoting his personal interests; but he kept his conscience and his fidelity. "Yes," he wrote at that time, "I feel I have been faithful to my God, to my Princes,

and to the Church. I am faithful, too, to my friends, for they would not be such if they were not first the friends of Our Lord. Every day I feel also a stronger love for the Church; and the hatred which her cruel enemies bear towards her at this moment only strengthens and deepens my affection."

In June, 1865, de Sonis was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Spahis, without, however, giving up the command at Saida. He hoped, therefore, to be able to spend a couple of months with his family in France, and started for that purpose. But when he got to Oran, he found he had been appointed by MacMahon Commandant of the troops in the south of Algeria, whose base of operations was his old station of Laghouat.

"It is a very flattering and excellent appointment," he wrote, "but it has been a great blow to me to have to give up my holiday with all I love! But I must have courage and say with entire submission to the will of God, *Fiat!*" Thus complete reparation was made to him, to the great satisfaction of the army. Laghouat was not only given back to him, but he returned to it with increased honours, and at a moment when his great military talents would be called into play for the defence and protection of the whole country. He started, therefore, leaving his wife and children in France.

"I live a most isolated and solitary life," he wrote, "and Holy Writ has said, '*Vae soli!*' But in God is my trust. All for God! There alone can I still the sufferings of my heart, or satisfy my longings for love, for the Infinite is the object and end of all."

[To be continued.]

Christ's Nativity.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW.)



AND the angel said unto them : Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord in the city of David." St. Luke, c. 11, v. 10, 11.

Thus spoke the angel of God to the shepherds who kept nightwatch on the slopes of Bethlehem, nineteen centuries ago. In this joy announced by that heaven-sent messenger, we all share more or less at Christmas-tide. The mysterious feelings of mirth and gladness which at this holy season well up in the human heart are but the consequence of those good tidings of great joy. Each returning Christmas in the cycle of years that make up our sojourn in the here below, acts upon us as a full moon on the ocean's tide. It expands our love of humanity. Hence that overflow of good will which makes men go out of the sphere of their own selfishness, and tender to their fellow men the expression of best wishes, hence old enmities are forgotten, old friendships are renewed. Young men and maidens, working out their lot of life, whether amid the bustling throng of neighboring cities, or in the quiet of distant hamlets, re-visit the home of their childhood, and there the scattered members of the family are once more united, and rejoice as they sit together at the festive board. Should some loved one be absent, he or she is recalled with fondest memories and spoken of with deep affection.

These good tidings of great joy do not affect Christians only. As the sun shines upon the good and the bad, so the influence of this great event is felt even by those benighted ones upon whom the noon day light of the gospel of God has never fallen. Yes, even in their hearts a joy day cannot account for springs up at Christmas-tide. Souls in Purgatory, suffering spouses of Jesus Christ, rejoice within their cleansing fires.

The approaching festival brings us back on the wings of time, nineteen hundred years, and places before our mind's view the scene of that event which we are about to commemorate. In obedience to an edict of the proud Augustus Cæsar, the inhabitants of that vast Roman Empire are repairing to their native towns to have their names inscribed in the census book. Amongst those wending their way to Bethlehem, the city of David, our eyes fall upon two—the one a man perhaps in the meridian of life, the other a young virgin of scarce sixteen. They have journeyed four days, and now, weary and way-worn, are nearing the city of their royal ancestors, whose famed white walls they behold glittering before them amid the beauteous rays of a golden sunset. Does the gloomy foreboding of the cold refusals, they are to meet with when asking for lodging that night, now brood over them? We know not, but certain we are that deep down in those two pure hearts there dwells a peace, a calm which only the just and the holy enjoy. They enter the city, go to the inns to seek lodging for the night, but there is no room ;

they pass from door to door, still receiving the same response to their inquiry—"there is no room." Evening is declining, and earth is veiling in the mantle of night; the stars are falling into order and taking up their respective places in the dome of heaven. The cold is growing more intense, and Mary and Joseph quit the city, and going forth, find by the wayside a cave tenanted by two beasts of the field, and there in that rude grotto which affords them a roof, less cold than the starry sky of a winter's night, the Son of God is brought forth into the world, enters visibly into His own creation.

At that same moment the shepherds in the plains and on the hillsides of Bethlehem are startled by the entrancing melody of celestial music vibrating from harps of gold, and listen to the sweetest songs that ever fell from seraph lips. An angel of God announces to them the "good tidings of great joy." "This day is born to you a Saviour, Christ the Lord, in the city of David." Yes, a joy indescribable, a joy everlasting; for the greatest event that has occurred from the moment when the Spirit of God moved over the waters and removed the darkness from off the face of the abyss until now, which ever shall take place until the angel of God shall sound the trumpet and say "time is no more," has just been recorded. The chasm between the Creator and creature has been bridged, and God and man are united in the person of the Babe of Bethlehem, and from His manger cradle there arises a hymn of praise—incense like to the throne of God, sweeter in its aroma than that emanating from the golden censors of ministering angels—a hymn of praise infinite in its worth, wherefore this great event, though second in order of time, was

first in the decrees of the Eternal, because the most worthy of Him.

God, out of the immensity of His love, created man to enjoy a never ending bliss. But to try his obedience, and to make him more like the Divine model, and hence in some way the author of his own glory, God imposed on him a command. In an evil moment our first parents giving ear to the devil, the father of lies, were induced by him to transgress the Divine mandate and thereby forfeit all right to the Kingdom of Heaven. But "the mercies of the Lord are over all His works," and hence, amid Eden's lovely bowers, prostrated in degradation and remorse, before the God who out of nothing called them into existence, our first parents were promised a Redeemer who would make atonement for their sin, and restore to them their lost inheritance. Buoyed up with this hope, they went forth into the world to begin the battle of life, to "fight the good fight." This promise of a redeemer was handed down from generation to generation. But as years rolled on, and faith waxed cold—men giving way more and more to the evil tendencies of a corrupt and fallen nature—drifting down with the tide of destruction on the billows of passion, until finally poor humanity sat in the valley of death, amid the husks of swine under the shadow of sin, and now after the lapse of four thousand years of suffering and oppression, the promise is fulfilled. The desired of nations has come, "there is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord, in the city of David."

Since this great event, God, though unchangeable, has taken a different attitude toward fallen man. Heretofore He was known only as "the God of armies," "the Lord of Hosts." No one dared to address Him by the sweet

and endearing name of Father. But since the advent of Christ this is our privilege. Jesus is the first-born of many brothers. God is His Father, and hence our Father also. Hence we are taught by the Saviour in that most excellent of all prayers to say, "Our Father, who art in Heaven." This little Babe of Bethlehem, whose birth

into the world we are soon about to commemorate, has stayed the arm of God's avenging justice, cries out to the Father in infantine accents from his manger-cradle, "Sacrifice and holocausts thou wouldst not, but a body thou hast fitted to me! Behold I come."

REV. F. S.

THE SHEPHERD'S CAROL.

Do you ask why laugh our hearts,
While the tear of rapture starts
From our eyes?—these blessed eyes,
They have pierced to Paradise;
Oh, our ears—o'er hill and plain,
Catch the angels' thrilling strain;
Hark—o'erflowing earth and sky—
"Glory be—glory to God on high;
Glory and glory to God on high!"

"Peace on earth!" 'tis ringing still;
"Peace to all men of good will!"
Through the streaming crystal light,
"Christ the Lord is born to-night!"
Chant the bright celestial throng,
And we join the angels' song
Echoing o'er earth and sky—
"Glory be—glory to God on high;
Glory and glory to God on high!"

Let us leave the Lord to keep
Angels by our lonely sheep,
While we go to kiss His feet;
He, our Infant Saviour sweet,
Smiling on us through His tears,
As the Christmas chant He hears:
List—entrancing earth and sky—
Glory be—glory to God on high—
Glory and glory to God on high!"

A String of Pearls.



NOT long since, a charitable organization associated with a Catholic church in a prominent New England city, gave an entertainment for the benefit of its holy cause.

In connection with the event, was issued as a souvenir, a handsome illustrated brochure, containing, among other interesting matter, a number of admirable thoughts on CHARITY. These had been solicited by a zealous worker for the Poor, from the pens of all the leading Catholic (and some of the non-Catholic) *litterateurs* of the country, both male and female.

The collection was a veritable chaplet of gems,—true pearls of poesy and prose. It has seemed well to us to loose the jewels from the little casket, wherein they were first enshrined, and present them here to the admiration of the general public.

Place aux dames! The sentiments of our gifted women on this noblest of themes, claim, by courtesy, precedence of those of the sterner sex:

Fortune, find what your gifts can do for her,

Search your treasure house through and through for her,

Follow her steps the wide world over,
You must, for here is a four-leaved clover.

—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

There is sometimes a greater charity in seeming not to see our neighbor's trouble than in trying to relieve it. "Let me alone!" is the prayer of

many a tortured heart when the curious, the officious, and the tactless force the door of its place of desolation; albeit, they bring wine and oil.

—Katherine E. Conway.

Beyond the skies, Faith joyous dies;
It turns to sight at Heaven's door.

Hope, there, doth meet fruition sweet
Wherein it fades. But, evermore,
Love, born of God, unchanging, pure,
Thro' endless ages shall endure!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER:—I could think of nothing so good for your purpose as an old epigram of a Roman poet; so I have put it into English, by way of a moral, and trust it my not be unwelcome.

"Whate'er ye gave, so much indeed
Is safe from changing fortune's
breath.

That wealth alone ye hold; nor need
Resign it after death."—*Martial*.

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

If Charity is asked:

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

She answers,

"Yes, if you are your Father's child."

—Julia Ward Howe.

"Have patience (Charity) with others—but chiefly have patience with yourselves."

—Sarah Orne Jewett.

How white are the fair robes of Charity, as she walketh amid the lowly habitations of the poor! Giving doth not impoverish her and her patience is unailing.

—Mary A. Livermore.

The best word on the subject of Charity was uttered long ago—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

—Louis Chandler Moulton.

Deserving! Lord how can we be
Deserving of Thy clemency?
Man with his Maker only pleads
His sore distress, his abject needs,
And we, dear Lord, would learn of Thee
The rule of blessed Charity.

—Eliza Allen Starr.

The gentlemen follow, in the alphabetical order of their names:

"The greatest of these is Charity"—because Faith without it is bigotry, and there is Hope for the world only while it endures. Justice is its father, and its mother, Mercy; and to him who has it by him, have hope and peace and light come to abide forever.

—Henry Austin Adams.

Charity should be a joyful sacrifice and *not* the giving to others what one cannot use for one's self.

—J. C. Bowker, Lawrence.

Chief among the blessed Three—born of God, Christ's gift to earth, treasure of the soul in Heaven, where Faith and Hope shall be no more—sweet Charity.

—Rev. Francis X. Burke.

Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, East Pepperell, Mass.

"Charity which, for love of Christ, helps suffering humanity is a divine Alchemist who changes the act into gold by which an eternal reward is purchased."

—Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D.,
President of the Catholic University,
Washington, D. C.

If we would keep the narrow path

And Heaven's crown obtain,

Sweet Charity must be our guide,

Else all our works are vain.

—James D. Dollard,

St. Mary's Church, Toronto.
Love and Charity joined hands one day
And said, "Let us walk the earth
And drive poverty and care away."

—Rev. D. J. Donahue,

Church of St. John the Evangelist,
Northfield, Vt.

A generous, cheerful giver is usually
at peace with himself and mankind.

—Hon. James H. Eaton,
Mayor of Lawrence.

We who give to the poor deserve no
gratitude from them;—it is their right
to receive; our duty, to give.

—Maurice Frances Egan,
Washington University.

Charity is the lending of principal
with God as the bondsman.

—Hon. William R. Grace,
Ex-Mayor of New York.

I cannot be so presumptuous as to
speak of charity in any hope of doing
justice to the great theme. When all
the other virtues are considered, what
St. Paul says is still true. "The great-
est of these is Charity."

—Hon. George F. Hoar,
United States Senator from Massachu-
setts.

All the other virtues smile upon suc-
cess, but Charity is the comforter of
failure.

—William Hopkins, ("Bud Brier.")

Charity is the only alembic wherein
the human becomes the heavenly.

—Walter Lecky.

"A new commandment I give to
you; that you love one another as I
love you." To spur us on to the per-
fect fulfillment of this precept Jesus
says that what is done to the least of
His Disciples is done to Himself. He
has given that affectionate parable of
the good Samaritan to teach us our
duty to our neighbor.

—His Excellency, Most Rev. Sebastian
Martinelli.

Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic
Delegate to the U. S. of America.

Christian Charity is the great hope
of society. The bond of sympathy and
gratitude it creates between the poor

and the rich robs poverty of its bitterness, takes the hatred of the rich out of the hearts of the poor, and brings all of God's children closer together. The more we foster this spirit of charity, the less fear there will be of anarchy.

—Thomas M. Mulry,
St. Vincent de Paul Society, New York.

Practical charity consists rather in helping than giving.

—Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O. S. A.,
Pastor St. Mary's Church, Lawrence.
Open your hearts to the poor, and Christ will enter as your guest.

—Rev. D. J. O'Mahoney, O. S. A.
St. Augustine's Church, Andover, Mass.
Charity is the Prince of Virtues, unless it boasts itself.

—James Jeffrey Roche,
Editor Boston Pilot.

The mother may forget her child, the lover his well beloved, but the children of men will never cease to be drawn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding,
Bishop of Peoria.

If but the world would give to Love
The crumbs that from its table fall,
'Twere bounty large enough for all
The famishing to feed thereof.

—Rev. John B. Tabb,
Strictly speaking, charity was never conceived of except through that phase of the essential, divine love, which becoming incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth, suffered all the pains and pangs of human anguish, and by his death gave birth to a divine love in the human heart.

—William Henry Thorne,
Editor of the Globe Review, New York.
"To put one family beyond the need of Charity is more useful than to tide twenty over into next week's misery." This can only be done by careful, painstaking, personal work.

—Wickes Washburn, M. D.

Chairman of Charity Organization Society, N. Y.

Beside these original contributions from men and women distinguished in letters, or prominent in social, political, philanthropic or ecclesiastical circles, others of note sent quotations appropriate to the golden theme chiefly drawn from the Inspired Word. We subjoin the most striking of these :

"Charity is patient."

—Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan,
Archbishop of New York.

"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

—Patrick Donahoe,
Of the Boston Pilot.

"Religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the widows and orphans in their tribulations and to keep oneself unspotted from the world."

—His Eminence, Most Rev. J.
Cardinal Gibbons,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

"He who soweth sparingly shall also reap sparingly; and he who soweth in blessings shall also reap of blessings, for God loveth a cheerful giver."
—St. Paul ii. Cor.

—Very Rev. Philip Garrigan, D. D.
Vice-President of the Catholic University, Washington D. C.

"Shut up alms in the hearts of the poor, and it shall obtain help for thee against all evil."—Eccles. xxix., 15.

—Rev. A. J. Hamilton,
St. Patrick's Church, So. Lawrence.
"For alms delivereth from death and the same is that which purgeth away sins and maketh to find mercy and life everlasting."—Tobias, xii, 9.

—Rev. F. A. McCranor, O. S. A.
Pastor of St. James Church, Carthage, N. Y.

"And the King shall say: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one

of these my least brethren, you did it to Me."—Matthew 25-40.

—Most Rev. John J. Williams,
Archbishop of Boston.

"Not what we give, but what we share,

For the gift without the giver is bare."

—*Visions of Sir Lianfal.*

—Hon. Roger Wolcott,
Governor of Massachusetts.

In these utterances of wise (and, in many instances, illustrious) intellects in these citations from the Sacred Text, —we have an epitome of fraternal love which is as beautiful as it is edifying.

But, as the honorable Senator from Massachusetts, has suggested, no more human words can do justice to this celestial theme. No earthly eulogy of the divine virtue can say as much as or more than St. Paul's famous Epistle to the Corinthians, wherein he eloquently proclaims that: "Charity never faileth: whether prophecies shall be made void, or tongues shall cease, or knowledge shall be destroyed." For, "now there remains faith, hope and charity, these three: but THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY!"

—CARITAS.

CHRISTMAS DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

It was during the year 1793. The Revolution was filling every city and village of France with bloodshed and terror. Christmas night had come, and the inhabitants of a small town in Brittany had determined to have their Christmas Mass. Their churches had been desecrated, so they were forced to prepare a barn in which to offer the Holy Sacrifice. They covered the sides with fine linen and decorated them with shining hollyberries. A rustic table was used for an altar, and two rosin torches, set upon candlesticks, were placed upon each side of the crucifix. Here, at midnight, came priest and people, in fear and trembling, to celebrate the mystery of God made man. Like the shepherds, they came to worship in a stable the Divine Babe of Bethlehem.

Death would be the penalty of their

act if they were discovered, but this did not appal them. The venerable priest was a confessor of the Faith. Only a few days before he had been delivered up to the executioners, but by a miracle, as it were, he had been saved from death. Amid tears and sobs the Holy Sacrifice went on, and at the Communion every one approached the altar to receive his Saviour and his God, and thus carrying Him in their hearts, they returned to their homes rejoicing, and ready to die for Him if it was His holy will.

"I have celebrated this holy feast," said one who was present at this midnight Mass, "in the lofty cathedrals of Europe, and even under the dome of St. Peter's, but never has the Holy Sacrifice been to me so solemn, or made so deep an impression upon me, as that Christmas Mass in a stable."

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

DECEMBER, 1899.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

We have come to the last month of the year, and, many say, to the end of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, we will not discuss it here, but rather talk about what is a great deal more important, viz.: the solemn homage to Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, which is to mark the closing of the century.

With the blessing and encouragement of His Holiness, Leo XIII, and the approbation of bishops all over the world, an international committee has undertaken to promote a solemn homage to Christ the Redeemer, thus to consecrate to Him the century which closes and the one about to begin.

The headquarters of this committee are in Rome, and to initiate its great plan, it invites the Catholics of the whole world to take part in a spiritual pilgrimage to Lourdes, in order to place this sacred work under the maternal protection of Mary, the Mother of God.

The little circular issued by the committee adds that our Holy Father, Leo XIII, grants an indulgence of one hundred days, to be gained once a day, to all who will say contritely and devoutly the following prayer; this indulgence is applicable to the souls in purgatory: "Grant us, O most merciful God, by the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, to expiate with tears of repentance the evils of this dying century, and so to begin the century which is about to open that it may be wholly consecrated to the glory of Thy Name and to the

kingdom of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, that all nations may serve Him in unity of faith and perfect charity. Amen." This holds good till the end of 1901, which looks as if the Holy Father holds a different opinion to many as to when the twentieth century begins.

Dear children, it would be a glorious thing to spend a whole year in time in paying homage to Jesus Christ. We expect to pass our eternity in doing so. Why not begin it on earth? Now, if you one and all say this little prayer every day, you will be doing a number of good things,—making reparation to the offended majesty of God, imploring His mother's prayers, begging a blessing on a new era of time in which you hope to live long, happy days, and praying with the desire that it be consecrated to the glory of God and the spread of His kingdom. Lastly, you are hastening the coming of the happy time when there shall be but one fold and one shepherd.

Dear children, we do not pray enough. You and I do a lot of talking and fault finding and empty wishing that things and people were different to what they are. All of no use. One good quarter of an hour spent in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament would do more to *right* things than all the talking in the world. *That* is preaching; the practice is not so easy. But one can but begin, and fail, and then begin it over again, and *keep* at it. Father Faber, in his own sweet way of helping people make the best of things, said: "I believe many heroic and saintly lives will be found at last to be simply

an entanglement of generous beginnings."

Notice how he qualifies beginnings—*generous* beginnings. Ah! that is just the point. God forgives many faults to those who are generous with Him. It is not the perfect souls alone who are pleasing to Him. Where would the greater part of the world be if that were so? No, the unfortunate army of stumblers to which you and I belong, dear children, are very, very dear to Him Who is constantly stooping in the sweet condescension of His mercy to mercy to lift some fallen one.

Some will not be lifted up, but, like pouting children, lie down in the dust and dirt, and *kick*.

We know what mothers do to children who cut up such capers. Sometimes they unwisely whip them. But the wiser ones go off and leave the youngsters to themselves. Bye-and-bye the performance is over, and the little rebel is tired, and sleepy, and hungry, and then there is no one like "*Mamma!*" So, the arms of God are like those of one's mother,—always ready for us to fling ourselves into them, sure only of an embrace without a word of reproach. It is a pity that so many of us refuse to see the maternal side of God.

In the Gospel how tenderly He talks to poor Jerusalem, telling her that He would gather her to His bosom even as a chicken gathers her young ones under her wing—"but thou would'st not." The same thing He says to us all, dear children.

Now we are in the holy season of Advent, when the cry of the whole church is the beautiful prayer of St. John, "Come, Lord Jesus, come; come quickly." The Christ Child of Bethlehem is He to Whom we all cry, "Come quickly!" Who can resist the pleading arms and piteous cry of a baby? Our

dear Lord took upon Himself the form of an infant so that we could not, even if we would, resist the arms of our baby brother.

Go to Him, dear children, and do not be content to kneel close to the crib, gazing at Him lovingly and longingly. No. Beg our Blessed Lady to place her treasure in your arms, and be sure she will not refuse you. I am sure she put Him into the arms of the shepherds if they even *looked* as if they wanted Him, and the holy kings from the East, surely they too held him for a few moments close to their loving hearts.

Now we have even a greater claim on our dear Mother's goodness.

Beg, then, and be not afraid.

One word about buying the privilege of holding the Divine Infant close to one's heart. Cross the palms of His best beloved children, the poor of Christ, with the silver of Christian charity. It is not a "*Merry Xmas*" which forgets the poor, nor has any niggardly or ungenerous heart any right before the Crib of Bethlehem.

Oh! for a St. Francis of Assisi to teach us of this age the love of the poor. How many forget them; how few are kind even in their charity, and how very few love them as their brethren in Christ. All this is Christmas work. So get ready early. Save your pennies so that you may get up a big basket for a Xmas dinner for some poor family. Take it yourself, and say something very sweet and gracious, as if it were rather a favor done you in being allowed to play Christ Child, not Sante Claus, on Christmas morning.

Don't fail to go to Holy Communion on that blessed feast; first receive your own precious gifts, then go and break the bread to the little ones of Christ.

Nearly a hundred letters, all kind and gracious, have come to the Secretary, and now she closes the Rosary box for another year.

Happy, holy Xmas to you, and yours, dear children. May its joys be like heaven to you. This is the loving wish of

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

Editorial Notes.

Peace as Preached and Practised.

Amongst the old Romans the doors of the temple of Janus were closed during days of peace and opened in time of war. They were closed when Christ, the Prince of Peace, came into the world. To-day the doors are wide open. Behold the carnage on the "dark continent" and in the islands of the far East! How can we venture to preach peace—we Christians who profess to be disciples of Him Who was all meekness? Is the refined method of butchering our brethren the culmination of modern civilization? Some day the lion will lie down with the lamb, but not in this century. The Christmas joy is, alas, overshadowed by the bloody bulletin which tells of the widow, the orphan and the desolate home. The mad greed for gold impels men and nations to plunge into sanguinary conflict, and Providence makes use of the scourge of war to chastise them. Let us pray the divine Infant, during the coming days, to deliver the world from the horrors of war, and to grant—as prays holy Church—peace and concord to Christian kings and princes.

A Shackled Peacemaker.

The heart of the majestic Man of Peace, Pope Leo XIII, is wrung with sorrow as he witnesses the ravages of war, and when he sees his own impotency in preventing it. The common Father of Christendom was well able and ready to adjust things, in harmony with the strictest demands of justice, before the field guns commenced their deadly work. But he could not, as his Master, command the storm to be still, and was given no opportunity to act as an arbitrator. The only return for his kindly offer is to be made the victim of misrepresentation. There are, as was to be expected, in some quarters, particularly in editorial sanctuaries, attempts made to declare the Holy Father a sympathizer with one of the belligerents to-day and to-morrow with another. The fact is, although he has, in common with all right thinking men, the option of forming his own opinion, the Pope has not expressed himself for or against either

party. He has a horror of war, and fervently prays for peace in the coming Holy Year. A large proportion of fallen soldiers are Catholics, and we are told His Holiness has said holy Mass more than once for them, and it is but natural that he remember his children who stand in need of his and our suffrages.

Looking Backward.

Another year, a "holy" one, and we shall have rounded out another century. The closing years are indeed well freighted with history,—much of it written in blood. In the scheme and spirit of holy church, the new year should be rich in grace and spiritual things. God grant it be so. Apropos of the fast declining years, it is in place to call attention to a beautiful "End of the Century" prayer now published. It would be well to commit it to memory. For this prayer, Pope Leo XIII has granted the remarkable Indulgence of one hundred years, to be gained once a day till the end of the year 1901. This short prayer as translated runs: "Grant us, O most clement God, through the intercession of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, that we may expiate with tears of penance the sins of this declining century, and thus prepare for the beginning of the new century that it may be wholly dedicated to the honor of Thy name and the kingdom of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Whom may all nations serve in unity of faith and perfection of charity. Amen."

Twisted Truth.

In one of his Western speeches, the President of the United States said, amongst other things, that the soldiers who are at present busy looting churches and shooting Filipinos, would be followed up by the "men with the text-book and the Bible." A secular paper is astounded at this assertion and asks editorially, "What does the President mean?" The truth is,—to quote the paper in question, the Buffalo Enquirer—"For three-hundred years the Filipinos have had the Bible!" Further on the Enquirer, in its zeal for truth, if not for the friars, points to the fact that a special envoy of the Protestant Episcopal

church has reported what indeed the men are really in front of. It is not the text-book and the Bible. It is the gin shop, the gambling hell, the carpet-bagger, the sharper and the disreputable element of America which is following the army like a flock of unclean birds. The natives are not prepossessed in favor of what is represented to them as American civilization. At the conclusion of its vigorous philippic the *Enquirer* avows that it is "a secular newspaper and has no interest in church controversies, but the fact of Filipino civilization and the fact of their highly religious character are matters of history which no one can falsify."

Repeating History.

As was said more than once during the Dreyfus agitation, the Catholics of France will have to pay "for the broken pots." It is the old story,—it started long ago in Rome with the cry, "The Christians to the lions!" Evidently the religious Orders will be the first to receive the stroke. It was ever thus. But God brings good from evil. The number of Carmelite saints to-day in heaven would be less had it not been for French persecution. Persecution of the Orders in America is but in embryo, but it will crystallize. Perhaps, as one writer prophesies, "they will pick the locks of the convent portal, and they will order their henchmen to throw holy maidens and pious old men out on the street." Granted that the monk-haters succeed, "you will be surprised," said a French writer addressing his countrymen, "by their calm resignation when they depart toward their exile. They know what you know not—that God is everywhere and is eternal."

On the Threshold.

At the close of another year our hearts again go out to our dear readers and friends to whom we tender our fervent wishes for every joy from our new-born Lord. May He give them a new year overflowing with all that is good. Looking to the future, we make but few specific promises, but assure our readers that we shall make it our duty to study their wants. Our prospects are the brightest, and we are told by our able literary contributors that divers good things are in store for

us. Our Very Reverend Father Provincial at times will entertain us with his vivacious and sparkling talks. The Reverend Prior of our Canadian Carmel will prepare some solid and popular articles on the current festivals. This will be supplemented by a series of beautiful dogmatical, devotional and ethical discourses, most striking in their originality, by the Reverend ex-Provincial. In her quota for the new year the loveable *Enfant de Marie* has already despatched to us from across the Atlantic a casket of exquisite literary gems. In the line of fiction, a charming story by a noted writer will begin in the early numbers of 1900. An extended feature of our magazine will be the narration of the many miraculous favors wrought through the intercession of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. These are only some of the good things promised for next year, and we beg our readers to show their good will and co-operation by now promptly renewing their subscription.

Anent war taxes, would it not be a good idea to tax the theatres during the holidays as they did in Spain? The proceeds would brighten the existence of many a poor family at Christmas.

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We wish every choice blessing to our readers at the approaching holy season. May the Queen of Carmel obtain untold favors for them in the new year. We thank our dear friends for their kind support and unflagging interest in our work, and hope they will be loyal to this little magazine which now enters its eighth year. You will earn our gratitude and fervent prayer by remembering us at Christmas in a substantial way.

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The *Pittsburg Observer* is doing a herculean work in uniting Catholic societies. May God bless its efforts. Union is strength. It will do away with fraternal friction and solve the question of nationality. Instead of being American Catholics, members of these societies will become Catholic Americans.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Those who have followed up the fascinating stories of Mary F. Nixon in the pages of the *Ave Maria* will be glad to know that B. Herder has issued in book form her pretty little story entitled "The Blue Lady's Knight." The same writer has already delighted us "With a Pessimist in Spain" in "Lasca and Other Stories," and through "A Harp of Many Chords." The present book is dedicated "To Angela and Pauline Howard Whitley," names held high by Catholic readers. These latest little gems of Miss Nixon's will make acceptable holiday gifts. The price of "The Blue Lady's Knight" is fifty cents. Address the publisher:—B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

From the presses of the Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., has just been issued a readable "Life of Venerable Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrow" of the Congregation of the Passion. This biography was originally written by the Passionist Father Hyacinth Hage. This interesting little volume is a new departure in hagiography, and the pious reader will not find the pages tiresome. In the life of the youthful Passionist now presented for the first time to American readers, the excellence of the religious state is plainly set forth in a more than ordinary degree. He was—to quote Cardinal Gibbons—"a child of our own times, whose days barely cover twenty-four years of the middle of this expiring century," and "the sanctity of Ven. Gabriel Possenti has been made illustrious by the wonders wrought at his grave since 1892." The price—fifty cents, places it within the reach of everyone. Address H. L. Kilner & Co., 824 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

One of the best of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan's stories—"Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School," well printed and handsomely bound, can now be had from Messrs. Kilner & Co., of Philadelphia. It sells for half a dollar. This book is suitable for gifts, home or the library. The story is dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., and the other "boys" who learned to like "Jack Chumleigh" in the *Ave Maria*.

A hearty welcome should be accorded by all lovers of good books to a late publication of B. Herder's, entitled "Studies in Literature—and other Essays" by Maurice Francis Egan, A. M., L. L. D., Professor of Literature and English in the Catholic University of America. In these practical and entertaining essays Dr. Egan speaks from the depths of his own deep knowledge, and shows that experience in the professorial chair has taught him the wants of his audi-

ence. The present little work is of interest to all, but more especially to students, who recognize the fact that literature and the learning of a language are more than mere exercise in philology. As the author hints, it is only of late that here in America that literature, apart from language, has come to be looked upon as worthy of any consideration. A careful perusal of this last book will show the reader below the mere surface of books and be an open sesame to many a literary treasure covered up in the garb of words. The price of the book is 60 cents. Address the publisher:—B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

OBITUARY.

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

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

Rt. Rev. MONSIGNOR JESSING, who died on All Souls' Day last at Columbus, Ohio. The Pontifical College of the Josephinum will be the lasting monument of this man of God, whose life and labor were consecrated to the high cause of ecclesiastical education. Many a fervent priest who owes his elevation to good Father Jessing will remember his benefactor in the daily Sacrifice.

Rt. Rev. LOUIS DE GOESBRIAND, Bishop of Burlington, Vt., who died of old age on Friday Nov. 3 at the Providence Orphan Asylum in Burlington, Vt. He was the oldest bishop of the United States. Born in Aug. 1816, at St. Urbain, France, he was in his 84th year at the time of his happy death. A holy, zealous bishop, he had a great love for the Blessed Virgin, and in particular for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, as he testified to us in a warm letter, recommending THE CARMELITE REVIEW. We therefore beg our readers to join with us in a fervent prayer for his eternal rest and happiness.

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

Falls View.

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