



St. Joseph.

*Cloister Beauties.*

BEAUTIFUL lives that are all for God  
 In the shade of His holy place!  
 Beautiful hearts, with your inward gaze  
 E'er fixed on the Saviour's Face!

Beautiful poor! there are echoes soft  
 Of His voice on the mount of old  
 Whispering still, in the silent air  
 That His love is your priceless gold.

Beautiful lilies so chastely fair,  
 With a mystical odor blest!  
 The virginal Sponsor delights to come,  
 And finds in your midst His rest.

Beautiful chords of the human heart!  
 Melodious your inward thrill,  
 Vibrating so soft, through spirit aisles,  
 To the touch of God's Holy Will!

Beautiful deaths, like those sunset-tints  
 Illuming the parting day;  
 How oft does a golden radiance shine,  
 O'er life, ere it ebbs away.

Beautiful crowns of celestial light  
 In the Kingdom of blessed calm!  
 Beautiful song of the virgin-souls  
 Who follow, for aye, the Lamb!

—ENFANT DE MARIE,  
 St. Clares.

\* "Blessed are the poor in spirit, etc."—St. Matt. v. 3.

## Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Specially Prepared for THE CARMELITE REVIEW by VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY,  
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With this letter, dear Walter, I close my "Notes," hoping that they have afforded you and yours a pleasure equal to that which I experienced in perpetuating through them, (even though within a narrow circle,) recollections of persons, places and events that nothing can efface from my memory.

After our return to Jerusalem from "St. John in the mountains" (which formed, in part, the burden of my last communication to you), we spent some five days in revisiting leisurely the holy places by excellence, to wit, the Sacred Tomb, Mount Calvary, the Garden of Gethsemane, etc., and in extending still further our acquaintance with the "Royal City." From one point to another we roamed,—Pere Paul always in the van—drinking in with ecstasy the copious draughts which the "Pierian Spring" furnished abundantly to our eager intellect or imagination, as the case might be. And, I assure you, the opportunities which this inexhaustible source afforded us for slaking our mental thirst, were only second to those it gave for exciting afresh and intensifying the same. On all sides new objects were constantly claiming our attention, until at last we were simply forced to call a halt on our enthusiasm, lest we should overtax our physical endurance; for we realized that there was vastly more to be seen and learned than the brief space of time at our command warranted us in attempting. The poets warning cry: "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," did not exactly apply here. So we preferred in many instances to taste, even though we might not "drink," and to content ourselves with a swallow rather than not drink at all. In fact, like Gedeon's faithful band, we drank as we ran. For my part, I adhered scrupulously to a rule which I had laid down long before

my present peregrinations, viz.: "See all you can while you can, and as well as you can. Then read all you can on the subject-matter, not indeed while you are actually making your explorations, but when you have left the field and are perfectly at leisure." I have always found this a necessary and most useful rule in contradistinction to the practice observed by a certain class of tourists whom I have encountered, and who, with mouth wide open and bated breath, listen to their cicerone, following him the while from place to place without paying even moderate attention, seemingly, to the objects described. In truth, I have seen people so absorbed in their guide-book, or so intent upon what the conductor of the party was rattling them that they merely had time to give the object in question a hasty glance when first pointed out to them, and as they were on the point of leaving it for something else. The consequence was, naturally, that when they came to sum up their experiences, they found that they had heard or read much and seen little. The obvious moral is: First make sure of your quarry: next, examine it thoroughly, and, finally, fill in the empty spaces of your mental repertoire with well selected reading apropos of the matter in hand. Then you can feel (and not without reason) that you "know it all." But, let me resume my ramblings. I alluded in the first of my letter, Dear Walter, to the fact that my bishop had charged me with a special mission in Jerusalem, etc. What the nature of this was, I do not feel at liberty to disclose; but it brought me in contact with a gentleman whose name is a household word in Palestine, and whose extensive good works, charities, etc., have made him known wherever the Holy Land is discussed. This is the Count de Piellat, "Knight Commander

of the Holy Sepulchre," a fervent Catholic, and a thorough business man, as divers religious institutions in the Orient know to their advantage. On learning from me the object of my visit, he at once put himself at my disposal with genuine French courtesy, and we sallied forth for a tour of certain localities which I had not as yet seen. Taking a carriage we went up Mount Olivet, and passed thence to Mount Scopus, visiting while on the former the site of our Lord's Ascension, etc. On this sacred spot we beheld a small edifice in the form of a Kiosk, or Turkish summer-house, though closed in instead of open, as buildings of that class are. It is in this,—now a mosque, alas,—that the rock on which our Saviour left the imprint of his feet when he bade farewell to this earth to return to His Heavenly Father. This sacred memento is set in the floor of the little Kiosk, near the centre and is surrounded by a border of white marble. Only the print of the left foot is visible now, that of the right having, it is supposed, been removed bit by bit through the indiscreet piety of over-zealous pilgrims, to be used as relics. The Turks hold this rock in singular veneration, for they regard Jesus Christ as one of the greatest among the prophets. They even go so far as to deny that he was put to death, and explain the Christian version of His Passion, etc, by saying that in order to punish Judas Iscariot for his infamous treachery, He invested that wretched man with his own appearance and delivered him to be crucified,—the Jews thinking all the while that it was Jesus they were executing, whereas it was the miserable apostle. The old Mussulman who showed us around on this occasion, was quite voluble,—Monsieur le Comte de Piellat kindly acting as interpreter for me. We made a charming visit in company to the convent of the Carmelite nuns, situated on the historic Mount of Olives, and I had quite a conversation with the Rev. Mother, telling her of my acquaintance with numerous houses of her Order in the United States. She was very much interested, evidently regarding our country as away at the ends of the earth, and seemingly wondering how

the Daughters of St. Teresa ever got there.

This institution is said to be on the site where our Lord taught His Disciples the "Our Father," whence it is most appropriately called "The Pater." On the walls the "Lord's Prayer" is inscribed in thirty-two languages. Among these are the Hebrew, Samaritan, Chinese, Coptic, Tartar and Japanese. By a strange oversight I regret to say, the English is in the Protestant version, to wit: "For Thine be the Kingdom, etc."

We called also at the Convent of Benedictine nuns, near some property owned by the Count. A grand view is had from Mount Olivet. At its foot is the Garden of Gethsemane; a little further on, the Valley of Jehosaphat; then, rising on Mount Sion, etc., the holy city of Jerusalem with its quaint white dwellings, topped with domes and terraced; its churches, mosques and synagogues all flanked by the high gray walls erected by the Sultan Suleiman in the sixteenth century,—the ensemble making a picture which will never fade from the mind of the fortunate beholder.

The gospel tells us that our amiable Redeemer often ascended this mountain to pray. A Russian chapel with a bell-tower, which, by reason of its great height, is visible miles away, crowns the summit of the Mount,—another proof of the growing pre-eminence of schismatic influence in the places sanctified by the God-Man.

From Mount Scopus, famous as the point whence the Roman legions first caught sight of Jerusalem, which, in fulfilment of our Saviour's prophecy, they were destined to destroy, the Count and I descended to the holy city and made our way to the Cenacle,—the place where our divine Lord pronounced that brief but most admirable discourse by which he prepared the Apostles to become Priests of the New Law, and shepherds of His flock throughout the world; and where the first Christian altar was raised, on which Jesus Christ, at once the High Priest and Victim of the second covenant, offered the Eucharistic Sacrifice for the first time at the eating of the paschal lamb,—a figure of Himself, "The Lamb of God," about to be immo-

lated on the cross. (See twenty-second chapter of St. Luke's gospel). Here also our Saviour appeared twice to His Disciples:—On the day of His glorious Resurrection, namely, and eight days thereafter, when He gave His Apostles and their successors, the priests of His church, the power to forgive or retain sins. (St. John xx: 23.) On this occasion, too, it was that the incredulous Apostle Thomas touched with his hands the glorified wounds of his risen Lord, and gave utterance to that exultant profession of faith: "My Lord and my God!" (Ibid. 28.) In the hall of the Cenacle (also called the supper-room) it was, moreover, that the Holy Ghost descended on the day of Pentecost upon the disciples and our Blessed Lady. (Acts ii: 1 to 4.) Finally, it was here that St. Peter, acting for the first time in capacity of the "Pope," i.e., as Vicar of Jesus Christ, directed the election of a successor to the traitor Judas in the apostolate. (Acts 1—passim.) We may pass over with simple mention the tradition that the sacrament of Confirmation was instituted here; that it was here St. James the Less was consecrated Bishop of Jerusalem, and that St. Stephen and six others were made deacons. Now for a brief description of the Cenacle. It measures, as it stands to-day, some sixteen yards in length by ten in width, and is in the gothic style characteristic of the fourteenth century.\* It has two stories, or rather, a ground floor and one story, and serves, sad to say, as a Turkish mosque. In the first story where Christ washed the feet of his disciples, no Christian is now allowed to set foot; and, indeed, a visit to the Cenacle, unless accompanied, as I was, by a person of influence, is, I may say, an impossibility. There is authority, pro and con, that David is buried in this place, and the Mussulman in charge points out his tomb,—for a bak sheesh! On leaving the Cenacle, Monsieur de Pielat conducted me to the "Locus Dormitionis Beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ,"—the site of the house in which according to a tradition at variance with that

of Ephesus) the Blessed Virgin died. The present German Emperor purchased this spot (quite a large plot of ground) and turned it over to the Catholics of his realm. The "Crusade for the Holy Land" (a bright little brochure published in the interests of the Franciscan missions in the East) writes as follows hereon:—

"By this generous act, says Cardinal Kopp, of Breslau, the Emperor has instituted a lasting inheritance, which has given joy to the whole of Catholic Christianity, and will always be held and cherished by German Catholics in grateful remembrance of the Emperor's visit to Jerusalem.

"His Majesty graciously announced his gift to the Holy Father in a telegram, saying:—

"I am happy to be able to inform your Holiness that, thanks to the benevolent intervention of His Majesty the Sultan, who has not hesitated to give me this proof of his personal friendship, I have been able to acquire at Jerusalem the abode of the Holy Virgin. I decided to place this ground, consecrated by so many pious memories, at the disposal of my Catholic subjects. It rejoices my heart to be able thus to prove how dear to me are the religious interests of the Catholics whom Divine Providence has placed in my care. I beg your Holiness to accept the assurance of my sincere attachment."

"The Holy Father replied, thanking him and expressing satisfaction at the gift, for which he was sure the German Catholics would be deeply grateful."

The fine-looking new Lutheran church "of the Holy Redeemer," dedicated by the Emperor in 1898, stands on the place called Muristan, opposite the basilica of the Holy Sepulchre, on the site of the ancient church of St. Mary Major, and is built on the plan of the same. Its massive square "campanile" was designed by William II. himself. But its beauty is all on the outside, as it contains nothing worthy of special note. We gave it a passing call, as also the Russian church in Jerusalem, which, in contrast, like "the King's daughter," mentioned by David in the Psalm, has its beauty within, as far as rich paint-

\*—Note—Like many other ancient buildings, it has undergone divers alterations during the lapse of centuries.

ings and ornaments are concerned, at least.

On Mount Moriah I visited the site of Solomon's temple, now occupied by the Turkish mosques of Omar and El-Aska. In the former one sees the vast rock on which, it is said, Abraham was about to sacrifice his son Isaac when the angel stopped him. The Mussulmans hold this spot in great veneration. We went down into the "Stables of Solomon," near by,—vast subterranean vaults, looking more like immense wine cellars than an abode for horses, and suggesting the good times that misguided monarch must have had in the days of his glory. Of the "Tombs of the Kings," which our party saw, a Cleveland priest tells that a Protestant minister and his wife from the United States, were among the company of tourists with whom he happened to be when sight-seeing in Jerusalem. The lady held back at the "door" of the "Tombs," which is rather small, and, by her indecision, kept others from entering. Her husband urged her on, and, at last growing impatient, exclaimed: "O, go ahead! If you can get your feet in the rest will be easy." Whereupon she flounced around in a fit of indignation and retired from the scene. (Was she, perhaps, from Chicago?) The "Tombs of the Kings" (a misnomer, if, by some writers, the last resting place of the sovereigns of Israel is meant) is a most interesting structure. One descends into it by twenty-five steps, cut in the rock. It has thirty-seven places of sepulchre, and when first cleared of the debris which had accumulated in it (it dates from the forty-fourth year of the christian era, and has, consequently, had its vicissitudes), divers magnificent sarcophagi, etc., were found in it. The Turks also called these tombs "Qoubour-es-Salatine,"—tombs of the Sultans. But enough of these abodes of the dead, which were about the last thing we saw in dear old Jerusalem.

After nine days of unalloyed interest and pleasure, during which our piety and devotion had ample scope for exercise, we bade farewell to the scenes of our Saviour's cruel Passion and Death. Our party went by train to Jaffa, whence my companion and I set sail for Beyrouth, the rest of our number going to Egypt.

I was loathe to separate from them, having journeyed with them for some twenty days, during which not an unpleasant incident occurred. Our mutual regrets were expressed at the dinner table in the "French" hospital at St. Louis, Jaffa, where we parted in the hope of meeting in the Heavenly Jerusalem, which may God in His infinite mercy grant! Arrived in Beyrouth after a somewhat stormy sea voyage, my Rev. companion and I went to the University of St. Joseph, in charge of the Jesuits, having been cordially invited to do so by the Visitor-General, Father Rouleau, S.J., who had voyaged with us from Smyrna to Beyrouth some forty days previously, when on our way to the Holy Land. We spent a couple of days with the kind Fathers, and then set out for Damascus, our train going up Mount Lebanon in zig-zag fashion, owing to the steepness of the ascent, which renders direct progress impossible. When we left Beyrouth, at about seven in the morning we were almost roasted by the intense heat prevailing; but once fairly up Mount Lebanon, we were nearly frozen—snow being not an unknown quantity there even in summer. Damascus opened up a wide field for our laudable curiosity, but I won't go into details here about the city itself, which we visited from one end to the other, charmed and delighted especially by the simply magnificent circle of verdure of many miles in extent, which surrounds it like a priceless ring or bracelet, of which it is the gem. Of this we had a splendid view from the high minaret of the great mosque, from whose summit the entire city also is visible. After a stay of several days in that storied spot, so noted in connection with the conversion of St. Paul the apostle, and his escape from the Jews, who had conspired to kill him. (Acts ix: 23). The portion of the city wall from which the disciples lowered him, thus insuring his safety, is still shown. (Ibid. 25.) While in Damascus, we stopped with the Jesuit Fathers, and I had the happiness of celebrating mass in the Chapel of St. John Damascene,—once a portion of his house, and now incorporated with the church of the "Society" there. This holy man was born A.D. 676, a stormy period for christen-

dom in the Orient. Both by his writings and words he defended the faith strenuously in spite of the barbarous treatment he received at the hands of the iconoclast Emperor Leo the Isaurien, through whose base machinations his right hand was cut off. The Saint be- took himself, after this cruel suffering, to the oratory in his dwelling, and throwing himself on his knees before a picture of our Blessed Lady, said 'Most chaste Mother, thou knowest that for having defended the sacred images of thee and the Saints, this hand has fallen beneath the scimeter of the executioner. But the arm of that God whom thou didst bring forth, works countless miracles! Beg Him, I beseech thee, to give life once more to this withered member of my body, that it may continue to write your praises and those of your Divine Son! I desire still to combat for the faith. O, Mary, thou art all powerful, because thou art the Mother of God!' Here the saint fell into a gentle slumber, and on awaking found his hand united to the wrist and perfectly restored. An oil painting over the altar at which I said mass represents the saint kneeling before our sweet Mother, who listens with tender sympathy to his petition, and taking his bleeding arm in one hand and the severed member in the other miraculously joins them. Our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII., whose zeal for the welfare of the Church in the East is so well known, has honored St. John Damascene in our day by extending his proper mass and office, hitherto confined to the Greek church, to christendom at large. And it is a pleasing coincidence that his feast occurs in the month of May, consecrated to her whom he loved so ardently, and whose honor he championed so valiantly and so successfully against the powers of darkness. A delightful incident of my stay in Damascus was my meeting with Monsignor Cadi, Archbishop of Hauran, with whom I had travelled from Smyrna to Beyrouth, when en route to Palestine. He entertained my companion and me very hospitably at his residence (he lives in Damascus), and we learned much that was useful and interesting, from his lips. He speaks French perfectly, having studied both at Rome and in France; and it

was in this language that we conversed. A visit to the Fransiscan Convent and church brought forcibly to my mind the awful massacres which occurred throughout the entire district of the Lebanon, between Damascus and Beyrouth, in 1860. Eighteen thousand Catholics, of the Maronite rite principally, were cruelly slaughtered by the blood-thirsty Mohammedans, and a marble tablet on the wall of the sacred edifice just mentioned, states that six of the religious of the community attached to the same were sabred, whilst kneeling on the altar steps in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

I left Damascus by train for Zahleh,—an unimportant town about midway between that city and Beyrouth. But my object in stopping there was to visit the famous "Ruins of Ba'albek," the ancient Heliopolis, or City of the Sun, said to be unsurpassed in grandeur by any in the world. A ride of some four hours by carriage took my companion and self from Zahleh thither, and we were simply overwhelmed by what we there beheld. One sole block of stone, quarried for the "Temple of the Sun," is seventy-one feet in length by fourteen in width and thickness! There are several others scarcely less monstrous. To attempt a description of the several temples, etc., (supposed to date from the time of Solomon), their exquisite symmetry, marvellous workmanship and richness of detail in carving and the like, would require a volume. The "Acropolis," or citadel, enclosing these splendid triumphs of human genius is a vast court, surrounded by veritable cyclopean walls, whose massiveness I have never seen surpassed in all my travels. The bewildering ramparts of Constantinople, for instance, built by the Emperor Justinian, which, when I saw them first, appeared gigantic, seemed, as I gazed on those of Ba'albek, to be the work of children. The Scropolis contains the "Grand Basilica," the "Temple of the Sun\*\*," the "Little Temple, or Temple

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\*\*—Note.—While inspecting the Temple of the Sun, my eyes fell upon a marble tablet affixed to one of its side walls and bearing an inscription by the reigning Sultan of Turkey, commemorative of

of Jupiter, etc.," and wonderful subterranean vaults, etc., etc. Then there are the "Round Temple," the "Theatre" the "Grand Mosque," quarries and tombs; the temples of Nachleh, Serain, Mazy, Kafé, Zabad, etc., etc. There is in Ba'albek a Greek Uniate church. We called on the pastor, and also on the Syrian sisters, who conduct the schools under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers. They kindly invited us to dine, and caused the school children to sing Arabian songs and hymns for our entertainment. They called us "Abuna," i.e., Father, and quite charmed us by their gentleness, modesty and genuine simplicity. We returned to Zahleh, and after a night's rest under the hospitable roof of the Jesuit Fathers there, proceeded to Beyrouth, whence we set sail for Varna in Bulgaria. My companion and I reached that port on October 9th, 1900, having started from it August 18th of the same year. Thus we completed a "pilgrimage" of exactly fifty-three days; time enough, you will admit, to see pretty much everything worth seeing on the ground we covered. I will close my long series of letters to you, dear Walter, by subjoining a schedule of the Novena of Masses which I promised to say for my relatives and dear friends while in the Holy Places. Here it is:—

1st Mass—Wednesday, Sept. 6th, on Mt. Carmel.

2nd Mass—Thursday, Sept. 7th, at Nazareth.

3rd Mass—Friday, Sept. 8th, at Tiberiade.

4th Mass—Saturday, Sept. 9th, at Nazareth.

the visit of Emperor William the Second, to the former's domains in 1898. It is in German, but I have made the subjoined translation of it:—

The Sultan Abd-ul Hamid II.,  
Ruler of the Ottomans,  
To his illustrious Friend,  
William II.,

German Emperor and King of Prussia,  
and

To the Empress, his Consort,  
In Memory

Of their mutual and unchangeable Friendship  
and

Of the visit of their Imperial Majesties to Ba'albek  
On the 1. of November, 1895.

5th Mass—Monday, Sept. 11th, at Jaffa.

6th Mass—Tuesday, Sept. 12th, at Jerusalem.

7th Mass—Thursday, Sept. 14th, at Bethlehem.

8th Mass—Friday, Sept. 15th, at Jerusalem.

9th Mass—Saturday, Sept. 16th, at Jerusalem.

I will add that the second Mass was celebrated in the Grotto of the Annunciation (Nazareth); the seventh in the Grotto of the Crib, (Bethlehem); the eighth in the Holy Sepulchre (Jerusalem), and the ninth, on the Altar of our Lady of Sorrows, Mount Calvary. As you are the first, dear Walter, to whom I communicate the fulfilment of my promises, I beg you to notify all our friends concerned.

And now I take leave of you until we meet in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," beneath the unsullied folds of the glorious Stars and Stripes.

The End.

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#### BAD CATHOLICS.

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It is unreasonable and unjust to judge the holy Catholic Church by the bad lives of many unfaithful members. Catholics are bad in as far as they do not live as Catholics. The Catholic Church is a good tree, and as such can bring forth only good fruit; but as you can find bad fruit on the best tree, so you will also find bad fruit on the good tree of the Catholic Church. But, as bad fruit on a good and healthy tree does not owe its being bad to the good tree, but to some bad influence from without, so the bad conduct of so many Catholics is due not to the church, but to some bad influence outside the spirit of the Church.

He who lives up fully to the teaching and direction of the Catholic church will infallibly become a saint. All saints whose sanctity God has made known by miracles were children of the Catholic Church, without a single exception, and saints are nothing else but the fruit of the good tree of the Catholic Church.—Catholic Sentinel.



## The Angelic Salutation or the Ave Maria.

One of the most celebrated prayers that Christians address to their Blessed Mother is beyond doubt the Angelic Salutation or the Ave Maria. It is called Angelic Salutation because it was addressed to her for the first time by an angel, whose name was Gabriel, when he announced to her the great mystery of the Incarnation of the Divine Word. It is likewise called 'Ave Maria,' or 'Hail Mary,' from the first two words with which it begins. The beautiful prayer consists of three different parts, the first of which was made by the angel, the second by Elizabeth, the mother of St. John the Baptist, Precursor of our Lord, and the third by our holy Mother, the Church. The first part comprises the words of the angel: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." Among men it is and has been a universal custom, at all times that any one entering the house of either friend or stranger, salute the inmates thereof, in order to show outwardly the high regard he entertains for them in his heart. Even God's messenger conforms himself to this laudable custom of men, because on entering the presence of the Virgin, he says, full of respect and reverence: "Hail Mary!" By the word 'Hail' he greets and congratulates the Blessed Virgin, whom he calls 'Mary,' which according to St. Bernard, signifies 'Star of the Sea,' because like a brilliant star on the firmament she guides and directs our earthly course through the turbulent waters of the sea of life by the bright example of her virtues and by her powerful intercession at the throne of God. The angel, calling her full of grace, gives us to understand that she was not only free from all original and actual sin, but that God had replenished her soul with the choicest gifts and heavenly graces. Not only did she possess all the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity in the highest degree, but likewise all the moral virtues, such as meekness, patience, humility and chastity. These virtues, like so many costly garments and precious jewels, most beautifully adorned her spotless soul, and made her an

object of complacency in the eyes of God.

"The Lord is with thee." God dwelt in Mary's soul, as in His tabernacle. He filled her with all beauties of virtues and graces, and in the might of his arm, adorned the Blessed Virgin with all heavenly charms.

"Blessed art thou amongst women." These words were first spoken by the angel and repeated afterwards by St. Elizabeth, together with the following words, "and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." In the first chapter of St. Luke we read that Mary went with haste into the hill-country to a city of Judea, in order to visit her kinswoman Elizabeth. There it happened that Elizabeth being filled with the Holy Ghost, cried out in a loud voice, saying, "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." She is called "blessed" because by a special grace of God, she was selected among all the daughters of Juda to be the Mother of His only-begotten Son. All Jewish maidens eagerly desired to become the mother of the Messiah. Mary alone was found worthy to become the Mother of God. She is called Blessed because God showered upon her the fulness of grace. She was amply furnished by God with all that was necessary to render her a fit abode of His Son. Hence all generations, as she herself said in the beautiful words of the Magnificat, shall call me blessed. She is the root of Jesse, that produced the ever-blessed fruit, Jesus, who is the source and inexhaustible ocean of grace and glory and of all the blessings that come to men. Through Mary we have received the Author of all natural and supernatural graces.

The third and last part is the prayer of the Church. We call her "holy," because the angel called her "full of grace." We call her Mother of God, because she brought forth Christ, in whom were united the divine and human nature in the one personality of the Word. The heretic Nestorius, who asserted that Mary was improperly called the Mother

of God, was condemned by a General Council held at Ephesus, A.D. 431. It was decided that the Blessed Virgin really was and should be called the Mother of God, for although she was not the mother of the Divinity, yet she brought forth Him who is at the same time God and Man.

"Pray for us sinners now, etc.," is a prayer of petition by which we express our firm belief in her powerful intercession and through her prayers hope to obtain all the graces we desire, particularly that of a happy death. "Truly wonderful," exclaims St. Bonaventure, "is the bounty of our God who has given thee, O Lady, to His guilty subjects as their advocate, so thou art able to obtain for them by thy assistance whatever thou wilt." Not without reason is Mary called "refuge of sinners," for although that by sin we become guilty of the fires of hell, yet if we have recourse

to Mary she will save us. For the Son will refuse no request of His Mother, as He Himself one day revealed to St. Bridget. She heard Jesus say to His Blessed Mother: "My Mother, ask what you will; know that it is impossible for me not to listen to your prayers. Since thou didst never deny me anything on earth, I will deny thee nothing in Heaven." These words of our Lord should inspire us with great confidence in Mary's intercession. Therefore let us have recourse to her in all our necessities in all dangers of soul and body, and she, like a tender mother, will protect and cover us with the mantle of her mercy and compassion. If we say this beautiful prayer frequently and devoutly during life, we may rest assured that at the hour of death she will not forsake us, but rather shield us against the assaults of the infernal adversary.

### *The Blessed Virgin Mary Restored the Eyesight to My Son.*

My son Charles suffered severely from a certain disease of the eyes, which, to cure, medical science was incapable, and in consequence he lost his eyesight. I brought him now to Turin, where several specialists tried their utmost to restore the lost eyesight to the boy, but all to no avail. Some kind of loathsome scab was continually gathering on his eyes, and one can imagine what my heart was suffering at such a sight, and what the thought of the future must have been to me if the present condition caused me such pain. But I called to mind the fact that I was at Turin. From afar I saw the statue of Mary, the "Help of Christians," on the top of the cupola of her sanctuary, and she seemed to be calling me to her, so that hope was once more revived in me. I prayed to her with the greatest possible fervor of my heart, and when, in the evening, I reached home with my son, I felt as if I had been heard. I was not mistaken, for on the following day I noticed that the

scab was gradually disappearing and on the third day it was entirely gone, and my son once more enjoyed the sight of his eyes, after being deprived of it for five years. I now went back to Turin to have the boy examined by the physician, and to have thus the miracle proved. The doctor, after examining the boy thoroughly, asked me whether this was the same boy, whom he had examined a few days ago, and I told him that it was. He looked at me and examined the boy once more. Then he got up suddenly and cried out, "Indeed, this is a real miracle. Embarrassed with joy, I went to thank the Madonna, who so graciously had delivered us from our distress. I had promised her that if she would cure my son, I would have him educated at some Salesian Institute where he now is to fulfill the promise of his mother.

Benevagienna, Aug. 11th, 1901.

Antonia Carlevaris,  
(Sales, Nachrichten, January, 1902.)

## *The Catholic Church Among the Choctaws.*

Before the sixth of June, Father Bekkers was back in Tucker, then he bought the first tract of land from Mr. Boundes. On this tract he started to build the church, of which the foundations were laid on the 30th of July. At this time the Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssens sent a church bell, with the inscription in Latin: "Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssens has given me to the first mission he founded among the Indians." On the 9th of September, His Lordship arrived with the late Father Valley, to bless the church. A large crowd of Indians had camped around the church, to see the Mengo Chetto (great chief). That very same evening His Lordship went with the fathers into the Indian camp. All of the Indians were well pleased, and shook hands with His Lordship. On the 10th of September the church was blessed with great pomp, and in the afternoon the consecration of the bell took place. After the bell was rung by the bishop and the two priests, the honorable Chief, Tom Billy, also rang it. He has never forgotten this memorable day, and told it many times to his folks. His Lordship gave an instruction to the Indians, while Mr. Welsh acted as interpreter. In the evening the Indians had a ball-play, which was greatly enjoyed by the Bishop and the fathers, who had never seen one before. After dark they assisted at an Indian dance; all, without exception, enjoyed themselves. There were glad hearts among the Indians; His Lordship had given them a beef. The eleventh of September was a day set apart for the white people; the church was well crowded, and the Bishop delivered a fine sermon. On that day, above all, Father Bekkers was thrice happy by baptizing the dying child of Sam Dansley. The day following the Rt. Rev. Bishop and Father Valley left the mission, wishing and hoping bright success. On the 13th of September Father Bekker buried Dansby's child,—the first Catholic burial among the Indians. On the fourteenth of September, the first Sunday that regular service was held,

and it was well attended. After mass, Father Bekkers baptized nine infant children. On the seventeenth of September the teacher, Mr. Halbert, opened the school at eight o'clock; he was in the church, and it was 12 o'clock when he saw two children coming in. Gradually the attendance improved. During this month, the land was surveyed and divided into lots of fifteen acres. The Indians began to make their choice. December, the ninth, Father Bekkers moved in his own house (the present Convent), having enjoyed for a year the kindest hospitality at the late Mrs. Wolland's. On the twenty-fifth of December, he experienced the interest taken by the American Catholics in his mission; he received two fine vestments, a fine alb, beautiful stations of the Cross from the Altar Society in Washington. He used them for the first time the very same day, at the last mass. Seven families had settled that fall on the mission land, and gave favorable prospects for the future. Father Bekkers, seeing that he had not labored in vain, closed the year, giving thanks to God, the giver of all good things. Father Bekkers, sure of success wrote in the beginning of 1885 to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and informed him that the Indians had become well pleased with the mission, and, in order to work with greater success among the red brethren, he wanted religious teachers. Hereupon His Lordship corresponded with the Superior of the Sisters of Mercy at Vicksburg, who was willing to give sisters to share with Father Bekkers the hardships of the mission. On the 13th of March he received this splendid news. The heart of the kind father, delighted with this good news, was soon oppressed by a sad event. An Indian, by name Little Sem, was killed by another Indian, in a most barbarous manner, in the mission. On March the sixteenth, mourning still, he had the happiness of receiving into the church the first grown Indian, a widow, by name Mary Polk, and a child: both died after a few days, not in Tucker though. On the

first of May, His Lordship, Bishop Janssens, visited the mission, gave on Sunday, the third day of that month, an instruction, and in the afternoon blessed the stations of the Cross. The Bishop was well pleased and he was with the mission till Friday, when he went to Holy Cross, accompanied by Father Van Houser. On the sixteenth of May, Father Bekkers saw for the first time the interest taken in the mission by the Indians themselves. They brought to Tucker on their shoulders a sick Indian, by name Adam Billy, who was too sick to be carried on a wagon; he wanted to die in Tucker. The Father baptized him, and he died on the 18th, and was buried in the new Catholic graveyard,—the first grown Indian buried by a priest. On July the twenty-third, Mr. C. Gipson started the building of the priest's house, and the repairing of the Convent. In the beginning of July the children were dismissed for that month. Mr. Halbert gave a chance to the grown people to come to school, without success though. At this time, the honorable teacher left the mission, having labored with great zeal at the improvement of his red brethren. On the twenty-fifth of September Father moved into the priest's house, and on the thirtieth the Sisters arrived under the good care of Father Valley. That day was a day of great joy and relief for the zealous pastor, having more interested hearts to help in the conversion of the Indians. The Sisters, by name Srs. M. Agnes, M. Marcellene and M. Mariana, won very soon the confidence of the Indian people, as they felt themselves at home with them, the grown ones as well as children. Before the year was at an end, the Indians began to bring their sick children to the Sisters, who were very successful in the treatment of babies. On the first day of October the Convent was blessed, and on the fifth the school was opened, wherein the Sisters displayed great zeal. The children did not attend well in the beginning, but when the cotton picking was over, they attended more regularly. On the 27th of November, the Father blessed the statues of the B. Virgin and St. Joseph, which are still on each side of the altar. The twenty-

fifth of December will be forever memorable in the annals of the mission, for on that day at six o'clock a.m., the first solemn high Mass was celebrated by Father Bekkers. Father Van Houser sung the second high mass at nine o'clock. In the instruction of that evening, Father Bekkers ventured to insist a little upon the Indians to join the church; he closed the solemnities of the day by blessing the statue of the Sacred Heart, and baptizing two Indian children. Nine more families had settled about this time on the mission land. The number of baptisms was increasing; also the prospects for the future were brighter than ever. Father Bekkers, aware that he was a mere tool in the hands of the Almighty, wrote on the last of this year: "We cannot be thankful enough to the Lord." The past year was an evident success; the beginning year was not less abundant in heavenly blessings. Some days previous to the twenty-eighth of March, Willy Philip and his wife manifested their intention of joining the church. On that day Father Bekkers baptized Willy Philip (1900) and his wife; also seven other grown Indians and six children. The very same day he blessed the marriage of Philip and his wife; thus, on this day was made the first Catholic family of the mission. Full of joy, the Father took dinner with his spiritual children; that evening the Father and Sisters sang a joyous "Te Deum." On the twenty-fifth of April these neophytes received Holy Communion with great earnestness and devotion, after a careful and laborious preparation by the Sisters.

For the first time the Indians, comforted by the bread of Angels, raised their hearts to God in hymns of thanksgiving and joy. During the month of May the children decorated, under the leadership of the good Sisters, the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and every evening they came to say the beads with their spiritual father; twice a week this exercise was followed by the Benediction of the B. Sacrament. They sang, very well, some hymns in honor of the Queen of heaven and earth. On the seventh of July the Sisters left for Vicksburg, to make their annual retreat. The In-

dians were moved to tears at their departure; they were so attached to them. On the twenty-third of August the Sisters enjoyed a real country trip, in coming back to Tucker. All kinds of misfortune had befallen them. In the morning, no team, hence a delay of a few hours; then a mule team—a slow and a miserable one. Rain, hail, storm and trees across the road greeted the kind Sisters all the day long. Fortunately, at nightfall they reached Mr. Duncan's,—three miles from the Convent. Mr. Duncan, with burning pine sticks in hand for torches, became their pilot. Although an awful trip, they arrived at Tucker without serious accidents. On the third of October the neophytes were enrolled into the confraternity of the Scapular. On the eighth of October, His Lordship, Bishop Janssens, accompanied by Father Lennon, came to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to the neophytes, and on the tenth he confirmed ten Indians; also, on this day, the first enrollment in the service of the King of Heaven took place among the Indians of Neshoba Co. The next day the festivities at Tucker were closed by a big ball-play. On this occasion a photographer took some pictures of the building and the ball-play. On the twenty-fifth of December the great feast of the Nativity of our Lord; seven neophytes made their first H. Communion. The closing of this year is rendered memorable in the annals of the mission, by the first Catholic marriage between Bernard Jefferson Simpson and Sally Polk. The solemnity took place during solemn high mass on the twenty-sixth of December. Those who assisted at the solemnity, said they had never seen the like before in the county. In the beginning of 1887, the Father and his spiritual children had to mourn the death of one of their Sisters, Ven. Sister Mariana, who died in Vicksburg, after a long illness. "May she rest in peace and pray for the Indians and for us," wrote Father Bekkers in the diary. In the beginning of April, the Father was to leave for a trip to Europe; some days before his departure the Indians came to shake hands and to bid farewell to their beloved Father. The Father's absence deprived him of the happi-

ness of receiving Tom Billy, the chief, and his wife, into the church. They were baptized and married by Father Van Houser, on the twenty-fourth of July, amidst very impressive ceremonies. Father Van Houser stayed in Tucker during the absence of Father Bekkers. The head was won for the church; the subjects would follow. Twice during this summer the Sisters were called by the Indians, in their cabins, to see their sick folks. The sisters corresponded promptly to this call, notwithstanding the distance of some miles. On the twentieth of September an Indian woman, almost in the pangs of death, was brought here from Leake Co; she was instructed, baptized and passed to eternal rest a few weeks later. Father Bekkers, although absent from the mission, did not forget his red children. He preached in many churches in his native country, Holland, and collected a good pile of money in behalf of the mission. He was back in Tucker in good health and spirit on the sixth of October, accompanied by a Dutch farmer, Simon Vander Ysoel by name, who was to take charge of Father Bekker's farm. The Indians, surprised by the sudden return of their beloved Father, could not give him the splendid welcome they wished. On the seventh of October Bern. J. Simpson delivered an address of welcome. On the twenty-sixth of October, came his Lordship Bishop Janssens, greatly to the joy of the Indian people. On the thirtieth of October His Lordship baptized twelve adults, confirmed fifteen, while nine Indians made their first holy Communion. The closing of this memorable day was the baptizing of six children. This visit was a last farewell of the founder of the mission, he being promoted in 1888 to Archbishop of New Orleans. His Grace left on the first of November, well pleased with his visit to the mission. The work went on smoothly for the balance of the year. Father Bekkers looked the coming year in the face with confidence of further success, notwithstanding the great difficulties on his pathway. On the fifth of February, 1888, Anny, the faithful wife of the chief, died and was buried the next day with a funeral mass. In the spring Mr. Striyyde enlarged the Convent, and built the

Sacristy, wherein was a bedroom for the farmer. The Convent was enlarged, in order to use a part of the old Convent for boarding Indian children, but without success, for the Indians did not like to stay. On the seventh of May, Rev. Mother De Sales, the worthy Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, paid a visit to the mission. In June, the new grave-yard was fenced in (the former is in the north-west corner of the pasture) and the new building was painted. Requested by the Bishop, Father Bekkers set out on an exploration trip to Lake Co. in the month of July. Finding the number of Indians too small, it was not advisable to begin a settlement. There the church, a handsome building in its original form, measuring 48x24 feet, proved too small. The enlarging by fifteen feet was not to embellish the church, but to give room to the people. Rev. Father Toppe sent, in the month of January, 1889, a dozen very nice school desks. In October of the same year, the Indians of Scott Co. had three children baptized. These were the first to bring to their county the affiliation to the Catholic Church. On the eighth of December, his Lordship, Rt. Rev. Thos. Heslin, now Bishop of Natchez, came on a visit. The Indians had prepared an address and songs of welcome for their new spiritual Father. He stayed for about a week and was well pleased with all that was done. In the year 1891, his Lordship wrote in the "Mission Work Among the Negroes and Indians," 'Our Indian mission is doing remarkably well; every day witnesses new accessions to the Church; if we continue we shall soon have all the Choctaws Catholics.' This year the white people got a Catholic school under the good care of Rev. Father Fen Brink, who was for a while assistant to Father Bekkers. On the fourth of August, 1890, Simon Von den Yssel left the mission for Holland, where he joined as a lay-brother the Missionary Society of Mill-Will. The 12th of August was a fortunate day for the mission. The church was enriched by the arrival of a beautiful altar,—a present from the Dutch supporters of the mission. Father Fen Brink set out in the month of October, on an exploration trip to Scott Co., where the Indians re-

ceived him very kindly. The Father fostered the hope of reaping a big harvest in that region. Before the year was at end, he baptized nine Indian children,—the first fruits of his labor in that county. Father Fen Brink, full of zeal for the spiritual welfare of the Indians, made a trip to Kemper Co. In spite of rain and cold, he started on the evening of the twelfth of January, 1891, to baptize an Indian woman, in danger of death. He visited the Indians in Scott Co. monthly, until the end of March, when he left for a trip to Holland, where he took up a collection for the mission. In the month of August, the Sisters came back from Vicksburg; Sister Marcelline, who had to leave the mission on account of ill-health, came back well and in good spirits. Rev. Father Richard, pastor of Vicksburg, rejoiced greatly the mission, by making a present of a new organ, which is still played every Sunday, with great ability, by one of our Indian girls, Miss Minnie Jack.

Before September came to a close, the first adults from Newton Co. joined the church by Baptism and marriage. In October, Father Fen Brink came back to the mission, and a few days later he married a couple of Indians from Scott Co. A family, by name of Willis, from Scott Co., moved, in the fall on the mission land at Tucker. Unfortunately his example was not followed by his fellow-Indians, although they had promised repeatedly to do so. In the fall of 1892, his Lordship, Bishop Thomas Heslin, visited the mission, and confirmed 35 Indians. Well pleased, he left the mission. In the spring of the year 1893, the venerable Bekkers made a trip to Holland, which was of great advantage for the mission. During his stay in Holland he celebrated his silver jubilee of the priesthood, in the midst of his relatives and friends, who made him the splendid gift of one thousand dollars. This money enabled him to meet the expenses of the studies of the Indian boy, by name Ben Henderson, in the Sacred Heart College, Indian Territory, and to build a church for the Indians at Wayse P.O., Scott Co, in 1897. This church is visited monthly by one of the Fathers of Tucker. On account

of the bad roads, it is impossible many times to reach that station. If there were sufficient means, it would be very profitable to the Indians for a Father to settle there. They number in that region 150 Catholics. In the beginning of January, 1894, Father Fen Brink left the mission, to take charge of the congregation at Water-Valley; at present he stays at Scranton. He was succeeded by Father Comille D'Hooghe, who was for nearly two years at Tucker. During his short stay he made many friends. In June, 1896, he was removed to Mississippi City, where he died in 1898. Father Comille had as successor in Tucker, Father Charles Denis, who stayed for nearly a year, when he was called to Bay, St. Louis, where he died of yellow fever a month later, in 1897. Father Peter De Grayter took, in December, 1897, the vacant place of assistant to Father Bekkers. He stayed for eighteen months, and left for a mission on the coast on the twenty-fifth of May, when the Carmelite Fathers, who had been only two months in the mission, took charge. In April, 1898, Father Bekkers went on a trip to Holland, where he engaged the Carmelite friars for the mission. He had postponed his return till November, because he hoped to be accompanied by the new Fathers. They could not come at that time on account of obstacles of all kinds; they landed finally in Tucker on the twentieth of March, 1899, after an awful voyage of thirteen days across the ocean. When Father Bekkers came back in November, he had to lament the death of Rev. Father Valley, the never-to-be-forgotten pastor of Meridian and continual benefactor of the mission. Meridian, still mourning the irreparable loss of their beloved pastor, received on the twenty-third of December, the glad tidings of the appointment of Father Bekkers as successor to their lamented pastor. On the great feast of Christmas, Father Bekkers wrote in his diary as follows: "I write these last lines on the feast of Christmas, and will leave the mission next Friday, the thirtieth of December. I thank God for all that His grace and mercy have done in the fifteen years I have passed in the mission. I pray that the mission may do

better still under the care of the religious, who will be my successors, and God bless abundantly their labors. Glory to God in the highest." Father Bekkers, growing older, felt himself unable to stand any longer the hard mission work, but before leaving, he provided, like a careful father for his children, for the future of the mission, in calling religious who will try to make stable the work begun by him; may his prayer be realized. With Father Bekkers has gone the corner stone of the mission. The Fathers appointed by the Rt. Rev. Father Joseph Kersten, provincial of the Carmelites in Holland, were Rev. Father Aug. Breek, Vicar, Father H. J. Womers, Father L. Wysbeck, also two lay brothers. They started from their Convent in Tenderen (Averysel), on the twenty-fourth of February, under guidance of their superior, Rev. Father Bern. Dekkers, who accompanied them to Rotterdam, where they embarked on the Edam, on the twenty-fifth. Their voyage was not a prosperous one. A storm of two days badly harassed ship and passengers. One of the Brothers got badly hurt. On Friday, the tenth of March, in the night about 9 o'clock they arrived in New York, where they stayed till the Wednesday following, when they took, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the train bound for New Orleans; they arrived in Meridian, Miss., in the night of the 17th of March, at 3 o'clock, after a speedy journey of thirty-six hours. Father Bekkers was at the depot to meet his successors in the mission, to whom he gave the kindest hospitality till the twentieth, when he accompanied them to their mission. Long before night the Indians were looking for the new Fathers; they were the first to shake hands with the Fathers, and to announce their arrival. It was night before they were in Tucker, and, as they were tired, they went soon to bed, without seeing anything else but their small cabin. The next day they inspected their cottage, church, the Convent of the Sisters, and the schools, but, happy as they were to be in their desired position, they forgot very soon the comfort of the old country. Father Bekkers bade a last farewell to the mission on the twenty-

fourth, and the next day the vicar introduced the regular order of the day. On the twenty-fifth of May, the Fathers took charge of the mission at the departure of Father Peter de Greeyter. The priests' house being too small to lodge five persons, the brother carpenter started the building of two rooms, which were finished in the fall. On the first of October the feast of the Holy Rosary, the patron-feast of the mission, six boys and five girls made their first holy Communion, after the spiritual exercises of three days, conducted by Father Breck; all Indians and white people were delighted with the solemnities. On the fifteenth of October, His Lordship, Thomas Heslin, confirmed twelve Indians and twenty-three white people, of whom were five converts. The Bishop expressed repeatedly his satisfaction about the instruction that had been given to the people. The next day he set out with Father Breck for Louisville, Winston Co. They did not have good luck at all, as nobody had come the evening before on account of the bad weather, and the next morning they came too late; the Bishop had already gone to Akkerman, to take the train. This being the last year of the century, it was closed at mid-night with mass in the Chapel of the Sisters. The same solemnity was repeated at the closing of the century by a high mass in the church, during which many Indians and white people received holy Communion. On the fifth of August, 1900, the honorable Chief, Tom Billy, died, fortified by the last rites of the church. His second wife and a little daughter live to mourn his loss. On the seventeenth of August, the Carmelites, enabled by gifts from Holland, started the building of a house. The building is still in progress, for the brother and a few unhandy farmers are the carpenters. It will not be a fine building, although a strong one. During this month the first visit of a Carmelite Father was paid to the Catholic Indians in Scott Co. It was an impossibility to visit them before on account of the flood. Three times after this in the fall they were visited, but the last visit was not an enjoyable one, as the Father had to stop over, coming back, on account of

the bad roads. On the twenty-first of October, the Rt. Rev. Bishop confirmed in Louisville, and in the evening, invited by the new Catholics, he talked to the people in the court house. He was listened to by about three hundred persons. All were well pleased with the speech of His Lordship. As we are at the end of the century, so we are at the end of the history of the mission. May God's abundant blessings rest on the mission, on its founder, Father Bekkers, and his successors in that laborious work, to give glory to God and bring peace on earth to man of good will.

#### Retrospect.

Twenty years ago, when Father Bekkers came to Tucker, there was nothing,—no church, no priest, no school, no teacher. By Father Bekkers and his helpers, they have a church and priest, a school and teachers for Indians and whites. In benefit of the Indians, he bought around Tucker over two thousand acres of land, and in Scott Co. 160 acres, to get them out of the hands of their avaricious white brethren. He lavished on them all kinds of benefits; work and money he did not spare to elevate them from their barbarous condition. They did not appreciate all these favors. Some Indian families settled on the mission, but many left on account of the many discords and disputes, caused by the excessive drinking of whiskey; always listening to the demoralizing talk of their white brethren, who abuse their ignorance and stupidity. The Indians, stupid as they are, prefer to work for half the crop, to stay on the mission land, where they have to pay not a nickle. We repeat here the testimony given about the Choctaws, two centuries ago, although with some modification: "They are a lawless band and cannot be relied upon," for there are a few devout Catholic families, living around Tucker, who do their best in raising their children in the Catholic Church. 725 baptisms, 80 marriages, and 143 Catholic burials were the fruits of hard work of eighteen years. The year 1899 gave the most abundant harvest, with 81 baptisms, 16 marriages, and 12 burials. The success may be small in the eyes of the worldly; but we



call it no small success, remembering the infinite value of one immortal soul, created after the image and likeness of God, for which His Divine Son shed His precious blood. "Nothing can be compared to one soul, not even the whole world," says St. John Chrysostom.

Fr. H. J. Hamers, O.C.C.  
Tucker, January, 1901.

## *Easter, 1902.*

"Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come."—Cant 11.

How truly might not our Blessed Mother have applied these words to her Divine Son, as the glorious Easter dawned after the mournful Passiontide! He was, indeed, her love, in whom all the affections of her immaculate heart were centred.

He was a Dove in gentleness and purity, and because of that Holy Spirit who under this symbolic form, rested on Him.

"Beautiful among the sons of men," (Ps. XLIV : 3) with every species of beauty,—nature, grace, glory; yes, even the very ideal and source of all we admire and love in them.

"Beautiful" in Bethlehem to angels, shepherds, magi.—In Nazareth, where tradition tells us it used to be said, 'Let us go and look at the son of Mary.' In His public life also there was an irresistible attraction in the beauty of Jesus' sacred face. Not, indeed, that we mean He constrained the freedom of His creature's love, but in itself it had power to win all hearts, and was, as it were, a magnet to those who yielded to its Divine attractiveness. "Beautiful" even in the Passion; for, though we read there was no "sightliness" in Him, yet this refers to exterior aspect, but to those whose hearts are illumined, above all to Mary, mother of sorrow, He was the "Beautiful One in His robe walking in the greatness of His strength."—Isaias LXIII : 2.

There is a beautiful legend that one of those holy persons who assisted at the burial of our dear Lord, laid on His sac-

red face a withered lily, the beauty of which had been crushed under foot like that of its maker. It remained in the sepulchre, and on Easter Sunday, the holy women found it blooming in vernal loveliness,—an emblem of the Resurrection. Though but a "legend," it sweetly suggests that Jesus is the flower of creation, as well as its author, and after being crushed in the mournful Passiontide, bloomed in eternal beauty when He rose from the dead.

To saints who were favored with even a transient glimpse of that beauty, earthly things faded away, and we hear a holy soul exclaiming: "Shut yourselves, O my eyes, for there is nothing worth your beholding!"

Let us rejoice with Holy Church and echo her glad Antiphon: "Regina coeli laetare, Alleluia!" And when he comes in Holy Communion with all the qualities of His glorious body veiled under the sacramental species, let us invite the holy angels to adore Him with and for us. Above all, let us offer the love, adoration, gratitude and praise of Mary's Immaculate Heart, and implore our dear Lord that we may rise spiritually to new life and fervor, and that His Easter peace may be ours in life and for all eternity.

"O Mary! Mother of God and my Mother, obtain for me from Thy Divine Son, that peace which He gave to His disciples when He appeared to them and said: 'Peace be with you.' In thee, O Mary, I confide, through thee I hope to obtain this grace. Amen."

Enfant de Marie.  
St. Clares.

## In Sorrow's Alembic.

The sun had already sped his daily course; the last rays of his light were playing upon the embattled clouds in the western heavens. High above they were a fiery red, which imperceptibly verged into a pale green at their lower extremity. Just above them Venus glittered brilliantly. The trees hardly rustled to a gentle breeze which served, however, to waft the aroma of blossoming orchards and bursting flowers through the growing twilight. Altogether it was one of those inspiring evenings in April when one loves to stroll unmolested through the trees to commune with joys and sorrows of by-gone days, and perhaps to lay new plans for future action from which, for aught one knows, other joys or other sorrows are to take their rise.

To and fro upon the graveled walks of Maple Lodge strolled Mr. Hudson, his hands clasped behind his back. He was yet young in looks and bearing. His hair was still black, and one would never have guessed that he was already fast approaching his allotted three score years and ten. He was, moreover, very thin and tall; in fact, out of all proportion were his breadth and height. One peculiarity, at least, was his. The building which loomed up behind him like a huge fortress of by-gone days, discovered this.

Maple Lodge, standing some two hundred yards back from Grand Avenue, was built in the old Norman style, and was almost hidden from view by the graceful towering maples. Two towers raising their embattled tops above the tall maples led one's imagination back to times when the Normans ruled in England and when force was law. Not that Maple Lodge was built as massively as those historic French castles, but that the general ensemble of the whole structure showed that the ruling idea in the mind of the architect was the outcome of a deep study of Norman architecture.

All men have their hobbies; all have some idiosyncrasy which becomes the clout of many a keenly pointed jest. But after all, what does it signify so long as these crochets do no one any

harm and delight us? Better it is that we are amused with harmless trifles than that we should sit idly frittering away our time,—a burden to ourselves and to others. Thus it was that Mr. Hudson, the owner of Maple Lodge, loved and admired everything that was Norman.

To seek the immediate reason of this his inclination was perhaps too difficult a task, yet if we might hazard a conjecture, it would be, perhaps, not far wide of the mark to say that his love for William the Conqueror was the crigin of it all. This conjecture seems satisfactory the rather that he was always willing to talk of William's exploits from his birth to Hastings, from Hastings to the Domesday Book. At times it wearied one to listen, hour after hour, to his expatiating on the glories of the Conqueror, and of the good influence of his conquest on England, as well as on its language. To offer an objection to his settled opinions were but adding fuel to the already glowing flame. As one, however, became accustomed to his ways, one could, by a dexterous shifting of the subject, dampen his intense ardor and thus enjoy an agreeable change; for Mr. Hudson was truly a most entertaining companion, when he let the Norman rest in peace.

As Mr. Hudson turned for the third time to retrace his steps past the house he saw a well-dressed young man coming up the pathway from the avenue. At the first blush he recognized him. It was his bookkeeper, Harry Lawson, to whom his daughter Helen was affianced.

"Well, Harry," began Mr. Hudson, "so you've finished another day's work?"

"Yes; I've finished for to-day, but tomorrow, in turn, will bring its burden," answered Harry slightly uneasy.

"Oh! don't bother yourself about tomorrow, Harry. 'Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.' You should have more faith in the old proverbs. I'm afraid the present age, I mean the younger class of people, is becoming too skeptical altogether about the old max-

ims. There's a great deal of wisdom in them. Don't you think so, Harry?" asked Mr. Hudson, good-humoredly.

"I suppose there must be," said Harry, feeling the kindly spirit of Mr. Hudson pervading all his words.

In truth, Mr. Hudson was affable and kindly to all. His wealth set no impassible barrier between him and the lower classes. All men were one to him. Honesty, truthfulness and manliness were the virtues he looked for in his friends.

"Well, how's business these days?" continued Mr. Hudson in his condescending tone.

"O, fairly good," answered Harry, a shadow passing over his face, and a slight tremor affecting his voice.

Mr. Hudson was quick to notice the mood of a person, and he had already perceived that Harry Lawson was not so blithe as usual.

"You don't feel well, to-night, Harry, do you?" inquired he kindly.

"Why, what makes you think that?" said Harry laughingly, but in spite of his laugh he was not at his ease.

"O, you don't seem to be quite as jovial as is your wont, and I thought something might be bothering you. But then" continued he banteringly, "I ought to remember that a young man who is going to be married in a week or so could not be expected to be entirely himself. I was in the same fix once myself, and during the week preceding my marriage, I thought every small boy on the street was looking at me with a snicker on his face, as much as to say, 'That "guy" is to be married next week.'" Here Mr. Hudson laughed heartily at the thought of his foolishness. Harry Lawson joined in, but soon became serious again.

They had not finished laughing, when the front door opened, and Helen Hudson, the only unmarried daughter of Mr. Hudson, stepped forth upon the verandah in time to catch the last notes of their laughter. Smilingly she tripped down the steps to meet Harry. She was a girl of some two and twenty years, though one would have guessed her to be but eighteen. Blonde, blithe and winsome as she was, it was no won-

der that Harry Lawson fell in love with her the first time he saw her.

The meeting happened thus: It was the third day he had worked in the miners' Bank of which Mr. Hudson was the owner. The orders which Harry had received were precise. He was to allow no one to pass the gate of the manager's private office during the manager's absence unless a written permission was shown. Now Helen had a standing permission to enter this office, as she often came to assist her father; but in giving instructions to his new book-keeper, Mr. Hudson had forgotten to mention the fact.

Helen was sent on this particular day by her father to get his spectacles, which he had forgotten. When she appeared at the gate she asked Mr. Lawson to let her into her father's office.

"Have you his written permission to enter?" asked Harry, looking at her closely, for it was the first time he saw her. She appeared so graceful and beautiful to him that he felt mortified at the thought of grieving her.

She looked at him indignantly.

"His written permission!" she exclaimed. "Why, he sent me here to get his spectacles! I have always had permission to enter this office. How dare you insult me? Please to open this gate at once."

"I cannot violate my instructions," he answered, "but I can get the spectacles for you if you wish."

Helen Hudson felt sorely piqued, and insisted on going into the office. But, no. Harry Hudson protested that he could not possibly disobey orders and fetched the glasses in spite of all her urgent remonstrances.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hudson," said Harry politely, as he handed them to her. "When you come again, I hope I shall have positive leave to admit you."

Helen took the spectacles and with a disdainful air swept out of the bank. When she told the incident to her father, he only laughed heartily, and said slyly that Mr. Lawson was a man faithful enough even to be a son-in-law.

This was the beginning of a long and persevering suit on the part of Harry Lawson. He admired the spirit of the girl not less than he had admired the

grace and beauty of her person. She, on her part, had remarked the respectful politeness and resolute fidelity of the new book-keeper; and, though her vanity forced her to put on an air of offended dignity, she admired him.

It was not long before she completely forgave him for what she styled his "impertinence." Long after the time she forgave him, she used to come down to the office and say, with a teasing tone and an arch-toss of the head:

"Please, Mr. Henderson, to open the gate, for papa sent me to get his spectacles." But to return.

"So you've kept your word, Harry," said Helen, as she held out her hand to him.

"Of course I have," answered Harry. "Did you ever think I could disappoint you?"

"Oh, no! but then you're later than usual," she answered with a slight emphasis on the last word, "and I was wanting to tell you that Bessie Hudson, my cousin, has just written to let us know that she will gladly act as bridesmaid. She is of the same height as John, you know, and they will match well."

"It's very kind of her to do this," said Harry. "When will she arrive?"

"About Saturday. Be sure to call next Sunday evening, and then we can arrange everything."

"Is John home yet?" asked Mr. Hudson, as all three turned towards the house.

"No, father," said Helen, "but he promised to be here for supper."

They entered the house and soon all were seated at the table. One chair was vacant, one that was intended for John. Mrs. Hudson looked towards her husband, then towards the chair; again at her husband, and then a cloud passed over her troubled face. She was a good true mother, who loved her husband and children dearly. But as Helen was the favorite of her husband, so was John hers. He had caused her more pain and sorrow than any of the rest of her children, yet he seemed to hold a much warmer spot in her heart.

"Didn't John leave the office with you, Harry?" she asked wistfully.

"No; I haven't seen him since three o'clock," answered Harry.

Mrs. Hudson remained silent and melancholy the remainder of the evening. A few times she went to the window and peered into the gloom. But it was useless. No John appeared. A cloud of unrest seemed also to have settled upon Harry. Helen was surprised at his unusual mood. Towards nine o'clock he departed. Helen, like her father, had remarked the uneasiness of his manner, and as she accompanied Harry toward the front door, she lovingly asked:

"What is troubling you, Harry? Now don't hide it from me. I know there's something. Please to tell me what it is."

Harry tried to laugh the question off, but his very laugh betrayed him more.

"Now tell me," she insisted. "I've a right to know. Let me hear your trouble with you, else I won't love you any longer," she added with a playful threat.

"Oh, it's nothing of much importance, Helen. Wait a few days till it's all over, and then I'll tell you."

As they reached the top of the steps, he turned and kissed her good-night; then he disappeared down the long walk that led to the avenue.

Helen retired to her own room, pondering over the absence of her brother, and the depression of spirits in Harry.

"I wonder if John insulted Harry, and on this account stayed away from home this evening. But no, that cannot be. The two are fast friends, and, besides, it is not the first evening John has spent away from home; of late he has been out a great deal at night; yet it is the first time he has disappointed us when he knew Harry was to be here. Poor poor mother! she feels his absence, I know. She spoke scarcely a word during the whole evening."

One by one the lights of Maple Lodge went out, till the one in the sitting room was the only one left. Here sat Mrs. Hudson, restlessly rocking to and fro in her chair, awaiting the return of her boy. She could not have slept if she had gone to bed, as long as she knew John was out.

"O John, what keeps you away from home?" muttered the good old mother. "What can you be doing? I know there

must be something wrong. It's more than club companions. What can it be? Drink? No, he never drinks anything at home. Dances? No, he never cared for them. It's not the theatre because that's long over. Gambling? No, John is too good to yield to passionate gambling, and besides he has but little money."

Thus did the fond mother try to persuade herself that there was but little, if anything, wrong with her favorite child; though she knew full well that something must be wrong. Hour after hour wore away. Every few minutes she went nervously to the hall door to look into the dark for John.

The town clock tolled out the hour of midnight. But still no John had returned.

\* \* \* \*

In half an hour after leaving Maple Lodge Harry Lawson stole secretly into the Miners' Bank, carefully closed the doors and drew the blinds, went to his office and took out his books. Laying them on the desk, he set to work. Why was he working at this hour? Did his duty call for it? No, but in the last few days he had noticed a deficiency of some thousands of dollars. He could not understand it. He had full charge of the books, and was responsible for all mistakes. The business of the Miners' Bank was not what one would call extensive, but it was equable and annually yielded a considerable profit to its owner.

Trembling and perspiring from fear, he turned the books forwards and backwards,—backwards and forwards. All in vain! He could find no wrong entry no omission, no false transfer, no mistake of any kind. The longer he worked, the more uneasy and frightened he became, so that after two hours he was so wrought up that he could not have discovered a mistake if there had been as many as a dozen.

Three, five, nine hours passed, and he still pored over his books. His hair was disheveled. His face had a wild and haunted look, and he glared at the books in front of him till the figures were a perfect maze. Sevens were twos and twos were sevens. Suddenly a thought of his utter helplessness flashed

through his brain. In complete dismay he leaned back in his chair and groaned.

In a moment a bell rang out. He jumped up, and recollecting himself for a few moments, he knew that it must be the janitor. It was not the first time that the janitor had found him in the bank so early, as Harry used often to come to the bank of a bright spring morning to finish business that had been delayed. The janitor had a key, but Harry had a habit of pulling a bolt across the door which, in this case, could be opened only from the inside. Hence it was that Tom Warton, the faithful old janitor, was forced to ring.

"Good mornin', Mr. Lawson," said Tom, as he entered. "So you're here a'ready. Well, well, I never seen such a worker as you, Mr. Lawson."

"No compliments, Tom, please," said Harry, trying to appear cheerful. "Don't you think any one ought to feel like working on so beautiful a morning as this, Tom?"

Harry had not looked to see what the day was like, and it happened to be the very antipode of what he had assumed. Tom noticed the mistake, but was doubtful whether or not Mr. Lawson meant it in a joke. He looked at him and noticed the unusual look and untidy hair.

"You're not looking well, Mr. Lawson," said Tom, letting the weather question drop; "you don't take no care o' yourself. Take the advice of an ol' man and don't you begin worrin' yourself afore you're full grown. You should not come to work so early in the mornin'. I reckon you didn't have much sleep last night?"

"Not much," said Harry, as he returned to his office to put his books away, and then went out to get some breakfast while the janitor swept and dusted the offices.

## II.

As Harry was making his way from Maple Lodge to the Miners' Bank, a scene was enacting not far from this Bank,—a scene that had a very definite bearing upon poor Harry's trouble. At a card table in a private room of the Iroquois, a large hotel standing on Centre Avenue, about a mile from Maple

Lodge, sat three men. Two were considerably older than the third, who appeared especially young. This youngest had light hair, a very fair complexion and seemed withal the best bred of the three. The other two were both of dark complexion; one was tall and slim; the other short and stout. Both had a cunning look about their clean shaven faces, and if one had watched them closely for a short time, one would have easily discovered that there was a secret communication between them. But the young man at the end of the table, who was evidently a tyro, was perfectly ignorant of all this. He played on fairly and thought others were doing the same.

They had been engaged at their play about an hour. Neither had won or lost very much. The money stood in about equally divided piles before them.

"This is rather slow work," said the tall, slim man to the tyro at the end of the table. "Let's double the limit, Jack. There'll be much more sport in it, eh?"

"I agree to it if Jim does," said Jack, turning to the thick short man.

"Certainly, I'm right with you," said the latter. "Twenty dollars is rather a paltry stake to play for anyhow. It's a go."

The young man felt his enthusiasm rise with the raising of the stake. He bet high for the next few hands and won. Then he lost—lost—lost. Towards midnight he began to win again. Once more a proposal was made to double the stakes and accepted. During the next half hour Jack lost and won, but about one o'clock the luck turned against him, and by two he was several hundred dollars the poorer.

"Well, I'll have to go after this hand," said he, looking at his watch and pretending to be surprised at the time. "I had no idea it was so late," he added, trying to find some excuse for avoiding further loss.

"Oh, it's early yet," said Jim, smiling. "You'll have lots of time to get home before the old folks are around. But if this is to be the last hand let's make it interesting. What shall the stake be boys?"

The tall slim man took the cue at once. He saw precisely what his com-

panion wanted. The young tyro was the gudgeon to whom they no sooner threw a bait than it was eagerly taken.

"How about five hundred, Jack," said the tall slim man, very flatteringly.

Jack started; the sun staggered him; but he felt his pride at stake. His lips quivered as he thought of what he was doing. Jim saw his hesitation.

"Oh, that's not too much for a banker's son," he said encouragingly, and knowing well his man. "Come, Jack, is it a go?"

"I don't think I have five hundred, but I'll agree to the amount I have," he answered.

"Oh! that's all right. We'll take your word for the rest. A gentleman's word is as good as his money any day," said the tall slim man.

This fetched Jack. He counted his money and found that he had four hundred and sixty dollars. It was the tall slim man's turn to deal. While Jack counted his money and Jim talked volubly, the other man slipped several cards to his lap, and then laid the remainder of the pack on the table for Jack to cut. The cards cut and dealt, Jack looked tremblingly yet pleased at his hand, for he held a flush. The discarding and filling out took place quickly, and then Jim, who was the age, started with an even hundred, Jack, remembering that it was only the fourth time that night that any one held a flush, made the bet two hundred.

Jim looked up surprised at the promptness of the raise, and glanced inquiringly at the tall man. One look, however, at his companion's face, assured him that all was right.

"Well, I raise it fifty," said the tall man slowly, putting on a hesitating look that had its desired effect on the deluded tyro.

"Three hundred," said Jim

"Three hundred and fifty," added Jack feeling quite confident.

"Four hundred," said the tall man, with feigned hesitancy.

Jim saw that it was his move to drop out, and accordingly he laid down his hand.

"Five hundred," burst out Jack, cocksure of the pool.

"I'll see you," said the tall man quiet-

ly laying down his cards,—a full hand! The flush he had purposely given to Jack and the full hand to himself by a skillful manipulation of the pack.

As Jack saw his opponent's hand, his face blanched, and cold drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He could hardly believe his eyes, and a suspicion of unfair play crossed his mind. Yet he could not bring himself to believe it, and ascribed his loss to the worst of hard luck.

Trying to put on an appearance of non-chalance, he bravely said:

"Well, I'll make the balance good tomorrow."

"Oh, that's all right, Jack," said the tall man with a winning smile. "Your word's as good as gold. It's as safe with you as if in the bank."

Jack took his hat and coat and immediately left.

"He's a 'cinch,'" laughed out the tall man, after Jack had gone.

"Well, I should say," answered Jim, laughing in turn. "But I wonder where he gets all his money? We've won some thousands off him during the last week."

"Oh! that needn't bother you, Jim," replied his companion knowingly, "provided we can only get hold of it."

By this time they had put on their coats and hats, and entering Centre Avenue, they took a direction opposite to the one Jack had followed. Muffled up closely in his coat, the latter stole down the quietest streets and, by a circuitous route, reached his home,—Maple Lodge,—for it was Jack Hudson.

As he quietly opened the front door he found his poor mother in tears behind it. Her loving heart, though sad beyond description, was gladdened as she saw her wayward son return.

"Oh, John! why do you stay out so late?" asked his mother as he entered. "What keeps you away from home? Didn't you know that you were to be here with Henry at supper last night?"

"I really forgot, mother," replied Jack. "I was with some of the boys, and I didn't know it was so late. But you don't need to stay up for me, mother."

"I couldn't go to bed till you come, John; and surely you oughtn't to forget your father and mother and sister,

entirely," said Mrs. Hudson, complainingly.

"Well, I'll try to come home sooner after this," answered Jack as he swallowed his deliberate lies.

By this time they had reached the top of the staircase, and so bidding good-night to his sorrowing mother, the youthful gambler went to his room and to bed. Poor Jack! He had already set his foot on the broad and even way that wears so alluring an appearance; but, alas! what pitfalls it has for the unwary feet of those who travel along it!

It was not a year since he had taken to gambling. At first he risked little and had been comparatively successful, but the fact only allured him all the surer to certain destruction. To his family it was known that he gambled, but they had never guessed the degree to which he had, of late, indulged in this bewitching and terrible amusement.

It was the same sad old story. He had been told and besought by father, mother, sisters and friends to overcome and put off this deleterious habit. Kindly advice, warnings, scoldings, prayers,—all were in vain. Jack grew worse instead of better, till he had taken the last fatal step that well nigh ruined him and piled a mountain of sorrow on those hearts that loved him best.

Yes, so far-reaching are the results of our evil doings that these results are perhaps never limited to ourselves. The husband, careless and thoughtless in his parental duties, is indeed heaping up sorrows for his old age; these he shall one day realize. But does he ever think of the sorrow caused to his wife, his children and his children's children by his bad example if by nothing else? The wife by her lack of true love and devotion to the home life is sowing the seeds of a harvest she shall one day reap lamenting. Yet does she ever think others are to suffer also? The wayward child knows perhaps in his evil habits is the beginning of a ruined life. But does he foresee the grey haired mother tottering to her grave under the burden of anguish and sorrow that he has huddled on her back?

Every act in life is the seed of untold and undreamt of future joys or sorrows,

that unrespecting time shall reap and gather into the garner of our souls.

Friendliness, good nature, affableness, kindness, are virtues good in themselves. Jack possessed them all; but he realized not that they can generate into vices, and thus deceived, he had started on the downward path gathering fresh speed and momentum every moment, as the falling stone.

### III.

When Harry Lawson returned to the office after getting breakfast, no one had yet arrived. He went to work again, but soon had to give up seeking the mistake to assume the regular daily task. The day dragged heavily on and owing to sleepiness, he almost fell off his chair several times during the day. Mr. Hudson noticed the tired and careworn look of the book-keeper, and asked him if he were well, telling him that if he were not he need not come to work on the morrow. Harry acknowledged that he was somewhat tired, but said he would be all right again the next morning.

After supper on this day, Harry went to his room in the Muncie, and tried to read and study. It was useless to do so. The deficit haunted him as an evil spirit. He could not keep that terrible bugbear out of his mind. He could not study, so he took up *Pickwick Papers* to beguile the weary hours; but all the humor and genius of Dickens could not give that much-sought rest and peace to his mind. He laid the book down in disgust. Taking his fiddle, he drew the bow across the strings; but their very first sounds grated on his ear as they had never done before. Tortured beyond endurance he seized his hat and rushed madly down the street,—to the Miners' Bank.

The scene of the preceding night was again enacted, but it was ten times worse and more sorrowful. It was pitiful to see how Harry bent over his books in utter dismay at the awful thought of being accused of the embezzlement. With an almost fiendish glare his eyes bulged out as he turned over leaf after leaf with ever the same result. It is not often that one is so wildly frantic to discover a mistake of one's own making, but it was the greatest boon that Harry

sought,—the finding of a mistake and that of his own making. By midnight he was in a stupor, still he turned the leaves in a mechanical way. Finally his brain reeled and he fell to the floor.

It was the janitor's bell that again aroused him. He sat up, and stared around surprised. In a few moments he realized his position. Again the bell rang, and he got up and opened the door. The janitor was more surprised than usual at his bedraggled looks, but Harry gave him no time for speech. As soon as he opened the door, he turned, went to his office, fixed his books and went out.

This sort of thing continued for several nights, and on Friday, Mr. Hudson saw Harry was exceedingly nervous and exhausted, and peremptorily told him to go home for a rest.

"Now, Harry, this working when you are so unwell must be stopped," said Mr. Hudson. "You're positively unfit for your work. Take a rest for a few days or weeks if necessary. We'll get along without you for a short while."

"No, I can stand it all right," replied Harry, trembling at the thought of some one examining his books. "I'd sooner stay."

"I'll not have it," said Mr. Hudson, becoming impatient at his ridiculous insistence. "Go. I'll not allow you in here till you are better. I'd sooner take the books myself than kill you by overwork."

Harry became more nervous than ever at the bare thought of Mr. Hudson's looking into the books. He then thought of making a clean breast of the whole trouble, which he could not account for. The confession rose to his lips, but he felt himself unequal to its utterance, and it sank back into his heart, there to remain locked up to his own misfortune.

As soon as Harry departed, Mr. Hudson bethought himself of obtaining another bookkeeper, for he saw that Harry what with his recuperating and what with his wedding, would be absent a few weeks. He knew a Mr. Wilson, who was a good bookkeeper, and him he resolved to get.

Now, Mr. Wilson was a man of a very odd disposition, a man with whom Har-



ry Lawson could never get along. The fact of the matter was that Mr. Wilson was jealous of Mr. Lawson's good position, and treated him somewhat coldly on this account. When asked to fill Harry's position, he at first demurred saying that he didn't like to meddle with another person's books. As Mr. Lawson, however, held out to him a liberal inducement, he soon accepted and promised to be on hand at one o'clock that day.

At the appointed time he was punctually at his post, determined to show Mr. Hudson that he was in every way as serviceable a man as Mr. Lawson, if not more so. He thought to himself that, if he found any mistakes in Mr. Lawson's work, they should be made known immediately. Animated with this spirit,—by no means a friendly one—he set himself to his task.

"A very crude handwriting," said he to himself as he opened the books. "Not much neatness shown!"

Here he came across a page quite disfigured by ink, which Harry had spilled in the midst of his second night's excitement.

"Whew!" he whistled. "Wretched work! What an elephant he must be! I don't see why Mr. Hudson keeps him. He isn't fit to keep a coal-heaver's books!"

Turning over leaf after leaf with a scrutinizing gaze, he noticed margents here and there. His quick eye soon saw that they differed from the figures alongside of them.

"What is the meaning of these?" he asked himself suspiciously. "There must be something wrong. I'll soon see what it is."

He set more eagerly to work than ever and became the more interested the more he examined the various books. His face glowed with excitement and a cynical smile ever and again flitted across it.

"Caught at last!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Several thousands behind! No wonder he got sick! He's been trying to doctor his books, but I'll show him up now, I warrant you."

By four o'clock he had discovered that Mr. Lawson was behind several thousands more; but just how much he could

not as yet calculate accurately. With a triumphant smile on his face he walked into Mr. Hudson's office. Mr. Hudson was sitting with his face towards the door. Mr. Wilson was slightly disconcerted as the manager and owner looked up into his face. But it was only for a moment, and rolling the words in his mouth as if they were exceedingly sweet to him, he slowly said:

"I have been looking over the books."

"So? Everything all right, I suppose?" said Mr. Hudson mechanically.

"Well, not exactly," replied Mr. Wilson slowly. "I have found a few things not quite right."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Hudson, a little surprised. "Of course nothing of much account?"

"Well, yes it is," said Mr. Wilson, now quite at ease. "I was looking through the books and accidentally noticed some pencil marks on the edges of several pages. These didn't agree with the figures in the columns, and I became suspicious. I went to work, and in a short time I discovered a deficit. So far," he continued, slowly and with emphasis on every word, "I have discovered a shortage of four thousand dollars."

Mr. Hudson had been listening in utter amazement, but as Mr. Wilson uttered the last words, the manager fairly sprang from his seat.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed in consternation. "Impossible! Show me the books."

In half an hour he was convinced that there were several thousands wanting; but worse than this,—his suspicion, through the artful and insinuating words of Mr. Wilson, were fastened directly and firmly upon Harry. Mr. Hudson recalled Harry's uneasiness for the past week, his distracted and haunted look, and lastly, his obstinacy in giving up the books that morning. Every one of these facts now took on, in Mr. Hudson's misguided imagination, a sinister appearance. Harry's small faults were magnified into crimes. By five o'clock Mr. Hudson had determined what should be done. Telling Mr. Wilson to examine the books to see what further deficiency he might discover, the manager went hastily down the street.

## IV.

Helen Hudson had retired before her father reached home Friday night; hence she did not see the great consternation and confusion under which he labored when he arrived about ten o'clock. Next morning Helen got up early in order to have plenty of time to fix everything for the reception of her cousin Bessie that evening. She was feeling quite happy, as she expected to have both Bessie and Harry at Maple Lodge Sunday evening. After breakfast she went to the sitting-room for the daily paper. Taking it up, she looked for the news of the day. The third item that met her eyes ran thus:

"Harry Lawson, bookkeeper at the Miners' Bank, arrested last night on a charge of embezzling \$6,000."

She started. Her blood froze in her veins as she read the words. A deathly pallor overspread her face, and the paper dropped from her hands. She sat for a moment like a marble statue, gazing wildly at the floor. Then uttering a scream, she fell back in her chair in a faint.

Her father was coming down the stairs as she cried out, and he guessed in a moment the truth. He walked into the sitting-room with a care worn and haggard expression on his face. He looked ten years older than he did twenty-four hours before.

"What is wrong, Helen?" asked he, apparently ignorant of the cause.

Helen sprang up as she heard him speak and cried out:

"O, papa! is it true? Is it true? It can't be! No, no, no! O, papa——"

Here she fell exhausted and weeping into her father's arms. Mr. Hudson drew a deep sigh, and said evasively:

"Why, what do you mean, Helen?"

"Oh! then it's not true! oh! I'm so glad. I knew it couldn't be."

"What true, my dear child?" asked Mr. Hudson.

"About Harry, papa," said Helen, looking searchingly into her father's face. But that look told her all. The kindly smile and wonted look of her father were no longer there. Trouble, sorrow,—deep trouble and sorrow—had imprinted their seal upon his face. All this she

saw and understood; and then she fell upon his breast weeping bitterly.

"Come, Helen," said her father, seeing further dissimulation was vain, "you must brace up and bear all. You ought to be thankful he was discovered before it was too late."

"O, papa, I don't believe a word of it. He couldn't do it! No, no, no! He didn't! I know it. I won't; I can't believe it!" said Helen between her sobs.

"Don't let us talk about it now, Helen. Don't think about it any more; put it out of your mind," said Mr. Hudson, endeavoring to soothe her. Then taking up the newspaper, he left the room. Helen staggered toward the sofa, and for half an hour she sobbed as if her heart would break. Each moment ejaculations of disbelief and sorrow would escape her.

"It's a lie!" "It's false! Harry never did it." "I won't believe it!" "O, Harry——" "Why don't you——" "somebody's ——." Such were the exclamations that escaped between her sobs.

It was late that evening when Bessie Hudson arrived. It was a fortunate thing that Helen had Bessie to console her in her trouble. Bessie was the best person one could have chosen for the delicate task of consoling the poor heart broken bride. To her, Helen insisted that Harry was innocent, and Bessie wisely yielded the point, hoping and praying with her whole heart that all would be right in the end.

To the trouble over Harry, was added the distress occasioned by the absence of John. He had not come home Friday night, and poor Mrs. Hudson was almost beside herself with the accumulation of sorrows.

Poor Harry Lawson! He hardly knew what to do when he found himself arrested. He could not speak a word when taken to the jail, so terror-stricken was he. In a short time, however, he got partly over the shock and sent for Mr. Curtis, his lawyer. With considerable trouble, bail was procured, and Harry was set free. The thought of being accused or of losing his position were not half so poignant as the thought of losing Helen.

"What will she think of me? Will she think me guilty, and give me up forever?" he murmured, and then groaned at the bare thought.

V.

"Did you hear the latest, Jack?" said the tall slim man, as he entered their private room in the Iroquois, where Jack and Jim were awaiting him, about eight o'clock Friday night.

"No," said Jack. "What is it?"

"Why, that fellow at your father's bank,—Lawson I think they call him,—has got away with ten thousand. Everyone is talking about the affair in the streets. He was caught in the very act of escaping on the Western Express, a half an hour ago," said the tall man hurriedly.

Jack had turned pale while the tall man was speaking, but he tried to appear unmoved.

"How much did you say he took?" he inquired in trembling voice.

"Ten thousand. Some say twenty, but the common report says ten," replied the tall man. "It's a hard blow, no doubt, for your father, but I guess he'll pull through all right, and you'll get enough when he dies," added he significantly.

Jack remained mute, staring at the leg of the table before him. Suddenly he looked up and said tremblingly:

"I don't think I'll play to-night, boys. I'm too much upset."

"Oh, brace up, Jack," said Jim. "Ten thousand is nothing to a banker. Let's have a game to get up your spirits."

"No, not to-night," said Jack, rising. "I can't play to-night."

He put on his coat and took unusual pains to muffle himself up. Then, he went hurriedly down the street, but did not appear at Maple Lodge that night.

Sunday came and went. No Jack appeared. Monday,—Tuesday,—Friday,—no sign or word of him yet. Some began to suspect that he must be in collusion with Lawson, but Mrs. Hudson wouldn't allow such an opinion to be mentioned at Maple Lodge, and Helen could not bear to hear Harry accused by anyone. Bessie used her utmost endeavors to console them, and fortunately kept them from sinking completely under the strain.

Mr. Hudson was busy with the case, gathering evidence. He would receive no explanation from Harry Lawson. His former love for him was now supplanted by bitter hate. Circumstantial evidence seemed to be drawing the meshes of the law tighter and tighter about the poor bookkeeper till even his own lawyer feared the issue.

Suddenly amidst all the sorrow, anxiety and trouble of the Hudson family, an unexpected explanation cleared up the whole affair. On Saturday, a week after the arrest of Harry Lawson, Mr. Hudson received the following letter:—

323 Calumet Avenue, Denver, Col.

April 30th, 1881.

Dear Father:

Ever since leaving home, and even long before that, I have had no peace of conscience. I confess that I have done a great wrong. It was not Harry Lawson who stole the money, it was I. As soon as I heard of his arrest I fled in fear, but I can no longer remain silent. He is perfectly innocent, I am the guilty one. I have only a few hundred dollars left; the rest of the money I have gambled away. I now see the kindness of your warning against this awful vice, I shall never, I promise you, gamble again. I am prepared to do whatever you see fit. My conscience will give me no rest till I shall have done justice to those whom I have wronged.

I beg your forgiveness, father, for all my sins, and trust myself entirely to your kindness. Ask mother, and Helen and Harry to forgive me.

Your repentant son,

Mr. John Hudson, John.

.521 Orange St.,

M——,

Pa.

If Mr. Hudson was astounded at hearing of his bookkeeper's shortage, he was ten times more astounded on reading this letter. As he read it he drew a deep sigh of relief and sorrow,—of relief, because the matter was now cleared up; of sorrow, because of his son's disgrace. He lost no time in communicating the news through his niece to his wife and daughter. Helen was jubilant over Harry's proved innocence, but a new sorrow overshadowed her when she learned of Jack's crime. The news al-

most broke the poor mother's heart, — the earnest promise of repentance was her one bright ray of hope.

A great burden was lifted from Harry's soul when he received, through his lawyer, the details of Jack's letter. He knew that he would be again restored to the affections of Helen, if, indeed, he had ever been exiled from them. For he sincerely believed he was not, though he had no means of finding this out. If he had grieved before at the thought of losing her, he now rejoiced to think she was his, beyond a doubt. With the one exception of grief at Jack's treachery, he had not the least thing to disturb him.

You can imagine then with what joy he received a note from Helen, asking him to come up to Maple Lodge that Saturday evening. With a light step and joyful heart, he set out to meet the bride who had been nearly snatched from him forever. She met him at the door; though still pale and sorrowful, she greeted Harry with a loving smile.

"O, Harry, I'm so glad to see you again, I knew you were innocent," she cried out as he caught her in his arms.

"Did you, Helen?" asked he eagerly. "I was sure you would," said he, kissing her lovingly as she laid her head upon his arm.

Though sad and sorrowful over their disgrace, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson received him kindly, and begged forgiveness for all their harsh suspicions. They soon decided to send for Jack, and to celebrate the wedding as soon as convenient.

\* \* \* \*

Seven years after the eventful April of 1881, a different scene is witnessed at Maple Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson have both passed to the life beyond, but not before seeing the fruits of a sincere repentance in their once wayward son. The old house was bequeathed to Helen. Here she and Harry live with their happy children,—two fair haired boys and a little blue eyed girl.

Jack is still unmarried. After his return he gained the respect of all by his unswerving fidelity to every duty; and since the night he heard of the awful consequences of his misdeeds, he never gambled again.

Chicago.

C. J. A.

### *A Soul's Awakening.*

I wandered lone beneath the starry skies  
 In early days of spring-time when the dark  
 Is all pulsation. Through the dusky park  
 Shy, scarlet maple-buds with sleeping eyes  
 Hung drooping over head. In rapt surprise  
 I felt the stirring life, whose hidden spark  
 Of strange, mysterious fire awakes the lark  
 And bids the frail anemone arise.

Then came a melting fragrance unawares,  
 The breath of violets, which softly rose  
 From out their dewy purple of repose,  
 Sweetening the dark. "O Love," I cried, "that dares  
 Reveal itself to darkened souls like mine,  
 I feel Thee, clasp Thee!—Jesu! Lord Divine!"

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

## *A Miraculous Crucifix.*

Never was there a revolution which had such fatal consequences for religion, as well as for the political and social life of a country, as the French Revolution towards the close of the eighteenth century. Atheism, anarchy and social democracy are the children of this revolution. God, religion and everything that is holy was put away with and trampled under foot. A Louis XVI., a Marie Antoinette and many other public authorities were in short order decapitated. Freedom, social equality and liberty of conscience were the war cries of the revolutionists, and reason alone was to be their God.

Principles of this kind with their natural consequences soon affected the neighboring countries of France. To those whose faith was weak and whose morals were not the best, the goddess of Reason and liberty of conscience were ideal principles, and there are certainly many instances of outrages committed against God and holy things on this account, not only during the time of the revolution, but even long afterwards, because a teaching like this will always and surely bear its fruits for years, nay centuries, to come. One instance of this kind I will here relate.

There is a small town in the southern part of Germany which has several chapels, true signs of the solid devotion and strong faith of the Catholic part of the town. One of these chapels is called the chapel of the Holy Cross, because there is a large crucifix at the back of the altar, and because this chapel is dedicated to our suffering Redeemer.

A long time ago there was in this same town a young fellow who had been one of those unfortunates, who were whirled along by the wicked enthusiasm of the French revolutionists. He was one of those miserable ones, who serve the purposes of the leaders and gain nothing by it, except the contempt of their own masters; one of those poor fellows who are cast away by their own lords, as soon as their services are no longer required.

One day this young man passed the chapel of the Holy Cross. The door was open and the large crucifix could be plainly seen by any one who passed there. The rays of the sun came in through one of the windows and fell upon the face of our crucified Lord. The features of His face expressed great sufferings, and at the same time heavenly peace. Our wicked young fellow saw this, and he could not stand the sight of it. "Idolatry, superstition," he murmured, and going to the other side of the street, stood in front of the open chapel, pulled a pistol and facing the crucifix, shot at the image of Him, who died for us all. But, lo! he now stands there motionless, staring at the sacred image. The bullet had caused a wound about two inches below the sacred wound of the side, and drops of blood are falling down to the ground. The blasphemous wretch is confused and benumbed with fear and horror; the trees and houses around him seem to him to be disappearing; the ground below his feet gives way, and he sinks down, at the same time breathing forth his soul into the hands of Him whom he blasphemed but a moment ago by his outrageous action.

The hole which was caused by the bullet can be seen up to this very day.

When the stranger enters the chapel, he can see a large painting on the ceiling. On the foreground of it there is the chapel with its surrounding houses and trees. On the street leading to the chapel are priests with their surplices, surrounded by altar boys, who carry church banners and crosses; after them comes a large crowd of people. It is a picture of a solemn procession, which had been organized to make reparation for the infamous act, and to implore the mercy of the insulted Majesty of the Most High.

If one goes back of the chapel-altar he will find an inscription which tells this story in few words; still, the reader must remember that this is no more than human authority.

B. II.

## Editorial Notes.

A joyous Easter to all our friends.  
Peace to all.

Sweet heart of Mary be my salvation.  
—300 days indulgence—New Raccolta.

Our Hospice is open now for guests.  
Now is the time to make application  
for rooms.

The Lord has arisen and we should re-  
joice and be glad during these holy days  
of Eastertide.

O, sweetest heart of Jesus! I implore  
that I may love Thee more and more.—  
300 days indulgence.

Owing to lack of space the continua-  
tion of the Fly Sheets on Carmel could  
not be put in this issue.

The Paschal Candle burns during Eas-  
ter-tide. Let our works so shine before  
men as to glorify our Father who is in  
Heaven.

The Risen Christ said: "Peace be  
with you." Be in peace with God, your  
neighbor and yourself. And the peace of  
God is with you.

Generosity to our Church should im-  
pel us to assist in every way our Pas-  
tor. Those who give to the church  
will never be poor before God.

We have had many enquiries regard-  
ing habits, shrouds and Brown Scapulars  
of Mt. Carmel, and we shall be pleased  
to supply any one with these articles.

To St. Peter was said: "Lovest thou  
me?" What shall we answer? Be lov-  
ing in thought, word and deed, even to  
the least of His little ones, and then we  
may have a surety of having a sincere  
love for God.

April showers bring forth May flow-  
ers, and the Heavenly joys of Paschal

season should bring forth in our souls  
the blossoms of peace and consolation.  
We should receive the peace of our risen  
Saviour, and free from sin and putting  
off all worldly ways and self-seeking, be  
renewed in Christ.

St. Paul tells us: Purge out the old  
leaven that you may be a new paste as  
you are unleavened. For Christ, our  
Pasch, is crucified. Therefore, let us  
feast not with the old leaven, nor with  
the leaven of malice and wickedness, but  
with the unleavened bread of sincerity  
and truth. (1 Cor. v: 7-8.)

St. Teresa says: "The devil knows  
that one who perseveres in prayer is lost  
to him." All our trouble comes from  
our want of constancy in prayer. We will  
gain grace and keep in peace with God,  
if we pray from the heart and persever-  
ingly.

"If you are joyful, consider our Lord  
and His Resurrection. If your heart is  
cast down by labors and sadness con-  
template him in the Garden of Geth-  
semane, and thus you will profit by sad-  
ness." (St. Teresa.)

Verily, the Lord hath arisen. During  
these holy days we are called upon to  
purge out the old leaven. All good  
Catholics have washed away all the  
stains of their souls by the Holy Sacra-  
ment of Penance, and are now unleaven-  
ed, having fed upon the bread of the  
Angels. As Christians, we should be  
unleavened and holy. Christ the Paschal  
Lamb is sacrificed. We have been  
sprinkled and washed in His Blood, and  
now the exterminating angel will no  
longer threaten us with the sword of  
destruction. No malice, no wickedness,  
should be any longer in our heart. We have  
received the Body and Blood of Christ,  
hence we should ever be sincere and hon-  
est in the purity of our hearts, and be  
true and straightforward in practising  
all the virtues of a true follower of the  
Risen Saviour.

On April 8th, we celebrate the Feast of St. Albert. Our Saints remodeled the rules for the Carmelite Order and lived with the brethren on Mount Carmel, and founded many monasteries of the Order. On Carmel St. Albert passed a life in deep contemplation and was consoled by Jesus Christ, who appeared to him, and was strengthened by the presence of the Virgin Mother of God. All the sordid and fleeting pleasures of this world are torments to the soul which is united in deep love and ever thoughtful memory with Christ the lover of souls. If we attend first to heavenly things and to the salvation of our poor souls, we have chosen the better part, which shall not be taken away from us. Troubles may come, worries may harry us, but, strengthened by the presence of the Master, all will be well. The Angels sang: "Queen of Heaven, rejoice, Alleluja."

We, the children of Mary, should not forget to rejoice with Her during these days of joy. She has, by her motherly care, brought so many back to her Divine Son during these days. Let us ask her to obtain perseverance for the penitent and pardon for the sinner during the Paschal Season.

\* \* \* \*

The 3rd Sunday after Easter the Church celebrates the Patronage of St. Joseph. It was during the reign of the saintly Pius the Ninth, that St. Joseph was appointed Patron of the universal Church. But why, we may ask, was he chosen as universal Patron? Did he work great miracles? Did he die a martyr for the Holy Gospel? No, the gospel relates nothing of him in regard to such things. Different saints have been chosen as Patrons of nations and of cities, and they are taken, undoubtedly, because of their fitness to serve as exemplars for those whose patrons they are. He, then, who is to be the Patron of the universal Church, should be a model suitable for every condition of life, and as an intercessor, should have at heart the interests of all the members of the mystical body of Christ. And for this very reason St. Joseph has been chosen. The Holy Ghost says of him, that he was a "just man." In him the man or wo-

man who lives by labor sees in him a fellow-laborer. The head of the family has in him an excellent example for imitation. To the unmarried youth and the Religious, he presents a model of the most exalted purity. If you are in a position which requires great care and trust, look to St. Joseph. It was to him that God entrusted the greatest treasures of this earth,—the Divine Child and His Mother. If you are poor and must undergo many sufferings, and hardships. St. Joseph had to suffer much, and he did so without a murmur or complaint. The same may be said of the other Christian virtues, as humility, patience, self-denial, etc., in all of which he excelled, and will serve as a pattern for all Christians. But it is especially as a patron of a happy death that St. Joseph should be venerated. He had the happiness to expire in the arms of Jesus and Mary. This should be the greatest wish and aim of our whole life. Let us ask St. Joseph to obtain for us this great privilege which he himself enjoyed.

\* \* \* \*

#### Easter Hymn.

Forth to the Paschal Victim, Christians bring

Your sacrifice of praise;  
The Lamb redeems the sheep,  
And Christ, the Sinless One,  
Hath in the Father sinners reconciled.  
Together Death and Life  
In a strange conflict strove;  
The Prince of Life, who died,  
Now lives and reigns.  
What thou sawest, Mary, say?  
As thou wentest on the way.  
I saw the tomb wherein  
The Living One had lain;  
I saw his glory as He rose again,  
Napkin and linen cloth and angels twain.  
Yes, Christ is risen, my hope, and He  
Will go before you into Galilee.  
We know that Christ indeed is risen from  
the grave.  
Hail! thou King of Victory!  
Have mercy, Lord, and save.

— ♦ —  
The best path through life is the high-way.—Amiel.

Great men are never sufficiently known except in struggles.

*Book Review.*

The Exciting Adventures of Little Tommy, as told by Mary G. Bonesteel, in her recent story "Recruit Tommy Collins," will be of interest to juvenile readers. Publishers, Benziger Bros. Price, 45 cents.

\* \* \* \*

"As True as Gold," by Mary E. Manix, is a very touching story, and so interesting that you cannot lay the book aside until you have read it from cover to cover (Benziger Bros., publishers; price, 45 cents.

\* \* \* \*

B. Herder, 17 South Broadway St., St. Louis, Mo., publishes an excellent historical work, "The Life of Bartolome de Las Casas and the first Leaves of American Ecclesiastical History." by Rev. L. A. Dutto. Of this book we give a more extensive review in our next number.

\* \* \* \*

"Mary Tracy's Fortune," by Anna T. Sadler, is the title of another pleasant, short story for our boys and girls. The author understands how to captivate the attention of her juvenile readers by the easy, simple, and yet so attractive way she has of saying things.

Benziger Bros. Price, 45 cents.

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"A Course of Study in Christian Doctrine," by Rev. Thos. J. O'Brien, contains practical hints for the Catechist, from which he will derive much benefit. The author's purpose is to offer some suggestions for formulating a course of study in Christian Doctrine.

The little pamphlet is published by D. H. McBride & Co., 47 Barclay Street, New York City. Price per copy, 10 cts.

\* \* \* \*

"Spiritual Pepper and Salt" is a very appropriate title to a little work by the learned Rev. Wm. Stang, D.D.

The sixty-two chapters into which the book is divided, contain ample matter for healthy and strengthening reflection. The subjects are well chosen and are treated in a concise and able manner. This book deserves a welcome reception from the reading public. Benziger Bros. Price, net, 30 cents.

Benziger Bros. are the publishers of "Bunt or Bill," a new story by Clara Mulholland. The book bound in cloth is sold at the low price of 45 cents.

To young girls and boys this little volume will be excellent and delightful reading; they will find the youthful characters to whom they are introduced, if perhaps a little too smart, certainly very pleasant and entertaining. The story is told in a charming and fascinating style. We detect in the author a master of the English tongue.

\* \* \* \*

"Belinda," a new production from the pen of the popular Catholic author Maurice Francis Egan, affords, as do his many other works, interesting and at the same time profitable reading. In picturing his characters, the author betrays great insight into human nature, and a deep knowledge of the mysterious workings of the human heart. He displays much ability in making his readers love what is good and beautiful, or hate what is wicked.—H. L. Kilmer & Co., publishers. Price of this book (12 mo. 276 pages) net 50 cents.

\* \* \* \*

The frequent question why Catholics cannot be Freemasons receives a satisfactory answer in a pamphlet published by H. L. Kilmer & Co., Philadelphia. It is made up of three very powerful and masterly articles on Freemasonry, by the learned D. Moncreiff O'Connor, in which is shown, from Masonic sources, what the real aim and object of this secret society is, and what its relations are towards Christianity in general and Catholicism in particular. We wish this timely little work a wide-spread circulation. It is sold at 5 cents per copy.

\* \* \* \*

In a short but excellent treatise entitled "The Victories of Rome," written by Kenelm Digby Best, "to counsel the doubtful, supply steadiness to the wavering and instruct the ill-informed," the author first gives us brief historical sketches of the Papacy and the Church how, especially, it was engaged in continuous conflicts, which were for it so many victories. Then he shows by convincing arguments the necessity of the Pope's temporal power, thus contri-



buting valuable aid towards the solution of this burning question of the day. After reading the little work you will admit that the author's scope is realized. It is a real satisfaction to have something clear and definite on a question so hotly controverted. Publ. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London, Eng. Price, 45 cents, net.

\* \* \* \*

"The Berkleys," by Emma Howard Wright, is a very pathetic and masterly little story. The character of Dora, the heroine, is lovely. Benzig Bros.; price 40 cents.

The same firm publishes two other interesting novels: "Bob O Link," by Mary T. Waggaman, and "The Golden Lily," by Katharine Tynan Thirkson. Price, 40 cents each.

Likewise "The Life of St. Gerlach," by Frederick A. Houck. The book is well written, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated. Price, 55 cents, net.

\* \* \* \*

"Corinne's Vow," by the well known Catholic writer, Mary T. Waggaman, has been recently published in book form by Benziger Bros. (New York, Cincinnati and Chicago) and is sold at the low price of \$1.25.

This story is certainly most interesting and attractive. The beautiful character of the heroine especially, who is an unselfish young American lady, full of faith and resolute in obeying the demands of duty, although they entail bitter privations and painful suffering, must exercise on the reader a most beneficial influence. Literature like this attains its aim, which is to elevate the mind and ennoble the heart.

In moderating, not satisfying, passion lies peace.

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

The Society of White Fathers has recently published a report of the progress of its work. The total of its African missions amounts to 65, served by 261 missionaries, 140 Sisters, and about 1000 catechists. There are 60,000 neophytes and 150,000 catechumens, 141 schools and 900 scholars.

### Letters of Thanksgiving.

Dear Fathers:

I wish to return sincere thanks through the Carmelite Review, to our Blessed Lady and St. Anthony for a great favor granted.

Wemyss, Ont.

\* \* \* \*

Barrie, Ont.

Rev. and Dear Father:

I promised Our Lady of Mt. Carmel if she cured a terrible pain in the back of my neck, I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. Will you kindly publish my thanksgiving?

E. H.

\* \* \* \*

Beverly, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

I acknowledge the recovery of a near relative of mine from a severe illness, through my saying "the miraculous prayer to our Lady of Mt. Carmel." I promised to publish in the Carmelite Review his recovery, through the power of this beautiful prayer.

M. K.

\* \* \* \*

Rev. Fathers:

Enclosed please find an offering for a Mass to be said in honor of our Blessed Mother, for the poor souls. I made a Novena some time ago, also a Triduum and promised, should I obtain what I asked for, to have it published in your valuable paper. As my favor has been granted will you kindly publish this.

New York. M. A. O. R.

\* \* \* \*

Rev. Fathers:

I promised, should my children recover from a severe illness, to have the fact published in your "Review." Thanks to God they are now well. The enclosed is an offering for Masses,—one in honor of St. Joseph, one in honor of St. Anthony and one for the benefit of the Poor Souls.

New York. Gratefully, A. C. G.

\* \* \* \*

The good are better made by ill, as odors crushed are sweeter still.—Rogers.

*Favors Received.*

Ineffable thanks to our Blessed Lady for releasing my wife from a great sickness. With gladness she fulfills her promise, viz.: publication and five holy masses.

Ersingen (Baden.)

Fr. Bl

\* \* \* \*

Urspringer (Bavaria).—Ineffable thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Mary, the "Help of Christians," St. Joseph, and the poor souls in purgatory for having obtained assistance in several afflictions. December, 1901.

Margaretha Holzhauser.

(Sales, Nachrichten, January, 1902.)

*Petitions Asked For.*

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:—Cure of a severe suffering in the eyes; success in an undertaking; that a person may obtain a good position; that two persons may recover their hearing; that one person may receive First Holy Communion, and hear from a friend; three very important affairs, and a conversion; health or resignation for some sick people; some children preparing themselves for first Holy Communion; vocation of several persons; temperance for one person; that a father and his daughter may return to the church; health for four persons; three special intentions.

*Wearers of the Brown.*

Scapular names have been received at:  
Falls View—From St. Peter's Church, Oshkosh, Wis.; Dayton, O.; Holy Family Church, Auburn, N.Y.; St. Ann's, Guysboro, N.S.; Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Cal.; Boise City, Idaho.

Englewood, N.J.: From St. Mary's, Jersey City, N.J.; St. Paul's, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Louis Bertrand's, Louisville, Ky.; Salem, N.J.; St. Nicholas, Atlantic City, N.J.; St. John's Convent, Scranton, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Norfolk, Va.; West End, Va.; Brighton, Wis.; St. John's, Paterson, N.J.; St. Mary's Philadelphia, Pa.; Everett, Mass.; Mag-

dales Asylum, San Francisco, Cal.; New Hope, Ky.; Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.; Church of Visitation, Brooklyn, N.Y.; South Orange, N.J.; St. Nicholas, Atlantic City, N.J.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, N.J.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Paterson, N.J.; Church of Our Lady Star of the Sea, Long Branch, N.J.; St. Augustine's, Lebanon, Ky.; St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N.J.; House of Good Shepherd, Roxbury Mass.; St. Bridget's, Newark, N.J.; St. Augustine's, Union Hill, N.J.; St. Paul's, Burlington, N.J.; Los Gatos, Cal.; St. John's, Jersey City, N.J.; S. S. Mary and Elisabeth Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; Church of Our Mother of Sorrows, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Jersey, N.J.; Our Lady Star of the Sea, Atlantic City, N.J.; St. Mary Magdalen's, Millville, N.J.; St. John's Stamford, Ct.; St. Lucy's, Jersey City, N.J.; St. Elisabeth's, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Henry's Bayonne, N.J.; St. Michael's, Elisabeth, N.J.; St. Boniface's, Jersey City, N.J.; St. Augustine's, Weehawken, N.J.; St. Joseph's, Peterburg, Va.; St. Sylvester's, Woodsfield, O.; St. Joseph's school, Convent Station, N.J.; Church of St. John the Evangelist, Goshen, N.Y.; Holy Name Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. James Carthage, N.Y.; St. John the Baptist's, Scranton, Pa.; St. Patrick's, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Joseph's, Jersey City, N.J.; St. Patrick's, Milwaukee, Wis.; The Immaculate Conception, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Church of the Assumption, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Baltimore, Pa.—From St. Louis University; St. Martin's, Wisconsin.

He who buys magistracy must sell justice.

He is nearest to God who has fewest wants.

He who ceases to grow greater grows smaller.—Amiel.

He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.

Better not read books in which you make the acquaintance of the devil.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother. — Napoleon.

### Obituary.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the following deceased:—

Rev. Francis Ryan, of Toronto, who died March the 8th. The deceased was one of the most distinguished priests of the country. A very able scholar, zealous in the discharge of the ministry, eloquent in the pulpit, of a kind and gentle nature, which manifested itself to all, especially to the poor, Father Ryan will be remembered by all, irrespective of standing or creed.

William Donovan.

Sr. M. Patrick, who died at Kingston, Ont., Feb. 17th.

Mr. S. Lambert, a devout client of Our Lady.

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### ASPIRATION.

(From St. Francis Xavier, S. J.)

My God I love Thee ! not the crown  
Of glory to attain ;  
Nor do I love, my dearest Lord,  
Through servile fear of pain.  
I see the nails, the lance, the cross,  
The lone Gethsemane,  
I see the scourge and thorny wreath  
And these were all for me !  
Then shall I not reciprocate  
These proofs of love Divine ?  
O, by Thy wounds and precious blood  
Inflame this heart of mine,  
And may its mystic chords vibrate  
In holy monotone ;  
"I long to love Thee Jesus, Lord,  
For Thy dear Self alone.

Enfant de Marie.

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### MIRACULOUS INFANT OF PRAGUE

Carmel in X., 1900—One of our sisters was subject to phlebitis. The physician told us, that this sickness was generally of long duration, and our sick sister being the sacristan of our monastery, one can readily understand that it was rather a heavy cross, not only for the infirm sister, but also for the mother Superior. The latter had to be the sacristan until the former would recover. In her illness the sister placed all her confidence in the sweet Infant of Prague,

in whose honor the community was holding novenas. Besides this, the sister placed a picture of the holy Infant upon those places of her body which pained her most, and denied the Heavenly little King his freedom until he would release her of her malady. The mother superior promised amongst other things, also to have the sister's recovery published in the "Chroniques du Carmel." The lovely Infant hastened now to reward the good sisters for their great confidence. The sister's pains disappeared against all expectation, and she gradually regained her former strength. The sisters, on their part, hastened to give thanks to their sweet little Benefactor. At another time this holy Infant released also the mother superior from a very annoying malady.

(Stimmen v. Berge Carmel.)

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### A LESSON FROM NATURE.

The great book of nature, in which many an important lesson is written by the hand of the Creator, is especially instructive in spring tide. We see new life everywhere. All creation arises from its wintry sleep and manifests in a thousand ways the perfections of its Author, thus singing His praises and giving Him the glory which the Almighty desires, and which alone influenced Him to pronounce the great fiat that called myriads of beings into existence.

Can man, the king of the universe, be heedless of so powerful an example ; can he alone, instead of tending towards his Maker, basely turn from Him by sin, unmindful of the cry everything around him emits : "Sursum Corda !"

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Man spends his life reasoning on the past, complaining of the present, and trembling for the future.

In olden times men painted to show the object of faith ; to-day they use objects of faith to show the painting.—Ruskin.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty pipes of you who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.—George Eliot.