



THE HOLY FAMILY.

(After Painting of Franz Defreyger, Munich School.)

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CARMELITE REVIEW,

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

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A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

Addressed to Readers of "The Carmelite Review."

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



RING out, sweet bells, a joyous chime,
 And greet the coming year.
 Ring out far o'er the virgin-snow,
 Through starlight bright and clear!
 Within my spirit softly thrills
 That music of the bells;
 An echo of their silvery tones
 From mystic harp-strings swells.

II.

I fain would greet all kindly friends,
 —Far distant from my view,—
 Who love Mount Carmel's glorious Queen,
 And welcome her "Review."
 Accept, in these low notes of song,
 From "Enfant de Marie"
 A New-Year's prayer that to you all
 It may a blest one be.

III.

We'll lay it at thy sacred feet
 O Blessed Mother-Maid!
 Its joys and sorrows all shall be
 'Neath thy maternal aid.
 The first fair flowers of early spring,
 —White as the drifting snow,—
 The scented rose of summer-time
 Unfolding in its glow.

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IV.

The beautiful autumnal leaves,
 All things most sweet and fair
 We'll twine around thy holy name
 As emblems of our prayer.
 And as thy well-loved Feasts come round
 To light our soul again,
 In all their gladness we'll rejoice
 And grieve in all their pain.

V.

Our echoes of an Angel's voice,
 —Soft-breathed at midnight calm,—
 Our sighing for thy bitter woe
 Beneath the dying Lamb.
 Our songs exulting in thy bliss
 When, from "the desert place,"
 Thy soul, O free white dove, takes flight
 To gaze upon God's face.

VI.

All these sweet melodies shall rise
 From earth, O Mother dear!
 And thou wilt listen tenderly
 All through the coming year.
 Illume our onward, upward path
 With thine own star-like ray,
 And when life's passing days are o'er
 Lead us *thyselves* away.

VII.

Away, afar from pains of earth,
 From all its cares and tears,
 Away to light, and peace, and joy,
 Of God's eternal years!
 Our Lady of Mount Carmel, hear
 Thy children's sigh of love.
 Look down upon their coming year,
 And bless it from above.

"*Regina decore Carmeli ora pro nobis.*"

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XIV.

McMASTER'S SPIRIT OF GRATITUDE TO GOD AND THE MOTHER OF GOD—SOME EDIFYING LETTERS—HIS LAST ILLNESS—HIS PREPARATION FOR DEATH—HIS PIOUS END—PUBLIC EXPRESSION OF PROFOUND REGRET AT HIS DEATH FROM EMINENT MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY AND PROMINENT LAYMEN—THE OBSEQUES—SERMON BY HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN, D. D.—THE "MONTH'S MIND"—LINES FROM MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



HERE was a beautiful tradition amongst the Jews which Lancelotti quotes from Philo. It was to this effect:

When God had created the world, he asked the angels what they thought of this work of his hands. One of them answered that it was so vast and so perfect that only one thing was wanting to it, namely, that there should be created a clear, mighty, and harmonious voice, which should fill all the quarters of the world incessantly with its sweet sound, and offer thanksgiving day and night to its Maker for his incomparable blessings.

Indeed, the blessings of God, both spiritual and temporal, are so great and so numerous that every one of us must say with St. Gregory of Nyssa: "I think that if our whole life long we conversed with God without distraction, and did nothing but give thanks, we should really be just as far from adequately thanking our heavenly benefactor, as if we had never thought of thanking him at all. For time has three parts, the past, the present, and

the future. If you consider the present, it is by God that you are now living; if the future, he is the hope of everything you expect; if the past, you would never have been if he had not created you. That you were born, was his blessing. And after you were born, your life and your death were equally his blessing. Whatever your future hopes may be they depend also on his blessing. You are only master of the present; and therefore if you never once intermitted thanksgiving during your whole life, you would hardly do enough for the grace that is always present; and your imagination cannot conceive of any method possible by which you could do anything for the time past, or for the time to come. Since the benefits and blessings of God are unspeakably great, from their multitude, their magnitude, and their incomprehensibility, they are by no means to be concealed in silence or left without commemoration. Though it be impossible for us to commemorate them adequately, yet we must openly acknowledge them, revere them in our heart, and religiously worship them as far as possible. For though we cannot explain

them in words, we can make acknowledgment of them in the pious and enlarged affection of our hearts. Indeed, the immense mercy of our Eternal Creator condescends to approve not only that which man can do, but all he would desire to do; for the merits of the just are counted up by the Most High not only in the doing of the work, but in the desire of the will.

Hence the spirit of thanksgiving has been in all ages the characteristic of the saints. Thanksgiving has always been their favorite prayer.

When the Archangel Raphael was about to make himself known to Tobias and his family, he said to them: "It is time that I return to him that sent me; but bless God and publish all his wonderful works." Probably, as he parted from them, he showed them a glimpse of his angelic beauty, as they went immediately into an ecstasy of three hours, which filled them with a spirit of thanksgiving. "Then they, lying prostrate for three hours upon their face, blessed God, and rising up they told all his wonderful works."

The Christians learned this spirit from our Lord Jesus Christ, who always thanked his Father in the beginning of his prayers, and when about to operate any miracle.

From the epistles of St. Paul we learn that this great Apostle constantly exhorted the Christians, "always to give thanks for all things, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God and the Father."

The ancient Christians saluted one another with these words: "Thanks be to God." Those very words were always in the mouth and heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary. And in heaven, as St. John assures us, the blessed prostrate themselves before the throne of

God to thank him continually for all his benefits. St. Cyrian, on hearing the sentence of his death, said: "Thanks be to God," and gave twenty-five gold crowns to the man who was to cut off his head. St. Lawrence thanked God on his gridiron. St. Boniface, in the midst of horrible torments, exclaimed: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, I thank Thee." St. Dulas, while he was being cruelly scourged, repeated: "I thank Thee, my Lord Jesus, for having deemed me worthy to suffer this for love of Thee." There is nothing more holy than a tongue which thanks God in adversity. To say but once "Thanks be to God" in adversity or illness, is better than to say it several thousand times in prosperity. Father Didacus Martinez, the Jesuit who was called the Apostle of Peru, because of his zeal for souls and his indefatigable labors in that province, used to say daily four hundred times and often six hundred times, "*Deo gratias*," "Thanks be to God." He tried to induce others to practise the same devotion, and declared that he knew there was no short prayer more acceptable to God than this, provided it was uttered with a devout intention. Hence, St. Lawrence Justinian says: "Only let God see you are thankful for what he has given you, and he will bestow more and better gifts upon you." St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi received a revelation in which she was told that thanksgiving prepared the soul for the boundless liberality of the Eternal Word.

In one of the revelations of St. Catharine of Sienna, God the Father tells her that thanksgiving makes the soul incessantly delight in him, that it frees men from negligence and lukewarmness altogether, and makes them anxious to please him more and more

in all things. "Happy is he," says St. Bernard, "who at every grace he receives, returns in thought to him in whom is the fulness of all grace; for if we show ourselves grateful for what he has given us, we may make room for still further grace in ourselves. Speak to God in thanksgiving, and you will receive grace more abundantly."

Now this duty of thanksgiving seems to be forgotten by many Catholics. It would not be easy to exaggerate the common neglect of this duty. There is little enough of prayer; but there is still less of thanksgiving. For every million of *Paters* and *Aves*, which rise up from the earth to avert evils, or to ask graces, how many follow after in thanksgiving for the evils averted or the graces given?

Men are grateful to their fellow-men, grateful even to animals. But to be thankful towards God, their greatest benefactor, seems unaccountably to have fallen out of most men's practical religion altogether. If we have reason to pity God, if we may dare so to speak with St. Alphonsus, because men sin against his loving Majesty, still more reason have we to do so when we see how scanty and how cold are the thanksgivings offered up to him.

"This sin of ingratitude," says St. Bernard, "is an enemy of the soul that entertains it in every way, depriving it of the good it has acquired, and preventing the acquisition of more; it is a scorching wind that dries up the sources of piety, the streams of mercy, and the torrents of grace. I have an extreme hatred of ingratitude, because it is a murderer which directly attacks the soul's salvation, and in my opinion there is nothing in religious, and in persons who practise piety, so displeasing to God as ingratitude for his benefits. Why is it that often God does not

grant what we ask of him with the greatest earnestness? Is his power weakened? Are his riches exhausted? Has his affection for us waned? Alas, no! The true cause is that we do not thank God for his benefits.

There are few who thank him as they ought for his favors."

Indeed, there is nothing more odious even among men than ingratitude. "The ungrateful man," says St. Irenæus, "is a vessel of ignominy into which God pours the gall of his anger; while the grateful man is a vessel of election and honor, into which he continually pours the precious waters of his grace, and makes of him a great instrument of his glory."

Now the spirit of gratitude was quite peculiar to McMaster, from the beginning of his conversion to the Catholic faith to the end of his life. "God," he often said to his children, "bestows so many wonderful lights upon my soul." Being unable after the serious accident of his fall, to write himself, he communicated through his son Alphonsus, the following words to one of his daughters: "In your first letter after hearing of the hurt, you wrote of me as lonely without my daughters. I assure you in God's presence, not one such even most transient thought has passed through my mind at any time. I had as soon thought of missing your dear Mother or my own kind mother, whom I have not seen for forty-six years. My heart is only full of thanksgiving to our Lord in the Heart of His Blessed Mother that my three daughters are where they are. God bless my darling daughter.
PAPA."

In another letter to the same daughter he writes:

Midnight is just past, and the *April fool's day* this year notes the sixty-sixth anniversary of the morning at

nine o'clock, when a baby boy began to breathe and squeak and blubber—that has fooled and troubled so many people since.

But foolish and profane correspondence is not admissible in your holy retreat during Lent. Yet I am lawless—being an *April fool*!

Earnestly, however, in this my *hermitage*—that is very sweet to me—that is very happy for me—that is *best* for me—this night—as men thinking death at hand say they see their whole lives come back to them—I gaze in astonishment at what is all vivid before me—my childhood, youth, early manhood and later life through all these so many years, so many of them full of tempest—I am no Moses. “*My eyes are dimmed and my natural force abated,*” But, O my daughter, my *first born*—and for whom I must always have an affection that I can share to no other—however much I love them—I charge you so long as you live, continually to *thank, to bless, to praise* God, and our Lord, and *His Blessed Mother* our redemptrix for the wonderful graces given to your poor wretched father. I had rather you would do this than even to pray for my poor soul—though I know well that it must undergo a most terrible purgation, before it can ever be clean enough to endure the presence of the Blessed even in the lowest court of Heaven.

We here add several letters written to his daughters, from which it is evident how great McMaster's spirit of gratitude was towards God and the Blessed Mother of God.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14th, 1884.

My most sweet daughter :

My beloved Sister in Domino—whom I love to think of in the Sacred Heart : I did hope, even down to this morning,

that, tomorrow morning, St. Gertrude's day, I might have gone to Communion at your Community Mass, in your dear little Church, and have had a talk with you, and dear Sr. afterwards. But, clearly, our dear Lord does not wish it; and has given me some special business troubles to compel me to be in New York, on St. Gertrude's day. My Communion will be offered for you, my most sweet daughter, and my most fervent prayers. You and I will remember at Mass and in Communion, dear “*Mama Gerty.*” And how we should thank, after our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph, and St. Teresa, and St. Alphonsus, the great St. Gertrude. She, too, is looked on, and spoken of, like our great St. Teresa, as a “*Doctor of the Church,*” and she, long before the Blessed Marguerite, propagated the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord. She and St. Alphonsus were, after our Lady and St. Joseph, the especial Patrons of the family, now, for a time scattered, but that our Lord has so signally favored. At the eight o'clock mass, I will meet you, and dear “*Mama Gerty,*” and ask St. Gertrude, to whom our Lord said He could deny nothing, to present our Hearts to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Though absent in body we will be united in spirit.

The disappointment of not seeing you tomorrow, has made my heart very sore. There is a kind of rawness in the wounds. I think, if I can see you once a month, I will not miss you much, the rest of the time, most of the time I think of you as busy, or occupied, “*in the other room,*” and as I keep busy all goes right. The Keileys are all that is good and kind. Mrs. Keiley does not get over her loss. Last Sunday evening I had the unexpected pleasure of a visit from Unser.

I have had a very oppressive "cold" for a day or two; and the disappointment of not being at Carmel, tomorrow, has put me in the dismals. But I keep saying the beads, and the dear "Chaplet of the Seven Dolours," that made me. Meditating on *Her* sorrows, how ashamed it makes any Christian to grunt over his petty troubles. I do certainly intend and expect to see you within the octave of St. Gertrude. Need I ask you to give my love to your dear "little mother," or to Mother Prioress, or to Mother Beatrix, or to all "my dear daughters," in Carmel from the father of the Community. Mrs. Keiley at my urgent request has changed the shawl for a coarse one at half the price. I want you to wear it. Then, if it cannot be used in the Convent, Mrs. Keiley says some of the "Out-Sisters" can certainly use it. If not I will use it myself, while in Baltimore, to keep my heart warm.

The Photographs came after over two weeks delay. I think Alman laid himself out on them. They far surpass anything I expected. "Dob" said he would attend the distributing them, as you had designated, but I do not think he did, in fact I know he did not. I attended to the Harper's and to Brownie—to the Keiley, of course. With Mother Prioress permission, I will feed your vanity by showing you the different ones, next week when I go on. And now once more God bless the dearest soul on this earth, whose voice I hear at night, when I waken, and whom in my quiet rooms I think of as "busy in the other room," while I keep myself busy.

"*Pater*" *thine*.

NEW YORK, Christmas, 1884.

What shall I say, or how begin, a letter to my inexpressibly dear

daughter? Would you be so cruel to my soul as to wish I had had a "jolly Christmas?" The Keileys have been as loving and kind as human beings could be; and I have appreciated it; and been *cheery*. Are you then sorry that my heart has been *raw*, outside; and very sore, inside? Had not our Blessed Lady, on that first Christmas, the chord of intense sorrow, responding to the ineffable joy of the earth's music, with which she embraced her God, at the moment He was born of her? She knew what the Prophets had foretold of what her Son and her God had to suffer. So long as every hour, every minute, I can lift up my heart, and *thank God*, should you not be glad that our dear Lord treats me as a friend? You know the special gift He keeps for His friends is the *Cross*, the other things He gives His hirelings. You know, my Trudey, that I am *glad*; and would give my life rather than have it otherwise. What more can I say.

What little things upset poor feeble mortals! The older slippers happened to have so affected me. Very often when putting them on, I thought: Last pair of slippers of Trudey's work!" How like you to have begun the new ones; and how good in Mother Prioress, and Mother of Novices, to have let you finish them! I could well have done without them, but, when I received them, and your dear little note, I had to go into the Keiley's other room for a little while. You know my tears lie near my eyes. But my heart every hour, gives thanks to the dear Lord, and to His Mother, who have so singularly blessed our dear little family! Oh, what jubilation, and shoutings of joy it will be, and after so short a time of trial, when the bars and gratings of

Carmel, that now separate you from a false world, and protect you from it, shall be turned not only into decorations of glory and honor, but be rewarded, in the *inner man*, with joys, and happiness that no mortal imagination can conceive of. Then you, and my other dear daughter, "following the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth, for they are Virgins," will have a special gift. Darling daughter He that has begun His work in you will not fail. And I trust His grace and your fidelity, for the end. But, be sure you will have fierce conflicts, one day or other. Our Lord does not permit the devils to assault us poor wordlings, so fiercely as He permits them to assail those that walk in the highest paths. I did not mean to begin preaching, but my heart is open and I could not refrain my poor words.

Now I turn to other matters. The "becoming as a little child," was the one grace you especially needed to learn of, and *Carmel* is the *home* of our Blessed Lady in which especially to learn it—But your *human* wit seems to have taken on the same type, my darling Trudey! *How* could you have been so bamboozled as to dream—I had prepared that Christmas box? Why! It was Comendalora Keiley, helping dear Mrs. Keiley, that sent it, and only on last Sunday, when it had gone, did I know anything about it! So, really the dear nuns will have to say "God reward you" over again, I did not deserve it, though the Keileys, perhaps, led you to think so. *My* offering was a case of hard dates, that should contain nine small boxes. They are of this years dates, and, I think, the best I ever saw. They were forwarded last Monday, *all* charges paid. If they are not *very good*, I ought to be informed. It is best to

be frank in these things, lest dealers take advantage of us. PATER.

NEW YORK, March 3, 1885.

My most sweet Sister in Domino:

How the years of your life pass before me, one by one, from the first breath you drew at eight o'clock in the evening, twenty-six years ago tomorrow. The baby with the big black eyes—I leave off the rest, that rise so distinctly to my mind. Then those strange seven years—my "*step wife*"! How determined you were, spite of my remonstrances—to "*sacrifice* yourself to me" as Father Carter used to put it.

Has not Our Lord rewarded you, my Sister Gertrude, for your generosity? After seven years, Our Lord called you to "go up higher" than another vocation would have called you. Now you are on Carmel, in the "Order of His Mother,"—face to face with Calvary. Blessing and thanksgiving, my daughter, to God most High, and to His Ever Blessed Mother, for so signal a grace. How can my tears help but flow, every day and often each day, thinking of you, and our dear little Sister—called to Carmel. They are all tears of love and of gratitude to God, for His inestimable blessing.

What more shall I say. Tomorrow, Masses shall be said for you. I go to Communion. In part this Wednesday—one of the nine to St. Joseph, must be for Phonse, but you will have your part. Whom of all my dear ones will I forget to pray for? I will not say much more to-night. I have been continually interrupted at my office to-day, and am writing this in the overheated correspondence room of the Astor House. On or about St. Joseph's day, I purpose dropping in on you. You can assure our dear "little Mother"—Mother Beatrix. How good God, and

His Blessed Mother, have been to us all. May, He ever bless you; whether it be the best half or the best two-thirds of your whole life, that you will pass by His grace in Carmel.

Oh, it will be *short* when it is over! But the reward, the crown—that will be forever! Oh, forever. PAPA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11, 1884.

Sweet, sweet daughter:

I hardly think I should say *my* Gertrude! Are you not, now Our Lord's own Gertrude? And Gertrude in the Order of the Mother of God?

If I did not write, I followed you, day by day, in your holy ten days retreat, asking Our Lord for you, and for the Community. When you wrote that you were finally *accepted* for the Order of the Mother of God, I gave thanks to *Her*, and to Her Divine Son. Why was I so dull and dead as not to write and congratulate you? From day to day I *intended*—but I am weighted down to earth. At least I did better. Father Ben K—was on here, and I gave him the *honorarium* for a special mass of Thanksgiving, that he said he would say with special satisfaction. Thanking God for favors and graces, is the sure way of gaining yet other graces. I am *too busy* to go to Baltimore, just now. In compensation I propose, during the holidays, spending *three days* in Baltimore. With permission of Mother Prioress and Mother Mistress of Novices, I propose having several serious *conferences* with you, all to ourselves—over the Divine Office, the Breviary. St. Paul Apostle, says: "I will pray with the *heart*, but I will pray also with the understanding"! I am sure St. Teresa would approve of this. Note then, meantime, points you may especially wish to have cleared up, note the page, or the part of an office—and we may

have a *good* time, not displeasing to Our Lord. PAPA.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12, 1886.

My own most precious one, Sister of the Heart of Jesus:

During your Retreat and now, since your holy Profession, it has seemed to me as if you were hovering about the rooms of my hermitage. Is it your Guardian Angel? Are you asking him to come and stir me up so? If this may be so—and it is very far from contradicting Catholic doctrine—as the great St. Augustine teaches—ask your dear Guardian Angel to help *my* Guardian Angel to *waken me up*, from *sloth*. The old Testament Saints used to spend a great deal of time, they tell us, in "*musings*" over the things of the past. But, for us, Christians, life is precious, and time is the most precious thing of life. "*Short years are passing, and I am walking by a way by which I shall not return.*" So said holy Job. You are walking by the way of *penance*. By that way—when the "*short years*" are past—you will not have long to return. I am walking in the way of a dreamy and idle *revery*. That is a way by which, when I die, "I shall not return"! God is Infinite *Justice*, as well as Infinite Love. Pray for me, I beseech you, that I may have effectual grace—to do *some* penance, before I go hence.

It will be a faulty work—but pray for me, that I may do, at least, a little.

I am glad to hear that our dear little Sister is better—since it is God's will. About the pictures of St. Raphael—I will carefully, return her the one she sent. Will you tell her I "*do mind*" to get what she asks for—but, first, I must understand: Does she want *all* St. Raphael's—or only pictures of that kind, of other Angels or Saints? Tell me,

and I will, as you know, gladly "*mind*"! I am, *substantially in very good health*. We have had plenty of Northeast winds—but I am trying to ape Carmelites, and not mind. And if, even more and more the rooms of my hermitage are empty—one half minute is enough to make my heart run over with thanksgiving that my Gertrude—my "Trude," is where God loves to have her, and where it is best for her—and for all she ever loved.

Do not think I am in low spirits. I am not. But I have been *trying* to prepare myself for that *dedication* to Our Ever Blessed Mother recommended by the holy Grignon de Montfort—that you suggested I should make on next March 4. I find it uphill work! For more than the twelve days before the three weeks, I have been meditating on the emptying myself of myself! But I find my vessel so *full* of the bitter waters of *self*, so full and running over, that there is no room for the oil of Divine Joy!

PAPA.

NEW YORK, June 23, 1886.

My own daughter and Sister of the Heart of Jesus:

It was because I was lazy, and dreamy—and to be dreamy is to be idle—I, *having a full letter in my head*, did not write a line. *Of course* I would have taken the gift Rev. Mother drew for me. But I, too, drew "*Wisdom*,"—of which I have such great need—and *you also!* And there was so much I wanted to write right thereupon—so, *foolish*, I wrote nothing! "Oh ye fools when will ye learn Wisdom"! Perhaps we may be able to talk about Wisdom next week

. Oh, fuss, and dust, and pother, of this life, in search of pomps that die tomorrow! O happiness—for those that have the grace, and the courage, to live with God, for God alone! O, my sweet *Carmel!* Lift up the hands that hang down, and brace up the knees that may tremble! Thy God is coming! He is near the door! And great, unspeakably great, are the rewards, and the embraces, He brings with Him. Mark you! It is not to all those that He will have saved by His Blood that the promise is given: "He will gird Himself, (as in the Cœnaculum,) and make them sit down to meat, and He, Himself, will serve them!" This promise is not to all the saved—but to those that "He finds *watching!*" The rest of us will be happy, full of joy—but in the *outer-courts*, among the servants; and glad, oh how glad, for the higher joy of the faithful spouses, and *watchers* for Our Lord.

I hope to see you—at what earliest hour please tell me?—on the morning of the 30th.

Love to "all the daughters." Dear Sister. Tell her I will write her to-morrow, and mail the letter to her to-morrow.

PAPA.

Dear daughter, is it your guardian angel? It is when awake as well as when asleep, that it so often seems I hear your step, and your voice, in the rooms of my hermitage.

Blessed be God, and Our Lord, and His Mother, Our Mistress—that you are where you are! Let us strive to thank Him more and more, for the great things He has done for us—"whereof we are glad"!

TO BE CONTINUED.

RANOQUE.

Translated from the French of Louis Coloma, S. J.

BY DOROTHY.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)



ONE day Ranoque was sent to the house of a notary to lay mats and carpets before winter. Among other things, he had to repair a rug on a landing. Seated on the floor,

plying needle and thread, he could see and hear all that passed in the opposite room, the door of which was wide open.

Two little children were in this room, one, a poor little cripple, was seated in a low chair with a board fastened before him. His father had given him a box of toys and the delighted child laid out the different pieces on the board before him in various fantastic fashions. When he had finished to his satisfaction, he gazed with rapt admiration at the marvels before him. His younger brother stood beside him following his movements with deep interest. Standing with one hand behind his back, he presented a picture of infantine beauty in all its freshness. But suddenly interest is changed to covetousness, and the happy possessor of all these great riches sees, with anxiety, his brother draw nearer and nearer. The fears of the elder were not without foundation for the baby had but vague ideas of the important words *meum* and *tuum*.

In an instant his little hand had seized the largest cow and upset a whole flock of sheep. The elder punished him by scratching his nose with a cypress tree; a regular skirmish followed, and in the

midst of the piercing cries of the two adversaries, cows, sheep, poultry, horses, farm laborers, stables were overturned in all directions. A female voice was heard above the tempest calling from an adjoining room.

"Naughty children, cease your quarreling, or I shall come, and if you are not good, I shall call Cachana and old Canijo and they will carry you away in their bags."

On hearing these names, at one time so familiar, Ranoque quickly raised his head. It was the first time for ten years they had struck on his ear. Surprise, curiosity mingled with a certain sentiment of irresistible terror instantly seized his soul.

A moment later an old nurse entered the room and established order and peace, administering to each turbulent little one an equal number of light slaps. She was about to withdraw when Ranoque somewhat recovered from his surprise, addressed her:

"Pardon me, madame, do you know those persons you have just named: Cachana and Canijo?"

"Do I know them? No!" replied the woman with an air of surprise.

"I merely asked you in case you might know who they are?"

"Oh! They are two criminals of the worst kind; a wicked woman and an old robber who are to be executed tomorrow or the day after."

The poor young man would not have been more surprised if a thunder-bolt had fallen at his feet. White, and shivering all over, he leaned against the door frame to prevent himself from falling.

"What is the matter, my friend? Are you ill?" enquired the old nurse in a sympathetic voice.

"Is it true?" stammered Ranoque, "How do you know it? Who told you?"

"Who told me? Why my master, last evening, on his return from G. where he went about a case on which he is engaged. Would you like to see him? He is in his study."

Ranoque made a sign of assent, and like one in a dream, followed her to the Notary's study. He was kindly received, and though the gentleman was somewhat surprised at the young man's emotion and incoherent questions, he answered all without showing his astonishment. Cachana and Canijo, he told him, had committed two years before a great crime, a robbery and a murder. Fallen at length into the hands of justice and judged guilty, notwithstanding the denials of the old man, they were condemned to suffer capital punishment. Their execution would take place in two days as soon as the executioner arrived. The Notary added that if he could do anything for him in the matter, he was at his service. He was one of Consolata's best customers and had a great esteem for the widow and her adopted son.

Touched with this generous offer and the Notary's sympathetic words, Ranoque could keep up no longer. He thanked him with a look of profound gratitude, and falling into a chair, covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. The Notary bent over him and asked him, with every mark of interest, what was the cause of his grief. When his emotion had somewhat calmed, Ranoque yielding to the questions of his new friend, related the history of his life.

The good Notary, profoundly sur-

prised, sincerely compassionated the sorrow of the poor young man, who constantly repeated in a broken voice:

"What can I do for them? O heaven! What can I do? and she is my mother!"

Finally he left and walked all round the town, for fear he should alarm his adopted mother if he returned to the house before the usual time. The widow was seated in the back shop chatting with a neighbor when Ranoque entered towards evening. The young man merely said "good evening" and pleading a sick headache, retired at once to his room and threw himself upon his bed.

Poor boy! The hour of trial had sounded for him! The hour of combat of which Our Redeemer gave us so sublime an example in His agony in the Garden of Olives; the hour of anguish and of supreme resolutions, which might make a man a hero or a criminal, a martyr or an apostate, a reprobate or a saint!

Ranoque's battle was terrible. "What ought I to do, my God! what ought I to do?" he asked himself unceasingly.

Was he to make himself known at the risk of having the finger pointed at him as the son of Cachana, the condemned criminal? The very association of this woman's name with his own made him shudder. Would he ever dare look people in the face if they came to know he was the son of this miserable woman? No, he could never bear this shame. He would leave the town and the country rather than expose himself to such ignominy; he would renounce the honorable position he occupied, his comfortable home, the affection of his adopted mother! What anguish tore his heart at the thought of his isolation if he put this project in execution!

Exhausted with suffering and shame, incapable of forming a resolution, Ranoque fell at last into a stupor. He lay with his eyes fixed on the flickering light of a little lamp that the pious widow always kept burning before the image of Our Savior on the cross. Standing at the foot of the cross was the Mother of Sorrows, victim also of divine justice, awaiting the heritage her Son was about to bequeath her from his gibbet of shame. The sight of this sacred group softened his soul; silent tears coursed slowly down his cheeks, followed by sighs and prayers, then a calm stole over him. Soon soft steps were heard outside the room, the door opened gently and someone entered.

"Who is there?" asked Ranoque.

"It is I, my son," replied the widow, drawing near with a light. "What! you are not yet in bed?"

The young man lowered his eyes without replying. Struck with his disturbed look, the widow touched his hands and forehead; they were burning.

"My poor boy, you are in a high fever; what is the matter? Are you going to be ill?"

Ranoque raised his head, looked around him with haggard eyes, and said abruptly:

"My mother and old Canijo are to be executed the day after tomorrow in the public place, as murderers!"

At these words, dumb with astonishment and fear, the widow fell upon her knees, with clasped hands and in deep anxiety, listened eagerly to all Ranoque had heard.

"Our Lady of Consolation! St. Joseph, my good patron! What is to become of us? What are we to do?" she cried.

After a few moments of silence, Ranoque began to speak, but in a voice

low and indistinct, as though his tongue were glued to the roof of his mouth. At length, making a great effort, he said in a resolute tone:

"Tomorrow—I shall go—to see her, —and—I shall stay—with her,—if they will permit me.—I shall accompany her to the end. I shall not leave her until she is buried."

"But my son, my dear Ranoque! that is folly, pure folly!"

"Folly!"

"Yes, my child! Yes, that would draw dishonor upon you, and break my heart!"

"But she is my mother, after all, and ought we, or need we not, observe God's law?" replied Ranoque with sudden energy. "God's laws are inviolable under all circumstances, easy or difficult."

"But there is no law which obliges you to make so great a sacrifice."

Ranoque surprised, raised himself.

"Do you tell me that we can do otherwise than as I say. Have you not yourself taught me that the fourth commandment of God says, "Honor thy father and thy mother? And when am I to honor my mother?" he continued with fierce energy. "When had she more need of my affection and my respect than now when she is to die publicly on the scaffold?"

As he uttered these words his breast heaved and a groan escaped from his lips. It was the cry of a broken heart. The widow listened to him with veneration and fear; astonishment, sorrow, admiration, respect were reflected by turn on her face. She was astounded at the blessed results of her own work on the heart of the child of her adoption.

"You are right, my son," she said at last.

Then rising and taking the young man's hands in her own, she said:

"May God pardon me for having sought to dissuade you from your heroic intention. Tomorrow we shall hire a carriage and go together to G.—Yes, my son, both together!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHALL WE ESTEEM RELIGIOUS ORDERS ?

BY REV. CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



What use are they to humanity? This question has often been asked, in one form or the other, from the pagans in the early Christian centuries, down to the times of the Emperor Maurice, thence to the days of William de St. Amour, further to those of Erasmus and Luther, later to the epoch of Rousseau and the Encyclopedists, until it finds its latest echo in the century of Victor Hugo. Not all these, it is true, have absolutely denied the utility of the religious state, but they have all, more or less, regarded it as, in some respects, injurious. For Pagans, Infidels and unbelievers of various countries it has always been folly; but so has the cross; "*Gentibus autem Stultitiam.*" Some of these have looked upon it merely as an object of scorn, and upon its votaries as wretches, deserving of pity; while others have let loose upon it the floods of wrath pent up in their exasperated bosoms, and endeavored to crush it. These did not merely scorn, they hated the religious state. To this number have belonged especially those who, in themselves, or in their ancestors, had apostatized from the Catholic faith. Pombal was, perhaps, the most efficient enemy the Jesuits ever had.

To libertines, the religious state has always been odious, being a constant reproach for the irregularity of their lives. To this cause the same society of Jesus owed its expulsion from France in the XVIII. century.

Men, calling themselves Catholics, have, often, opposed it, because it went

counter to their opinions, or, sometimes, because it proved a bulwark for the Apostolic See. I may put down the Jansenists in this class.

There have been, and there are still others who show their dislike for the religious state out of a certain jealousy. Was it not this, probably, that steeped in gall the pen of William de St. Amour, in his bitter invective against the mendicants? The great Dominican, St. Thomas Aquinas, stood up manfully in defense of his brethren, and the Pope condemned the book of William de St. Amour. What could have prompted a tirade read sometime ago in a Catholic publication, but this; and what else is the cause of the bitter expressions that sometimes drop from the lips of otherwise good men against religious orders?

Certainly it is far from me to excuse the faults committed by religious, whether singly or in bodies, and I am sure, that in my *History of Religious Orders*, I have endeavored with impartiality to show forth their shortcomings, as well as their virtues. However, when we encourage within ourselves a spirit of opposition to religious orders, I do not think we can say that we have the "Spirit of God." The spirit of God is that of the saints, and, surely, the religious state, if anything, has been a nursery of saints. It is true, that as far as canonization is concerned, religious orders could more easily promote this than other organizations; but, at the same time, it cannot be denied that the religious life has always afforded far greater opportunities for sanctity than could be found in any position in the world outside of

martyrdom. Freedom from the cares and solitudes of life, an atmosphere of spirituality, the observance of a rule, the good examples of brethren, and the vigilance of superiors, are so many means of uniting the heart to God and preserving it from that inconstancy which is so fatal to everyone striving after holiness. All these advantages religious possess, while people, living in the world, are deprived of most of them.

I will not insist on the services rendered by monasticism to the church, and to society at large, such as the civilization of Europe, the preservation of literature and the fine arts, the promotion of agriculture and, above all, the spread of the faith and its increase in the hearts of the faithful. These things have been written and rewritten so often, that he who does not see is wilfully blind. Certainly to the hierarchy and its faithful diocesan, or secular clergy, much, very much, is due; but the works they have promoted do not in any way derogate from the credit due to the religious bodies. I use the word *secular*, in contradistinction to regular, for it is a time-honored word, used by the church at large, and in canon law. The secular body is, without doubt, the oldest body of ecclesiastics in the church, for, in the beginning, nearly all the monks were laymen. Still, humanly speaking, what would have become of the church, at the downfall of the Roman empire, without those devoted priests who had embraced the religious state? What would the church have been in the tenth century without them? If the diocesan clergy were the first successors of the disciples of our Lord, the regulars have always proved themselves their efficient fellow-labor-

ers and the flying cavalry of the army of the cross.

I would say a word here on the fascination which the religious state has always exercised over many minds. There is within the human breast an innate desire for perfection. With some this borders on a holy passion. There are hearts that the ordinary can never satisfy, that thirst for the noble, the great, the extraordinary. This, I think, is the clue to that charm the religious state has always possessed for many a pilgrim in this valley of tears. How often has not the weary, world-worn soul instinctively turned toward the peaceful solitudes of Chartreuse, the deserts of Camaldoli, or the teeming fields of Citeaux! Detained in the world by ties they could not conscientiously break, they looked wistfully from a distance up to the holy mountain of prayer. Others, more favored by Providence, rending asunder the ties that bound them, fled, like St. Arsenius, to the delights of contemplation. And, when they had reached the longed-for harbor, their joy knew no bounds. A Carthusian monk once said to the writer, that not for the kingdom of Spain, would he exchange his condition. He was a humble lay-brother. What did not religious pass through, what sacrifices did they not impose upon themselves at the period of the French Revolution in order not to be deprived of the blessed life they had enjoyed in the solitude of their convent homes! Certainly there is much in religion that is painful for human nature, for the religious state means death to self; but there is, also, much that is sweet. Worldlings, says St. Bernard, see the cross, they do not see the consolations of religious. Even those who have wilfully left their holy state often cast

a wistful glance backward at the condition that once was theirs. I knew a Priest who had been a religious. An unfortunate circumstance, it might be called an error, had separated him from his order. He was in every respect a model ecclesiastic, and placed at the head of a Catholic college. This good man practiced many austerities, perhaps even more than he had, while bound by vows. Yet, as his mind went back to his earlier years, he would exclaim, "O my cell, my beloved cell, how I regret thee!"

I once spent a week or more with a religious, living outside of his monastery. Our conversations frequently turned to his order, and his best recollections seemed to dwell upon the years he had spent in his austere monastery.

Maurice Chauncey, a member of the London Charterhouse, who, in a weak

moment, had taken the oath of supremacy, spoke in after years, when his heart was touched by contrition, in glowing terms of his monastery. This confession, says the historian Froude, presents a loving, lingering, picture of his cloister life, to him the perfection of earthly happiness.

How can it be otherwise? Does not a mariner, tempest-tossed, remember with pleasure the green fields, the ripe orchards, the running brooks, the verdant hills and the smiling valleys of his home ashore? Does not the mind of the soldier on the battlefield, amid the din of strife and the thunder of artillery, revert lovingly to the peaceful charms of his own dear fireside? Does not the exile from home turn many a longing regard to the land that gave him birth?

OUR SPANISH LETTER.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



WE regret that events, which in the early days of last year we had not foreseen, prevented our fulfilling the promise then made of contributing a monthly instalment to the pages of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

Undeservedly selected to become the secretary of the English pilgrimage that attended the second National Eucharistic Congress of Spain, duties de-

veloped on us that left us no time for earlier arrangements.

But whilst we could not then compile articles of interest to the host of readers of your truly Catholic review; we did not forget, on our journey, to store up materials for a series of monthly articles, which will appear, D. V., in the issues of '97.

On our journey to Lugo, the place where the Congress was held, we followed the foot-prints of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and made the events of his life and the scenes of his labors our study.

Starting from Barcelona, where he taught, Sunday after Sunday, his class

of Catechism, and where his sword is preserved, we journeyed to the heights of Montserrat, where he began his austerities. Thence to Mauresa, where beneath the massive rock, now enclosed within the gorgeous church of "La Cueva," he compiled his immortal "Spiritual Exercises." From there to Lerida and Laragossa, sanctified by his preachings and early labors; then to Pampluna where, as a martial son of Spain, he defended its ramparts, was wounded and lay in the agony of death, when Our Lady appeared to him, restored him to health and pointed out to him a new warfare for his future prowess. This vision took place in a small room in the present diminutive residence and church of the Sons of St. Alphonsus, into whose hands this church passed after the expulsion of the Jesuits.

From here we proceeded to the superb sanctuary of Lloyola, situated in the midst of the most charming landscape. Here is the old parental roof, the cradle of the illustrious founder of the "Society." More lengthened details of all this we will give to the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW in the early months of the new year.

The congress completed—we enter on an equally interesting programme. We visit the principal scenes in the life of a saint who stands side by side with St. Ignatius as the greatest of Spanish saints. The one and the other, bulwarks of the citadel of the church have proved themselves impregnable to the tempests of heresy. Yes, the children of St. Teresa and the sons of Carmel have been able lieutenants in beating back the surging waves of Protestantism that in their day sought to submerge Europe.

To this glory of Spain's womanhood

is due the reparation for the scandal brought on the religion of the cloister by an apostate German nun. It was her life that cicatrized the wound inflicted on the virgin life of the convent. Well does she merit to be proclaimed the most distinguished of Carmel's daughters, the most illustrious of Spain's mystic doctors.

With this pleasing prospect before us we start from Lugo in the direction of Valladolid, accompanied by the very Rev. Father Kenelm Vaughan, who, to our regret, parts company with us before reaching the old royal city. He proceeds on his mission to San Sebastian while we press on to the ancient Windsor of Spain.

At Valladolid we were the guests of the English and Scotch colleges, as we were subsequently of the Irish at Salamanca.

A passing notice such as this would in no wise repay the kind hospitality extended to us by the superiors, professors and students. We shall return to them more fully when we come to deal with the respective histories of these colleges, their foundations, their vicissitudes and triumphs and the innumerable blessings which from them accrued to the churches of Great Britain and Ireland. We shall then strive to pay to each individually the humble tribute of our gratitude.

Here we commence to visit the scenes of St. Teresa's labors and heroic sufferings, beginning with the Carmelite Convent of this city of Valladolid. Then we visit the convent of Medina del Campo, in the university city of Salamanca, the "alma mater de virtudes, ciencias y artes" of the middle ages. Further on we reach the small but interesting town of Alba de Tormes, where our very Rev. friend,

Father Antonio, O. D. C., showed us the heart and arm, and the tomb of the glorious heroine of Carmel. We behold with reverend awe the miraculous thorns sprouting from the inanimate flesh, and many other souvenirs of St. Teresa's life and holy death in Alba.

Finally, on our return we visit her convent at Burgos.

Graphic descriptions of all these scenes we shall contribute, D. V., during this new year, to compensate for our inability to comply with the promises of last year.

This vacation tour from Lugo prevented us from crossing the Mediterranean and being present at historic Trent, at one of the most eventful gatherings that have ever, since the memorable ecumenical council, assembled in this world-known basilica. The first gathering struck a death blow at Protestantism, the second will, with God's blessing, dash back the Masonic tide which is insidiously flooding the cities of Southern Europe.

Many pious Catholics, in their ignorance of the inner life of this hideous heresy, have no harder word for it than "the ludicrous tom-foolery of Masonry." The voice of Trent will soon open the eyes of Christendom,

and give to the light of day documents which will prove beyond contradiction that Masonry is a disguised warfare waged without truce against Almighty God and His church.

Canada, Catholic Canada, has not heard Leo's appeal in vain. She too has sent her delegate, Dr. Dionne, to voice her protest against the blasphemies of his hideous sect.

We cannot close these few lines without repeating the gratitude the Spanish press shows for the sympathetic articles and frequent expressions of goodwill, that from time to time appear in the columns of the REVIEW towards Spain and its noble army. Spain's enemies are none other than Masons and Masonry, both in Cuba and the Phillipine Islands. The horrid barbarities inflicted on the martyr Friars of the Philipines, at instigation of the lodge, is an evident proof of this.

No doubt Spain has its faults, as all nations have, but it has countless virtues also. Surely the rule of Spain is, at all times, preferable to the rule of Masonry, which is sure to be inaugurated if the armies of Spain, which God forbid, should be forced to retire from the "Pearl of the Antilles."



A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

I.

*"Life is one, and in its woof and warp
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors."*

—JEAN INGELOW.



THE best coat wears out. In due time everything goes the way of old rags, yet for all that, some things do stick to us. One of these, if you please, I shall call a picture gallery, which, even when our eyes are closed is still dancing before us, whereas to those beyond it is but a *camera obscura*. This gallery follows us everywhere. We cannot leave it at home. It keeps pace with us as the "vestibuled limited" rushes along with us at a seventy-mile rate, and in deepest sleep we traverse its numberless nooks and corners. Often too, we find the gallery itself revolving around us. The things portrayed are both fair and hideous, and most willingly would we obliterate the latter were it only possible.

"Memory" is what men name this wonderful collection of images. Right well has it been called a "wonderful cabinet of the imagination—treasury of the reason,—registry of conscience—and council chamber of thought." There are bright and dark scenes intricately worked into the woof and warp of this delicate tapestry. Calling a halt, then,

to this quickly moving panorama, I shall try to develop into narrative what was but a "snap-shot" in the days gone by. Not unlikely the picture will show best "where there are sombre colors."

The main thoroughfare of one of the great lake cities lies exposed to view. Before throwing your eyes into the long perspective take a glance in the direction of the Hotel Friedenhouse. High above the surging crowd, by close observation, you will notice a party of three in a far-off corner of the capacious verandah. Of that trio, one has hastily but not unprepared, gone to his reward. Another, Harry Fenton, whom you will know better later on, has long since stepped before the world's foot-lights to perform deeds which are now to be chronicled by the third of the aforementioned trio. And the latter's task is something more than bringing into verbal being mere creatures of the brain.

I said that one of those spectators there above in the Friedenhouse had gone to his reward. Very true, and he has long since taken up his eternal abode in an indestructible "friedenhaus"—the "house of peace"—where pain and sorrow are things unknown. Now, since that same good soul has made his exit from life's broad stage,

and will not re-appear in these pages, it is not out of place to bid him a long farewell, and to say here that poor Adam M. (God rest his soul) was a loving soul. He did many a good deed in the short time allotted him, and not the least was his zeal for a well-known temple of the Immaculate One, hard by that great cataract first discovered by sandaled monk, and in latter days consecrated to the Queen of Queens by one whose day gave glory to the pallium. From the bowels of historical heights no rock has been put to nobler use than that into whose virgin bosom was chiseled the name of Adam M. Emblazoned shall it stand as long (let us hope) as Niagara chants his requiem. Such good souls ever live for they

"Never die,

*Though year by year the sad memorial
weath,*

*A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves."*

Let us return to the Friedenhouse. The scene below was one not soon to be forgotten. 'Twas surely a gala night in B.—. The street was deluged with a flood of light, whose rays burst forth in every lovely hue. Harmony of sound came from near and distant instruments. First came a body of brilliantly plumed knights marching to the martial strains of one of Sousa's dreams in swinging six-eight time. These were again quickly followed by another band which burst forth into the patriotic and stirring air of the "Wacht am Rhein." And all this was but the beginning of the greater pageant just wheeling into line. It was a great demonstration of a great Catholic organization. Of the forty-five stars in our glorious flag there was not one that night which did not shine o'er its own uniformed state representatives.

The eye feasted on one particular striking object that lovely September night. It was one of the beautiful allegorical pieces which, mounted on barges, slowly passed the reviewing stand. The one in question represented the three Graces—Faith, Hope and Charity. The characters were filled by three charming young girls who stood gloriously enveloped in the brightest light. The blend of color and the gorgeous drapery made an effect which would eclipse a fairy scene.

This passing glory was soon to fade. Those same young maidens, now the "observed of all observers" would again pass through that great artery of "greater B."—but, perhaps, under different circumstances. Little they foresaw what the future had in store for them as they arose next morning, and looked out at the "fleeing folds of Night's dark drapery."

It is pleasant to look back on this last scene. All the characters yet seem so life-like. Poor Adam M. was all animation. It seemed good for him to be there. There were times when he was not over desirous to proclaim his religion from the housetops, but on this night he was proud to be recognized as a child of the grand old Church, and only the storm of applause welling up from below could drown his loud act of faith. It was for him a moment when "Hope springs eternal in the human breast"—a time when one feels ready to do all things for God and fatherland, and the heart is warmed up to the highest degree.

Harry Fenton was young and could not be expected to share all these sentiments, still he was about right when he remarked in his crude and boyish way: "It does one good to be here. When I heard that music and beheld

that sight spread before my eyes, a queer but pleasant feeling came over me. A warm creeping sensation seemed to pass through me and a something lodged in my throat. That's how I felt, and I suppose others felt the same."

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the scenes shift. Let it be remarked during the brief intermission that Harry Fenton was a very young man. He had many good parts. He was not as yet one of the true fold, still he will be, I am sure, and if he, as the days roll by, should be matrimonially inclined, you can be sure he will be married as a Catholic, of that much there is certainty. Little does he now dream of the part which those three young graces will play, or what hearts they may some day influence for good or bad. Well may it be asked here:

"What will not women do when need inspires"

Their wits, or love their inclination fires?"

It was a happy thought to select those three sisters to act the parts corresponding to their names, for let it be known that their names were not assumed for the occasion. Consult the baptismal register at New France, and there you will find their names, Faith, Hope and Charity, daughters of the widow Sophia Werker. These girls were not, properly speaking, city girls, they had only come from the country to receive some musical instruction. Their time was now up, and they are about to settle down again to prosaic life on the old farm, where their young hearts can expand without let or hindrance. They can throw off the stiff ways acquired along asphalt walks and beneath electric lights, and become again children of nature. In the meantime Harry Fenton will spend some time brushing up his arithmetic and book-keeping.

II.

*"Much remains for thought to brood on,
And I would be left alone with my resolves."*

—HEMANS.

You will find Harry Fenton again at the same old Friedenhouse. He was there once before as a transient guest. He was a mere boy then. He now comes with paternal care written on his brow looking for a few days rest. Times have changed and Harry with them. He now commences to look backward. A man can do that when he has passed the thirty mark. Pleasure and pain had poured into Fenton's cup. At times he could look up with pleasure to the same verandah where he stood that night, with his eyes riveted on the float which carried such precious freight—the three graces, Faith, Hope and Charity. He tries to forget some things now but he cannot. Memory is an unruly servant and often offers its services when not wanted.

"Life, love, happiness — nonsense — it means nothing" — soliloquized Fenton. "I once thought such things attainable—the great goal of every mortal—but what is it all— words, words and only words."

With such thoughts running through his head he had viciously bit off the end of a cigar preparatory to lighting it.

"A genuine case of blues" thought the clerk as he saw Fenton, accompanied by a sweet little girl, approach the book to register.

"I should like to give this child in charge of some woman for a day or so, until I get settled down," said Fenton as he smoothed his hand over the blotter.

"I guess we can fix that. Some of our female help will doubtless be glad to look after her for you" suavely answered the clerk, who was wondering

how long Fenton had been a widower.

Faith, for such was the child's name, was soon in good hands, enjoyed her supper up in the maids' apartments, and an hour later was lying fast asleep in a neat little cot. There were unmistakable signs of dried-up tears on the child's face. Faith Fenton had cried herself to sleep. As she slept there were outlines on her face of sad thoughts. Perhaps she was dreaming of mother.

Having disposed of Faith, Fenton himself was free for the rest of the evening. He asked for his room, and "front" was told to carry the gentleman's "valise to room No. 13."

"Confound the thing, even the room has an unlucky number," mumbled Fenton, as he stepped into the elevator.

When he entered the room he threw his hat on the bed, and threw himself into a rocker. He did not remain long sitting. Unwelcome thoughts like a legion of devils fluttered around him. In vain did he strive to drive them off. He sought distraction by walking around and around, but nothing in the room suggested cheerful thoughts. Fenton stood for a moment to scan the hotel rules posted on the door. He read there directions as to the use of a rope in case of fire, and in large type a warning to persons not to blow out the gas.

"Very suggestive thought," said Fenton to himself; "Hanging or asphyxia would be a convenient and radical cure for all troubles."

"Same old stock item for the paper," he mused, "just a few lines saying the guest gave no answer to repeated knocks at door—clerk gets a chair, looks over transom, smells gas, breaks open door, finds prostrate form on bed, all means known to medical science fail to resuscitate the unfortunate man. Coroner's

jury call it accident,—Undertaker Shroudem gets the job and it's all over; while the great general public shakes its head and smiles when it reads that another fool is out of the way."

Fenton's thoughts went from the tragic to the humorous when he commenced to reflect on these things. His better nature too began to assert itself. He had been a Catholic since his marriage. He had been well instructed, even if it was in a hurry. He was arranging his toilet preparatory to appearing at supper. He threw a bundle of soiled linen into the corner, and as he did so, he noticed that along with it he had heedlessly thrown some little affair made of brown material, a scapular which had been around his neck. He picked it up, saying:

"By Jove! I mustn't lose that. Father Cyril gave me that after he baptized me. I made great promises that day and one of them was to wear that. I must be faithful at least in some things now that I have cut loose from greater and more binding bonds."

Before leaving the room Fenton went to the mirror to take another look at himself.

"I don't look as if I have been through such an awful siege," he thought. "Still I don't look myself. I suppose the boys would immediately diagnose it as deranged liver. All right, let them have their fun now. They may have to go through the same mill some day."

Fenton was in rather presentable condition when he entered the dining room. He was closely scrutinized from cravat to gaiter but he didn't wince. He saw everything without seeming to do so. More than one of the guests were curious to know something about the young widower. The man sitting opposite to him tried to draw him out but Fenton's monosyllables froze him into silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

A bright Happy New Year to you all, but, let me introduce you to the sweetest of Christian gentlemen and the most charming of Saints who will, in words far more beautiful than I could speak, wish you a Happy New Year. He says in his own happy style to you all:

"May our Lord hear my voice that this year may be to you and yours one of prosperity, contentment and innumerable blessings—a good and very holy year!—all perfumed with the name of Jesus, all be-sprinkled with His precious blood. May no day of this year, or any year, or any day for many years to come, pass without being sanctified by the merits of this saving blood, and illumined by the blessings of this sacred name, from which radiates the fullness of all sweetness, the completion of all joy, the perfection of all that is most holy and beautiful."

Dear children, let me beg of you to begin to know and love St. Francis de Sales. His feast falls on Jan. 29, and on that day present your compliments to him in my name. Tell him the secretary sent you, and that you wish him to be your friend. Do you know that he had a very hot temper and struggled so hard to overcome it, that, after death, when his holy body was opened, the gall (which is supposed to be the cause of much bitterness of temper) was turned to stone. Now, he will help

you and me to become as sweet tempered and gracious as he was, if we cultivate his friendship and *try* to do as he did. It is not enough to admire him. One can do nothing else. But to imitate him—that is the test of real devotion to him.

There is a very charming little book called "New Year Greetings of St. Francis de Sales." Try and get it, and you will soon learn to love this most amiable of Saints, who wrote so beautifully of God and holiness that the whole world has fallen deeply in love with him. At the beginning of a new year one generally chooses a patron. Let each little reader of the CARMELITE REVIEW, big ones too, show his and her good taste by selecting for a model of elegant Christian manners, the charming St. Francis de Sales.

Well, I wonder if our Lady of the Holy Rosary is very much pleased with her Carmelite children for all the Dominican chaplets that have been changing hands since last Oct. ? Letters, so many that mention cannot be made of all the writers, have been pouring in on the secretary. Now, beginning with January, she thinks it well to keep the sixpence in the family—that is to send our *scapulars* instead of beads. Our lady of Mt. Carmel must have her share. Why couldn't the girls learn to make them? One can buy sheets of scapular prints for a trifle, and if every reader of the REVIEW would buy a sheet of a dozen prints and a yard of brown flannel, I am sure there are

many who could do a flourishing business for our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Think what she has promised to those who *die* wearing her scapular!—they shall not see the fire of hell. Is it worth while helping people to get the scapular and coaxing them to wear it? A word to the boys about wearing it: One's coat or trousers' pocket is good for many and various things—not for the scapular—they must be worn around the neck. The girls, too, might take a lesson. Door knobs, and towel racks, and bed posts are often invested with the blessed scapular. *Don't* honor them so. The secretary knows a very holy priest who always keeps an old pair of scapulars in his bath room—because, not even while bathing would he venture to be without his scapular. One may die at any moment, and we would not want to risk dying without the livery of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. If any child cannot get a pair of brown scapulars, the secretary will supply the want.

A New Year generally means turning over a new leaf in one's life, doesn't it? Sometimes we turn over too many. Suppose for this year we all try to be sweet tempered. You know, dear children, that piety can never be attractive unless it is sweet and amiable. Now, there are many *cranky* good people, and it is a great pity too. Let us see to it that this is not *our* style of piety. Oh! no—a sunny face, a bright happy manner, and above all, *good-natured unselfishness*—those are the things that do God's work most perfectly. One has to jostle against people in the world's great crowd. Let it be done good-naturedly. A smiling face disarms everyone. Try to wear such and St. Francis de Sales is the model of style where graciousness is concerned.

Think of the happy homes that could be made if each member of the family set to work in January, 1897, to be good-natured. Not easy, you say? Indeed no,—but it is hard work that pays. Let us try it, one and all, in honor of our beloved patron, St. Francis de Sales. What will come of it? Love of God and men on our side, and a measure, pressed down and running over, of love back to us. Now we all want to be loved. Yes, even those who laugh and ridicule it, and call it sentimentality and nonsense—even they hunger for it. It is born in us all. Even our Lord designs to plead for it—“Son, give me thy heart!” Let Him have the first and best portion and then be generous with the rest. Life is so short, and there is so much to bear, whether we will or not, that it is well worth while learning the secret of turning bitter into sweet. Good nature will do it all. Done for a supernatural motive to please God—it will, it must please everyone else. Think of a world where everyone was pleased! Heaven? Yes,—but you and I, dear children, can help to begin it on earth. So ask dear St. Francis de Sales to dress you up in a bran new suit of *his* fashioning. Old fashioned? No—good nature is always in the very height of the style. Now, everyone can wear it—Paris is supposed to be the centre of fashion. St. Francis de Sales lived in Geneva, and called himself a Savoyard! Simplicity is always beauty, and is the highest grace. Let us go to Geneva and learn to be graceful. It will fit us for the court of heaven.

MAXIMS FOR JANUARY.

1. Well begun is half done.
2. To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also.—Ruskin.

3. Patient endurance attaineth to all things.—St. Teresa.

4. Blessed are the pliable hearts; they never break.—St. Francis de Sales.

5. A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar.—St. Francis de Sales.

—
FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My first is a human being.

My second is to walk.

My whole is an Indian fruit.

2. What four letters would frighten a thief?

3. Why does a duck go under water?

4. Why is the sun like people of fashion?

5. On what side of the house does a yew tree grow?

—
ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER.

1. Owl.

2. Because they kill time.

3. Effigy (F. I. G.)

4. Because first in pity and last in help.

5. The tongue.

—
FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is ruler of Abyssinia, and what is his title?

2. Which is the only mammal that can fly?

3. What is the origin of the word 'brogan'?

4. What is the index to eternity?

5. What is most like a man's self.

—
ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THE THINKERS IN DECEMBER.

1. Louis Agassiz.

2. Father Isaac Jogues, S. J.

3. In Iceland—the family of Gunnar Einarsson.

4. In the Lugo Cathedral, Spain.

5. Spain.

"CARL."

BY M. B.

Once upon a time there lived in an old German town, a lonely boy named Carl. His father and mother were both dead, and he lived with an old uncle, a shoemaker, a very cross old man, who was not at all kind to his nephew. Carl was a delicate little lad and could not join in the games of other boys, so when he was not working for his uncle, he used to sit up in his little garret and play on his old violin, which had belonged to his father. Old Max Robart, a violin-maker who lived near, had noticed the pale little boy looking with such interest into his window where the violins were, and so one day he called him in and talked to him, and soon they became great friends. Then Carl often brought his violin down to old Max's shop, and the old man taught the boy to play. And how sweetly he played! And how he loved his violin, which was such a dear friend! He had another friend too, besides his violin and old Max. This was a picture of our Blessed Lady, and it hung in a dark corner of the beautiful church, near where he lived. It was indeed a lovely picture, and was the work of a great artist long since dead. The eyes were very beautiful, the mouth so gentle, and the arms were stretched out as if in welcome. And Carl looked upon it as a friend and thought that indeed it must be very like Our Lady, the face was so kind. So often in the evenings when his work was done he would hurry away to the church to Benediction, and while the music filled the air, he would kneel before his "Mother" to pray and tell her all that had happened since last he knelt there. He loved also to listen to the wonderful music of the organ; he knew that a

man away up there in the organ loft was making all this music, but he thought that the angels must help him sometimes—it was so grand and powerful. How he longed to be a great musician and play in a great church like this! And make such lovely music that it would fill the people with beautiful thoughts and make them think more of heaven when they were sad. At last one evening, when he came to the church, he found that his picture was gone. Yes, his Mother no longer looked down upon him from the wall as an altar was going to be built in that place and the picture had to be taken down. All that evening the poor boy cried for the thought that he would never see his picture again. And although the music was still swelling through the church, and although he prayed, still when he went back to his little attic, he felt very lonely indeed. That night he had a wonderful dream. He thought that he was again in the church trying to find the picture. But it was so dark that he could not find his way, for the people had all gone and the lights were out. He could hear the music still ringing clear, and now he heard voices. Then he found himself climbing up a narrow staircase that led to—where? Was it Paradise? At last he came to a little door which opened, and he saw a lovely sight. An angel sat at the organ playing—a beautiful being with a noble face and great white wings—and all around him were other angels singing, while a brilliant light shone on them all, and Carl thought that he stood entranced and could not move. Then he saw a figure coming towards him, a figure even brighter than the angels, and she had his Mother's face. It was Our Blessed Lady. Her arms were stretched out as

they were in the picture, and she took Carl's hands in her's and led him to the organ. He found himself seated where the angel had been and he seemed to be playing most lovely music, while the angels sang and his "Mother" stood beside him. Gradually the music died away, the voices became fainter, and he could hear the "Ave Maria" as if fading away in the distance. Then at last he awoke—awoke, to find himself in his poor little attic over the shoemaker's shop. But brighter days were coming for Carl, for a gentleman who heard him playing in old Max's shop was so struck by the boy's talent that he adopted him and had him taught by a clever master. And afterwards, do you know, Carl really did become a great musician and played on a splendid organ and all the world heard of his beautiful music. He never forgot his wonderful dream, and after long years, sometimes when he played, he thought his "Mother" was standing beside him as she had done in his dream.

SO SHOULD WE.

The camel, at the close of day,
Kneels down upon the sandy plain,
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift the load,
And grant repose.

Else how could'st thou to-morrow meet,
With all to-morrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's
dawn,
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that He no load too great
Will make thee bear.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A happy New Year to all our readers and benefactors! May we grow more and more united in our common love for the Queen of Carmel as the years pass by.

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Another year's page of baptisms, marriages, and deaths has been filled in the church registers. Thousands of names, too, have been added to our scapular registers. May all these names one day be found in the Book of Life.

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These are the days when conscientious readers pay their debts, and renew their subscriptions. Don't forget the CARMELITE REVIEW. It too must live, and it is daily growing older and stronger. Don't retard its growth by half starving it.

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Holy Mass will be offered up on every one of the 365 days of the New Year. Will you only assist at it on fifty-two Sundays and half a dozen holidays. If you can, go to mass oftener; and if you cannot, let your heart go out daily to the dear Victim of love offering Himself up for you on your altar.

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At the threshold of the New Year we look back with thanks and gratitude upon all the favors and kindnesses shown to us and our work. And we repeat with new fervor the daily prayer: "Eternal rest grant them, O Lord" for all those dear readers of ours, who during the past twelve months have gone to their eternal reward.

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Our readers will notice the improved looks of our REVIEW. We have pro-

cured new type and new paper and hope that finally all our readers will now be suited. But we have not been able to increase the number of pages. We must leave that to some future year. As it is, we are certainly giving our readers the full benefit of the dollar they invest in a subscription.

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The "*Life of McMaster*" is drawing to its close. There are but two chapters, treating of his pious end, and giving a number of his private letters which show the greatness and nobility of his Catholic manhood. We advise all our readers, even those who have, perhaps, taken but a faint interest in this Champion of Catholic truth, to read these two closing chapters, and assure them that in the whole range of Catholic literature they will not find anything more touching or elevating than these intimate outpourings of a great and noble Christian soul.

.

Nor should they forget to say a fervent prayer for the soul of the editor of the "*Life of McMaster*." The Very Rev. Mark S. Gross departed from this life on December the first a month ago at the parochial residence of St. Paul's Church at Washington, D. C. Father Gross was born in Baltimore, and was a brother of Archbishop Gross of Oregon. The first years of his priestly life were spent in Wilmington, North Carolina. When, in acknowledgment of his meritorious labors, he was to be appointed vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, he declined the honor. In 1892, owing to ill health, he went to Oregon to restore his shattered forces, and spent three

years in the diocese of which his brother is Archbishop. During that time he arranged the "Life of McMaster" and prepared it for publication. About a year ago he came to Washington, and acted as assistant of St. Paul's Church. His piety and virtue were exemplary, and all who came in contact with him were edified by his humble and unworldly character. His two great devotions were the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin. Every morning he prepared himself for Holy Mass by a long meditation and prayer on his knees. He was induced to compile McMaster's life especially because McMaster had such a child like love for the Mother of God. We hope the two have met before the throne of Our Lady, there to rejoice forever in the vision of her beauty and in the Beatific Vision may they rest in peace.—R.I.P.

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As soon as the "*Life of McMaster*" is ended, we intend to publish in these pages one of the most interesting and fascinating biographies of a Carmelite Saint, the Life of St. Peter Thomas, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Legate of the Crusade of 1365. It was written by the late Abbie Parrand of the Diocese of Avignon as a work of love and translated for the REVIEW by "*Sue X. Blakely*," whose writings and translations have been so welcome to our readers since the earliest days of our magazine. When the time comes we shall give a more detailed account of this wonderful "Life," so full of lessons for the present day.

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Uncle Josiah, is the title of a most interesting and pathetic story, written by *Anna T. Sadlier* for the CARMELITE REVIEW. Those among our readers who were with us from the start will

remember the beautiful story of *Carmelita*, by the same author, who is in the foremost rank of our Catholic writers, and has been constantly increasing her hold on the hearts and minds of our Catholic reading public. The first instalment of this new story will appear early in the year.

.

Another story with the strange title, *A Stalemate*, begins in this number. As it is written by a Carmelite, the former editor of the REVIEW, we will not say all the good things we feel like saying, but we assure our readers of a treat. A perusal of the first chapters will convince them of the many charms of this original tale, which far outweigh the few little faults inherent in all human efforts.

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As will be seen from the *Spanish Letter* in this number, our readers may expect a series of vivid and graphic descriptions of scenes in the country of St. Ignatius and St. Teresa from the pen of our poetic and eloquent correspondent, Don Juan Pedro. His glowing and enthusiastic style has won him many admirers, and perhaps no one among our writers has been copied so extensively as this one. His letters will be all the more welcome at this moment, when even some of our Catholics are joining in the hue and cry of the enemies of Spain, the cradle and nursery of so many saints, and the land of the Immaculate Queen.

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The *Youth's Department* will remain in the hands of *Matilda Cummings*, who has become so identified with the CARMELITE REVIEW that its readers could not feel quite at home any more without her. Her letters to the Young are read by all the older readers with as

much gusto as by those for whom they are intended. God alone knows how much good has been done in the little world of her young friends by her charming way of presenting piety in its sweetest aspect. She must have drawn deeply at the founts of which St. Francis of Sales imbibed his cheerful love of God.

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Rev. Chas. Warren Carrier, whose reputation as a writer and lecturer is such, that any words of ours cannot increase it, will contribute various essays to the REVIEW in the course of the year. His first paper, "*Shall we Esteem Religious Orders?*" appears in this number. It is a most timely commentary on the General Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for this month: The welfare of religious communities. The Holy Father, as we personally know, wishes most fervently that all Catholics should esteem religious orders as the highest form of Catholic life and virtue.

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The monthly essays on general topics by *Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer* and the *Talks* by *Marie Louise Sandrock Redmond* will not be continued for the present, but we may expect essays from both during the year.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BOOKS.

The Secret Directory.—A Romance of Hidden History, by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. Published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. 330 pages, cloth, illustrated. Price, 75c.

The Anti-Masonic Congress of Trent, the heated discussion going on in the Catholic Press about the revelations of Dr. Bataille and Diana Vaughan, and the evident interference of the lodge in Cuba and the Philippine Islands have aroused an unusual amount of interest concerning the nature of Free Masonry. Mrs. Dahlgren's able exposure of the inner workings of the lodge is a most timely production.

It has the ring of truth in it, albeit clothed in the dramatic mask of a romance. No one interested in this question of the day can afford to pass by this strange book, written with all the eloquence of style and beauty of language which distinguishes the writer. From the first chapters, the scenes of which are placed upon an idyllic background, to the tragic conclusion of the final chapters, the reader is held under the fascinating spell, which the mysteries of science and the gruesome secrets of wicked conspiracy exercise over the mind. Gypsy traditions, Jewish machinations, hypnotism up to date, and above all, the degrading and blasphemous rites of Masonry are all delineated by a master-hand, and the picture fills one with horror and disgust. As a contrast, the noble and Christian heroism of self-sacrifice for truth and God is portrayed in the history of two Monks. The United States flag, alas, is seen to do service in the un-American doings of the lodge, and shows how hostile to all true liberty are the aims of secret societies.

Cochem's Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, with a preface by the Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes, D. D., bishop of Covington. Published by Benziger Bros., New York, bound in cloth, 424 pages—(\$1.25.)

The inexhaustible treasury, open to all sinners and just in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, is explained fully in this popular book. It is written in such a devout spirit, is so full of heavenly doctrine, and so well calculated to draw souls to the altar, that we feel grateful for its appearance in an English dress. Our people need just such an explanation surrounded as they are by the indifference of the present age, and breathing the atmosphere of self-indulgence, which is the fame of our modern life, they lose regard for the great sacrifice of love daily renewed upon our altars. Our young people hardly seem to know the meaning of Holy Mass, few of them know how to assist at it. The number of those who make use of this most powerful means to obtain all things desirable, is daily growing less. The beautiful Catholic custom of having Masses said for the living and the dead is dying out. No book could appear at a more opportune moment, and it is to be

hoped that it will find its way into many a Catholic home. The different methods of hearing Mass are fully treated, and devotions at Mass and for confession and communion are added, thus making the book a complete manual for those who desire to reap all the fruits of the Holy Sacrifice.

The Following of Christ, by Thomas A. Kempis.—Pocket edition de luxe, beautifully illustrated, price \$1.50. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

The typography, the neat flexible leather binding, and the rich engravings of this elegant edition, are all that could be desired by the most fervent admirer of this inspired book. Nothing could be more suitable or more welcome as a holiday present. Morning and Evening Prayers, Devotions at Mass, and for confession and communion, follow the four books of the work, and make it a most useful and complete prayer book.

Magazines.

The Globe-Review for December opens with a lay sermon by an ex-preacher on the "Birth of the Divine." Mr. Thorne knows how to preach. He can elevate the mind and heart by his deeply devout and holy thoughts. He can do this even better than launch the bolts of his prophetic wrath against shams and humbugs. We cannot help it, but we like him far more in his gentle moods than in his fiery ones. This whole number is more in harmony with the season of Christmas, the season of peace and goodwill, than we had hoped for. His threatened articles do not appear, and he confesses to a milder mood. May he grow more mellow with age and cultivate the Spirit of St. Francis de Sales, who said: "More flies can be caught with a drop of honey than with a barrel of vinegar." Of course, somebody must do the prophet's work. Rebuke and warning are needed—courage and hardihood are manly in a sincere champion. But, it is far easier to have a fault corrected by starting from the Christian supposition that it was committed in good faith, and by gently convincing the delinquent of his fault. Only where the devil stands revealed without a doubt have we a right to kick at him.

The *Rosary* for December is full of Christmas, as it should be. The third joyful mystery is undoubtedly the sweetest posy we can offer Our Lady of the Rosary. Madeleine V. Dahlgren contributes the first instalment of the "Story of a Convert." All those who have read, or who are going to read (and everybody is going to do that) her powerful romance, "The Secret Directory," will be delighted with this other story, so entirely dissimilar, and yet so full of mystery also, only not this time the mystery of darkness, but the sweet and hidden mystery of grace and supernatural light. Another most interesting contribution is from the pen of the gifted Father Monsabre, "The Rosary and the Holy Eucharist." We visited the dear old man on our recent journey to Europe at his monastery in Havre. Although, as he said himself, he is now too old to preach as often as he did in former years, when all France listened to his eloquent Lenten conferences, he was looking forward with pleasure to the great celebration at Rheims, at which he was to hold a discourse. His mind is as bright, and his heart as big as ever, and we are glad of the promise of more articles from his pen during the coming year of the "Rosary."

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart in its January number enters upon its thirty-second year. From year to year it is improving in worth and beauty, until it now leads the 35 Messengers published all over the world. It is a good idea to publish the supplement on the same day and under the same cover. The "Messenger" is the official organ of the League and it always seemed odd to us to have to hunt up the League news in the "Pilgrim." Now everything is in its right place and the "Pilgrim" is left to its own mission, a glorious one too, and one which to our satisfaction has become popular enough to merit a little magazine entirely devoted to its work. The article on Some Religious Founders and their Spirit contains an account of St. Teresa's work. The beautiful half-tone engraving of the Saint is taken from a portrait painted during her lifetime.