



The Queen and Saints of Carmel.

"Behold I and my children, whom the Lord hath given me for a sign, and for a wonder in Israel."—Isaias VIII.



Remember the Dead!

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

WHEN the sere leaf falls,
 When the sad wind calls,
 And the gloom of the tomb o'er earth seems spread;
 Hear the night-birds cry
 From the dark'ning sky:
 "Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"
 Each bell that tolls
 For departed souls,
 Swinging thro' cold, gray mists o'erhead,
 Must echo the words
 Of the warning birds:
 "Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"
 Afar, the dirge
 Of the sea's dull surge
 On shiv'ring sands, or cliff's bold head,
 Doth mutter and moan
 Thro' the silence lone:
 "Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!"
 The Dead of the deep,
 The Dead who sleep
 In the graves of earth, or wherever their bed;
 If near or far,
 Under sun or star,
 Remember the Dead! Remember the Dead!
 And the Dead—ah! me,
 Will remember thee,
 Whose prayers their heavenward flight have sped;
 Wouldst, one day, share
 In their glory *There*?
 Then, by day and by night, remember the Dead!

England's Future. *

BY REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

HEARD a voice : " Ha ! now shall England fall—
 Her empire reft ! God's judgment-hour begins.
 He strikes ; and, mindful of her many sins,
 With blow on blow shall well repay them all !"
 Here Faith join'd chorus, bidding me recall
 Apostate power that snatch'd the bread of life
 From countless souls, and raised fanatic strife,
 And sought to butcher truth—like blinded Saul.

" Then serv'd the cult of Mammon," quoth the voice :
 " And work'd so well the logic of her creed,
 She grew, among all lands, the archfiend's choice
 For richest fruits of selfishness and greed.
 His gift of empire she accounts the sign
 Of Heaven's own sanction—recompense Divine !"
 I heard ; and knew a moment's flush of shame :
 But breath'd an *Ave*, and made calm response :
 " Let stand thy harsh indictment, for the nonce.
 Tho' where, O prophet, on the roll of fame,
 Dost find one people of unsullied name ?
 Or thinkest thou God slumbers for a day—
 Ay, for an hour—the while His creatures play
 Their suffer'd parts in crafty Satan's game ?

" But should, forsooth, the treasured ire descend
 On England's head—I bow my own, and say :
 ' Just are thy judgments, Lord—benign their end !
 For larger mercies they but pave the way '
 Let Albion's empire dwindle to a wraith :
 Small loss, I trow—regain'd her ancient faith !"
 Then spake a gentler voice : " Apostate power
 Tore, vulture-like, thy nation's Catholic heart
 From out her bosom. Her's the *victim's* part
 In current lies have duped her to this hour.
 But shall she perish—erst ' Our Lady's Dower ' ?
 Her saints, her martyrs' cry is pleading still.
 The Giver of life is breathing where He will : (1)
 A ' second Spring ' nigh bursting into flower.

" Then may not Heaven permit her to retain
 Her world-wide sway—no more for lust of gold ;
 But to extend a truer freedom's reign,
 And ever widen the One Shepherd's Fold ?"
 Is this impossible penance, dear my Land ?
 I watch—I trust—" the change of God's right hand " (2)

* Written in the early part of the South African war.

(1) St. John 3:8.

(2) Ps. 70:11 (Vulgate reading, following the Septuagint.) It means the change wrought by God's right hand.

A Dream of Ogni Santi.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

GOOD FATHER MOYNAHAN—familiarily known as Father Ignatius—sat thinking of Paradise. It all came before him in a dream of beauty. Its meads of asphodel,—its winged throng, white-robed with palms in their hands,—its bursts of song—its intense sweetness, born of heavenly anticipation. For do not the saints go on, as from glory to glory? He imagined their faces of unearthly calm, aglow with a never-ending sense of Divine benediction. And was not their Feast-day close at hand? The Feast of All Saints, which the Church so beautifully celebrates? He thought, too, of his own congregation, and how many of them had gone to join that winged throng—more than usual, he was sure, during the year past. Death had reaped superabundant harvest! At how many funerals he had officiated! Well, they had all died in the odor of sanctity—at least so he trusted! Then he said his prayers, offering them to all the Blessed Saints, known and unknown,—and was comforted. Soon he fell into a placid sleep,—there, in his big arm-chair—and a strange dream came to him,—a dream so vivid as to become far more intense than a common-place reality.

He thought he was standing in his little parish cemetery, where innumerable crosses bore witness that one and all of these good people had died in the faith. Pansies of late bloom still purpled the graves, brightening the autumn gloom, as with precious reminiscence of Easter; here and there, a wreath or cross of snowy blossoms marked the tomb of some wealthy par-

ishioner, placed there in anticipation of Ogni Santi.

Then, suddenly, there appeared surrounding him a wondrous, white-robed circle, a number of Blessed Saints, standing hand in hand, starry-crowned and with faces of peace. Yet they seemed to have a familiar look, these strange visitants. He knew them. They were some of those whom he had, himself, laid to rest beneath the daisies, and for whose souls he had prayed, interceding before the face of God.

At last, one of them addressed him, breaking the solemn silence. "You do not seem to know me, Father, nor do I wholly wonder! We are so happy in Paradise, that the shadows of earth have been swept off our faces. The wrinkles have left my forehead, but you know me as Michael Burke."

Yes, Father Ignatius did know him, now! A good, quiet old man, who had never dreamed of being a saint, nor had bishop or pastor remotely imagined him such. Yet there he stood, acknowledged in the sight of God, his utter humility accounted for righteousness.

"Give us your prayers, good Michael," said Father Ignatius, very meekly, for the reappearance of this one, out of all the lambs of his flock, was a sharp surprise.

"We have come from Paradise, to-day," continued the unexpected visitant—"such being the good Lord's gracious will,—to inquire as to the weal of certain souls, left behind us on the green earth. My son Peter, my dear son, tell me of him!"

It would be hard to find a man more

thoroughly nonplussed than poor Father Ignatius, when this word came. How could he tell these celestial beings all the evil things he well knew Peter was doing? That he was hanging about Donnelly's saloon, for instance, much the worse for bad whiskey, and that his children—Michael's dear grandchildren, whom the old man used to pet—were straying about, ragged and dirty, in consequence. No, he could not tell this, he feared it would startle and disperse his visitors, so he took a gentle, middle course. "Peter is very poor, but a good-hearted lad," he answered, evasively. The father bent on him a searching gaze, before which he quailed.

"Poverty and self-denial," said the sainted Michael sternly, "are blessed preparations for Paradise. Yet I fear, from your reticence, that Peter is not preparing very fast. I must pray for him!"

Here, a second inquirer stepped forward, to the intense relief of the good priest. He could give a better account, he thought, of the others than he could of Peter Burke. But he found himself face to face with another soul he had not thought to see. "Poor Maggie Ryan!" he cried within himself, in grateful wonder. "Deceived, betrayed, deserted!" He lost sight of her after that. But she must have died a blessed death, after all;—for here she was. Forgiven on high, because she had loved much—a Magdalen, a Saint! Yet what could be whiter than the lilies she bore? Or more holy than her calm eyes?

"The last shall be first and the first last," murmured Father Ignatius. "Heaven have mercy on us all!"

She spoke at last, softly, yet with clear intensity.

"I am praying for the salvation of

Francis Tierney, whom I loved on earth, though he loved me not. I know that now, as the light of God falls on his past. Yet I—I love him still, in the eternal presence of God."

The priest gave a start of fear. What revelations were these! Francis Tierney! was it possible? Why, this man was one of his pet lambs! "The white-headed boy in the church," old Bridget Maloney called him! A man whose money had been of great service, in emergencies—a man, too, he would have said, of the highest moral correctness! He had never connected this man, in the remotest way, with poor Maggie. And yet he it was, who had wrought her ruin! Heaven was indeed making revelations.

"Francis Tierney," stammered the priest at last, as if pleading his cause with an angry Judge,— "is leading an exemplary life, now, as far as I know." He dared not speak of any one with certainty, to such questioners. "He does his church duty and gives much in charity."

The searching blue eyes held a world of solemnity in their depths. They did not brighten at this testimony, though it was not set aside.

"Amen!" The word fell from her sweet lips, like the toll of a bell. The lovely head bent, as in shame. "He may well give," she murmured. "It is a *sin-offering*."

Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virium;
Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus!"

But, before the priest had done whispering his bit of Latin, he looked up in fresh fear, for a third form was approaching. It was a tall figure of the Saint Michael type,—a man who had done much, while on earth, to relieve the necessities of the poor, in his own

humble way; but all so unobtrusively that Father Ignatius had never thought of him at all as a saint among the blessed. He had come to beg tidings of his nephew, Charley Bruce. A deeper shadow grazed the face of the priest. What could he say, again Charley was no worse than many, nay most, of his Catholic lads. He was reckless, fond of fun, and would play poker instead of going to hear the Mission Fathers preach—for the missionaries came to Father Moynahan's parish now and then, to stir up the faithful. Charley would spend his money on fast horses, or lose it at cards,—the very money this good uncle left him,—and then have none wherewith to pay his church dues. Father Ignatius was honest, nevertheless, so he told all this and more though much against his will.

"Yes," murmured the questioner, "I see! He is hardly in training for sainthood, at present. He would not be happy with us, in Paradise."

"God grant him a good, long stay in this lower world," retorted the priest, warmly. He liked the wilful boy and had great hopes of him. "He doesn't need to be a great saint, just now. Just let him stay a good, honest son of the Church, confess his sins and say his prayers, and that is enough. I love the youngster! and believe him sincere."

A brilliant smile illumined the stranger's face, like a jet of flame. "God bless you!" he cried "for a good, devoted priest! Take care of your stray lambs! They all belong to our Lord. Defend them always, as you have defended this one of mine!"

A frail form, which made him think of a Fra Angelico seraph, now approached the shepherd of the flock. Her mist of golden hair and trailing

wings made a spot of glory where she stood. He waited in silence for her to speak. There was power in her voice, when words finally came; the fire of her penetrating accents stirring the priest out of his calm, which had been somewhat restored by the last questioner's open approval.

"I have not come to thee for tidings of Elenora"—she spoke with a certain loftiness, as of the skies. "I come to tell thee what I know—and what thou knowest not!"

The priest dimly recalled her, searching his memory. She was Laura McIlvaine, the elder of two orphan sisters; but she had died long, long ago, and Elenora, of whom she spoke, was the baby sister with golden curls whom she had left behind. But, now, Elenora had grown up into a beautiful young girl, with a marvellous singing-voice, and become the soprano of his church choir. She had fared well in the world, which had taken no ill advantage of her loveliness, and was a sweet, pious girl—of that Father Moynahan was sure. Why was Laura, on high among the Blessed Saints, fearful and still yearning over the child?

"There is evil awaiting her," said the sister, quietly answering his thought, which she seemed to read as from an open book. "Carl Ritter, the impresario of the Gaiety Opera Troupe—" Father Ignatius started, in such alarm that he lost the balance of her sentence. He had, himself, seen Nora, one day, in conversation with this man. Could it be? Was the wolf, indeed, after one of his lambs?

"Nora is dazzled," pursued the sister, "like many another, by the vision of fame—of wealth also and earthly splendor. All these the Evil Angel promises! An operatic career would be her soul's destruction. She is good,

but weak. Help her, as thou canst, Father Ignatius! Save her! Oh, save her! Behold, I am sent of the Lord."

"Lead us not into temptation," murmured the priest, "but deliver us from evil!"

Next came Ellen O'Toole's mother, who had died since Ogni Santi of last year, eager for things of her daughter, and this time, the pastor could give account of a prayerful, helpful, patient life. Meanwhile, two or three others stood calmly, waiting to speak of their dear ones;—but just then, the worried priest woke up, rubbing his eyes, and found himself at home, in his own study. The Angelus was ringing, and,

as he uplifted his evening prayer, he commended his flock anew to the special care of the Blessed Virgin.

"Mother of Mercy!" he cried, with unwonted fervor. "Earth is not heaven, as thou knowest. Pray for us! We are battling against principalities and powers,—and often worsted! Pray for us here, who are grieved and weary with the burden of our sins! Purify our hearts through faith in thy dear Son, that we may stand at last among the Blessed Saints of God, 'who have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.'"

St. Vincent de Paul.

By SUE X. BLAKELY.

AMID the tumultuous waves of conflict, destruction and death now rushing over the whole earth, and threatening to submerge all created beings in their terrible depths, it is refreshing to devote a little while in considering the life of one of the most brilliant lights in the glorious galaxy which shine forth upon the altars of our holy Mother, the Church. The life of St. Vincent de Paul recently written by M. Emmanuel de Broyley enables us to do this in a most delightful and instructive manner.

You will say, perhaps, kind reader, that there exist already numerous and exhaustive treatises upon the life of this great saint, and that the publication of another was something entirely superfluous. The author, fortunately, thought differently, and the Church is enriched by a little volume which contains a simple, short but exact and very touching description of the saint and his innumerable charitable works.

It differs from more elaborate accounts in this point,—that under the purest and most correct, yet withal simple diction it addresses itself to the hearts of *the people* most directly.

Notwithstanding the ceaseless efforts of the wicked to inspire the masses with a hatred for religion, her saints in heaven, and her ministers on earth, in regard to St. Vincent they were powerless. He was always the object of their veneration and love. The workman in his blouse remained faithful to his dear patron in the cassock, and the insolent "voyou" as was called the imitation of the raven's hoarse croak, a species of impertinence much in vogue when a priest came into view, was instantly hushed if by chance an itinerant burden of bric-a-brac would appear and have amongst his wares the popular picture of the saint. This was the one in which he is depicted in a street of Paris, in a snow storm with one little child enveloped in a fold of

his mantle, and bending to rescue another from the angle of a wall. It is too easy alas! to lead astray the restless spirits of the masses, but happily it is more difficult to corrupt their hearts. What a noble work it would be to diffuse amongst them this little volume, this charming life of St. Vincent?

They would learn in detail the solid benefits which have been bestowed upon their class by this great and good Apostle of Charity.

These benefits are as innumerable as varied, and it can be safely asserted that in the matter of charities nothing *new* has been inaugurated since the time of St. Vincent de Paul. I can prove this assertion as you will see.

We take a justifiable pride in our recently opened "Night Refuges," but let me add that in it the system is as yet very inadequately developed, for the poor creature who dreads the approach of night, not having whereon to lay his head, will find but few "Refuges" in the large City of Paris, and they are generally crowded to excess. St. Vincent had already opened, not only in the capital, but in many other cities, asylums for those who were in need of them, where supper and lodging for the night were given them, also to each one a bonus of "two pennies" to help them on their way.

Neither should we fancy that philanthropic works date from yesterday. Each time that one of his charities was inaugurated, he would see that those only who were in charge would separate those "ouvriers" who, strong and healthy, were able to work and desired it, and the infirm who longed for employment, and were provided with some light duties, also that they would care for the weak and ailing as far as it was in their power to do so.

We do not know which to admire the most in the charities projected and established by St. Vincent de Paul, whether it be ardent charity which inspired the design, or the practical genius that presided at its execution. Innumerable work-shops and establishments of a higher grade owed their existence to him. There boys and youths of a more advanced age were educated in the avocation of their choice—gratis—upon the sole condition that they would impart the knowledge thus acquired to the children of the poor who would replace them. These grand works, however, after the death of the saint died away in the course of time. They missed his sustaining arm, and it was years afterwards that benevolence, hesitatingly and with indifferent success, again ventured to resume the good works of this venerable man, who in faded cassock, and ancient hat, won respect and benedictions from all. The good "Monsieur Vincent" was truly, during at least the half of his long life (he died at the age of eighty-four) the principal dispenser of charity in France. He gave out millions. He built imposing edifices such as the Saltpêtrière and the Hospital for Incurables. He commanded phalanxes of priests and religiouses. He was ever present, if not in person at least in spirit, where the poor were to be aided, an orphan to be received, or a helpless infant to be taken in at the turn. He loved to visit and console the prisoner; in a word he was wholly absorbed in doing good.

In the ranks of his army of benevolence he had enrolled the queen, the great ones of the court, the dwellers in country and town. From those who had it he asked money, from the less fortunate—their good will. Upon one occasion, to aid his own Sisters of

Charity in their ministrations to the afflicted, he engaged some peasant girls—country maidens—with kindly natures and deft fingers, and from that he conceived the idea of founding "The Grey Nuns" (*les sœurs grises*) that admirable Order whose members to-day number twenty thousand, and are represented almost over the whole world. * * * His activity was diffused throughout the entire kingdom.

At the first word of appeal he would take his old traveling cloak and go to a distant province to give a mission or to inaugurate some other good work. Did the clangor of battle resound through the land? There he was amongst those who were left behind inquiring into their wants and administering consolation and relief. He it was who was foremost in the religious renaissance which was so marked a feature of the seventeenth century. In company with Monsieur Olier he founded and gave to the Church not only the good work of seminaries, but of missions. He sent his Lazarists all over France—nay even to Barbary, to take the word of truth to the Infidel hordes.

And all that with a never failing sweetness, constant good humor, and deprecating modesty that was simply delicious.

This director of so many enterprises; this chief overwhelmed with many anxieties; this great personage who was in frequent consultation with prime ministers and even kings, never for a moment forgot that the most noble duty of the priest is to succor the poor, those "suffering members" of Jesus Christ. He remembered, too, that humility is one of the golden

virtues whose luster gilds with brighter ray, and beautifies the rest. Upon leaving an aristocratic assembly where he had been soliciting for his beloved orphans, the saint would hasten to the galleys, those gloomiest and most dismal of prisons, to aid the poor creatures confined therein, and even to perform for them the most loathesome tasks. And in his own house "of the Lazarists" where retreats to the clergy were frequently given, on the very morning of the day during the course of which he was due at the Louvre to assist at a consultation before the Regent, he might have been seen polishing the shoes of the visiting clergy, the number of servants being small.

I know well how such a course would be looked upon both then and now by the many, for piety grows very lukewarm with the crowd, and devotion with the votaries of fashion is now fervent—then evanescent, then for awhile it dies away. I say again and again, that nothing is more solid than *true Christian charity*, and next I will loudly proclaim my thanks to Monsieur Emmanuel de Broglie for having enabled me to pass some delightful hours in company with St. Vincent de Paul. Far more interesting is he than "la grande dame" of an uncertain age who, when she has founded a few beds in the hospitals, wishes to be decorated like an old soldier, or the banker-millionaire who, when he has drawn a check of moderate dimensions, through motives of policy, for some beneficial institution has his gift announced, with the sound of the trumpet in the various journals of his country.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

IX.

IT is an interesting fact, indeed, that the great St. Jerome, who passed through Jaffa on his way to Jerusalem about the year 400, alludes to the terrible "reef" when, referring to a well-known mythological fable. He says: "This (Jaffa) is the place where travelers are shown the rocks by the sea-shore to which Andromede was chained, whom Perseus is said to have rescued."

Having enjoyed to the full the extended view which we had from the terrace of the "Hopital," we descended, and set out for a walk through "Old Jaffa," as the ancient portion of the city is called. Threading our way through its narrow and malodorous streets, each of whose ancient Arabian houses seems to have been built to resist a siege, we directed our steps to the "House of Simon the Tanner" (or rather to the site upon which it once stood), with whom St. Peter dwelt while at "Joppe," and where he had the vision of the clean and unclean animals (described by St. Luke in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter X.), the purport whereof was to inform him that Christ was not only the Saviour of the Jews, but of the gentiles also; or, in other words, that with God there is no acceptance of persons. From the first ages of Christianity, several churches have been erected

successively on this spot where the Most High manifested His mercy in a miraculous manner towards those that were not of His "Chosen People." Now, unfortunately, the crescent has replaced the Cross—a mosque having been raised upon the ruins of the last temple, built by St. Louis, King of France, and administered by the "Fathers of the Holy Land,"—the distinctive title of the Franciscans in Palestine.

The "House of Tabitha" also was pointed out to us during our wanderings. She was "a woman full of good works and alms deeds" (St. Luke, IX. 36. to 42.), and having died, was raised to life by St. Peter. Finally, we visited the markets,—a locality which almost everywhere in the Old World, as far as my experience goes, affords an exceptional opportunity for getting a general notion of the people. Here all classes meet, and every variety of costume, especially in an Eastern market, is seen. There, too, conventionalities are laid aside; there is a general unbending; and the stranger is made to feel "at home," mixing up as he does with the throng and jostling good naturedly against representatives of every quarter of the globe. After what I have said elsewhere in this letter of the fruits of the Orient, I need not speak in detail of

the various products on sale in the stalls of an Eastern bazar, since that would simply be a recapitulation.

On our return to the "Hopital Saint Louis" about 7.30 p. m., we assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and our usual evening-prayer in common, after which, supper was served. Then the contingent which was to lodge at the Franciscan Hospice left for that institution, a five minutes' walk, and retired for the night. After having celebrated Mass the following morning in the parish-church of the "Latins," the name generally given in the Orient to the Catholics of the Roman rite, in contra-distinction to those of the uniate-Greek, Syrian, Armenian, etc.,—we proceeded to the depot, where at 6.45 we took the train for Jerusalem.

And now, a hasty glance at the country through which the train passes on its way from Jaffa to Jerusalem, the most interesting portions of which, from a historical point of view, are duly pointed out and explained to us by our guide, Frère Bénédict.

Skirting the extensive orange groves adjacent to the former city, and advancing for quite a distance through the well-cultivated fruit orchards which Hebrew colonists from various parts of the world, aided largely by Jewish associations and private charities, have established in this quarter, we glide into the Plain of Sharon, anciently inhabited by the Philistines and memorable for the mighty battles waged upon it between that warlike people and the children of Israel. Our first stop is at Lydda (of old, *Lod*;—founded, as we read in I. Paralipomenon, VIII. 12, by the Benjamite Samad). It is this now insignificant town of narrow and ill-kept streets that tradition assigns as the birth-place of

the martial St. George, patron of England in the days of faith, and whose relics, it is said, reposed here for a long time. Several churches were successively erected in his honor at this point during a period covering centuries. The last of these was destroyed by Saladin when he became master of Judea, and was replaced by a mosque. This in its turn fell into decay and was succeeded by a Schismatic Greek church, in whose crypt may be seen a white marble tomb on which reposes a statue of this Christian hero, "who fought and slew the dragon." It was at Lydda also, that St. Peter healed a man named Eneas who had been confined to bed for eight years by the palsy, (Acts, II. 32 to 35.), and that the same Apostle raised to life the charitable widow Tabitha or "Dorcas," as I had occasion to mention further back. From here on, the territory through which we travel recalls vividly scenes deeply impressed on the mind of every Catholic school-boy by his Bible-history. Thus, for instance, the taking of the "Ark of the Covenant" by the Philistines, after their sanguinary triumph over the humiliated Israelites, during which the latter lost thirty-four thousand men, comes before us, and we can almost follow with our eyes that sacred depository of the tables of the Law, the Manna, and the rod of Aaron, as its exultant captors bear it, at first as a trophy but later as an instrument of Divine wrath, from one of their cities to another, followed everywhere by the dreadful chastisements inflicted by the Most High on the inhabitants of the same, until it reaches *Accaron* (not far distant from us now), whence it was returned to the people of God after having been in the possession of their enemies for seven months. Again, *Bethsames*

(within easy reach) recalls the joyous acclaim with which its people received this "holy of holies," and the scarcely less terrible punishment with which they were visited in their turn for the too great familiarity they exhibited towards it. Our next stop is Ramleh, which a tradition quoted by St. Jerome points out as the native place of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who assisted in taking down the body of our Lord from the Cross.

The valley of Sorec, which we traverse, was the birth-place and the sepulchre of that prodigy of strength and prowess, Sampson, whose tomb is shown us, or, to speak more correctly, its *site*; for it is by no means probable that the mosque-like structure referred to dates from the time of his interment. We are on the theatre, too, of many marvellous exploits of this wonderful man, all of which are briefly but vividly narrated in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the "Book of Judges." Here also dwelt the wicked Dalila, who, having ensnared this "judge of Israel" by her deceitful charms, wormed out of him the secret of his strength and betrayed him to the Philistines. The valley of Raphaim brings to mind the first victories of David over this same people subsequent to his being proclaimed King of Israel; and it was the torrent of Terebinth, still further on, that furnished him with the "five smooth stones," one of which felled the giant Goliath. We are in the neighborhood likewise of the birth-place of holy Simeon, who was in the temple at Jerusalem when our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph brought the infant Jesus thither "to present Him to the Lord" (St. Luke, II. 22.), and who had the inexpressible happiness of holding in his arms the Saviour of the world.

"Ain-Hanieh," also on our route, is said to be the locality where St. Philip baptized the Eunuch of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians. (Acts VIII. 26 to 39.). An abundant source of water, which is supposed to have been the scene of this event, still flows, and serves to irrigate the orchards and gardens of the vicinity.

[As may be easily seen, I have paid less attention to the order of succession and continuity of the places mentioned above than to the impressions made upon my mind by the facts and traditions connected with them.]

At Deir-Abane, between which and the immediate term of our journey—Jerusalem—there intervenes but one more station, we find a number of Spanish Jews awaiting the arrival of our train in order to go thither for the "Day of Weeping." To my surprise, I hear them conversing in Bulgarian; and on enquiring how they come to know that language, they tell me they are from Plevna, Bulgaria, and that they are members of a colony of their race which is engaged in agriculture and vine-growing not far from our present stopping place. We met them the following Friday at the "Wall of Solomon's Temple" (of which more anon), whither our party went to see the children of Israel bewailing the misfortunes of the Holy City. *

Near Artouff, where an English Protestant association owns a great tract of land, on a portion of which a number of houses have been erected for such Jews as shall enter the Anglican communion (up to the present these have been as plentiful as white black-

*NOTE—These Spanish Jews, so called because their progenitors came originally from Iberia, are quite numerous in our portion of the Balkan Peninsula, and there is an odd saying current among them, viz.: That they are in no wise responsible for the death of Christ, because their ancestors left Palestine long before it occurred.

birds!), we reach the entrance to the mountains of Judea. At this point the grade becomes exceedingly steep and the ascent tortuous. The scenery is wildly picturesque as on leaving the open we traverse a narrow gorge with rugged and perpendicular cliffs on either side, their savage grandeur being but little relieved by the dwarfed trees and clumps of shrubbery which at intervals cling to their precipitous surface. As we proceed, the train crosses once and again the torrent, so-called, of "Ain-Katames"; though it is of such insignificant volume at this moment, as to merit rather the appellation of *purling brook*. Occasionally the desolate appearance of the landscape is brightened by the smiling gardens of European colonists in the valleys below us, or rendered even more sombre and uninviting than usual by some squalid and disorderly Mohammedan village. When we reach the "Vale of Roses"—quite a misnomer now, for the culture of that beautiful flower there is a thing of the past, we get our first glimpse of the "City of Sion,"—the high tower erected on Mount Olivet by the Russians being especially distinguishable. Soon, also, the "Hill of Evil Counsel" appears in sight, where, it is said, the high-priest Caiphas, who had a villa there, assembled the ancients of the people for the purpose of deliberating how they might accomplish the downfall of Jesus and bring about His death. Jerusalem, the "City of God," next bursts upon our enraptured gaze. With one accord and under a spell which is as irresistible as it is indescribable, we rise to our feet: our hearts throb, tears come to our eyes, and our feelings find vent only in the beautiful canticle "*Laetatus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi*," (Psalm CXXI.), which I feel

you will thank me for appending here in full:—

"I rejoiced at the things that were said to me: We shall go into the house of the Lord.

"Our feet were standing in thy courts, O Jerusalem!

"Jerusalem which is built as a city, which is compact together.

"For thither did the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord; the testimony of Israel, to praise the name of the Lord.

"Because their seats have sat in judgment, seats upon the house of David.

"Pray ye for the things that are for the peace of Jerusalem: and abundance for them that love thee.

"Let peace be in thy strength; and abundance in thy towers.

"For the sake of my brethren and of my neighbors, I spoke peace of thee.

"Because of the house of the Lord our God, I have sought good things for thee."

Our journey has been a brief one, lasting but from 6.45 until 11.45 a. m., though according to schedule time it should have been some two hours shorter. We were glad, however, of the delays that occurred en route, as they afforded us a better opportunity for observation than would have been possible without them. At the hour last named, the train came to a standstill in the depot of Jerusalem, and our party descended silently and reverently, each of us seeming to hear the admonition addressed by Almighty God to Moses from the burning bush: "Put off the shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." (Exodus, III. 5). We were still outside the walls, it is true, but the ground was sacred to us, having been trodden over and over again by

our Lord and His Apostles. Eager to leave the busy railroad terminus with its all too modern accompaniments, so that we might enter the precincts of the holy city as soon as possible, we were pleased on seeing the superior of "Casa Nova"—Very Rev. Père Urbain-Marie, O.S.F., "Vicar-custodian of the Holy Land," who with several of his brethren had come to welcome our "pilgrimage" and to conduct us to the elegant Hospice over which he presides. Entering the carriages in waiting, our numerous party was rapidly whirled (I use the word advisedly, for the jehus here drive at a break-neck pace) along the road leading to the Jaffa-Gate, the incline of which is sufficiently precipitous for quite a distance without being made to appear doubly so by the vertiginous speed at which we traversed it. This, however, is something to which one grows accustomed in the Orient, where carriages are allowed a velocity never dreamed of even in our go-ahead America. In fact, there is apparently neither law nor limit in this matter.

The "Gate of Jaffa," through which we must pass, is worthy of more than simple mention. It was over its arch namely, that the Emperor Hadrian, some two years before his death (viz., A. D. 136.), ordered the figure of a hog sculptured in marble to be placed, and forbade the Jews to come within a certain distance of it under pain of death. This seemingly wanton and barbarous act was occasioned by a supreme effort on the part of the unhappy Israelites to regain their independence, an effort which lasted three years and ended with the capture of Jerusalem by the Roman armies and a loss to its defenders of half a million of men.

When we call to mind that the swine

was to the Hebrews an emblem of all that is odious and abominable, and therefore justly an object of loathing in their eyes, we can understand how complete was the humiliation inflicted on them in this instance by the pagan tyrant whose slaves they had become. An inscription still visible over the gate in question tells us that it was restored by the Sultan Soliman in the year 1544. But as the unclean animal execrated by the Jews is equally abhorred by the Mussulman, its hated image disappeared with the conquest of the Holy City by the latter.

But here we are at "Casa Nova," which, though externally less imposing than its sister institution—the "Hospice of Our Lady of America" at Nazareth, is nevertheless considerably larger, and can accommodate a far greater number of people, its *chambres a coucher* being smaller and consequently more numerous than those of the latter establishment. It is quadrangular in shape and has a court-yard in the middle, which fact allows of apartments on both sides of the corridors, thus affording an abundance of light and air, the latter, particularly, being a great desideratum in a Syrian climate. The rooms are comfortable, neatly furnished and spotlessly clean. The grand "salon" where guests assemble for conversation is luxuriously upholstered, whilst the two refectories—each of which, in vastness, is a hall worthy of the Louvre—are tastefully decorated in fresco. Of the *personel*, which like that of Nazareth is entirely secular, I cannot speak too highly. Indeed, everything about "Casa Nova" tends to cheer the pilgrim after his fatiguing excursions in and about Jerusalem, especially when its attractions are enhanced by so agreeable a party as it was my good fortune to be thrown among.

If any apology be required for my going thus into details, it shall be the following inscription which, as a citizen of the United States, I was pleased to see engraved in bold characters on a marble tablet over the main stairway of the building—

HAEC PARS HOSPITII "CASA NOVA"
ELEEMOSYNIS AMERICAÆ SEPTEN-
TRIONALIS ERECTA EST.

[*Anglice*—"This part of the Hospice known as 'Casa Nova' (and it is the newest and finest portion of the edifice,) was erected by means of donations from North America," by which point of the compass, I may add, Uncle Samuel's dominions are commonly designated hereabouts.]

Our first act after dinner and a brief repose was to go to the French consulate (the pilgrimage, be it remembered, is composed entirely of persons of that nationality with the exception of my companion and self), where the director, Monsieur l'Abbé Potard, himself a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, introduced the company to the representative of the French government at Jerusalem, by whom we were cordially received. The Consul General very kindly proffered us an escort of three cavasses (i. e. consular officers) for the visit we were to make to the church of the Resurrection later in the afternoon, an offer which we gratefully accepted, as the presence of these functionaries would ensure our numerous body perfect immunity from insult, or from interference on the part of the Turkish police whilst passing through the streets of the city. Meanwhile, we called at the "Latin Patriarchate," where in the absence of his Excellency, Most Rev. Louis Piavi, Patriarch of Jerusalem, his coadjutor, Mgr. Appodia, titular bishop of Capi-

tolias, bade us welcome to the Holy City and promised to sing the Mass of the pilgrimage—a feature observed at every halt—in the cathedral on the following Sunday. Next we called briefly on the Very Rev. Father "Guardian of the Holy Land" at the Franciscan Monastery of St. Saviour, and took a hasty look at the magnificent church of that title adjoining the same. It was with genuine friendliness that the good religious just mentioned greeted our party, assuring us at the same time that everything would be done to render our stay agreeable and instructive while in Jerusalem;—a promise which was kept to the very letter, as you will see further on. Returning now to "Casa Nova," it being about 4.30 p. m., we fell into line, and, headed by our banner as also the three officers of the consulate in full uniform and bearing their maces, went processionally to the grand Basilica of St. Helen. On our way we chanted hymns and psalms, the Mohammedans and Jews who thronged the narrow streets making way for us and looking at us—the latter with feelings seemingly of mingled contempt and aversion depicted on their countenances, and the former prompted apparently by no other motive than idle curiosity. On arriving at our destination, our first act was to prostrate ourselves before the glorious tomb of the risen Saviour, after which the Very Rev. Father Urbain-Marie, O.S.F., Vicar Custodian of the Holy Land," vested in surplice and stole, and attended by several members of his Order, delivered in the French language an address replete with unction and pathos, and which expressed so perfectly the object of our coming to Palestine, that I subjoin the translation of it here for your edification. He said :—

"It was the fifteenth of July, 1099; the eleventh century was in its decline, even as we now find ourselves in the last days of the nineteenth. Godfrey of Bouillon had set out for the Holy Land, not as a tourist, nor simply as a pilgrim, but as the acknowledged defender of Christianity. After having obliged Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, to put his empire under his protection; after having gained victory upon victory over the Saracens; after having triumphed over the shameful defection of divers fellow-crusaders who, unhappily, were neither 'without fear' nor 'without reproach,' after having taken an oath together with Tancred and other illustrious followers of the Cross not to renounce the sacred enterprise of freeing Jerusalem from the presence of the infidel as long as he could count upon even sixty brave companions, he finally entered this Holy City, less as a conqueror than as a devout and lowly Christian. Followed but by three attendants, bare-footed and unarmed, conducted by the clergy, who formed an escort of honor to him, he was seen humbly advancing towards this Basilica, then called 'of the Resurrection,' and kissing amid his tears the tomb of Jesus Christ. These memories, so touching, so Christian, you, my dear Pilgrims, have wished to recall by your long and tedious voyage. Providence has even willed, it would appear, that there should be a certain analogy between your approach to the 'Holy City' and that of our illustrious crusader. He had his trials; you have had yours. But let me say at once, to the glory of your intrepid director, that thanks to his perseverance and to the harmonious spirit which has not ceased to reign among you, all difficulties, great soever as they may have seemed, have been overcome, and you have brought this second 'Pilgrimage of the Vacations' to a happy close.

Defections indeed occurred in your ranks at the last moment, and the heart of Monsieur l'Abbé Potard has suffered because of them; but his soul remained strong, his courage inflexible, and his resolve unshaken. He, too, exclaimed: 'If I have but forty determined companions with me, I will still go to the tomb of Christ!' What he said, he has accomplished; and, behold, you are this moment in presence of that holiest of earthly shrines. All honor to your faith and to your piety, dear compatriots and fellow-Christians! Your courage is worthy of imitation. May the sight of these sacred places and the tender solicitude of the guardians of the Holy Land for your comfort, cause you to forget the fatigues and annoyances of your voyage and fill you with consolation! My dear Pilgrims! On leaving our fair land for this country sanctified by the birth, labors and sufferings of the Redeemer, you placed your pilgrimage under the patronage of St. Louis, King of France. Your choice could not have been a more appropriate one, worthy as it is both of him and of yourselves; nor could it have been, more Christian or more French. William of Tyre relates a charming episode quite apropos of your action herein, and which occurred on this very spot at the moment of the election of the first King, or, if you prefer, the first Christian Governor of Jerusalem. Four persons equally illustrious, namely, Godfrey, Raymond, Robert, Duke of Normandy, and Tancred, had a claim to the crown. In order to ensure impartiality in so weighty a matter, the duty of choosing the sovereign was entrusted to ten members of the clergy and of the army. These arbiters availed themselves of an infallible criterion by which to judge of the merits of the several aspirants, namely, that of interrogating their familiars and dependents in regard to them. Only one of their number escaped adverse criticism during this investigation, and that was Godfrey, upon whom accordingly the choice fell without a dissenting voice."

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

BLESSED GABRIEL FERETTI, O. S. F.—*November 14th.*

“**S**TAR differeth from star in glory.” And as we raise our eyes to those spiritual constellations, the mild beauty of this fair Franciscan star, attracts us to select him as our model and intercessor, for, as his name suggests, he was angelic in purity, in love of the Incarnate Word, and in his most tender devotion to the Immaculate Mother. But little, indeed, is recorded of a life “hidden with Christ in God.” A holy childhood, an early entrance into Religion, the perfect observance of its vows and rules, and of every virtue—each one of which we might linger near, in contemplating this saintly Franciscan—all these are merely glanced at by annalists.

However, we have many beautiful details of his ardent love for our Blessed Mother, and how, when as Superior, he endeavored to instil that love into souls under his guidance.

One instance is especially worthy of record. There is a Franciscan Rosary, or “Crown,” which was revealed by our Blessed Lady herself to a religious of the Order, and our Blessed Gabriel was most devoted to this holy practice. He directed a young novice, Louis of Alba, to recite it daily before dinner, and one day, the holy Superior understood, while in the refectory, that his direction had been forgotten.

He at once told the novice to go and repair his forgetfulness, and was immediately obeyed. After a little time, he sent the refectory-server to recall Louis, and, to his surprise, the brother

did not return. A second—even a third messenger was sent, but all remained away, and at last Blessed Gabriel went himself to the church, and a lovely vision awaited him. The messengers were all gazing in admiration at a beautiful angel over Louis, twining on a golden thread, roses and lilies, for the seven decades. When finished, the angel placed the mystic crown on the head of the young novice, and then departed, but for years after the sweet fragrance of roses and lilies lingered in the church.

This occurrence is mentioned, not only by the great annalist F. L. Wadding, but also in the process of Blessed Gabriel's Beatification. This great favor, much increased his love for Mary, and on her part, it was the beginning of a new series of extraordinary graces and beautiful visions. She appeared to him in celestial light, attended by glorious angels, amongst whom we will venture to conjecture St. Gabriel, his patron, may have been prominent. Most familiarly she conversed with her humble servant, and even placed her Divine Son in his arms. He once set out to visit Assisi in order to gain the great Portiuncula indulgence which Our Lady of Angels obtained for St. Francis from Jesus Christ. As he went so poorly clad the sacristan of a convent where he rested on the way, took him for a lay-brother and told him to serve Mass. To his great dismay, he found the direction had been given to his Provincial, and seeing the poor sacristan's pain, Blessed

Gabriel said it was a function that angels would consider themselves honored in performing.

No records regarding many details of his last days or precious death, remain, but we doubt not that she whom he so tenderly loved, was with him in "the valley of death," and presented him to Jesus her beloved as one most dear to her heart. His body remains incorrupt, and many miracles were wrought at its holy resting-place.

Benedict the XIV. sanctioned devotion to him in 1753, and in the same

year F. Vincent Mary Ferretti, O. P., wrote a short life of this eminent servant of God. Pope Pius IX., so devoted to Mary Immaculate, belonged to a branch of the Ferretti family of Ancona, and certainly was worthy of his illustrious ancestry. Let us then include this bright example amongst the twelve stars we have selected for this year's monthly patrons, that having crowned them with loving remembrance, they may intercede for us in life and death with the star crowned Queen above.

A Little Wreath of Immortelles.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

"Tis thus your love will soar above
the tomb
And weave a wreath to crown your
holy dead."

WHERE shall we find flowers to lay on the resting-places of our holy dead in the bleak month of November? The withered leaves are drifting in its chill wind, the gardens are destitute, and we must only seek them in the spirit-world, where those immortal thoughts and affections of saints and holy souls, are ever blooming, because they emanated from the grave of Him who is "living forever and ever." Apoc. I. 18.

1st day. "Doth the Kingdom of Heaven harden the hearts of its inhabitants, or rob them of their memory; or kill their kindly feelings? O my brethren, the wide heaven wideneth the heart instead of narrowing it; it doth not estrange, but quickeneth the sympathy; it doth not blight affection, but expandeth it. They see the

face of the Father, but that doth not make them neglect to be kind and merciful.—St. Bernard.

2nd. "Sweetest Saviour we would move Thee
For the holy souls that love Thee.—Amen.

3rd. "Nought is our own except our holy dead."—S. M. G.

4th. St. Stephen Harding, in a beautiful funeral oration exclaims: "When friends depart, they leave their bodies with us, and bear our souls up with them to Heaven."

5th. "Ever they call to us, ever the same,
"Miseremini mei! Miseremini mei!"

—E. C. DONNELLY.

6th. "You must not cease to pray for the dead. You know not how cases are decided at the Court of Heaven."

—REV. DR. FITZPATRICK.

7th. "The years rob us as they pass."—FABER.

"Yes! but the ties they seem to rudely sever,
Bind us, in Him, to whom no spirit dies,
Deep in His loving Heart they live for ever,
There in His peaceful home beyond the skies."

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

8th. "Show mercy, and you will keep up a treasure for the day of need."

—TOBIAS.

9th. "Lay up to yourselves treasures in Heaven."—St. Matt. VI. 20.

10th. "Act as God acts towards those who suffer by the intention of His mercy."—St. GREGORY.

11th. "Prayer for the dead is the most excellent of all prayers."

—St. THOMAS.

12th. "The least pain we may have to suffer in Purgatory, is much greater than any pain we can imagine as possible in this world."—St. ANSELM.

13th. "Hopefully they soothe our sighings
For that fair, eternal shore,
Where, with love, they still await us
In God's peace for evermore!"

—ENFANT DE MARIE,
"Flowers of Dreamland."

14th. "How long will you refuse me your pity?"—ZACHARIAS.

15th. Blooming in the fields eternal
Where all pains for ever cease,
Flow'rets from the earth transplanted
"Lilies of eternal peace!"

—E. DE M.

16th. "When you wear the Scapular you carry with you one of the Keys of Purgatory."

—PRAITE DE PURGATOIRE.

17th. Jesus my God, I love you above all things! 100 days Indulgence.

18th. "Memorare." 300 days Indulgence. Immaculate Heart of Mary pray for us! 100 days Indulgence.

19th. Sweet Heart of Jesus, be thou my love! 300 days Indulgence.

20th. "Let us with Purgatory in view, suffer with joy, or at least with patience, all the evils, the misfortunes, and the trials of this life."

—St. CATHERINE OF GENOA.

21st. O turn to Jesus, Mother turn
And call Him by His tenderest names.

Pray for the holy souls that burn
This hour amidst the cleansing flames.

—FATHER FABER.

22nd. "The loss of a true friend is never over."—FABER.

23rd. Jesus spare these souls so dear to Thee!

24th. "The hand of the Lord hath toucheth me."—JOB.

25th. "The Blessed Virgin Mary alleviates the pains of Purgatory."—PRAITE DE PURGATOIRE.

26th. "Jesus meek and humble of Heart, make my heart like unto Thine." 300 days Indulgence.

27th. "If you are faithful to aid the souls in Purgatory, their holy patrons and their guardian angels will not fail to help you."—PRAITE DE PURGATOIRE.

28th. "Sweet Hearts of Jesus and Mary be my refuge!" 300 days Indulgence.

29th. We do not sufficiently bear our dear dead in mind.—St. FRANCIS DE SALES.

30th. O beloved dead! May Jesus give you refreshment, light, and peace. Amen.

St. John of the Cross, Carmelite.

Feast November 14th.

[“Be thy only longing to see God; thy fear, to lose Him; thy sorrow, to be deprived of Him for a time; thy joy, that He can draw thee to Himself; then shalt thou live in profound peace.”—Words of the Saint.]

SOUL! wouldst thou dwell in peace profound,
 Though cares encompass thee around,
 Though trials sore and oft abound.
 Let this thy sole desire be
 Thy longing hope, that thou mayst see
 Thy God through all eternity!
 Peace wouldst thou, without earthly trace?
 Be this thy fear, to lose His grace,
 To lose the sight of His dear Face.
 One only sorrow have, that He
 Withdraw Himself awhile from thee.
 Soul, soul! could sorrow greater be?
 Be this thy joy, that He can win
 Thee to Himself from ways of sin;
 Soul! keep this joy thy heart within.
 Then, though life's trials may not cease,
 Though thou from care hast no release,
 Soul! thou shalt dwell in perfect peace.

MARY LOUISE RYAN.

Cincinnati, October 1900.

Quia Plus Es.

JESU PITIFUL! oh hear!
 Listen to Thy servants' cry!
 Pity thou the souls that lie
 Far from Thee in exile drear:
 Jesu! Grant them swift release!
 Jesu! Grant them light and peace!
 Jesu Pitiful! oh turn,
 Turn Thine eyes to that sad place!
 Banished still from Thy sweet Face
 Lo! in penal fires they burn.
 Jesu! Bid their sufferings cease!
 Jesu! Grant them light and peace!
 Jesu Pitiful! oh send
 Angel messengers, to bear
 These Thy banished ones to where
 Thou their coming dost attend.
 Jesu! Grant them swift release!
 Jesu! Grant them light and peace!
 Mother Pitiful! To Thee
 Still for them our prayer shall rise;
 Look with pitying, Mother eyes
 On their pain, their misery!
 Gain for them a swift release!
 Entrance to Thy Home of Peace.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

“Miles Christi.”

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

HE made these pilgrimages coincide with his inspections in the neighbourhood, and prayed a great deal in each place for France. The condition of Alsace and Lorraine was at that time most sad. “The emigration continues,” he wrote; “the country is deserted, the lands not cultivated. At night the peasants meet to pray. The Blessed Virgin has appeared several times to children. Every one is lifting up petitions to Heaven for ‘mercy!’ On the other hand, in Germany and Italy religious persecution has become an institution. In France the Atheistical and Socialist party gather closer together and become formidable. What will be the end?”

CHAPTER XIV.

SAINT-SERVAN.—1884—1880.

After the events of 1870, which had brought M. de Sonis's name so prominently forward, it happened, as is generally the case, that this glory, little by little, faded in the distance. Other interests arose, and our hero was left in the shade and in silence, which suited his humility. He found himself entirely alone, with no other stimulus but duty, for which he resolved to sacrifice everything—popularity, credit, position, future advancement, all. This courage, growing in the midst of an infirmity which had reduced him to

nothing more than a human trunk, is a rare thing to see, and was really one of the most admirable triumphs of soul over body which this age has ever witnessed.

We have mentioned the stand De Sonis made against duelling; he made a similar fight for the observance of Sunday. In 1876, while on an inspection at St. Lô, he was informed by the Curé that, a new Infantry barracks being in course of construction, the men worked Sundays and feast-days, to the great scandal of the population. The General went directly to the barracks, sent for the clerk of the works, and forbade the opening of the yards on the days forbidden by the Church. This prohibition raised a regular storm; the chief Engineer reported it to his superior officers, who, in their turn, appealed to the War Minister. In reality, the General had gone a little beyond his powers, as, though the Engineers were in his territory, they were not under his control. The Minister, at last, gave leave for the works to be continued; but excused himself to M. de Sonis, pleading the “urgency” of the matter.

A similar protest was made by M. de Sonis against the regimental libraries. The Minister had accepted every book offered to him, whether good or bad. The consequence was that, not only detestable books and papers, but

Protestant tracts were freely circulated among the men. De Sonis pointed out the works which were the most pernicious, and denounced them to the Minister, but it was useless. Finding all his remonstrances unavailing, all he could do was to try and counteract their bad effect by distributing good books. One of those he recommended to his young officers was the *Comte de Gisors*, by M. Camille Rousset, which contains the advice of Marshal Belle-Isle to his son.

In 1875 a young officer joined the 47th regiment, with the determination to lead a Christian life, and certain processions having been prescribed for that year's Jubilee, he joined in that of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul in full uniform, and had to pass under the balcony of the officers, who were all turning them into ridicule. "I saw them very well," wrote the young officer, "but I was determined to go on, and saluted several of my comrades, who took very good care not to return it. In the evening, I was told by another officer that they had done nothing but laugh at me ever since. This man was inclined to practice his religion, and accepted my proposal to go to the procession on the following Sunday. This made the rest still more furious; they spoke of me as if I had tarnished the honor of the regiment; and one of the oldest among them undertook to remonstrate with me. 'Do you wish to give the regiment a reputation of clericalism?' 'No, Captain; but I hold to my independence in a matter which in no way affects the regiment.' 'But you are the only one of your comrades who acts in that way!' 'I do not force any one to follow me; but I like to be free.' 'Well, I warn you in the name of all the officers; and I assure you I do it as

a friend!' 'Thank you, Captain; but please tell those gentlemen that this is a matter which only concerns myself, and that they will see me again on Sunday in the procession.'

General de Sonis was then taking the waters; but on his return he heard all that had taken place, sent for the young officer, whom he did not know, and congratulated him warmly on his energy and courage, offering him separate meals, if he were still persecuted at the regimental mess. But the young man refused, saying it would seem like capitulation, and adding that no one would dare say anything when the General was present.

If he did all he could to help the Christian officers under his orders, de Sonis was, on the other hand, most anxious that they should be exemplary in everything. "*Noblesse oblige!*" he would exclaim. "I cannot bear mediocrity in a man calling himself a good Catholic." He wished them to be models of virtue, not only for their own sakes, but for the salvation of others, by a kind of apostolate. He said: "The good example given by a truly Christian officer is like a drop of oil in a regiment. Religion becomes attractive to those around us and below us, in proportion as we present it to them in an amiable manner; and God, who has loved you and given you so many graces, has done so that you may turn them to the profit of your neighbour. This neighbour I recommend to you with all my strength, as a soul which you must win for our dear Master—that Master so little known, so Divine, so adorable to those who have penetrated into His Heart; but also so much to be feared by those who will not take up His Cross and follow Him." He cared very little for the worldly success of a French officer

on the turf or among women ; the only luxury which he tolerated was a good horse and a love of hunting. "How much more than the praise of this or that *salon*," he would say, "do I prize steady work and serious reading, which raises a man's mind, improves his intellect and makes him useful in his generation ! How I love to see in my young officers solid piety and frequentation of the sacraments, without which we are but broken reeds. But, alas ! is it not like speaking Hebrew to say this to these young fellows now-a-days ?" He was also very anxious that those who were really striving to lead Christian lives should set examples of disinterestedness. A young lieutenant, who was very anxious for promotion, confessed to him how much it would cost him to see another officer in his place, and all the more as it would be looked upon as an anti-religious victory. "Never mind," replied the general, "God above all ! The rest will come. Disinterestedness is worth more than an epaulette !"

One sees by his letters to relatives of different young officers, how hard he worked at St.-Servan, as in Africa, at their moral and spiritual regeneration, winning their confidence, always contriving to say the right word at the right moment ; encouraging them to keep the Friday's abstinence, to frequent Confession, to early rising, and the like ; and he had no greater or purer joy than when their young souls responded, as they so often did, to his loving counsels.

One of his old friends had asked de Sonis as to the choice of a regiment for his son. "My opinion is," he replied, "that the chance of rapid promotion is not one of the questions for the father of a family to consider. The important thing is to place him

under a good Colonel, to try and find a regiment where he would have good comrades, on whom his inexperience could rest, and whose good example would point out to him the road he should follow. If Christian officers be rare, some corps that I know possess excellent ones, and their number, with the grace of God, goes on increasing."

De Sonis had a secret pride when any of his young officers left the army to go into the church, and the young lieutenant, of whom we have spoken as insisting on joining the processions, was among the number. "I was his confidant," the General wrote to an old religious, "and sent him first to Solesmes, and then to Paray-le-Monial, after he had passed through two monasteries of La Trappe. Finally, he decided on joining the Jesuit novitiate at Angers, where he was led by the spirit of God." "I wish you, my dear Grange," he wrote to the novice, "to plunge yourself in the love of Jesus Christ, which is a profound abyss of which no one has ever yet been able to sound the depths."

But it was especially the officers who were attached officially to his person, who speak of the treasures of goodness, kindness, guidance and affection which they found in their chief, who was to them both a model and a father. His Aid-de-camp, Colonel de Réals, became one of his dearest and most intimate friends ; and when, a little later on, this officer was cruelly tried by a serious accident which happened to his wife, his one consolation was the religious sympathy of M. de Sonis. He wrote :

"It is certain that at the bottom of all our sorrows there are graces which the world does not know. It is equally certain that, either from the spite of the devil towards the just, or the ne-

cessity for the servants not to follow a different line from their master, it is always the friends of God who are the most crucified in this world!"

M. de Sonis, who was so thoroughly high-bred himself in character and manners, was extremely particular as to the bearing of his young officers, and wished them to be models of distinction and of Christian courtesy. Writing to a relative of one of them, he says:

"I have taken some pains with his exterior, so as to add to his natural air of distinction, being fully persuaded that, even in such matters, a Christian living in the world should try to be as perfect as possible, and that from a supernatural reason, which has nothing to say to human vanity, but simply *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*"

Here is a description of his house at St. Servan, which he wrote to Dom Sarlat:

"I have placed in the hall of my head-quarters a statue of Our Lady, with the inscription in gold letters on a blue ground: *Patrona hujusce domus presentissima.* Mary is there, surrounded by the best flowers from our garden, while a lamp burned at her feet during all the month of May; at the beginning of June, I placed in the room next my office a statue of the Sacred Heart with the invocation: *Cor Jesu Sacratissimum.*" Flowers are not more wanting to the Son than to the Mother, and the lamp, which is the symbol of the hearts you know so well, will never be extinguished, if God permits. In the same room I found the portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which I left there. To the right and left of the Sacred Heart are the banner of Loigny and my flag as Commandant, with my sword above. This is a little room

very dear to me, but which the world would not like. Here we meet for prayers, and, when we talk, it is in a low voice, for the Master is there, and He is very certainly the Master of the house."

In the month of March, 1875, his daughter at the Sacred Heart had pronounced her first vows. He wrote her a beautiful letter on the occasion, as he was unable to be present, in which this passage occurs: "At this the outset of your new career, I give you as a watchword that beautiful expression of St. Augustine's, 'Love, and do what you will!' Yes, love is the key which opens all the doors that lead to Jesus. As for you, my much loved and blessed child, be *Mary of Jesus*, for time and for eternity. It is with these words that I close this letter, embracing you a thousand times in the midst of my tears; but these tears are tears of sacrifice, of which God alone has the homage. A Dieu, then, and always a Dieu!"

In a letter written some weeks later he adds: "How happy I am to hear that your holy vocation is more and more confirmed, and that Our Lord has found His place in the centre of your heart! I could not wish for you a greater happiness than this."

This was a joyful sacrifice; but a sad one was soon demanded of him, and that was the loss of his remaining Carmelite sister. He had seen her in 1875 and 1876, and writes: "We never knew how to take leave of each other, and nothing but submission to the rule could have separated us." On the 22nd of November, 1876, the General knew by telegraph that his sister was dying. He had just written to her a long and beautiful letter, and had sent it on that very day, when at three o'clock her soul had fled to God.

"Our dear Mother Prioress," they wrote to him, "has just entered into her eternity, while raising her hand to bless her daughters kneeling around her bed." M. de Sonis wrote to Dom Sarlat: "My dearest sister had a special attraction for the thought of death. She was constantly meditating on those words of the Apostle: '*Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo.*' An hour only before her death, she begged the Sub-Prioress to tell me that 'it was a very sweet thing to die,' and then, fixing her eyes on a picture of the Infant Jesus, for which she had a particular devotion, she murmured: 'How beautiful Thou art, O my God! but when I see Thee, Thou wilt be more beautiful still!' These were her last words."

The General was going to her funeral when a slip in his walk caused him such suffering that he was obliged to go to bed, and send his brother to represent him. "Her face was so beautiful and smiling after death," he wrote, "that the children, who were pressing against the grille of the choir, could not get over their surprise. There was a great crowd of people round her grave. Blessed be God, Who enabled His servant even after her death to help to magnify His Name!"

Yet the blow to General de Sonis was a terrible one. "I have lost, not only my sister, but my best friend," he wrote. "Who will ever replace that warm heart, that straightforward spirit, that sure judgment, that intercourse in and for God, which had so peculiar a charm! Each day I seem to be with her, for her remembrance never leaves me. She is like my good angel, and I live still in intimate communion with her, as I used to do when I received her long and delicious let-

ters, which were to me so helpful and encouraging."

De Sonis's greatest pleasure was in following the great feasts of the Church, which were to him a foretaste of Heaven, and in the frequent reception of Holy Communion, when he seemed already to be filled with the Divine Presence. At the same time he devoted himself to works of charity of all kinds, and, though he had not much to give, yet he never refused any one who was really in need. St. Servan was the first cradle of the "Little Sisters of the Poor," and the old people had no better friend than himself. He was most thoughtful, also, for all his old servants, or any one who had ever been in his house. Several of his letters have been preserved by them. One runs as follows:

"Thank you, my dear Alfred, for all the services you have rendered me. Remain faithful to God, as you have always been. You will find in the practice of religion a happiness which the impious never know. May God preserve your father and mother, and may they also have the blessing of keeping for the remainder of their lives a son as good as you have been to them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In Thanksgiving.

Most loving Mother! thou hast soothed

Another exile—pain,

And through my spirit softly steals

Thy holy grateful strain.

"Magnificat!" Celestial tones

Of thy exulting voice!

I, too, will "magnify the Lord,"

And, with my Queen, rejoice.

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's.)

Editorial Notes.

Those Who Sleep in the Lord.

A Friend of the Poor Souls writes to draw the attention of our readers to the laudable act of presenting "Spiritual Bouquets" for departed friends and relatives. The idea is not a new one, but is nevertheless timely, and we willingly bring the request before our readers that the poor souls may reap the benefits pointed out. If we mistake not, our zealous friend, Mr. Philip A. Kemper, of Dayton, Ohio, was one of the first to practically bring the "Spiritual Bouquets" before American Catholics. Speaking on this subject we should call the reader's attention to the beautiful "Wreath of Immortelles" woven this month for the poor souls by that worthy daughter of St. Clare, our own *Enfant de Marie*. Therein is a reflection for every day of November. We beg to point out those for the 17th, 18th, 19th, 26th and 28th, which are beautiful indulgenced prayers that cost no time to recite them, and which can be applied to the Poor Souls.

And now to quote from the writer mentioned above. He says:

"It has been for ages, and is at present the custom to present some little floral decoration on hearing of the demise of some one whom in life we held most dear. As I thought over this praiseworthy act of love shown by so many of our people, it occurred to me that if, instead of perishable flowers, which can be of no meritorious value whatever to the soul of the deceased, a Spiritual Bouquet, as an offering of Masses, Rosaries, Mortifications, etc., was made, it would tend to bring a speedy union of the departed one with the Divine Lord, from whose heavenly company he has been separated by suffering a punishment which may be due to sins committed. As

Catholics we believe that nothing defiled can enter heaven, and that this defilement or stain is wiped out in the cleansing fires of Purgatory. How much more beneficial to those poor souls would be a religious bouquet instead of that cold earthly one, though it may come from their warmest friend, does not tend to lessen the pains being suffered by that holy soul. Holy Mother Church teaches us that prayer is without doubt a benefit to the souls who are suffering a temporal punishment in the next life; that by prayer their pains are lessened, and they are brought more quickly to their heavenly home. Knowing all this, should not Catholics be more solicitous for their welfare, and instead of a worldly gift, make one which will not only comfort the bereft ones, but be a source of great merit for the loved one gone before us."

As the Calendar indicates this month we commemorate the "Queen and Saints of Carmel." Our frontispiece only points out a few of the "Flowers of Carmel." They are indeed legion, for a writer has told us that it is impossible to count the saints of Carmel. It is a matter of encouragement for persons of necessity living in the world, and who strive for perfection, that amongst the saints of Our Lady's Order are to be found many who were but members of the Third Order. More than this, many who only got near enough to the Order to wear the Brown Scapular, indeed owe their sanctity to the means of grace and perseverance which came to them through our Lady's Livery.

Many of our readers say that they read with pleasure and edification Francis W. Grey's lines in the October number of the Carmelite Review on

"Old Mary with the Necklace." In fact it is a treat to read anything from the pen of this excellent English writer. It may not be out of place to say that Mr. Grey is a cousin to Lord Halifax, and we beg our readers to piously remember all the intentions of this zealous churchman and devout client of Mary. Referring to the incident of "Mary with the Necklace" reminds the writer that some years ago in a pastoral capacity he gave a Rosary to a good old colored lady who but a few weeks ago—in the Rosary month—went to her reward. She passed her last days in a house of public charity, and the local newspaper honored her memory by saying she died a "Romanist" since till the last—in her hundred and second year,—“she held fast to a pair of Catholic beads.”

Church Music.

Our worthy Franciscan friend, Father Raphael Fuhr, contributes a valuable paper to the Denver Catholic on Church Music. Father Raphael is well qualified to discuss such a subject. He makes a strong plea for the exclusion from the hallowed precincts of our churches of those "melodies which do not chime in with the only end that is proclaimed by the priest at the altar. "Sursum Corda!" exclaims the writer, "Up to God your hearts! Excluded must be all songs and compositions which, from the opera and the club room or concert hall, have found their way into the sanctuaries. Excluded must be all melodies which may, indeed, charm and enchant the ear, but which carry us away from the altar, excite the imagination, stir up the soul, but without turning it into an humble adoration of Almighty God. Excluded must be all the anthems which are sac-

rificed only to exhibit the fantastic powers of vain men and women who know nothing of devotion."

Impressions of a Visitor to Niagara.

That veteran journalist, Mr. Patrick Ford, Proprietor and Editor of "The Irish World," of New York, spent a good part of his vacation at Niagara Falls, and, in his edition of October 20, he gives some impressions of his visit:

"No adjective can describe Niagara Falls," says Mr. Ford, "no word picture, no measurement of height or breadth or quantity, can give an adequate idea of the awful sublimity of the wondrous vision. Nor does time wither or custom stale the charm of the scene. We read of a man who for twenty-five years came every day to view and admire St. Peter's Church in Rome, and every time he reviewed it he saw in it something new—something to increase his admiration. Similar is the experience of those who revisit the Falls of Niagara."

Of his visit to the Hospice of Mt. Carmel, he says:

"This institution is known as the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls, and derives its name and significance from the mother-house of the Carmelites in Palestine. One of the duties of the Carmelite monks (or, as they are called in Ireland, 'White Friars,') is to offer hospitality to strangers, particularly to those who go abroad for religious motives, as he does who makes a pilgrimage to some famous shrine or who seeks the sweet seclusion of the cloister to make a spiritual retreat. The Hospice of Mount Carmel offers every facility to the retreatant. The noble building has every modern improvement. In fact, it has conveniences which are unique. In this Hospice electricity is used for lighting, heating and cooking purposes. The electric plant which supplies the institution has several novel features, and is operated by electricity generated by the power of Nia-

gara Falls. While there are places in this country where electricity is used for cooking small dishes, it is probable there is not another electrical kitchen in the world like that of the Carmelite Hospice of Niagara Falls. In order to fully appreciate the wonders and the beauty of this Hospice, the reader should make every effort to go and see it.

A Champion of Carmel.

Copious comments have been made in Catholic journals of late referring to the death of a great man, the Reverend Richard F. Clarke, rector of Campion House, Oxford University, England, which took place a few weeks ago. The fact seems to have been overlooked that Father Clarke in his day raised pen and voice in defence of the holy Scapular and other privileges of the Carmelites. He was a worthy defender of a great cause, and deserved well of our Blessed Queen of Carmel. This great English Jesuit was notably a man of letters, was editor of the London Month for many years, and wrote meanwhile many books on religious, sociological and literary topics. Especially since his residence at Oxford he has been a frequent contributor of literary papers, to the Nineteenth Century, and other high-class secular publications. Father Clarke visited the United States in 1833. He was a man of impressive personality, tall, dark, strong-looking, and with evident singleness of purpose and intensity of nature.

"It is not, however, as a controversialist that he will be most pleasantly remembered," says the Ave Maria, "but rather as a man of quite extraordinary kindness and self-sacrifice, —one who recklessly wore himself out with the troubles of others, whether temporal or spiritual; who gave him-

self no chance, but loaded himself with the burdens of all who came to him. In addition to this he was ever devising and carrying out literary enterprises of one kind or another for the defence of faith or the fostering of piety, stealing the time from his much-needed hours of repose."

Our Friends in Heaven.

A Dominican friar, Rev. P. Tripier, who attracted much attention last Lent in New York by his eloquent sermons, has sent from Paris to the Sun a strong and convincing essay touching on the future life. Father Tripier starts out to give a clear statement of the questions. Then he ably answers every objection, proves that we meet and know our friends in heaven, shows what the elect see there; depicts society in heaven and graphically describes our heavenly home as far as as the limits of a human pen allows. He thus concludes his argument: "The Christian feels the ardent, intense, ineradicable desire to find again, to see, to love in his heavenly home, those whom he has loved here below. This desire, it is God Himself who inspires it, keeps it alive and rekindles it in the depths of our souls. How could God, the infallible wisdom, the boundless goodness, the living justice, the eternal love, receive our legitimate hopes and break His promises? So I conclude with St. Thomas Aquinas, 'impossible est naturale desiderium esse inane.' It is impossible that the Creator should not give full and entire satisfaction to the natural aspirations of His creatures. (St. Thomas against the Gentiles, Book 7.) And I have the luminous, invincible assurance of the reality of the relations of intelligence, of heart, of love among the elect in the heavenly home."

Our Queen Immortal,

One of the most pleasing and edifying events occurring in this last year of the century was, in the eyes of every child of Mary, the International Congress in honor of the Blessed Virgin held at Lyons, France. The opening discourse at the congress was pronounced in eloquent words by Canon Chatelus, rector of the Sanctuary of Our Lady of Fourviere, in the course of which he said :

"Divine Providence exercises its action upon the world through Mary as intermediary. This truth has received in the nineteenth century above all an eloquent demonstration. It is during these last hundred years, in fact, that her glorification, apparitions and influence have been extended. Mary has been glorified by the Vicars of Jesus Christ. Pius VII. gave to her the title of Mary our Help. Pius IX. proclaimed the dogma of her Immaculate Conception. The Pope of the Holy Rosary, Leo XIII., has indicated her to the human race as a powerful liberatrix. The numerous apparitions of Mary have given to the nineteenth century a particular mark of supernatural manifestations. She appeared in 1830 to an humble religious of Paris, and from this apparition originated the miraculous medal and the Archconfraternity of the Most Pure and Immaculate Heart of Mary ; she appeared in 1847 at La Salette ; in 1858 she appeared eighteen times at Lourdes, where she seems to have established for more than forty years the seed of her power and mercy ; she appeared at Potmain in 1871, to bring to France a ray of consolation and hope ; she appeared at Pellevoisin in 1876 to reveal the efficacy of the devotions to the Scapular of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But the nineteenth century is above all the century of the influence of Mary. Wheresoever human activity shows itself in any of its forms, Mary has made her regenerating concurrence felt. To rationalism, which denies the supernatural, she has opposed the most astounding miracles which

are its peremptory and irrefutable exposure ; to that deceiving naturalism which weighs down souls she has brought a sovereign remedy in showing herself to us as the rehabilitation of our fallen race. It is by her that God has wished us to hear still the expression of His will ; after having spoken by the prophets and by His Son, God has spoken to us by Mary, and has made of our speech a century of Catholic science, Catholic action, Catholic spirit, intoning the 'Magnificats' and 'Te Deums' in honor of the Queen immortal."

A Bishop's Experience and Advice.

The Right Reverend Bishop of Clifton, (Bristol, England), lately gave forth some beautiful sayings concerning our Blessed Lady in the course of a most eloquent sermon delivered by him. His Lordship in the course of his remarks, said :

"It is a matter of experience that people can often obtain favors from Almighty God through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin which they cannot obtain in any other way, as some of you have no doubt experienced. I have experienced it myself sometimes. But this is not, of course, that God is unwilling to hear our prayers Himself, but He expressly wishes to put honor and glory upon the Immaculate Mother of His Divine Son in order that the prophecy should be fulfilled : 'Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.' And so we find that those who love Our Lord the most, those who are most self-sacrificing, ready to give themselves up entirely and without reserve to God—these very persons are those who promote and increase the devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. You remember these words of St. Bernard which are quoted by the Church on this feast of the Holy Name of Mary. He explains how the very name of Mary means Star of the Sea, and how this word should be an encouragement and fresh ground of hope for us. 'O you fall when you are no longer on solid

ground, but are tossed on the ocean of this world 'midst its storms and tempests, turn not away your eyes from the brightness of that Star. When the wind of temptation arrives, when you are driven on the rocks of tribulation—whatever it may be that assails you, think of Mary and invoke that Star.' And then he goes on: 'So that when she supports you, you will not fall; while she leads you, you will not go astray; while she assists you, you will not weary, until you will at last arrive at your journey's end.' And then you will know by your own experience how wonderful and deserving is that Immaculate Mother of God."

Best Literature is in the Bible.

Mr. Alfred Austin, officially known as the English Poet Laureate, has recently declared dogmatically that a certain selection from the immortal Dante is the *loveliest poetry ever written*. The sorrowful story of Francesca de Rimini and Paola Malatesta is the particular relation which, in Mr. Austin's language, deserves the place of honor. "Splendid as Dante's genius is, profound as is the human pathos of his great picture of the unhappy lovers, looking at the matter simply as a purely literary claim, we must reject it, says the Standard-Times of Philadelphia. The Bible stands pre-eminent—as it must always stand pre-eminent—in this respect. Whether for notes of joy or sorrow, there is nothing to be found in any other book to approach it. In our humble opinion the most beautiful thing in any literature is contained in St. Luke's story of the interview between the Angel Gabriel and the Blessed Virgin, and the glorious hymn of praise which is elicited from the chosen one. In the Canticles, the Prayer of Manases, the Song of Solomon, there are beheld examples in

composition unequaled of their kind; while for pathos unutterable, who could conceive anything to surpass the Book of Job? Beautiful as Dante is, 'the loveliest passage in all literature,' is not to be found in his pages. The message of salvation is the sun of all literature, and must forever remain so, all the Poets Laureates in the world to the contrary notwithstanding.'

The Living Lord on Our Altars.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript is forcibly struck by a letter written to that journal by an earnest and unbiassed non-Catholic clergyman, Rev. Mr. Cooke, who was desirous to know "Why men do not go to church?" Our esteemed and able contemporary, the Sacred Heart Review, of Boston, justly says that the letter deserves the attention of non-Catholics. What applies to Boston can be applied to other great centres of population. To cull from the correspondent's remarks:

"It is a common complaint among Protestants," he says, "that men can not be lured into church-going. If a man is seeking solely a little intellectual stimulus in the sermon, he can get that far more easily in his own home in a comfortable arm-chair, book in hand. It is to be noticed that Mr. Cooke confines his criticism wholly to Protestant churches. This is only another proof of his clear-sightedness, for his remarks do not apply to the Catholic Church. Our city of Boston is well supplied with Catholic churches. Why not investigate them? Perhaps a solution of the problem might be found there. They are open to all, and the public is cordially welcomed to church and to Sunday-school. If a few earnest Protestant inquirers would get up very early some Sunday morning in time for the first Mass at five o'clock and enter any of the many Catholic churches—it matters not which one is chosen, for the same rule

applies to all—and stay on through all the Masses, and see the church fill and empty, and this repeated many times, he will find no dearth of men in these crowds. The kneeling forms—the heads bowed down in devotion—the solemn silence over these reverent multitudes at the supreme moment of the elevation of the Host, must impress deeply every honest soul. The answer is there before the eyes of all. Why do these men go to church? To hear the sermon, however eloquent it may be? No! They go to pray—to adore—and Life is there in their midst. The sermons at many of the Catholic churches may well challenge comparison with any of the world over for intellectuality and spirituality, but their main object is not to tickle the intellect, but to train the soul. Yet even then the best preaching is of secondary importance. Worship is the very breath of the Catholic Church, and the Living Lord is on her altars.”

One Way of Saving Souls.

Speaking of propagating the faith, recommended this month to all lovers of the Sacred Heart, a story comes from Arkansas which strikingly shows the great value of religious books in the conversion of non-believers. Father Thomas Plunkett, whose field of labor centres around Pine Bluff, according to the Catholic News of New York, was once asked by an old negro if a certain religious work which he had in his possession was “authentic” or not. He could give no very clear description of the book except that it was a “powerful” exposition of religious truths. He had not been content to merely read the book, but he had begun to talk of it and to discuss its doctrines in the public meetings of his colored congregation. He had read the book over and over, and had learned by heart long passages, which he was in the habit of reciting, *verbatim*, in support of his religious argu-

ments. He had, in a very short time, become very troublesome to his negro religious teachers. Through the knowledge that he had gained from the study of the book, he was able to ask many questions which the preachers and deacons could not answer. So insistent did he become that the book was made an issue. He was told that he must either give up the teachings of the book or leave the church. After deliberation, he chose the book, and was expelled from the congregation. Every effort was then made to steal the book from him, but somehow he managed to keep it in his possession. When Father Plunkett asked to see the book, the old negro went to his home and brought back a well-worn volume, very dirty, and full of thumb marks. He could not tell how the book had come into his possession, or who its author was, but he wished the priest to pronounce it “authentic.” The book was a copy of one of the earlier editions of “The Faith of Our Fathers,” written by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The negro was baptized and became a truly religious man.

Cubans Criticize Counterfeits.

An earnest and zealous worker in the cause of “Christianity” down in New England, a certain Mr. A. E. Colton, resolved to make the generous sacrifice (not, we presume, at his own expense) of sending a copy of the King James’ version of the Bible to each of the Cuban teachers who recently visited Boston. Father Manuel Ruiz, who was one of the chaplains accompanying the excursion of Cubans, and who is now at the Catholic University in Washington, has sent to The Pilot an open letter of thanks to Mr. Colton. Father Ruiz says among other things:

“What have the Cuban teachers

done to merit this insult to their intelligence or to their faith? Is it possible that some of them, at least, have heard of the Bible, whose pages are pictured and sculptured on the walls and windows of our churches? But it is impossible for any of them to mistake the maimed and perverted translation known as King James' Bible for the genuine word of God known to them from childhood. When the Protestant ministers, of the "higher criticism" brand, get through their squabbles as to what is and is not Scripture, and how, or how much of it is inspired, it will be time enough to give the Cuban teachers cheap editions of the expurgated text whatever that may be. The Cuban teachers in common with all Cubans are grateful for the interest taken in their affairs by millions of genuine Americans, whose hearts are not seared by love of office-spoils, and dreams of commercial profits wrung from a long-suffering people, but they have only contempt for those other so-called Americans, who class themselves as the sole partners of Omnipotence in the spread of enlightenment and national greatness. The less said by such people of the results of Bible reading either in the United States or anywhere else the better. We know the results in India and Hawaii, and when we look at the corruption in politics, the heartlessness and injustice of the commercial octopus, and the degradation manifested by the divorce courts on one side, and Mormonism on the other, we are tempted to exclaim: 'Is the man insane who calls the truncated James' version of the Bible the foundation of American greatness?' Thank you, Mr. Colton, you and your estimable friends, some of whom mean well no doubt; but when the Cuban teachers want new Bibles they can afford to buy the genuine article—the Douai version in English, and any number of translations of the vulgate in Spanish. But, if you persist in insulting our faith by foisting a spurious Bible on our teachers, as you put robbers into our Cuban post-offices, we shall honor the Almighty by burning them, as your

King-James'-version-ancestors burned witches up your way. We revere God's book, but not its counterfeit."

Prohibited Print and Picture.

A Snyder (N.S.W.) correspondent of an advertising journal notes that the Victorian Legislature passed the "Indecent Advertisements Act, otherwise named "The Crimes Act, 1900," in February. Its provisions are far-reaching and the penalties heavy. Firms in the United States who put up patent and proprietary medicines and pills are warned by their frightened business conferees at the antipodes to note that no picture, advertisement, or any printed or written matter in the nature of an advertisement * * * which refers or relates to certain diseases, will be allowed as a label or wrapper advertisement. Any pharmacist selling a bottle of stuff or box of pills with a label or wrapper bearing any of the prohibited words is liable to a fine of \$50 for the first offense, and \$250 for the second offense. The pharmacists wish this information made known in America. Similar acts are in force in New Zealand and South Australia. Such an act has long since been badly needed in America. The length to which advertisers have gone with impunity is dreadful. The enactments of the enlightened people beneath the Southern Cross should put us to shame. By the way, talking of disreputable advertisements, are not some, of our so-called Catholic newspapers, instead of being "perpetual missions" becoming rather, through their advertising columns, perpetual scandals?

The Boston Pilot says that conversions from Judaism are not numerous; but when they occur are ordinarily of

great importance. The case of Father Herman, the Carmelite, comes naturally to mind, with the cases even more famous of the Ratisbonne brothers, both of whom became priests, and one the founder of the Congregation of Our Lady of Sion. A nephew of these brothers, Louis Ratisbonne, who recently died in Paris, married an Irish Catholic lady, and all their children were brought up in their mother's religion. Though surrounded by Catholic influences, and happy in his domestic life, Louis Ratisbonne died in the Jewish faith. He was an author of merit, one of his books having been crowned by the Academy.

That the great fraternal organization, the A. O. H., which is increasing in age and wisdom and grace before men, is to be congratulated in having obtained the consent of that worthy and esteemed prelate Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, to become its national chaplain.

The Pittsburg Observer states a truism when it remarks editorially that "Catholic Germans are noted for thrift, temperance, industry, charity, and love of religion. Their pastors delight to know their people personally and to be regarded as the fathers of the parish. They visit the members of their flock not only when bound to give the sick the last Sacraments, but also on occasions of great trials and at times of uncommon joy. Priests and people are united like the members of the same family."

A Special Danger Pointed Out.

In the concluding session of the late Synod of Bishops assembled at Maynooth, the venerable Irish prelates sound a solemn warning against the

dangerous increase of irreligious and immoral literature. They tell their flocks—and incidentally every Catholic—that there is a special danger in these evil days arising from the spread of bad books. For

"A sad change seems to have come over public opinion on this point. No subject now is too sacred to be made the matter of popular discussion in magazines and newspapers—the mysteries of faith, the solemn truths on which man rests his eternal hopes, are tossed about with as little reverence or reserve as if they were some topics of the most trivial importance, and we fear that sometimes these things leave their poison in the minds of Catholics who read them. 'Lead us not into temptation' holds in this as in all other occasions of sin, and the Catholic who, out of mere wantonness or curiosity reads such writings, loves the danger, and it is no wonder if he should perish therein. The ordinary man of the world—without any special training in such subjects—without any opportunity or intention of following up the questions in discussion to the end—is no match for writers who are often specialists of great ability and knowledge, but who by some perversity use their powers against God's holy faith; and, at the very least, it is inexcusable rashness for such a man to expose himself to the danger of being unsettled in his belief by the impressions which they make upon him. Worse, perhaps, and more fatal to many souls, is the immoral literature which is poured, almost in floods, over the country. We believe that one should go back to the old pagan times to find anything equal to it in corruption, and it would be a wrong to the great classical writers of antiquity to compare them with a certain important school of English fiction in these days. And what is most deplorable is that many Catholics who deem themselves loyal members of the Church, allow themselves the utmost liberty in reading such things. Let a book only be extensively spoken of, then no matter how impure and how suggestive of

evil it may be, no matter how gross and indecent may be the phases of human life with which it deals, if only it is fashionable, numbers of people seem to think that they are free to read it. Even women—Catholic women—take this license, and will sit down hour by hour over a book, which no earthly consideration would induce them to read aloud in the presence of any one—man or woman—for whom they had a particle of respect. Surely such reading must fill the imagination with images of evil that in the end will corrupt their very souls."

To correct any misunderstanding as to Indulgences which are suspended during the "Holy Year" of Jubilee, it should be remembered that some Indulgences can be gained by the living. The Holy Father has willed and decreed that the following remain intact and unchanged, viz :

1. The indulgence *in articulo mortis*.
 2. The indulgence for the recitation of the Angelus.
 3. The indulgence of the Forty Hours.
 4. The indulgence of accompanying the Blessed Sacrament when carried to the sick.
 5. The indulgence of the Portiuncula.
 6. The indulgences given by Cardinal Legates.
 7. The indulgence of the privileged altars for the faithful departed, and others granted in the same manner for the deceased alone; and also whatsoever indulgences may have been granted for the living, but with the express proviso that they shall be applied directly by way of suffrage to the dead. The Pope wills that all these shall avail for the living, but the dead.
- N. B.—The above indulgences can be gained as before; other indulgences can be gained only on the express condition that they shall be applied to the faithful departed.

A Cure for Depression.

One of our esteemed literary friends has something to say to our readers this month on "St. Vincent de Paul." Apropos of this, we have on our desk a copy of a late number of the Weekly Bouquet, in which Dr. Thomas Dwight, President of the Central Council of Boston, earnestly and touchingly describes "The conditions and needs of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The writer of these lines has had some experience as a member of one of these conferences, and willingly bears testimony to the truth of what Dr. Dwight says in closing his able prayer, viz :

"Lest any should think that I undervalue the work done by the society, let me tell you that I have more than once found a most effective cure for the depression that I admit I sometimes have felt when thinking of how much more we might accomplish. It has been to go to a conference and hear of the actual works, and think of the actual cases of suffering relieved; of families in danger of separation that they have held together; of children kept in the faith, and above all, of souls all but lost, to whom our brothers have played the part of guardian angels. It is from the evidence of such work that I come away thanking God for the good that the society has done and is doing."

An exchange has this comment on the bad break of the Red Cross Society in getting out a circular with the blasphemous heading, "Our Lady of the Red Cross," eulogizing Miss Clara Barton for her work at Galveston: "The words 'Our Lady' have been consecrated throughout Christendom by centuries of usage to the Blessed Mother of Our Divine Lord, Jesus Christ. To apply them to any other person is a scandalous outrage."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Some "Holy and Wholesome Thoughts On Purgatory," for every day in the month, by Eleanor C. Donnelly, is, in our opinion; the best hand-book for the month of the Poor Souls. It is a veritable *mutuum in parvo*. Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., 824 Arch street; Philadelphia, publish this little work.

Non-Catholics, by investing a quarter of a dollar per annum, can have brought to their post-office address every month a copy of "Truth," a Catholic magazine devoted to true explanations of Catholic faith to non-Catholics. Zealous Catholics can show their activity in spreading the truth or propagating the faith by subscribing to this excellent journal, or by having the same sent to a non-Catholic friend. Address the manager Rev. Thos. F. Price, or "Truth" Nazareth post-office, (near Raleigh,) North Carolina.

Time and again readers ask us to recommend a journal suitable for children. There is more than one such journal in this country. If we must specify, then we heartily recommend the "Weekly Bouquet" (85 Vernon street) of Boston. It is cheap. It contains excellent reading. It has an able editor—Henry Coyle the poet. You get the worth of your money and moreover your subscription goes to help a most deserving cause—the cause of charity.

PETITIONS.

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

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

Intemperate 5; special 8; spiritual 5; sick 4; general 2. All deceased Carmelites, Tertiaries and wearers of the Scapular.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

Names for registration have been received at St. Cyril's Carmelite college, Chicago from:—St. Viator's church, Chicago, Ill., and St. Mary's church, Joliet, Ill.

Names of those enrolled in the Brown Scapular received at Falls View from:—St. Peter and Paul's church, Williamsville, N. Y.; Drayton, Ont.; Washington Heights, Ind.; St. Joseph's Rectory, Ashland, Penn.; Atlantic, Iowa; Sacred Heart church, Peoria, Ill.; Newmarket, Ont.; Java Center, N. Y.;

Charlottetown, P. E. Island; Orillia, Ont.; St. Mary's church, Meiriva, N. Y.; North Sydney, C. B.; St. Michaels' Palace, Toronto, Ont.; Wakonda, S. D.

THANKSGIVINGS.

DEAR REV. FATHER: I promised Our Blessed Lady if she would obtain a favor for me I would have it published in the Carmelite Review and also send a small offering to her shrine the favor has been granted thanks to Our Blessed Lady through the Sacred Heart A. McC., Rochester, N. Y.

A subscriber writes to us under date of Sept. 27:—"In the early part of 1898, I got one of your Scapulars which I wore through my service with Battery B. "Pa. V."—I am glad to say I returned safely to my family and now thank Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel." D. B. S.

A reader in Paterson, N. J., returns thanks to our Blessed Lady for a favor obtained during a Novena.

ORITUARY.

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

Sister Baptista Flynn who died Oct. 10th, at Helena, Montana.

Mary Flynn who died at Paterson, N. J.

Mrs. Nancy Johnson who died at Toronto, Canada.

Miss May O'Brien, Chicago.

Mrs. May Nolan, of Manchester, N. H.

Denis Sullivan, of Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Bradley, of Paterson, N. J.

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

Falls View.

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