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**Born May 24, 1830. Died July 31, 1898.**



## The Token.\*

## I.



WE had sat by the sea together, and heard from its mystic waves  
 A hint that the morrow's parting might mean for evermore:  
 Yet gather'd withal an earnest of *meeting* the fond heart craves—  
 When the voyage of life shall be over, and gain'd the  
 eternal shore.

The farewell had come with morning, and you had gone back  
 to the sea.

The long, slow day had worn itself thro'—to a calm, fresh  
 night.

A day of sorrow for you, and of weary travel for me;  
 But it closed with a tender token of love from Our Lord's  
 own light.

## II.

I had preach'd in the Brother's chapel; and the final rite was  
 ending

(How well "Benediction" we name it—so full of a peace  
 divine!):

The "Deus qui nobis" sung, and the fragrant cloud ascending,  
 Like mingled aspirations of many a soul with mine.

I knelt to adore for a moment, ere lifting the Host on high,  
 When . . . . *you* came between it and me—on the altar  
 resting your head!

Your whole form droop'd at His feet; and I ask'd the King,  
 with a sigh,

To bless and comfort and keep you—"As Thou alone canst,"  
 I said.

## III.

And now your letter has told me that you, at the self-same  
 hour,

With eyes on the pitiless ocean, which seem'd but to mock  
 your grief,

\* A Fact.

Beheld a lone, dark future arise, like an evil power,  
To crush your heart with its burden, and chill it beyond  
relief.

## IV.

When, suddenly, broke thro' the darkness a holy, and heaven-  
born light—

A gloom-dispelling hope, and a sense of delicious rest! . . .  
You fell on your knees there, and pray'd: but you thought it  
was *my* Good-night—

*My* wafted blessing—had brought you this balm for an  
aching breast!

—EDMUND, OF THE HEART OF MARY, PASSIONIST.

### Twilight Hymn to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.



PURE as Carmel's snows, and lovely  
As the first, fair morning-shine  
Crowned with stars of changeless splendor,  
Hail! thou Mother, Maid Divine!  
Hail! thou Lady of the Mountain,  
Rearing up its stainless height—  
Emblematic of Thy graces,  
Glowing in immortal light!

Mother of Mount Carmel, hear!  
Shades are falling—night is near!

From the wide waters of the ocean,  
Where the birdlike vessels sail;  
From the dark haunts of the cities,  
Where the weak and tempted wail;  
Thro' the rattle of the battle,  
From the captive and the free,  
This fond anthem still is wafted,  
This sweet prayer swept up to Thee—

Mother of Mount Carmel hear!  
Shades are falling—night is near!

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

# LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

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

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

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

## CHAPTER XI.

EMBASSY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE GREEK SCHISM—BLESSED PETER THOMAS AS A DISPUTANT—A DETRACTOR  
PUNISHED WITH DEATH—SUBMISSION OF JOHN PALEOLOGUS  
TO THE POPE—1357.



ONE of the most difficult theological questions is that which is called by the schoolmen the manner of procession of the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of the Catholic Church is, that in the Holy

Trinity the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and Son. Certain Greek doctors of the Lower Empire maintained that the Divine Spirit only proceeded from the Father. The Roman Church in order to define explicitly the Catholic doctrine upon the above point added a word to the Nicene Creed. To the sentence which formerly read "*ex Patre procedit*" was attached the word "*Filioque*." Ever since we say "*ex Patre Filioque procedit*":—"the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son." The patriarchs of Constantinople, who cherished an inveterate jealousy towards the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff and his authority in the

East strenuously opposed the addition of "*Filioque*." Objections and reproaches arose on every side at what was anathematized as an "interpolation" and a falsification of the ancient Creed.

Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, whilst professing to preserve and maintain the title of "Orthodox," violently announced his intention to separate from Rome, which he actually did, in the year, 866.

The rupture, averted for a while, by earnest attempts at a reconciliation, was fatally consummated in 1053, by Cerularius, another patriarch of the same See. This, has ever since constituted one of the greatest trials of Christianity.

The Church, however, had by no means abandoned the hope of a reunion. In the thirteenth century, under the influence of the Latin Crusaders, who, to fortify themselves, as they said, against political treason, of which they had several times been the victim, had taken possession of Constantinople in 1204, Catholicity began to make such decided and general progress that Michael Paleologus, who was

at that time the representative of the dynasty of that name, in order to win favor with his numerous Catholic subjects deemed it well to resolve upon making his submission to Rome. He sent representatives to the Council of Lyons and ratified a decree of union approved of by that Council. But, before the anticipated results had time to take deep root or to become general, he died and his son Andronic II, so far from imitating his father refused to ratify the royal promises and incurred the penalty of excommunication from Clement V.

Andronic III, in turn, urged to action by the public conscience or impelled, perhaps by the need of assistance sent a deputation to Benedict XII. to treat of this long disputed subject, but nothing of any importance resulted. Meanwhile the Turks became constantly more aggressive in their inroads. After having invaded almost all the provinces of the Lower Empire, in Asia, the barbarians finally reached the Bosphorus. Fortified with the knowledge that the Dardanelles are regarded as the key to Constantinople they directly threatened that city and at the same time carried desolation into Macedonia and the Greek Isles.

The Emperor John VI (Paleologus) knew well that his only hope of aid in crushing this insatiable rapacity was in the intervention of the successor of St. Peter. He therefore, deputed two messengers to repair to Avignon and plead his cause with the Sovereign Pontiff with all the earnestness which they could command. The choice fell upon Paul, Archbishop of Smyrna and Nicholas, a nobleman of the Court. Their mission was to renew the project of union with the Roman Church—and, when amicable relations had been established, to solicit assistance in the way

of troops and military supplies. The two ambassadors arrived at Avignon in the year 1356, during the octave of Pentecost. They cast anchor in the port "des Pierriers" in sight of the church of "Our Lady of Miracles," so called from the many marvels wrought through Mary's intervention at that place.

The hesitation and wavering of the Greek Church had, at this period, already passed into history, so long had it lasted even then. However, the Sovereign Pontiffs, ever ready to manifest their wish to be kind and loving fathers, always accepted with joy the first ray of hope which shone forth on the long clouded horizon of doubt. True representatives of God's infinite benignity, they were always most careful not to extinguish the faintly glimmering spark, and Innocent VI, did not show himself less gentle than those who had preceded him on St. Peter's Chair. Eager to give to those erring souls the comfort of that pure faith which constantly infuses new vigor, the Holy Father resolved to respond to their advances. And it was again Blessed Peter Thomas who was chosen as ambassador.

Blessed Peter, the man possessed of such varied resources, the skilled diplomat who knew so well how to utilize every opportunity and to avoid every snare. The orator who could fluently converse in the tongues of the Orient. The fervent monk ready for instant obedience to the will of the Pontiff!

Since his sojourn in Bulgaria the difficulties inherent to such missions to the Greeks were too thoroughly known to him to render him desirous of the appointment, but *obedience* was one of the virtues he most specially cultivated. His confidence in God assured him also that the Christian can do all in Him

from whom all strength is derived. He accepted the honor without recrimination, as well as without affecting a false humility which too often is assumed only to elicit more urgent solicitations.

The companion of his mission was the Franciscan, William, Bishop of Chrysopolis, in Macedonia. The letter entrusted to their care was dated July 19, 1357, and addressed to the Emperor of Constantinople. Another missive was addressed to the Greek patriarch and a third to Francis Gratteluze, lord of Mitylenus.

After a long, but uneventful passage they reached their destination and presented themselves before John Paleologus. The Emperor was engaged in some military expedition and at that very moment was in camp, where he received the distinguished visitors with every mark of respect.

The Emperor was deeply impressed with the elevated tone of their conversation and admired the noble sentiments which every word revealed. Filled with veneration he paid the deepest attention and directed his officers to see that all would imitate his example. In regard to *himself* Paleologus manifested himself their neophyte, but the general reconciliation of his subjects was a question so intricate in its nature that it required undisturbed and careful consideration. Realizing that his present occupation afforded no opportunity for the like, he asked that the solution should be deferred until his return to Constantinople.

Peter Thomas at once repaired to that city and, without delay held conferences with the prominent ecclesiastics and laity of the self-styled orthodox rite.

The principal point of difference *after* the dogma of the Blessed Trinity was

the question of submission to the Roman Pontiff, (a submission which the Greeks formerly practiced, but which they now refused.) It was then towards that all important point that the controversy tended. The lucid and dispassionate reasoning of the Legate showed forth the unchangeable dogma. His own unalterable conviction placed before them in bold relief the great principle of Christian union.

To maintain order and peace in the physical world there must be a supreme moderator. There is but one God governing the universe, but one Representative of His Supreme Authority to rule over the great body of the faithful. *This one, this only Roman Pontiff* bears in his words the manifestation of the Divine will and in the Divine blessing he finds the requisite strength to accomplish that will.

To him alone, in the person of St. Peter, whose legitimate successor he is, has been given by Christ the place of Shepherd to his flock. He is to teach—to direct the pastors of the faithful. Of one and the same origin, redeemed by the blood of the same loving Saviour, called to the same immortal destiny all nations and peoples, of every age and of every clime, should constitute one vast family under one spiritual chief.

This Supreme Ruler of his Church God has made the Father of all regenerated souls. It is the Pope who has been charged with the nourishment of those souls, and the food he must provide for them is the pure doctrine of the Gospel. He, it is who must guide them by the laws of sound morality, who must refresh and save them by means of the Sacraments. He procures for them those salutary aids through the medium of his bishops and priests, who, in a hierarchical way have received from him their divine mission.

This august paternity has become the bond of religious and moral unity. It is the center of that fraternity of spirits united in the one faith, of those wills commingling in one universal obedience, and of the innumerable hearts beating harmoniously together, cemented in one, never to be severed, a bond of love. Such is the doctrine which, from the days of the Primitive Church, sound theology has invariably professed.

By these arguments and others expressed in terms equally forcible, the Catholic orator enlightened those to whom his mission was directed. But in the country of the subtle Byzantines he was invariably met with objections. These Blessed Peter never failed to demolish by his viogrous logic and his own prompt and ready power of argumentation.

But if on the one hand he so forcibly maintained his ground in regard to the important points at issue, on the other he loved to bring forward the many points of resemblance which the two Churches still possess.

Faith—which glowed with equal favor alike in both—in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist and devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin which so universally prevailed, seemed to the Saint to be the most comforting pledges of hope.

He knew, however, that even the most convincing arguments and finest specimens of oratory would not, of themselves, be sufficient to touch obdurate hearts and win unconverted souls to God. The Saint employed other means as well. He was of that truly evangelical school which realizes that without the efficacy of prayer all other efforts are vain. He knew that prayer purifies zeal, gives it a true inspiration and confers upon it a sweet-

ness which can not fail to win.

He knew that, coming forth from prayer, the preacher, like Moses coming down the Mountain of Sinai bears upon his brow that resplendent ray which enlightens souls. Therefore, he prayed, and caused others to pray without ceasing. And this was not all.

The more resemblance borne by a heart to that of Jesus voluntarily crucified, the more power will its aspirations in Heaven possess. To move the Divine MERCY austere fasts, rude flagellations and humiliating rebuffs patiently accepted, were united to the fervent prayers of the Saint.

This combination of favorable circumstances and principally this admirable charity, like a fragrant breath of balmy air in Spring, seemed to dissipate the spiritual miasma which for so many centuries had prevailed. Never, perhaps had hearts been so well and universally prepared for a change. And this truth became more eccentuated when the Emperor, upon his return to the city, by the marked interest which he took in the controversy, redoubled the general attention.

Two parties were already formed. Those who advocated a full and entire union, and those dissenting ones who fought with desperate vigor in these tournaments of oratory. All, however, listened deferentially to the Legate who never permitted a day to pass without speaking in public.

One knew not which to admire the more—his eloquence and eminent attainments, or his personal modesty and the care which he took to refer everything to the Spirit of Truth.

Such great virtue and such enlightenment could not fail to bring positive conviction to the soul of John Paleologus. In accordance with the most authentic form he abjured his belief in

the fatal schism and his return to the Church of Rome was solemnly accomplished. He swore upon the Holy Gospel to be a submissive and faithful son to the Sovereign Pontiff. In the sincerity of his zeal he promised besides to depose the Patriarch Callixtus who was most obstinate in his adherence to the schism and to favor the appointment of a successor who would belong to the one true fold.

In testimony of his abjuration the Emperor wrote himself to Innocent VI. He expressed his appreciation of the goodness and kindness of the Holy Father and the Sacred College towards him. He said that he was firmly established in those orthodox sentiments which had been for so long urging him on to conversion; he swore obedience and fidelity to the Catholic Church, humbly solicited assistance and did not omit a glowing eulogy upon our Saint.

The imperial letter spoke also of the hopes of union, so powerfully developed by the labors of Blessed Peter Thomas, and dilated upon the spiritual renovation apparent in the body of the ancient Catholics. Several eastern merchants had extensive business interests at Constantinople, but in the midst of their prosperity they had forgotten the requirements of religion. The earnest exhortations and admirable example of the Saint led them to enter upon a better life and ever afterwards to be faithful members of the one true Church.

If the Emperor, whose conversion certainly had every appearance of sincerity, later on gave tokens that his Catholicity was somewhat unstable; it is a fact, at least that many of his erring subjects made submission to the true Church, and never wavered. The entire nation seemed moved to its very centre. It was the first step towards the consoling realization of the prophecy of Christ Jesus,—whom we all adore—"Fiet unum ovile et unus pastor." "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd." It was a pledge of the

possibility of a return *en masse* of this Christian people. For the state of the Greek Church is by no means such as to preclude the hope of its eventual return.

Infirm and weak in the order of grace as it has been for a thousand years—inveterate and obstinate as have been its error and its insensibility, these powerful reminders which it occasionally received, these reactions which *must* produce their effect sooner or later—fully demonstrate that its slumber will not endure forever. Of this we have other pledges still. Blessed Peter has shown them to us, when at his departure from Constantinople he undertook the holiest and most meritorious of pilgrimages—when, after having evangelized Byzantium, he went to pray at Jerusalem.

Behold the cradle and the tomb of the Redeemer! O! Church of the East! Bethlehem and Calvary, faith in both of which thou dost so fervently profess. In the grotto where the Man-God beheld the light of day, above which a miraculous star shed its golden rays,—upon Calvary where Justice and Peace have met in harmony—near the tomb whence Jesus so triumphantly came forth—thou canst find the remedy for thy blindness, the principal of life and the kiss of reconciliation. In those basilicas does the Latin Church also kneel with extended arms towards her erring sister patiently and lovingly awaiting thy return to the fold.

And as thou dost see the divine charity and goodness which distinguish her, thou canst not forever persevere in thy error, but must eventually be convinced anew, and yield child-like submission to the Apostolic authority of the Bishop of Rome.

At no distant day, let us hope, that at that Holy Sepulchre of Our Saviour the East and the West will meet and bestow upon each other the fraternal embrace!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)



F I'd only knowd yoh was a comin'," she apologized, as the grace was finished and the three took their places around the table, with its spotless coarse cloth and homely fare.

"I'd have had sumthin' nice fixed fur yoh, but I hadn't any idy yoh intended visitin' me, tell I seen yoh an' Bud cumin' up the hill."

"I daon think he'd any idy uf cumin' hisself," remarked Bud, with a laugh. "I ketched up with him down the road a bit an' knowd it was the preacher frum the hotel. I begun tellin' him 'bout yoh bein' a Baptis' an' axt him up."

Then to their guest's remark the fewness of Baptists he had found here, Mrs. Logan replied:

"Me an' Lucindy Smith's the only members livin' clost here. I jined with the church when I was a young gal, livin' at Headquarters. Our preacher then was Brother Denham. Did yoh ever hear tell of him?"

"I cannot recall that I did," said the minister. "But I have not been long in Kentucky. I am from South Carolina."

"Whar ur yoh, now?" asked Mrs. Logan returning from the kitchen with a plate of hot biscuits, baked a temptin' brown.

"In Frankfort," answered he. "I have been there almost three years. We have a large congregation and it is growing steadily. There is a fine class of people to be found around the capital."

"Is yoh wife at the Licks with yoh?" she then questioned.

The minister replied, nervously, on its saucer the cup he was raising to his mouth, while a sudden warmth showed on his brow. Some words take the most self-possessed off their ground. He laughed to cover the momentary pause, before saying,

"Unfortunately for me, Mrs. Logan, I have no wife."

"Pshaw!" she said, briskly. "Thar's no reason why a nice young man like yoh oughtn't to have a wife!"

"Mabbe he doan want to marry, Mar," put in her son, with a broad smile. "Mabbe he's like Judith."

At the name, Mr. Gray gave a sudden, perceptible start. With a host of confusing thoughts rushing through his brain, he turned toward the young man, and mechanically repeated,

"Judith?"

"Thar she's settin' undah yon tree," explained Mr. Logan, pointing down the hill with his fork; and allowing his eyes to follow the direction thus indicated; the minister saw the girl sitting on the grass, her white-bonneted head bent over a book resting on her knees.

"An' she's be'n thar sence early

mornin'", supplemented Mrs. Logan, while her son continued :

"She's got sum very high-falutin' notions—got 'em out of them books, mabbe, what she's everiastin' readin'. She wouldn't look at any of the fellars 'roun' hyar, not even the Cath'lics. Judith's a Cath'lic, yoh know, Pas-son."

As one in a nightmare, dimly conscious that his agony is not real, yet suffering intensely in every fibre, Mr. Gray sat with his hands resting on the table, his eyes fixed with dumb insistence on the speaker's face. Finally, in a tense voice, he asked,

"What did you say her name is, her last name, I mean?"

"Sanders," answered the young man and then, Mrs. Logan began to recount the life story of the unconscious girl.

Later as he sat alone, for a little while, he marveled why the two women who bore the same name, resembled each other so in the inexorableness of their surroundings; and then, he leaned his head on his hand, while over him surged an uncontrollable wave of sorrow as he remembered his lost love. He had seen her once before leaving his charge in Carlisle, from which, as soon as he recovered, he had, despite protestations of the congregation, resigned. He had gone out to her home to bid her good-bye and what a night it was with the August moon silvering the landscape and the scent of the honeysuckle, trailed over the veranda, burdening the air with its intoxicating sweetness! He knew he had forced himself in on her life. Not by the lifting of an eyelash had she given encouragement to his love, but had rather sought to turn it aside from her. How utterly powerless human beings are to avert from them their destiny, was borne in on her

in the one moment that had held for both all they ever knew of perfect earthly happiness. One brief taste they were given of the joy that might have been their portion for all time, and then their hands were clasped across that hour in farewell. For either to pass under the barrier separating them was to openly betray their God, to prefer the creature to the Creator, to incur future punishment for fleeting earthly happiness; so the episode had closed, she going her way, he his.

A few days ago, an issue of the Carlisle paper, three months old, and found by him in the paper-rack in the hotel parlor, informed him that Judith Evans was married. There had followed an hour of awful suffering, but after it had passed, he was strong enough to kneel and thank God for her happiness. She had found one whom she could love better even than she had admitted she had loved him; so all was well with her; for himself—his work remained, and God. So he laid his love sacredly away, closed and sealed on it, as he thought, the doors of memory; and lo! the sound of her name, borne by another, made him cover his eyes from the joyous light of the June day and moan out the agony of the loneliness.

In the conversation with Mrs. Logan which followed, the minister was given glimpses of a character, which, despite some good traits, was so hopelessly narrow and self-absorbed he felt at a loss as to what course he should pursue in dealing with it. When he had been allowed a vacation, he had chosen to spend it at the Blue Lick Springs for two reasons; one of which was to gather together the members of the Baptist persuasion in this district. They were fewer in number than he

had supposed and contact with the people of every shade of Protestantism forced him to see it was not any particular form of Christianity was needed there, but Christianity; it was not a minister to preach of Christ as the divine fountain-head from which one particular body draws life, but of Christ as the Soul-Healer and God-Redeemer of mankind. As he walked slowly down the hill that afternoon, he thought deeply. The missionary spirit was strong in him. He would like to have then and there relinquished his fashionable congregation in the Capital of the State and devote his life and talents to the work he found in this obscure place. He longed passionately for the opportunity to be of help to these people, for thought of the hard, deep ruts in which their lives were forced to move touched him, as soon as he set foot in their midst, like a burning torch.

"If they could only be brought to realize the deep-seated principle of existence," he thought, passionately; "if they could only come to see divine purpose directing everything, from the death of a flower to the fall of an empire; if they could only believe in God as a child in its father; if they only loved Him and trusted in that love to straighten out the tangles in some happier beyond—how rich and beautiful would be their lives, now so sad and barren! My God," he prayed, with smarting eyes, "they are Thy children, but they seem to know it not or to have forgotten it."

The frequent visits his mother had been making in the past three years to the house that had been Brian Lacey's, necessitated Bud Logan's hanging a gate at the end of the hill path, as her years made the climbing of high fences a feat hard to be accomplished. The touch

of the rough slat serving as a latch for this gate, aroused Mr. Gray from his thoughts and lifting his gaze from the ground, the blossoming catalpa tree in the yard almost opposite caught his attention. Unconscious of his approach, Judith had risen and having drawn down one of the graceful branches, was gathering bunches of the rare flowers to carry in to Mrs. Lacey. Her white sun-bonnet lay on the grass by her book and he noticed how different in face and figure was this girl from the one whose name she bore. The small, slender figure was more suggestive of agility than grace, but if the face was far from beautiful, it was full of character, with a certain magnetic charm that the sleeping fire in the small yellow-brown eyes accentuated. Men have gone to their death for such faces. As the bough slipped from her grasp, for the first time she became aware of the man walking slowly down the road, guiding his bicycle over the rough stones, and her shyness of strangers made the color come into her cheeks. She gathered up her book and bonnet and turned towards the house, but not before a mental photograph had been made of the passer-by, whom she knew to be one of the guests at the hotel.

This annual inroad the world of society made on the country place was fiercely resented by Judith. The sight of those fine ladies, lolling on the verandas, with elegant swains at their feet, exercising their polished wit on the country and its people, filled her with unaccountable anger. She never went to the springs during the summer months when she could avoid it, and when necessity compelled the trip, it was made early in the morning, as there was then slight chance of encountering any of those butterflies of fashion.

"Why do you so hate any of your fellow-creatures?" Mrs. Lacey had asked her once, after enduring a bitter tirade against the annual opening of the hotel for the reception of its guests.

"Why must they have all the good things of life and we only the huskings?" was the reply hurled back at her. "Look at the people around here; what have they and their children to eat? Corn bread and butter milk, while their eggs and butter and chickens and fruit and vegetables must go to the hotel to supply the tables of the rich."

"Why don't they keep those delicacies for themselves and their children, my dear? There is no law compelling them to part with their possessions."

"Because they must have money to buy shoes and stockings for their little ones next winter," Judith had returned fiercely.

"Then, my dear, it seems to me they should be thankful to the hotel guests who make possible a market for their goods. Don't you see how much they are indebted to those very people you rail so against?"

"But why should they have the power to give or withhold that money? Why are the good things of the world not more equally distributed?"

"My dear, the original of that, and such questions, was first heard in Eden when Eve was asked, 'Why hath God commanded you that you should not eat of every tree of Paradise?'; and a variety of people, some good, and many bad have been putting it forth in one form or another, ever since. Don't worry your little head about such things. God knows what is best for each and every one of us; just try and believe that."

"Uncle Brian never said anything like that," Judith flashed back. "He always declared the world was one-sided!"

"But he was philosopher enough not to growl about it, wasn't he? If you can't be a Christian, my dear, try and be a philosopher; however, it is better to imitate your uncle, by being both." And as Mrs. Lacey passed her forefinger slowly over her brow, she commented, mentally:

"She has the material in her for a red-hot Socialist. What is going to be the end of that girl's life I cannot imagine. Where does she get such ideas!" She spent the following hour in deep meditation, which voiced itself in this fervent wish: "If she could only meet some wise, good man, who would love her and whom she would love, the problem of her vexatious life would be solved and I should be released from the perplexity of my situation." Mrs. Lacey had found that the office of companion to Brian Lacey's niece was not a sinecure. Up to a certain point they could live in amicable relations; but beyond that the elder woman met with an opposition as immovable as one of the over shadowing hills, since Judith's was one of those natures over which another of her own sex exercises any great influence. Growing up under a man who, if not exactly a woman-hater, (no man can be that who has the memory of a mother worthy of his reverence) entertained a certain contempt for the weaker sex, she naturally imbibed his opinions, and though she was not indifferent to her worth, in those opinions Mrs. Lacey was certainly included. Living in the outside world, Judith had been among the most active of progressive women. She might have been in the dissecting-room, in an editor's

chair, or on the lecture platform, and in her mission been supremely happy; here, she was an element of unrest. a boat without a pilot, a stream without a course. Such a character, at this state of its development is always interesting to a man; it is only later, when from his encouragement or the lessons he has unwittingly taught her, she stands on the same ground with himself, finding her then a rival to be feared, he begins to avail at what in the start he found attractive.

That Mr. Gray should be interested in the girl was natural. From Mrs. Logan's words he had supposed to find a reader of Mrs. Holmes' novels or at the greatest limit, of Owen Meredith's poems; instead he met one as familiar with Shakespeare as himself, a thoughtful student of some modern and much ancient history, while the hint he occasionally caught of old Biblical lore was as refreshing as the gushing up of a spring from the heart of her cool, shadowy forests. Something out of the ordinary, his meeting with her was not commonplace; and given two more impressionable natures, had been highly romantic. True to her principle of avoiding even the sight of the summer guests of the spring hotel, Judith had ridden over one morning to the post-office for Mrs. Lacey's mail before sunrise, and while Bluebell lagged her way home, or paused for a mouthful of wet clover, nodding crimson—hooded heads to the passing breeze, Judith's eyes were eagerly scanning the columns of the *Pilot*. Behind her, on the narrow smooth path, pedestrians, to avoid the stones, had made along the road's edge, Mr. Gray was coming on his bicycle. The whirring noise of the wheels made Bluebell give a sudden, quick lurch, and as the girth had not been drawn tightly around her plump

body, the saddle turned, half unseating its occupant. Judith, however, was saved a bad fall by the agility of Mr. Gray, who was off his bicycle and had her in his arms, before her weight had carried the saddle entirely over Bluebell's back. When he disengaged her foot from the stirrup, he lifted her from her perilous position to the ground and began to apologize for the accident. But she set him at his ease by assuring him it was entirely due to her own carelessness.

"Mrs. Lacey is always prophesying such a fall for me," she said, "because of this habit of letting Bluebell have the rein, while I read."

"And now," he continued, picking up the paper and shaking off the dust before returning it to her, "she will have the opportunity of saying 'I told you so!'"

"I'll not tell her anything about it," returned she, carelessly. "Yes, I'll have to," she almost immediately contradicted, with the flicker of a laugh in her voice, "for the *Pilot's* torn! See, what a rent Bluebell's envious foot hath made!"

Mr. Gray looked up from his task of straightening the saddle to discover if the freedom of the words and voice was confirmed by the face, but her eyes were bent on the paper with no more consciousness than if she were addressing a child, instead of an entire stranger.

"Now," he said, "your saddle is all right again. Shall I assist you to mount?"

"It is only a short distance to the house," she said, "so I will walk." She took the rein, and gathering up her long riding-skirt, turned her face toward him to thank him and wish him good-morning, when one of those utterly unaccountable motives that are the

cause of almost all the foolish, and half the tragic, acts of our lives, made him say, as he lifted his hat,

"I am going that way, too. May I walk with you?" And he introduced himself. The question took Judith by surprise. Had any of her acquaintances been in the speaker's place, she had promptly and decidedly refused; but the straws of Destiny are stronger than our longest established principle. He took the rein from her hand and something in that very simple act made an appeal to the woman-nature which had never met from any man, even the one around which it had entwined itself, anything bordering on courtesy.

"I will now introduce Bluebell to my wheel," he said, smiling, as he picked up his bicycle; then, as they walked over the stony road together he added, "You have given your horse a pretty name, Miss Sanders."

"It was Uncle Brain named her," said Judith. "She belonged to him before he died," and there was a beautiful gleam in the small yellow-brown eyes looking out at him from under the white sunbonnet.

"Your neighbor, Mrs. Logan, was telling me the other day about your uncle," said he, in gentle tones; "and how you devoted yourself so unselfishly to him and how you treasure his memory," and the words and voice made her realize, for the first time in all her life, that this in her was a fine thing, a beautiful ornament to her womanly character.

"He was all I ever had," she answered, softly, forgetting her listener.

The words went with him on his long morning ride and haunted him during the day. All she had! And what was that all? A cross, crusty old man, more ready with the sneer at

the blood that was in her veins than the kindly word for the love and care she poured out on him. In the pity that was taking such a strong possession of him for these sad broken lives, these wasted human affections, where they had not been sapped leaving hearts dried and hard as the apple which clings through the long winter time to the leafless tree, Judith was included. And she interested him, too, because she puzzled him. There were times when he wondered if she really needed his sympathy, for as he grew to know her better, phases of her character seemed to indicate hers was one of those self-sufficing natures; she seemed to rest in herself, like her yhills, unheeding whether they are covered with bright verdure or lie barren under the penetrating light of day. She guarded the interests of her small farm far more jealously than he was wont to look after his financial affairs, and that he could not find to exactly fit in with her strong views against the aggression of capital past one's actual wants. He did not know her well enough to perceive this exactitude was the fruit of the justness of her nature which demanded for herself the same fair treatment she freely accorded to others, and grateful hearts afterwards, when too late, told him how Judith Sanders had employed her surplus wealth. Nor did her love for her few books altogether satisfy him. They were to her world, society, affection. It appeared she purposely repressed her life, that she might take to them undivided thought, since of the simple pleasures of the young people she never accepted any part. Again, he misunderstood, not knowing that grounded into that nature until they could be no more separated than canthe lime be from the plaster on the wall

was the determination to right herself before her mother's people, whose early suspicions of her, because of her father's name, she never forgot. She would show them that in the straightness of which they so prized she could surpass them, that in the intellectual pursuits she was likewise their superior, while in magninity of soul she was again greater, for though they had come to regard her with affectionate pride, she never alluded to the ancestry they once abhorred. Besides this, into the world of books none of the circumstances of her life intruded; she could even lose her own self in it. This was wrong, of course, and when too late Mrs. Lacey discovered that in directing the young girl to seek for comfort at the source from which Brian had drawn it, she had brought about almost as serious a condition as the one she had striven to avert. She had opened the lock, but had not had control enough to properly

regulate the flow of the water. He was also conscious of a want of certain little traits that no man is prepared to find absent in a woman's character, for he did not know how the heart had been schooled away from dreams and hopes and affections, natural to the young, by the knowledge an inflexible will obdurately forced in on it, that these things were not for her, or rather she was not for them. So he started out misunderstanding what was best in her and this was unfortunate. But over what seemed to him its incompleteness there was the stern relentless fact of a life being lived vainly, unloved, unappreciated, compressed, as it must also be tortured by the hopelessness of its past, its present and its future. There was absolutely nothing on which the woman's heart could rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### The Love of Our Lady.\*



FEAR not to love Our Lady  
 More than you ought to do;  
 Remember how saints have loved her  
 More tenderly far than you,  
 And like to a tiny dew-drop  
 That falls from the clouds above,  
 Is all their most sweet affection  
 Compared to our Saviour's love  
 He has loved her as chosen daughter,  
 As Mother, and Spouse and Queen:  
 He has robed her in wonderous beauty,  
 And crowned her with starry sheen.  
 Then fear not to love Our Lady;  
 Look up to the skies of blue,  
 The Heart of our Jesus loves her  
 More tenderly far than you!

—E. D. M.

\* "You need never fear loving her too much. All the love of creatures is but a little drop compared to that of God."—Very Rev'd J. Hall, O.C.C.

## THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BY THE REV. THEODORE JOHN McDONALD, O.C.C.



HERE is an intimate connection between the Mysteries of Christianity, and as a necessary consequence the Mystery of the Assumption, bears a special relation to the Mystery

of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. For as the Divine Mother received Jesus Her Saviour beneath her chaste bosom, it is meet that He should receive His Virgin Mother and take her into Himself, and as He had deigned to descend into her immaculate womb, He elevated her that she might enter into His glory. It is no wonder then if Mary has arisen from her grave in triumph surrounded with splendor and glory. Jesus to whom she gave life, out of gratitude to her, exalted her, and since it is becoming in a God to do great things, so it is worthy of His Majesty to give her a glorious and immortal life from whom He received all in His life that was mortal. Thus were these two mysteries intertwined, and to make the relation still more closely connected the angel who had borne the tidings of the Incarnation to Mary, and the celestial host who had proclaimed the Saviour's birth, rejoiced with Mary in her glorious Assumption, and exulted to witness such a grand closing of the mysteries of which they had been the heralds.

Heaven has its feasts and its triumphs as the Church on earth has hers, or

rather we might say, the Church on earth borrows its ritual from Heaven that she may shed becoming splendor on her ceremonies and holy displays. But in their full virtue and force, these ceremonies are found only in the sublime feasts of the heavenly Jerusalem—the holy and triumphant Church. Among the feasts that rejoice the holy angels and the blessed in Heaven, the Assumption is one of the grandest; what feast after the Ascension of Our Divine Lord was hallowed with such triumphant glory? The elevation of the Blessed Virgin to the throne prepared for her by her Son must have left its impress as a day of splendor in the heavenly court, if we can distinguish such a thing as a day, in the unfading glory of an everlasting eternity. Were it possible to describe, the splendor of her glorious entrance into Heaven, in making the attempt, it would be necessary for us, as far as our imagination would permit, to bring before our eyes the hierarchies of the celestial court in motion to receive her. The last effort of our mind is at fault, even for an instant, to call up the faintest idea of the thrill of joy that swept through their ranks, the first moment the Mother of their God and their Queen appeared before them in the radiance of her glory. This was a sight worthy to fill heaven and earth with admiration, and it should stimulate us, as far as the frailty of our nature will permit with the graces she obtains for us, to imitate the virtues that exalted her above everything that was not God. She possessed every virtue in the highest degree, and her merits were so great, and they exalt-



ed her to such a degree, that the human mind is lost in contemplating them.

But among her many virtues we will here mention only three that were the chief factors in her glorious Assumption: Charity, Virginity and Humility. That she might enter into everlasting glory it was necessary that she should be divested of her mortality, as it were of a strange garment, and should be clothed with immortality as with a royal robe—a costume of triumph. And finally, she should be elevated and exalted on a throne above the cherubim and the seraphim and above every created intelligence. The above mentioned virtues have accomplished all this for our glorious Queen. Divine love stripped her of her mortality. Her holy virginity ever immaculate, enabled her to clothe her flesh with the light of immortality, as with a heavenly and royal garment, and after these two virtues had prepared her for her sublime entrance. Her humility elevated her above all creatures and made her Queen of heaven, of angels and of men, and placed her upon her throne at the right hand of her beloved son. It may be necessary here to develop still more the thoughts that we have been placing before our readers that they may be more clearly understood. I mentioned above that Our Blessed Lady might enter into everlasting glory, it was necessary that she should be divested of her mortality, as though it were a strange garment. It is a law of man's nature which causes every thing mortal to pay its final tribute to death. But it may be said had our first parents not sinned they would not have tasted death; to this proposition we all agree. And on that account some were brought to think and were convinced and argued with some plausibility, that as man was

created immortal, and would not have died had he not sinned, death could not be demanded through the inexorable necessity of his nature. They quote St. Paul that "Death is the wages of sin," and affirm that death is not natural to man, but a mere punishment inflicted on him by his Creator for his transgression. This mode of reasoning appeared so plausible to many that they came to the conclusion that it is not natural for man to die, and that nature did not demand the dissolution of the Blessed Virgin, nor could divine justice demand it as sin had never touched her, she having been conceived Immaculate. However, notwithstanding all that have been said to the contrary, the inexorable necessity of man's nature in his present state demands death or dissolution of the body. That man was created immortal, and had he remained faithful, that he would not have seen death, we concede. But it is well for us to know that his immortality was not an essential quality of his nature, but that it was a supernatural gift given to him in his creation, and would have preserved him from death had he only remained faithful. But unfortunately he transgressed and by so doing lost the supernatural gift, which alone preserved his body immortal; this being lost, nature asserts itself, and inexorably demands that man shall pay the tribute of death.

Our Blessed Lady in her Immaculate Conception was preserved from every stain of sin, in view of the redemption of her Beloved Son. And as a necessary consequence was free from concupiscence, so that the slightest breath of temptation never sullied the pure mirror of her soul, where God sees His divine perfections more clearly reflected than in all the celestial hosts that sur-

round His throne. However, in her Immaculate Conception she did not receive the gift of immortality as given to our first parents. She was the solitary child of a fallen race preserved from the taint of its transgression, but not preserved from death.

Besides, Our Divine Lord did not exempt himself from death, for by dying He conquered death, and He has made it a law for us to surrender to death, that we may live. For the same reason subjection to the law of death was an essential part of the triumph of our glorious Queen, that she might be divorced from everything that was mortal. But we need not imagine that Mary fulfilled this common law in the ordinary way, for with her everything breathed the supernatural. It was by a miracle she received Jesus Christ, her Redeemer and her Son into her chaste womb, and it is by supernatural power she severs the ties of earth and flies to His loving embrace. This was caused not by the natural decay of her body, but by a two-fold love the divine and the maternal, for in her Son she loved her God and in her God she loved her Son. If we contemplate this two-fold love we will find that there is nothing more sublime, or that nothing can portray with greater accuracy, the exalted power and dignity of the Mother of God. In the natural order, there is nothing mightier or stronger than the love that nature inspires in the heart of the mother for her son, but the highest love of all is love of God, it is stronger than death. These two fountains of love are two abysses, whose depths are unfathomable to us; so we may say with the psalmist, "Deep calleth upon deep," because that which is most tender in nature and that which is mightiest in grace, had to penetrate each other to

form the love of the Blessed Virgin. Nature had to furnish her part because the object of this love was a son—Mary's own flesh, and grace had to operate, because this love was toward a God. If we penetrate more deeply into the source of this love we must fly on the wings of faith to the bosom of the Eternal Father, for the Son of God is the Son of Mary, and as she was the only human parent of the Incarnate Word, the whole force of the two-fold love was concentrated in her heart. Who then can explain the power of love in the heart of Mary, and its fiery yearnings to be with its God; it is all that we know that after the heart of Jesus, never was there such a mighty heart of love as that which burst the bonds of life for Mary, and united her forever with her son. We know in part at least, what anguish separation from Him had caused her, for never did such a pang of grief pierce a heart, as that which pierced the heart of Mary, when she lost Him in Jerusalem; the sword went still deeper at Golgatha, and what a bitter pang even in the joy of the Ascension must have penetrated her soul.

But the time of separation is over, we hear the voice of the Spouse in the Canticles calling her, "Arise, make haste my love, my dove, my beautiful one and come. For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers have appeared in our land." The great triumphant entry of Our Lord into heaven, when He brought on the Feast of the Ascension, the blessed souls which He had purchased with His blood, was the grandest festival ever known in that blessed abode. The Immaculate Lamb returning, Hissacred humanity glorified, human nature exalted, bearing with Him the trophies of His victory, to reign with Him for-

ever and ever, was a moment of exultant joy. The voice of the heavenly hosts rang in their celestial home, in paens of welcome and admiration, for they saw for the first time, the fruits of the Incarnation—human souls triumphant and glorified pass the threshold of the home of the blessed. And after that memorable event, what festival so glorious as the Assumption, when the Immaculate Virgin was taken up soul and body and seated at the right-hand of her son! After the Incarnate God what being ever rose from earth, that entranced the angelic host with her beauty as the Blessed Virgin did; for as though they were beside themselves with rapturous joy, they sang the beautiful Canticle, "Who is she that cometh forth from the desert flowing with delights. Who is she that goeth up by the desert, as a pillar of smoke of aromatical spices of myrrh and frankincense." Never was there such triumph in heaven since the Assumption of Mary, nor never will there be, until the last triumph, when time shall be no more; when Christ will gather all the elect from the four winds of heaven, and bring them up with Him to paradise, there to revel forever in the pure light of unfading glory.

We said that Mary was taken up body and soul into heaven; yes, her body was not to remain long under the shadow of death, for God would not allow His holy one to see corruption. Mary's body was the throne of chastity, the temple of the Incarnate wisdom, the instrument of the Holy Ghost and the seat of the virtue of the Most High. Could God allow this body consecrated and hallowed by so many close relations with Himself; this chaste body purer than the seraph that looks with face unveiled into the depths of God's being,

the infinite ocean of purity to remain with the common lot of sinful man to corrupt in the grave? Besides her triumphant entry into heaven would be an imperfect one without the body as well as the soul, for these constitute the whole man. That her body was fit as well as her soul to enter the Holy of Holies no Christian can doubt, for her virginity imparted to it a three-fold gift. It protected it against corruption and preserved it intact, it drew down upon it a heavenly force, which enabled it to rise from the tomb before the ordinary time allotted to man, and finally it imparted to it a bright light, clothing it with the brilliant rays of a glorified body. It was necessary that there should be a complete conformity between the body of Mary and that of her Divine Son, because according to the flesh the most intimate relation existed between them. He sought one most like Himself, and therefore this spouse of virginal souls, would have none other than a virgin mother; so it follows that we cannot think of the purity of Mary in an ordinary way, nor can we form an adequate idea of this exalted perfection that produced in the Virgin Mother perfect integrity of body and soul. It drew down a special effect of grace, of this there can be no doubt, for it drew down God himself to her chaste womb, for He so loved this virginal body that He dwelt in it for nine months, from that same flesh He received His sacred body, and can we for a moment think that He would allow the sacred flesh of Mary to see corruption? What a weight of glory must the virginity of Mary have brought her. Our Divine Lord speaking of the glory of the elect says they will be like the angels of God. There is only one virtue that transforms men into angels in this life and that is

chastity. St. Augustine says, it dwells in the midst of the flesh, but there is something in it that is not of flesh. St. John, the Evangelist, saw the virgins in heaven following the Lamb, clothed in white garments, and playing on golden harps, and they sang a new Canticle that no other could sing. But who shall proclaim the praises of Mary and the halo of glory that her holy virginity has thrown around her? The above mentioned Evangelist was overwhelmed with her grandeur, so that he called it the wonder of heaven. "Behold a great wonder appeared in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." So the Evangelist with all his inspiration could scarcely find words to portray her transcendent glory.

Divine love separated the soul of Mary from her sacred body. Her holy virginity clothed her with a royal garment, and now her humility crowns her triumph. Behold how this virtue takes her, as it were by the hand, leads her up to the throne prepared for her, and placed her thereon, where she is to receive the homage of every creature, as the Queen of Heaven and Earth. For since it was only by humility that Jesus Christ gained his triumph, so also Mary gained her's by the same virtue; nor would she wish to purchase it in any other way, but by the same manner that He purchased His. We know that it is peculiar to humility to impoverish oneself of every excelling quality, but by a wonderful reaction, humility enriches whilst it impoverishes and secures that which it seems to take away. We can well apply to this virtue the words of St. Paul, "We have nothing and yet we possess all things." Mary's humility illustrates this doctrine much better than it can be taught in any other way, for she possessed three precious treasures, an exalted dignity, a wonderful purity of

body and soul, and above all other treasures Jesus Christ himself. She had a much beloved Son in whom according to the Apostle "All fulness dwelleth." We behold in her a creature, the most exalted of all others and from whom alone seem to be hidden these astonishing prerogatives as though her humility wished it so. Mary raised above all that was created by her dignity, as the Mother of God, placed herself among the common people as a servant, a handmaid. She distinguished from all others by the brightness of her immaculate purity, mingles among sinners undergoing the law of purification, and through her humility forgets the splendor of Her Majesty. It was through humility her beloved son purchased the world's salvation and entered into His glory, even upon the Cross the hour of His dereliction came, as though abandoned by His Eternal Father, He cried—"My God! My God! why has Thou forsaken me?" Mary seemed abandoned at that moment. He did not call God by the name of Father nor Mary by the tender name of Mother, but if Jesus sounded the depths of dereliction and humility, as Mary was like Him in all things it was necessary that she should sound them also. But God exalted her, her son has prepared for her at His right hand a throne of glory and in their transport of joy all the blessed spirits cry out with the royal psalmist, "The Queen stands on Thy right hand O Lord! O God! in gilded clothing surrounded with variety; all the glory of the King's daughter is from within in golden borders, after her shall virgins be brought to the King, they shall be brought with gladness and rejoicing, they shall be brought into the temple of the King?" Whilst her own sweet voice thrilled the heavenly court as they heard the Canticle once pronounced in presence of Elizabeth: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour!"

## Carmelo.



O! when December on this wild land flung  
A blest asperges of the welcome rain,  
And all the shadowy forest arches rung  
Echoing the thunders of the Western Main.

Rounding the rugged headlands that outreach  
Their rocky barriers where the white waves play,  
Viscayno's galleons neared the shining beach  
To claim the new found country "Por El Rey."

The mighty hills in tenderest verdure clad,  
The river bearing tribute to the sea,  
The pines unceasing chorus stern and sad,  
The solemn cypress sentinels, the free.

Glad anthems of the countless birds that wheeled  
In gleaming flocks athwart the cloud-flecked sky,  
The ever changing vistas that revealed  
New scenes of marvelous beauty to the eye,

Burst on the vision of the sea-worn band,  
A dream of Syria tranquil and sublime,  
Recalling to their thoughts the Holy Land  
Whose wondrous story glorifies all time.

And grateful thoughts of Carmel's gracious Queen  
Whose loving care watched o'er their destinies,  
When waves were calm, and cloudless skies scene,  
Or when the tempest lashed the insurgent seas.

Then Carmel's holy Friar humbly gave  
To the fair spot the name it beareth still,  
Carmelo, as a blessing on the wave,  
The voiceful forest, fertile vale and hill.

Our Lady's honored title seems to rest,  
Unchanged thro' all the years of change and wrong,  
A scene by lives of faithful toilers blessed,  
Its name embalmed in history and song.

—MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

December 16, 1603, Sebastian Viscayno in command of the San Diego, Santa Tomas and Tres Reyes, carrying about two hundred men, among whom were three Carmelite priests, Fathers Andreo de la Ascencion, Tomas Aquino and Antonio de la Ascencion, anchored in the Bay of Monterey. To these saintly Carmelites the river and valley of Carmelo owes its name.

## MARY, "MOTHER OF FAIR LOVE."

"*Ego Mater pulchrae dilectionis.*"—Ecl. xxxiv.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Father Faber, in his beautiful work: "The Creator and the Creature," speaks of seven acts of love towards God, which we may compare to seven notes of spirit-music, making melodies in the heart for Him, or harmonizing in a grand chord of adoration, which in some way combine them all.

We will, then, in this month of her Nativity, consider these acts in the most pure heart of Mary, and in order to do this, select some life scenes in which, to our mind, one or other seems to shine forth with pre-eminent lustre. And first, there is the love of preference, by which the soul esteems God above all that is beautiful and desirable on earth, or even in Heaven, like the Royal Prophet: "What have I in Heaven, and, besides thee, what do I desire on earth?" A fair scene of wonderful beauty and significance appears to our mental vision:—the Immaculate Child of three years, in her surpassing loveliness of nature and of grace, ascends the fifteen steps of the Temple, and with full use of more than angelic intelligence, and more than seraphic love, turns away from the world, and her saintly parents, and why? She preferred God above all; she gave herself with a generosity that made no reserve, a fervor that never relaxed, "with great joy, in the simplicity of her heart." The fairest scenes of her native land, the bright hopes of life, the tender love of her aged parents, Joachim and Anna, arrested not her steps. She reflected not—it was conceded from her humble

heart, that God was preparing her to be His own temple, that He preferred her to all His creatures, and that "after," not *before* her, "Virgins should be brought to the King. "No! Mary's love was pure and simple—heart, soul, mind and strength, were offered to their Creator. A learned writer, Dr. Ullathorne, says: "And so has Mary prepared and built up a living temple for the in-dwelling of God. Silently was she prepared, but with a magnificence of grace of which the magnificence of the material temple was but a figure." And St. Damascene exclaims: "This is that, Tabernacle, manifest with the God of Jacob. For a most holy place is prepared for the Most Holy Word—"This is no other than the house of God and the gate of heaven."

Let us pray that we may imitate her by preferring the beauty, the presence, the will of God above all. Some are called to do so in a more exalted way by vows of religion, but all are at least bound to love God sovereignly, to let no affection be greater than divine love; no created object however dear, be more loved than Him from whom it derives any little ray of goodness and beauty which attracts us.

This is the first degree of beautiful love." May our Lady of Mt. Carmel obtain it for all her devoted children!

Love of Desire.

Jesus is "the desired of nations," and truly beautiful are the sighs of holy longing breathed forth in the old law from heart-strings touched by the

finger of God's Holy Spirit, especially those of the Royal Prophet. The psalms are still and will be to all time, echoing through the aisles of Holy Church, from the ministers of God and many religious, for we must always desire, until we enter into fruition. But who can conceive the desires of Mary's pure heart, throughout her whole life until the last aspiration on the wings of which her soul flew to the Beloved? Surely we can understand little, and speak still less. Nevertheless, we may humbly contemplate and admire that "hunger and thirst after justice," especially in the long prayerful hours in the Temple, and after her espousals at Nazareth. The words of Holy Scripture, its touching prayers that God would "send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth," and again "that the heavens might drop down dew," etc., were familiar to her soul, though she little thought it was into the chalice of her own stainless heart it was to fall.

There is a pious belief that His coming was hastened for the sake of her desires—how much then, do we owe to them! And how much should we not try to imitate her longing for Jesus, especially before Holy Communion—"Sitivit in te anima mea!" He "longs to be longed for," desire is the appetite of the soul, consequently a sign of its life, health spiritual vigor, is an index of our state before God. "They that eat Me shall yet hunger." Yes! because His beauty, and love are inexhaustible. It is only in heaven we shall be "satisfied when His glory shall appear.

See how her desires were fulfilled! "Hail full of grace! The Lord is with thee!" Years pass—watch her seeking Him for three days sorrowing, and He came back with her to Nazareth.

See her again at the foot of the Cross, for what mother would not desire to be with her dying son? But Mary's son was God, and she desired and was saturated with suffering for Him. How she longed for the glory of His resurrection, and for sacramental union with Him after Ascension! And, at last, when the winter was passed, and her exile over, contemplate the Assumption and Coronation of that glorious Queen, and her God leads her "the fountains of the waters of life," where even the vast capacity of *her* spirit drinks evermore, beatific vision, love and joy.

#### Love of Gratitude.

Live of gratitude is the sequel of aspiratory live, but in our case, how little proportion there is very often between them! We receive the favors of God, and go on our way rejoicing, like the ungrateful lepers, of whom we read, that only one returned and gave glory to the Divine Benefactor, and he was a Samaritan, a stranger; while those who neglected to do so, were more favored by God. It was not thus with Mary. The "clouds had rained down the just," "the earth had bidden forth a Savior," and a song of exulting gratitude ascended from her Immaculate Heart, sweeter than those of harpers before "the great white throne," and "crystal sea." "Magnificat anima mea Dominum!" Every sentiment of humble acknowledgment, ardent love, joy and praise, that should animate true gratitude poured forth from our Blessed Mother's Heart in this sublime canticle—the first in the New Testament.

We cannot doubt that from the moment of her Immaculate Conception, and during her whole life in Bethlehem, Nazareth, even on Calvary, Mary's grateful love was ever making melody to God, ever magnifying the

Lord, and rejoicing in God her Saviour. Let us in this, try to be grateful for joy and sorrow, light and shade, life and death. Above all when we receive Holy Communion, we can offer *her* thanksgiving to supply for our own, and thus in some way, magnify Jesus and rejoice in Him. There is a great deal of joy in gratitude, and a realization of being loved by God and His creatures, which to some souls, if not to all, is a powerful incentive to do great things in return. Hearts that are generous, most readily respond to generosity. The Divine Heart of Jesus is ever making atonement in the silent tabernacle, and especially at the Holy Sacrifice, for the ingratitude of men, and the more we love Him, in union with and in imitation of Mary, the more will we enter into His Eucharistic spirit, and thus commence on earth what is to be our eternal canticle in Heaven: "Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power, and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen.—Apoc vii., 12.

#### Love of Complacency.

We have considered the Heart of Mary sighing for God, and her grateful song of praise at the fulfilment of her desires, and now we will dwell a little on her complacency, which is, as were, the bloom of gratitude, the act of a soul not merely mindful of, but rejoicing in God's benefits. Higher still does it ascend, even to the Giver and is delighted in Him, saying with the Psalmist: "Cor meum et caro meo exultaverunt in Deum vivum."\* There is no special act of Mary's complacent love, the contemplation of which must be dear to her Carmelite children, Mary longed to "see the

King in His beauty," and exclaimed: "Faciem tuam Domine requiram,"† and she was the first to gaze on its infant loveliness, and drink in its attractions. What an ecstatic complacency was that of Mary as she thought of these words: "Speciosus forma prae filiis hominum!"‡ "Thou art beautiful above the sons of men!" His beauty seemed to unfold more and more during the holy infancy, and in the hidden life at Nazareth. We may in one sense say of her, as it is said of the favored Apostles on Tabor: "She saw no one but only Jesus." She lived in the vision of her son, watching each day of joy, each shade of sorrow, each outward expression of the love burning in His Sacred Heart.

As He increased "in wisdom and age," the mother's love also increased and shone more brightly. Even in the depth of her sorrows, there was complacency in the contemplation of that boundless love from which the Passion of Jesus flowed, and the sorrowful face of her beloved son was more deeply, spiritually impressed on Mary's soul than on the veil of Veronica. Tradition tells us she was the first to see Him in His glorified state, and all the "gaudia paschalia," that since then have sent thrilling gladness through the Holy Church in bright Easter days, come not near the bliss of our Immaculate Mother.

Let us implore her to obtain for us a great love for the Holy Face, grace to contemplate its beauty in the different mysteries we celebrate, and especially on the "Via Crucis."

When following Jesus in union with with her, let us offer Him our souls in

\* Ps. XLVI., 13.

† Ps. XLIV., 3.

\* Ps. LXXX., III., 2.



the spirit of compassion, as Veronica offered her veil, and ask Him to impress on them so deeply the remembrance of His Sacred Face, that, after having sympathised on earth with its sufferings, we may hereafter exclaim: "The light of countenance O God, is signed upon us." \* Mary will show to us, as we so frequently ask her to do, Jesus the blessed fruit of her womb, and then indeed we shall be satisfied because His glory shall appear.

#### The Love of Benevolence.

The love of benevolence is a fruitful source of varied and beautiful interior acts. Father Faber says: "It is at once the cause and the effect of honorable thoughts of God. Another while the love of benevolence takes the form of venturesome congratulations . . . We wish Him countless returns of that eternal festival, which He has in His own blissful sky . . . We wish Him increase of His accidental glory, etc."

These varied strains swept over the harp—strings of Mary's spirit—ever responsible to the Holy Spirit—in melodies of sublimity and sweetness, surpassing all others, except those ever rising, from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. But this benevolent love is not merely interior, it pours forth in active ministrations for the glory of God. In Bethlehem, Egypt, Nazareth, Mary's love had full vent in ministering to her Divine Son, with maternal tenderness, and, at the same time, adoring reverence, so that every act, however, trivial in itself, glorified Him immensely, because of the love grown which it emanated.

Then He went forth on His three years' mission, and to suffer and die, but the mother's heart ever beat in union with His, and generously offered

Him to God's glory, and "for us men,—for our salvation." After the Ascension she taught, sustained and comforted His infant—Church, as only God's own Mother could do, and then, like another Esther, she was raised to the throne "for the salvation of her people." She is always "making intercession," reconciling sinners, sustaining the just, comforting the afflicted, lighting the shades of death with silver rays of hope, opening the prison doors of Purgatory, and, finally, presenting her children before "the great white throne;" and why? She sees Jesus in all, she ministers to Him, remembering He takes as done to Himself whatever is done to the least of these.

Shall we not try in some little way to imitate our Blessed Mother? Shall we not desire God's glory, and be "zealous for the Lord of Hosts," (for this is the spirit of Carmel), and ardently endeavor to aid in the salvation of souls?

When we pray for sinners, comfort the sorrowful, encourage others in the way of virtue—in a word—aid souls in any way by prayer, action or suffering, then we truly exercise love of benevolence, and are imitators of her, even as she is of Christ.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Some important remedies against anger are: First, prevent, if possible, its first emotions; and if not possible, reject them by diverting your mind to something else. Second, have immediate recourse to God, who alone can restore your calm. Third, while the excitement lasts neither say or do anything that has reference to it. Fourth, force yourself to treat him who has awakened your anger kindly and humbly, particularly if he were actuated by a spirit of resentment.—St. Francis De Sales.

\* Ps. IV., 1.

## FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

By S. X. BLAKELY.

A Protestant minister belonging to a family by whom the very name of Catholic was held in abhorrence, and who detested even the sight of one professing our holy faith, had been sent in his official capacity to a little village in Ireland. While there he became intimately acquainted with a Catholic family, learned to esteem them very much, and even aspired to the hand of the "sole daughter of the house and hearth."

As a Protestant and a minister he was not accepted and soon afterwards he relinquished his pastorate and left the village.

Six years passed away and his friends heard nothing whatever of his movements when suddenly he reappeared saying that he had sought to enlighten himself in the faith, and had made some serious investigations in our holy religion during the past two years. Still the great essential was wanting. Light had not as yet dawned upon his soul, the gift of FAITH so far was denied him. His spiritual condition was most painful in as much as he had given up his own religion without finding out the truth of ours.

It was at that point that the Reverend prioress of the Carmel at Lourdes heard of the case, and filled with compassion for him who was walking in the darkness of a spiritual night essayed to aid him through her who is so near the source of light and grace. She sent him a scapular which she herself, had dipped in the holy water of Lourdes, and afterwards had blessed

by the prior Baqueres, extraordinary confessor to the community.

The fervent young man no sooner received the gift than he began to wear it with the greatest devotion and suddenly his eyes were opened to the light of faith, the precious boon falling upon his soul like the welcome rain moistens the earth. He hesitated not an instant, although to embrace the true faith would lead to a complete rupture with his family.

He set out for London where on the Feast of the ANNUNCIATION he was received into the Church by the Superior of the Oratorians, assisted by a Jesuit father. On Easter Sunday he made his first Holy Communion, and those who were present declare that never had they seen this "gift of God" received with greater fervor and devotion. He has, thanks to our Blessed Lady been perfectly happy ever since.

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In the month of August, 1874, a family from Jaffa came with tributes of gratitude for some favor received from our Blessed Mother. They offered a beautifully fashioned lamp, waxen tapers and incense which ascended aloft in fragrant clouds. As we insisted upon knowing what boon had been granted them, they disclosed it, and gave us permission to place it in the Archives of the monastery. The paper was signed by the mother and her son.

"We have come to Carmel to fulfil a vow made in 1870 when my son was

prostrated with typhoid fever of the most virulent type. He was nine years and four months old, and the physicians said that it was utterly useless to hope for his recovery. In his room were two statues of the Blessed Virgin. One our Lady of Ancona, the other our Lady of Mount Carmel. Two months before his illness we had made a pilgrimage to this holy place and my son had procured them at that time. One day as I sat by his bedside, he said "mother have you fresh flowers for the statues to-day, and some of the fairest for that lady who is sitting, beside me? I thought my boy was delirious and weeping I implored our Lady of Mount Carmel to save my child. I promised that if he recovered I would bring him hither to her shrine. The boy resumed. "There she is, a lovely lady all in white, with a long veil." The place indicated was by the little stand where the virgin of Mount Carmel was honored by us, and I knew then that he was favored by a vision, and that our Lady would cure him miraculously. At that very instant he indeed arose from his sick bed, perfectly well and, thanks to our dear mother! has; remained so ever since. Never will we forget this favor nor the beautiful lady of whose visit during his illness my son often speaks."—From *le Sanctuaire Du Carmel*, P. 216.

### The Beatitudes.

Let us be patient when God despoils us of our earthly treasures, it is to enrich us with those that are celestial.

Let us not murmur at the contradictions that give us occasions of exercising meekness; they bring our souls to the promised land—the Kingdom of the Lamb.

Let our mourning be sweetened by the hope that "according to the multitude of sorrows," His consolations shall fill our souls.

Let us be patient in desolation, hunger and thirst, and cry out with the Royal Prophet: "Sitivit in te anima mea!" And Jesus according to His infallible word will refresh us.

"If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink."

Let us, by exercising works of mercy obtain that God may treat us according to His "Great Mercy."

Let us, as His most dear children, love one another, and as far as in us lies, "have peace with all men." Then Jesus will make us taste His own heart's peace.

Lastly, in all exterior trials, let us look up to that fair Kingdom, where tears are wiped away and sufferings gloriously crowned.

It is not charity, but rather great cruelty, that prevents us from reminding a brother of his faults.—St. Antoninus.

Place before your eyes as models for imitation, not the weak and cowardly, but the fervent and courageous.—St. Ignatius.

The cross is the only ladder to paradise; without the cross the ascent to heaven is altogether impossible.—St. Rose of Lima.

A troubled and earnest prayer is more agreeable to God than one made with sweetness and tranquillity.—Blessed Henry Suso.

Always appear mild and affable, without being too familiar with any one: familiarity being generally followed by contempt.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 371 Lexington Ave., New York City

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

#### MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

All summer we talked of not losing our time, and now we come to the days when we *may* not lose our time. While I was in the country I passed a large trade school every day, over whose door was inscribed in gold letters—"Work is a blessing. Every one should have some occupation," and as I read it daily I made an act of faith in its truth, and of thanksgiving for my own blessed opportunity to work. As I have said before, vacation time is often one of great dissatisfaction, simply because of its aimlessness, and this past summer as I, with many other privileged teachers, listened daily to university lectures, wherein the necessity of "*complete living*" was enjoined, I thought that a regularly prescribed and systematically followed work, even in vacation, is the surest road to contentment. "To enjoy one's work as well as to enjoy one's leisure" was one of the axioms we heard repeated many times, and when the leisure is converted into pleasant work its value becomes doubly desirable.

Many of the young readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW, are, I am sure, pupils of Catholic school, and I wish, as earnestly as if it were a prayer, that I could meet them all to tell them how great a privilege is theirs. A Christian education holds in itself the truth of the words which the greatest educators of the day outside of the church are constantly using—"The aim of education is a complete living."

A great French writer, Montaigne said—"It is not a soul, it is not a body that we are training up, but a man and we ought not to divide him." And yet we are told that he himself had no moral, no religious training in his system. Every thing was too beautifully easy with him, and that is just what we may say of those who throw religion overboard where education is concerned. Inconsistency is the characteristic of many systems of education. They do *not* educate the whole man, and this we *may* claim for Catholic education which trains for time and eternity, which does *not* forget the soul, nor the body either. So to the happy children whose lives are blessed with such training, the Secretary would say, thank God every day of your lives for it, and be sure the day *will* come when you will bless the memory of those Christian parents who were wise enough in their love to give you the greatest treasure on earth: *The means* to live completely by a truly Christian education.

The third Sunday of September will bring us to the Feast of the Seven Dolors, and I hope that all of you, dear children, will make a *little novena*—even one Hail Mary daily in honor of our Lady's sorrows. Think how dearly you love your own lovely mothers, and how it would break your hearts to know they were suffering. In like manner, Mary our dear Blessed Mother claims our love and sympathy, and why should we not compassionate her Seven Sorrows. Be true to her, dear children, and in the hour of *your*

sorrow her arms and her heart will be your rest and your refuge when all other comforts fail.

Now then, set to work with a willing heart, and begin the year of labor well. Don't forget the daily morning offering to the Sacred Heart—the offering which turn every action into gold or herewith to purchase eternity. Be bright and happy in your work and keep in mind St. Philip Neri's words, "Love God and then do what you like."

Devotedly,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

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FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the greatest female astronomer?
2. For whose use were pins first brought from France to England?
3. Who first observed that sparks could be drawn from nasturtiums?
4. Who set the fashion in Honiton lace for wedding gowns?
5. Who was the Queen of Palmyra.

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ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN AUGUST.

1. Perch.
2. Belfast.
3. Cray.
4. Elk.
5. July, Jay—Yew, ell, Wye.

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FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Where did Noah keep his bees?
2. How can a lighthouse keeper have chickens?
3. What character in Hamlet killed most chickens?
4. Where is the bicycle mentioned in Shakspeare?
5. Where is happiness always to be found?

MAXIMS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Desire nothing, ask nothing, refuse nothing.—St. Francis de Sales.
2. Sorrow must sour or sweeten us, as we take it—Fr. Geo. Tyrrell, S.J.
3. O good Cross which hast won beauty from the touch of God's limbs.—S. Andrew.
4. Ours may not be one home; nor ever will. Nor yet on land or sky, but brother, brother, we have *one* God still.—Clough.
5. Mary's sorrow are our gift to her. We pierced her mother heart and out of it came love, only mother love.

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FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Real Thief.

I did not take it. Indeed, not I.  
I'll tell you the story; I'll tell you why.  
I passed by the larder, all by myself;  
I saw a fowl on the larder shelf.  
I peeped through the door, and said to myself,  
Don't you think that's a fowl on the larder shelf?  
There's not the least doubt of it,  
answered myself;  
It's a very fat fowl on the larder shelf.  
Well there, never mind it, said I to myself;  
Come away and don't look at the larder shelf.  
So I ran off at once, Miss; but somehow myself,  
When I wasn't looking climbed up to the shelf;  
But I caught him, and scolded the wicked myself;  
Come down, sir, I told him, come down from the shelf.  
But he wouldn't obey me, that wicked myself,  
For he ate all the fowl on the larder shelf.

## Editorial Notes.

### Bismarck's Blunder.

The "man of blood and iron" is now but dust and ashes. The biggest blunder Bismarck made was in the blow he aimed at the Church. He is gone and the Church survives him and is stronger than ever. He could humble his powerful rivals, but failed when he attacked the Rock of Peter, against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. The history of the persecution is still fresh in our memories. We witnessed the suppression of religious orders and the cruel punishment meted out to priests and bishops. But, to quote the *Antigonish Casket*—"After years of the most outrageous tyranny, Bismarck was forced to yield. He began to see the truth of the warning given by Pius IX., to the Emperor, that in oppressing the Catholic Church he was undermining his own throne. Alarmed at the rising tide of Socialism and Anarchy, he sought in his terror the aid of the Church he had striven so hard to destroy. He who had boasted that he would never go to Canossa was compelled to seek a reconciliation with Rome. The 'Kulturkampf' was buried. No one is celebrating its Silver Jubilee in Prussia this year. The last trace of its odious spirit—the exclusion of the Jesuits—may soon disappear as a result of the triumph of the Centre. Its author, long since driven from his high office, spent the last years of his life in humiliation and suffering. Now he is gone, and the Catholic Church in Prussia not only survives him, but is stronger today than when he, ignoring all the lessons of history, undertook its destruction."

### Essentials of Education.

Now that the school doors are opened again to the rising generation it is in order for parents to give a thought to the true meaning of education. In the bright pages of the *Church Progress*, we find the essentials of education given in a nutshell. They are: (1) Religion, which enables one to serve God, shun sin, save one's soul, and bear discomforts and sorrows with fortitude and dignity; (2) A trade, handicraft or profession, by which to earn a livelihood; (3) Good manners and courtesy, which enable one to associate pleasantly and profitably with one's fellowmen and be a source of happiness to all with whom we are brought in contact; (4) Accomplishments, such as athletic sports, games, music, folk-lore, literature, art, etc., which enable one to occupy pleasantly one's leisure moments with profit to oneself and others. (5) Where a child is to be called upon, on reaching maturity, to perform political duties, he needs special instructions to fit him to perform those duties with some degree of intelligence.

### Science and the Supernatural.

Last month we called attention to a peculiar Camelite feast known in the Calendar as that of the Transverberation of the Heart of St. Theresa. Medical experts examined minutely into the stigmata of St. Francis of Assissi, and were compelled to declare the wounds in the hands and feet and side of St. Francis of Assissi supernatural, mystical, in a word miraculous. "The same with the heart of St. Theresa," says Eliza Allen Starr in St. Anthony's Mes-

senger for August: "While her spiritual daughters and the grand old Order of Carmel, have been regarded as credulous and superstitious by fully half of the Catholic, as well as all the Protestant world, men of science have given in their testimony concerning the wound in the heart of St. Theresa in a manner to shame those Catholics who dread the charge of credulity more than that of irreverence. While they have smiled, on reading the life of St. Theresa, at the idea of an angel piercing her heart, the man of science finds in this heart, hundreds of years after her death, a wound which could have been given only in the manner described by the Saint, and which allowed her to live, against every law of nature. Like the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assissi, the Feast of the Transverberation of the Heart of St. Theresa is one to recall us from the fields of natural science, so alluring to man in all ages; to a consideration of those wonders in the supernatural order which have been wrought upon the saints by the hands of angels, or even by the finger of God Himself, as if to show that He who fashioned us out of the dust of the earth still claims us as His creatures and His children."

#### Peace to the Great Prelate!

On St. Dominics' day, August 4th, a day dear to all devoted to the Queen of the Rosary there was laid to rest under the altar of the Blessed Virgin the remains of one who, although loaded down with labor and great responsibility always found a leisure moment in which to go to Mary and pour out his heart in devoutest prayer. We refer to the late Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, who went to a well-earned reward on the Feast of St. Ignatius. We do not intend to relate the details

of his life nor describe the splendor of the funeral pageant. The daily press has done that and done it well. One thing though we wish to emphasize, namely, the intense devotion of our late beloved chief pastor towards the Divine Mother. He was a client of Mary in the true sense of the word. He preached devotion to her and he practised it. We remember listening to his burning words when he came to rest under the shadow of Our Lady of Peace. We know how anxious he was to use his pen in these pages, in order to proclaim the praises of the Mother of God. We also know how he loved to pray to our Blessed Lady of Carmel and invoke here at the Niagara shrine on behalf of his beloved priests and flock. And we also know how he sighed to pass his declining days at the Hospice of Mount Carmel. The deceased prelate was a prudent and successful administrator. He was indeed a profound scholar, zealous churchman and typical Christian gentleman. He was venerated by all classes, irrespective of creed and manifested a deep and practical sympathy for every cause affecting the religious, political intellectual and social advancement of mankind. He was an ornament to the priesthood and a father dear to all. To the esteemed administrator, Father McCann, "The Carmelite Review" tenders its heartfelt sympathy.

#### An Able Apology.

No one doubts the loyalty of the great Archbishop of St. Paul. His latest address in his cathedral will go far to dispel error and spread the truth. We cannot forebear quoting His Grace's remarks, when he said:—

"It is not American to scatter through the country statements of the Spanish people that are untrue. It is not right to say that they are supersti-

tious. They are faithful disciples of the Catholic Church. It is untrue to say that they are ferocious and blood-thirsty. They are a chivalrous nation, worthy to be met on the battlefield by the flower of American chivalry. It is not true, as some papers say, that even the womanhood of Spain is of a low, degraded type. There is no purer womanhood on the surface of the earth than the womanhood of Spain; no more faithful wives and honored daughters than the women of Spain. It is not fair to go back two, three or four hundred years, seeking our stains to be affixed to the present escutcheon of Spain. What country will bear this microscope examination, and what country can stand up before the eyes of the world to-day and say, oh, in the past we never in peace or war did a cruel or a barbarous act. In a fair comparison I will put Spain side by side with any nation of Europe. We gain nothing by such unfair, unjust statements. We lower ourselves in lowering our antagonists. The law of olden time always demanded that valiant knight should measure lance with the valiant knight; and Americans should be glad to say that they have had to combat with no decadent race and with no unworthy foe. It is not true that the Spanish race is worn out and has done nothing for civilization. They have civilized the whole South American Continent, preserving and bringing into the fold of Christianity millions of the aboriginal races. The Spanish race is not merely the Spain in Europe. It is all South America, it is Mexico—nations which, from the accounts of American writers themselves, are going forth in material development to such a degree as to challenge the admiration and defy the competition of other prouder races. I am glad to render justice to our enemy. I would be ashamed to lie about her. My country would be ashamed that I should lie about her. And I know the American people as a people do not wish to calumniate their enemy, but some scribblers of paper are willing to say anything that they think will please the rapid reader, forgetting that

calumnies react more against the calumniator than against the calumniated. And I protest in the name of Americanism in the name of American chivalry and American liberty, against aspersion of the religion of Spain. The war is not one of religion; it is one of national purposes and Catholic theology tells us that we must stand with our own country, and facts show that we do; and because we stand so manifestly and so honorably with our own country we have a right to say to any who would insult the religion of Spain that you insult the religion of American citizens."

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An exchange down East speaks of one of its contemporaries as "a snarling little sheet." The compositor should have set "darling" instead of "snarling" and then we would all understand that reference was being made to an ably edited journal down in Antigonish, N.S.

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Parents who are alive to their duty of properly educating their children should carefully read, and re-read, the sound advice given by "Carmel's Secretary" in this month's letter to "Our Young People."

Meekness is the virtue which assimilates us most closely to Jesus.—Pere Crasset.

"We are confident that if our separated brethren knew our doctrine better, they would like us and our religion all the more."—The Late Archbishop Walsh.

On the first attack of anger collect all your forces, and gently, yet firmly prevent its entering your soul; have recourse to God with the Royal Prophet, imploring of him to stretch forth his right hand and extinguish your anger.—St Augustine.



## SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

The following interesting fact in connection with the Scapular of Mount Carmel comes from the Catholic Seminary at Versailles, France. One day, not long ago, five of the pupils had permission to plunge into a bed of water large and deep in quest of water lilies. Those on land soon heard cries for help, and then saw one of the swimmers struggle, sink and disappear. In catching at a lily he had become entangled by water plants. The other swimmers went to his assistance, but without success, and were in danger of drowning also. Their companions on *terra firma* fell on their knees and began invoking the Blessed Virgin amid the gibes of a curious crowd. The head of the youth who had disappeared showed itself above water. His words were: "Without the Blessed Virgin it would have been all over with me."

He remained in this position, sustained by an invisible hand, until a boat was procured. Into this, like a bundle of weeds and plants, he was dragged with difficulty. His account was: "My feelings were at first those of rage on seeing myself about to die. Then I seemed to experience all the horrors of death. Then I thought of invoking Our Lady, and I called upon her as well as I could in the water, saying: 'Blessed Virgin save me.' At that moment my eyes opened and I saw my Scapular rising to the surface. I caught it and rose with it. In this position, with my head above water and with more than twenty pounds weight of weeds and plants about my feet and hands, I remained until the boat came." The master of the Versailles swimming baths declares this fact to be at variance with the laws of natation.

## Flowers of Dreamland.

"Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams."—Tennyson.



LOOMING in the fields ethereal  
Where all pains forever cease,  
Flow'rets from the earth transplanted  
"Lilies of eternal peace."

Haunting still our shady dreamland,  
With sweet odors of the past;  
Lighting, as the silvery star-gleams,  
Shades of night around us cast.

Ah! we sadly watched our dear ones  
Drooping slowly to their rest,  
But the—Angel—reapers bore them  
To a soil forever blest.

Clothed in spotless garb their spirits,  
Flowers of God's love and grace,  
Springing forth to life-immortal  
In the light of His own Face.

Hopefully they soothe our sighings  
For that fair eternal shore,  
Where, with love, they still await us  
In God's peace forever more.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

## PUBLICATIONS.

A most important book, just received, is that on "Jerome Savonarola," by Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. It is beautifully illustrated. This work was anxiously awaited by the thousands who know and love the author, whose reputation as a writer and preacher is world-wide.

During the dog-days, when most college sanctum-doors had on them the sign "Not in," the busy editors of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* brought out a very interesting mid-summer number, replete with splendid portraits.

We have received the first number of "*Niagara*," a German Catholic Sunday paper, edited by Mr. Wm. Keilmann, whose literary abilities are known on both sides of the Atlantic. The first number of our German contemporary bespeaks a bright future for the coming people's paper—a paper for earnest, thinking people. Floreat!

In these latter years the Holy Father has urged us to increase our devotion to the Holy Ghost. Among the first obedient to the voice of Christ's Vicar are the Cappuchin Fathers in the West. To foster this great devotion, the fathers have published some very useful books, which are cheap and of convenient size for the pocket. "The Chaplet of the Holy Ghost" is a splendid souvenir for those receiving holy Confirmation, a blank space being allotted for the name of the candidate and date of receiving the Sacrament. "The People's Mission Book" is also brim full of solid instruction, and will be frequently asked for when once known. These books can be had by sending a small sum for printing and mailing by writing to the Very Rev. Superior O. M. Cap., St. Anthony's House, Franklin, Indiana.

There are many works treating of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The latest and one sure to become popular is an "Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass, by Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B." Our faith languishes, and we show too little respect and devotion for the holy sacrifice. It is because we do not sufficiently reflect on this

sublime act. "We are certain," to quote the late Archbishop of New Orleans, "that our respect and devotion for the august sacrifice of our altars would increase in proportion to our knowledge of the ceremonies and prayers of holy mass." This excellent book can be had of Messrs. Binziger Brothers, 36 Barclay St., New York.

## 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.

Carmelite Monastery, New Baltimore, received names for registration from the following places: Sparta, Wis.; St. Mary's Church, Lake Church, Wis.; St. Thomas Church, Bedford, Pa.; Dane, Wis.; Assumption Church, Syracuse, N.Y.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. John's Church, New Baltimore, Pa.; Springfield Corners, Wis.; Waconia, Minn.; St. Louis Church, Louisville, O.; St. Boniface, Minn.; St. Jerome's Church, Ky.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont. for the scapular registry from Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont. St. Louis Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; Church of the Assumption, Topeka, Kan.; Church of Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.; St. Catharine's Church, St. Joseph, N.S.; St. Andrew's Church; Brehin, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, Galt, Ont.; St. Joseph's Asylum, West Seneca, N.Y.; St. Michael's Church, Gilsonburg, O.; Notre Dame Church, Watertown, N.Y.; St. John's Church, Oswego, N.Y.; St. Mary's Church, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Hyacinth's Church, Descoussé, N.S.; Sacred Heart Convent, Buffalo, N.Y.; Church of the Immaculate Conception, Montclair, N.J.; St. Columbanus' Church, Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Patrick's Church, Mainadiou, N.S.; St. Martin's Church, Whitefield, Ind.; St. John's Church, Amherstburg, Ont.; St. Paul's Church, Summerside, P. E. Island; St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, Ont.; St. Michael's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; St. Joseph's Church, New Germany, Ont.

The soul that loves is neither wearied nor wearies.

## PEITITONS.

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

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

Special intentions, 2.

That a young man may overcome the temptation to drink and blasphemy.

That God may deign to restore a mother to reason.

For a young man careless about his religion; that the same young man may obtain suitable employment.

Special favors, 2.

That a young girl may obtain a suitable situation.

Favors, 1.

For an infidel husband.

For a person crippled from rheumatism.

For the conversion of four little stamp-gatherers. May God reward their charity by a gift of the true faith.

## ORITUARY.

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

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

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, July 31, Toronto.

NEAL DORRIS, July 18, Pittsburg, Pa.

ARTHUR H. CARRON, July 4, London, Ont.

MRS. COSTELLO, London, Ont.

MISS SARAH QUISLAN, Paterson, N.J.

MRS. BRIDGET WARD, May 21, Drummondville, P.Q.

MRS. BERTHA HENDERSON, Aug. 10, Black Creek, Ont.

MR. PHILIP CHUVERS, Brantford, Ont.

Anna Maria Blundy, August 8, 1882.

Johann Willick, Oct. 11, 1882.

Magdalena Trendle, May 11, 1883.

Anna Kaufmann, June 2, 1883.

Anton Seifert, July 28, 1883.

Maria Pauly, March 7, 1883.

Philip Nau, January 4, 1885.

Johann Willick, April 12, 1885.

Barbara Willick, April 22, 1885.

Barbara Schweitzer, May 3, 1886.

Catharina Blundy, Feb. 5, 1889.

Lenora Willick, Oct. 14, 1892.

Amelia Wise, Nov. 27, 1894.

Philip Bauer, Oct. 11, 1895.

Louisa Nau, Sept. 26, 1896.

John Miller, June 2, 1897.

Magdalena King, January, 1, 1897.

Johann Schuhl, May 21, 1898.

Johann Romance, June 13, 1898.

Barbara Critz, June 10, 1898.

Bertha Henderson, Aug. 10, 1898.

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

## Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received from Mrs. P. S., Paterson, N. J.; Miss M. D., London, Ont.; Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; M. J. Rochester, N. Y.; Miss E. A. B., Erie, Pa.; Sr. T., Longue Pointe, P. Q.; H. T. M., Fort Erie, Ont.; Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; Miss M. M., Dorchester Station, Ont.; J. A. V., Montreal; Miss A. D. D., Freedom, Wis.; Miss I. G., St. Louis, Mo.; E. M. P., Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. R. W., Drummondville, P. Q.

## Falls View.

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