





OUR HOLY MOTHER.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.



HE watches us from heav'n above,  
Our Holy Mother pure;  
O, sure and steadfast is her love,  
It ever will endure.

II.

As waters from the heavens fall  
Upon all things that grow,  
Thus her great love is for us all  
That dwell on earth below.

III.

And when at last the hand of death  
Shall close our mortal eyes,  
Then she will wait our parting breath,  
And lead us to the skies.

## LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

### JAMES A. MCMASTER,

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

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

#### CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

HER constitution was by no means robust, and her little family increased rapidly. And yet, when evening came, she was always ready to sit beside his study table, and devote herself to her husband, according to his word. She knew his heart, and she held it close to her own by her sweet and loving ways, and by her power of appreciating him and his work. He had told her in suing for her hand that he had a special vocation from God, and she was the one woman who could help to fulfil it. The glowing tribute he paid to her in the first issue of the *Freeman* after her death, is a loving testimony of the manner in which she had corresponded with this sacred trust. A letter of condolence from one of the Fathers of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer congratulated McMaster on this article, which he thought was calculated to do much good to souls.

Her death, which occurred on the 5th of July, 1871, was sudden, but not unprepared. She had received the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist about ten days before, but her condition changed so rapidly that she only lived long enough to be anointed, and to receive the last Absolution. She always had a great fear of death, but she passed away peacefully, evidently thinking that she was going to sleep, and saying as usual to her husband: "Good night! Jesus, Mary and Joseph." It had been their custom for years, always to make the Sacred Names their last words at night, a practice which they likewise taught their children.

As we live, so we die, and how happy a thing was this easy and simple little habit of piety, which gained for her soul a Plenary Indulgence at the last hour!

On the first meeting with his and her Confessor after her death, McMaster expressed his grief that the end had come so suddenly, that she had not been able to receive all the consolations of the Church. But good Father Dold reassured him, saying: "O, McMaster! I would gladly change places with her to-day!" This reminded him of what Father Helmprecht, who was likewise Confessor to both, had said to him during the first days after their marriage:

"McMaster, you have married an angel." Truly was she the good angel of his life. Daily had they gone to Mass together, in company with their children, who, as one by one they grew old enough, shared with them that inestimable privilege. To her example he was indebted for many little practices of piety. He always said it was she who had taught him the spirit of thanksgiving which so strikingly pervaded his life. The many letters which he received at the time of her death, are a testimony of the universal veneration for his beloved wife, and of the appreciation of the extent of his loss. They were also to him an abundant source of consolation in the numerous promises of Masses and prayers for the repose of her soul. Another consolation was afforded him in receiving a document signed just eleven days before her death, by the late Holy Father, Pius IX., in which he granted to McMaster and to his family, to the third generation, a Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death. Some weeks previous he had made, through the *Freeman's Journal*, a collection for the Holy Father's Jubilee. Oftentimes a quarter of a dollar, or even less, would be sent to him with half a dozen or more badly written names. His patience was sorely tried, but his dear wife lovingly soothed him, aiding him all she could in

his task, and saying: "Let us be patient, God will repay us in His own good time." He felt that this was indeed a blessed reward.

From the beginning of his conversion to the Catholic faith, McMaster had become accustomed to lead a life of sacrifice. The loss of an affectionate wife, who was both an industrious housekeeper and the tender mother of his little children, must have been the greatest sacrifice of his life. But he bore it with heroic resignation to the will of God, saying with Job: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord, so is it done; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job. 1, 21.) This we can see from the article which he published on his wife's death in the *Fremont's Journal*:

"TO MY FRIENDS.

"The subscribers to the *Fremont's Journal* are my friends. I owe them no explanation for the absence of leading articles, or of editing other parts of the paper, than to tell them that I have suffered a blow so deep and heavy that it makes the remaining years of my life very different from all the past.

"The wife that for nearly fifteen years has been the sunshine of my house, has been snatched away from me, and from my and her young children. Those who have been intimates, even as visitors of the household, of which she was the soul, and who, on leaving, have looked back and wondered how there could be so much happiness in a family, will add to the burning tears they cannot restrain, the sweet incense of their fervent prayers—for the departed, and for those that remain here below.

"That home, for most part of fifteen years, has been so like a paradise, that to be absent from it, even for one evening—no matter how pleasant the attraction elsewhere—was a period of exile. As time went on, that home became dearer and more dear. Sufferings, sufferings, long and various, welded and deepened the love that had commenced in the sincere seeking of the will of God.

"Who, that was present in Bishop O'Connor's private Episcopal Chapel with the select company of forty or fifty, that were admitted at her Nuptial Mass, can

forget it? Was there a dry eye there during that *double* sacrifice? The Divine and Adorable Sacrifice was offered on the altar by Bishop O'Connor, who had been a father to her during her girlhood, and had found in her, as she ripened into womanhood, a soul so sincere, and an intellect so bright, as to make her a confidante of some of his thoughts, and even an adviser, on account of the purity of her judgment. Another sacrifice was offered up *before* the altar. It was the life of a pure virgin, whose prayer all her life, and till her last hour, was that she might do the will of God.

"Before she consented to marry me, she exacted of me but one solemn pledge: 'Do you promise you will try and help me to save my soul?'

"The way of the cross is the way of salvation to the soul, and there is none other. Her marriage to me put her in that way. Bad health and physical sufferings were her portion for many years. Sufferings, long and wearing. At one time, for eighteen months, her eyes were so affected that she could not read a word, nor look at any external object. It was a physical reaction, after the over-strain on her delicate nerves, consequent on the arrest of her husband by the tyrannous order of Mr. Wm. H. Seward, in 1861, for refusing to forego the assertion of correct principles of political morality, in face of the civil war that Mr. Seward had done so much to bring on. May God forgive him! Gertrude Fetterman McMaster was too high-strung to show one moment's weakness or fear, though she felt all the time that to order her husband to be shot, or to have him privately drowned off the battlements of the military fortress, where he was imprisoned without reason and against law, would have been in perfect keeping with the beginnings of the persecutions he underwent.

"In the troubles of those years, in politics, and in other trials later, her intellect and her soul, ever sustaining her husband as believing him altogether in the right, over-tasked her delicate, physical frame. Her voice was never heard in public, nor even in social gatherings. The bright gifts of mind and soul that she had, were poured into the bosom of her

unworthy husband, and but casually uttered, even to the guests of his house.

"But, even dead, her works praise her. Two of her daughters, almost budding into womanhood, owe to her all their intellectual training from the earliest elements. She was their teacher in German, in French, in Latin, and in music, as well as in more elementary matters, not often well taught and learned. But, above all, they have been most faithfully trained by her in what Christian girls ought to know, to believe, and to practise.

"It seems almost a sacrilege for me to speak thus of Gertrude, who abhorred, as indecent, the mention of women in journals. She has entered into her eternity, and therefore the showing of her virtues cannot affect her modesty. But words are easily coined, and therefore there is no appearance of impropriety in speaking of one who so shunned being talked of.

"It is not after her death only, but during her life, that very learned and holy men have recognized her exceptional character. I speak of this only to excite pity for myself. *Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, vos soltem omnes mei, quoniam reliquit me manus Domini.*

"I have every human reason to believe that Gertrude Fetterman, late my wife, has entered on the *Sabbatine Indulgence*, at least. *Indulgentiam quam semper optavit.* But the judgments of God are inscrutable. I believe that the torrent of the river that makes glad the City of God, has filled her soul already with eternal joys.

"But it is bad theology that erects private belief into a rule of conduct. The Redemptorists, the Jesuits, the Passionists, the Dominicans, have been saying Masses for her soul and praying for her. The Masses carry their own effect. God forbid that the prayers shall be less fervent, because any may consider them unneeded. Not one of us can know the inscrutable judgments of God. The essential pain of Purgatory, as of hell, is the pain of loss. Therefore it is not alone expiation of faults committed, but the clear vision, in presence of eternity, of *merits eternal* that might have been gained, and have not been, that may be the anguish of holy souls, and constitute their Purgatory. But, to souls rightly consti-

tuted, the torment of such a vision *eternity* of merits that might have been gained, against an idle hour, a useless amusement, in this life, so short that it has no part of it to be lost—is a torment more acute than material fire.

"Therefore, I ask the prayers of every friend of mine whether friends I have ever seen, or not—for Gertrude Genevieve Fetterman—a week ago my wife, now my *sister* in the Lord. If she may not need them, they will not be lost. Some other holy soul in Purgatory will be solaced and sooner delivered, and, amid the choirs of the blessed, will go to Gertrude and thank her for the benefit of those prayers. Nor will the merit fail for those that will say these prayers. Gertrude will be invoked to go in heaven, and ask the Lord to return abundantly blessings for the prayers that have been said for her by her and my friends. She will be invoked to go to our Blessed Lady, and to St. Joseph, and to St. Michael, the Archangel, and to her other patrons, and to ask blessings on all the dear and true friends that have been praying for her. She will certainly do this, for it was her saying here below, that it was a mean and shameful thing not to return thanks for every spiritual favor received. This, too, is according to the doctrine of the saints.

"Notwithstanding my strong conviction that Gertrude is in perfect peace, yet, taught by the Catholic Church, I implore prayers for her, rather than for me, or for my sorely stricken little ones. This may, yet, be an *instant* duty—for God's ways are not open to human ken. For myself and my three little daughters, and my two little sons, even to the youngest, not two years old, who still calls excitedly for his mamma, I beg the prayers of my friends. I do so, because I know many will respond to my petition; and because I know that prayer will bring the greatest of all helps to me; and because I am glad to be a beggar at the doors of the faithful, for this most needed alms. God's call, striking like the lightning, has shattered the bower of my human delight. It is just, and right, and good, that I should be called to march, unsheltered, during the remaining years of my earthly life. I do not repine at this. *Castigasti me et eruditus sum, quasi Juven*

*colis infamatus converte me et convertar, quia tu Dominus Deus meus.*

"But how am I to fulfil the mission of rearing as a *Catholic family* the little flock left to me? It is a hard yoke to lay on shoulders so young as those of my daughters, who, hitherto, have had only to walk in the footsteps of such a mother. This is, however, their and my portion. And so I ask the prayers of my friends.

"Gertrude, whose life was a continual preparation for death, departed this life as an infant goes to sleep. The prayers I said as she was dying, she seemed to think an office of affection, to assist her as she had just laid down for the night. Her last words were 'Thank you!' 'thank you!'—and, as a response to the words of prayer recited in her ear: 'That is right; Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' She was too weak, and thought herself too sleepy to say more. Her pulse had been running at a hundred and forty beats to the minute, and running faster her consciousness was gone. Father Hewit had but time to reach her room to give her Extreme Unction before her heart ceased to beat. But, as her Confessor said to her, a day or two before, when she wanted to make a general confession, her whole life had been a general confession and a preparation for death.

"Gertrude died on Wednesday night, July 5th, a few minutes after the Fathers and Brothers of at least two Religious Houses—the Redemptorists in New York had offered for her their Penances and all their good works. The next morning, in several Churches of this city, all the Masses were said for the repose of her soul. Also, still a larger number, on the morning succeeding.

"Nor in New York alone, or its vicinity, in communities, as of the Jesuits, Dominicans, Redemptorists, Passionists, were these Masses offered. The telegraph reached Father Freitag at the Redemptorist Novitiate at Annapolis. Many Masses were offered on Thursday morning, and the united prayers of a vast religious community, with all their friends. On Friday, at Annapolis, a solemn Requiem was said by Father Freitag, with Deacon and Sub-deacon, and all the Fathers, Brothers, Students and Novices, offered their Communions for the repose of her soul.

"At the solemn Requiem at St. Paul's Church, New York, on Saturday morning, Fathers Turner, Lilly and McGovern, of the Dominicans; Father Dealy, of the Jesuits; Fathers De Ham, and another, of the Redemptorists; Fathers Thomas and Gabriel, of the Passionists; Father Pollard, of the Oblates; and several of the Fathers of St. Paul, the Apostle, assisted. A large company of most affectionate friends thronged the Church. Fathers Thomas and Gabriel accompanied the mortal remains of this bright servant of God to the cemetery, and performed the last rite of religion at the grave. But, great as has been the affection and respect shown to our deceased *sister*—wife no longer—we ask the prayers for her soul of every friend that reads our paper."—*New York Freeman's Journal, July 15th, 1871.*

Would to God that all those who are called to the married state of life would prepare themselves for it as carefully as did our journalist and his spouse. Then we would not so often hear married people complain of the great misery and unhappy condition of their life. There are various reasons why the married life of so many persons is unhappy. 1. Many embrace this state of life without being called to it by God. 2. They do not ask God to guide them in the choice of their state of life. 3. Nor do they consult their Confessor in a matter of the greatest importance. 4. In the choice of the married state they care more for temporal advantages than for religion and virtue. One day Themistocles was asked whether he would choose to marry his daughter to a poor man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate. "I would," said Themistocles, "prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man." No doubt, the consequences of marriage are most serious for time and for eternity. Marriage has grave and numerous obligations. The husband must love his wife, but that love must be chaste and holy. The wife must obey her husband, but not in things contrary to the law of God. The husband must bear patiently with the whims and failings of his wife; he must assist her in the way to heaven. A good wife, on the other hand, must be the guardian angel of her husband, "doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing." Husband and wife have to bear patiently

all the trials and hardships of the married life, and "their name is legion." They must bring up all their children to the holy fear and love of God; and that is not a very easy task—not as easy, certainly, as some foolish persons imagine.

Alas! If we wish to reform the world, we must begin by reforming the manner of preparing for marriage. A holy marriage will bring God's blessing; from a holy union will come good families, and good families will reform the world. If every family were virtuous, the whole world would be virtuous. But now we see nothing but misery and unhappiness in the greater part of married people.

"But I say to the unmarried, and to the widows: It is good for them, if they so continue, even as I." (1. Cor. vii. viii.) This advice of St. Paul was followed by McMaster after his wife's death. He was left with a little family of five children—the oldest in her fourteenth year, the youngest less than two years. Two had died in infancy. Francis, born March 9th, 1831, died the following July. Gilbert Thomas Aquinas, born Oct. 21st, 1867, died Aug. 14th, 1868. Little Wilfred Michael was born about midnight, between the 28th and 29th of Sept., 1869. He died on Christmas, 1872. He was a wonderful child for his years, never forgetting his mother during the year and a half which he survived her. He was not a melancholy child, but a robust, sunny little fellow. He treasured up the playthings she had given him, saying he would take them up to heaven and show mamma how nice he had kept them. In his last illness he called for her incessantly during his delirium. McMaster's loving heart was again wounded by the loss of his amiable boy, who died on Christmas in 1872. He drew his remaining children around and close to him, shrinking from even a passing separation from them. After the death of his wife, just before the coffin lid was fastened, he took out of her hands the little Crucifix which she had held when dying, and kissing it, he said, addressing her: "Now, Gertie, I will take up your cross with mine, and will try to be both father and mother to my children." This Crucifix he wore faithfully. He was, indeed, both father and mother to them, sacrificing himself continually for their welfare. But though so tender with his

children, he also knew how to make himself feared, and his word respected as law in the family circle.

The following is an instance of his firmness with his children: Not very long after their mother's death, some of them got into the habit of reaching Church on Sunday just after the Mass had begun. He was displeased, and warned them of it. But the next Sunday the same thing happened. When, however, they reached the pew, he turned to them and said aloud: "Go home!" and to their mortification they had to retrace their steps. This took place in the Paulist Church, where they were well known. At the age of eighteen months McMaster had understood and remembered ever afterwards something said in his presence, not intended for the ears of a child. This incident made him extremely careful in after years, whenever, even, very little children were about, saying that we never know when they begin to receive impressions.

He did not believe in the objection, "Why should we teach the truths of religion to children before they can understand them?"

"Little children," said he, "cannot, it is true, be taught the secrets of cities, of human society, of history, etc., but they easily learn and keep the mysteries of religion. Their fair eyes are full of infinite sweetness; their little hands have not as yet committed evil; their young feet have never touched our défilément; their sacred heads wear an aureola of light; their smiles, their voice proclaim their twofold purity; they are in blessed ignorance of all the errors and evils sown by heresy in later times; their view is not intercepted by the darkness of mortal sin; their minds are not cankered by the poisonous worm of infidelity and indifference towards God; their hearts are not oppressed by worldly amusements and pleasures; their souls are not drowned in the cares and troubles of this world; they are ignorant of evil and unsuspecting of all dangers. Hence it is that pure, innocent, baptized children easily see and believe divine truths by a process inexplicable; they are drawn to God naturally, as the iron is drawn to the magnet.

"Our dear Saviour most tenderly loves innocent children. His eternal arms are the young children's home. We read in

the Lives of the Saints that He has often appeared to young children, and played with them, in the form of an Infant. No doubt, the Lord of heaven and earth, who has vouchsafed to become an Infant, knows how to communicate Himself to the minds of innocent children.

"Watch good innocent children. See how devoutly they fold their little hands, how serious they look when they pray, how sweetly and reverently they pronounce the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. They love to look at pious pictures; to hear about Jesus in the crib, about the Blessed Virgin and the angels. They love to go to Church. I have seen this in my little boy Wilfred Michael, who died in his fourth year. And did not St. Frances de Chantal, at the age of five years, confound a heretic who, in her presence, disputed with her father about the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament?

"We read in the Gospel that our Saviour one day performed most wonderful things. When the chief priests and scribes saw these wonders they were filled with indignation. What excited their rage most was that the children cried aloud in the temple, saying: 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' (that is, to Jesus Christ.) And they said to our Lord: 'Hearest thou what these say?' And Jesus said to them: 'Yea, have you never heard: Out of the mouths of infants and of sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' (Matt. xxi., 15, 16.) What happened then happens still.

"We were taught," said one of our journalist's children in a conversation with me, "the Sacred Names of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, before we said papa and mamma.

"Our holy religion was made very sweet to us. When still small children we saved our little pocket-money, each setting aside two cents weekly, which our dear father and our dear mother doubled on their part. With these savings we had a little altar made for our statue of our Blessed Mother

—later on it was painted and gilded—and then we added candlesticks, vases, etc. We planted flowers in our little garden and watched over them carefully, so as to decorate our altar on feast days. The Nativity of our Blessed Mother was our special day. One year, on the eve of this Feast, a little Jewess living next door to us, having heard us speak in such loving terms of the Mother of God, handed us some flowers, saying: 'Will you give these to your Blessed Virgin for me?' The following, however, shows that our devotion was not confined to our own home. Papa, one evening in May, brought home two extra pretty bouquets. He asked whether we would carry them over to the Church or keep them for our altar. One little daughter quickly answered: 'Papa, you have always told us that the Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the tabernacles of Jacob,' so we shall take them to the Church.

"We delighted in reading the Lives of the Saints, although other interesting and instructive books were not withheld from us, after due inspection by our dear mother.

"The Lives of the Martyrs were our favorites, and we often, after we had gone to bed, planned how when we grew up, we would go to Japan and proclaim ourselves Christians. One little daughter was discovered on a certain occasion pacing the floor, evidently in deep thought. Finally she placed herself before her mother, saying: 'Mamma, I cannot make up my mind whether to be a Nun, a Saint or a Martyr.'

"The same little daughter asked her papa another day why we could not subscribe for some story paper like other children. He said to her: 'But you have the *Freeman's Journal*.' 'Oh, papa, that's stupid,' she replied, in a naive way. The hearty manner in which he enjoyed her speech showed the confidence and understanding between father and child.

TO BE CONTINUED.



## THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

WHEN fairly settled to the sewing that claimed them, Kathleen's thoughts reverted to the callers of the previous day. Many were the sad histories present to her aunt's mind as Kathleen's questions drew her attention from one to another, but prudence sealed her lips. Not even to point a moral, could she reveal them. Among the guests were some who, through no fault of their own, bore heavy burdens, the selfish folly of those near and dear to them had imposed the cross. Others, through their own self will, had entailed upon themselves and their families life-long sorrows. Imprudent marriages are a fruitful source of untold anguish.

"I am bringing you a visitor, ladies," said Mary, entering.

As her companion saluted Mrs. Murphy, Kathleen had a little time for observation, and found the stranger singularly attractive. Hugh Neville was about thirty, eminently manly; his full brown beard gave to his face a resemblance to pictures of our Saviour. His smile was eloquently kind, and, to all he met gentle and simple, he bore himself with an air of exquisite deference.

"We missed you sadly yesterday, Hugh," said Mrs. Murphy.

"I assure you I was very sorry to be debarred from so congenial an occasion, but I could not give myself the pleasure without neglect of an important duty."

"I know your time is very precious and always well bestowed, but I sometimes think your ardor needs restraining; you should remember that your health requires some consideration. Your mother and I hold a council on the subject occasionally."

"Many thanks for your affectionate solicitude; the event of this evening will furnish me a diversion from my routine. I called to ask Miss Mary at what hour we are to leave here for the hall. I think we have an unusually attractive programme. Our patrons are more discriminating than a person unfamiliar with them might think."

"If your results be in proportion to your zeal, Hugh, you will be well rewarded."

"I fear you are too partial, Mrs. Murphy. This is a delightful experience, but I must end it abruptly, and betake myself to society less congenial; ten o'clock surprises us these grey mornings."

"What a delightful man," said Kathleen, as Mr. Neville left the room.

"To me he is more than that: I always think of Hugh Neville as of a saint," replied her aunt.

"Wherever he is known, his influence is recognized. His business brings him in contact with men of all ages, and of conflicting interests, and all repose in him implicit confidence. The excitement at the stock exchange is, I am told, sometimes frightful; the men act like wild creatures, shouting, pushing, and, I fear, swearing, but Mr. Neville's cousin, who is a member of the board, said to me recently: 'There is one man I have never seen treated roughly, one man with whom the rudest takes no impertinent liberties, and that is Cousin Hugh.'"

In contrast to his official life is the one known to us. As a member of the conference, he visits the poor and the prisoner, he teaches catechism and multiplies himself wonderfully in doing good. The claims of business and charity leave him little time for social gatherings, but everyone invites him; he is such a perfect gentleman that he puts those with whom he converses perfectly at ease, and elicits from them the best they have to give."

"I wish we lived in the city, Aunt Fanny. I was thinking last night that it will seem very dull to go back. You know, the people at home are very loving, but there is such a difference between them and society here where so many are of our own faith. In the city you have so many religious advantages; it is very nice to have the Church so near."

"Yes, Kathleen, and I sometimes fear we are not sufficiently grateful for our religious privileges, but it is well for you to

remember that God supplies His grace to all, in proportion to their correspondence with it, and according to their necessities. If you are faithful in using the means you have within your power and are true to your religious principles, the designs of God in your regard will be accomplished as faithfully in Sargentsville as in Philadelphia, and that is the main object in life."

The return of the shoppers, just as the bell rang for luncheon, interrupted their conversation.

In the afternoon Mary took her cousin to the exposition of vestments intended for poor missions. Kathleen was surprised at the number, beauty and variety of the different articles. "This cape," said her cousin, "was a bridal dress, worn only during the ceremony, the decorations were painted on it by the bride."

Many yards of delicate laces lay in dainty packages, the work of the ladies during odd minutes or in the summer vacations. One of the members remarked that she always took her tabernacle work to the porch at the summer hotel, and found it a barrier against ill-natured gossip. The bulletin issued by the society lay on the table; Kathleen glanced over it and found the extracts from the letters of priestly applicants most pathetic. She learned that in the south and west a few churches were scattered over an immense territory, some of them hundreds of miles apart. A priest sometimes attended to five or six missions. By such as these the supplies from the Tabernacle Society were received as gifts direct from heaven.

Mr. Neville called for Mary soon after dinner. No spectators were admitted to the concert. There were present only "Our Neighbors," the performers, and the committee.

The home-circle were in the full enjoyment of that perfect abandon peculiar to family life, when Mrs. McBride and daughters were announced. Being old friends they were received in the sitting-room. They were great favorites with Mrs. Murphy, who admired the good humor that prevailed in their family life; the sons were as courteous to their mother and sisters as they were to those of strangers, and the daughters were always interested in all that concerned their brothers. Take them all in all they were very pleasing. The con-

versation turned on the energy and thrift displayed by a mutual acquaintance.

"Yes," said Mrs. McBride, "Mrs. Leary is a wonderful manager; although they are a family of ten, they have but one servant; they own the house, and it is always kept in beautiful order. Before school, the elder girls do the chamber-work; two of them walk to the convent and are always punctual."

"I don't see how they manage it," said Frances McBride; "I always had enough to do to get dressed in time."

"I think I can throw some light on the subject," said Mrs. Murphy. "You remember we were formerly neighbors. Mrs. Leary does not approve of late hours. At half past nine the school division, as they called the elder children, began their preparations for retiring. Everything was left in order for the following morning. The little ones were sent to bed at eight. Six was the rising hour. Every child, able to be useful, had its share of duty, and a time assigned for its performance. They are a cheerful, lively family."

"Does not Ellie Leary play well?" inquired Catherine.

"She is indeed a brilliant performer," answered Mr. Murphy, "and so many sided; she can give you 'Tannhauser,' 'Norma' or 'Maggie Murphy's Home,' according to your mood. She is as wholesome and refreshing as a winter apple."

"Yes," replied Mrs. McBride, "she is a very nice girl. Is it not a pity she does not dress in better taste?"

"I thought her very prettily dressed when she called here last week," responded Mrs. Murphy.

"Maybe she has something new; I think it is a pity she wears red so much, it makes her look so Irish."

Mrs. Murphy, mindful of the nationality of her husband and of her guests, was dumb from indignation. Mr. Dillon came boldly to the rescue.

"I don't understand you; if you had said green, your meaning would be clear, but, with the English drop in you, it is well to remember that gory red has full fling in the flag of England."

Mrs. Murphy diverted the conversation by inquiring if the visitors had read a certain article in the *Century*.

"No," said Frances, "we see the magazines at the library, and the boys bring us *Puck* and the evening papers."

"I cannot understand," said Mr. Murphy, "how any Irish Catholic can patronize a paper that continually holds up his faith and the home of his fathers to ridicule."

"O, we don't mind that."

"So it seems; you do not realize that such influences tell. I am often disgusted by the remarks of the children of Irish Catholics; through their parents' foolish shame of the poverty of their own early life, the children are kept in ignorance of it. Many of the Irish peasantry have been wonderfully successful in amassing wealth. Their first desire is to give their children the education of which they were themselves deprived. With the smattering the children acquire the parents are dazzled and consider their darlings prodigies. The consequence is, that the young folks become ostentatious and presuming. To show their superiority to the creatures portrayed in such periodicals as *Puck*, they constantly hold up the exaggerations of the Irish to ridicule, entirely unconscious that in doing so they are reminding their auditors of the deficiencies of members of their own families. Thus they estrange old friends and close against them, by their ill-breeding, many a social circle. The Irish peasant was admirable for piety, purity and honesty; his ignorance is the shame of his persecutors and is not his fault; his descendants should be taught to reverence the heroic virtues of their ancestors. You see, my girl, I take the liberty of an old friend; you know I am your God-father."

"Your correction is just," replied Mrs. McBride. "You remind me that my aunt once said, that with my name I should be careful how I ridiculed the Irish."

"Before we leave the subject," said Mr. Dillon, "I want to give my testimony. I have often thought, while down in Georgia among the so-called 'crackers,' of the wit, good humor and kindness of the poorest of our peasants at home. Such a dull people as the snuff dipper of Georgia is unknown. The caricaturist has presented but few specimens of the cracker type, probably because, being so colorless, it has few attractions. Suppose its degradation was portrayed in the London journals, would Americans quietly submit to ridicule as

'crackers'? Many of the peasants who came hither from Ireland know nothing of the elegance and culture of life in an Irish city—Dublin, for instance—just as the 'poor white' of the south, or the backwoodsman of the west, is unfamiliar with the magnificence of New York, Chicago or New Orleans."

"Very true, Ned. Don't you think we might have some music after all our wisdom? I know you are eager for a duet with Mrs. McBride. I want to hear you both in 'Maritana.' Hunt it up, Margaret; Frances will play the accompaniment."

One piece suggested another. Mr. Murphy was an excellent violinist; Margaret played well on the guitar. Their evenings were seldom passed without music. Mary's return from the concert surprised the group, informing them of the lateness of the hour.

"What have you seen of the city, Kathleen?" inquired Mr. Dillon the next morning.

"Uncle Dan took me to Independence Hall, to the mint, to the public buildings and the Catholic high school. With Aunt Fanny I went to Wanamaker's, to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum and to St. Joseph's Home for boys. Cousin Mary and I went to the Convent of Notre Dame and to the Cathedral, and with Cousin Margaret I attended Benediction at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Oh, yes, we went to a reception at the Academy of Natural Sciences. I have seen the pictures at the Academy of Fine Arts and at the Art Club. I have been to a play at the Women's Century Club and heard a concert at the Drexel Institute."

"You have lost no time, but I find you have omitted my old favorite, the park. If you are willing we will have a tramp in it this morning."

"I should like it very much."

"Which of you girls can go with us?"

"Both of us; I have my duty disposed of."

"What is that?"

"I am pastry cook this week: the result of my efforts this morning awaits your appreciation at dinner time."

"I will be dressed in half an hour," said Margaret.

"How well the girls' gowns fit them," said Mrs. Redmond, as they left the house.

"Yes, I think they succeeded very well. Were they made by themselves?"

"Yes; since they were able to sew they have always helped the dress-maker, when we had one sewing here, during vacation. After they graduated, they made application at the Drexel Institute, and began the course in dress-making last October. The dresses they have on this morning are class-work. They have found the course very interesting; it includes chemistry, book-keeping and drawing. A library and gymnasium are also open to the students. The necessity for punctuality and concentration of mind conduces to strengthen systematic habits. Contact with a variety of people is also good discipline and apt to lessen self-conceit. A young woman soon finds her level in a body of earnest studious people."

"What superior advantages life in the city furnishes."

"Yes, and yet I sometimes yearn for the tranquillity of the dweller in the full enjoyment of nature. Your own mountain views, the beauties of the successive seasons, life about you, fresh from the hand of the Creator, are all delightful. In a great city there is such a sense of conflict in the rush of the multitude."

"I comprehend that sensation, I have suffered from it occasionally, but I admire the mental activity; here, you are compelled to live instead of vegetating, your principles are tested, and if you make mistakes in applying them, you are soon challenged to defend your position."

"Your remarks encourage me to ask for Kathleen. I shall exchange with you, lending Mary to keep you company."

"My dear Fanny, you are truly kind. Many thoughts have been passing through my mind since my arrival. I find Mary and Margaret delightful girls, and shall be very happy if Kathleen imitates their many virtues. Your offer is very generous. John will soon be here and together we will consider the pro and con. I have been wishing for Kathleen just such opportunities as the Drexel Institute affords. I remember so well the wretched position in which we were placed by the death of my father. His implicit confidence in the honesty of others made him an easy victim to the unscrupulous. He inherited the mills and had no experience of business, but was at

the mercy of the man who had been for years the superintendent, and who took advantage of my father's easy going way to enrich himself. Father's sudden death revealed to us that the property was heavily mortgaged, and that the superintendent was really the owner. Mother was prostrated by the double loss. Edward went from college to a clerkship, and I was left to learn the bitter lessons that adversity brings to those unprepared for them. I wish to save Kathleen such sorrow. She is already very useful to her father in his profession, and a course at the institute cannot fail to be of great service to her. I shall be delighted to have a visit from Mary, but I do not wish to deprive you of her delightful companionship."

"You will furnish a charming hostage. I really think the change will serve both cousins. Mary cannot say 'no' when asked to serve the cause of the many good works. She has been living beyond her health-capital, and I think the scheme will be equally beneficial to both cousins."

"I hope so, you have set me such a brave example in resigning your sons to the call of duty that I must put self under foot."

"I confess I was rather perplexed about the boys when the question arose. Paul received a most flattering offer, through one of the professors, before he graduated in civil engineering. I feared the temptations he would meet, and would have shielded him a little longer with the home influences. His father asked me if I wanted to keep him in long clothes forever, and reminded me that we had spared no pains to educate him to a proper use of the things of this world. I had been told that Paul's instructions to his Sunday school class were excellent, and that he was very careful to teach the boys the doctrines of their faith. He gave them the usual calumnies in circulation against it, and exposed their falseness. I had much reason to think that Paul's life was ruled by the underlying principle that he was God's creature, and that, under all circumstances, he owed allegiance to his Creator. His father said he had noticed that Paul was an excellent defender when his religion was attacked, and that he was equally good in attack when necessary."

"At last I consented, but his going away was a great sorrow. Of course our children must leave us, we cannot live their lives for them. We were fortunate in keeping John

a little longer with us. Since he graduated he has had some hospital service. His term in New York will soon be finished."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## BLESSED ARCHANGELA GIRLANI.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. P. C. C.

ON the 6th of this month the Carmelite Convents celebrate the Feast of one of their sisters, whose name is not inscribed in the Martyrology, but who, we are sure, is nevertheless a companion of those Saints whose names we find there.

A solemn canonization of a Saint of God is a matter of very great expenditure, and poor communities cannot raise the funds necessary for the purpose. They therefore content themselves with proving to the Apostolic See, that from time immemorial the faithful of a certain locality have considered a deceased member of the Order a saintly servant of God, have venerated her as such, and successfully implored her intercession in their needs. Thereupon the Apostolic See by a formal decree recognizes their local veneration, and allows an Office and Mass to be offered in their honor in the Churches and oratories of the respective Order.

Blessed Archangela Girlandi belongs to this class.

Eleonora was born in Monte Ferrato in Italy, the daughter of John Girlandi. She was educated by the Sisters of St. Benedict, and even as a pupil of their convent she gave unmistakable signs of future sanctity by shunning the distractions and pleasures of youth, and giving herself to pious meditations. Her father, wishing her to be married, recalled her from the convent. Eleonora, however, had vowed her virginity to God, refused every offer of marriage, and even persuaded her sisters Mary and Scholastica, to follow her example and devote their lives to God.

The three sisters entered the Carmelite convent at Parma. Eleonora received the name of Archangela. Her virtues were so conspicuous, and her progress in every virtue so rapid, that after a few years of religious life, her companions elected her Prioress. In this position she was a

pattern of a Religious, verifying in her life the word of the Apostle, that a virgin or unmarried woman thinks solely of the things that are God's.

Shortly after, the Duke of Gonzaga built a Carmelite Convent at Mantua, called: St. Mary of the Paradise, and Archangela was chosen the first Superior. Under her skilful management and the force of her example, she soon gathered around her a numerous family of servants of God, and the title of the monastery gave her occasion to instruct her sisters, that living in Paradise their life should be redolent of paradise.

Ecstasies and miracles attested the sanctity of this humble sister. But continuous labor, joined to fasting and bodily austerities, brought upon her a mortal sickness, and as she knew her dissolution on hand, she gathered her flock around her couch, admonished them to perseverance and holy fervor, and after scarcely three years of life in Mantua, she yielded her pure soul to her Maker on the 6th of February, 1494.

The Carmelite Order never played a prominent role in history, but, like its Queen, its life was hidden, yet rendered fragrant with the odor of sanctity, emanating from so many holy souls, who are not noticed by the world, but whose vicarious prayers and penances are valuable in the eyes of God, and a source of untold blessings to a frivolous world, that never will know or recognize its best friends and benefactors. Blessed Archangela was such a benefactor in life, and we are certain, she will be a benefactor also in heaven.\*

\* The Apostolic See has lately allowed an Office and Mass in honor of another one of our saintly deceased members of Carmel: the Carmelite Nun, Sr. Jane of Toulouse. A short biography of this remarkable saint will appear in a future issue of the REVIEW.—(EDITOR.)

## BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

### II.

#### OF THE ODD MINUTE.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.

A NEW organization has recently been formed, of course by progressive American women, entitled, "The Odd Minute Society." Its object being somewhat self-evident and therefore an open field for the ridicule and admiration of every newspaper paragrapher, it is better to turn from the new society itself to the Odd Minute which, unentrapped in such philanthropic device, goeth about, like a bloodthirsty mosquito, seeking whom it may envenom.

For the evil possibilities of the Odd Minute are tremendous. It is this impertinent atom of time which catches pertinently hold of the heart, the mind, the eye, the ear or the tongue, and a trickling rill of uncharitableness starts on its course to become later on an ungovernable torrent of harm.

The Odd Minute in its possibilities for good is one of the tenderest, most powerful, all-pervading graces that God has blessed our lives with. It is an angel ceaselessly weaving the cloth of gold of our heavenly vesture.

How avoid its evil—how make use of its good? That is the problem of the Odd Minute—perplexing enough, especially to women in whose lives it figures most largely.

A nap, a novel, a bit of embroidery; a chat or a reverie,—these are the ways in which our leisure moments are mostly spent. The first is so often a health necessity that we will let it go with the reflection, that everything that is done to ensure a sound mind in a sound body is well done.

The novel—a sufficient theme by itself—is a rest or disquietude, inspiring or enervating, a pure spur in the onward path, or a corrupt and downward drag. That is a question of novelist or novel; the choice between the great works of the great writers, and the literary refuse and husks

with which the printing press of to-day teems.

Whatever the novel be, I contend that there is more stimulus, more repose, more break in the day's monotony, when the Odd Minute is devoted to some interesting study calling for the exercise of the reason, the memory and the will, than when it is spent altogether in the power of the imagination.

It would be easy to arrange statistics proving exactly how much mental work can be accomplished in a month or a year through the aid of the Odd Minute. That savors, to my mind, too much of the American love of accumulation, looking to numerical results rather than to the soul and mind growth that is most concerned. Let us rather think of what poor Jane Welsh Carlyle said of the power of study for retaining youth and happiness.

Let us restrain our hungry longing for the stored wisdom of the ages, but in all humility let us choose a language, a science, any congenial study with which to familiarize ourselves. It shall prove for us the magic resource that shall open to us the whole treasury of wisdom's vaults.

The woman whose Odd Minute is spent in embroidery is apt to get lost in the nervous, sight-ruining mazes of the fascinating doily and kindred fads of lesser usefulness. She could derive more solid satisfaction, and less chance of nervous prostration, by devoting her idle moments to the beautiful and richly-indulged work of the Tabernacle Society, or the less ambitious but very needful sewing and mending for the poor.

It is in the chat, perhaps, that the evil possibilities of the Odd Minute mainly appear. For the chat is mostly gossip, and gossip is nearly always spiced more or less tartly or unsavorily. The ideal chat is always restful, and is always made up of impersonalities. Only an experience of the

cruelty and meanness of personalities can make us fully appreciate the value of the impersonal. "Spare me from my friends!" is the agonized cry of those who have been, to use a vulgar phrase, "put through" by kindly acquaintances who never dream, good, blundering souls, that perfect sympathy is always silent.

It may appear a sweeping assertion—though I am very sure it is perfectly true—to say, that anyone who is greatly given to reverie or day-dreaming, leads neither a useful nor a happy life. Dreaming inevitably fills the soul with a languid incapability of action.

That mildest of modern saints and saint-makers, Father Faber, says emphatically on this subject: "Did anyone ever catch himself building a castle in the air which did not in some way redound to his own honor and praise? Can religious men spend an hour in giving magnificent mental alms, or bearing crosses heroically, or undergoing martyrdom, or evangelizing continents, or ruling churches, or founding hospitals, or entering austere orders, or arranging edifying death-beds, or working miracles at their own tombs, without their being essentially lower and grosser, vainer

and sillier men, than they were when the hour began? They acquire a habit of admiring fine things without practising them. . . . Do not be startled at the strong words, but this castle-building literally desolates and debauches the soul."

There are many days when a woman loses hold of logic and common sense, when her trouble or worry, real or imaginary, out-balances the many real and vivid blessings her life is filled with. It is then that the Odd Minute is apt to sink into the morass of brooding. From this slough of despond only vigorous action can save us.

There is always the alternative of work or exercise when a fit of brooding is at hand. A vigorous walk, brisk exercise with dumb bells, or a little energetic household labor engrosses the attention, turns the mind from the always dangerous topics of self, braces the nerves and softens the spirit.

Let the idle moment be spent before the Tabernacle occasionally. Then while the soul imbibes the peace and tranquility that the American woman so seldom enjoys, the angel of the Odd Minute best fulfills his earthly mission.

## Called to a Perfect Life by the Scapular.

BY S. X. B.

THE subject of this sketch is a young girl, bright, gifted and possessing many noble traits; having the true faith but somewhat worldly. Her piety was more instinctive than enlightened, and her feelings towards the Blessed Virgin were those which are never wanting, to a certain extent at least, in souls regenerated through Baptism. This filial sentiment is a special fruit of divine grace, leading the possessor to exclaim to Mary: "My Mother," and to our Lord, "Father." Further than this, devotion to the Blessed Mother had not been encouraged in our heroine. Her education and associations had been the reverse of favorable to such an end. On one occasion when she went to confession—which she was in the habit of doing at rare intervals—the priest asked

her if she practiced any devotion in honor of Mary. After a few moments' silence—"Nothing, Father, but the *Ave Maria* of my daily prayers." "Would you be willing to do something more?" "Yes, Father, if it would not be too difficult." "Very well. Take the Scapular!" "But I do not know what that is." "It is the livery of all true children of Mary—the souvenir which they cherish of their beloved mother; the sign of the love they have for her; they wear it, though it is unseen by the world. To wear the scapular is to perform a lasting act of piety, and yet nothing is less difficult. It is always easy to love our mother." "Give me the scapular," said the dear child with enthusiasm, "and I will receive it with all my heart."

Some weeks later she returned to testify

her gratitude to the venerable priest. This act of devotion toward the most Blessed Virgin had been for her the first bright link in a long chain of graces, which were to effect an entire transformation in her spiritual life.

Some years had elapsed since the happy change. The same ecclesiastic one morning, about nine o'clock, set out from his dwelling with a ponderous volume under his arm. He fled from the busy scenes of the city to seek the silence of the adjacent forest, and thus enjoy without interruption his favorite study, Philosophy. But strange to say he could not concentrate his mind upon his book. It was not that thoughts foreign to the subject intruded themselves. It was simply an interior attraction for which he could not account. Conquered thereby he closed without volition his book, and retraced his steps until he reached the Church where he exercised the sacred ministry. The attraction becoming each moment more powerful he knelt down, or rather he was impelled by some secret power to fall on his knees before the most Blessed Sacrament. In truth he received a visit from Jesus, instead of making one to the Savior hidden beneath the mystic veils. A light until then unknown to the eyes of his soul revealed to him divine truths more vividly than ever before. The Spirit of God transfigured his heart like a sword.

Was it joy? Was it sorrow? Was it

love? Was it pain? It was a mingling of all, but the priest would not have exchanged one of those tears for all the delights of the world. The divine visitation lasted for a long time. Gradually returning to himself the father ceased not to recite, "My God! What hast Thou done to me? I was not seeking Thee, yet didst Thou come. Whence is it, O Lord, that I have been thus highly favored?" On the following day he received a letter wherein he read: "Yesterday Miss X. made her solemn vows. The silence of her holy retreat still lingers to too great an extent for her to write to you herself, but she requested me to say that immediately after her oblation, she recited an *Ave Maria*, her hand upon her scapular, and fervently implored the divine Mother thus: "*Dear Mother, beg Jesus, thy beloved Son, to give back to my director the good which he so abundantly gave unto me.*"

The profession took place at 9 a.m. \* \* \* The mystery of the preceding day was explained, and the priest recognized the loving haste with which Jesus grants the request of those fervent souls who honor and love his Blessed Mother. Miss X. remained ever a faithful religieuse, and, whilst still young, after offering her life to God for the salvation of a soul, died in sentiments of the most fervent devotion and piety.—La. Nouvelle Eve, par V. Deschamps 1862. Tournai.

## IN CALVARY CEMETERY.

BY MRS. MARY A. SADLIER.

A BEAUTIFUL instance of Our Dear Lady's never-ceasing care of her faithful children was lately brought under my notice by one who was an eye-witness of the fact related.

A funeral cortege had just arrived at a trim, well-kept plot in the great cemetery. Only the relatives and near connections of the dead were present, for she was old and helpless and had long outlived her usefulness; a widow, moreover, who had seen her husband stricken down suddenly in the prime of life, and had lost nearly all of her children within a comparatively short period. So the funeral had been announced

as private and only the relatives, as I have said, with a very few intimate friends were present.

When the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave someone remarked, "What a pity the grave cannot be blessed!"

"Yes," said another, "It seems hard and strange that she, who was all her life such a faithful Christian and devout child of Mary, should rest in a grave unblessed by the prayer of the church! Why, for all these last long months of partial paralysis her beads were never out of her hands. I think they were her greatest comfort."



Others were saying what a pity it was that a priest had not been specially invited from the city to bless the grave, when all at once one of the mourners, a nephew of the dead, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there are two priests over yonder!"

Sure enough, two priests had just come into the cemetery and stood a little way off engaged in conversation on some topic of interest to themselves.

"Why, they are Dominicans," added the same speaker, and one of them is Father S——," mentioning the name of one of the best known and best loved Dominican Fathers of the great metropolis. "I'll go and ask him to bless the grave." And he went to where the priests were standing.

A minute more, and the latter, with uncovered heads, had joined the funeral train and the elder of the two, taking out his breviary, read aloud the solemn words of benediction appointed by the church for the burial of her departed children, and the blessing of their last resting place, while all present knelt reverently on the graveyard sward to join in prayer for the parted soul.

When the last shovelful of earth was heaped on the funeral mound, and the thanks of the mourning relatives had been duly offered to the reverend gentlemen who had come so opportunely, though all unwittingly, to the spot, and so courteously complied with the request to perform the

last solemn rite over the grave, one of the relatives remarked:

"Father S——, it is a striking and very touching coincidence that it was you, who came so unexpectedly to bless the grave of our dear departed one."

"And why so, my child?"

"Because, Father, she who lies there was a most fervent child and faithful servant of Our Blessed Lady, and the Rosary was all her life long one of her greatest devotions, as it was, I have heard, of her mother before her."

"Well, it was undoubtedly Our Lady who brought me here," said Father S——. "It seemed a mere chance that we came to-day to look at a plot which we think of buying. But I now see it was a providential arrangement, so that the faithful servant of Our Lady of the Rosary might have her final resting place duly blessed by one of her own priests of the Rosary. Wonderful are the ways of God, and great the loving care of Mary our mother over her children living and dead!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In this connection how true are the words of Thomas D'Arcy McGee in his poem on "The Rosary":

"Oh! scora not the pious poor,  
Nor the Rosary they tell—  
Ere Faust was born, or men grew proud  
To read by the light of hell,  
In noble and in humble hands  
Beads guided souls to heaven in bands,"

## THE BELLS OF LUCCA.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"All hail ye saints in heaven, that dwell  
Close by the cross! exclaimed the bell,"

—*Demorest's Monthly*.

**A**BOUT twelve miles north-east of Pisa, famous for its leaning tower, in a fine plane, bounded by picturesque hills, on the river Serchio, lies the pretty town of Lucca. The commercial activity of its inhabitants has obtained for it the name of "Lucca l'Industriosa." I believe that Lucca was the first place in Italy where the production and manufacture of silk were successfully introduced. Not far from Lucca are the famous mineral baths, whose

waters have been exported to all parts of Italy. The cathedral of Lucca is famous on account of the fine paintings which it contains, but what interests us the most is the church of SS. Paulinus and Donatus, which contains the relics of two holy Carmelites—Saint Avertanus and Blessed Romaeus.

The year 1309 saw most of Europe in mourning. The hand of God lay heavily on its people, and hungry earth yawned to receive the immense harvest of human beings who had fallen before the grim reaper, Pest was king. His victims were hurriedly

carried to their last resting place, where no lengthy funeral services were held. The busy sexton stood day and night in "the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro" tolling the *Requiem* of rich and poor.

Families were decimated, children became orphans, and, like Rachel, mothers sighed for lost children, "because they were not." Those were, indeed, days that tried men's souls. People seemed to be rather stunned than grief-stricken. We can form some idea of the wide-spread fear and terror if we recall that awful day—May 31st, 1889—when the flood-gates poured into the Conemaugh Valley, carrying death and destruction to the unprepared population of that stricken town of Pennsylvania. We have reason to fear dread Pest who only laughs at the funny endeavors of man to keep him at bay. How men trembled a few years ago when pestilence stood as an unwelcome visitor inside the harbor of the metropolis. It was not God's will that He should scourge us then, but nevertheless, to show us our weakness when on the defensive, the plague *did* reach our shores in spite of all the engines of war which stand guard ready to belch fire in the face of common enemies.

But we have now only to do with the plague of 1309. Such times produce both cowards and heroes. Cowards, more from awakened conscience than from the threatened danger—and heroes, from the many opportunities of ministering to afflicted humanity. The Churches were no longer given to the sole use of the devout sex, but were asylums eagerly sought by men who in times of prosperity had but little time for affairs of the soul. Adversity brings us back to God. Any one visiting the grottos of the Madonna during those days would see crowds thronging to her shrine. They sang her Litany, and, with words choked by tears, could be heard echoing through the valleys: *Salus infirmorum—Ora pro nobis*. ("Health of the sick pray for us.") And in how many cases did not Mary hear that prayer! Her heart cannot resist the prayer of those in affliction. At other times silent groups knelt at Our Lady's feet. They were too sad for utterance. The silence of the tomb seemed to prevail. Nothing could be heard except the constant "moaning and groaning of the bells."

There are times when priests are not wanted. They are in the way, a sort of tolerated nuisance, "a wart on the face of society," as Victor Hugo would put it. But there are times, too, when priest-haters are willing to kiss the hem of the garments of God's anointed ones. It is not the priest they respect. It's hell which they fear. Pastors of souls in the fourteenth century did not differ from those of the nineteenth century. In all great calamities the priest is the first to offer his services. To be a martyr to duty is his greatest desire. This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that in 1309 the priests were the first to fall. It might appear strange that God takes from us spiritual assistance when we most need it. But it is no injustice to us. Forewarned is to be forearmed. We are continually exhorted to be always prepared, because we know not the hour, and if we followed the advice, and went to our duties regularly, we would be always ready. That is just on the part of God. But He is merciful, and often moved to mercy by the prayers of His Holy Mother.

Two monks were coming down the beautiful valley of the Po. Their advent was very opportune. Perhaps Mary had sent them. These two holy mendicants belonged to the order of the Brothers of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. Their primary object was not to relieve a suffering people. They came simply to satisfy their religious devotion. But "what man proposes God disposes," says Thomas a Kempis, and well that it is so, for otherwise Lucca would not have had her angels of peace in the hour of affliction.

Let us for a moment leave Italy and retrace the hallowed steps of these two holy friars. Arriving at their starting point we shall find ourselves in a Carmelite Monastery at Limoges, in the south of France. Limoges was famous for its monasteries. Prior to the French revolution it contained forty convents. In a worldly sense Limoges is renowned for its manufacture of porcelain ware, but a greater splendor is thrown around that little French town by the fact that from its gates went forth two saints who were to be brilliant jewels in the crown of Holy Mother Church, and shining ornaments on the escutcheon of Carmel.

Not a great distance from Limoges is Bordeaux, where lie the remains of St.

Simon Stock, the Carmelite to whom the Blessed Virgin gave the Holy Scapular. For the past 630 years St. Simon's relics have been left undisturbed, except that some few years ago an arm was taken from the body and brought to London, England, where, amidst great ceremony the late Cardinal Manning placed the sacred relic on the altar of the church of the English Carmelites. St. Simon died at the ripe old age of 101 at Bordeaux in 1265. Before he departed from this life he had founded several convents on the continent, and to his living example must be ascribed the great fervor which prevailed in the different houses of the order, particularly in that of Limoges.

To speak of the monastery at Limoges would be to describe a house of saints. None of the monks therein excelled in sanctity the two friars of which we are speaking. Their secular name is lost to us. There were known in religion as Brother Avertanus and Brother Romaeus. The former was a Frenchman, the latter an Italian.

Avertanus and Romaeus were rivals. But it was a holy rivalry. Like two giants they made great strides towards perfection. They were likewise fast friends. Friend! What a world of meaning in that word and yet so much abused. Who does not yearn for the one in a thousand—the one who will understand us and be our counsellor in the time of need. Worldly friendships do not count for much. They are spoiled by selfish motives. We need not to search very deep to find out that it is ourselves which we really love.

Love! Some would have us believe that love must be shaken off with other incumbrances when passing through the convent gate. No, love and friendship remain, but in the monastery they become more pure and intense. Higher motives elevate them. Brotherly love finds its own peculiar atmosphere in religion. Somebody has defined a friend to be "he who is the first to welcome us after all the world has forsaken us," and I might say that if there was one on whom the whole world had turned its back, that same person would not be wanting in friends, if by chance he found himself clothed with the religious habit. But let us return to the monastery at Limoges.

To describe the lives of Avertanus and Romaeus would be to run through the catalogue of all possible virtues and say they excelled in all. The Blessed Virgin was greatly honored by all the monks of Limoges. In honoring Mary they were naturally expected, as Carmelites, to give an example to others. A century had not elapsed since the order had received the Scapular, and in consequence all vied with each other in honoring Mary's chosen ones. Among other edifying things the chronicler of Limoges tells us that it was not an unusual thing for the Blessed Queen of Heaven to descend to earth and hold a familiar conversation with two of her special friends, Saints Avertanus and Romaeus.

After many years of constant devotion in God's service, Avertanus felt moved to make a pilgrimage to the holy places, especially at Rome. He laid open his plans to Romaeus, who exclaimed: "O, Brother Avertanus, your plans are my plans; I have long since contemplated the same thing. This is surely the will of God." To convince themselves that it was God's will, they both went to the chapel to pray, and then hastened to the cell of the Prior. Having received permission to speak, they laid bare their mutual plans. The Prior called his chapter together, and after consultation it was decided to allow Brothers Romaeus and Avertanus to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome. The two holy monks, having heard the decision, went at once to the chapel to chant a devout *Te Deum*.

No true monk cares to live outside his monastery. But if necessary, or the manifest will of God demands it for the good of souls, he is willing to go. These were the sentiments of Avertanus and Romaeus. They had but one regret, and that was to sever their connection with their other brethren. Charity reigned in their monastery, and they knew well (as was in years to come to be expressed by St. Teresa) that "every monastery in which charity abides is a paradise on earth." Due preparations were made for the journey. These preparations consisted mostly of prayers, assisting at Holy Mass, and special devotions in honor of the Holy Mother of God.

The whole community escorted Romaeus and Avertanus to the outer walls of the monastery. As the heavy gates rolled out-

ward on their hinges, all fell on their knees, whilst the Prior intoned the beautiful prayers for a journey in the Carmelite Itinerary. After the cantors had intoned the *Vias tuas Domine demonstra nobis*, etc., (show us, O Lord, thy ways) and other appropriate verses, with uplifted hands the Prior prayed:

"O God, who hath safely brought the children of Israel through the middle of the sea and likewise directed the paths of the Magi by means of a star; we beseech thee to grant to these thy servants, Avvertanus and Romaeus, a prosperous journey, so that being accompanied by thy Holy Angel they may safely reach the end of their pilgrimage here, and finally enter the harbor of eternal rest. Through Christ, Our Lord."

"Amen," responded the monks, and uttering a *procedamus in pace* (let us proceed in peace) the two monks proceeded on their journey, reciting as they went the *sub tuum praesidium* in order to obtain Mary's protection.

Traveling was no luxury in those days. If we compared the mode of traveling at that time with our modern ways we should have a strong contrast. Nowadays we go from place to place in a luxuriantly equipped palace on wheels, and do not feel the burdens of the trip. The baggage checking system did not concern those two traveling monks. They had no *impedimenta*, as Caesar aptly styled baggage. If customs officials existed in those days their office would be a sinecure if they had to deal with poor monks. It is not difficult to give an inventory of the worldly possessions of these two monks, in fact, a habit, breviary, (I was going to say rosary, but St. Dominic was yet to be born), a staff and enough bread for a meal about completed their outfit. There would doubtless be danger on the way, so they were armed—with prayer. Brigands in those days were ever on the alert for booty, but whenever they passed Romaeus and Avvertanus they invariably galloped away in disgust, exclaiming "they are only monks."

Towards noon the two pilgrims had gone a considerable distance, and for the last time they could faintly hear the angelus bell of their convent, and kneeling down they fervently prayed "while swung the deep bell in the distant tower." They sat

down to their scanty repast, and then, as with Paul and Anthony, there was a saintly dispute as to who should take the first share, Avvertanus contending that Romaeus should eat first, and *vice versa*. The first night they stopped at some monastery, where they received, as is always the case, true fraternal hospitality, the monks, as is the custom among Carmelites and others, even washing their feet.

The world never changes. So Avvertanus and Romaeus were not exempt from insults while on the way. But they gloried in being persecuted. They even stood like St. Ignatius and seemed as much delighted to be ill-treated as others loved to be honored. Even children scoffed at them as they passed along, and as in the days of Eliseus their tormentors would have been punished if the saints had made their wish a prayer, but they did not. They only asked for suffering.

But the real hardships were only commencing. The Alps stood between the monks and their goal. Many were the hair-breadth escapes. It would be impossible to adequately describe all they had to undergo. But they bore it all heroically, for the end in view sweetened their trials. People have climbed those lofty peaks for a less noble cause. Perhaps for a mere bit of earthly applause. Only lately an ambitious American imperilled his life by climbing the Matterhorn, and being asked why he did so, replied, "Really I hardly know myself." Perhaps if he probed deeper he would find the answer in a word, "Vanity."

Italy was reached. The two holy travelers could already picture to their imagination the Eternal City looming up in the distance.

But Providence ordained otherwise. They shall never see Rome. As they passed along the enchanting valley of the Po, more than once they heard the bells tolling the Requiem of some departing soul. "It's the *De Profundis* bell," remarked Romaeus, and they both knelt down to offer their suffrages for the suffering souls. The bells continued to ring. "I am certain," said Avvertanus, "that some great calamity has come upon this land," and they both devoutly prayed, "Spare O Lord, O spare thy people."

They soon learned the true state of things. They met a peasant whose looks were wan and careworn. He looked surprised when asked what was the cause of such wide-spread affliction.

"The plague," was his awful answer.

The two monks, now at the threshold of this stricken country, had the alternative of returning to France and thus escape the disease, or proceed at the risk of their lives. They cheerfully chose the latter course.

It was soon noised about that two monks had arrived in the country. The good news traveled swiftly. Avertanus and Romaeus made good use of their time. They were continually engaged in errands of mercy, bringing consolation from house to house. A silver lining had shown itself on the dark cloud which overhung the people, and Mary's rainbow of peace had appeared in the heavens.

Thus they passed from village to village, the peasants hailing their coming with outbursts of delight. It seemed an answer to the many prayers offered to the Madonna. It was a consolation to the dying to have the ministers of religion so near them at the critical hour. Romaeus and Avertanus presided at the public devotions, and animated the people with more confidence in Mary's intercession. Large numbers of scapulars were quickly made by the women of the villages, and thousands were enrolled by the two holy friars.

In course of time our holy travelers drew near to Lucca, whose bells were likewise tolling an eternal requiem. But Avertanus and Romaeus were not allowed to enter. That was to be deferred to the festal day, when their holy remains were to be triumphantly carried through the gates of the town by the joyous populace. Strict quarantine had been declared, and the Saints had to repair to the great hospital outside the walls of Lucca. There they found plenty opportunities of exercising

their charity and humility, and they gladly accepted the most loathsome duties. They were a godsend to the sick and dying, who looked upon the holy men with love and veneration.

Avertanus and Romaeus had so far told others how to die, now they were to show it. They both fell victims to the dread disease. Their patience and general conduct during the brief illness was most edifying. After death the inhabitants considered it a great privilege to have in their midst the bodies of these two holy men, who appeared rather to be angels in human form than men sent to console the sick. Avertanus died first. Romaeus prayed that he might be allowed to join his holy friend and companion. His prayer was heard. He soon died, and went to join Avertanus in an eternal bond of union never to be broken.

Mary's presence takes away the fear of death. In the Carmelite breviary we are told that the Holy Virgin appeared to her servants, Avertanus and Romaeus. What a consolation to them. She consoled them and told them of the great reward awaiting them in heaven. A life devoted to Mary—and as a natural consequence to God—will assure us of her consoling presence at our last hour. What a grace! It is well worth striving for.

SS. Avertanus and Romaeus are the patrons of Lucca, whose inhabitants have now been honoring the Saints for five centuries. Let us invoke them in time of need. The Feast of St. Avertanus occurs on February 25th—that of Blessed Romaeus on March 4. The latter was beatified by the predecessor of Pope Pius IX—Gregory XVI.

It is a tradition that when St. Avertanus was breathing forth his spirit to God, the bells of Lucca suddenly pealed forth of their own accord, ringing

"In tones that floated on the air  
As soft as song, as sweet as prayer."

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

No sound in the hush of the Temple is heard

Save the coo of the Babe in His nur-  
murings sweet,

And the coo of the doves at Simeon's  
feet.—

Bird answering bird.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, —

Christmas joys and Christmas bells have become a sweet memory, yet we still linger very wistfully and lovingly around the dear Christ Child who stole our hearts away from us at Bethlehem. These are the days of traveling. We all like to go abroad, and very few of us recognize the truth of the dear poet Longfellow's saying:

Home-loving hearts are happiest,

To stay at home is best.

Well, let us go with the dear Infant Jesus on a little journey. Where? To His Father's house—the holy Temple of Jerusalem. His fair young Mother Mary, and the gentle old St. Joseph, will go with us, and each step will be like walking with God in paradise.

Listen! The beautiful words at the opening of this letter tell us the sweet story. We have but to shut our eyes and see the beautiful picture. The holy old man Simeon, aged and bent, in an ecstasy of joy, because he beholds the Lord's Christ. Ah! dear children, let us think of holy Simeon at Mass and Benediction, when we, too, behold the Lord's Christ even as Simeon did—let us think of him after Holy Communion when we hold Him close to our hearts as Simeon did—and let us be full of joy. That is the lesson the Secretary would fain teach you. Be joyful. "Nothing glorifies God so much as joy." So we may all think sweet thoughts of this Fourth Joyful Mystery of the Holy Rosary, wherein the dear Babe of Bethle-

hem repaid so royally Holy Simeon's long years of waiting. *It isn't hard* to meditate—is it? Indeed no—when we have pictures like this to talk for us. So, all during February, thank the dear Child Jesus for the joy of Holy Simeon, and ask Him, too, to fill your hearts with the same.

### THE REASON.

The family at dinner sat,

A little girl among the rest:

She talked of this, she talked of that,

She seemed with endless talk possessed.

"The geese and all are in her tongue

I can't get in a single word:

They used to say when I was young,

Small folks should be seen, not heard."

Her father thus, then to her: "Child,

Why do you talk so? Tell me, pray."

She thought, looked up, and gravely smiled,

"Because I have so much to say."

An owl that lived in a hollow tree

As I went by looked out at me

And he rolled his eyes with a solemn air,

As if to say "This world's a snare,

And life a burden hard to bear.

"Take care, little girl, take care."

But you love the darkness better than  
light.

"Take care, Mr. Owl, take care.

Said I: "Mr. Owl, we don't agree,

I love the world, and the world loves me.

Quit rolling your eyes and come and see,

How happy a child that is good can be,

I learn in the day, I sleep in the night,

I try to obey, I try to do right."

When you're writing, or reading, or  
sewing, 'tis right

To sit, if you can, with your back to the  
light:

And then it is patent to every be-  
holder,

The light will fall gracefully over your  
shoulder.

**FOR THE LITTLE ONES.**

Try to be cheerful,  
 Never be fearful,  
 Or think that the sky will fall,  
 Let the sky tumble,  
 Fear not the rumble,  
 It never can hurt you at all.

A million little jewels  
 Twinkled on the trees,  
 And all the little maidens said:  
 "A jewel if you please."  
 But while they held their hand outstretched  
 To catch the diamonds gay,  
 A million little sunbeams came  
 And stole them all away.

**FOR THE PUZZLERS.**

VI.

Why are bad musicians like lazy people?

VII.

Where is happiness always to be found?

VIII.

When is a pie like a poet?

IX.

When do two and two make more than four?

X.

What is the best name for a wood-choir?

**FOR THE THINKERS.**

1. Why are Cardinals' hats red?
2. Who was the "Divine Pagan"?
3. Who was the "Myriad-minded"?
4. What is the origin of the word "dunce"?
5. Where is the Blessed Virgin first mentioned in Scripture?

**MAXIMS FOR FEBRUARY.**

6. He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He who pretends to be everybody's friend is nobody's.

HAFIZ.

7. Let your life be as pure as snow fields, where your foot steps leave a mark, but not a stain.

MME. SWETCHINE.

8. O blessed temper, whose unclouded ray,

Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day.

POPE.

9. None can be called deformed but the unkind.

SHAKESPEARE.

10. There is no playing fast and loose with truth, in any game, without growing the worse for it.

CHAS. DICKENS.

In a village school, recently, when the scholars were parsing, the word "waif" occurred in the sentence. The youngest who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, puzzled over the word for a few minutes, and then, as a bright idea struck him, he burst out, with "I can conjugate it: positive waif, comparative wafer, superlative sealing wax."

A TEACHER asked a bright little girl: "What country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well, now," said the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil with an air of triumph.

**THE SEAL-SKIN CLOAK.**

BY HENRY COYLE.

"Alice, where have you been? This is the second time this week you have kept us waiting."

"Oh, papa, please forgive me?"

Mr. Arthur was at the table in his dining-room, with his sister, who sat opposite him; Alice was his daughter, who had just entered the room, her cheeks were flushed, and her whole countenance was radiant with health and happiness.

"I am very sorry to have kept you waiting, papa," she said, "please forgive me and I will tell you how it happened."

"Alice, take your place at the table," said her aunt severely, "your manners are very bad!"

"Now, Aunt Mary, please don't be vexed with me," pleaded the young girl, as she passed her plate to her father for some meat. "I really could not help it this time. On my way down town I met Mrs. Valentine, and she asked me to go with her and visit a poor sick widow. You cannot imagine what a wretched place we found her in!"

"And did you go into one of those dreadful places?" asked her aunt, throwing her hands up in horror. "Child, you should have changed your clothes before coming to dinner; who knows what disease-germs may have—"

"Nonsense, aunt, the poor woman is really starving to death; nothing else is the matter with her, and besides I do not have time to change my dress."

Mr. Arthur's face softened, and his brow became more smooth, but his sister's manner was very severe and she looked angry.

"Oh, it was a terrible place, father!" exclaimed the young girl; "I wonder why God allows some people to be so rich and others so poor."

"He only knows, my dear child," answered her father; "we must not question His wisdom."

"Well, I declare," said Miss Arthur, looking very much shocked; "why, the next thing you will be joining the Salvation Army and be called 'Alice, the Slummer.'"

"Wouldn't that be lovely!" exclaimed Alice, with a shy glance at her father; "we could hold meetings in the long parlor up stairs every evening, papa could lead the singing, and you, aunty, could pass round tea and cakes during the meeting. How the neighbors would talk!"

"And with good reason," sniffed Miss Arthur. "You are quite capable of anything. Slumming, indeed! Why, your father contributes thousands of dollars every year to societies for that purpose."

"Yes, aunt, but this case is an exceptional one; the woman is really a refined person—"

"Who has seen better days," sneered her aunt. "They all have, I never knew one of them yet that was not a lady in reduced circumstances. When you are older, my dear, you will know better than to believe what these people say."

"I believe what I saw with my own eyes, Aunt Mary," answered Alice. "Oh, papa, it was a wretched place, and the poor woman is dying; she is a widow and her little girl, as pretty as an angel,—"

"And noisy as a brass band, I'll warrant," said her aunt, as she rose from the table and passed into the front drawing-room.

"Why is Aunt Mary so cross, papa?" asked Alice, as she took his arm.

"Poor Aunt Mary! She has a good heart, but a cruel experience has embittered her whole life," whispered her father in reply. "Some day, when you are older, I may tell you her story, and then you will understand all."

"Is it possible! Why, I never thought—"  
"Hush, she will hear you!" interrupted her father, and they both stepped into the other room.

Mr. Arthur was a wealthy banker, and Alice was his only child; his wife died when their little daughter was but five years old, and it was then that his sister, who was also wealthy, stepped forward and took charge of the household. She was all that a mother could be to Alice, even if at times she was rather severe and exacting.

"Well, Mary," said Mr. Arthur, pleasantly, "are you still working at 'Penelope's web'?"

"Yes; but papa, Aunt Mary does not pull out, like Penelope, what she has woven during the day," said Alice, laughing; "she could show you thousands of yards of lace stowed away up in her room. I think she is going to send it to the savages in Africa."

"There are savages much nearer home than Africa," observed Miss Mary, significantly. "Do stop flattening your nose against the window, child; what will the neighbors say!"

"Yes, but surely there is no harm in looking out of the window," protested Alice.

"But it is not the custom of people of our social standing," insisted Miss Mary.

Alice was about to make a sharp reply, but she caught her father's eye and refrained. She sat down at the grand piano and played a few selections, while her father glanced through the evening paper. He dropped it suddenly and looked up at the clock on the mantel.

"I think I will go down town for an hour," he remarked.

Alice accompanied him to the hall and helped him to put on his coat.

"Good-bye, dear," said he, kissing her when they reached the front door. "You may have that seal-skin cloak, but you must try and be more punctual. You are a sad trial to Aunt Mary."

"Oh, thank you, papa!" said Alice. "Please come home early."

The next day soon after lunch Alice prepared to go out. Aunt Mary wanted some shopping done and her niece readily undertook her commissions. As she passed down the avenue she met young Doctor Marvin near Broadway, and her face flushed with pleasure.



"I am very glad I met you, doctor," said Alice; "I am going to call on a poor sick widow, and I wish you would come with us. Please do?"

The doctor consented, and they pushed on through the throng of hurrying people, across Union Square, then through some narrow streets, until they reached an alley. There were crowds of dirty children crying or playing about the sidewalks, coarse women quarreling, and rough-looking men smoking at the doors.

At the end of the alley, they entered a tall, brick tenement house, and ascended three flights of stairs; the halls were dark and foul smelling, and the floors littered with rubbish and dirt. Alice knocked at a door in the rear, and it was opened by a girl.

The room which they entered had but one window; in a corner stood the bed of the sick woman; a table, a few broken chairs, and a small stove completed the furniture. It was a miserable place, but cleaner than the doctor expected, after the squalor of the halls and stairs.

"How is Mrs. Morris?" asked Alice.

"She had a bad night," said the girl. "She is awake. I have just given her some tea and toast, but she has no appetite. Mrs. Valentine was here this morning and left some jelly and other things for her."

"She is very good," said Alice, "and how is Ellen? Where is she?"

"She is with Mrs. Murphy's children," replied the girl.

The doctor and Alice stepped forward to the bed. The poor woman was too weak to sit up, but she smiled, and nodded her head feebly. The doctor examined her pulse, then looked at Alice and shook his head expressively.

Before they took their departure, Ella, a pretty child, entered the room, and ran up to Alice for a kiss. She was a bright little creature, and very intelligent. She climbed

up on the bed, and kissing her mother's face carressed it with her hands.

Mrs. Morris told them her story. She was well born and her speech and manner gave evidence of refined association. She had been married with bright prospects of happiness and plenty, but her husband became a drunkard, neglected his business and was soon a bankrupt. Their child was born, and for a time he was sober and industrious, but alas! he was too weak, and soon relapsed into his evil course. He was brought home dead one night, having been shot during a quarrel in a bar-room.

"Alice, it is growing late," said the doctor, when Mrs. Morris had finished her sad story. He left some orders with the girl, who had been hired by Mrs. Valentine to care for the invalid, and he and Alice then took their departure, promising to call the next day.

"O doctor!" said Alice, as they passed through the alley; "how I wish I could have that little girl, and take care of it. Do you think papa would let me?"

"Why, no, Miss Arthur," replied the young man. "I think not."

"But isn't it dreadful to think of that little creature being left alone. O, I am sure I can persuade papa to do something for it."

"But your aunt would never consent to it," said the young man, who knew the family well.

Alice's ardor was slightly damped by this remark, and she was silent until they reached the avenue.

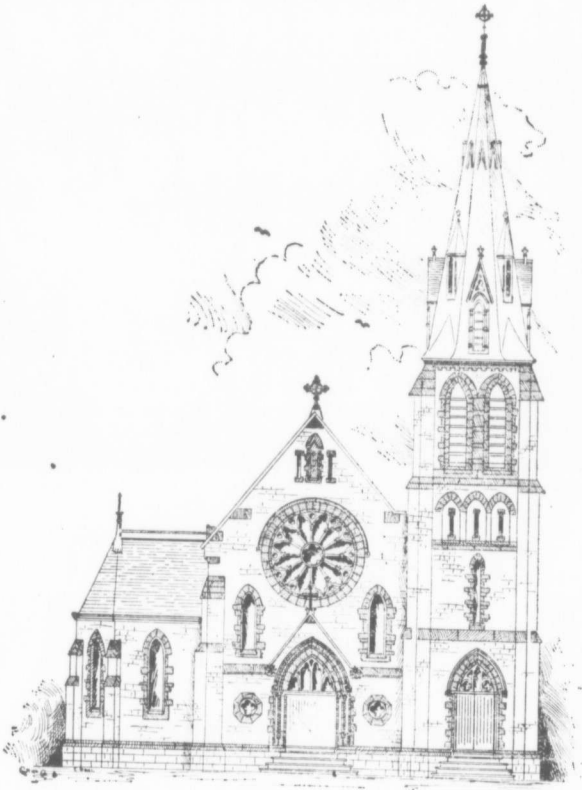
"Will you not come in?" she asked.

"I think not," he replied, looking at his watch; "I will meet you to-morrow at Mrs. Morris' house."

"Will you, really? How kind of you; and do you think she will recover?"

"To be frank with you, I fear not; she has not many hours to live."

TO BE CONTINUED.



## ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH

At Niagara Falls, Ont.

ALTHOUGH the pages of this REVIEW are not intended for merely local news, yet we take pleasure in presenting in them a correct picture of the beautiful new church, which has been lately built in our neighboring parish. The Carmelite Fathers of the Monastery at Falls View, have charge of the parish of Niagara Falls, Ont., and are justly gratified at this splendid consummation of their work. The Parochial residence, and a Separate School building,

which are ornaments to the town, had been erected previously. There only remained the building of a new Church to complete the full equipment of a first-class parish. Father Dominic O'Malley, O.C.C., who is the present pastor, with the gracious sanction of the Archbishop of Toronto, and the generous support of his flock, succeeded in erecting this perfect gem of ecclesiastical architecture. It was solemnly dedicated by His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, on the

Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1895. The new Church is an excellent specimen of early English Gothic. Being at the head of the principal street, it occupies a more prominent position than any other public building. It is built of brown sandstone, lined with bluish white

Ohio sandstone. The interior is in harmony with the faultless lines of the exterior. The sanctuary is, as it should be, large and more ornate than the other portions. The Church can seat 600, and, as there are but 175 Catholic families, there will be ample room for our summer visitors.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR appeal to our subscribers has been generously answered. There are many in arrears yet, but the majority have done their duty. We shall expect all subscriptions hereafter to be paid in advance. And then you may look out for improvements.

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WHILE Christians are being tortured and put to death in Armenia by the old enemies of the Cross, Christian rulers, who adorn their crown with a cross, are engaged in most unchristian quarrels and bickerings, arming themselves against each other.

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ON Ash Wednesday, the Lenten season opens. A season of mortification and penance. Many a one is unable to fast, but no one is unable to be kind and charitable to his neighbor. Works of mercy, alms to the poor, tender care of the sick and helpless, and a kind word for everybody, are excellent spices for Lenten meals. And if "charity covereth a multitude of sins," it will surely prove an acceptable substitute for the fasts, which cannot be kept.

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THE bound copies of last year's REVIEW are now ready. The volume forms a handsome book of 326 pages. It is cheap, too; and our readers would do well to order it soon, as there are many asking for it. We can furnish the bound volume postpaid to any address in Canada and the United States for \$1.50. Those who have kept their copies in good condition, can obtain the bound volume by sending us the twelve numbers of the past year, and 50 cents.

IN many Catholic families the beautiful custom obtains of reciting the Rosary in common every evening. We can only reach our readers, but surely, no reader of the CARMELITE REVIEW can refuse to pay this tribute to Our Lady. During Lent we share in her sorrows, sorrows brought on by our sins, which caused the cruel death of her beloved Son. This is one of the reasons, why many use only the Sorrowful Mysteries in saying their beads during Lent.

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EVERY Catholic household should have blessed candles. Candlemas Day is the day on which to have candles, wax candles, blessed for that purpose. Make a donation of candles to your Church, and keep one or two for yourself. They are needed at times of sickness, when the priest is called to give the Sacraments; they are useful for protection in times of storm and tempest, and at all times they serve to diminish and destroy evil influences. A candle blessed on the Feast of the Blessed Virgin must have its terrors for the Evil One.

\*.\*

WHEN I see the people filing out of our Churches on Ash Wednesday with those dark grey crosses stamped on their foreheads, I am reminded of the old story of the Sultan, who had a very pompous vizier. The Sultan was anxious to get rid of the vizier, and offered him for sale in the open market. The market was not brisk, and the vizier brought only eight shillings. The Sultan bought him back at this price, and after that whenever the vizier got over-pompous, the Sultan simply drew the figure "8," and the vizier's vanity sub-

sided. It's something the same with us. If pride troubles us, let us draw the letter "A," it stands for ashes—our origin and our destiny.

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On February 3rd in many of our Churches large numbers of the faithful approach the altar-rail, while a priest, who holds two burning wax candles under the throat of the person presenting himself, says (in Latin): "May God, through the intercession of St. Blase, Bishop and Martyr, preserve thee from any disease of the throat and deliver thee from any other evil. Amen." The pious Catholics in the Fatherland found that they were preserved from throat ills when they received this blessing with faith and devotion. The custom is becoming a general one in this country.

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ONE of our esteemed exchanges pertinently asks: "What is our Catholic young man doing these winter evenings?" It depends on circumstances. If he has some spare change in his pocket you might find him at the dance with some other fellow's sister, or perhaps down town with "the boys" forming a guard of honor around the corner-grocery store. Young men like to bask in the gas or electric light, and are fond of congenial company, therefore if you want to keep them in the house at night, make their homes bright and cheery. Catholic casinos and young men's clubs do a great good, and help to keep many a boy off the streets, and besides help him to improve himself mentally, morally and physically. Some of our young men use their evenings in doing charitable work, like members of St. Vincent de Paul societies, but such are rare. Again, we know young men who stay at home endeavoring to acquire a self-education which cannot be learned from newspapers alone. Interest the boys in something at home. There are plenty profitable ways of whiling away the hours of long winter evenings.

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#### OUR ADVERTISERS.

AS THE circle of our readers is daily widening, firms and institutions find it to their advantage to advertise in our pages. Needless to say, that we are ready to give space to every person or firm, that does a legitimate business. All those, who have

advertised in our pages so far, are known to us, and we can guarantee their worth. We intend to solicit advertisements after this. Our circulation is rapidly increasing, and will reach ten thousand before the close of this year, at the lowest calculation. Of course, we expect an even larger increase—but we do not wish to exaggerate in the least. Those of our readers, who are in business, would do themselves and us a good turn if they were to advertise in our pages. Others, who are acquainted with business people, could easily do us the favor of calling their attention to our REVIEW. And all of our readers can help along the good cause by patronizing our advertisers, and *letting them know*, that it is owing to their advertisement in our REVIEW that they get the custom of our readers. We shall devote some space in future issues to our advertisers, and tell our readers what we know of them.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

THE *Sacred Heart Review* contained the best description we have read of the beautiful ceremony of Cardinal Satolli's investiture with the Cardinal's veretta. In a recent issue it gives a clear and masterly article on the Manitoba school question. The Canadian Catholics may well congratulate themselves on having such an able exponent of their rights in this great Catholic paper of New England, for the Canadian Protestant and orange element look to the New England press for most of their outside support.

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THE *Review*, of Chicago, in one of its late issues, expresses a wish to see the editorials of the late McMaster collected and published. This wish shall be fully gratified in future chapters of the "Life of McMaster," now appearing in our pages. One chapter is entirely devoted to his leading editorials. One of the most pathetic is embodied in this month's instalment. It is the touching editorial on the death of his wife, which lays bare the great heart of the eminent journalist. It is perhaps the most Christian "In Memoriam" ever written by a Catholic pen, since the days when St. Augustine mourned the death of his mother, St. Monica.

THE *Catholic Book News* for January has a short, but spirited sketch of Bishop England, the founder of the pioneer Catholic paper of the United States. We hope that the publishers of the *Book News* will be encouraged to undertake the work of republishing the writings now out of print of this learned, eloquent and Apostolic prelate. They are not only of the highest interest to Catholics, but, in their time, they were eagerly read by Protestants, who soon learned to love this fearless but kind and courteous defender of Catholic truth.

CANADIAN literature and art is, at last, finding a popular representative in a new illustrated magazine, published in Toronto. It is called *Massey's Magazine*. The first number, which appeared last month, gives an indication of its high literary and artistic merits. But above all, every friend of Canada will be delighted to know, that the standard arrived at is far higher than that adopted by any of the dollar magazines in the United States. There is no questionable morality either in its articles or in its illustrations. It is a clean, high-toned, impartial periodical. The few words in its current comments, which allude to the religious question in politics so unfortunately prominent in Canada, are a strong condemnation of the unfair and illogical position chosen by some narrow-minded Protestants. We predict a prosperous future for this bright Canadian new-comer in the literary field all the more, as it has no competition in the secular press of Canada.

THE Little Office of the Immaculate Conception has found a worthy exponent of all its beauties in a small but precious book published by Benziger Bros., of New York. It is called *Short Conferences on the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception*, and contains the spiritual conferences delivered in the chapel of the Provincial Seminary of Milwaukee before the members of the sodality of the Blessed Virgin, by the Very Rev. Joseph Rainer, rector of the seminary. They explain fully and clearly the meaning of every hour of the Office, and all the beautiful allusions to the types and figures of the Old Law, which found their glorious fulfilment in the Immaculate Virgin. The

book also contains the formula of reception into the sodality and prayers suitable for its members. Every priest, who has a sodality in his parish, and every member of such a sodality, will be grateful for this precious little volume. Its price has been reduced to 50 cents.

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*Church Progress*, of St. Louis, publishes a pastoral letter of Bishop Fink, of Kansas City, Kansas. It is a departure from the stereotyped forms of pastorals. It treats of farming, and the importance of agricultural pursuits. There was a period in the history of the Catholic Church when bishops and priests civilized the barbarian nations by teaching them how to cultivate the land. The Church instituted rogation days and special blessings to call down Divine protection on land and laborer. Is not the growing distaste for agriculture among our young people an indication of a return to barbarism? We think so. It may seem strange to superficial thinkers to call a liking for city life a return to savagery, but our modern savages are not bred on farms. And they are on the increase. Examine our jails, penitentiaries and workhouses. Look at the army of tramps, infesting our highways and byways. It is thus the duty of our Christian prelates to sound a note of warning, to lay bare some of the causes of this unwholesome sign of the times, and to speak words of Apostolic wisdom to our Catholic farmers. It would be a blessing for the whole country if every Catholic farmer throughout the land could be induced to read and study this admirable pastoral.

#### KIND WORDS.

ONE of our subscribers writes:

Rev. and Dear Editor,—

Please find enclosed \$— in payment of my subscription to the CARMELITE REVIEW. I pay the small amount cheerfully, because the REVIEW is the best and most interesting publication I ever got for the little money it costs.

Yours truly in Christ,

REV. A. J. W.,  
Wea, Kas.