

THE  
CARMELITE REVIEW,

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount  
Carmel.

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## TO THE DIVINE INFANT.

[These lines were suggested by the beautiful prayer in honor of the Holy Infant of Prague, composed by the Carmelite, Father Cyril a Matre Del.]



SWEET Infant—God! I humbly fly to Thee,  
 For I have heard Thy whisper all divine:  
 "Come all who labor, come with trust to me,"  
 "Your hearts can only rest in love of mine."  
 Sweet Infant—Jesus! I believe in Thee,  
 And hope for mercy from Thy loving Heart.  
 O may I love and serve Thee fervently!  
 "The Prince of peace," "Emmanuel," Thou art!  
 Sweet little Jesus! Souls so dear to Thee  
 Shall be the objects of my tender love.  
 O grant that we may all eternally  
 Rejoice and praise Thee in the land above.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

## IN PRAISE OF WISDOM.

Who comes with thee, O Father Time, to-night?  
 'Twas Folly once, and Mirth in elfin guise,  
 And Hope, whose flash electric lit our skies:  
 Now, lo, a Presence soft in lambent light,  
 Whose touch is calm.—O Time, give up the fight!  
 Thou bringest snowy locks and tearful eyes;  
 She takes the sorrow out! Thou givest sighs;  
 She stills them, broadening the inner sight.  
 Her name is Wisdom. Win her grace who can,  
 The sweetest boon companion 'neath the sun!  
 Serene she speaks—"Seek that which never dies,  
 The truth of God, O dying child of man!  
 Th' eternal majesty of thoughts that run  
 Down the far rivers of the centuries."

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

## THE LITTLE KING.

By REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O. C. C.

"If there is any thing that will endure  
The eyes of God, because it still is pure,  
It is the spirit of a little child,  
Fresh from His hands, and therefore undefiled,  
Nearer the gates of Paradise than we,  
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see ;  
And when they pray, God hears their simple prayer ;—  
Yea, even sheathes his sword, in judgment bare."

—R. H. Stoddard.

"It is childish!"

"Very true, my friend, and therefore praise-worthy, and good for our souls did we follow it, for unless you be converted, and become as little children you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

This was the prelude to a discussion of divers devotions.

My subject is then, literally, "*childish*." It is in season too. The old year, with its good and bad, its joy and pain, is dead and buried. Holy Church takes it for granted that we, too, are all born again, so to speak—or, in other words, that the Babe of Bethlehem is again King of our hearts. With the new year, the holy Infant should grow within us from day to day. This is the lesson of the Christmas celebration. We felt strong after eating of the heavenly Bread and we resolved. To-day we put our resolutions to the test. The world with its deceit, sham and hypocrisy is ready to entrap us. You shrink backwards. You dare not take the first step. No wonder! You mistrust your so-called friends.

"Have courage, my child!" says holy Church. Your best friend and pastor of your soul—the priest—loves to call you by the endearing name of *child*. "My little children!" repeated the Apostle of love. Have courage,

then, and go forth to-day in that sweet name which was given to your King. Hell and all that is in it will tremble at that holy Name.

Not long ago I heard of a hardened criminal being suddenly moved to tears by the words and looks of a little child. This brings us more to the point. The fact that I am trying to drive home is that we ought to try to become children again. The world says, go ahead! Heed it not, but go backwards. Go back to the open, honest, simple and candid ways of your early days—in a word, be a child!

People are becoming very unnatural. We seem to be afraid of one another. We are slaves to conventionalities. We often feel disposed to throw off all restraint and act like children. Why, we are so accustomed to this guarded way of ours, that we have our doubts as to the sanity of a person who acts naturally. I think it was Emerson who said that whilst alone we are natural, but let a second person enter the room and we become unnatural, as if perpetually posing for our photographs. I might be paradoxical and say we naturally become unnatural. We are shocked if we hear an object called by its right name.

We all love and admire innocence and simplicity. How we feel drawn to

the saints on that account. We at times run across a person of talent and real greatness. We approach him with awe, and are surprised to discover a person humble and simple in his bearing. "Just like a child," we say to ourselves. So different from the usual run of men. What we admire, let us imitate.

It is rather a difficult matter to preserve innocence now-a-days. "It was different when I was a boy, (or a girl)," you say. "Why, boys know things now when they are only ten years old which they ought to be innocent of at least until they are twenty-five years of age." Perhaps there is some truth in all this. As regards the exterior we are becoming clean and refined, but does the same innocence reign in the heart? It is doubtful. 'Tis sad, in these days, to know how the unclean spirit has spread his net. It reaches into the seemingly inaccessible places. Yes, impurity is king. It unblushingly walks into the abode of innocence. And the bulk of the dirt is mixed with printer's ink.

"My dear children! be children!" cries holy Church. "Cultivate the conduct of a child." The kernel of devotion to Mary Immaculate consists in acting as her children. How we glory in the title of a Child of Mary. We all need to re-enter this spiritual kindergarten.

This is the month dedicated to the holy Child. Innocence and Purity is the object lesson. Later on, when Lent arrives, holy Church will point out the way to act if we have forfeited innocence. To-day, the holy Child is put before us. We are asked to follow our Little King.

The Gospel narrative relates nothing of the hidden life at Nazareth except what pertained to the holy Infancy.

Silent as to the rest, the Holy Spirit seems to concentrate our attention upon the simplicity, meekness and self-abasement of the Holy Child. The mysteries of His early life have always been dear to Christians, but it has been reserved to these latter days for the Church to consecrate to them a particular devotion. But now as to the outward expression of devotion to the divine Child.

The Miraculous Infant of Prague may be taken as the outward expression of the interior devotion to the Child life of Christ. I shall presently briefly sum up the history of the Miraculous Infant—or "Christ-kind" as the pious Germans say.

Within a few short years, the Little King has made a triumphant tour of the world. He has been received with honor in the Carmelite convents of Europe; in Brazil, Chili, China, Japan, Canada, Australia he is known; far in the interior of Africa, amid the hostile cannibals, He has established His reign, and in America devotion to Him has spread with marvellous rapidity. Not only in Carmel the world over, but among the Religions of every order, even to the deserts of La Trappe, He has found His way. In private houses, in chapels and in churches we find Him.

As we write, before us lies a note from a well-known writer and friend of Carmel, and one who has done giant's work for these pages. This much-esteemed and pious friend tells us of the solemn inauguration last month of the devotion to the "Little Infant of Prague in the Church of the Sacred Heart, St. Mary's, Pennsylvania." We are told further in detail that the Little King was placed on His rich and gorgeous throne with becoming ceremony. This statue is the

loveliest of the lovely, and its apparel rich and exquisite. And then the flood of light rushing through the great banks of most beautiful and fragrant flowers, made a sight fit for a King-- which indeed it was in reality. And how lovely and inspiring was it not to see the procession of children--so tastily dressed. And how the hearts of the great congregation warmed with love and zeal when the good and zealous Benedictine Father so eloquently unfolded the beauty of devotion to the Holy Child. Long may He reign over hearts and homes in St. Marys.

The one cited is no isolated case. I simply give it as one among many. It is also in place if we recall the fact here that the new and beautiful Carmelite chapel in Boston is especially dedicated to the Miraculous Infant. The lovely little statue in this chapel has touched the wonder-working image at Prague.

This statue represents the Babe Jesus as a little King in royal robes, with a crown upon His head. Two small fingers are raised in blessing, and in one hand He holds the world, signified by the little globe, as the pious readers will notice on the frontispiece of this number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. It is a pious and laudable custom of many parents to dedicate their children of twelve years, and under, to the Holy Infant. Now a word as to the rise and progress of this beautiful Carmelite devotion.

In the old city of Prague, the name of which has been rendered familiar and musical to our ears by Longfellow's beautiful verse, there is a Carmelite church known as St. Mary of Victory or *Maria de Victoria*. On one of the side altars is a little wax statue of the Infant Jesus, about nineteen inches in

height. It does not call to our minds the Babe of the manger in His poverty and weakness, but the eternal King, Who, although He was made man, and a tiny infant, never, for one moment, ceased to be our God. That is the first thought of the devotion, the true divinity of Christ the Child. He has royal robes and mantles and a kingly crown, and He condescends to go anywhere to those who love Him. For little statues made like this, or much smaller, can be procured by rich or poor for their dwellings, and many lessons of innocence, humility, faith and love are taught by its means.

The miraculous statue itself first came from Spain, St. Teresa's own native land. It was brought to Bohemia by a Spanish princess, in whose family it had long been a treasured heirloom. She gave it to her daughter, who in her turn presented it to the Carmelite monks of Prague in the early part of the seventeenth century, saying, "I hereby give you what I prize most highly in this world." In 1631, the city was captured by King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the Carmelite monastery was plundered, and the sacred image, called by the plunderers "Popish superstition," was thrown into a pile of rubbish behind the main altar.

Now it is to be noted that when the daughter of the Spanish princess gave her treasured statue to the monks, she had also said to them, "As long as you venerate this image you shall not know want." But through one cause or another the devotion had been neglected, and when the monks returned at last to Prague, they did not renew it, and the dear little image still remained broken and uncared for. At last a Father Cyril came back to the monastery, and he, when a novice,

had received great relief in spiritual trials through his simple devotion to the Infant Jesus. He did not forget this fact. He found the little statue, almost buried in dust, the story says, and he uplifted it, and went earnestly to work in its honor, until once again, and far more widely than before, the devotion flourished.

God's favors rewarded the faith of the people. So many cures were wrought that the Divine Infant became known as "The Heavenly Physician." Marvellous instances of these miraculous cures are on record, not only in earlier days, but in this very decade of our own century. It is not alone the prioress of a Carmelite convent in Prague itself, a century and a half ago, who is cured of a great difficulty in breathing that has troubled her for years, so that rapid walking always brought on complete exhaustion, and to whom a complication of diseases portend approaching death, who invokes the gracious Infant and wakes next morning after a quiet night, all pain gone, and "as though entering upon a new existence." But it is also a nun, in the year 1890, who is completely cured without need of an imperative and threatened operation; it is a French nobleman in 1891, cured of an abscess of the liver without knife or wound; it is a lady in 1892, recovering when at the point of death from an acute attack of peritonitis. In each case recourse was had to the Divine Infant of Prague by means of novenas in His honor.

Naturally the Holy Child's special favors are for children, whose Christian mothers have specially recommended them to His tender care. Sometimes His medal is laid upon a child sick with croup or fever, or suffering from the after-effects of smallpox or meningitis;

novenas are made, Mass is said, the children recover. On the medal are the words, "Holy Infant Jesus, bless us!" and He certainly hears and answers the simple invocation.

It is most touching and beautiful to find that in many cases poor workmen have applied, in their hours of destitution and difficulty, to the Holy Child, whose foster-father was a poor workman like themselves, and they have been relieved. What a delightful thought this is, and how we ought to try very earnestly to spread this simple devotion in our Catholic homes! But there is a more wonderful beauty in the following very striking fact, that the devotion to the Infant Jesus of Prague is sincerely practiced by the negro children in Africa, who lay before Him their wants and cares! "In the interior of western Africa, amidst fierce and hostile cannibals, the Little King has established His rule amongst the newly converted Congo people. His palace is nothing but a rude hut with a straw roof, but He has many devout worshippers, and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost relate many cases where prayers are immediately heard."

We see how truly, then, the devotion is spreading over the world. Beginning in a Carmelite monastery in Bohemia, where the miraculous image is given by a Spanish lady who brought it from Spain, it has been taken up by the Visitation nuns, the Sisters of the Assumption, the Sisters of the Christian Doctrine, the Dominican nuns, and the Sisters of Charity. In 1892, the Franciscan nuns brought the tiny statues to distant Norway; in 1893 they were sent to Brazil, Japan, China, and they came to Boston and New Orleans. The missionaries have them in Australia; while, as we can readily understand, it has been ordained that in all Carmelite



convents there shall be a statue of the Divine Child of Mary. The beads of the Infant Jesus consist of a small chaplet comprising three Our Fathers in honor of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, and twelve Hail Marys in honor of the twelve years of our dear Lord's pure and most innocent childhood. The *Raccolta*, the authorized collection of prayers indulged by the Church, contains some beautiful devotions to the Child Jesus, and notably the very one that is used on the twenty-fifth of every month.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the *Stimmen vom Berge Karmel* now devotes a special department to the *Miraculous Infant*—or, as it is more endearingly called, the *Prager Jesulein*. In the last November and December num-

bers of this excellent magazine, devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, page after page is given of wonderful cures worked by the Royal Babe.

Finally, dear reader, it would seem that the Holy Child, with his smile of innocence and simplicity, would wish to soften all hearts and melt the icy band of intellectual pride that holds captive so many a noble soul. May He succeed, may the sweet Jesus, the Infant King, reign with unchallenged sway over the Twentieth Century! Then may we hope and pray that, as He holds the globe in His tiny Hand, He may likewise hold all Christendom in the bonds of holy charity. May Thy Kingdom come, O! Lord, through Mary!

## THE FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY.

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



CHRISTIAN people throughout the world rejoice on the feast of the Epiphany. So dear is this great festival to their hearts, that in many Catholic countries they call it Little Christmas. This is only what we should expect of a festival on which is celebrated the calling of our fathers to the Christian religion. Before the coming of our Divine Redeemer the true religion was confined to one small nation, to one chosen people alone, whilst the nations of the earth were buried in the darkness of paganism. Many evils befell the first man in his transgression.

The supernatural light with which he was endowed as he came forth from the hand of his Creator, and by which he knew his God and his obligations to Him, was lost in his unhappy fall. Not only did he lose this most precious gift, but as he rebelled against his God his passions rebelled against him, and threw a dense cloud over his natural reason, and this, with a will weakened and inclined to evil, was the bitter inheritance he left to his children. Thus the nations of the earth, turning away from their Creator, plunged themselves into the deepest errors and the most foul corruption, and, to crown all their infamy, they deified their passions and offered to them the homage of their hearts.

Still, God in His unbounded mercy and in the inscrutable designs of His

divine Providence did not cast them away forever, but when the plenitude of time came, sent them a Redeemer. To His chosen people an angel bore the happy tidings of His birth, to the nations a star proclaimed that the light and the revelation of the Gentiles was born. Whether it was an ordinary star that God made use of on that occasion, or whether it was a mere column of light, such as the pillar of fire that went before the Israelites in the days of Moses, or whether it was an angel illuminating the firmament, is a mere matter of conjecture among the learned. But, however that may be, there is one fact certain, that it was a sign sent by God to call the Gentiles, in the persons of the Magi, to the true faith, and to guide them to where the Saviour of the world was born, that they might offer to Him their gifts and the homage of their adoration, in the name of a people who were chosen to become the faithful children of the Church. There can be no doubt, that they knew the star to be such a sign from Divine inspiration, but it is more than probable that they expected about that time the coming of the Messiah, and that they had heard from the prophet of the star that was to rise out of Jacob, and the scepter that was to spring from Israel. For at that period the expectation of the promised Messiah and the golden age that He was to inaugurate, was not confined to the Jewish people alone. The nations of the earth expected His coming, as a fragmentary tradition, however distorted, of a promised Redeemer obtained among the Gentiles, and that such was the prevailing belief of the nations of the East, Tacitus and Suetonius leave no doubt. In the West, Virgil sang of the golden age in his Fourth Eclogue, and that pro-

duction so closely resembles Isaias, that many are of the opinion that the prediction of the great prophet was the source of his inspiration, but he himself would lead us to believe that his knowledge on that subject was derived from the prophetic words of the Cumæan Sibyl. However, these are facts that we will not dispute about, for we have the main fact, that, through the unutterable goodness and mercy of God, our fathers were called to the true faith by the intervention of a miraculous star.

The poor shepherds, keeping the night watches over their flocks, were called first, and not through the intervention of a star, but by the good offices of an angel. They represented up to that time the chosen people of God, and as such were honored with a celestial intelligence as the medium of revelation. But to the nations who turned away from God, and lived not according to reason, but according to the senses, was sent an irrational guide, being more in accordance with their lives than a celestial intelligence would be, and thus it was a star that led them to the feet of the Divine Redeemer. But, as St. Gregory remarks, "not only intelligent beings bore witness to the Divinity of our Lord, but all the inanimate elements of nature during the periods of His birth, life and death." At His birth, the angelic host proclaimed, in their glorious canticle of praise, Glory to God and peace to men," and the heavenly star, as though it were conscious of its Creator's birth, leads men to their Redeemer's feet. The sea acknowledged its Divine Master, as it afforded Him a solid footing on its gentle bosom and rolling billows, and the storm and the ocean in its anger, as though conscious of His presence, obeyed His commands,

The earth, upon which we move and live, recognized Him in His sufferings, for, as though unwilling that such a tragedy should be perpetrated on its surface, it shook to its very centre, and the sun in the heavens stood appalled, and refused to give its light during the agony of its God. The rocks and the veil of the Temple bore witness to His Divinity, for they were rent in twain, and death and the tomb acknowledged His victory, for they gave up their dead.

There is another feature with regard to the miraculous star, that should not be passed over without mention. It led the Wise Men to Jerusalem and then disappeared. Saint Leo says that the inanimate star withdrew itself that it might force the Magi to have recourse to the lawful authority instituted by God for interpreting the Holy Scriptures and teaching the people. There were the pontiffs, the scribes, and the doctors of the Law, who had authority to explain, from the oracles of the prophets, where and when Christ would be born, and they declared He was to be born in Bethlehem. The Magi, having complied with this obligation, and in obedience to the directions received, set out on their journey, and the extraordinary guide, that would not direct them where ordinary means were to be found, to their great joy, went before them and stood over the place where the Child was born.

We can hardly at this distant period fully appreciate the great blessings bestowed upon our fathers and through them upon us, by being called to the faith of Jesus Christ. With the Christian religion every blessing has come to us, and whatever real substantial happiness we enjoy in the present state of the world, we owe to

our Catholic faith. To corroborate this statement, we need but look back to the history of the pagan world, a world seething in its own corruption. Over its worst features we must throw the veil of oblivion, for a respectable pen dare not inscribe, nor offend the sensibility of respectable readers by portraying, the immorality of a pagan people. We must be equally silent over their orgies in honor of their favorite divinities, who were no other than the lowest animal instincts of human nature deified, and worshipped by men fallen to the lowest depths of degradation. Even at the present day, what is the state of the nations who resisted the light of the Gospel and remained pagan? It may be said that, in these nations, pagan civilization did not receive its highest development. Let us grant the above statement, and what does it prove? That such nations were not as enlightened as those who received the Christian religion. If it proves anything, it proves too much. It shows that the more refined and enlightened pagan nations had been, the more willing they were to receive the light of Christianity, and the more docile they were to subject themselves to the sweet yoke of the Gospel. But is it true that paganism in its highest development, in its progress in art, science and literature, brought peace and happiness to the masses of the people? We acknowledge that Greek and Roman genius, the product of the God-like spirit in man, even in spite of paganism, gave to the world great generals, great sculptors and painters, and great historians and poets. But we do not acknowledge that the sculptors or painters of ancient Greece or Rome were equal to Christian artists. It is true the former produced beautiful models of nature, and in that

sense it would be difficult to surpass them. But there is a higher beauty than the mere natural beauty which we admire so much ; there is a spiritual, an ideal beauty, that none but the great Christian artist—that none but the man of high and holy aspirations can conceive. And how frequently must such a one feel disappointed—how frequently must his soul fret within him, for he cannot find colors to portray the celestial beauty of his imagination, and the canvas but too often renders back to him an image too cold and too earthly to be an exact portrait of the grand conception of his mind. The statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, and the Transfiguration, the masterpiece of Raphael, are still extant to bear us out in the assertions that we have made. And what a galaxy of lesser lights, under the fostering care of the Church, for centuries illumined the world of arts beneath the blue skies of Italy. But let us answer the question, is it true that paganism in its highest civilization and development, brought peace and happiness to the masses of the people ? The Roman Empire was thoroughly pagan ; it was the greatest empire the world ever saw—embracing all Europe, a part of Africa, and a large portion of Asia within the vast limits of its territory—and consequently it had an opportunity of improving the conditions of the nations subject to its authority. But were the nations happy under the fostering care of the mighty Empire ? Let us look back through centuries, and what meets our eyes and ears but their bitter tears and their cries of woe ? We must remember that it took the pen of a great poet to paint the scene of the dying gladiator, and to reveal to us his last looks, and his thoughts straying back to his rude hut

by the Danube, where his young barbarians and their Dacian mother dwelt, whilst pouring forth his life blood on the arena, to satisfy the cruel and the brutal instincts of a pagan people.

Pagan Rome trampled on the rights of men ; it pillaged and robbed the nations subject to its unholy sway, whilst the booty of impoverished peoples flowed in to adorn its temples, its imperial palaces and its resorts of pleasure. The great city is thought by some antiquarians and historians to have had at the zenith of its glory about five millions of inhabitants, but, however that may be, it could boast of two thousand palaces of incredible splendor. It had within its vast circuit several amphitheatres, of which one alone could afford sitting accommodation to one hundred thousand spectators, and a grand circus which could admit within its enclosure, some say, four hundred thousand, but at the lowest calculation, one hundred and fifty thousand persons. And in the midst of all this earthly grandeur—in the midst of all this wealth and magnificence, there was not one hospital to be found within its walls, for the alleviation of poor suffering humanity. The religion and the morals of the people were degraded beyond expression, they were an outrage on human nature, so that the last vestige of kindly feeling to their fellow men was crushed out of their immortal souls, made to the likeness of the God of charity, and all this was the fruit of paganism. The people were voluptuous to the last degree, and as a general rule voluptuous people are cruel and blood-thirsty, for debauchery begets selfishness and selfishness begets hatred for others. Pagan Rome justifies this principle, for that cruelty, which is the

perfection of hatred, not only reigned in Rome, but throughout the vast extent of its empire. There can be no doubt about this matter, as is proved by the deeds perpetrated in the Flavian amphitheatre. This great resort of pleasure known as the Coliseum was constructed in an elliptical form, its width was five hundred and twenty-five feet, the terraced seats, with which it was surrounded, rose to a height of one hundred and sixty feet, accommodating one hundred thousand spectators. Underneath the seats were the prisons and cages where the wild beasts, intended for the conflicts, were confined. These fierce savages of the desert, for some days before the combats, were deprived of food that they might attack their victims with greater fury. The persons who fought in the arena were called gladiators; they sometimes fought with wild beasts, at other times with one another; their ranks, depleted by these bloody contests, were filled by the unfortunate prisoners of war or by poor slaves, whose only crime was that they were poor and helpless, and not unfrequently by abandoned children whose lives were spared and who were nurtured and brought up for that unholy purpose. It is said in our Christian era, that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, but in pagan Rome the wealthy and powerful did not retain the least natural feeling, not even the last vestige of humanity, for the millions subject to their sway; even those bound by the strongest ties of nature were forced to slaughter each other, for it very often happened that fathers, sons and brothers met in mortal combat for the gratification of

a blood-thirsty and a degraded people. Persons of all sexes, ages and rank, possessing Roman citizenship, the emperor included, feasted their eyes on the horrible carnage. These exhibitions were of frequent occurrence, and the number of combatants and wild beasts that took part in them is simply appalling, for in the period of one hundred and twenty-three days, ten thousand gladiators and eleven thousand wild animals appeared on the arena of the Coliseum, by order of Trajan, who was not by any means considered one of Rome's most cruel emperors. Nor was this carnage confined to the city of Rome alone. Throughout the vast extent of the great empire there were amphitheatres, where the proconsuls, governors, and even private citizens, supplied large numbers of gladiators, so large that millions on millions of able bodied men were slaughtered in these bloody contests. The clash of swords, the roar of the wild beasts, the groans of the victims as the fierce savages of the desert dragged them across the arena, was a scene of delight to the ears and the eyes of the children of paganism, when paganism had reached the highest development of its civilization.

Taking these matters into consideration, how thankful we should be for the enjoyment of the refining influence of the Christian religion. Any thing that is of real value in the world today, the civilization, the refinement, the peace and the society, that men enjoy, and I will add, the charity that is felt to exist amongst us, is the legitimate and sole offspring of the Christian religion.

## ST. AMBROSE.

▲ SKETCH.

BY REV. AMBROSE F. BRUDER, O.C.C.



ON the seventh of December we celebrate the feast day of St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, one of the four great Fathers of the Latin Church of the West. The other three are St. Jerome, St. Augustine and St. Gregory the Great.

St. Ambrose was descended from an ancient Roman family, whose members from the time of the Apostles professed Christianity, and at various times distinguished themselves by their firmness during the days of persecution, even laying down their lives for the faith. Though staunch Christians, they were none the less interested in matters of state, and of the immediate ancestors of the saint we read that many held responsible positions under the emperors. The father of the saint, also named Ambrose, was prefect in Gaul and as such had jurisdiction over the extensive territory embracing Germany, Britain, Spain, modern France and part of Africa.

St. Ambrose was born A.D. 340. There seems to be some dispute as to the place of his birth, but the weight of opinion indicates that Treves, in Germany, was the favored spot. Upon the death of his father, which occurred when the saint was fourteen years of age, his mother returned with her children to Rome. Thus left alone, with the responsibility of the family upon her shoulders, the mother of St. Ambrose acquitted herself well. She

was a woman of deep religious convictions, and her great son in some of his writings touchingly refers to the instructions and domestic example of his mother as having laid the foundation of his future religious life.

During his early years, St. Ambrose gave indications of his future greatness. It is related that when he was a child, a swarm of bees surrounded the cradle in which he lay asleep, some of the insects creeping in and out of his mouth and soaring high in the air. From this it was predicted that he would shine by his eloquence. Be that as it may, St. Ambrose, at a comparatively early age, became famous as an orator and jurist. Before long he attracted the attention of the first men of the day by his talents. While still a young man, he was appointed Governor of Northern Italy with his residence at Milan.

Not only had he been held in great esteem for his ability, but his goodness had also been universally recognized. It is said that when about to depart for his province, Probus, his immediate superior, remarked to him: "Go, and govern more like a bishop than a judge." The words of Probus were verified by the resulting events. Ambrose bore himself so well, and so admirable was his course of action, that in a short time he endeared himself to his people to a degree that they forgot to see in him their judge and venerated him as a common father.

In the year 374, Auxentius, the Arian bishop of Milan, died, and the choice of his successor was a fruitful source of disturbance. At that time,

Arianism, or the heresy of Arius, who denied the divinity of Christ, fostered and protected as it was by the passions of the wicked emperors, had spread over a great part of the Roman empire.

Arius was a priest of Alexandria. He maintained that the doctrine of the eternal generation of the Son of God from the Father was erroneous, and that there was not and could not be a perfect, absolute equality of nature in the Father and Son. In other words, Arius maintained that our Saviour, after all, was not God, but only a creature. This teaching would have practically overturned the entire work of the Redeemer. Hence the doctrine was promptly condemned at the first Ecumenical or General Council of the Church held at Nice A.D. 325. But though condemned it did not die, and for many many years was a source of discord, and an occasion of suffering to the true spouse of Christ. It was so in the days of St. Ambrose. What was worse, the emperors, instead of attending to their own affairs, continually meddled in religious questions and caused no end of confusion. In Milan not a small proportion of the populace was imbued with this heresy. In truth, Northern Italy was the hot-bed of Arianism.

In those days it was customary for the people to indicate their preference in the choice of bishops. On the death of Auxentius, the natural result in Milan was that the true Catholic and Arian parties became involved in a contest, each having its own choice.

As was his duty, Ambrose attended the gathering of the people when the time arrived to express their wish. He kindly exhorted the excited multitude to moderation and charity. His words had the desired effect. But one of the

results was to him entirely unexpected. After he had finished his address, the voice of a child in the assembly was heard crying: "Ambrose, Ambrose, our Bishop." These words came upon the people with the force of an electric shock. They took up the cry and from that moment all discord between the factions vanished. They one and all united upon Ambrose as their choice for Bishop of Milan.

Ambrose himself was stupefied and was far from willing to accept the burdens of episcopacy. He thought he had grave reasons on his side since he was not even baptized. He stole out of the city under cover of night and secreted himself. He was sought out but for a time resisted all entreaties to accept the high office.

Fortunately for the Church, when Ambrose saw it was manifestly the will of God, he no longer opposed the wish of the people, but prepared to take upon himself the weighty responsibility of a Bishop in the Church of Christ. He broke all ties that bound him to his past life: thenceforth he lived only for his flock.

Not having been prepared for the ecclesiastical state by his former training, he strained himself to the utmost to make up for lost time. Especially did he devote himself to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, in which branch of learning he before long became an adept. But he did not neglect other subjects, for he was assiduous in acquiring everything that was necessary for him to fulfil, in all respects, the onerous duties which those times placed upon a Christian bishop. Ambrose was consecrated bishop December 7, 374. He transferred his eloquence, which had been the charm of the forum, to the pulpit of the cathedral. From a pleader and judge of the laws

of men, he became an expounder of the laws of God. His fame spread far and wide. Disciples came to Milan from many distant points. Prominent among his followers appears St. Augustine, who, first attracted by the brilliant oratory, gradually drank in the true meaning of his words.

St. Ambrose was indefatigable in upholding the honor and dignity of our holy mother the Church. Indeed, his whole life was a constant warfare. Always, however, he battled with the old enemy, Arianism, who, though frequently defeated, for a long time seemingly could not be destroyed. St. Ambrose stood firm as a rock. He bore the brunt of the conflict and before he died he could complacently gaze upon the ruins of the enemy.

St. Ambrose was likewise zealous in upholding the disciplinary regulations of the Holy Church. He braved the anger of the emperors, aye, even death itself, sooner than yield an inch of what he felt convinced was demanded of him by duty. In this conflict he was again the victorious standard-bearer of the Church.

St. Ambrose gave instructions to Christians in the different states of life. Especially was he unceasing in his praises of the beauty of virginity. His words were not without effect, for hundreds of virgins forsook all and everything worldly to follow his counsels. It is related that many mothers prohibited their daughters from attending his sermons, fearing the effect of his exhortations. He wrote three books on "Virgins and Virginity." He also gave special exhortations to widows.

St. Ambrose was not only an author of many works on the fundamental doctrines of the Church, but he also wrote many beautiful and classical

hymns that have been immortalized in the Roman Breviary.

The importance of this great man was universally recognized. He was in personal correspondence with all the bishops and influential men of his time. His splendid qualities were conceded by all. When St. Ambrose lay on his death bed, the Emperor Honorius sent a messenger through his prime minister, asking him to importune heaven to prolong his life. "For," said the emperor, "on the day that this great man dies, the ruin of our country is complete." St. Ambrose died on the night of Holy Saturday, April 4, A.D. 397. Time proved how true was the emperor's estimate of the value of the saint to the country.

What are the practical lessons to be drawn from the perusal of this short sketch of St. Ambrose? They are:

First: Above all, we must imitate the great charity of our saint. His life was a life of charity. He sacrificed himself for his people. When he sank into his grave he had hardly passed the prime of life. But he died cheerfully, knowing that his charity would be rewarded by his Master. In response to the message of the Emperor Honorius, noted above, he answered: "I have not so behaved myself amongst you that I should be ashamed to live longer, nor am I afraid to die, because we have a good Master."

Second: He was also our model in the fulfilment of our duty. "*Zelo zelatus sum pro Domino Deo Exercituum:*" "With great zeal have I been filled for the Lord God of hosts." He would not allow anyone or anything to keep him from performing what he considered his duty. His courage was proof against human fear or human respect. In short, he personified Christian fortitude.



These are only two of the many virtues possessed by this great saint, by means of which he achieved his splendid triumphs. In the same measure in which we shall walk in his footsteps, shall we also share in his triumphs.

In closing, it should be remarked that the feast day of St. Ambrose is celebrated on the anniversary of his ordination and consecration, and not on the anniversary of his death, as is the general rule.

## ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

By REV. STEPHEN J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



**A**THRONES are not established without victories; nor does one dynasty submit to its rival until unable to maintain its position any longer. Hence, when we celebrate the rise of a new line of kings we commemorate, at least indirectly, the downfall of its rival and, at the same time, all the victories which led to that downfall.

On the 18th of this month, the Church celebrates the foundation of St. Peter's Chair at Rome—the establishing of the capital of Christ's kingdom in the very heart of paganism. Need we say that such a transformation of Rome could not take place without hard-fought battles?

When Christ, before leaving His Disciples, said to them "Go, teach all nations," we doubt not in the least that He, at the same time, instructed them as to the manner in which they were to fulfil this command. Without some general system of operation, the labor of evangelizing the world would have been far more difficult than it actually was. In such a gigantic undertaking, there must necessarily be

a centralization of forces—one common point of union for all the workers, if they would not have it wear the appearance of a chance aggregation of effects from wholly independent and unconnected causes. The Apostles were to realize one of God's designs, and the characteristic of all things divine is unity. We have no doubt, therefore, that Christ taught His Disciples to act systematically and harmoniously. From the accounts we have of the labors of the Apostles, we can plainly see that they were conducted according to some method. Arriving in a country, they direct their steps towards the metropolis and there remain till they have established a church on firm footing. Afterwards they use this central church as the starting-point of their excursions into the whole country. Thus we see St. Paul visiting Athens, Corinth, Ephesus and other large cities, planting the seed of the Gospel in places where it would have ample opportunity to flourish and spread. As the first of the Apostles, it behooved St. Peter to establish himself in the centre of the world—the Mother of Nations—Rome. This he did as soon as affairs in the East suffered him to depart.

Rome was the all-absorbing centre whither, as Tacitus tells us, "flocked

all things atrocious and shameless from all parts." Everything good or bad hastened to receive Rome's sanction. Eastern magicians, Jewish merchants, Greek sophists—all classes congregated in this Babylon to exercise their several callings. Besides this, it stood in the closest communication with the most distant points of the civilized world. Its proconsuls, propretors and other officers were stationed in all the provinces subject to its sway. From these outlying points, as well as from independent countries, despatches were constantly received, the bearers of which returning home never failed to bring with them an account of Rome's latest novelty. Finally it was the seat of the emperors and the stronghold of paganism. We may view it as the point from which the devil directed his operations on the world through his imperial vice-gerents. I say vice-gerents, for the manner in which those unnatural monsters, termed emperors, applied themselves to the execution of the devil's will stands unparalleled in history.

These qualifications made Rome at once the most important of all cities for facilitating the evangelizing of the world and the most difficult of conquest. When once taken, the constant coming and going of men of every clime and tongue would afford the opportunity of sending proselytes to all parts of the world. It is not to be supposed, however, that the devil was willing to relinquish his hold on pagan Rome to make room for the entrance of Christianity. He would not surrender a possession strengthened by centuries of undisputed sway without contesting its every inch.

Nothing daunted, however, at the sight of the difficulties, considering only the great good to arise to

Christianity, St. Peter attacks this nest of infamy. He who quailed before the servant of the high-priest now dares to fly in the face of personified tyranny and deified vice. He set to work, therefore, announcing the truths of the Gospel, corroborating them by stupendous miracles. He cured the sick, lame and blind, overcame Simon Magus, and refuted the sophists. On the foundation of these miracles, he established the Episcopal Chair of Rome—a Chair whose influence soon extended to the very household of the Cæsars—a Throne which in a short time counted its subjects in every part of the known world.

But after a throne is established, vigilance may not be put aside. Far greater difficulties are experienced in the preservation of a matter of this kind than were met in its acquisition. *Then*, it was open, honest warfare; *now*, the incumbent must be ever on the alert to frustrate all the insidious designs of his worsted rival; moreover, his present exalted condition makes him the object of the envy of heretofore disinterested parties; and finally, he must always be prepared to meet the worst of all enemies—domestic strife.

This is true also of St. Peter's Throne. The devil, though defeated, did all in his power to check the ever-growing influence of the newly-founded kingdom. He fought it in person; he fought it through the sneers, slanders and calumnies of the then abounding sophists; he fought it by instigating those bloody persecutions which decimated the infant army of the Cross in the first centuries of its existence; and as in a storm the tallest tree has most to suffer, so, too, the Chair of St. Peter always felt the first blast of those storms of human

passion raised by its never-tiring antagonist. Lastly, he fought it by sowing discord among the very members of the Church itself—by heresies, schisms and the like.

But all in vain. He who cannot stand before a drop of holy water, could not do much in person; the calumnies and accusations were hurled back upon the heads of their authors; the blood of every martyr was the seed of a thousand new converts; a vacancy in the Papal Chair was only to make room for another zealous ectype of St. Peter, whilst heresies and schisms served only to free the Christian ranks of useless and dead members who were nothing more than stumbling-blocks to the faithful. Thus the means intended to be destructive, by divine disposition, became strengthening. The Chair of Peter has continued to exist—and that in Rome—since its foundation, undisturbed by heretics, unawed by monarchs. To change Rome's "non possumus," curses and threats have been inadequate, armies unavailing; whilst, on the other hand, Rome's *fiat* has brought refractory rulers to her feet, and has roused the Christian world to phenomenal exertions.

This is a brief view of the vicissitudes and victories of St. Peter's Throne—a Throne that has witnessed the rise and fall of empires, kingdoms and republics without betraying the least sign of decay—a Throne that has seen itself robbed of its own temporal possessions without submitting to the fates of other thrones in like circumstances; for its endurance rests not on temporal possessions, but on the promise of Christ, "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Justified is the pride we feel when considering the long un-

broken line of our Pontiffs, and with joy we celebrate the rise of that institution compared with which "the proudest royal houses are but of yesterday," and which, in a world of changeable things, has remained unchanged.

The fact that the Papacy has never been removed from the Roman Bishop has induced theologians to ask the question whether such a removal were at all possible. Having consulted the faith of Catholics from the earliest times, they find that the constant belief has been opposed to such a possibility. The following legend, related by many of the early Fathers, will serve to show forth their convictions. They tell us that when the persecutions broke out and St. Peter was in danger, though desirous of martyrdom, he was, nevertheless, prevailed upon by the prayers of the Christians, who begged that he would flee and preserve himself for their further instruction and confirmation in faith. One night, whilst attempting to escape from Rome, he saw Christ entering the city, and said to Him, "Lord, whither goest Thou?" Christ answered, "I am going to Rome to be crucified again." Then Peter understood that Christ was again to be crucified in His servant. He returned to the city, therefore, and told the wondering Christians what he had seen and heard. Soon after, having been seized and condemned, he honored Jesus Christ by his cross. But why did Christ want Peter to die at Rome if not to the end, as Gelasius says, that the Primacy might be inseparably annexed to the Roman See? The conclusion, therefore, of theologians is that the Roman Bishop and Papacy are inseparable.

This conclusion is strengthened when we consider that the Primacy

never was removed elsewhere, although there sometimes seemed to be the most urgent reasons for such a step. Why did the Popes remain in Rome during those ten fierce persecutions, during which to be Pope meant certain martyrdom? Again, when the Pope resided at Avignon, why did they not give up the Roman See and become Bishops of Avignon? Clearly, because that would amount to a resignation of the Papacy.

In confirmation of all this, Pope Pius IX condemned a proposition stating that the Primacy could be taken from the Roman Bishop and See, and conferred upon another, at least by the sentence of a general council.

Protestants do not understand how we can presume to claim such unchangeableness, for the institutions of

our Church, whilst they are suffering constant changes. They scoff at the idea that we should claim for our Church exemption from that lot which is common to all other institutions on this earth—eventual dissolution. But notwithstanding all their scoffs, the fact remains. What is there that can compare with that unbroken line of Roman Pontiffs? "The republic of Venice was very old, but," says Macaulay, "the republic of Venice is gone and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigor." As Christ once taught the people from Peter's ship, pushed off a little from the shore, so He now continues to teach the world from Peter's Chair removed a little way from earthly mutability.

## THE PHILIPPINES.

BY REV. F. X. MCGOWAN, O.S.A.



IN these latter days" of the XIXth century, Spain—that time-honored and ancient Catholic country—whose heart, stout as the unruven oak of the forest, has never ceased to beat in unison with the faith of Mother Church, has been severely tried in the crucible of suffering and rebellion. And more than this, she has been held up to the scorn and contempt of a wide world, simply because she has endeavored to quell revolt and trouble in her colonial possessions and to maintain her legitimate

sovereignty over them. There is no doubt that calumny and exaggeration have been employed to place Spain in a false position before the American public, and that most lying and *outré* accounts of her acts and methods of government have been spread broadcast, through the medium of the press, to evoke a spirit of opposition and hatred against her. We would be pleased to be assured that the reproach and criticism visited on the Spanish people and their rules were the offspring and outcome of the spirit of truth, but we are, on the contrary, inclined to believe that, in all this harrowing and contemptuous arraignment of Spanish authority and Spanish tyranny, there lurks a trace of the

*odium theologium*, which, despite the liberal tendencies of the times, is bound to show its head in certain quarters and at stated intervals even here in free America. Every now and then we are sure to have a revival of old calumnies and a violent effort to coin new exaggerations, when the public is to be informed as to how Spain, or Austria, or any other Catholic country, governs or, rather, misgoverns her people. The old pattern is always at hand, and it is always very easy to mould and turn out falsities that appeal to a certain class of the public, ready to swallow them as greedily as did their gullible predecessors of fifty, or a hundred, years ago. Some people have a diseased antipathy for Spain, because she is Catholic, and if they could only have wiped out the name of Columbus and the Spanish Kingdom from the Chicago celebration of a few years ago, the Exposition would have been, in their eyes, an unblemished success.

Spain's troubles at present in Cuba have been well exploited, and we turn, with a sense of relief even, to look at another of her colonies, where more trouble, coming "in battalions," has made her task of ruling certainly no sinecure. It looked but a short while ago as if the Spanish Ship of State would be wrecked on Scylla or Charybdis, either by the successful results of Cuban rebellion or the disastrous uprising in the Philippines. The former is in *statu quo*; the latter, suppressed mainly. The sources of information regarding the Philippines are so very few, and the position of the archipelago so remote from the ordinary lines of travel, that till quite lately this Spanish colony has been a veritable *terra incognita* to the rest of the world. As the archipelago is believed to number over 1,400 islands, and the larger

islands only are beginning of late years to be known and explored, it is easy to comprehend the ignorance of writers regarding the character of their inhabitants and the exigencies of Spanish rule. In many of the islands the natives are independent and have never been subjected to what has been pictured as the horrors and atrocities of Spanish tyranny.

But it is chiefly with the religious development of the colony that we are concerned.

The Philippine islands were discovered by Magellan, in 1521, while he was making his celebrated voyage across the Atlantic and had passed into the Pacific through the straits which to-day bear his name. Ever since that period the colony, which is rich in products and well-populated, has been a dependency of Spain. The original inhabitants were the Aetas or Negritos, a half-dwarfed race, that were so called from their dark complexion. These were pagan, cruel and barbarous, and were forced to give way before the superior forces of several Malay tribes, which, but little above the aborigines in civilization in the beginning, have in the course of the centuries, become Christian and industrious, especially in agricultural pursuits. Added to these invaders have been the Chinese, who, by intermarriage with the natives, have raised up the mixed population of Chinese half-castes or Chinese Mestizos, as they are called, and who control most of the business and trade of the country. When we take into consideration that there are more than two hundred native tribes in the Philippines, all differing in language, customs and laws, and that until recently these tribes have been practically free from all subjection to European authority and influence, we may readily under-

stand the pressure under which Spain has labored to assert her supremacy over such a heterogeneous people. Her labors in this respect have been herculean, and one of the most trying of her efforts to subdue and civilize the native tribes, has been her endeavor to subjugate the Malays of the more remote portions of the colony, who belong to a fierce martial tribe of Mohammedan fanatics that have waged war against the Spaniards for centuries, and have thus propagated the olden Moorish feud, finished in the mother-country by the fall of Grenada in 1492.

No one can deny that in the colonization of the New World, Spain ever manifested a laudable zeal to promote the glory of God by converting the natives. Go where we will in the tracks of the Spanish colonizers, we shall always find the priest, sustained by the warrior, doing his apostolic work effectively and successfully. If the cruelty of the sword is apparent, there is the love and sympathy of the cross to temper it. We may well imagine what might have been the excesses to which victory and passion would have brought the early Spanish adventurers in our hemisphere, had not religion exercised its beneficent influence over their souls. The priest had the most notable and praise-worthy part in the trying events of those days. In Spain, in the XVIth century, the Augustinian Fathers were a numerous and influential body. Their Order had seemingly reached its apogee in those times which augured disaster to the faith in other European countries. They possessed men who were known for their learning in the universities, for their ability as preachers in the cities, but what was more precious still, who were revered for their virtue and saintliness of life. We need only mention the

names of St. Thomas of Villanova, St. John of Sahagun, and Blessed Alphonsus Orozco, to give an idea of what manner of men lived at that time in this venerable Order. These Religious were well known and appreciated at the courts of Charles V and Philip II, and it was not surprising that at the request of these kings and their successors they should have been asked to assist in evangelizing the pagan peoples of the New World. This request, which was made formally to the superiors, was cheerfully granted, and hundreds of Augustinians left their conventual homes in Spain and Portugal to offer their services and even their lives in the apostolic labors of New Spain. In South America they were most successful in bringing to the faith whole tribes of the aborigines, but yet not without the shedding of their blood, for, as we know from history, the proto-martyr of Peru was an Augustinian, Blessed Didacus Ortiz, who has been called by Cardinal Baluffi in his "*History of New Spain*" *apostolus in vita et apostolus post mortem*. The Augustinian Hermits also labored with great activity and success in Mexico, where even to-day, after the lapse of centuries, the memory of their heroic zeal and the blessed results of their evangelical and educational labors is chiselled in the national heart of the country. Their task, to bring the barbarous tribes to the bosom of Catholicity, was a difficult one, and they were, besides, often hampered in their apostolate by the unwarranted interference and disastrous opposition of the Spanish colonial authorities, ever ready to undo the work of zealous missionaries and to encroach on rights and privileges which had been granted these holy men to further the success of their apostolic mission. Quite often

the Religious Orders were compelled to appeal to the king for protection, and thus they were perpetually engaged in a two-fold contest, with the efforts of satan in the theatre of their labors and the malicious persecution of men who ought to have been their natural protectors. The early history of Mexico and the Philippines records numerous instances of the intestine battling between the colonial and ecclesiastical authorities. It was while acting as the representative of the Mendicant Orders, and pleading their cause against the injustices of his colonial ministers, before Philip II, that the project of evangelizing the Philippines was laid before Father Alphonsus Gutierrez, an Augustinian Religious who had labored effectually and successfully for years in the Mexican missions. The zealous missionary, whose reputation for learning, zeal and sanctity, was well known in court circles, obtained an edict from Philip II which confirmed the rights and privileges of the Religious Orders in Mexico, and so captivated his Catholic Majesty that he was offered successively two bishoprics in the country of his labors, both of which he declined in his sincere humility. Father Alphonsus had accomplished his mission and returned to Mexico to give an account of it, when after two years, he was summoned to his native country and placed at the head of a band of twenty-five Augustinian Religious, selected from the different convents of Spain at the behest of the King, to carry the blessings of faith and religion to the idolatrous tribes of the Philippine Islands. At this period Spain was a powerful maritime nation, and her seamen had navigated the seas of the Old and New World. A large fleet, therefore, accompanied the apostles of the Philippines, and its presence assisted in the peace-

ful subjugation of these new colonial territories. For over twenty years, Father Alphonsus and his brethren labored in the fruitful vineyard of this remote section of the world, and, as the historian Elsius declares, their work was so blessed with success that these islands, which hitherto had no Christian, in a short while had no pagan. One fact which makes the evangelization of the Philippines remarkable is that the conversion of the native tribes was effected with little or no bloodshed. This was mainly due to the exertions and the prudence displayed by these missionaries, who had been invested with extensive powers by Philip II and who made the cross rather than the sword the instrument of civilization and faith. Hence we find in the early history of these islands none of the atrocious massacres and frightful depopulations which blur the glory of the Spanish ascendancy in the countries of North and South America. Connected also with the early colonization of the Philippines is a name which is as illustrious in the civil history of Spain as it celebrated in her ecclesiastical annals. This is the name of Father Andrew Urdaneta. This brave mariner had performed wonderful achievements in behalf of Spain in the West Indies, and had been rewarded by the Spanish King Philip II with high offices and the royal confidence. His abilities as an efficient cosmographer were generally recognized, and his fame as an able commandant of the Spanish fleet extended to both hemispheres. In 1553 he forsook the glory of his profession and the honors of the world, and entered the Augustinian Order, receiving the habit in Mexico. After devoting some years to missionary duty in that country, he was called from his meritorious work by Philip II to join

an expedition which was about to sail for the Molucca or Spice Islands, and he hastened to obey the call. His services were wanted not only to assist in Christianizing these pagan islands, but also to direct in the navigation to them and in the martial and permanent settlement of them under Spanish rule. He accomplished his labors satisfactorily, and then turned towards the Philippine islands, to complete the evangelical work which had been already begun by his brethren. In company with James Herrera, Martin Erradio, Peter Gamboa and Andrew Aquirre, all Spanish Augustinians, he began to preach the Gospel in parts of the archipelago where the light of faith had not yet penetrated. God blessed the labors of these apostles visibly, for even miracles were wrought to attest the truth of their preaching. One is mentioned of a man who was raised from death to life and who corroborated from his own experience of the other world, before his fellow men, the absolute certainty of the doctrines announced by the missionaries. In a short while, over 200,000 pagans were converted to the faith of Christ.

From the Philippines also went forth the brave athletes of the Lord, who spread the faith in Japan and China. We know that hundreds of religious, Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits, laid down their lives for the propagation of our holy religion. Sometimes these holy envoys of Christianity were martyred singly, and sometimes in crowds. It would be nigh impossible to number them. It is only lately that we have begun to get even a glimmer of the heroic grandeur of these men who shed their blood for God and the Church. What has Protestantism to offer as a counterpart of this bravery? She has neither

martyrs nor saints; we might add, nor converts. Her work has never been sealed with the blood of the elect of God, and it is therefore ineffectual. All kinds of persecution, oppression and vicissitude were powerless to quench the fire that burned in the hearts of these early Spanish missionaries for the salvation of souls. They departed rejoicing from Manila, passed years in China or Japan, preached the tidings of Christ crucified to the people and then bowed the head to the sacrilegious knife of the executioner. It might happen that some of these apostolic men would never reach their destination, but leave their bones on some inhospitable shore, whither the wind and the sea mercilessly drove them.

In 1568, Blessed Didacus Henera, after years of fruitful labor in the Philippines, sold himself to some Chinese merchants in order to gain an entrance to the Celestial Empire and preach the faith of Christ. Escaping afterwards to the Philippines, he longed to continue his apostolic labors in China and set sail for Spain to obtain the needed help and means, which were never refused by that generous and Christian King, Philip II, when souls were to be saved and gained to Christ. Forty Augustinian religious, who had made a study of the Chinese language before sailing, and who had adopted the Chinese fashion of dress, began with the Blessed Didacus the voyage from Spain to the East. A violent storm threw them on the coast of some islands whose inhabitants were cannibals, and they all received the palm of martyrdom in 1575. This is but an instance; the number of those who suffered for the faith in the Philippines, the islands of the Pacific Ocean, Japan and China is simply incalculable and embraces most of the Religious



Orders and even many of both sexes.

We can imagine what a tremendous labor it was to evangelize the inhabitants of the Philippines when we consider that there are over thirty different languages or dialects spoken among the native tribes. It was a matter of strict necessity to learn these tongues before the Gospel could be preached. Father John Perreza mastered the difficulties of one of these, native languages, and in the beginning of the XVIIth century instructed and baptized more than 3000 of the people of one tribe. Father Francis Coronel, a great missionary, wrote a catechism and other works in the Pampanzo dialect; another Augustinian, Father Bazeta, even fashioned a grammar of the Tagal language, and Father Francis de la Encina one in the Tebruaru dialect. Father John Olalla, who had been the Augustinian Provincial of the Philippines, wrote many discourses on moral subjects in the language of the Ilocanes, and Father Peter Herrera wrote devotional books in the Tagal dialect, and Father John Serrano translated the Soliloquies and Meditations of St. Augustine into the same tongue. The Augustinians of the Philippines have been as devoted to education as to missionary labor. Even in our own day, the latest and best edition of the Works of St. Thomas of Villanova has come from their press at Manila.

The Augustinian missions in the Philippines are mainly supplied from the Colegio de Filipinos, which was established at Valladolid, in Spain, in 1743, by Father Joseph Gonzalez, who had labored for many years in the Philippines. Hundreds of young religious are educated here, and are sent to the missions of these islands, as well as to the two Chinese Vicariates-Apostolic which are in charge of the Augus-

tinians. Spain is a thoroughly Catholic country; vocations are numerous, and every decade of years finds a small army of missionaries departing from the sacred precincts of their monastic home at Valladolid. When the numerous islands of this group shall be thoroughly explored and opened out to the beneficent influences of Christianity and civilization, there will be no fairer spot on God's earth. The land is very fertile, the climate equable, and the position of the islands most available, the harbor of Manila is extensive enough to hold all the fleets of the world.

The talk about exorbitant taxes and Spanish oppression is all gammon. The people of the Philippines are taxed less and oppressed less than are the people of France, Germany and over-taxed Italy. There are no government monopolies, and from the days of Philip II there has been no slavery of any kind. What, then, could induce the natives to rise in rebellion? We have already stated that there is always present an element of trouble in the fanaticism of the Mohammedan Malays; there is besides a strong feeling against the Chinese and the half-castes, and in addition, there have been sources of complaint in the methods of exacting the taxes. While taxation is not, nor ever has been, enormously high as in many more civilized countries, the penalties for non-payment are primitive and severe. These is also considerable thieving continually going on among the Spanish and native officials. Many of the Spaniards look on their term of exile in the Philippines as the time in which to make their fortunes, and most of them become quite wealthy in five or ten years. With their small salaries, they could not acquire this wealth; they have re-

course to peculation, bribe-taking or oppression to attain to their ends. It is openly said that Weyler, of Cuban fame, when Governor-General of the Philippines, so managed that, with his salary of 40,000 dollars per annum, in the three years of his rule, he was able to deposit in the banks of London and Paris a sum of money which, in the estimation of his countrymen, varied anywhere from one to four million dollars. The taxes of the Philippines approximate five million dollars. It is plain to anyone that taxation is not heavy. But there is dishonesty and leakage in the Philippines, as there is all over the world, and the people of Philadelphia would have the same right to start up in rebellion against authority as, as it has been alleged, the natives of the Philippines have done on the same score. There must be some other reason. It has been whispered that secret societies have gained of late years quite a footing in Manila and other towns. We might find herein some causes of the revolt against the constituted authorities. Spain has suffered much in late years from the baneful influence of Freemasonry, and, doubtless, the evil has extended to her colonies—Cuba and the Philippines. What Spain wants to-day is another Charles V or another Philip II; she wants a ruler who, in exercising rule, will not arrogate to himself rights and responsibilities which ought to devolve on the people and which, in reality, belong to them. Had she at home such a king, who would be loved by the Catholic and ever God-fearing Spanish people, we might be assured that abroad in her colonies just, benevolent and honest governors would conduct affairs to the benefit of the government and the peace and prosperity of the people.

We often read of the prevalent ignorance of the Spanish people, who,

we are told in books of travel and in the goody-goody tracts distributed in Methodist and Baptist Sunday-schools, are kept in the darkness of superstition by their priests. Here in these remote Philippine islands, separated from the benignant influences of liberty-loving America and money-grabbing England, education is general, and schools abound. The law compels the maintenance of public education, which is religious as well as secular. Besides the common schools, there are higher schools, colleges and institutions of technology in Manila and other cities. The drainage of the lowlands has given a great impetus to scientific studies. We fail to see here the dark influence of the priesthood in keeping the people in ignorance. Most of the Spanish priests who labor in the Philippines are men of excellent education, and many of them have written in the Spanish tongue books on the flora, fauna and mineral status of these islands. There are daily and weekly newspapers published in Manila and in some of the towns, and everything conduces to demonstrate that an active intellectual life exists among the body of the people.

Besides the Augustinians who have labored in the Philippines since 1560 and were its first apostles, there have also worked in this vineyard the Franciscans (1577), the Dominicans (1587), the Recollects (1606), and the Jesuits who were restored in 1852 and who conduct excellent schools in Manila. The field was extensive, and the harvest of three centuries has been ample, glorious in the sight of God, and consoling and cheering in the sight of men. May the Lord of the harvest thus continue the good work!

We are able to give the statistics of 1895 for the Augustinian Province of the Most Holy Name of Jesus, which includes the Philippines and China (two remote Vicariates-Apostolic) under the jurisdiction of Spain. These figures will give us an idea of what work is being done by one Religious Order: Converts, 11; Priests, 347; Professed, 97; Lay-Brothers and Oblates, 67; Novices, 49. Total number of Religious, 560.

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

**A Knight of the Scapular.**

*From the Canadian Messenger*

### I. HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

Ludovic Leslie, his father had called him, in honor of St. Louis of France, and in memory of brave old battle-scarred Ludovic Leslie of Louis XI's Archer Guard—Captain Cassils had been reading "Quentin Durward" just before his son was born. Mrs. Cassils, who had a good, old-fashioned, wifely belief that everything her husband did must be right—was he not the bravest, wisest, handsomest and best of men?—acquiesced without a word, and, so, her only boy was Ludovic Leslie Cassils.

He was her only boy, indeed, now. Her husband had died when Ludovic was a baby, died as a Catholic Highland soldier should die, fighting for his Queen and for his country. Mrs. Cassils was content that it should be so. The laddie who had won her heart, her first and only love, had gone, first, to the Land o' the Leal, and was waiting for her there. But there was their wee laddie to fend for, to guard, to guide, to bring up, just such another man as his fahter had been—if that were possible.

And, to-day, her wee laddie, grown up, tall, strong and bonny, his father's very self, was to bid her goodbye. He, too, was to fight for his Queen and country; was not his name in the war office "Gazette"?—"Ludovic Leslie Cassils, Esq., to be Lieutenant in Her Majesty's —th regiment of Highland Light infantry." Who was she that she should say him nay? His mother? Had not her lover, her Ronald, her

husband, fought for his Queen and country in the same regiment?

Proud? Why should the boy not be proud? And, if his mother and his distant cousin, Jessie McLeod, who lived with them, thought him, in his new uniform, the finest, handsomest, bonniest laddie that ever wore kilt, who shall blame them?

"Dinna greet, (cry) Mither," said the boy, when the "Good-bye" moment came. It was not manly to cry, to be sure, but there were tears in his eyes, for all that he tried to speak bravely, and to cheer his mother. "Dinna greet, I'll be home again when the war's ended." He spoke, as he always did, when laboring under any emotion, in the kindly Scot's tongue they all loved best.

"God keep ye, God keep ye," said the mother clinging to him, and smiling through her tears, "ye'll no forget your mither, will ye my ain bairn? Your mither in the Highland home, and your Mother in Heaven?"

"That will I no," answered the boy, gently, "I'll aye be your bairn, mither mine, and our Lady's knight."

"Our Lady keep ye sae," returned Mrs. Cassils, kissing him fondly, "and may your faither, in Paradise, pray to her for you my laddie. And noo," she continued, speaking more cheerily, by an effort such as mothers only know, "kiss me once mair, my ain bairn, and gie a kiss to your cousin Jessie, then leave us women to greet, and go fight for our Lady, and for our gude Queen."

It is not manly to cry, it is true; but Ludovic Cassils shed many tears, after the parting was over, and when a turn

in the road hid his home from sight.  
Should he ever see it again?

## II. OUR LADY'S KNIGHT.

"The only Catholic in the Regiment." That is what his uncle General Cassils, had written to Ludovic. "Papists" were still objects of suspicion, if not of dislike, in 1856, though it was eleven years since Newman had left the "city of confusion" for the "City of God," and thoughtful men were beginning to wonder what all this Romeward movement meant. But the younger officers of a regiment, or, for that matter, the older ones, are not much given to controversy. They were, in Her Majesty's —th Regiment of Highland Light Infantry, Episcopalians, for the most part; a "Romanist" was a novelty to nearly all of them; those who had served with Ludovic's father were dead, or had left the army. Ludovic's lot was, therefore, not likely to be an easy one.

But he won their hearts, "Papist" as he was. It was the last day, in Portsmouth; they were to embark on the morrow. They were sitting in the mess-room, for it was wet and cold, waiting till it should be time to dress for dinner.

"Sing; you Cassils," said Alastir Morrison, the senior lieutenant, "sing when you're bidden, d'ye hear me?" Somehow, they all seemed to speak the Scots tongue, to-night, as if by a tacit agreement.

"That will I," responded Ludovic, cheerily. Then, all at once, silence fell on his brother officers, as the lad's clear, well-trained voice was heard "lilting" as the Scotch say;—

"Lochaber no more,

"Lochaber no more,

"We'll may be return to Lochaber no more."

"Drop that," interrupted Morrison,

at the end of the first verse. Something—was it a tear?—seemed to have got into his voice, for he spoke huskily. "Wad ye have us a' greetin like a wheen bairns (a lot of children)? He continued, "sing something heartsome, mon, for ony sake."

"Gladly," was Ludovic's willing answer. Then, once again, the sweet, tenor voice was heard in the silent mess-room:

"Cam' ye by Athole, lad wi' the  
philabeg (kilt)?"

with the hearty chorus:

"Follow thee? follow thee? Wha  
wadna follow thee?"

of the brave old Jacobite song.

Then, presently, the word was passed, "Time to dress," and the company dispersed, in a hurry.

How Ludovic came to forget his Scapular, he never knew. He was in a hurry, certainly, and the words of the song they had just sung kept ringing in his ears. The last time he had sung it, his pretty cousin Jessie had played the accompaniment, as only a Scotch lassie can; perhaps he was thinking of her, as well as of the song; it is a way music has. Anyhow, he left his Scapular lying on the bed, and there Alastir Morrison, who loved the boy—though he loved to tease him—and who passed Ludovic's door, on his way to mess, saw the Scapular lying.

It was a chance to tease not to be missed. To slip into Ludovic's room, snatch up the Scapular, and slip out again, was the work of a few seconds. So far, so good; that he should run into the colonel's arms at the mess-room door was something that Alastir Morrison had not reckoned on.

The colonel's quick eye caught sight of the Scapular. "What is that?" he enquired sharply; "and where did you get it?"

"It belongs to Cassils, sir," returned Alastir, saluting; "I picked it up in his room as I passed the door, and was going to give it to him." Which was strictly true, though not, exactly, the whole truth. For which omission Alastir's awe of the colonel must be his excuse.

"Give it to me." The colonel was a good officer, and a kindly man enough; but absolute power does not, as a rule, develop the gentler traits of a man's character. If the colonel had a fault, it was a fondness for practical jokes, which was a trifle undignified, and more than a trifle unfair, since his victims could not retaliate. In the present instance he could not resist the chance of "baiting a Papist."

Ludovic had missed his Scapular before he reached the mess-room, and made a little act of contrition for his disloyalty to our Lady. Then, by-and-bye, our Lady called on him to prove himself Her knight, in very deed.

Dinner was nearly over. It was the last night on shore, and several toasts had been drunk "in bumpers." Presently the colonel called out, "Silence, if you please, gentlemen," as if about to propose another toast. Instead of which, he held up Ludovic's Scapular on the end of his sword, and asked, somewhat contemptuously, "whose rag of popery is this?"

There was a general laugh, as if the colonel had said something excruciatingly funny.—It is, of course, always best to laugh at your superior officer's jokes—if you can. Then, in the midst of the laughter Ludovic rose, passed quickly round the table, stood near the colonel's chair, and said, so that all could hear him, "Mine, Sir."

The colonel threw the Scapular to him, with a laugh; less contemptuous, this time, and more good-natured.

Ludovic, standing where every man in the room could see him, crossed himself, kissed "our Lady's badge," and put it on over his uniform; then went quickly back to his place. Thereupon, so do all true men love pluck, moral or physical, the laugh changed to a ringing rousing cheer. They called him "the knight of the Scapular," ever after, but it was meant as much as a title of honor, as in jest, and Ludovic knew that it was so.

### III. OUR LADY'S GUERDON.

Winter in the Crimea; have we not all read the tale of hardships, bravely borne, of gallant deeds that Britain loves to place among her records of honor? Ludovic, "the knight of the Scapular," as his comrades loved to call him, had shown, many a time and oft, that he possessed physical courage, as well as moral. He was, indeed, his father's son, a brave, loyal, Catholic Highlander. A day came in which he was to show a physical heroism, as great as the moral heroism he had shown, when, in the crowded mess-room, he had proved himself our Lady's knight indeed. Nor did She forget Her knight; when does She ever forget those who serve Her truly?

It was Ludovic's turn to be on duty in the trenches. It might mean death for him, as it had meant for others, but that thought did not trouble him. He had been to Confession and to Communion the day before; if he died, would not our Lady help him in that last moment? It would break his mother's heart; cousin Jessie's too, for ought he knew; but they would both be proud of him, both pray for him. So he went to almost certain death as a Catholic should, without fear, yet knowing what death means. Such sudden death is, surely, sudden glory.

How it all happened, he hardly knew

himself. His time of duty was almost ended, when suddenly, close over his head, he heard the ominous whistling of a shell. Calling to his men to lie down, he stood calmly, facing eternity. Then, close behind him, the shell fell, with a thud, in the snow and dirt, the fuze still burning.

Ludovic never stopped to think of himself. Stooping down, he caught the shell in his arms, the fuze singeing his moustache—about which cousin Jessie had so often twitted him, he thought of that, even then—staggered forward a few paces, during as many seconds, each of which seemed endless, then, with a mighty heave, flung the hissing, murderous, deadly thing into a snow-bank, where the fuze fizzled out harmlessly. That is how our Lady helped her knight.

His brave deed was gazetted, as it deserved to be. And his mother and cousin Jessie, in the lonely Highland home read, with how much pride may easily be guessed, that Lieutenant Ludovic Leslie Cassils, of Her Majesty's—th regiment of Highland Light In-

fantry had received the Victoria Cross "for distinguished gallantry." Whereupon, cousin Jessie came to the conclusion that Ludovic was a man now, and must not be teased any more. Also, that she was not only very proud of him, but very fond of him as well. Which is what Mrs. Cassils wishes, above everything of human interest.

But Mrs. Cassils was prouder of her "ain laddie," his father's own boy, when she heard of him, through her brother-in-law, General Cassils, who had heard it from Ludovic's colonel, as "the knight of the Scapular," than she was of his winning the Victoria Cross. Was she not right? For the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal," and Ludovic's loyalty to our Lady will bring him, some day, a reward infinitely higher, nobler, and more enduring than any that his earthly Queen—God bless her—could bestow.

"Now they do it to obtain corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."—Francis W. Grey.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JANUARY, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

Another year has come to bless us, and its opening finds the whole world united in the old, time-honored greeting, "A Happy New Year." Happiness, is the one thing which everyone, without exception, is seeking in the new year as in the old.

A very celebrated Frenchman once

said that the *Catechism* was, after the Bible, the greatest book ever printed. Now, we are all inclined to think of the *Catechism* pretty much as we think of a primer, and yet, on its very first page we read the answer to all the mysteries of life. "Why did God make you?" "To know Him, love Him and serve Him in this world, and be happy with Him forever in the next."

What a wonderful sentence that is and how full it is of wisdom. Dear children we are all seeking that will 'o the wisp. Happiness! Did you ever see the seeds of the milk weed? Those white feathery flying seeds, so pretty, but so provoking, because just as you are about to take one in your hand, behold! off it floats, sent into the air just by a breath. So it is with happiness. There are many meanings to the word, as the world defines it. We, children of the holy Catholic church, *if* we are truthful, can only say that it means one thing and that the second question in the Catechism with its answer settles it for us. To know God will not make us happy. How many know Him and yet do not love Him and so do not serve Him.

What a glorious thing it would be, and how it would change the face of the earth, if every soul whom God has created were to say, "I am only here to know, love and serve God, and so I *must* be happy. Sin would disappear, and heaven would begin even on earth. Well, dear children, there is hope for such a blessed state of affairs. The consequences of original sin will always follow the children of Adam until the day of doom; but it is quite within the power of each one of us to mount above this, to put them under our feet and so be happy despite the unfortunate consequences of one serious sin.

Now here is an opportunity to make *one* grand resolution for this blessed year of grace 1898.

One of the greatest thinkers of our day has taken much pains to insist upon this truth, which many find hard to accept.

Life, simply *living*, no matter how miserable, is a gift of God, and it makes no difference how long drawn out that miserable existence is, it is

in itself a blessing.

That is not a very easy problem to solve for one's self, particularly if our own lives are not very full of sunshine; but let us go back again to the first page of the little Catechism and we read the answer to the riddle.

A new year with all its opportunities to be good, and contented, and happy, is before us. It is quite in our power to make it the very best year of our lives. "The world is what we make it," is an old proverb, and Thackeray says it is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. So let us set ours with the fixed determination to be happy no matter how the world goes.

Worry, and nervousness, and going out to meet trouble do *no* good, but a *vast* amount of evil. A very sweet lovely woman who was noted for her charming tranquillity used to say, "You cannot force the will of God; why try to do it?" At last we come to the one word which solves the most difficult problem—the will of God, this alone is good.

Let it be the watchword for 1898. Everything in the world happens by His will or His permission, and so it is the highest wisdom to take every thing He sends as the very best thing that could happen to us, and if we make this one resolution and keep it faithfully, our whole lives will be transformed.

It is not an easy thing to do, I grant you, to take the bitter with the sweet, and say "it is all right." We *know* it is, but all the same we struggle and make grimaces and spoil the wholesome medicine by our ungracious way of taking it.

We say many prayers, all of us. How would it do to begin the practice of short, fervent aspirations for this

coming year? There are so many, richly indulged, which keep one very near to God, help to acquire a cheerful spirit, (which is a *positive* blessing) and which make us forget the world and its great, busy, thoughtless crowd which cares for nobody' and for which in turn nobody should care.

Long prayers are sometimes selfish prayers. Is that a strange thing to say? I fear it is true. People who spend a great deal of time in praying, *sometimes* (only sometimes mark you) forget other duties. Now, short loving aspirations have one *glorious* merit—no one knows anything about them but God and yourself.

Thomas Kempis in that wonderful book "The Imitation of Christ," speaks somewhere about the mistake it is to have one's virtue known and recognized by men, and our Blessed Lord also warns us about human respect and the necessity of doing things in secret, "that your Father who seeth in secret may reward you."

So now dear children set to work to be happy and holy—in secret.

Cheerfulness and piety make a delightful compound and do a world of good. I think our Lord loves a sunny warm-hearted piety better than any other kind, and I am sure that He too delights in prayer which is simple and short. Make your own prayers and let the prayer books go. Many of them are of no help at all. Ask your parents to buy you a copy of the "Imitation of Christ"—a cheap one will do, a small one is best. Learn to use it and read a *little*, only a little of it every day. The Secretary has an old copy in her desk in school and it is like a dear friend who is always "*right here*," when wanted and of whom one never tires—Learn to love the "Imitation." It will teach you more than all the

books and teachers in the world; and that is the very plainest kind of English without any nonsense.

I *couldn't* close without a word about St. Francis de Sales, the sweetest and gentlest of the Saints of God. January 29 will be his feast. *He* is the Saint over all others who was sunny-hearted and who made piety a delightful help to happiness. Take one of his sayings and chew the sweetness out of it, and when you have turned the delicious morsel over and over under your tongue it will never be dry or tasteless.

"God is satisfied with little, for He knows we have only little to give."

Who but St. Francis could say a thing as gracefully as that? So begin on the little loving aspirations. I laugh as you send them up gaily to the good God who is satisfied even with your little love.

Devotedly,  
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### MAXIMS FOR JANUARY, 1898.

1. No soul can be happy in trying to escape from God.—De Ravignan.
2. It is a blessing to have our purgatory in this world.—Fenton.
3. Love God and then do as you please.—St. Augustine.
4. Do you know that you are a poor little creature? Love to be such, glory in not being anything; be quite at ease, since your misery is the throne of God's mercy.—St. Francis de Sales.
5. This life is a plank to heaven.—St. Francis de Sales.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN DECEMBER.

1. In the Bible. Pentateuch and book of Josue.
2. In Mexico—in 1533.
3. Chaucer.
4. Shakespeare.
5. 66 days by rail.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN DECEMBER.

1. Riches.
2. A lawsuit.
3. (1.) Browning. (2.) Edison.
- (3.) Gladstone. (4.) Stanley. (5.) Irving.

## FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. What relation is the door mat to the scraper?

Acrostic.

What Christian name is borne by all the following persons?

1. A warlike King of Scotland.
2. A King of France, famed more for charity than for prudence.
3. Eldest son of a King of England.
4. Well-known Scottish poet.
- 5-6. Two noblemen, favorites of a queen.

7. Well-known English poet.
8. An English statesman.

Letters contained in—

1. Great Roman General.
2. Latin poet.
3. Town in Cork on bay of same name.
4. First King of England.
5. Ancient city of France, where its kings were crowned.
6. River between England and Scotland.

## FOR THE THINKERS.

1. When and where did the American flag first wave?
2. What man first wore trousers?
3. Who wore the first long coat?
4. Who is called the "Poet of the Lost Cause?"
5. Who is called the "Ideal Christian?"

When was Chicago Ill?  
 Who calls Philadelphia Pa?  
 Who will lend Nashville Tenn?  
 How much does Cincinnati O?  
 Who saw Seattle Wash?  
 The only answer, perhaps, will be found in "Knox, Me."

## A CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

ROSINA, "ENFANT DE MARIE."

Only a little "Child of Mary"—but the fragrance of her memory lingers still in her convent home. I had the happiness of instructing this sweet child previous to her First Communion, and of seeing with what fervor and piety she prepared for that day when Jesus was to take possession of her young heart.

It was also my privilege to prepare her for being consecrated to our Immaculate Mother, and as this was to take place on the Assumption, I remember saying to Rosina, that each feast of the Blessed Virgin had a special grace, and the feast of her glorious Assumption was, as it were, her promise to us of a happy death. Little did I think how soon it was to be fulfilled for Rosina.

"She faded like the fragrant flowers  
 That glowing summer gave,  
 And winter cast its garb of white  
 Around her early grave."

She received Holy Communion on the nine first Fridays of each month to obtain the grace of a holy death, and on the last, or soon after, lay down, never to rise again, for rapid consumption, which Italians call, "the death of the predestined," set in. This was during the Novena to the Immaculate Conception, and when Christmas came, we knew it was her last on earth. What an example she gave during three weeks illness, of ardent piety, longing desire for Heaven, patience, cheerfulness, and grateful affection for all who attended her!

As death approached, her gladness increased, and she united her dying voice with one of the Religious in singing the *Adeste Fidelis*, and Litany of the Blessed Virgin, she even improvised a little song, "How happy I would

be to die to-night!" She told us what day and hour she would pass away, and so it really happened. Her confessor, who was present at the last moment, said she went straight to Heaven. This beautiful death made a great impression on her young companions, and one of them, "Annie," also desired to die like Rosina. God heard her prayer, and very soon after, *this* "Enfant de Marie" was lying at rest in her Carmelite habit, and the ribbon of azure blue and silver medal on her breast. You would all like to die happily, then, if you have received Holy Communion, never fail to go if possible on the first Sunday of each month, and try to be Children of Mary like Rosina and Annie. You will be like unfading rose-buds around our Blessed Mother's throne, for St. Francis de Sales says, "There is no winter in Heaven." *Our* fair rose indeed lies beneath the snowy garb of earthly winter, but her pure soul is blooming in eternal light and beauty—even in the Paradise of God.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE CHILD AND THE NUN.

In the sunny land of Spain, a holy Carmelite nun was much surprised one day to meet in the quiet convent, a beautiful child, who advanced joyfully to meet her. Perhaps you have seen children with

"hair like the golden sunlight,  
And eyes of an azure blue."

But you never saw one so lovely as *this* child. The Religious asked his name, and he replied, "Tell me *your* name." She said, "Teresa of Jesus," "and I am Jesus of Teresa," answered the Divine visitor. He vanished from her ecstatic gaze, but the remembrance of His Infant loveliness, ever remained in St. Teresa's heart.

You all kneel these days at the crib of Bethlehem, and you need not ask His Name, for you know and love it well, but remember if you wish Him to belong to your heart, then like the Carmelite Saint *you* must belong to Jesus. You must often offer Him your love, your prayers, your obedience, devotion to His Blessed Mother and Foster-Father, in fact *everything* that you think He asks for. He has some special request to make from everyone, try to know what it is as you kneel at this crib. Perhaps, He wants you to pray a little better, or to be kinder to your companions, or something else of that nature. Surely no child will refuse, and New Year's joy will be all the brighter when you can say, "I belong to Jesus, and Jesus belongs to me."

E. de M.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Perseverance! Can you spell it?  
And its meaning, can you tell it?  
If you stick to what you're doing,  
Study, work or play pursuing,  
Every failure bravely meeting,  
Bravely each attempt repeating,  
Trying twice and thrice and four times,  
Yes, a hundred, even more times,  
You can spell it! You can spell it!  
And its meaning, you can tell it!

The Difference.

"We bear a like name,  
And we look just the same,"  
Said one "a" to another small "a";  
"I make others glad,  
While you make them sad;  
Will you tell me the reason, I pray?"  
"I'd rather make gay,"  
Said the poor little "a";  
"But I cannot, and therefore I weep.  
The fault's not in me;  
It depends, as you see,  
On the company one has to keep."

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

### Change of Address.

Hereafter please address all communications intended for the Monastery and Hospice of Mt. Carmel, or for the CARMELITE REVIEW to

**"The Carmelite Fathers,  
Niagara Falls, Ontario."**

Personal letters intended only for Father Provincial, should be addressed to

**"VERY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.,  
P. O. Box 264,**

Niagara Falls, Ont.

### Religious Profession.

From time to time in some quiet convent occurs a religious profession—or more commonly speaking—making of vows. It means much to the Church of God and everything to the monk or nun who performs the solemn act. The ceremony itself is very impressive. It is a custom in most Orders for the Religious to renew their vows on New Year's day, in order to obtain more strength to persevere in their most solemn promise to God. Of such ceremonies the world is quite unconcerned. It is only too true what the eloquent father remarked during an address delivered at a late profession of a Carmelite nun in Boston.

He said that the ceremony just witnessed seemed of little importance to the world, and the world was unmindful of it, but that it was of great importance in the Church of God, for a soul offered in sacrifice to God by the three vows of religion was a power for good to the Church and to the entire world. The religious life is the continuation of the life of Christ. Christ lived a life of humility, poverty, chastity and obedience, and that is the religious. All are not called to this fullness of the life of Christ. Many in the world have ties of family and duties which prevent them from this perfect imitation, but the Church, by means of the religious orders, perpetuates it for all time. The religious leads the life of union with Christ, united closely to His mystical body, and this is the meaning of the text of St. Paul, "I live now, not I but Christ liveth in me."

It is in place to remind our readers that New Years is a day on which we ought all to renew the solemn vows that we made at our Baptism.

### In Her Name.

Obedient to our holy Rule, which bids us to commence all work in the Name of the Lord, the CARMELITE REVIEW enters upon its sixth year under that banner which bears the Name of the divine Infant, who to-day seeks His lawful throne in the hearts of the faithful.

In greeting our dear readers, we wish them a full share in genuine happiness which alone is found at the throne of our "Little King," Who, as He holds our world in His tiny Hand, decrees its future fate. In remembering the bitter past, let us cry "Spare O Lord, spare thy people!" And as to the veiled future let a fervent "Thy Kingdom Come!" suffice.

Moreover, the Name of Mary is inseparable from that of Jesus, and therefore, as Carmelites, it behooves us to continue our work in her sweet Name. In her Name we first saluted our friends and benefactors, and in her Name have we always hoped. In her Name, too, during the past five years we have been appealing to her generous clients, who in spite of the late hard times and divers difficulties, found ways and means of showing their devotion to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. And, she, beneficent Queen, has taken account of their offering, rewarding them royally as can be easily gleaned from the words, warm from the heart, in the letters of our many friends. "Do you wear the Scapular?" seemed a superfluous question, since few would be found without that sacred vestment. But the question was pertinent. It went home and made many a soul reflect on the great privilege he participated in. He loved the Scapular more and more, for the more we know a thing the more we love it. Leaving aside the great material help to the work carried on here at Niagara, we look back with pleasure to the fact that our endeavors to spread devotion to the Queen of Carmel has borne great fruit. Let us continue on the same road—Mary is with us, and the support of her clients will not be wanting to us. It is in order, therefore, for us to offer fervent thanks to all our friends and benefactors. Most grateful, too, are we to those who lent pen to purse in sending words of en-

couragement. Thanks also again to those able writers who sent to these columns the literary productions which have interested, instructed and edified. For all, therefore, will our fathers feel in duty bound to pray without ceasing to our Blessed Lady of Carmel. This magazine was started in order to seek aid to erect and complete the Hospice. For this purpose it still exists. By helping the CARMELITE REVIEW you help the Hospice of our Blessed Lady. Continue the good work and our Queen will reward you.

### A Friar on the Stand.

Last month we referred to "Priests in the Philippines," and quoted at length a convincing comment of a worthy friar—Reverend Father O'Neill, editor of that excellent Dominican monthly, the *Rosary Magazine*. In this number of the CARMELITE REVIEW we are happy in being able to publish an able article written on the same subject by another friar—of the Order of Augustians—Rev. F. X. McGowan, who deals with facts which he presents to our readers in a most interesting way. Father McGowan has been able to sift truth from "behind the scenes," and no one is better qualified to be a witness for the defence in the case of Catholic Spain versus the non-Catholic world than a member of a great order which has helped to spread morality, education and civilization in two hemispheres.

### Redeem the Time!

As the sun completes his annual evolutions through the heavens by touching the southern solstice, and then commences his return to northern latitudes, man is compelled to recognize a new epoch in his own career, and is reminded to pause a moment for earnest reflection, in order to gather wisdom from vanished months, and to forecast the signs of the future. Let us then in truth reflect and resolve. Recollection indeed for most of us is a thing unknown. We are carried along with the mad throng from day to day intoxicated with distracted thoughts. The day will come when the excuse "I have no time" will be only too true, but in a sense foreign to the meaning we give it now. Yes, the day will come when some human hand will wind for

the last time what we mortals term a time-piece, and the calendar on the wall will no longer be our guide. New Year's resolutions mean but little; in fact, they are the stock in trade of the humorous writers. Nevertheless resolve! Resolve to begin again. Bury the past and commence to live for God. Make it a happy year—for yourself, by cultivating a clean conscience and a Catholic spirit. Learn, too, another secret of subjective joy which comes from making others happy. Learn also to banish worrying thoughts, which but shorten our already too brief existence. Take the cross, should it come your way. It will be of merit hereafter, and help to blot out the accounts standing between God and you. May our New Year's greeting to heaven be "Here cut, here burn, but spare us, O Lord, in eternity!" May the new year be signalled by the growth of private and public good, and of noble ideas that shall make men truer and better, that shall more and more reflect the incomparable teachings of the Holy Child whose Nativity we have just celebrated, and whose spirit, imitated and obeyed, can redeem the time and crown mankind with blessedness.

### Saint Peter's Statues.

The statues in St. Peter's at Rome are said to number 386. A new one is now about to be added to these. It is reported that, by a special order of the present Pontiff, the statue of one of the new saints, the Frenchman Pierre Fourier, whose canonization took place in St. Peter's on the 27th of May last year, will soon be placed in the Church of St. Peter. First among these statues stands that of St. Elias—the Prophet, Founder and Father of the Carmelites, a fact perhaps unknown to a clever writer in the *Boston Republic*, who becomes very skeptical when he touches on the subject of the unbroken and long succession of the Carmelites.

### Mexican Monks.

Mr. Guernsey writes some interesting things to his paper, the *Boston Herald*, from Mexico—a country so much misrepresented and hated by rabid anti-Catholics. The writer referred to has no interest in distorting the truth. He tells what he saw and gracefully nails some ancient lies. Things look bright in Mexico. Referring to the Religious Orders the *Herald's* writer says:

"An interesting order, which was thought to have been broken up by Juarez, is that of the Carmelites, most of whom quietly remained here and secretly kept up, as far as possible, their work and practices. The order has for its official head the Rev. Father Rafael Checa, parish priest of San Angel, a venerable and devout man, who is on intimate terms with some of the oldest and wealthiest of the families of the city of Mexico, who make his town their summer home. Most of the Carmelites of the days of "the persecution" are now dead. The order has been recruited by younger men, some of them indefatigable workers among the poor and neglected, and also conducting missions in distant regions."

### Reading Run Riot.

The *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, said a good thing when that excellent journal lately remarked:

"The newspaper-reading mania does one thing for those afflicted with it, if it doesn't serve to supply garners of useful knowledge for the storehouse of the mind, it vitiates their tastes and spoils them for really beneficent literary exercise. They are unable to concentrate their thoughts on any other sort of literature, and deny themselves the pleasure and profit of using their faculties in pursuit of the best thought and noblest conceptions of truth, gathered from the ages. The person whose thirst for information is slacked in the putrid stream of police court chronicles and whose mind is appeased with the dry husks of reportorial tittle tattle, can be easily "located" in the category of intelligences. Therefore we utter no rash judgment or unfair aspersion when we say that the young man or young woman who is content, and more than content, with the mental pabulum furnished by his daily paper, belongs to a low order of manhood and is not likely to seek or experience the refining processes of moral and intellectual development. He is apt to be satisfied with himself and his condition and stupidly refuse the means to improve either."

"Reading maketh a full man" in divers senses. We should think a person would be full after drinking in all the contents of the bulky Sunday paper. It is capable of intoxicating the most robust brain—making, indeed, a *full* man, but one who is apt to turn into a *fool*-man.

We are grateful for a neatly bound copy of Vol. XI. of the *Le Couteux Leader*.

In writing to advertisers please mention THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

### PUBLICATIONS.

Every lover of clean and conservative Catholic reading will sympathize with the "*Catholic Telegraph*" in its financial embarrassment. Let us hope that it will come from beneath the cloud and continue to send its message of truth from pole to pole.

Henry Coyle, whose reputation as a poet and pleasing prose writer, is more than national, pays just tribute in the "*Weekly Bouquet*" to Miss Caroline D. Swan, whose name is known and held in love and veneration by the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW and every lover of the beautiful. Accompanying Mr. Coyle's biographical sketch is a portrait of the poetess, and a first glance at it convinces one of the truth of the closing words of the brief biography, viz.: "Miss Swan is a large-brained and great-hearted woman; one whose soul has been energized by study, elevated by reflection and love of her kind, and cultured by extensive reading and travel. Those who know her best, love her most, and lose their admiration for the writer in their regard for the woman."

H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, have just published a new book for boys, "The Chateleine of the Roses, and other Tales," by Maurice F. Egan; 300 pages, 12 mo. Net 50 cts. A suitable gift for the holidays. The same firm has brought out "Conversions, and God's Ways and Means in Them," by Rt. Rev. John T. Sullivan; 64 pages, paper. Net 15 cts. The author aims to aid conversions. His aim will not be a vain one. It is a fit companion for "Think Well On't."

B. Herder, 1760 Broadway, St. Louis, sends us a new "Manual of Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament," by a Benedictine, of Conception, Mo. 12 mo. 664 pages. Black cloth, round corners, red edges. Retail, \$1.25. American Morocco, flexible, round corners, gilt edges. Retail, \$2.00. Just the thing for visits to the most Blessed Sacrament. Can be easily carried. Write for it. You will like it.