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**OMNIA PRO TE, COR JESU!**


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*For the Carmelite Review.*

**L**IFE on earth is all a warfare—  
 Foes within, and foes without,  
 "Jesus! Jesus!" Lo! the tempter  
 Flees before the battle spent.  
 In the fierce, unceasing combats,  
 Let our tranquil war cry be,  
 "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!  
 Heart of Jesus! all for Thee."

This will nerve the arm that's weary,  
 This will dry the tear that steals,  
 This will soothe the wasting anguish,  
 That the heart in secret feels.  
 Ever in my heart 'twill slumber,  
 Often to my lips 'twill start,  
 "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!  
 All for Thee, O Sacred Heart."

Ab! not thus, not thus, 'twas always!  
 Sinful dreams, begone, depart:  
 Jesus shed His heart's blood for me,  
 He, alone, can claim my heart.  
 God's pure eye that resteth on it,  
 Written in that heart shall see,  
 "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!  
 Heart of Jesus! all for Thee."

All things, all things hard and easy,  
 High and low, bright and dark,  
 Naught too poor for me to offer,  
 Naught too small for Thee to mark.  
 Health and sickness, rest and labor,  
 Joy's keen thrill, and grief's keen smart:  
 "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!  
 All for Thee, O Sacred Heart."

All, yes, all! I would not pilfer  
 From this holocaust a part;  
 Every thought, word, deed and feeling,  
 Every beating of my heart,  
 Thine till death, and thine forever—  
 My heart's cry in heaven shall be:  
 "Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu!  
 Heart of Jesus! all for Thee."

### TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

PENTECOST 1905. BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

The day is now far spent—the shades of eve  
 Have gathered, round my pathway comes the night—  
 Vouchsafe, O Holy Spirit, to illumine  
 My soul with rays of Thy celestial light.  
 Abide in me, O Paraclete divine!  
 My soul's most sweet and ever welcome Guest:  
 In all the sorrows of this "vale of tears"  
 Let Thy indwelling be my peaceful rest.  
 My spirit seems a "desert pathless land,"  
 And sighs for grace: let pearly drops of dew  
 Refresh the arid soil, that it may bloom  
 With fragrant lilies of a snow-white hue.  
 Let "songs of joy and praise" again resound  
 As in the aisles of Thy great temples flow  
 The strains of organ music thrilling grand,  
 Or dying softly, plaintively, and low.  
 Lifting the soul in prayer, as on the wings  
 Of angels, far above the shadows dim:  
 Breathing sweet echoes of the golden harps,  
 That e'er vibrate in one seraphic hymn.  
 So let my spirit ever sing to Thee  
 In ceaseless melody of ardent love:  
 Dying at last in cadence soft and sweet,  
 To raise for aye midst songs of joy above.

*Veni Sancte Spiritus!  
 Dulcis hospes animae,  
 Dulce refrigerium!*

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

## JAMES A. McMASTER,

*Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register.*

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

## CHAPTER VI.

McMASTER'S JOURNALISM FOR FORTY YEARS UPHELD EVERY MOVEMENT BENEFICIAL TO SOCIETY.—LOUIS KOSSUTH—ACQUISITION OF CUBA—THE UNITED STATES AND THE HOLY SEE—THE PASSION PLAY—THE DEFINITION OF THE DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.—THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL UNDER McMASTER, AN ORGAN OF WIDESPREAD CHARITY, COLLECTING ALMS FOR GREAT NEEDS.—HIS CONSTANT AND MUNIFICENT PERSONAL CHARITY.



THE two great questions of Christian education and Papal authority have been the leading ones of the nineteenth century. But the *Freeman's Journal* has been identified with many movements, less than these

from a comparative standpoint, but very important in themselves, and all tending to the general welfare of the Catholic Church. One of the most signal of these was the establishment of the American College in Rome, which has trained so many fine priests for the United States and given us several bishops. This journal was the first to suggest the idea, and for this purpose secured through its columns twelve gentlemen who subscribed \$1,000 each before the subject was taken up in any other quarter.

Another important work which McMaster advocated, and that at a period when there was scarcely such a body in the country, was the necessity of associations for Catholic young men. Since that period organizations for Catholic youth have multiplied wonderfully, and the *Freeman's Journal* can justly claim to have been a mighty factor in educating a generation to the idea. It has often been critical, but

that arose from its very interest in such bodies, whose cause it was the first to champion, and its care to preserve them within the lines of true Catholicity and eminent usefulness.

McMaster also advocated the introduction of canon law, so that the clergy would be placed upon the same basis as the Bishops—that is, as the Vicars-Apostolic had been changed to stationary Bishops, so should the mission priests be changed into parish clergy—is too well known to need mentioning here, and has been practically endorsed by the action of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

During the forty years that McMaster was the proprietor and editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, scarcely a month passed that he did not drag to the light of day and expose to the scorn of men some proselyting scheme carried on at the public expense, many of which it was able to crush, while many still flourish with the vigor of hoary iniquity.

In the latter part of 1851, Louis Kossuth, the sham Hungarian "patriot," arrived in New York, and the occasion was marked by a good deal of fuss among the ignorant people. He was feted and applauded by such as are always ready to avail themselves of any chance for excitement. Few took the trouble to examine into the facts of the Hungarian Revolution, or to inform themselves in regard to the part played therein by Louis Kossuth. Simply because he had stirred up a lot of trouble and diverted a legitimate agitation for their rights by the Hungarian people into the broad channel of the general European movement against religion and society, he was hailed as a republican, and had oceans of cheap rhetoric poured over him by noisy orators anxious for a little passing notoriety. Against this senile exhibition of folly over a man who sported half a dozen secretaries, and had a platoon of soldiers with drawn swords standing guard at his door in the Irving House, this journal protested with all the energy of which it was capable—and that was not a little. It showed that Louis Kossuth was no republican—that he had no care for the Hungarian people, but acted solely for the benefit of the brutal Magyar aristocracy who held the Hungarians in a state of servitude compared to which the condition of the Southern negroes at that time was

happiness itself. It charged, furthermore, that the hands of Louis Kossuth were stained with blood, not shed in the fight for freedom, but in committing murder for the purposes of robbery. The evidence adduced was incontestable, and it opened the eyes of the more respectable portion of the community that had been betrayed into making a fuss over Kossuth; Horace Greeley raised a loud outcry against this unswerving paper, and went so far as to address a letter to Bishop Hughes, asking him if he was responsible for what appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, and, if not, calling upon him to condemn the paper for opposing the European Revolution in general and denouncing Kossuth in particular. The answer of the Bishop was a crushing one. Of course he had nothing to do with the *Journal's* criticism, but he warmly approved of its course in general, and, in a masterful argument, showed the justice of its strictures in this particular case of Louis Kossuth.

In the summer of this same year began the agitation for the acquirement of Cuba, a thing not bad in itself, but a step to which Spain was opposed. Many, forgetting the valuable assistance Spain had given us in our struggles to throw off the British yoke, were proposing equivocal schemes to accomplish their object - proposing, in plain terms, to cheat Spain out of the island. It was the project of certain slave-owners, who thought thus to bring into the Union a reinforcement to their phalanx, and to extend the area of human bondage. Under the hot fire of the *Journal* the promoters of it dropped the scheme.

In 1864 the United States Government, very unwisely advised, attempted to obtain from the Holy See a veto power over the appointment of Bishops. Who instigated this senseless move, and what they hoped to gain by it, it is impossible to say to-day. The laughable thing about it was that the proposed Concordat was altogether one-sided; for, in exchange for the power of veto, the Government did not guarantee to pay the Bishops and clergy salaries and to see to the erection and preservation of churches. Indeed, the whole proposition was a puzzling anomaly, and must have emanated from the brain of a man ignorant of all ecclesiastical and civil history. What does a Concordat mean? When so-called

Catholic nations have been temporarily convulsed with revolutions and the property of the Church confiscated, these nations, when they returned to the sense of their need of religion, and desired to be officially reconciled to the Church, instead of restoring the stolen property, merely gave salaries and other amounts for public worship from the regular tax budget, and further exacted this veto power over the appointment of Bishops. The arrangement has always been a vexatious one, and it would have been better both for Church and State had the latter simply handed back the stolen property to the former, and had they then agreed to let each other alone. In the United States, happily, there was no analogy to such a case. But the step was seriously contemplated, and might have exposed the country to ridicule by being officially propounded, had not the *Journal* most forcibly exploded this unconstitutional scheme.

In the fall of 1880 attempt was made to produce the so-called "PASSION PLAY" on the stage of a New York theatre. The attempt to justify such an act by the precedent of the Tyrolean peasants was shattered in the columns of the *Journal*. There was all the difference in the world between the reverent religious acting of Tyrolean peasants in the open air, and what would be a travesty upon the most awful fact of history behind the glare of the theatre's footlights. The attempt was abandoned.

The year 1855 witnessed an event which was hailed with joy by the whole Catholic world, and especially by the faithful children of the Church in America—Pius IX.'s encyclical, containing the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of God, who, under this type, was later made the special Patroness of the Catholic Church in the United States. Some of the ultra Protestant sheets of the United States, inspired by malice born of ignorance, raised the old cry of "priest-ridden" countries, to which fact the poor fanatics attributed the definition of a doctrine that was, indeed, implicitly held by the Catholic Church for over eighteen centuries. To this charge a crushing reply was made in the *Journal's* columns. It showed that there were 6,000,000 Catholics and 1,100 priests in the United States, while for the 18,000,000 Protestants

there were 28,900 clergymen; in other words, one priest to every 5,454 Catholics, and one minister to every 622 Protestants. If there be any virtue in figures, the Republic of the United States was then, and is now, the most parson-ridden country on the face of the globe. One of the results of the agitation then started was the introduction of a bill by Mr. Putnam in the Albany Legislature, providing for the taxation of Church property, it being understood that the property of the Catholic Church would alone suffer. Archbishop Hughes, in an able letter to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* of March 31st, exposed the shabby hypocrisy of the measure, and secured its defeat.

At various times the *Freeman's Journal* signalized its power and influence by calling upon its readers for aid when it was sorely needed in various parts of the Church—now for the Indian missions, now for the Pope in captivity, now for the shrine at Lourdes—and now for the Carmelite Fathers on the Holy Mountain of St. Elias, who, being sorely persecuted by the Turks, sent forth a cry for help, and the *Journal* responded by opening a list in its columns. When the subscription closed on October 2nd, after a few weeks, the total collected amounted to over \$4,000.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

Translated for the Review

BY S. X. E.



The Scapular the Means of a Conversion.

GENERAL CHARTON, a brave soldier, and later on, a senator, fell seriously ill, and entering into himself, made his long deferred confession, and was entirely converted to his God. Two of the senators—his friends—could not refrain from expressing their surprise at the event. "Follow my example, my dear friends," said the dying man, "and you will experience the truest happiness of your

life. And I attribute my conversion to my having received the Scapular before the Crimean War. Never have I laid it aside, and in my most negligent moments I was careful to wear it, with a certain degree of reverence, too. Do as I have done, I repeat it, and you will be happy." And in these edifying sentiments, he peacefully slept in the Lord.—[*Monthly Review, an devotion to the Mother of God, Nov., 1880.*]

But there are dangers to be dreaded far more than those which we have thus far narrated, and which have been averted by means of the holy Scapular of Our Lady. Innumerable spiritual perils, excessive temptations to evil, repeated attacks of the demon. The servants of Mary, if they are faithful, could all exclaim with a youth who was one of her devoted clients: "O! wonderful power of Mary. I obtained a victory over the devil which afforded me the greatest consolation. Tempted most vehemently for a quarter of an hour, I had recourse to our dear Mother to help me, I held up my Scapular, as a shield, and then asked the evil one if he still would dare to remain about me to lure me with his wicked wiles. At that moment the temptation ceased, and I hastened to thank the divine Mother and her adorable Son." Conferrers of the Scapular, the same weapon is at your service. You can defend yourselves. Do not neglect to do so! Is not sin the greatest of all evils. The greatest? It is the sole—the only one!

\* \* \* \* \*

The subject of the ensuing example is at present a nun, and it is from her former pastor that we heard the facts. Before her entrance into the convent she made a general confession to the saintly cure d'Ars. He put the following questions to her: "You remember, my child, a certain ball which you attended a short time ago?" "Yes, Father." "You met there a young man, a stranger, elegant in appearance and of distinguished bearing, who at once became the hero of the fete? And you wished he would invite you to dance. You were jealous and vexed that he preferred others to yourself?" "You are certainly right, Father." "Do you recollect that when he left the 'Assembly' you thought you saw, as he walked, two small bluish flames beneath his feet, but you persuaded yourself that it was an optical illusion?" "I

remember it perfectly." "Well, my child, *that youth was a demon.* Those with whom he danced were in a state of damnation! And do you know why he failed to ask you? It was owing to the *Scapular* which you did well not to lay aside, and which your devotion to Mary impelled you to look upon as your greatest "safe-guard."—[*From Anecdotes upon the Efficacy of the Holy Scapular, Annales du Carmel, p. 199.*]

#### HORROR OF SATAN FOR THE SCAPULAR.

In the "Life of Father Francis Yezpez," who died in the year 1617, Father Velasco relates that this holy man, enlightened from above, declared that satan most especially deplored two kinds of mortals through whose efforts his greatest losses occurred. The first are all who promulgate and strive to increase devotion to Mary; the second, all those who wear the Scapular. The most numerous of these, by far, are wrested from his infernal grasp by the Most Blessed Virgin Mary.

In another place he confirms the preceding statement. Our Lord, by a still further illumination, gave him to know that amongst the many prevalent practices of devotion there are three which constitute the greatest terror of the devil. First, the utterance of the sweet name *Jesus*; second, the fervent breathing of Mary's holy name; and third, the devout wearing of Our Lady's livery.—[*The Scapular (Father Velasco).*]

#### THE SCAPULAR—THE LION.

In the year 1880, a christian, Joseph Gemonat by name, whose office it was to purchase wool for the Messieurs Asfar, merchants of Bagdad, set out alone on horseback to travel across the desert from Killa to Samona. At that season to hear or see a lion was of no infrequent occurrence, but thus far Joseph had been spared any such experience. Suddenly he heard a terrible roar, and a ferocious lion rushed towards him with frantic haste. Joseph felt as if he would die of *terror*, and his horse became rigid from fright.

In this extremity our christian hero recommended his soul to God, and taking his Scapular held it up to the angry beast, saying: "By the authority of the Blessed Virgin, I command thee to depart and not to do me any harm." Upon the instant the lion ceased his savage roar, and turning away was soon lost to view. Our Very

Reverend Prefect Apostolic and several prominent personages heard this prodigy from the lips of the grateful Joseph, whose veracity was unquestionable.

His death occurred two years ago, but his brother-in-law, acting sacristan of our church at Bagdad, related the incident to me, with the assurance that Joseph, to his dying day, never forgot to entone the praises of Mary for his signal preservation.—[*Bagdad, March 2, 1892—Brother Pierre, of the Most Blessed Virgin.*]

## Our Irish Correspondence.

### The Irish Poor-Law System.

BY REV. A. E. FARRINGTON, D. D., O. C. C.

"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."  
—*Dante.*



HIS system of relief is over fifty years in working order in Ireland. In 1861, there were 161 workhouses in the country. These buildings are all constructed on the same plan, as a rule. There are a few exceptions. They are ugly, forbidding, unchristian-looking piles. The one we have charge of is one of the largest, not only in Ireland, but, perhaps, in the Empire. Its buildings cover nearly fifty acres, and are capable of accommodating 4,000 inmates. It is a regular town in itself. It was not originally built for the purpose it now serves.

A brief outline of the history of this institution may be of some interest to your readers. This was the famous Foundling Hospital, founded in the reign of Queen Anne in 1702. It was one of the most gigantic "baby-farming, nursing, boarding out," and apprenticing institutions these countries ever saw. Its object was twofold, namely: First, to prevent "the exposure, death, and actual murder of illegitimate children," and secondly, to educate and rear them in the Reformed or Protestant Faith, and thereby to promote and strengthen the Protestant faith in Ireland. These ends were not attained, owing to the operation of natural causes and effects: for death, during the carriage, the time they were there, or at nurse, saved many from the cruelties that those that survived underwent. Also Protestant.

nurses could not be found in sufficient numbers, and the children had to be sent to Catholics, and they gradually imbibed the religion of their foster mothers, and when these children returned they refused to adopt the Protestant Faith, and if they did so, they soon returned to the Catholic Faith. This horrid institution also encouraged vice and immorality to a great extent, so much so as to alarm the governors.

Protestantism was the great object in view, and it was said to be "a great charity peculiarly suited to the kingdom, situated as it was in a great metropolis abounding with Papists of the lowest rank." The religious element gave great trouble to the authorities. The children, who came in from Catholic nurses to the hospital, used on Fridays and fast days to refuse the broth prepared with meat for them on these days. Then it used to be poured down their throats against their wills. In 1730, "a cradle or turning wheel," and a bell, for taking in the infants was provided at the gate for use, day and night, and this cradle was but too often the preliminary coffin of thousands of wretched little beings who were consigned to its cold clasp. There is no certain account of the number of infants that entered the hospital during its 150 years' existence, but it is computed that 200,000 passed the dread portal, the "cradle at the gate." This does not include the thousands that died on the way, or were exposed on the banks of the adjoining canal, or were drowned there. The account of the cruelty practiced on these poor children, the neglect of doctors and nurses, are things fearful to contemplate. The officials, all Protestant, seem to have been an immoral and dishonest lot. In 1750, there died 420 children. In the ten years ending, 1760, four thousand infants died. In the ten years ending, 1770, two thousand died. During the twelve years ending, 1796, there were admitted 25,352, and of these 17,253 died. Good God! what a disgrace to the religion and humanity of the Protestant power then ruling in this unfortunate country! During the thirty years ending 1826, about 40,000 children died. The Government ordered it to be closed, and not one hour too soon, for during its existence, nearly 750,000 children died through this medium of Protestant

charity. I omit the dreadful state of neglect, filth and dirt of this place, as shown in the various reports. How the poor children were buried, had better not be told, suffice it to say, that they were flung naked into large pits and covered over with lime. The massacre of the Holy Innocents was mercy in comparison to what these children suffered.

This institution, enlarged by degrees to suit the wants of the poor, is what is now known as the South Dublin Union, of which we have the spiritual charge.

It was in a very disordered state in 1862, when we got the care of it, but now, thank God, it is most orderly, and the poor people are most devout and really pious. The average number of inmates is about 3,000, of whom 2,700 are Catholics. We have two large hospitals with 761 beds, besides a children's hospital of 200 beds, male and female lunatic hospitals 200 beds, also a Magdalen asylum and a Maternity hospital. There are also four large infirmaries, and two health departments. The hospitals are under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, as are also the female and infant schools. One thousand adults died during the year; we administer the last Sacraments per year to about ten thousand. The number of Communions each year is about 30,000. The baptisms are 150 each year. This shows how much work our Fathers have to go through, both day and night, in this workhouse.

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**WHEN** you are tempted have recourse to God immediately without reasoning with the temptation.

The historians of the saintly cure of Ars, whose decree of canonization the Holy Father hopes to publish shortly, have overlooked the fact that he was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. The Very Rev. Father Leonard, a Capuchin, now eighty years old, has made oath that one afternoon the venerable priest humbly knelt in the chapel of the Capuchins at Brittaux to ask for the habit of penitence. In recognition of this fact, a few days ago, six hundred pilgrims from Lyons, belonging to the Third Order of St. Francis, went to Ars as a tribute of respect to their brother in religion.

## OLIVE'S OFFERING.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. BENT.

I

"Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary."



US!"

"Yes, ma!" responded the boy in a rather tremulous voice, as was generally the case when his mother addressed him in such a solemn tone, for it was usually the prelude to something very serious.

"I think, Jus," continued his mother, "that you have had enough schooling. It is all very fine to learn how many cents make a dollar, to add up figures, to spell big words, and all that, but it's better, I think, if you turn in and try to earn a few pennies for the family. Besides, you are now twelve years old. Before I was that old, I had to work. Yes, Jus, to-morrow you'd better make a start at selling papers, for we can expect no help from your lazy father. He'd rather hang around Trotter's livery stable all day than put his hand to a pick or a shovel."

"But, ma——" said Jus.

"That's enough, now. There are no 'buts' about it: simply do what I tell you," said Mrs. Wright, for that was her name.

"All right, ma," said Jus, "I suppose what you say, goes. But I was going to say that it might be good if I remained at school until after the entertainment. Sister Serena said that only those who came for practice at the school hall every day would be allowed to go on the stage when the play comes off."

"Oh! those school shows might be very nice in their way," said Mrs. Wright, "but the fact of the matter is, Jus, that these things are often gotten up in order to give some folks a chance to show how fine they can dress up their boys and girls."

She considered this a crushing rejoinder to all the arguments which Jus had to offer, but her last remark only inspired him to say with animation:

"Say, ma, perhaps the Sacred Heart will send us help until after 'St. Aloysius

night," said Jus, referring to the title of the play in question.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Wright, in a hesitating tone, "but, Jus, those special requests, 'intentions,' or whatever you say the Sister calls them, might be good enough for those nice young ladies who go to Communion in twos and twos on the first Friday, with white veils on their heads, and those red hearts pinned on their breasts. The likes of them are always asking everybody to pray for some *very special* intention of theirs. Oh, yes, I know what they are praying for. I felt that way myself before I married your good-for-nothing father. If I only knew as much then as I do now, I'd still be as happy as a lark, waiting on table down at the Hotel Murphy, in place of being the mother of a half a dozen hungry children, and having to wear this worn-out gingham dress to church summer and winter."

While his mother was thus relieving herself of the thoughts uppermost in her mind, Jus was endeavoring to mentally solve the financial problem, and having partly succeeded, was about to propose to his mother divers means of replenishing the domestic exchequer, when she cut short his boyish philosophizing by saying:

"Here now, take this and be off with you. It's not for the likes of you to be lecturing your mother." As she said this, Mrs. Wright brought from the hidden recesses of her dress five coppers, which she gave to Jus, in order to be invested in newspapers.

Poor Jus! It was evident that he was trying to chase away tearful thoughts, as he stood at the door vigorously dusting his cap on his corduroy trousers. He had struck the first snag in his happy school days. Dark clouds were gathering.

I have been calling my little friend "Jus," because that is the only name by which I ever heard him addressed at home or on the street. However, I think Sister Serena has the name correct, for, if I remember rightly, the first name on her "Roll of Honor" reads "Master Justin Wright." Nevertheless, I shall stick to the old name of Jus. It comes more natural.

There was no denying that Jus was a favorite at school, even if he was now and then taunted for being poor (as if he could help it) by one boy, whose father had made



a little fortune by getting shirts made at thirteen cents a piece, and then selling them at 99 cents, at "a ridiculously low price," as it read in his advertisements.

But Jus knew how to defend himself on such occasions. His usual reply to young Pfaffenbasser, the son of the "wholesale and retail dealer in gentlemen's furnishings," was: "If we are poor, we got the little we have by honest means."

Sister Serena had impressed upon the children in her school certain solid principles which, she said should be for them a rule of action during life. For instance, she would say: "Children, please God in all things. Be honest in the least thing. Do what is right, come what may."

These maxims made a life-long impression on Jus. In fact they became flesh and blood with him. Another thing seemingly trifling in itself and overlooked by the large class of pseudo-teachers, but of paramount importance, was that the good Sister taught her children to deny themselves daily in some little thing, no matter how small. "It will not only be worthy of reward in heaven, but will likewise teach you how to control yourself on all occasions," she used to say.

At another time, after school, Sister Serena said to Jus: "Never mind, Justin, if people call you poor. Riches do not make an honest man, nor does a brand-new Prince Albert coat and a silk hat make a gentleman. Poverty is pleasing to God, who preferred to live as a poor man when He came on this earth. And how many of us religious, of our own will, give up all riches because we know it pleases God."

There were a great many boys at the school much smarter than Jus, and unfortunately for some of them, too smart. But I preferred Jus to the whole of them, because he was honest and conscientious, and we all know that.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

I was very sorry when I heard that Jus had to leave school, but such things fall among the category of evils which we must bear with nowadays. In some cases, as with Jus, it cannot be helped, but there are families, by no means rich, in which boys are told to look for a job as soon as they have been confirmed, (and often before that), while on the other hand, every spare cent is scraped together—yes, and the

family made to suffer, in order that one, or more of the girls, be perfected in an infinity of "ologies" and accomplishments, forsooth, which in the end evolve a transcendental creature who becomes a useless ornament on this planet of ours. Education is always good for any girl, - over-education is often harmful. This might be declared an exploded doctrine. Experience, however, bears out the truth of it. But I am digressing. Let us return to Jus.

After he left his mother standing on the door-step, Jus slowly wended his way towards the *Evening News* office. From time to time he admiringly counted over his five pennies. Finally he securely tied the money in the corner of what was an apology for a handkerchief. It was a big sum of money for Jus to possess. At another time he might have felt elated over it, but not so now. He was thinking of the kind of reception he might expect from the newsboys, who had been having a miniature strike of their own. Jus was also seriously meditating on his possible gains and losses, and on what kind of greeting he would get when he returned home. It is true his mother threatened he should go to bed supperless in case he did not convert the five pennies into ten, but that did not frighten him very much, since on more than one occasion he had heard that same threat, and what is more, had seen it carried into practical operation.

Jus was glad at least of one thing. There was no school, and he wouldn't meet any of his chums on their way home. If he did, they would surely suspect where he was going, and poke fun at him. "It won't matter what the boys may say when I am used to my new job, but for the first time I know I shall feel rather queer with a pile of papers, instead of my school books, under my arms," reasoned Jus.

He had to pass Sister Serena's convent, so he concluded that it wouldn't be a bad idea if he called on the Sister, and informed her of his leaving school. Up to this Jus had never seen Sister Serena outside of school or church, so it made him rather timid as he put his finger on the electric button at the big convent door, which at once flew open automatically, a fact which didn't serve to put Jus at his ease.

When Jus passed through the inner door he was feeling rather confused until his eyes caught the sign "walk in." A rather quiet reception, thought Jus, nevertheless he felt more at home than when gazing at the board with, "Look out for the dog" painted on it, over at Soursmark's orchard. Surprise number two came when Jus heard a voice saying, "Whom do you wish to see?" If you told him that the voice came from the other world, he would have believed it then. However, he summoned up enough courage to say in the direction of the apparition in the wall, "I wish to see Sister Serena, please?" Then followed a ringing and a counter-ringing inside the cloister. Jus said that it reminded him of the clanging of bells when the ferry-boat is about to leave the slip. While this conventual signal-service was having full swing, Jus went into one of the parlors set aside for visitors. There he managed to kill time by alternately gazing at a "Rock of Ages" in wax, and thumbing an illustrated volume, treating of "Glacial Formations."

When the boy was commencing to grow impatient, sweet Sister Serena swept into the room. She was accompanied by another Sister, who smiled whilst Sister Serena talked. "Now, Justin, tell us all about it. Poor boy, I'm so sorry," commenced the good Sister.

"Well, Sister," said Jus, "I am sorry, too, but I must obey my mother in everything that is not sinful. You, yourself, taught me that. Ma says I am to work, and that's all there is to it."

The Sister gave the boy some sound advice, and concluded by saying: "If ever I can do anything for you, Justin, I shall gladly do so."

"Oh, there's plenty of time!" said the Sisters in chorus, as Jus reached under the chair for his hat.

"Not for me," said Jus. "It is after four, and what is more, it looks as if it would rain."

"So Jus took his leave, with his inside pockets well filled with Scapulars and Agnus Deis. When outside, he hastened his steps toward the newspaper office, for a storm was brewing overhead, and

<sup>a</sup> The clouds like hooded friars  
Told their heads in drops of rain."

<sup>b</sup> It's an ill-wind that blows no good, and

in such weather people won't pay much attention to my shabby clothes," thought Jus.

He was indeed rather shabbily dressed. The contrast between the dark blue militia coat of his father, cut to Jus' dimensions, and the bright, yellow patches in the elbows, was quite a strong one. However, the long coat covered a multitude of imperfections, especially in Jus' nether limbs. His cap, minus the peak, fitted nicely after being padded within with several layers of pages from Ayer's Almanac. It is true Jus had a better suit—his school clothes—but they had been rolled up and put away for his next older brother.

While Jus was on his way to the newspaper office, I went to take a peep into his home. It was rather watery above, and very muddy below. A letter-carrier tried to explain to us the location of "Wright's Roost," as some wag christened Jus' domicile, but I nearly lost my bearings and rubbers in the bargain. It was raining very hard, and as I pulled my mackintosh around me, I couldn't help but think of poor Jus, who had little wherewith to protect him from the elements. It was the last day of May, and little did I think of that dreadful night three years later, when the flood-gates opened on that ill-fated town in Pennsylvania.

We finally reached the house, a "roost" indeed, but from outside appearances, a rather uncomfortable one. The fence, with the exception of two lone pickets, had gone the way of all fire-wood. The first one to welcome, or rather, oppose, our entrance, was Jus' black-and-tan dog, "Danger." The poor brute's name was but an ironical misnomer, for he exhibited signs of an empty canine stomach rather than of ferocity. The interior of the house was in harmony with the exterior, but just then in such a deluge, any kind of shelter was welcome. The gaps in the windows were filled in with back numbers of *Sporting Life* and other papers, which Mr. Wright brought home from Trotter's. The living room, which served for parlor, kitchen and dormitory, was not overstocked with furniture. Three chairs, minus their backs, a springless sofa, and a table well veneered with a composite of grease and dirt, completed the outfit. A little bracket with a hanging lace-work of cobwebs supported a

small seventy-five cent alarm-clock, which had long ago rung out its last alarm. In the centre of the room a few bricks supported a red-colored stove, which seemed to give signs of foundering. The only thing in the shape of decoration were a few pictures clipped from newspapers, which Jus had pasted on that part of the wall least impervious to water. These products of the studio included the "Vision of Knock," "A Prize Fight" (in the fifties), Jus' First Communion card, and an advertisement for "Condition Powders," in three colors, (perhaps from Trotter's). The head of one of the prize-fighters was drooping, not from his opponents' blow, but from the rain, which caused the paper to peel off from the wall. At one end of the room was a sort of pantry--the "state room," as Jus called it, which was reserved as sleeping apartments for the female occupants of "Wrights' Roost." The father and boys slept in the eating, sleeping and culinary apartment, of which they had the privilege of the whole floor, and, moreover, the duty of keeping the fire going as long as the outside fence asserted its existence. Now and then the boys indulged in a stretch on the three-legged sofa, whenever it relieved itself of their father's prostrate form, which generally happened when he came home in an hilarious mood. How the family managed to live on the \$1.25 which Mrs. Wright made at the wash-tub, was, and will remain, a mystery. As regards himself, Jus' father managed to live all right. A few bites at a free lunch counter, and a half-dozen of three-cent "shupers" made up his day's rations. Wright managed to make a few cents by doing chores at Trotter's, and now and then made an extra dime by holding the lines for some raw driver. Thus he could easily supply his own wants, and, moreover, have a little left for tobacco. Wright put in most of his time lounging around the hostelry discussing "Capital and Labor," or some other burning question of the hour. But let us return to Jus, and see how he fared down at the News office.

In return for his five pennies he received ten copies of the Fifth Edition of the News, at the head of whose columns, beneath a conspicuous "Extra! !!" read "Scandal in High Life." Full of zeal, Jus launched forth on his new business venture

--or I might say--he launched forth into the pouring rain, which somewhat dampened his spirits. Jus' first impressions of a newsboy's life were not of the most pleasing kind. However, his mother's parting admonition acted upon him as a sort of stimulant.

Jus soon heard someone whistling as if to attract attention--somewhat in the same way as he himself would call "Danger." Looking around, he noticed that it was someone actually calling him, and he quickly responded.

It was Jus' first customer--crossing the street he came face to face with a dyspeptic-looking individual who, reaching towards the papers under Jus' arms, exclaimed: "Paper, quick! You young brat, why don't you keep them dry?"

"Surely so well-dressed a person as you wouldn't expect change," thought Jus, as he took the silver dime from the man. But the customer did want change, and very quickly, too.

Unfortunately for poor Jus, he had invested every cent of his capital, and was accordingly in a dilemma. He hadn't dreamed of such a thing as change. Whilst he was hesitating, the customer shouted:

"Hurry up, now! Get change, and don't keep me waiting here in the rain!"

Jus entered the nearest store and asked for change. The grocery-man handed him back the dime, saying excitedly: "Get out of here! Don't you see that sign?" pointing to a sign which read, "No mutilated silver taken here." Sure enough the dime had a hole in it, as Jus observed after he emerged from the atmosphere of dried apples and ancient cheese.

Poor Jus! His face was wet. It was hard to say what mostly caused it, the rain or his tears. Never mind my boy! Those clouds and darker ones will pass away. The thickest of them has a silver lining even if your purse has not.

Finally, Jus got change at good old Mrs. Lyons' toy and candy store. Just as he was hurrying towards his angry and impatient customer, another newsboy--but a veteran at the trade--was coming along Bogland square, shouting "Evening News! All about the newsboys' strike!" This boy took in the situation at once. Seeing the customer gesticulating wildly, the newsboy thought he wanted a paper in place of

making signs to Jus to hasten his steps, so hurrying up the newsboy shouted, "Say! Mister! Don't buy no paper from that greeny! He's a 'scab' and don't belong to our union." The man was too angry to pay attention to this appeal of Jus' rival, he simply snapped at the nine pennies and walked on, doubtless thinking, if not expressing, some bitter things of Jus and newsboys in general.

When the customer had passed on, the newsboy struck at Jus, landing the latter in the gutter, shouting as he did so:—"Take that, will you. Next time you'll know you hadn't oughter freeze onto my customers."

"You're no gentleman!" is about all Jus said, when he arose from the muddy street.

"Gu'long wid ye now. I want none of your 'sass'!" were the parting words of the other newsboy.

It was with great difficulty that Jus succeeded in keeping his papers dry. By degrees he managed to dispose of all his stock in trade. His last customer was a good-natured young gentleman from whose face radiated an infectious jollity.

"Yes, my boy!" said the gentleman in reply to Jus' meek, "Paper, please sir?"

"The customer handed Jus two cents. "That's too much!" said Jus. "Oh that's all right," shouted back the man with the smiling face.

Jus now turned in the direction of home. In his search for patrons he had gone a considerable distance. It was still raining very hard and he had a long wet walk before him. He stopped in front of the candy store where he had gotten the change. He did not go in, he simply stood before the window oblivious of the rain. After he had rubbed away the moisture on the window pane and made a peep hole, he commenced to think aloud.

"Yes, I am one cent ahead in my profits. That'll buy--let's see--one of those candy-cigars, a pink mouse, a chocolate whistle and besides I ought to spend the money here because Mrs. Lyons was so kind to give me change."

Thus he mused. Suddenly, as if surprised, he said, "No, I won't spend this cent. Sister Serena told us that we must do some little penance every day, and here I am just free from school. I shouldn't forget

my lesson so soon. No; I'll do without the candy, and keep that cent for some one who might need it more than I do."

Whilst he was wording these thoughts, Jus' eyes were making a general survey of Mrs. Lyons' varied stock. In addition to the tempting display of confectionery, was a goodly selection of toys, and in fact everything to delight the heart of a boy and every girl too. Jus' eyes feasted on rocking-horses, sleighs, kites, bugles, fishing tackle, and "many other articles too numerous to mention," as the auctioneer says in his bills. But this didn't include Mrs. Lyons' complete stock. She had likewise a good supply of religious articles, including rosaries, prayer-books and pictures. On one long shelf stood miniature statues of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary, St. Peter holding a good-sized key of plaster Paris, St. Patrick dropping his pastoral staff on the head of a red, white and blue snake, and other specimens of devotional art.

Mrs. Lyons' store was the rendezvous of every boy and girl in the parish, for "Young America," who has an inborn business instinct, is always on the alert for the cheapest in the market. Whenever he is about to invest his money, he always asks himself: "Does it pay?" It did pay to go to Mrs. Lyons' place. Every child liked her, and had good reasons for doing so, for they invariably got more than the worth of their money. In many cases they not only received over-measure, but likewise an extra stick of candy for their little sick brother, who was at home laid up with the croup or some similar ailment. In addressing Mrs. Lyons it was noticeable that every boy and girl said "Thank you, ma'am," to their kind benefactress. Under such circumstances it is easily inferred that good Mrs. Lyons did not become rich. In fact she preferred to remain poor, in order to rejoice the young hearts of her patrons. She was a pious old lady, a widow, whose sole companion was a well-fed cat. "Some day I hope," (such was the good soul's daily prayer in the sunset of her life.) "Some day, I hope," she said, "to sell out and retire to some quiet religious home, where I can rest my tired feet and prepare for the journey to our home," when she would join

"The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade."

Jus didn't know Mrs. Lyons well enough yet. If he had he would have walked in and told his story as he dried his feet at the fire; he would have come out plus his extra cent and a pocket full of sweetmeats.

But Jus walked on. He felt tired, hungry, wet and miserable, even if he had disposed of his papers. He was near Trotter's which he thought might serve as a temporary shelter from the rain. The open door seemed very inviting so he slipped in thinking, "I guess it is safe enough, for father is certainly at home by this time." As he was wringing out his hat one of the hostlers noticed him and, in a voice loud enough to make the horses turn away their noses from their oats and look around enquiringly, shouted:

"Say, Wright! Here's your kid! I guess the old woman's sent him around to shadow you." This brought forth a great storm of laughter at Wright's expense. Laying down what he had just declared the "best lone hand ever held in any game," Wright made towards Jus shouting, "Get out of here, sir! your skin will catch it to-night."

As quick as it takes to tell it Jus was again out in the rain. Poor boy! He felt miserable, muttering to himself, "It seems I'm welcome nowhere."

Never mind my little friend! Dry up your tears, and remember that

"The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,  
The darkest waves have bright foam near it,  
And twinkles thro' the cloudiest night  
Some solitary star to cheer it."

Jus had advanced but a few steps more when he noticed a red light piercing the gloominess of the approaching night. "That must surely be the Church of our Lady," he thought, "and that is the light burning before the statue of the Sacred Heart in Our Lady's church."

When he came to the main door Jus entered it. That door was at least always open, and rich and poor, and saint and sinner, were always welcomed. Jus went up the side aisle on the left, and there he knelt for a few moments at the Blessed Virgin's altar, over which hung a very poor representation in oil of the most pure Heart of Mary.

"If I was rich, I would buy a large statue—like the one down at Mrs. Lyons'—

only several times larger," thought Jus, after he had whispered a "Hail Mary!"

In this matter, Jus shared the thoughts of many other people. More than once had it been suggested to Father Seligmacher that a new statue similar to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, be placed on the Blessed Virgin's altar.

"That's all very true," the priest usually replied to those who broached the subject, "but why do not those, who see the propriety of having such a statue, go to work and raise enough money to buy one. Every spare cent I have is needed for the poor in my parish. There are more people applying to me for aid than you suppose. They do not want everyone to know their poor condition, as would be the case if they begged others for aid, so they come here, knowing that it will not be advertised throughout the parish."

After Jus had finished his little prayer to the Mother of God, he passed over to the altar of the Sacred Heart, which was nicely decorated for the month of June, which would be ushered in on the morrow.

After he had exhausted all the stock of little ejaculations in honor of the Sacred Heart, which he had learned at school, he spied the "Intention" box. Yes, he had a favor to ask, and he would write it down. But here a difficulty presented itself, for Jus didn't carry about him a stock of stationery. Luckily he found a stump of a pencil which had worked its way through the pocket and lodged between the lining in a far-off corner of his vest. Paper was the next desirable article, and Jus acknowledged that he felt strongly tempted to pull a fly-leaf out of a pretty "Young Lady's Manual," nicely bound in blue plush, which made its presence known by emitting an odor of some delicate perfume. Happily he thought of his hat, from the inside rim of which he extracted a sufficient supply of paper. He tore off the margin of a page which yielded easily, being well soaked with rain. Jus slipped over to the little red light and held the paper at a safe distance in order to dry it. He then scratched out the remaining few words of print which strove to immortalize the fact that Mrs. So and So "had been given up by all physicians," and then, in a bold hand, he wrote:

"Dear Sacred Heart, please help me and

the rest of us. Also make pa better. Pure Heart of Mary, please help us, too."

The boy folded up the paper and dropped it in the Intention box. He then put back his pencil into a pocket with only an incipient aperture at the bottom, and in doing so, fished up the extra cent which he got from the good-natured young man, who had so kindly addressed him as "my boy!" As Jus went down the aisle he felt like going on his knees and praying for that good-hearted customer.

Ah! if we only knew the value of a gentle word which costs so little. The poet has truly said that

"The kindly word unspoken is a sin."

When Jus reached the porch he quietly dropped the "extra" cent into a box over which read a sign: "Help the Poor." "That's in honor of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary," he muttered to himself. No one saw or heard the small coin drop. What did it matter? It was only a news-boy's penny. But the angels recorded it.

Jus soon reached home. He got his supper, but escaped the threatened chastisement from his father, thanks to his mother's intervention.

The poor boy was completely tired out. He told no one of his day's experience, but went straight to bed—or rather he lay on his half of the springless sofa. He was soon asleep, oblivious of all the trying circumstances which ushered the first day of his occupation as a "bread-winner." Now and then he gave a start, accompanied by an exclamation which sounded like "You are no gentleman," or something equivalent. After that he was quiet. Now and then a smile passed over his face. Perhaps he was dreaming of the good-natured gentleman.

The next day Jus was at the same occupation, but things went more smoothly. He made fifteen cents clear profit. Besides, it did not rain, nor did he encounter the enstomer with the mutilated silver in his pocket and undigested food in his stomach.

I ought to mention that Jus commenced now to keep an account of his receipts and expenditures. He made quite a presentable pocket cash book with the aid of a needle and shears, and a few unused pages of a copy book. It seems trifling, but I can hardly forbear mentioning the fact that at the head of one of the leaves of Jus' book was a copy headline with the capital letters

nicely shaded, which read:—"Be just in all things." Although Jus stitched in this leaf little thinking of the headline, I considered it very pat. That little book of Jus' was also used for a memorandum book, and the dates therein were very useful to me when I first gathered data for this narrative.

On the next Friday, which, by the way, was the first Friday, (June 4th, 1886, it reads in Jus' book; Jus went to Holy Communion at our Lady's church.

It was an early Mass, and for some reason or other the server, young Pfaffenhasser, son of the shirt-maker; was not on hand. Father Seligmacher in looking through the church espied Jus, and beckoned to him to come to the sacristy.

When Jus approached the priest the latter said to him, "Can you serve Mass, my little man?"

"Yes, father," replied Jus.

"Well, then," said the priest, "put on one of those cassocks and light the candles, and light two on the Sacred Heart altar, also."

"All right, father," said Jus in a respectful whisper, as became so sacred a place.

"May I not likewise light two candles on the Blessed Virgin's altar, father?" said Jus as he was going out with the lighted taper.

"Of course," said Father Seligmacher, who couldn't help but admire the thoughtfulness of the boy.

After Mass Father Seligmacher said to Jus: "Come around when you have made your thanksgiving. You are just the boy I wanted to see, and I am glad I called you this morning."

When Father Seligmacher came over to the house to get his cup of coffee he found Jus waiting for him. The priest called Xantippe his housekeeper, and told her to give Jus a good breakfast, which was accordingly done, the housekeeper remarking, "Indeed father it's good that an occasional guest drops in so early, otherwise I might be forgetting how to prepare breakfast."

"Let's see, your name is Wright, isn't it?" said the priest, looking up from his breviary as Jus came back from the dining-room, whose surroundings had disappointed Jus, who, from young Pfaffenhasser's graphic description, had expected to see sideboards loaded down with gold and

silver plates, goblets, and other things used to decorate the tables of the rich.

"Jus Wright!" went on the priest musingly, "Jus is a very significant name, my boy! Jus means 'law in the Latin Lexicon.' You ought to be true to your name. Keep the law of God and you'll be happy. However when I come to think of it your full christian name is Justin—so it stands in my baptismal register. Yes, you were born on the feast day of a saint of that name. He was a great and holy priest of God. By the way Jus, or Justin, would you like to study for the priesthood?"

"Yes, father!" said Jus, "but we are very poor."

"I know that too well, and that is why I wanted to see you. Never mind, my boy, the sacred heart of Jesus has riches enough to give to those whom it loves," said the priest.

Father Seligmacher then took an envelope from the pocket of his cassock, and reaching towards Jus, said, "This is what I wanted to give you. I found the envelope with its contents in the League Intention box last evening. A little note therein will explain how that five-dollar bill came there. There is a little added by himself to it by someone else. Give the whole to your mother and tell her no questions are to be asked, for I myself do not know who put the envelope in the box."

Jus went home running -or rather jumping. He was over-delighted. Running up to his mother, he said, "Look ma! See what the Sacred Heart has done for us. Don't make light of those 'intentions' after this."

To say Mrs. Wright was pleased, would be putting it very mildly. There was no denying that she inwardly reproached herself for her great want of faith. Jus had taught her a lesson.

The little note, pinned to the crisp green-back in the envelope, was penned in a delicate female hand. It read:

"DEAR FATHER,—Please give enclosed to some of your deserving poor, in honor of the Sacred Heart. From

"A FRIEND OF THE HEARTS OF  
"JESUS AND MARY."

Jus was dispensed from selling paper that evening, and the good-natured young gentleman, who acted so kindly to Jus that

rainy night, had probably to walk down to Mrs. Lyons' for his "Evening News."

Who was the "Friend of the hearts of Jesus and Mary," that sent such timely aid to the Wright family?

I shall try to answer that question in the next chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## BRUSH AND CANVAS.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

"Let the thing we do be what it will, it is the principle upon which we do it that most recommends it."

*Louisa Knapp.*

"By the way, have you noticed that art notices are becoming of frequent occurrence in the literature of the people?" lately remarked an artist to a representative of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

"So much the better for us all," he added: "As we plance down the page we run across the sentence, 'the motif of the picture,' stumble an instant, but lack sufficient time to look up the term—Motif! What does the fellow mean? That's just it; it is just what the fellow meant—not his method of doing it, but his meaning underlying all method. And in the motif lies the essence of all true art, as of all right doing. We, in America, are beginning to talk of our school, our American art as of a national growth, and the motif or intention of the painter strikes through the picture as the Americanism through the man. We begin by demanding technical excellencies, and the artist who comes with his tools out of repair must not presume too much. So taking the power of expressing for granted, we look higher and search in the work for a bit of soul, and here lies the difference between a picture painted by an artist, and one painted by the sun—a photograph. The first catches a soul from its creator, whilst the other loses its motif (soul) through man's mechanical means.

"Now, motif is a force that underlies more things than ever dreamed of, 'Horatio, in your philosophies.' In plain English we might call it intention. Before selecting the motif of a picture, we look for the motif in the man; for the former is but the radiation of the light in the man's soul. If his intention be spiritual, of the heaven's pure, the work of his hand will bear witness to the fact, in his achievements we will hold a spark of the celestial fire. Our future American art will bear the impress of future American character. Let the motif be a high one, and there will be no question of our future art ever failing."

—THE—  
**Carmelite Review.**

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 THE CARMELITE FATHERS  
 IN HONOR OF  
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,  
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF  
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With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,  
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satholi, the Most Reverend Arch-  
 Bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, June, 1895. No. 6

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Feasts of this month are all Feasts of Divine Love, Pentecost, Corpus Christi, and the Feast of the Sacred Heart.

ANOTHER half year stands to our account. Let us start the next half year with renewed fervor in honor of Our Saviour's loving Heart.

NOW when the angel of peace again hovers over the far East, the Church will come in for her share of the spoils, and reap a rich harvest in the land so dear to the heart of St. Francis Xavier.

REV. FRATER ANGELUS LAGER, of our monastery at New Baltimore, Pa., will be ordained during the present Ember days to the Holy Priesthood. He will celebrate his first Holy Mass in Pittsburg on Trinity Sunday.

AFTER the ordinations to be held by the Right Reverend Bishop of Pittsburg during the current Whitsuntide, another member of the order of Mt. Carmel will have been added to the sacerdotal ranks. May the Holy Spirit make the labors of our reverend confrere most fruitful.

JUNE is the first month of the summer season, the high-noon of the year. The June sun slowly warms up the earth and our bodies, so the burning Pentecostal fires ought to enkindle our fervor, and set our hearts aflame with love for that Heart, which is consumed with love for us.

OUR Most Reverend Father Superior General presides at the Provincial Chapter of the Irish Carmelites, which meets at Dublin this month. We learn from reliable authority, that the American Carmel is also to be honored by a visit from the venerable successor of Saint Simon Stock.

EVER since the Holy Ghost fired the Apostles with zeal, and the heroic desire to "suffer for Christ," the Church has seen no age, in which she has had no confessors and martyrs. According to the last reports from the Superiors of the Missions, at least eighty-three priests are known to have died for the Faith in 1894.

HE, whose sun is now bringing to maturity Nature's gifts for our bodily wants, is not unmindful of the soul's craving for nourishment. Does not the Feast of Corpus Christi remind us of this? It is true, the banquet is always ready for us, but Holy Church knows our forgetfulness, and by her festivals admonishes us not to forget the great Guest ever in our midst.

ONCE more does the Paschal season close. A season of grace for many a Catholic, who would probably never enter into closer communion with his Maker, were it not for the obliging Easter duty. A season of increased responsibility and accumulating guilt for, alas, too many indifferent Christians, who are a scandal to their friends, relatives and pastor. Luckily, the number of these dead members of the church is not on the increase.

NEXT month, so full of significance to our devout Scapularians, will undoubtedly attract many pious pilgrims to Our Lady's favorite shrine at Niagara. The hospice, which is now in full course of erection, will not be completed, but our friends will be able to form a good idea of its size and beauty by that time. At all events we shall do all in our power to make the visit of our friends a memorable day for them.

BOTH the Eastern and Western summer schools have prepared most excellent programmes. We wish both of them unlimited success. They deserve it. We



hope that the CARMELITE REVIEW will be as well represented at the Western school as it has been hitherto at the Eastern one, by the goodly contingent of eager students, furnished from among our readers. And we trust that we will make many new friends at both these commendable meetings.

Our schools and colleges close during this month. Boys and girls are counting the hours that must still elapse, before the holidays open. We take part in their bright anticipations, and hope all their dreams of innocent pleasure may be fully realized. But we warn parents not to allow them to indulge in pernicious literature. Our stock of wholesome, delightful, and entertaining books for the young, is growing larger every day. Our Catholic writers of juvenile literature are among the best in that field. Write to us, if you are at a loss, how and where to procure such books.

The very rev. author of the "Life of McMaster," now appearing in our pages, in a late letter to us, states that "In some districts of New England, where the population is largely in the majority Catholic, pupils, teachers and members of the school board have been mainly of the Catholic faith. Such public schools have had in them no menace to faith and morals. The opening mind and character of the Catholic youth in attendance have not had the germs of their faith and piety frozen out in an atmosphere of infidelity and of evil companionship. In such exceptional public schools, priestly vocations, like tenderest plants, have not suffered. We note, that some of the most talented and desirable graduates of the 'Petit Seminaire,' clerics of sturdiest faith and ardent piety, have been in early youth in attendance at such public schools, under such benign influences. But the exception argues the more strongly in favor of the ruling of the Plenary Council, on the necessity of Catholic schools for Catholic youth." We have such an exceptional public school in New Baltimore, Pa. where our mother house is situated. And, yet, although the school is in charge of sisters, and all the members of the board Catholics, there are some very annoying

and objectionable features connected with it. The separate school system of Canada offers the only just solution of this momentous question.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP WALSH of Toronto, during his late visit to the Falls, kindly honored our sanctum by several most interesting calls. He takes great interest in the progress of the Hospice and of the CARMELITE REVIEW. We asked his opinion on the Eucharistic flowers for the dead. His Grace heartily endorsed them, and said: "The custom of lavishing flowers upon the dead is a pagan practice. You remember the passage in Virgil, in eulogy of young Marcellus, the nephew of Emperor Augustus.

"*Machus date lilia plebis.*

*Purpureos spargam flores, calathasque arjolis  
His saltem accendat donis, et fangat laetai  
Munera."*

"Give lilies by handfuls. Let me scatter the blooming flowers; these gifts at least let me heap upon my descendant's soul, and discharge this fruitless duty."

The Protestants imitate this pagan usage. They cannot keep down the natural craving to do something for the dead. The humane heart is broader than their religious doctrines. The same feeling prompts them to make their cemeteries earthly paradises. But this is only an unchristian endeavor to rob death of its terrors. Catholics try to keep their cemeteries in a decent manner, but they should not imitate Protestants in their pagan tributes to the dead, when they have such powerful means at command to help their departed friends. The "Eucharistic" flowers are a truly Catholic idea, and will undoubtedly become popular among our Catholics.

#### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

THE publishers of the popular edition of Hall's great work on Ireland, Charles E. Brown and Co., of Boston, Mass., have removed from 53 State street, to 68 and 70 Pearl street.

THE C.M.B.A. of Canada have now an official organ published at London, Ont. *The Canadian*, the first number of which appeared last March, is a monthly, well

edited and printed in English and French. We hope that it will serve to make this truly Catholic society known in every parish of the Dominion. It only needs to be known to become popular. Our bishops and priests are anxious to see this society thrive.

\* \*

Our *Lady of Good Counsel* is the name of a beautiful little monthly, ably edited by Eleanor C. Donnelly, and published by the Augustinian Fathers. It is neat in appearance with a cover in blue and white, colors of the Blessed Virgin, and well printed. Somewhat younger than our *Review*, it is engaged in the same sweet mission of spreading the love of Our Lady. The May number contains an article from which we learn that the famous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, venerated in the Redemptorist church at Rome, was formerly an Augustinian Madonna. There is also an able sketch of St. Monica, and the editor contributes several exquisite bits of poetry.

\* \*

The Rev. N. Walsh, S. J., has written a sketch and a study, as he calls it, of *John Baptist Franzelin, S. J., Cardinal Priest*, of the title S. S. Boniface and Alexius. The life of this great theologian and saintly religious was a simple, uneventful one, dedicated to study and prayer. One of the most eminent professors of theology in our days, he was so averse to any recognition of his learning that he could hardly be reconciled to the dignity and honor of a Cardinal's hat. Death alone could put a stop to his labors, so fond was he of work. The biographer, who personally knew him, treats his subject with warmth, gives an interesting account of the Roman and German colleges, which were the scenes of the Cardinal's activity, and enters fully into the study of the nature of religious vocation, religious life and religious practices, the sublime background upon which alone such a life can be sketched.

\* \*

The *Ladies' Home Journal* for May publishes a musical gem composed by Bruno Oscar Klein. It is a concert Mazurka, which received the award of \$100 in the *Journal's* series of prizes for original compositions, as the best original piano composition. We have also received an "Easy

Guide to the Best Books" from the *Journal's* office, an elaborate illustrated catalogue of 5,000 books on all subjects interesting to the home circle. The list seems to be a select one, and most of the books can be recommended to Catholic readers. But we would not advise any Catholic woman to select any of the books under the heading Religion, as there is not a single Catholic book included. Renan's "History of Christianity" finds a place, but neither Pere Didon's "Life of Christ" nor Chateaubriand's "Genius of Christianity," nor any other of our standard books on religious subjects, have a place among these *best books*.

\* \*

The *Popular Science Monthly* for May, publishes the first of a series of papers on "Professional Institutions," by Herbert Spencer. By proving, as he intends to do, that all professional institutions have an ecclesiastical origin, he will establish the fact, of which we are all fully convinced, that the priest is the fountain and source of all true civilization. Our Holy Father, the High Priest of Christendom, inculcates the necessity of the study of science for the clergy, that priests may again lead on to higher achievements in these fields, rather than follow in the wake of unphilosophical scientists, who usually start at the wrong end, or, at least, draw absurd conclusions from hypothetical premises. In this same number of *The Popular Science Monthly*, a review of the "Proceedings of the International Conference on Aerial Navigation, held in Chicago, August 1, 2 and 3, 1893," states that "the proposal to hold the conference, of which the proceedings are recorded in this book, originated with Prof. A. F. Zahm, of Notre Dame University, who communicated with Mr. C. C. Bonney, President of the World's Congress Auxiliary, and interested other persons in the project." Here we have a case in point. A priest gives the initiative for a conference on one of the most interesting scientific questions of the day.

\* \*

The editor of the *Globe Review*, Mr. W. H. Thorne, is a man who must be terribly in earnest. He must be sincere, too, or he would not have obtained the grace of faith, nor the vigorous and apostolic cour-

age with which he professes it. The April number of his *Review* opens with a very forcible analysis of "The New England Conscience," which he concludes with this uncompromising verdict: "Thus, in fine, we see that New England has fallen as low in its faith as it has in its moral sense, and in its intellectual culture and integrity." Another strong article on "Patriotism vs. Protestantism," is furnished by Rev. Lucian Johnston, the son of the venerable Richard Malcolm Johnston. It shows that treason and disloyalty have always been so intimately connected with Protestantism that they seem to be a natural outcome of it. We have daily proofs of it in Canada. The Dominion is never threatened with dismemberment, excepting by "loyal" Orangemen, who are ready to sacrifice the welfare of their country rather than to allow Catholic minorities to have their rights. There is another article which strikes us as out of place in this brainy and brilliant *Review*. It is an essay on "M. Zola and his critics," which tries to give "the devil his due," by saying something apologetic about him. The devil, no doubt, deserves our respect for "his unity of purpose and certainty of conviction."

## The Priest and the Explorer.

BY VERY REV. W. E. HARRIS.

For the *Carmelite Review*.

CONTINUED.



HE discomfited embassy began their return journey and exhausted, half-frozen and nearly famished reached, on January 14th, 1679, the banks of the Niagara. Meanwhile LaSalle, with Tonty, an Italian companion, had left Fort Fontenac, entered the Genesee river, and arrived at the Seneca village a few days after the departure of Hennepin and LaMotte. Ten years before, this hardy adventurer, accompanied by the Sulpician priests, Dollier de Casson and Galinee, had, when starting on his voyage to the Mississippi, passed some days with these people. He succeed-

ed by his personal influence and commanding address in conciliating the Senecas, and after receiving their permission to build a blacksmith shop and store-house, he returned to the mouth of the Genesee, and sailed for Niagara. On the 26th January, he laid the keel of the Griffon at the mouth of Cayuga creek, and after encouraging his workmen with promises of reward, he returned to Fort Fontenac to obtain an outfit and supplies for the new vessel. Father Hennepin accompanied him as far as Niagara, where LaSalle traced a stockaded block house, which he called Fort Conty, in honor of his friend, the prince of Conty. Rene Robert Cavalier, better known as La Salle, was born at Rouen in 1643, and was of an old and distinguished family. At an early age he was sent by his father to be educated by the Jesuits, and, though never admitted as a member of the Order, it is probable he was a novice of that society for a short time. He distinguished himself in mathematics, and being of an ambitious and self-willed nature, he turned aside from the priesthood, and entered upon a career of exploration and discovery, that has won for him an enviable place among the early explorers of this continent. The intense longing for adventure, which was woven into his nature, induced him to visit his brother, who was a Sulpician priest in Montreal. So favorable was the impression which he made upon the Sulpicians, that they sold him, for a nominal sum, a large tract of land at Lachine, near Montreal. Soon afterwards he disposed of his possessions and organized an expedition for the discovery of the Mississippi.

Like all the early explorers, his ambition was to open a passage to the South sea, to bring Cathay, Japan and the neighboring islands into commercial union with the West and win for his country a new field of trade and prosperity. His imagination was fired and his ambition stimulated in reading the lives of the Spanish and Portuguese navigators, those restless and daring adventurers who through the two Americas, fearlessly and bravely bore the triumphant banners of Castile and Braganza. He had heard from his father the marvellous accounts of the heroic deeds of that galaxy of heroes, who at the dawn of the 16th century sailed away from the Spanish peninsula. He was familiar with the history of the Pinzons, the

companions of Columbus, of Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, and the projector of the Conquest of Peru, who dragged his ships in sections across the Isthmus of Darien, to meet in the end with discouragement and an ignominious death, of Magellan, the stormy petrel and intrepid hero, before whose achievements even the daring of Columbus paled. His ambition was stimulated and his energies aroused to activity in perusing the official reports of the Pizarros, who swept like a whirlwind to the Conquest of Peru and subdued an empire; of DeSoto, the companion of their exploits, who afterwards traversed the States of Alabama and Georgia, and reached the banks of the Mississippi 128 years before LaSalle himself was visited by his dream of conquest.

He was an earnest Catholic, and prevailed upon the Sulpician Order to permit two of its priests to accompany him to evangelize the nomad tribes that ranged the valleys of the Ohio, the Mississippi and the great lakes. On the 6th day of July, 1669, La Salle, Fathers De Casson and Galinee, with twenty-two men in seven canoes, escorted by a party of Senecas, began the ascent of the St. Lawrence. After twenty-seven days of incessant toil, in which they suffered severely from disease and exposure, they entered lake Ontario, and coasting its Southern shore, landed on the 10th of August about four miles east of the Genesee river. He next proceeded overland to the Seneca villages, to obtain a guide to conduct the party through the unknown wilderness, that stretched in unbroken slumber between their villages and the sources of the Ohio. Failing in his request, he returned to his canoes, and paddled westward till he reached Burlington Bay. He then proceeded to the village of *Ottawa-watana*, where he met the explorer Joliet returning from a fruitless expedition in search of the copper mines of lake Superior. Here LaSalle was taken ill, and leaving the two priests to proceed on their journey, he returned to Montreal. At the period of which we write, 1678, he was entering upon his second expedition to the Mississippi, and the indomitable courage, perseverance and endurance which he displayed on this expedition, mark him as one of the grandest men that ever trod the American continent. The explorer was de-

tained at Frontenac much longer than he expected, and during his absence the Griffon was completed and safely moored two and a half miles up the river, where she could ride securely at anchor. Father Hennepin now returned to meet La Salle, and invite some Franciscan priests to accompany him on his mission to the great west. On arriving at Fort Frontenac, he received a generous welcome from his Franciscan brethren. La Salle greeted him warmly, and as a mark of his friendship for the Franciscan Order, and in return for Father Hennepin's kindness, deeded to the Recollects 18 acres of land, besides the Fort for a church, residence and cemetery, and 100 acres in the adjoining forest. This was on May 27th, 1679, and was the first Catholic church property in the Province of Ontario.\*

On the return of La Salle and Hennepin, they were accompanied by three Recollect priests, Gabriel de la Ribourde, Zenobe Membre and Melithon Wattaux.† These priests were natives of Flanders, affiliated to the Spanish Recollects until Louis XIV conquered Andalusia, and made it a French province, when the Recollects came under French jurisdiction. Wattaux and Membre were in the prime of their manhood, animated with a devouring zeal for the salvation of souls, and all aglow with a generous enthusiasm for missionary work. Father Gabriel de la Ribourde,‡ the Superior of the Order in Canada, and the last scion of an old Burgundy house, was a cheerful and vigorous old man of 64, whose martial bearing was equally adapted to the struggles of the camp or the hardships of the mission-

\*Gilmary Shea in his "History of the Catholic Church in the U. S." vol. 1, p. 322, is clearly wrong when he states that La Salle deeded 4½ acres to the Recollects at Fort Niagara. No mention of this deed is found in Hennepin's works, La Salle's Journal, or in the Margry documents, and as La Salle never owned a foot of ground in the State of New York, he could not give that which was not his.

†These Recollects were members of a branch of the first Order of St. Francis. St. Francis of Assisi, was born in Umbria, Italy, in 1182; established the Franciscan Order, August 26, 1209; and died October 4, 1226. The reformed branch of the Order, known as Recollects, from their living at first in hermitages, was inaugurated by Father John Gandalonpe in Spain, in the year 1500. The Recollects were introduced into New France by Samuel Champlain in one of them. Father Joseph le Caron, at Riviere de la Prairies June 24th of that year. Shea's *Charlevoix*, vol. ii, p. 25.

‡Father Gabriel, who was 64 years old, writes Hennepin, "I underwent all the fatigues of this voyage, and descended and descended three times the three mountains, which are very high and steep in the place where the portage is made."

ary field, and who, if he had been a Crusader, would have swung the sword with the same courage and loyalty with which he now bore the cross through a wilderness, three thousand miles from home.

The ship which bore La Salle and the priests, carried also the anchors, sails and rigging for the Griffon, and were, with considerable trouble, dragged from Lewiston to Cayuga creek. At last the Griffon was finished: a party of men, with Father Melithon as chaplain, were left to guard the fort, and La Salle, with Hennepin, Tonty and their companions entered the vessel which sailed away with swelling canvas into the virgin waters of lake Erie. As they glided into deeper water Father Hennepin intoned the *Veni Regis*. His companions took it up, and to the strains of this historic hymn, the Griffon, outward bound, headed for lake Michigan.

L. THE Apostolic letter of Our Holy Father to the English people is a noble and pathetic appeal to "men of good will." It calls the attention of the "prodigal son" to the love always shown him by the Father, when he was still in his Father's house, praises him for the good qualities still found in him, does not find fault with him or blame him in the least, but with the voice of the loving father exhorts him to make use of the only means to bring him home, fervent and humble prayer. He asks the Catholics of England to join him in offering up prayers for the return of England to the unity of faith. He grants "to all those who piously recite the following prayer, to whatever nation they may belong, an Indulgence of 300 days; moreover, a Plenary Indulgence once a month on the observance of the usual conditions to those who have recited it daily."

#### PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

O Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God and our most gentle Queen and Mother, look down in mercy upon England thy "Dowry" and upon us all who greatly hope and trust in thee. By thee it was that Jesus, our Saviour and our hope was given unto the world; and He has given thee to us that we might hope still more. Plead for us thy children, whom thou didst receive and accept at the foot of the Cross. O sorrowful Mother! intercede for our separated brethren, that with us in the one true fold they may be united to the supreme Shepherd, the Vicar of thy Son. Pray for us all, dear Mother, that by faith fruitful in good works we may all deserve to see and praise God, together with thee, in our Heavenly home. Amen.

## Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Miss Matilda Cummings.

What is so rare as a day in June? Then,  
if ever come perfect days.

—J. K. LOWELL.



PERFECT day! The words sound strange to ears that are but ill used to hearing of completeness in the things of earth. And yet why deny that there are perfect days on earth? Nature seems to revel in such in this, the month of roses flowers above all others that seem to hold within their ruby chalice the very fullness of beauty. The rich blood red roses of June, fit type of the burning love of the Sacred Heart, to whom its sunny days are consecrated. What a delightful fitness there is in the economy of the church. 'Tis positively restful in these days of perpetual rush and trolley system to let one's mind dwell on the symmetry and perfect adaptation of rubric and ritual and dogma and discipline to the wants, nay almost the caprices of her children. May, in all the captivating beauty of the gay young spring, makes a vestal virgin feeding the fires of love at the shrines of immaculate Queen of Virgins; and now June, in its wealth of summer splendor is as a standard bearer carrying the royal colors of the King that ravishes all hearts. Happy they whose hearts beat in union with the great heart of mother nature in these fervid days of June. Every throb of her bosom speaks of love, the motive power of the world.

Her fields and forests are teeming with fragrance. Her gardens are radiant in beauty; the sign of the rose is the watchword of love, and its almost intoxicating perfume is shed within the enclosed garden of the sanctuary, where it dies at the feet of the Victim of Love.

The twilights of June! Would that they could be spent in the spots where one could "put his heart in sweetest tune," where one could "drink in the country with long loving look." But since the days of Eden and its "happy walks and shades," are no

longer ours, let us betake ourselves to the nearest approach to paradise on earth.

Father Faber with his characteristic generosity concedes the claim to a Jesuit novitiate. Well, we can not all be of Loyola's soldier band and so we will take his watchword, "*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*," with us into the nearest open church or chapel, and fill the twilights of June with one thought, one desire, one aim in life—reparation. Oh! how much it is needed in these days of a diabolical ingenuity in outraging the majesty of God. How much each loving Catholic heart can do to comfort the heart of Jesus in June. So appealingly does it come before us, so wistfully does its plaint fall on our ears, which turn aside from the world's great crowd, that one must needs be cold indeed not to become imbued, in even a slight degree, with the spirit of Blessed Margaret Mary when she cried out in a transport of love, "We *must* love that Sacred Heart will all our strength. Yes, we must love it and establish its empire despite all its enemies."

Who are its enemies? Ah! that question brings back to us the scene in the upper chamber, when the chosen twelve each said in turn, "Is it I, Lord?" Let each heart repeat it in the quiet quarter of an hour before the blessed sacrament during the grace laden twilights of June.

"The world's unkindness grows with life," and so for many of us they will be a blessed time to forget how very unkind the world can be. "Blame not your faults that so things come to pass, for this is destiny." Yes, if for destiny you substitute the will of God! There's one grace that seems to be the especial blessing of advancing life. A devotion to the Providence of God, a growing affection for His Will, a feeling that

"Ill that he blesses is our good.

An unblest good is ill;

And all is right that seems most wrong,

If it be His sweet will."

It takes long to learn the lesson, it takes long to quaff the seemingly bitter draught, whose sweetness lies at the bottom, but 'tis a law of compensation that submission to the will of God more than makes up for the joys which made life almost heaven when "I was young." We smile as we say it, but very tenderly, very lovingly we revert to the days of yore, the days of Auld

Lang Syne. Every loyalist loves the old regime. Now in the twilights of June let us go over the past at the feet of our Lord. He, most indulgent of Masters, will not blame us, if some tears of regret well up at the thought of the days departed, will find no fault because our hearts yearn for the loved ones who have left us to wonder, why earth can still be so beautiful in June, and they not here. Ah! No! His heart is a human one, feels for and with us, only let us not forget Him and His dear cause of reparation while sweetly and sadly dwelling on the past. 'Twere a pity if sorrow should make us selfish. Oh! No, let it broaden and elevate us, and let the world which needs us, as far as making it happier is concerned, *feel* what we are doing for it and for ourselves in the twilights of June. Sympathy is the bond of union between hearts. The deeper, the truer, the more faithful it is, the closer, the sweeter the union. Ah! let us be generous to the loving heart of Jesus. So many offend Him, so many forget Him and so many more simply ignore Him. Let us one and all draw very near to Him in the twilights of June. He will know we are before the door of his tabernacle home, even if our tongues be mute. The sense of companionship is a very cheering one. Let us not leave Blessed Margaret Mary sole mistress of the Heart of Jesus this June. Gladly will she welcome all who will share her vigil at the post of love.

—◆◆◆—  
WHEN we give ourselves up to our passions we plant thorns round our heart.

GO THROUGH the whole Scriptures and thou shalt find the servants of God, men and women, all walking through the path of suffering.—ST. ANTHONY'S.

EXEMPT from original sin, the beautiful soul of Mary never stopped, but flew unceasingly towards God, loved Him unceasingly, and believed unwaveringly in His love.

"Give me the practical Catholic, the intellectual man! Give me the man of faith! Give me the man of human power and intelligence and the higher power, divine principle and divine love! with that man, as with the lever of Archimedes, I will move the world."—FATHER BURKE.

## AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Mary Angela Spellissy.

### LOVE AND LOVERS.



ON a lonely evening in May the congregation were dispersing from the Church of St. Paul, at the conclusion of the devotions of that beautiful month. The pave was crowded in all the ways radiating from the church. Groups of young and old, husbands and their wives, mothers and their children, chattering girls, sweethearts and their lovers, passed each other as if all of one great family; and so they were, children of one fold, fed at the same table, offering their prayers for the needs of each other, remembering affectionately the departed souls of each bereaved household when the dead passed to life eternal. Mrs. Bryce joined Aunt Hilda and Miss Judith with the inquiry:

"Will my company be an intrusion?"

"Not at all," politely responded Aunt Hilda.

Truth compels me to acknowledge that Miss Judith gave her a severe pinch at the same minute, as an expression of her disapprobation that their hour of peaceful intercourse should be sacrificed to one less congenial.

"Where is Ethna?" inquired Miss Judith.

"Gone for a glass of soda water."

"Alone?"

"Oh, no; Mr. Stuart invited her."

"And pray, who is Mr. Stuart?"

"One of the young men who boards at the house."

"I thought so. You are the very dickens for picking up with strangers, Susanna."

"Indeed, Judith, Mr. Stuart is a gentleman."

"You don't know one when you see him. Remember your friend the Prussian diplomat who is now languishing behind the bars at Sing Sing. I don't worry on your

account, but I do suffer in seeing her father's daughter in company with every stranger she meets in the *omnium-gatherum* of a boarding house. Her father would not have tolerated such a condition of affairs."

Mrs. Bryce laughed merrily as she asked: "Wouldn't he think it awful, Judith?"

"I wish *you* had some sense of the impropriety of it."

"Indeed, Judith, I think it is all quite natural, young people are not to be locked up."

"Nor should they be allowed the companionship of the immoral, the irreligious or the doubtful. What do you know of this Scotchman?"

"He is an excellent youth, his people are well to do in a manufacturing town in Blankshire. He has a lovely father and mother, he is one of six brothers and sisters; he showed us their pictures and the photograph of their home. The garden is just like those you read of in Julia Kavanagh's stories."

"Of course Mr. Stuart is your only authority for all this."

"Judith, you are growing too suspicious for anything."

"I wish you were more so."

"Indeed Mr. Stuart is one of the nicest men I have met for a long time."

"I despise *nice* men."

"What is the matter with her, Mrs. Acton; she's awfully cross isn't she?"

"I must let Miss Judith speak for herself. I have always found her equal to any emergency."

"I want to talk to you both about Mr. Stuart, I want your opinion."

"You mean approbation, Susanna, and I have none to give. Mr. Stuart is possibly well enough as men go, but he is not a Catholic, and that is enough to make me condemn the intimacy that you have encouraged all winter. I might have known you were into some mischief when we saw so little of you."

"Indeed Mr. Stuart appears very much interested in Catholicity; he escorted Ethna to church during Lent; he has a lovely voice and learned our hymns very quickly. We have had some talks on religion and he appeared very much interested; he never knew any Catholics until he

met us. Can you lend him 'Milner's End of Controversy,' Judith?"

"I have none to lend at present, there is no use in wasting your powder, Susanna. I know more of Mr. Stuart than you do, and am not prepared to be made a party to your scheme. I tell you plainly that I have the most utter contempt for match-making."

"Why, Judith, this is very unprovoked."

"You may think so, but listen to me. I wished to spare you, but I am compelled to speak before Mrs. Acton, you can trust her prudence. I know you very well, Susanna, I comprehend the motive that prompted you to leave your lovely comfortable home where you were known and respected. You wished to marry off your daughter, and to do that you have brought her to this great city, that seethes with all that is foul to soul and body. You have placed her amidst men whose very look is insult. Since you want to see Ethna married, why did you treat so discourteously last summer the son of your old friend, when he made some visits to your house and appeared to seek Ethna's society? He is a young man of good principles and well-mannered, but you had cast your maternal eyes on the swell from Chicago and considered Frank an intruder. When the summer vanished the dandy effaced himself, but not his board-bill; that remains on the books of worthy Mrs. House-keeper, and I am out of pocket some fifty dollars, because she must postpone her payments, when her boarders default. Frank could not submit himself to a repetition of your discourteous treatment, he took himself to a family that appreciated him, and to-night he and his lovely bride knelt devoutly before me at benediction, one in faith and one in heart."

"What had he to marry on?"

"The same that your father and mine began housekeeping with, an honest heart, an intelligent head and industrious hands. God often blesses such. Frank is employed in a firm that is developing the power of electricity as a motor; he has been an earnest student of the subject, and some of his discoveries are being adopted in various companies. Frank is on the high road to prosperity; already he has achieved an enviable position in the community, and he might have been your son-in-law this minute, but for your nonsense."

"Why I never saw anything in him."

"No, Susanna, you never see worth in your neighbors, you are taken by the glitter of the dress, and dazzled by the ostentation of the fools."

"Good evening, friends, is my mother with you?" said Ethna's gleeful voice. "Isn't this a lovely night, 'the moon doth shine as bright as day.' Allow me to introduce Mr. Stuart, Mrs. Acton and Miss McLeod."

Slipping her hand within Miss Judith's arm, Ethna resigned her escort to her mother and Aunt Hilda, saying, "we girls have some secrets to discuss and will follow you."

"Miss Judith, won't you say a prayer for my intention?"

"Pray your own prayers, child."

"What is the matter, Miss Judith, are you offended with me?"

"Not at all, Ethna, I love you better than you love yourself, that's all. You know my eyes are usually open when I'm awake; I've lived too long not to know where to look for the sun when I see the shadows. I was young once and I would spare you sufferings such as I have tasted."

"Don't you like Mr. Stuart?"

"Very well outside our circle."

"He's only a friend."

"I fear you are deceiving yourself, ask the Holy Ghost to enlighten you."

"Will you come in, friends?" inquired Aunt Hilda as the party reached her door.

"Not this evening," said Mrs. Bryce, "I'll call to-morrow for that pattern, Miss Judith."

As the two friends seated themselves in their cosy little parlor, Miss Judith relieved herself of some of her irritation.

"I do not understand why Susanna Bryce follows me so persistently when she's into mischief. When we were girls I always knew that there was trouble brewing when she was particularly coaxing. She knows my aversion to her methods. In her daughter's interest she renews the follies of her youth. I have been silent all winter. I knew that she was practising on that Scotchman. Boarding-house gossip flows out like a river, and, as I am in business, I cannot avoid hearing much that I would rather know nothing of. Ethna, poor darling, is quite unconscious of her mother's arts, and unaware that her mother and herself are the talk of the neighborhood. The



mother's manoeuvres keep away many young men of good repute, that *I know*. If she would but mind her own business, and refrain from making her daughter so cheap by throwing her at the head of every man she considers desirable. I know Susanna is only silly, but I am often tempted to think such people are at times more objectionable than downright rascals. She has spoiled my benediction for me."

"Not at all. Your vexation is a mark of your love, you will say a fervent prayer for both mother and daughter, thus the good shall surpass the evil."

"You are not stirred by this, Hilda, as I am, because you do not know the attendant circumstances."

"I see plainly that Mrs. Bryce evidently appreciates your good sense, and hopes to win your aid."

"I know this man better than Susanna does; he is a fine fellow as men go, he is a class-mate of my nephew. Hearing of the intimacy at the boarding house I questioned Dermot, and learned that young Stuart is the son of a red hot Presbyterian; the family have a pretty home in a manufacturing town in the north of Scotland. Archie has been gracefully reared in the bosom of a family of which he is the idol. He came here to take a course in mechanics before taking charge of a new branch in his father's works. He is canny, conceited and clever, but decidedly provincial. Ethna has been a substitute for the sisters he left at home, she and her mother have coddled and flattered the man just as his home folk did, and Archie accepted it all, for Archie loves no one so well as himself."

"You often show wonderful perception of character, Judith."

"It is a questionable gift. A business experience often confers that insight into the minds of men. People do not realize how recklessly they give themselves away."

"I confess that I cannot comprehend a mother desiring to subject her innocent girl to the promiscuous intercourse of an American boarding-house. Of course, I am accustomed to conditions so widely different that those of this country are a shock to me.

TO BE CONTINUED.

How SHALL we behave on great occasions if we are weak in little ones?

## Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

### SCHOOL AND EDUCATION.

Sam and Mick met accidentally. The former had attended a meeting of the public school board.

"Mick," he said, "I have just come from a most important meeting. The members of the school board just came to the conclusion, to furnish all the children the necessary books free of charge. That's glorious. Now there can be no excuse for not sending the children, and you will see that in a short time our schools will surpass anything of the kind in the world. America beyond doubt is the most civilized nation on this earth."

"This is a regular panegyric you are preaching, Sam. The more is it a pity, that there are some people in the States who do not feel quite as much elated as you."

"Oh, I know, you Catholics have always been inveterate enemies of our public school, tho' why I cannot for the life of me say, unless it is that you insist on teaching your religion in the schools, as if it could not be taught just as well in the church."

"Go slow, Sam, go slow. You are taking things for granted which are very debatable, to say the least."

"For instance?"

"For instance, the question whether religion can be sufficiently taught outside the school."

"This is no longer debatable, experience proves it, since it is done by all Protestants."

"The question is not whether it is done, but whether it is done successfully."

"How can you doubt it? Do not the Protestants hold their own pretty well?"

"Not if we can trust the reports of the ministers and newspapers. Ever and again the question is raised how to reach the masses, and complaints are many, that especially men become more and more conspicuous in Protestant meeting houses by their absence. But since you cannot speak of religion where there is no public worship, nor any set tenets of faith, I am very much afraid the Protestants do not hold their own, but lose their hold upon the people."

"I do not at present wish to discuss this point, but supposing for the sake of argument that your charge were true, how can you blame the public school for it? There is nothing said or done in our schools calculated to keep the people from church."

"Certainly not, but on the other hand there is nothing said or done in your schools calculated to bring the people into the church, and there the fault lies. Any schooling not striving for this result is worse than useless, it is highly detrimental to the individual and the commonwealth."

"Do you really mean to say, Mick, that it is the duty, and even the foremost duty of the school, to bring a man to church?"

"Of course I do. It is not the only, but the chief obligation of the school."

"Well, that beats anything. The logical consequence of your astounding proposition would be that we could not have any public school at all, as it would be impossible to teach there the two hundred and aught religions which are in vogue in this country."

"Not as it is at present, I grant. But the loss would be a very small one, and a substitution could be made which would be of the highest importance and the most gratifying results to government and people, that is to say, the denominational schools could be transformed into public schools."

"I know, Mick, this is what the Catholics strive for, but I am sure they will not gain their point, at least not in this generation. If they persist to keep aloof from what opportunities we offer them, let them look out for themselves, and not try to compel us to educate their children in their religion for them."

"Well, Sam, this remark shows a good deal of narrowmindedness and proves that you, like so many others, are unable to see the point in question. I do not speak of the Catholics alone, but of the education of every child in the country, and what I claim for the Catholics, I equally claim for every Protestant and Jew, because education without religion is impossible."

"I cannot see that, as I said before."

"Please tell me what you understand by education, and how you would educate a child?"

"Why, education I take to be the development of the mental faculties, in order

that the future man may be able to judge rationally of questions regarding government, commerce, trade, etc."

"Which mental faculties do you refer to?"

"Of course, the intellect, reason and memory."

"But has not man also a will that needs direction and development?"

"Yes, he has, but the will following the lead of the intellect will be developed by developing the intellect."

"Development in what?"

"Naturally in those branches which form the object of teaching, like reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography and the like."

"Stop now for a moment, Sam, and let us try to find out what is in your principle.

You say that developing the intellect develops the will at the same time. Now suppose a boy in school is a first-class mathematician and knows his multiplication table, fractions, decimals and equations to perfection, or he has the history of the United States at his fingers ends and can give you the desired information about every river, mountain, cape and bay of the world, how will this knowledge direct his will? What deductions for practical life will he draw from it?"

"Mick, you are a trickster. You intentionally left out the principal branches of reading and writing in order to put me into the wrong. But this will not benefit you. It is in reading chiefly, and learning to develop our own thoughts and commit them to writing, that the education of our mind consists, and the branches you mentioned are only subsidiary, tho' highly useful, especially mathematics, which force the mind to think logically and yield to established laws."

"That's good enough, Sam, but a man can think very logically and still arrive at conclusions altogether wrong, because he starts from the wrong premises, in which case the better the logic, the more baneful the result. Hence, the education, in order to be proficient in good, must inculcate good principles as a starting point of thinking. Now your school books contain descriptions of landscape, sea, seasons, dogs, cats, cows and other ruminating animals, they tell us that 'Mary had a little lamb,' they describe in fluent rhyme some ad-

ventures of war, etc. Will you please tell me what follows practically from these premises?"

"Our books contain not only the things you mentioned so flippantly, they also contain the often repeated advice to shun bad and do good, to be liberal and kind and the like. Are not these principles calculated to direct the will in the proper groove?"

"They would do so if these books gave us a standard to judge what is good and what is bad. Do they do so?"

"They do not, and cannot do it, because the standards differ. We believe things allowed which you consider forbidden, and *vice versa*."

"Then all the morality your books inculcate is a vapid thing without substance. It tells you to do right, but does not tell you what is right, it cautions you against wrongdoing, but leaves it doubtful what constitutes a wrong. It has no base, no clearly defined lines, no definite scope; it is an intangible, hazy phantasmagory, a bubble that bursts whenever it is touched, and I never yet could convince myself that a bubble is a ball."

"You are unmerciful in your deductions, Mick."

"I am only logical, sir, and you yourself praised logic as a development of the mind. However, I am not through yet. What I said applies to the common elementary schools, and it is bad enough. The scoundrels who swindle and cheat the government and their fellow citizens most, were very proficient in your schools. The inmates of prisons, penitentiaries and brothels show a large quota of public school children, and, as we shall know the tree by its fruits, the results hitherto obtained by public school education are nothing to be proud of. But matters get worse when we look at the high schools and non-sectarian colleges. The principles of morality taught there are taken from pagan philosophers, chiefly Plato, and any students that give time and attention to these studies, will leave the school confirmed infidels."

"Don't go too far, Mick, in making such sweeping assertions. How many splendid men, ripe scholars and Christian gentlemen, successful ministers, or barristers, or merchants have been educated in these schools. They disprove you."

"They do not. If they escaped their

studies unscathed, it was not by what was taught them then, but by the traditions and examples of homelife, or private studies at variance with their schoolbooks. They remained or became Christians, not through the schools, but in spite of them, and this is the severest condemnation, that can be flung at your vaunted schools. Tobelievers in any religious creed the public schools are death, and it is almost incredible, how this patent fact could escape the eyes of Protestant ministers. Instead of realizing the danger to themselves and their flock, they join in the general alarm and wail, for fear the Catholics would be able to educate their children without bearing the burden of double taxation. It is literally a case of biting off one's nose to spite one's face. They are the grave diggers of their own denominations. Their churches are getting more and more empty, the younger generation becomes more and more estranged from any positive faith, and yet they fail to see the signs of the times. All right, gentlemen, just stick to your principles. Another fifty years of public schools according to the present system, and your occupation will be gone; there will be only infidels and Catholics in the country, and what this means, the French revolution of a century ago demonstrates."

"Well, Mick, your prognostications are certainly gloomy enough."

"It is the logical development of your own American premises. But their chief objection, that of a want of practical moral principles, is not the only one. I have a good many other objections to your public schools, which I am willing to discuss when we meet again. For the none believe me, that Catholics object to your schools, not because they are not in their hands, but through an earnest regard for the present and future well-being of their children. Morality is interlinked with religion so that the two are inseparable. The pagan countries of Greece and Rome show what becomes of a morality divorced from religion, and history repeats itself, because human nature remains the same, if left to itself. The nursery rhyme taught to the babe-class of elementary schools in Germany: 'With God begin, with God do end, to God all earthly things shall tend,' contains more sound morality than you get in your public schools through all its grades. Good-bye for the present."

### A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE.

CATHOLICISM stands like a rock, one of the most wonderful of human institutions in its continuity, its adaptability to human nature, its power over the minds of men. Those outside its influence can estimate the peace and joy which its communion brings only by seeing its effect on those within. Possibly Protestantism of the highest sort has a hard fight before it. There must be something wrong when so many of the noblest minds have, within the last fifty years, left its ranks and put their reason under the yoke of Catholicism. If Protestantism is permanently to withstand the attracting influence of its great rival, it must perhaps become more definitely based upon principle, not upon the maintenance of the prestige of any one or other of its churches, or adherence to any particular creed; it must prove itself a religion of the heart and daily life, not alone of the schoolmen and the Sabbath.—*N. Y. Independent.*

### Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from the following persons, and are herewith gratefully acknowledged: Ven. Sr. M. G., Fredericton, N. B.; Miss D. R., Wallaceburg, Ont.; Miss M. T. K., Putnam, Conn.; Miss J. C., Bethany, N. Y.; Mrs. J. H., North Hartland, N. Y.; Ven. Sr. M. of M., Montreal, P. Q.; Miss L. M. C., Rivervale, N. J.; W. C. S., Paterson, N. J.; E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Ven. Srs. of C., Santa Cruz, Cal.; J. S., Findlay, Ohio; Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.; L. F., R., London, Ont.; J. L., Paterson, N. J.; Miss M. H., Lyndon Station, Wis.; Miss E. B., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss A. E. C., Lockport, N. Y.; Miss M. C., O'H., Brookline, Mass.; Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.; J. H., and M. E. M., Dorchester Station, Ont.; Mrs. A. C., Hazelwood, Minn.; Rev. Srs. de N. D., Miscoche, P. E. I.; M. W., Scarborough, Ont.; Miss M. St. A., Wallaceburg, Ont.; P. C., Acton Vale, P. Q.; Mrs. B. L., New York City; Misses T. and F. B., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss K. McD., New York City; D. McS., Canton, Mass.; W. B., Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. B. S., Chicago, Ill.; and several unknown sources.

### OBITUARY.

Our readers are asked to remember in their charity the souls of the following: Mrs. Lane, who was buried at Boston, Mass., March 26th; Mrs. Sarah Hunt, who died after three days' illness, March 27th,

at New York City; Mrs. Mary McNerny, who died March 28th, at Pawtucket, R. I.; Timothy Regan, who died suddenly at Logan, Ont.; Mrs. Margaret Fitzgibbon, one of our faithful workers, who departed this life April 7th, at Kinkora, Ont.; John Maher, who died at Toronto, Mass., January 27th, 1895; Chas. McCall, who died suddenly at Falls View, Ont., April 30th, 1895; Edward Smith, who died at Toronto, April 6th, 1895; Sr. Mary Benedicta Coughlin, who departed this life at Toronto, strengthened by the last Sacraments, April 8th, in the 25th year of her age, and the sixth of her religious life, R. I. P.

### PETITIONS.

THE following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our charitable readers: 11 cures; reform of 7 persons addicted to excessive use of liquor; 10 temporal favors; 8 conversions; employment for 8 persons; 2 parents, 2 families, 32 spiritual favors; 16 special requests; all the students of our Order and several other students; also the temporal and spiritual welfare of our benefactors and readers, and the progress of the Hospice.

### Our Lady's Own.

NAMES have been received for the Registry of the Scapular Confraternity from San Pietro, Hana, H. I.; Maldavian, N. S.; St. Joachim's Church, Ruscon River, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.; Seaforth, Ont.; St. Joseph's Church, Snyder, Ont.; Lake Ansie Chapel, N. S.; St. Mary's Assumption Church, Herndon, Kas.; St. Peter's Church, Memphis, Tenn.; Glendale, N. S.; At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from St. Patrick's Church, Valley Falls, R. I.; Good Shepherd Convent, Troy, N. Y.; Holy Name Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, N. J.; St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, St. John's, N. B.; St. Joseph's Church, Trenton, N. J.; St. John, the Evangelist's Church, New York.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Menominee Ill., Franciscan Convent, Trenton, N. J.; University, St. Louis, Mo.; Carbondale, Pa.; Herman, Mo.; Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; Chester, Pa.; Evoca, Pa.

WHAT human dignity is equal to the dignity of the ministers of God?

ADULATION to power and arrogance to poverty mark a plebeian in mind as well as in origin.