



Immaculate Mother Pray for Us.

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Carmelite Review

VOL. X

WELLAND, ONT., SEPTEMBER, 1902.

No. 9

Address communications and make orders payable to **The Carmelite Fathers**, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Mary.



NAME of sweetness and of mercy,
"Oil poured out," and mystic balm!
Name of pure and star-like radiance,
Reflect soft of Christ the Lamb!
Poets oft have sung thy praises,
Maiden-mother "full of grace,"
Artist hands delineated,
Gracefully thy lovely face.
Yet, how many hidden beauties
Shine, unseen, to us, in thee;
May we see them all sweet Mary
In God's bright eternity.

—INFANT DE MARIE.

Inspiration.

O, those gentle eyes of Mary,
Well we know her heart's pure love
Gleams like star light through those glances,
From her radiant throne above.

—E. D. M

Little Christian.

(A Christmas Story.)

Translated from the French by Antoinette LeBlanc.

CHAPTER III.

About six months after this, their wish was granted. George was appointed to the position of surveyor of a large hunting ground near Henneberg, situated in a fertile valley. His life was now peaceful and happy for the work was so much easier than that he had left. Having more spare time, he now devoted a great deal of it to Christian's education, and thus made Agatha's task somewhat lighter. With two such guides, Christian being a naturally intelligent child, made rapid progress in all he undertook to do. George would take him to the Castle park and there give him lessons in Botany; in a short time Christian knew the names of the different trees and plants. Thus he was instructed, and his ideas soon developed. He was passionately fond of reading, and his father could not find books enough to satisfy his craving, but he took care that they would be instructive and beneficial to his soul, as well as his body. He liked to hear about the mysteries and truths of his religion, and had a great devotion to the Divine Infant, whose feast Agatha celebrated with as much fervor as in the days of her childhood.

Christian mixed very little with the village children, and rarely joined in their games; not because he was disagreeable, but he was fond of being at home, and liked nothing better than to go out hunting with the foresters; when not doing this, he would help Agatha in the garden, prepare the ground, gather the fruit, or prune the trees. Thus was he brought up by this humble family, who gained all by the sweat of their brow. He never wanted for anything, and was always dressed with the greatest neatness. The wish to occupy a better position never once entered his mind, and if by chance he showed any signs of being jealous, Agatha would talk to him of our Lord, who, though

poor and humble, was deserving of all adoration. One thing, however, made Agatha feel very sad, this was when he expressed a wish to see new places; he preferred books of travel to any others, when he saw that this would make Agatha feel badly, he would say, "See, I am not going away, but, oh! how grand it must be to travel." Often the child felt that he was not in the position God wished him to occupy. Old Ursala's words, though they had filled him with terror, had nevertheless let him see that there was some mystery about his life, which he would like to solve. However, if he asked anything about it, she would say, "Why do you not believe us, Christian? Have you not all you want; could we have done any more?" "No," Christian would say, and in his heart he would render homage to his dear parents. Each day this wish grew stronger and stronger. At last George said to Sabine, "What will become of our boy; we must try and find an honest trade for him. The other day I asked him what he would like, but he said nothing. I know that he is fond of study, but we have not the means of educating him. I am greatly puzzled about him. We have done all we could do, and will continue to do so." "Father," said Agatha, "time will enlighten us as to what course we had better pursue regarding my brother. As you have just said, you have done all that you could. Let us leave it to God. He in His own good time, will reveal to us what is most useful to Christian."

A year or more had passed over their heads. Still Christian's wish grew stronger, and he felt that he must soon leave the shelter of his home and find some means of educating himself. Often his mother would say, "There is an old proverb which says, 'Remain in thy own country, and content thyself with what thou hast.'" This made such an impression on him, that he at last re-

solved to put aside this cherished wish, and declared that he would be a hunter. This filled his father's heart with joy, for he felt that he should have some one to lean on his old age. Christian would take his place, and he had no need to fear that his family would be without a friend after his death. One beautiful summer morning, Christian had gone into the forest to gather some strawberries for Agatha. He was on his way home filled with joy at the thought of Agatha's pleasure, when, just as he came out onto the road, a beautiful coach came in sight, drawn by four horses. In it were two young men, richly dressed. As soon as he saw them Christian doffed his cap, but instead of returning his salute, they gazed at the berries.

"Look Albert," said one of the young men to the other, "this boy has just arrived in the nick of time. I have been wishing for strawberries; now we can regale ourselves with these."

They thought, of course, that Christian would be flattered, and tried to take the basket away from him, but he drew it away.

"These belong to my sister, and you cannot have them. Go and gather others."

"We will not give them up; we are hungry, and these will refresh us."

"If you are hungry, here is half a loaf of bread, and there is a stream a little further on where you may drink."

"We do not want it. Do you think, that like you, we eat bread and drink water. There are wine and provisions in the carriage; but we have wanted some strawberries for a long time, have we not, Albert," said he, addressing his companion.

"Certainly, and this youth should be pleased to give them to us."

"You would not accept my bread," said Christian, "therefore you shall not have these berries."

"Then one of the young men, taking a shilling from his pocket, threw it to Christian, saying "Give them to us; we are in a hurry."

"This means that you think me a beggar. Well you are mistaken. I never begged in my life. You are more miserable than I am, for you have begged for these berries."

"I shall soon teach you to be still," said Albert, seizing a silver mounted cane, but Christian quietly took it from him and broke it in pieces, throwing it on the grass.

"There is the cane, had you better not go and get it; and remember that I do not wish to receive your blows as well as your insults; had I been asked for the berries in a polite manner, I should have been happy to have gathered you some, or I might even have divided these. But, instead, you insulted me grossly, and then wished to finish up by striking me. I bowed to you with the respect due to your rank. Had I done what you are doing, I should blush with shame as this is an action unworthy of gentlemen."

"It is useless staying here any longer said Albert, "let us leave this young beggar. I shall not even take the trouble to punish him as he deserves; anyhow, here is our carriage."

They then walked away, after giving Christian a threatening glance, which he met without flinching. He, however, answered Charles, and said:

"Your honor consists in striking and insulting a polite and inoffensive youth."

The young men walked on, pretending they did not hear; they wished to revenge themselves, but he looked so powerful that though there were two of them, they thought it more prudent to let him alone.

When they were out of sight, Christian turned his steps homeward. For the first time in his life burning tears filled his eyes. The insults heaped on him by the young lords had impressed him deeply. Why had they acted thus? Simply because they were rich and powerful. It is true, he was only the son of a poor hunter, but not a beggar as they had said he was.

"My God! cannot I, too, become as great as they; how often has Agatha read of men who occupied humbler positions than him, and who by their courage and perseverance reached the ranks of the heads of their country. I do not think I am wrong in saying that nobility, which has been acquired by honesty and hard labor, is preferable to that given by birth and fortune. I am fifteen, tall and strongly built. I have some

knowledge of drawing and sculpture and also of horses. I shall, therefore, devote myself to study, and thus try to acquire the manners of a gentleman, and if I ever meet those impertinent young men, I shall say to them, "Here is the one you called a beggar; still he has raised himself; by his courage, he occupies a good position, and is now your equal."

This incident roused his spirit of adventure, and he said: "It is impossible for me to stay here any longer doing nothing. I must go and see other countries, and devote myself to study, so that I may become a useful man."

As soon as he came in, he told Agatha what had happened, how the young lords had insulted him, and he was determined to acquire, by study, a position which would protect him from further insults. Agatha shook her head sadly, and said: "I am afraid your project is a foolish one, and that your anger is a trifle exaggerated. Try and forget this. Remember that our Lord forgave his enemies; why should you not forgive yours?"

"For your sake, I forgive them, Agatha."

"No, no, dear Christian, not for mine, but for our Saviour's sake, and bear this in mind, that you need never blush because you are poor; you have never wanted for anything, and the name you bear is without a stain."

Christian promised her that he would think no more about it, but from this time he was completely changed. No longer gay and full of mischief, but sullen and morose. His parents wondered at the change, and could in no way account for it, but Agatha knew very well what was troubling him, and one evening she said to her parents:

"I can tell you why Christian is so sad. The child wants to travel and devote himself to study. I have done all I could to persuade him to take your place. Several times he has promised to give up thinking about this, but it seems useless. Who knows if it is not God's voice calling him. Anyhow, no matter how you look at it, there is no other way of arranging it. Christian cannot remain with us any longer. Tomorrow I shall go and see Countess Genevive. You know kind she always

is to me, and how she admires my fancy work. Well, I have taken more pains with the work she gave me four weeks ago, and as it is just finished, I shall take it to her. This will please her, and at the same time give me a chance to speak to her about Christian. If she really thinks he has any talent for study she will probably lend him the necessary money until he can repay her from his own earnings."

George and Sabine thought she was quite right, though the former felt rather sad at the thought that his family would have no one to care for them when he was gone. Still he said "May God's holy will be done. I do not wish to make him a guard of the hunt, if he does not care for it. Our Divine Lord will, I am sure, give me sufficient strength to carry on my work for some time longer, and I am only sorry that I cannot educate him myself. Go then to the Countess, dear Agatha; she will not be able to resist your eloquent pleading, and if Christian is to become a student, I shall sell my gifle to procure for him the necessary clothing."

"You are right, dear George," said Sabine, "we must make some sacrifice for him. If our Anthony were living, and had expressed a similar wish, we would rather have begged than refuse him anything which would have made him happy."

The next morning Agatha went up to Ortenbourg Castle; here lived the Countess Genevive, a worthy and pious lady, whose charity was known throughout the country. Having been a widow for some years past, she had devoted her life and money to the poor and suffering of the neighborhood. She was particularly kind to Agatha, whose devotedness and love for her family made her beloved by all, and also a model to imitate. Then, of course, she had been with the Ursuline nuns for some years, and had obtained the first prize for manual labor, and also for fancy work. The Countess, therefore, took great pleasure in getting her friends to give her work to Agatha. They paid Agatha so well that she always had something by her, in case her parents needed it. The Countess received Agatha as usual, and when she had examined the work, she

saw at once that it had been more carefully done than usual. She expressed her satisfaction and liberally paid for it. Encouraged by this warm welcome, Agatha exposed the motive of her visit. She spoke of Christian's love for study, and the hope he entertained of becoming useful to society. All this deeply interested the Countess. After Agatha had finished, the Countess told her to return on the morrow and bring her brother with her, that she might judge for herself if he was worthy of her protection. On her return home Agatha made known her success, and on the following day they took their way to the castle. The Countess, as well as the people of the village, was ignorant of the fact that that Christian was a stray waif, who had been found in the forest, and was therefore not a little surprised to see such a finely built fellow, in perfect health, and with a countenance on which was stamped nobility of soul. After a short examination she was convinced that Christian possessed great qualities, and had been endowed with great genius as well as a marvellous judgment. "This child," said she, "has received great gifts from God, and is destined to be something better than a hunter." This noble woman then resolved to take charge of Christian and help him to obtain a position, which, as he had said, would enable him to render society great services.

She then whispered to Agatha, "You were quite right; your brother promises to become a great man, I shall therefore look after him. Come to me in two weeks and in the meantime I shall see what I can do."

When the two weeks were up the brother and sister returned to the castle. The Countess received them with such a bright face that Agatha was at once reassured, and was not surprised when the Countess said to Christian: "I wrote to my son-in-law, who is the ambassador at the electorate of Mayence at Ratisbonne. I specially recommended you to him, and he and my daughter are willing to receive you and you will live with them at the hotel. You will attend the Lyceum during the hours of study, and my son-in-law will feed and clothe you; all he expects in return is, that you help

the secretary of Legation in his office during your free time; this work will only advance your education."

Agatha seized her hands and bathed them in tears. Christian tried to find words to thank her, but they seemed to stick in his throat. The Countess seeing his embarrassment, said, "I am already thanked, my dear child, and the best proof you can give me of your gratefulness is by working well and conducting yourself like a gentleman. If you always act thus, I shall always be ready to help you, and when ever you are in need of funds write and let me know. Now, go and prepare for your journey, and try to be ready as soon as possible."

About ten days after this conversation Christian was ready. His parents had done their best to get him the necessary things, and his father had generously added a fine overcoat to his few treasures. When he was dressed up he might easily have been mistaken for a lord's son. But, alas! the day of departure arrived too soon for them; only a few moments remained, and George, drawing his son aside, said to him, in a voice choked with emotion, "May God be with you, dear Christian. Pray well and work well; this is the only advice I can give you. You are laying aside the rifle to take up the pen; try to use it well and usefully. Of course choose the path towards which you feel yourself drawn, but never attempt anything without asking your Divine Lord to inspire and direct you; be not led away by your own passions. I hope these words are sufficient, and when you are far away, you will remember our loving care. If we did not do all we should have done, remember that want of money was the cause. When you are with your kind friends and among your fellow students, should this life not please you, think of your parents who are waiting to receive you then as in the past. You can once again resume your occupation as a guard."

After he had finished, Dame Sabine knelt with him and prayed the Divine Infant and his Blessed Mother to protect him. She then begged him to keep clear of bad companions. "Take as a model St. Aloysius; frequent the Sacraments as he did, and God will bless you,

Each year, when you get your holidays, come down here. You know how pleased we shall be to see you."

She then bade him farewell, and her eyes were full of tears. Agatha embraced him in silence; then they all went to the castle that he might bid the Countess good-bye.

When he was down at the gate, Agatha at last summoned up her courage, and said: "Dear Christian, you know how much we love you, and now as you are about to leave us, remember that our happiness is in your hands; if you always continue to lead a good life, we shall feel well repaid, but if, on the contrary, you forget all that we have tried to teach you, tears shall blind our sight and sorrow will bring us to an early grave."

Christian promised to remember, and said that he hoped one day to be able to repay them for all they had done, and that this day would be the proudest of his life; he then bid them farewell and went on his way. On his arriving at Ratisbonne, he went immediately to the ambassador's house, and had the good luck of pleasing this noble patron of arts and science. After a short conversation, he was given a list of his new duties, and told to profit well by the time given to study. The ambassador then showed him how his future depended on the manner in which he employed the present. "I will always be ready to protect and direct you, if I see that you really wish to acquire knowledge." He then went up to the ambassador's consort, who received him with the same graciousness and kindness which she inherited from her mother, the Countess Genevieve, and was so anxious for his comfort, that Christian almost believed himself at home. All that was necessary was his college outfit, and his board and clothes were generously given to him. He was immediately placed under the secretary's care, with whom he was to spend the morning and evening, and write at his dictation. In a short time he could speak the French language quite fluently. A Benedictine father, who was a great friend of the family, taught him mathematics, and the ambassador was so pleased at the progress

he made, that to reward him he gave him a master for drawing and music.

Thus this studious child was enabled to satisfy his craving for knowledge, and he did not fail to profit by each occasion which presented itself, to learn something new. Thus, day by day his mind was filled and enriched with new thoughts and his ideas more fully developed. Still, in the midst of all this tumult, he kept his heart pure, and love of prayer seemed to have taken root in it. The worthy Benedictine encouraged his dear pupil. Christian assisted daily at Mass, and on Sunday always managed to hear a sermon. He approached the holy table with the same fervor which animated him in the days of his childhood, for, you see, he had not forgotten his parents' last advice, and worked hard, knowing how pleased they would be at his success. Thus the blessings of heaven were showered upon him, and God preserved this child from the many dangers to which his position exposed him.

Three years had now passed since his arrival at Ratisbonne. The ambassador felt quite proud of his protegee, and the ambassadress saw that he wanted for nothing. Countess Genevieve also sent him proof of her satisfaction. He ended his college days with brilliant examinations, but all the praise he received, did not please him half so much as his parents' joy at seeing him again; for in these few years, few holidays had been given him, and most of these had been consecrated to study; so that this time he could well afford to remain with them for a couple of weeks.

When he arrived at home, his father and mother hardly recognized in this young man, their son Christian, and as for Agatha, she felt so intimidated that she could not say a word, and it was only when she saw he had not lost his piety and sweetness, that she spoke to him. Then she soon found out, that though he had acquired a large amount of knowledge, he was still the same. She felt that in a way she had prepared this future for her brother.

Christian again returned to the city, for the time was come when he must choose a profession. He begged to be allowed to study medicine, but his benefactors did not seem to approve of this,

as they said there were so many difficulties, and then the expense was so great. He was obliged to submit, though this had been and would always be the ambition of his life.

The holidays were again at hand. So far the summer had been rainy and disagreeable, but August promised to be an ideal month. The ambassador, who was in deep mourning for the Countess, whose death had occurred quite recently, proposed spending the season on an estate situated on the banks of the Danube, and wished Christian to accompany her. He accepted joyfully, for, although this would be a distraction, still he would have ample time to sketch the beautiful scenes which can be seen from the banks of this beautiful river. There were also in this part of the country a collection of rare plants, and as Christian had a taste for botany, they would be another source of amusement, as well as a good occasion to learn something more, for he remembered this maxim, "Do not try to forget the little, but seize eagerly every occasion to learn something anew." While he was at home he had become quite familiar with the administration of the duties imposed on him by the guards. He thus made friends with the head forester, and went out on different excursions with him. It was the ambassador's custom to collect her rents when she came each season. This time she confided all her business to Christian, who, as usual, acquitted himself in a very satisfactory manner, and of course his noble benefactress had more leisure, and could see the people who came daily to the castle. Besides there were a number of visitors staying with her, and the best fruits of the hunt she could offer were those brought in by Christian.

One evening as he was on his way home from the forest, he stopped as was his custom, to admire the beautiful reflection of the sunset on the waters of the Danube. On this particular evening he was more impressed than usual by the beauty of all around him. Suddenly he was aroused from his contemplative mood by the appearance of two ladies, who seemed undecided as to the right road. One seemed to be a woman about forty years of age and was evidently of high birth; the other was

her maid. The pallor of her face and its sad expression touched the young fellow and he approached, and asked if he could assist them in any way. The lady said, that wishing to enjoy the beauty of the evening, she had dismissed her carriage, intending to walk up to her cousin's, the ambassador's.

"From what they have told me we cannot be so far from the castle."

"I shall be most happy to conduct you thither," said Christian, "as I am staying there with my noble benefactress."

"I am not surprised," said the lady, "to hear that you are the object of her kindness. In this, as in all else, one sees the goodness of her heart, and yet I am sure that you have more than repaid her for all she has done. Not all who do good can say that of their proteges."

The manner in which she pronounced the last words touched his heart, and he knew that only experience could make her repeat them to him, most likely as a lesson for him not to expect gratitude from others. He turned to look at her, and found her eyes fixed on him. Her features expressed the greatest agitation as if he reminded her of some one. After a pause, she asked Christian where he was born, and who his mother was.

He said he was born near Ottenburg, and that his mother's name was Sabine.

"Is your father alive?" she asked.

On his answering in the affirmative, she said:

"May you be left to them many years, for, oh! my friend, it is sad, very sad! to be alone in one's old age, and more so when you have hoped for a child's love. It is terrible to feel alone in the world, and to have no child of your own to close your eyes in death."

Christian felt that a great sorrow was wearing away this woman's life to whom fortune had given everything. At last she dried her eyes, and turning to her maid, said:

"Let us make haste, I am dying to see my dear cousin."

Her arrival at the castle filled the ambassador with joy, as this was her favorite cousin. The Baroness of U—— remained five weeks at the castle. Her cousin's pleasant society, as well as the

beauty of the scenery around her, seemed to dispel, at least for the time being, the terrible depression into which she sank at times. She loved going out and rambling around the beautiful park; she always took Christian with her; she felt her sympathy and love for him growing day by day. The young fellow also felt a sort of veneration for the baroness. More than any one else in the world she made him feel as if he wished her to know his most secret thoughts, for, of course, she knew his humble origin and his hopes for the future, and always listened to him with the same interest and sweetness which seemed to draw them closer together. Whenever Christian thought of the hour of parting his heart sank within him.

It is necessary here to say that the incident relating to old Ursula had been completely effaced from his memory. One day the ambassadress sent for Christian, and said to him:

"My dear boy, I have a serious proposition to make which will greatly influence your future. You are, I am sure fully able to appreciate my cousin's feeling towards you; well, she wishes to have you near her, but understand me well, you are, as you know, without a fortune, but because of your love for study, we cannot allow you to become a hunter. My cousin wishes to make you the agent of her estates, as the man she has now, is getting too old, yet is entitled to some reward for serving her so faithfully. She will keep him for a year or more, that he may show you what is to be done. Of course you will live at the chateau with her. Now, this proposition, Christian, from a person who has a deep affection for you, needs more reflection. Though, even if you consent, it will not make any difference, and our love for you will be the same. Still, the baroness would renounce this project, rather than have you consent against your will."

Christian was so astounded that he did not know what to say. What a brilliant future was in store for him,—a poor lad, without a penny, to be chosen by the woman he already loved, that she might surround him with her loving care was incredible. Still he asked the baroness what she thought.

"My advice, dear Christian, would be not to throw away such a brilliant offer; this is also my husband's advice. It would only be selfishness on our part to keep you back. You are obtaining a position equal to that of administrator of the electoral estates at an age when most young men are only coming out of the universities. You know that the baroness loves you, and will look on you more as a son than as one attached to her service. Still I repeat that we leave it to you to decide. You will always have our love and home to return to. First, ask your father and mother what they wish you to do; then, if all agree, I would accept the baroness' offer."

George and Sabine were very much pleased at the unexpected happiness which had come to their child. They again warned him to beware of bad company, and always walk in the path of virtue and faithfully fulfill his new duties. Christian then took leave of them and came back to bid the ambassadress farewell. He expressed in touching terms, the love and veneration he had for them; he then left for Munich with his new benefactress. After spending a few days at her residence, they left for an estate situated outside of Munich. On his arrival, Christian was introduced to the old man, who gave him a warm welcome. He was a worthy old fellow, who had served the family for so many years, but was now getting so old that he was glad of a rest. He soon saw that the young man knew something, and possessed great intelligence which would enable him to perform most of the work. Later on he would be able to depend on him entirely. The baroness, who really wished to have him near her, was greatly pleased when she saw how well the old man received him, and how agreeable Christian made himself to the old man. Of course, the only thing that Christian wished was, that this affection might be lasting, and the baroness on her side proved that he had gained his end.

The baroness had been married three years when a son was born to her. It only lived three months. The circumstances attending its birth were very mysterious, and the baroness herself kept complete silence. Shortly after,

death robbed her of her husband. These trials and the loneliness of her widowhood were borne by this noble woman with Christian resignation, and it was only by the sad expression of her face that one could see the wound that had been left in her heart. Being sole mistress of this immense fortune, she had chosen as her successor the son of a cousin, and had treated this young man with the greatest tenderness, as he must one day take the place of her lost. Still the parents were not satisfied, and said she should have provided for the others as well. What made her feel all this so keenly was the fact that young Albert was so irreligious. All the professors could not instill in his mind the germs of a religion he had never been taught at home. Of course he knew that one day he would be the possessor of these vast lands, and therefore did not trouble his head about his education, or try in any way to be remarked for his piety and goodness. Certain that people would make much of him, on account of his immense fortune. His parents were greatly flattered when they saw how well he appeared in society, and how much he was run after, particularly when he ridiculed religious things, and this always by people like himself. After his studies were over, he had gone to three universities. Then he went travelling through Europe to finish up his course, so he told his parents. He, therefore, lived like a lord, and all the bills were sent in to the countess, who, of course, paid them without a murmur. On his return he came to see her, and thank her for her generosity. His pleasing face and good manners made her give him a warmer welcome than she had intended. She could not refrain from noticing, however, that he looked worn and haggard and had the air of a man who has led a wild life. The hue of health which was so bright on Christian's cheeks, had long since faded from Albert's face, and he had not Christian's distinguished manner, which won all hearts. Still she was pleased to see how well he received her advice, and his words of gratitude and love sounded sweetly in the ears of one so long deprived of real affection. Albert announced his intention of staying some months

with her, and she was quite pleased. He conducted himself in such a way that no fault could be found with his conduct. Since his arrival the Baroness had made Christian accompany him on all his excursions, whether they were of a business nature or otherwise. She would sometimes say, "You take Albert around and show him this vast estate that he may know all about it." Her confidence in Christian was unbounded, and she knew that his conduct could not fail to be a source of edification to Albert, and that, though his inferior, he would be his sincere friend. Albert accepted these conditions joyously, as it gave him a chance of putting into execution a plan long meditated upon.

One day when Christian and he were out walking, he said: "If I am not mistaken I have seen you elsewhere."

Christian also thought that the young Lord's face was rather familiar to him, and this was not the first time he had noticed it. All at once Albert said, "I remember now, about five years ago I met you on the borders of the forest near Otenburg. You had a large basket of strawberries for your sister. My brother and I asked you for some, but you did not treat us very well, if you remember."

Christian said that he had not forgotten, but he felt sorry that this should be brought up now.

"Do not feel annoyed over it," said Albert; "it is long ago forgotten. The baroness wishes us to be happy together. It altogether depends on you that it be so. You know I like to lead a free life, and if at times you notice things that do not please you, say nothing about it, for if you do, I have other means of silencing you. Of course I am often in need of money, and I cannot be always asking her for it, you could easily lend me some, and no one would be the wiser. In a few months you will be sole executor of this enormous estate. Still if the baroness thought I did not want you to have it, she would not give it to you. It is, therefore, in your interest to please me. The baroness cannot live much longer, and I will then become your lord and master, and will then repay you."

As Christian listened to this indepen-

dent young man, he said to himself, all this will end badly for me. How can I serve two masters, and yet not displease one of them. He answered:

"My lord I shall do all I can to please you, for I am sure you will never ask me to do anything I cannot do."

The life at the castle became too monotonous for Albert; the society of his amiable cousin was not sufficient, and, notwithstanding the various amusements, namely, hunting, boating and fishing, he was not pleased. He at last stayed away from the castle on different pretences. He chose the society of the young men of the neighborhood, who led dissipated lives, and with these spent night after night gambling and drinking. Again he would organize a hunt breakfast, and rumors of what went on sometimes reached the baroness' ear. She let it go on for some time, and after exhorting him in vain, she at last threatened to send him away. At last Albert thought he had better submit, and played his role so well, being of course perfectly repentant. Christian's position was becoming unbearable; placed between the baroness and Albert, he could not deceive the one, or become the accuser of the other. All his prayers were in vain. Albert would only say: "Know that I am quite able to take care of myself, and if you wish to preach, go elsewhere."

At last he asked the baroness if she would not dispense him from going with her nephew, and let him begin his work. She would not consent, being firmly convinced that Christian's presence was a sort of check. Through love for his benefactress, he consented. However, his conduct was a reproach to Albert, who frequently insulted Christian grossly. One night he returned from Munch about one o'clock; he sent for Christian and said:

"I want five hundred florins; they will be returned in a few days, and as Christian was about to reply, he said, 'I do not want an answer. You have the keys of the safe hurry up.'"

The look on his face, told Christian more clearly than words, that he had been gambling and had lost heavily. He was of course quite willing to lend him the money, but then he must obtain the

baroness' consent. Albert would not hear of this, and employing the most insulting language, asked:

"Who are you that you should refuse to give me such a small sum, who will one day be your master?"

Christian said that obedience to the baroness forbade him to do anything without her permission, and that she herself had given orders that he was to give him no money. The young lord then swore a terrible oath, that if the money was not given him he would have his revenge. Christian was at a loss to know what to do, but he knew that he was in debt already, and therefore remained firm. Albert, becoming a little calmer, begged Christian not to say anything of this to the countess. He promised and retired.

No later than the next day, Albert, who had for some time been planning Christian's ruin, went to his cousin and tried by every means in his power to blacken Christian's character, but it had no effect; he then produced false notes, but she took no notice of them. He had therefore to find some other way of harming him. About three weeks after this event, as Christian was sitting in his office, looking over some bills, which the old executor had sent him, he was greatly surprised when Cunegonde the baroness' maid, came rushing into the room, her face pale with anger. Christian was struck with its expression and said:

"What is the matter, Cunegonde, are you ill?"

"Alas! I wish I were dead. Oh, my poor, dear mistress!"

"Is anything the matter with the baroness?" asked Christian, now thoroughly alarmed.

"You dare to ask," said the old servant, bitterly. "Has not the baroness been a mother to you, and you repay her for all she has done by slandering her. O! Holy Trinity! is it possible that people can be so wicked."

Christian begged her to tell him, who had said that he had slandered the baroness. "Who dared to say that I ever said anything?"

"This is a terrible story for any one to tell; terrible, indeed, are the lies you have told," said Cunegonde, more and

more indignant. "But even if you deny it, the letters are there to prove your guilt."

"What! letters from me?" said Christian; "why, whenever I spoke of the baroness, it was with the greatest respect and love, and always to praise her goodness to me." "Then, you must have written others, for the baroness has now in her possession other letters, in which you do not show your gratitude, and which are a series of terrible lies from beginning to end."

"Heaven is my witness, Cunegonde, that I did not write these letters against the baroness."

"Oh, well as you persist in denying it, I will show them to you." She then handed him the letters. If it had not been for the terrible lies in them against a woman, for whom he would have cheerfully lain down his life, he could almost have sworn it was his own handwriting, so much like his was that in the letter. In these letters the baroness was most fearfully abused for all she had done for him, and Albert was painted as a scoundrel and a blackguard of the worst type. When Christian had somewhat conquered his emotion, he said:

"And may I ask you gave these letters to the baroness?"

"Nobody," said Cunegonde; "they were found among the monthly bills which you yourself gave her."

"And does she believe that I wrote them?"

"She did not at first, but this is evidence enough. If you could have seen her face when she had read them; it was so pale that I really thought she was going to faint. Happily my young lord came in at this moment, and between us we got her to the sofa. Of course she had the letter in her hand, and my young lord happened to see his name, so he took it from her. When she recovered herself, she wished to take it from him, but he was so indignant that he read it through. "It is thus you act grateful Christian, thus you prove your fidelity, and it is to this kind of a man you would give the charge of your estates. I have long known what kind of a person he was, and I tried to open your eyes, but you would not listen. Let me dismiss him at once," and if it

had not been for the countess he would have done so. She said to him:

"Do you wish to be the cause of my death? You shall not meet Christian while in such a temper. No blood shall be shed in my house. I will see that he is punished as he deserves."

After a great deal of persuasion, she succeeded in making him promise not to meet you, but fearing that he would not keep his word, she said she would like to see the city doctor, and my lord is gone to fetch him."

"Oh, my God!" cried Christian, "help me; let my innocence be proved. Cunegonde, take me to my mistress, I wish to prove my innocence."

"I cannot do so; she will not see you, and besides my lord holds me responsible for any visits she receives. Dr. Nicholas has come and says she needs rest."

"And can she rest without hearing what I have to say. O, Cunegonde, let me go to her. I have had a feeling that something was about to happen, but not in such a terrible way as this. Oh, Albert, Albert, what have you done?"

Cunegonde interrupted him by saying, "I have something else to say. After Albert had left the room, she sat down in her chair and cried as if her heart would break. I tried to console her, but she said: 'Do you know what makes it harder is that Christian is the only person who has possessed my entire confidence. As you know, my love for him was that of a mother, and there were moments when I let myself believe he was my son. She was interrupted by the entrance of the old executor, whose face was as white as a sheet. "Pardon me, madam," he said, "for intruding, but there have been thieves around. The safe has been opened and five hundred florins have been taken. The lock is not broken, so the thieves must have had a key."

"You are sure that you have been robbed?" said the baroness.

"Alas, it is too true, madam, for during the forty years that I have lived with you there has never been a cent missing. Only Christian and I have keys, and I have as much confidence in him as your grace has in me. He is loyalty itself, so I believe him to be. I

searched everywhere before I came to tell you," said the agent. "I shall now go and tell Christian, he will help me."

"It is not necessary to continue the search," said the baroness. "You are exempt from all blame; as to telling Christian, do not do so, as I do not wish him to know anything about it. I have my reasons for this; do not tell Albert either."

The agent begged her to give her reasons, but she said:

"I do not feel well enough now, later on I will tell you."

When he had left the room, she said: "Cunegonde, Christian is not guilty. I know that he has more than enough money by him, for all his needs; no it is not he. He is innocent of this. Would that he had not robbed me of something far more precious, namely, the pleasure of keeping him near me. Go to him and tell him of the sorrow I feel at having such letters in my hands; but, oh! say that I forgive him all. Give him these thousand florins, and bid him leave the house at once. No one shall hear of this. You must not speak of it or you shall leave my service. Albert shall also be told about it. May God help him to repair it. Beg of him to leave before Albert's return."

"What care I for Albert; I am not afraid of him, Cunegonde; he is the cause of my ruin. The letter of which they accuse me of having written was sent by him, as he is the only enemy I have in the world. Some day, sooner or later, all this will be made known. Tell my noble mistress that I swear before God that I never wrote that odious letter. Give her back the money, and say that for this and all that she has done I am deeply grateful. Through love for her I shall screen Albert, but from this moment I shall work without ceasing to re-establish my honor. Since I cannot see her, I will write and you must take the letter to her."

"She will not receive it."

Christian then saw how those but a few hours ago had been his friends, were turning against him.

"I will go to Munch, and the lawyers will not refuse to listen to me."

"What are you thinking about," said Cunegonde, "everything is against you;

the letters contain family secrets, which, if revealed, would ruin the baroness' reputation."

"Everything seems dark around me, but my sacrifice is made. I shall bear it all for her sake. God sends his children trials, but he never abandons them."

Cunegonde was filled with pity at the sight of so much suffering so heroically born. She told Christian she would take a letter from him to the baroness. He then sat down to write, and then begged Cunegonde to be sure and give her the letter. He then bid her goodbye, but, oh! what agony filled his soul when the doors closed on him forever.

To be continued.

JUBILEE OF POPE'S CONFESSOR.

The Right Rev. William Pifferi, O. S. A., Bishop of Porfiroon and confessor of His Holiness, Leo XIII., celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood at the Vatican on Christmas Day. He was the recipient of many testimonials, congratulatory poems, letters, cablegrams and telegrams, including some from Philadelphia.

The Bishop was born May 24, 1819, the same day as Queen Victoria, and spent many years as a professor of theology and philosophy in Rome and for some time in Perugia, of which the Holy Father was formerly Bishop. He has resided in the Vatican for more than fifty years, and as a professor taught the late Cardinals Martinelli and Sepiacci and Cardinal Ciasca, the great linguist. The first named was a brother of the papal Delegate to this country.

The diamond jubilarian has charge of the Papal Treasury and is custodian of the relics and authenticates such as are allowed to be taken from Rome.—The Catholic News.

Few bring back at eve immaculate the manners of the morn. Something we thought is blotted, we resolved is shaken, we renounced returns again.—Young.

Those who prefer elegance of manner in an orator to depth of thought resemble children and fools, who, in place of gathering fruit, harvest leaves of chaff.—Ven. L. de Blois.

Labor.

Labor, in contradistinction to minor employments, which commonly go under the name of recreation, diversions, pastimes and amusements, is, according to Cicero, a serious occupation of man. We distinguish between mental and manual labor. The former is that by which the faculties of the soul are chiefly employed, whilst in the latter the powers of the body are principally used.

As the bird is born to fly, so man is born to labor, and to labor strenuously and perseveringly all the days of his life. Labor is, in itself, not a consequence of sin, nor a curse upon our race, because even before the fall man had been placed in paradise to work and guard it. By the very fact that the Almighty in creating man, endowed him with the noblest faculties of soul and body. He at the same time intended that this highly favored creature of His should faithfully employ them in the furtherance of His honor and glory.

A man, therefore, who does not utilize his powers in the promotion of the Divine honor, or even abuses them by following aims altogether antagonistic to the divine intentions, that man acts in opposition to the divine will and renders himself guilty of the basest ingratitude against his Supreme Benefactor. There is no need of going far afield in quest of ingrates of the latter stamp. They swarm the country and the city. You will find men pursuing a course of living unworthy of a rational creature. All their tendencies aim at pleasures, comforts, ease and diversions. Labor is something distasteful to them, in fact, they are ignorant of its meaning. They live for trifles, like children fond of play. These men encounter the just reproach of a great pagan philosopher, that man is not born to play and jest, but for higher and nobler things. And St. Bernard says: "Man is born to labor, and if he flies from labor, he does not do what he is born for." Labor is necessary, not only for the acquisition of eternal goods, but even for gaining merely temporal riches. Without constant labor, success is an impossibility, because difficulties

are to be encountered on all sides, and unless a man is determined never to yield an inch of ground, he will not succeed. Does the soldier win immortal glory in the barracks or out on the bloody battle field, where cannons roar, bullets whizz, and swords clatter? Does the pilot gather glory when the waters of the deep are calm, or when they dash like furies against the vessel, threatening ruin and shipwreck?

"By nature," says a great American writer, "we are inclined to sloth, inactivity and frivolity, and only years of training and application are capable of uprooting that wretched tendency of ours. The sluggishness of our nature must be aroused by promises and threats rewards and punishments."

Labor is honorable in all men, in the king as well as in the plebeian, in the rich as well as the poor, in the young as well as in the old. Alexander the Great the conqueror of the world, was in the habit of saying, that work was something royal, while indulgence in ease and luxury, something servile. King Alphonso was one day reprehended by a man of great holiness for doing manual labor, when the king said smilingly: "Have God and nature in vain provided kings with hands?" If therefore kings and princes, sages and saints, were not ashamed to work, who will be? And if God himself, the king of kings, spent the greater part of his life in working in a carpenter shop, what Christian will decline labor any longer?

Children could assist their parents by doing some little work for them every day. In this way they would acquire a habit of working, which in a more advanced age will be of the utmost importance to them for the proper fulfillment of graver duties. It is also quite unintelligible how daughters in the bloom of youth, full of life and vigor, can refuse to lend a helping hand to their mothers, who so often stand in need of it. Whilst the mother many a time is compelled to work like a slave, the daughter squanders her time in reading trashy novels, dangerous books, or in dressing the body

and standing before the mirror for hours. At other times, instead of staying at home and doing some housework, she will amuse herself in going to theatres and balls, in dancing and other frivolities.

Young men, instead of yielding to idleness and sloth, should resolve to make the best use of every single moment of time and perform the several duties of their state of life with the greatest exactness and promptitude. By these means they will become men of character, men whose lives will redound to the honor of both church and state. The time of youth is the time to sow the good seed, so that in old age we may gather a rich harvest. "In the morning," says Ecclesiastes, "sow thy seed, and in the evening let not thy hand cease." The sluggard is a curse to humanity. He resembles the bottomless swamp that exhales continually poisonous and noxious vapors. Even brute creation seems to upbraid the sluggard. For this reason Solomon says: "Go to the ant, O sluggard, and consider her ways and learn wisdom, which, although she hath no guide, nor captain, nor master, provideth her meat for herself in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." (Prov. cap. 6, v. 6.) He then goes on describing in garish colors the sluggard's ways by asking, "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? When wilt thou rise out of thy sleep? Thou wilt sleep a little, thou wilt slumber a little, thou wilt fold thy hands a little to sleep. And want shall come upon thee as a traveller and poverty as a man armed." (Prov. chap. 6, v. 9-11.) These words of Solomon need no comment, being sufficiently explicit to all.

The Parthians were accustomed to refuse giving any food to their children before they had exercised themselves in running, wrestling and throwing the javelin. Apelles, a great painter, would never allow a day to pass by without exercising himself in his art. When compelled to apply himself to things outside the sphere of his art, he used to say:—"To-day I made no line."

Inestimable and countless are the advantages that spring from a laborious life. For the industrious man will be blessed not only with temporal prosper-

ity, but he can purchase for himself everlasting glory and supreme happiness in the life to come, provided he work with the intention of thereby pleasing the Most High. St. Bernard said one day to one of his brothers whom he saw working strenuously: "Continue my dear brother, continue in this way, and you will not taste the fires of Purgatory." And our Lord said one day to St. Gertrude: "In the resurrection, when mortality shall put on immortality and incorruption, each member of the human body will receive a reward of its own, for every good work performed in my name and for my sake."

Man ought to employ all his faculties in the service of his Creator, because there is nothing more noble, nothing more elevating, nothing more worthy of human nature, than to work for the Supreme Being, the Lord of Heaven and Earth. "To serve God," says Seneca, "is perfect liberty." The man that has served God faithfully all the days of his life, will enjoy, after death, eternal repose in the realms of bliss. Hence St. Jerome says: "No labor should seem hard, nor any time appear long, in which eternal glory is acquired."

Flavius.

BOOKS.

Books are teachers whose influence is peculiar to themselves. They speak not to you unless you speak to them. You must go to them, or they will not come to you. They teach when other teachers sleep, or travel, or die. In the silence of the midnight hour, or in the seclusion of a mountain or forest retreat, with none but you and your book, there you and it, in stillness and solitude, may converse together. Not one sound shall pass from either to the other, yet you and it shall talk as though you had a veritable living person by your side. In the indelible form of printed words, passing as rapidly as the weaver's shuttle before your eyes, it then holds converse with you in the secret chamber of your mind. Enfolded in those magic syllables and sentences is a voice which none can hear but the invisible ear of your own silent soul.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

Fly Sheets From the History of Carmel.

Excerpted from the Annals of the Order.

Year 1254.—Pope Innocent IV died this year. But before his death, in a brief to the bishop of Ely, he took under his special protection the Carmelite Monasteries of Aylesford and London.

The monastery outside of Malines (Belgium) was built this year. But the brothers were not admitted into the city until 1303. King Louis IX of France, returning from the crusade, brought with him, specially, to Paris, six Carmelites from the East, for whom he built a monastery at Paris, and one of whom is said to have been Nicholas, the vicar general of the orient.

A general chapter of the order was held in England (in London) at which Rudolph Fresburn, the first provincial of England resigned, and had for a successor Henry of Hanna. The order bought a house from Richard, Count of Cornwall, at Oxford, in a place called Stockwell, and opened there a monastery. (This monastery is different from the one founded in Oxford in 1309, by Edward II.)

Year 1255.—The monastery at York was founded by the Lords Vesey and Percy, who had also founded Kolne in 1249.

Year 1256.—This year Hilarion, whom our chronicles call Saint and Martyr, and who was the provincial of the holy land, died. Probably he was killed by Turcomen in one of their frequent invasions. His body was brought to Cyprus and buried in a castle, which, after him, was named S. Hilarion.

Year 1258.—This year saw the first monastery of the order in Scotland. It was built in Perth. (Later there were 24 more in this country, amongst them: Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Stirling, Dumblan, Brechin, Lismore, etc.) Also the monastery in Genua was commenced on a spot then called Terici, and later Villiciara. It was enlarged in 1260.

S. Albert, as a young man, joined the order at Drepane. He was born on Mount Drepane.

Year 1259.—Pope Alexander IV again defended the Carmelites against molestations and granted them the liberties due to an approved order. In Cambridge the first Carmelite was promoted Doctor of Divinity.

Year 1260.—At this time some famous men came forth from the monastery at Bologna. This monastery in the 15th century was given to the Carmelites of the Mantuan Observance. In Genua, the prior, Stephen de Janua, enlarged the convent.

Year 1263.—The monastery at Hollebeck (commonly called Chuyshoff) was moved this year into the town of Ypean. It was situated in Lonnebeck street; was burned by the English in 1383, re-erected and again destroyed in 1578.

The foundation of the monastery at Strassburg is credited to this time.

Year 1264.—About this time the monastery at Brugge, in Belgium, was opened. The monastery was changed in Toulouse, where the fathers had lived outside the walls on a spot subject to inundations. They now settled in the town in the midst of the Jewish quarter, where they obtained the ground on account of the miraculous apparition of the Blessed Virgin to a rich Jew, who, in consequence, not only gave the ground, but also himself and his family were baptised.

Year 1265.—S. Simon Stock, the general of the order, died on May 16th. He had ruled the occidental part of the order, as vicar general, for a good many years, and had been at the head of the order for 20 years. At the time of his death in Bordeaux, he was 100 years old; famous for his virtues, labors and miracles. Also, as a writer, he became known, and he is the author of the antiphon "Ave Stella Matutina," which the Carmelites recite daily in their office.

By a general chapter, convened in Toulouse, a successor was chosen in the person of that Nicholas, who for 15 years had been the vicar general of S. Simon

for the Orient. He was the 7th Latin general.

Year 1266.—The son of the count of Toulouse, who wanted to avail himself of the absence of the fathers of the general chapter of Toulouse and burn down their monastery, was miraculously prevented by having his face suddenly turned backward. On doing penance he was restored and remained afterwards a friend of the Carmelites.

The monastery at Metz in Lorraine was commenced this year. The Archbishop of Bordeaux granted S. Simon Stock the honors of a saint.

Year 1267.—A general chapter was held in Messina, under the protection of Charles of Anjou. But the acts have been lost. Edward, later on King of England as Edward I, founded the monastery at Bristol. As the Carmelites in Bridgeport were molested by the local clergy, Pope Clement IV interfered in their behalf.

Year 1268—Sultan Saladin Bondocudar over ran Palestine and Syria. He burned the monasteries at Antioch, Mount Ne-roy, Quarantine and Valijin, and killed the inmates, who died as martyrs for their faith.

In Europe, on the contrary, there were this year founded, the monasteries at Milan, Florence (on another spot from the one formerly occupied by the refugee hermits), Norwich and Brechin (England and Scotland).

Year 1269.—Charles of Anjou donated the Carmelites in Naples a place in the city called Morricine. Constantina, the mother of Conradin, the last Hohenstaufen, got him buried before the high altar of the Carmelite church, which she richly endowed. Out of this convent grew 18 monasteries, either in the city or along the coasts of the gulf of Naples.

The monastery at Asti was transferred to a more convenient spot. New monasteries were founded in England at Lynn and Lincoln.

Year 1270.—Duc John II of Brittany, returning from Syria, brought with him some Carmelites and founded the monastery at Ploermel. In Sicily about this time, monasteries were founded at Calatabillothe, Rapialmatusa and Prizi. The general of the order, Nicholas, undertook a general visitation of all the monaster-

ies, and as he disliked the idea of settling in towns, and would have much preferred hermitages, he wrote a little pamphlet called "The Fiery Arrow," against this practice, but without result. Practical considerations prevailed. Hence he resigned his office and betook himself to the desert. Therefore a general chapter was held in Paris on the feast of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and the German Radulph (or Rudolph) was unanimously elected general.

A monastery was opened in Berblie, in England, and also at Newcastle.

At this time Peter Swanington, formerly of England, and now professor at Bordeaux, became famous by undertaking the defence of the Mendicants against the attacks of William, a professor of the Sorbonne.

Year 1271.—This year saw the beginning of three monasteries: Northampton, Erslingen and Cadurcum (?) in Aquitain.

Year 1272.—Probably in this year, on April 2nd, the ex-General Nicholas, passed to his crown and was buried at Arvean.

Year 1273.—The general, Radulphus, resigned his office and retired to the monastery at Holne in Northumberland. In the general chapter held on Epiphany at Bordeaux, Petrus Aemilianus, a Ruthendan was elected as his successor.

The monastery at Gloucester in England was founded.

Year 1274.—Gregory X held an oecumenic synod at Lyons. In this council the prohibition to found new orders, which had been issued by the Lateran Council under Innocent III, was sustained, and the communities which had been formed were forbidden to admit new members and obliged to join other orders. This was sought by some to apply also to the Carmelites, but the Council expressly exempted the Augustinians and Carmelites from the working of this order, because their institution antedated the Lateran Council.

The ex-General, Radulphus Frasbuero, died at Holne, and was buried there.

Year 1275.—The following monasteries were commenced this year: Vercelli in Italy, Augsburg in Germany, Stanford and Vinton in England. Bl. Jacobinus was one of the inmates of Vercelli.

Year 1276.—This year was the opening

of a monastery at Nottingham in England.

In this year the Bishop Rigaud of Rheims, who was a Carmelite, became famous by his edition of the Bible.

A general chapter was held at Monte Pessulano. But its acts have been lost.

Year 1278.—King Edward of England endorsed the monasteries at Cambridge, Bristol, Newcastle and Stanford; also the erection of two monasteries, Invernitasis (Inverness?) and Yarmouth, are ascribed to him.

In Catalonia a monastery was commenced at Illerden.

Year 1279.—Two more monasteries arose in England, Chester and Ipswich. Bl. Francus, after years of severe penance, received the habit of a lay brother in the monastery at Siena. The community did not want to receive them, but an angel appeared to them bearing the habit intended for Francus.

At this time William Payham was famous as a professor of the university of Oxford. Later he became provincial of the order in England, and he died as Bishop of Meade in Ireland.

Year 1281.—Most of the monasteries in the Orient were now destroyed and the inmates killed, by the Turks.

In England the monastery of Appelby was founded. In the diocese of Constance the monastery of Rottenburg was commenced. It was the novitiate of the Province of upper Germany and held a prominent rank in the province, but when Duc Frederic Julius of Wurtemberg became Protestant he expelled the religious and secularised the buildings.

On Pentecost of this year was a general chapter held in London.

Year 1682.—A monastery was erected at Vogelsprung, about 20 miles from Wurzburg, which was called "Mountain of God."

Year 1284.—A general chapter was held in Milan. The question of changing the striped cloaks back to white was treated on, though the change was not at once effected.

Year 1285.—The convent at Viterbo in the papal states was opened.

Year 1286.—Honorius IV sanctioned the change in the color of the cloaks. The brothers of Gant obtained territory around their monastery, but the time of

their settlement there is not known.

Year 1287.—A general chapter held at Pessulano, at which there were present the provincials of the Holy Land, Sicily, Provence Toscana, France, Germany, Lombardy, Aquitain, England, Spain and Ireland, adopted the resolution to attach a hood to them.

The monastery at Nurnberg in Bavaria wear henceforth again white cloaks and was founded this year.

Year 1288.—Under Philip the Fair, a monastery was commenced at Tours, which, afterwards, was completed and richly endowed by Louis XI.

Year 1289.—William de Lannic, a Carmelite religious in Ptolemais, reports, that this year the Turks exterminated the order in Phoenicia and the Holy Land, destroying utterly the monasteries at Tripolis, Fairplace, Tyre, Ptolemais, and Mount Carmel, and putting the monks to the sword. The reporter was the only one who could save himself from the sacking of Ptolemais. Thus, after a continued residence for 2200 years Mount Carmel was lost to the order, at least for a time. But the church of the Bl. Virgin on Mount Carmel is said to have been miraculously saved from the fire. According to the records in the archives of the order, kept in S. Maria Traspontina in Rome, the province of the Holy Land comprised 77 monasteries, of which but five remained on the Isle of Cyprus after this year. A loss never to be repaired was the destruction of the archives and libraries of these monasteries, by which the oldest and most reliable records of the order perished.

Year 1290.—The loss of so many convents in the east was repaired by the founding of monasteries in the west. This year we see the commencement of the monastery at Saragossa in Spain, which was followed by Requena, Gibralfon in Spain and Maure in Portugal, also Kyngestone in England. English Carmelite convents at this time produced many professors for Oxford who were famous for their learning.

Year 1291.—This is the year of the translation of the holy house of Nazareth which was in the custody of the Carmelites in Palestine, and was also given into their custody in Italy. But at present they are no longer in possession. A

monastery was opened in Arlum, Belgium. In Siena Bl. Francus died on Dec. 11th. Great miracles were wrought at his bier.

Year 1292.—In Catalonia a monastery was commenced in Gerunda, in England at Maldon, in Bavaria at Dinkelsbuhl.

Year 1293.—On Oct. 12th the monastery at Barcelona was opened.

Year 1294.—Monasteries were founded in Rapelle, France (afterwards destroyed in 1570 by the Calvinists, who killed all the monks) and in Prati and Monte Catini in Tuscany.

The General Aemilianus, having resigned on account of old age, a general chapter held in Bordeaux elected for his successor Raymond of the Islands, from Toulouse. He was the 10th Latin general. Aemilianus, who had retired to the monastery in Cologne, died soon after, and was buried there. He had ruled for 21 years.

Year 1295.—As the Premonstratensians had protested against the reassumption of the white cloak on the part of the Carmelites, the matter was brought before Pope Boniface VIII, who decided for the order, upholding the decision of Honorius IV.

At Attrebat, Belgium, a monastery was opened, which was burned three times: first in 1370 by the English; then in 1414 and 1477 by the citizens themselves when the town was beleaguered. In 1478 the monks built it again, but this time inside the town walls.

At Ferraza, Italy, a monastery was commenced by a prior called Pax. (In 1492 this monastery was given to the Mantuan Observance.)

Year 1296.—Boniface VIII gave the Carmelites the church of S. Martino dai Monti in Rome. In Perugia, where some Carmelites had lived for some time, the bishop assisted them in building a church and monastery.

At the general chapter held on Pentecost Sunday in Bruges, the general, Raymond, resigned, and had for a successor Gerard of Bologna, at the time professor at the Sorbonne. For this chapter constitutions of the order were drawn up and eleven provinces were mentioned.

Year 1298.—Monasteries were opened in Cremona and Pavia. One of the Cologne religious became suffragan bishop.

In England the religious were much molested, hence Boniface VIII of Cologne, in letters to the bishops of Dimlin, London and Salisbury protected the Carmelites against these persecutions. King Edward of England, carrying on war against Scotland, drove many of the Carmelites out of their Scotch monasteries, and took the most learned ones to Oxford. This happened to four from Aberdeen.

Year 1300.—This year saw the foundation of Malines (Belgium) and a new monastery at Padua. A monastery was opened in Limoges (France), Borbiago, (Venice), Manresa (Spain) and Verona (Italy.)

Year 1301.—A monastery was founded in Boston, Lincolnshire, England. St. Andrew Corsini was born at Florence.

Year 1303.—The monastery at Tours was changed this year in its location, and endowed by Louis II.

A general chapter held in Narbonne, divided the English province of the order in two. As there was a good deal of opposition against this division, the German Gobelon was sent there to compose matters; he was there in 1305, and was amongst those favoring the division, whilst Godfrey of Cornwall, William Lidlyngton, Robert Walsingham, John Burley and others took the opposite side. But the division made was sustained.

This is the year of the birth of Bl. Peter Thomas.

Year 1306.—At Toulouse a general chapter was convened, principally on account of the favors and indulgences, which Clement V had granted to the Carmelites. A resolution was also passed to henceforth celebrate the feasts of the Conception of the Bl. Virgin and Corpus Christi.

Probably the foundation of the monastery at Geldern (Holland) falls into this year.

Year 1307.—S. Albert of Sicily died, 87 years old. To give his life here is foreign to our purpose. Suffice it to say, that one of the provinces of the order was named after him, and that his name is still revered in Sicily.

Year 1300.—A general chapter was held in the province of Lombardy. William Pagham was elected provincial of Eng-

land, and William Lindington provincial of the Holy Land and Cyprus.

By order of Clement V the fathers had to leave their monasteries in the Venetian territory and at Civita Castellana, whilst the Venetians were under the ex-communication and interdict.

Year 1310.—A monastery was founded in Hyahin in Hertfordshire, also in Scarborough there was a convent, and in Bains in Narbonne.

Year 1311.—The general, Gerard, took part in the council at Viennes. The monastery of Abbi was commenced.

Year 1312.—A general chapter of the order, held in London, ordered that in future after the "mea culpa" of the Confiteor, the words be added, "Ideo precor," etc. Before this the Confiteor had ended with the words "mea culpa."

Cardinal Beringar, writing of the council at Viennes, speaks in terms of highest praise about the general Gerard, who always had the ear of the pope.

At Sutton in England, and Salopia in Wales, monasteries were opened.

Presumes, unchecked, to wrap all things in its unhallowed fire.

Be present with us, Holy Child; sustain the falling world;

Nor let it be, thou God, sole hope, unto perdition hurled.

May meeker youth beam o'er the earth, beneath Thy guiding hand,

Emerging safe from seas of crime that inundate the land.

May true religion's ancient glow illumine with happy light

Their minds and may they be, through Thee restored to spiritual sight;

Through Thee may zeal for faith be lit, the victor's palms assigned,

And cohort of the enemy be scattered to the wind.

May clouds of errors be dispersed, and threatening passions quenched,

And friendly rest restored to States in seas of trouble drenched,

So may kind peace, desired long, revisit earth again,

And love, in loving brother's league, unite the hearts of men.

POPE LEO'S LATEST POEM.

The following poem, written by the patriarchal prisoner of the Vatican for Christmas Day, was recently made public:

The annual solemnities that honor Jesus' birth,

The rising day now brings again, for worship, unto earth.

But, glowing news of old-time joy it doth not, now, foreshine;

And of the welcome boons of peace it bears no happy sign.

On man, alas! on every side, in crowds the direst woes

Press grievously; preparing for more grievous e'en than those

Unworthily forgetful of parents and of God,

The growing up shakes off the yoke, bows not beneath the rod.

Strife cleaves in factions, citizens, and sheds a sea of blood,

And savage slaughter burns amain, amid the gory flood.

Laws reverend are lying dead,
And faith and modesty have fled,

This impossibility of being satisfied with our own performances is one of the strongest proofs of our immortality—a proof of that perfection toward which we shall forever tend, but which we shall never attain.—Frederick W. Robertson.

Read all history; the depotisms of kings, the revels of wealth and luxury wrung from the toil of the poor, can never be glorified. The good, the morally sublime, those who have blessed the world live in the memory and love of mankind.—Rev. H. W. Thomas.

I am heartily sorry for those persons who are constantly talking of the perishable nature of things and the nothingness of human life; for, for this very end we are here, to stamp the perishable with imperishable worth.—Goethe.

A man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies; because if you indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.—Plutarch.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

We are accustomed to honor in some special manner the anniversaries of the birthdays of our kings and princes, and in our dominions we still respect the memory of that queen who for such a long time directed the destinies of the vast British Empire, and whose reign was marked by peace at home and with foreign nations. No doubt it is our duty to honor and respect our rulers, as all power is of Divine ordination, as St. Paul tells us to honor the King. But if we show respect in this manner to our earthly sovereigns, whose rule is only of short duration, and whose power at most merely extends to our external actions, how much honor do we not owe the name of our Heavenly Queen, whose empire not only extends over our little earthly home, but also over the Kingdom of Heaven; and whose power is exercised over our hearts, to direct us in all the necessary work of our eternal salvation.

The birthday of the Blessed Virgin announced joy, and the near approach of that long expected and sighed-for Messiah, whose coming was to institute a new order of things, to throw open to fallen man the gates of heaven long closed by the first sin. Therefore it is that Our Holy Mother, the Church, celebrates this festival with special praise and thanksgiving. Mary was born in this world, not like the other children of Adam, stained by the contagion of sin, but pure, holy and beautiful. "As the lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters." Yet for her, who was in the true sense of the word a queen, there was none of that worldly exultation which nowadays announces the birth of a prince or princess of royal blood; no display of royalty, no flattering praise of courtly dignitaries, none of these attended upon the birth of the Blessed Virgin. Her parents were poor, though of royal descent, her advent into the world was in the poorest circumstances. Just as that of her son, who came amongst men, not as he was expected to come, but surrounded by the direst poverty. Yet there was never

such a gift from God to man as that of the Blessed Virgin. If we want to understand this gift, let us consider her great dignity and the singular privileges by which God distinguished her from all other pure creatures. It is very well expressed by St. Matthew in his Gospel, when he says "Of her was born Jesus, who is called the Christ." She is therefore, truly the mother of God. The dignity of being Mother of God is the highest that could be bestowed upon any creature, because it is the closest alliance with the creator of all things. But she is not only a mother, but a spotless virgin also. This is a prerogative of Mary alone which was known to the prophets long before as the mark of the mother of the Messias. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Emmanuel. The virginity of the Mother of God was denied by many heretics. In the early ages the church was called upon to use her authority and declare these as heretics who denied this article of faith. She declared that Mary was a virgin, before, in and after the birth of our Divine Lord hence she is called "Ever Virgin."

This doctrine is also defended by the fathers of the church, amongst others by St. Jerome, who cites as authorities, St. Ignatius, St. Polycarp, St. Irenaeus, St. Justin. The fathers apply to her many emblems and types of the old law, and the prophets expressive of her Virginity, called her the Eastern Gate of the Sanctuary, through which the Lord passed, the bush which Moses saw burning without being consumed, Gideon's fleece continuing dry whilst the earth all around was wet.

The Blessed Virgin was also the most perfect model of all other virtues. St. Ambrose says: "Let the life and virginity of Mary be set before you as in a looking glass in which is seen the pattern of chastity and virtue."

The humble and perfect virtue of Mary raised in St. Joseph the highest opinion of her sanctity; as appeared when he saw her with child, St. Joseph thought it more possible that Mary should have

conceived by a miracle without a man, than that she should have sinned. Yet Mary's sanctity consisted principally in her ordinary actions; she did nothing very extraordinary, but her heart was pure and her actions were performed with fervor. Now the lesson we must learn from this is that our spiritual perfection is to be sought out in our own state, and depends upon the way we do our ordinary actions. Some writer says, "Do your ordinary actions extraordinarily well,"—a very good maxim, but one which has far reaching consequences. True sanctity does not aspire after great things, as all of us are not called upon to become great saints upon this world.

The Church bids us celebrate this feast day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin as our predecessors have celebrated it for now more than a thousand years. Let us rejoice on the birthday of Mary, giving God the best homage of our praise and thanksgiving, for the great mercies He has shown in her. Christ will not reject the prayers and entreaties of His mother, whom he was pleased to obey whilst on earth. Let us, therefore, hasten to her feet and implore her to take us under her protection, on this her great feast day. Let us ask her to bless our little efforts for acquiring salvation, and let us salute her in the beautiful words with which the Church salutes her: "Hail, Holy Queen, our life, our sweetness and our hope," etc.

OH HAPPY THAT WE ARE!

There have been times on earth when we have caught our own hearts loving God, and there was a flash of light, and then a tear, and after that we lay down to rest. Oh, happy that we are! Worlds could not purchase from us even the memory of those moments. And yet when we think of heaven we may own that we know not yet what manner of thing it is to love the Lord Our God.

We believe that the Divine presence is everywhere, and that in all places the eye of God beholds the good and the bad; but we are still more firmly convinced of it when we assist the the Divine office.—St. Benedict.

ONE OF SATAN'S SEEDS.

One of the seeds that Satan loves to plant in the soil of our hearts is suspicion. And if it receives ever so little encouragement, immediately it springs up and begins to grow, filling the heart, warping the mind, and making its poisonous influence felt far and wide. But however far its work may spread, however cruelly and unjustly it may sit in judgment on the motives and acts of others, its worst effect is upon the heart of the one who cherishes it. For it is impossible to look at people with anything like a spirit of love, and at the same time be suspicious of their acts, their motives, whatever they do and say, and where the love spirit is not, there is a "legion" of Satan's angels ready to bring bitterness and envy and jealousy into the mind—company with which there can be nothing but unhappiness. If you find the plant of suspicion growing in your heart—if it is easy for you to look with distrust upon others, to impute unworthy motives to them—then beware. Get rid of this plant by cherishing only the kindest of thoughts about all; look for the best motives, and ascribe them to those whom you were inclined to view with distrust—and you will find yourself in a far happier, as well as far safer, frame of mind.—Denver Catholic.

When we pray to God with entire assurance, it is himself who has given us the spirit of prayer.—St. Cyprian.

The most precious thing we have, next to grace, is time; and we owe an account of our time, as we owe an account of our grace.

Our whole eternity will hinge on the "little while" of probation here. Only an inch of time to choose between an eternity of glory or the endless woes of hell.

God respects not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how elegant they are; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are; but the sincerity of our prayers, how heartsprung they are.

The Unfinished Mass.

In the early years of the last decade of the past century, the Christian missionaries in the vicinity of Tonquin, China, were continually subjected to the rapine and slaughter of the hordes of pirates who infest the shores of the gulf of Tonquin, that France, the noble protector of Eastern Catholic missions, was forced to send out her troops to smite, and spare not, these marauding savages, where massacres were day by day becoming so constant and their details so atrocious that the sword of vengeance was forced to be unsheathed in punishment of their crimes.

After the troops disembarked on Franco-Chinese territory, columns were sent out in different directions over those fair fields, which the blood of the martyred missionaries had so frequently saturated and fertilized. One reduced column ascended the river opposite Hanoi in the early morning after their arrival, and during the entire day was occupied exploring every nook, crevice and cranny along its shores, in search of the pirates who infested its banks. When on entering, at the close of the day, a small miserable hamlet, near to Ijemchout, Captain Langlois, who was in command, gave the halt. An indifferent dinner, composed of tea biscuit and tinned meat, was quickly demolished, as the sole day's repast. Night was then quickly and rapidly drawing near, as it occurs in tropical climes, and each soldier of the column was preparing to take a rest, so urgently needed after the wearisome march of a sultry day, as best he could. The captain, having arranged the sentinels for the night, and personally made the rounds and organized means for the security of the camp, he then prepared to rest near a fire which lay lighted brightly before the doors of one of those ruined chapels that was nigh burned during the famous retreat from Sien Chaw of General Francois, before the advancing hosts of Chinese soldiery.

After smoking his last little cigar, and observing the unbroken silence of the soldiers and the soundness of their sleep, he too delivered himself to a well merit-

ed rest; throwing around him a blanket, he drew his feet near the fire, as the cold was at that time very sharp, and stretched himself out to sleep on one of the steps of the altar, and quickly sleep overpowered him, and at once he was enveloped in its entrances. After having remained some time buried in its profound calm, he seemed to hear the clock strike twelve, and the unexpected notes occasioned him no small surprise in so solitary a situation; in a half comotose state, he rubbed his eyes, and with great astonishment he saw to his left, behind him the old dismantled chapel illuminated. He raised himself up and rested on his elbow, to convince himself that he had completely conquered sleep and was thoroughly awake. The captain then fixed his eyes on the altar and saw it was fully prepared, even at that midnight hour, for the celebration of Holy Mass. The candles were lighted, the beautiful white altar linen bordered by the richest lace, covered the marble slab of the altar, the Missal was in its well burnished brass book stand, and nothing was wanting, (the bell and cruets were there), save the Celebrant; he, at the instant alone, was missing, but in another moment the side door opened, and there advanced a priest, scrupulously robed in the sacred vestments; between his hands he had the Chalace covered by the paten and white silk veil, bordered by the richest golden fringes. His feet seemed to slide over the brick floor without producing any noise, nor awakening an echo on the Nave, everything participated in the universal silence then reigning. Arising the three steps of the altar, he placed the Chalace on the altar, and then the Celebrant, turning round, began to descend with the same steady slowness with which he ascended, placing himself in front of the Tabernacle, he pronounced the usual words of the memento, with which the priest commences Holy Mass, "Introibo ad Altare Dei," as no one was intoning the response, the priest turned towards the chapel door, and saw at once the captain, and with an eye, atten-

tive and anxious, he watched all his movements and at length made a sign to him to come up towards him, but with astonishment he noticed that quite the contrary to what happened with the priest, his steps resounded strongly over the bricks. Arriving at the foot of the altar, the Celebrant of the Mass begged the captain to assist him in serving his Mass. Although Captain Langloise was educated in the Catholic religion, he was not a very practicable Catholic, and consequently he found it somewhat difficult to fulfil the duties assigned him, unless he was somewhat assisted. The priest at once noticed his hesitation, and before the captain could make any remark, he shoved towards him a prayer book that lay on one of the steps of the altar. The captain eagerly catching the book, piously at once threw himself on his knees, and after glancing over its pages, he immediately commenced the responses, "Ad Deum qui lactificat juventutem meam," and guided by the prayer book he followed with the correctness of an old Acolyte. The Mass terminated, the priest descended the steps and again without making the smallest noise passed before the captain and reached the door of the Sacristy. When the holy ornaments of the altar were carefully taken off, with the right hand the priest made a sign to the captain to approach him.

"My son," said the priest, in a sweet voice, full of harmony, "thou hast finished doing me a great service, a service whose value cannot be estimated. Thanks to you, the gates of Paradise have been opened to me, which would have been closed against me for some time,—I cannot say how long."

The acute attention of the captain at once displayed his utter surprise and astonishment, and the priest continued.

"I have been a missionary priest in the province of Tonquin for many years. Providence has crowned my efforts by the number and importance of my conversions,—each day they were increasing, till the repeated incursions of the "Black flags," the Chinese rebel soldiery, the most hardened enemies of our creed, placed in the greatest danger all my precious conquests. In every place along the shores of the gulf of Tonquin the Cata-

chumens were prohibited from listening to the voice of a priest, or frequenting the churches. It was one of these devices of misrepresentation, one of the calumnies of the persecutors, to influence Chinese hatred and to strive to weaken the faith of the Catholic converts, by repeating the odious calumnies and lies of the primitive years of Christianity, that Christians communicated mysteriously each night, and in such out of the way places, where Mass would be said by a proscribed priest. The chapel where we now are, was once surrounded by a forest, and it was therefore selected because it was so secluded, not because any mysterious rite was to be celebrated, but because it was so adapted for the Christian gatherings and reunions, but these reasons did not save it from the calumnies of our enemies. When they saw the middle of the night was the hour fixed for the time to hear the sacred word of God. In spite of all our secrecy that was sought to be observed and the solitude of the situation, the news yet got circulated, and a renegade was found to sell the pass, and it thus reached the ears of the hateful and revengeful Chinese, who profited of the time and occasion to wreak their vengeance on the Christians. I was celebrating Holy Mass, I was elevating towards heaven the sacred Consecrated Host, God Himself, when the discharge of a volley of musketry sowed the fright of death amongst the faithful assembled, and they rushed up towards the altar as a flock of sheep around their shepherd. One of these ruffianly assailants pointed his revolver towards me and struck my head, and immediately pieces of my brain stained the altar cloth. I was dead before the Holy Sacrifice was finished, and the doors of Heaven were for a time closed against me, till the period would come when I might finish it.

From that date till this night, at 12 o'clock (midnight), with the permission of Almighty God, I have returned to this chapel in order to finish the mass commenced and interrupted, and until this night no one has presented himself to assist me in finishing it, and in the impossibility of ending it alone, I had to return to my grave, sadly, at the dawn of day, Thanks to you, at length I

have succeeded to reach the "Ite Missa est," and now the gates of Heaven will be opened to me. In submitting myself to this trial, God has conceded to me a sweet compensation, that of complying with the wish or desire of my liberator. The time is very solemn, meditate well in this concession, reflect very well before you select your choice and mentioning it to me. The captain, weighed down by shrinking awe and by an emotion not easily understood, remained for some time silent. The question so solemnly made by a martyr coming from the grave had the efficacious virtue of awakening in him the religious feelings of his youth,—feelings which for years lay dormant in his soul, but were not dead—his burning faith pointed out to him that there was for him a last hour; so directing himself then to the priest, he said: "Since God, in His Infinite Mercy, has been so pleased to select and make me the humble instrument of your liberation, I beg of you, my Reverend Father, that you advise me three days beforehand, before the day of my death, in order that I may strive to prepare to appear worthily before my Sovereign Judge. On hearing this request, the priest let fall his head and began to sob bitter tears.

"It is not in my power to discuss the folly or wisdom of your selection or to refuse, even when you have centured to seek to anticipate the knowledge of your last end. I will therefore do as you desire. But, oh! unfortunate son, how much anguish thou hast to go through, in order to avoid to man cruel sufferings. On His meditorial throne in Heaven, God wishes that we should not know the actual moment of our death, nor to deprive you of that celestial gift of hope that would accompany you to the edge of the tomb; but, oh! with thy irreflective desire, in thy thoughtless haste, you are just after depriving yourself of this inestimable advantage. Oh! when the cruel certainty, when the dismal tenor of its actuality, will arise before you, farewell all hope, know then that there is nothing so terrible as your request. I will pray to God, for His Royal grace that He may sweeten the torments of this certainty, but I can do nothing more for thee, but, nevertheless, before we

separate, receive the blessing of an old priest." Very much moved, the captain bent his head and fell on his knees, and received the old priest's benediction. When he arose, the priest had disappeared, the candles were quenched on the altar, solitude reigned, as if it were never broken, and the darkness was complete. Overwhelmed with anguish, he began to grope amongst the stones that lay promiscuously scattered along the ruined walls of the little temple, and returned toward the fireside. All remained in the same position; the soldier guards were sleeping soundly as if all clouds of war were dispelled, all troubles of his ghostly visitor ended. But the reality was not so, for the war continued with its alterations of victory and defeat. Amidst the fluctuations the captain gained a step, from captain became commander, of this Trenil expeditionary corps, and so brilliant was his bravery, that in one battle he earned the enviable privilege of being decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Envied by the garrison of Sienchow, for his signal success, he determined to add another by marrying a beautiful young Catholic lady whose acquaintance he had made and whose love he had conquered,—and, in the second year and following ones of their married life, he added to his blessings the proud distinction of being the happy father of two lovely children. Both husband and wife adored them, and nothing was wanting to make their happiness complete. One night as he lay stretched in his hammock, the chief of the battalion, as he was now, was sweetly breathing the marine fragrance with which the air was impregnated by the healthy, life giving airs of the Pacific. When behind the spiral columns and little towers of smoke arising from his cigarette, with a peculiar feeling which is not easy to define, he fancied he saw the faint outlines of a strange visitor, who, through the mazy avenues of the beautiful palmery, was advancing towards him. Watching his movements closely, he recognized the aged priest whom he had helped to finish his Mass in the round chapel in the suburbs of Lienchow.

Since that mysterious event, although its details had many times crossed his

mind, even when his earthly happiness was supreme and unclouded, yet he was never saddened by its recollection; he always sought to brush it out of his memory, yet it always drew him, like a loadstone. But now the unexpected arrival brought it back more vividly than ever to his mind, in all its harsh reality, but he was always courageous and had a large supply of natural energy. On seeing that the heavenly messenger detained himself some yards distant and was observing silence, he arose from the hammock and addressed him:

"I recognize you, Reverend Father; I remember well my desire, I am now prepared to hear you.

The priest, as before in the old chapel, advanced without his steps making the smallest noise and drew near to the commander, and with a voice slow and sad, said to him:

"Confirmable with the promise I gave you in the chapel near Lenchew, I beg to bring to you the heavenly message you asked me to give you."

"The announcement of my last hour Didst not thou beg it?"

"Without doubt, but I was young, I was not then married, I had not then a wife whom I adored, nor children whom I idolized. The bonds that bound me then to life appeared so slight in comparison to those of to-day, which seem so difficult to sunder,—to hear speaking to sever."

"Your Supreme Creator and Sovereign Judge has pronounced your sentence. Within three days you will have to appear before his tribunal,—the request has been your own."

Commander Langlois during life had given many sterling proofs of his valor, but the clouds of gloom had now begun to encompass him, the idea of leaving his wife a widow, of having to renounce her affection and separate himself from his darling children, who then needed so much his protecting hand, his soul was sorely perplexed; his heart, like wax, was melted and incapable of subjecting his emotion or subduing the travail of his soul, he lowered his head, and through the sinking of his spirit and the enfeebling of his nerve, he began to shed bitter tears.

Lingering near, as he was loath to

abandon the commander in his supreme distress, the priest looked on in silence, and when he became more serene, he raised his head, and the tears that inundated the cheeks of the heavenly messenger showed how he too participated in the commander's grief.

"Pardon, Rev. Father, this involuntary weakness, with a hot heart and delighted tear; aid and enable me to strive to utilize the time left me in the best manner possible. During these three days I will do everything as best I can to appear worthy before my Lord and my God. Now, Reverend Father, give me your blessing, which on my knees I beg from you."

The priest stretched over him his hand and blessed him, and in the same way as on his first appearance in the ruined chapel, when the commander raised his head, the priest had disappeared.

Once more the unhappy commander began to think in his accustomed manner gradually reflecting on the incidents so tragic to him,—his approaching earthly separation from his wife, and her dear little children. There was the dilemma; how to make it known to her; the grief and anguish which his unexpected death would inevitably bring with it to overwhelm her. How would she receive the news. This, truly, was the acme of his trials, the bitterest drop of his cup of sorrow. In the midst of sighs and sobs. In clasping his wife into his arms, he covered her with kisses, but he, wishing to subdue and silence his own emotion, said to her: "I beg of you in view of your grief, do not intensify mine. I have necessity for my strength. I will return to meet you in heaven, where I will reunite myself with you. Now, cutting through my natural feelings, as I have a necessity for my strength, seeing that for me the hour of God's judgment draws nigh. "Be you also courageous, since, with His blessing, I will one day meet you in Heaven, where, fervent Catholic as thou art, I will join myself forever with you." Then with the austere and valiant temper of a Christian soldier he blessed his wife from his heart for all the happiness that she had brought him during their married life. "I now confide to you my dear children; make them good and honorable and devout Chris-

tians, as I trust we have been, and afterwards Heaven's rewards will be theirs as well as ours. So much for the present; leave me alone now, so that I may make my preparation to appear before the tribunal of my Creator and my Judge."

On the third day's evening hours the whole family were united on the terrace that overlooks and stretches itself along the bay of Tonquin between New Macao and Lienchow, knowing that the going down of the sun ought to be the sign for the last earthly hours of the commander, since he had prepared for it by making his confession and receiving his dear Lord and God in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist at the Mass of the early morning. As a good use of time and a fit preparation for Eternity, his wife wished then to remain by his side and scatter balm freely in the fulness of her love during this, his last night. With the children seated on his knees, and his bowels yearning for their happiness, he made all the fatherly recommendations regarding their future, pointing out to the mother how they should be educated and how she was to watch over their life.

In tropical latitudes, the opposite to what happens in temperate zones, occurs,—the transition from day to night is effected very suddenly. The rays of the sun light up the horizon, when in other countries we are accustomed to the obscurity of the night.

In the moment then that Commander Langlois was pressing for the last time himself against the heart of his adored wife, and pressing on his children's cheeks his last hot kisses, he seemed to see behind the rays of the rising sun the luminous figure of an angel, who appeared coming as from the east, and made to him a sign to arise towards him.

The punctual preparations he had made—the generous temper with which he accompanied his sacrifice of unconditional surrender which he had offered and the faith he had evinced in the mercy and goodness of his God, made his obedience as acceptable to His Creator as the offering of Isaac by Abraham had been before high Heaven long centuries ago. For the celestial ambassador brings the glad tidings that he indeed meets him on his

way with the token of His favor, and so bears up his human faith and confidence. The faith, obedience and natural sorrow of the Patriarchal group then, as now, had drawn our Divine Lord's loving, merciful look with a forbearance of pity and fatherly acceptance towards the earth, and the appearance of His Divine messenger was as assuring and as consoling then to the commander, as the solemn tones from the burning bush were the harbingers of God's pleasure to Abraham and Isaac, showing that under the new dispensation, as in the days of "Genesis" and the Mosaic law, the spirit of the Sacred Heart is unchanged, for it rejoices, and will rejoice over one sinner that reconciles himself with his God more than over ninety-nine just, who need not penance.

How wonderful Thou art;

How unfathomable is Thy love,
For indeed what canst Thou do that
Thou hast not done, O Lord!"

Juan Pedro.

VALUE OF TIME.

The value of odd minutes is illustrated by a story told in a curious little volume of advice, printed in England. A large firm required a manager for one of its departments and appointed twelve o'clock for arrangement of terms with the selected applicant. He arrived at five minutes past twelve, to find a dozen directors waiting, the chairman watch in hand. The chairman announced that they could not engage a subordinate who had wasted an hour of his employer's time, and on the applicant deprecating such exaggeration, the chairman explained that each director had wasted five minutes and that made an hour in all.

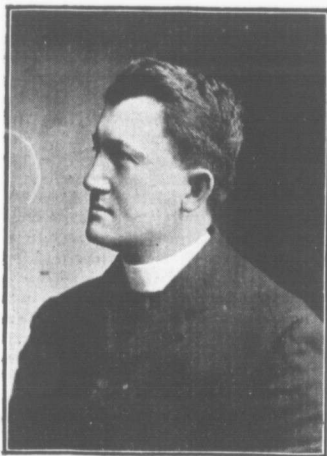
We shall never be sorry afterward for thinking twice before we speak; for counting the cost before entering upon any new course; for sleeping over stings and injuries before saying or doing anything in answer; or for carefully considering any business scheme presented to us before putting money or name into it. It will save us much regret, loss and sorrow always to remember to do nothing rashly.

Dedication of St. Cyril's College.

The new college opened by our Fathers in Chicago was solemnly dedicated on August 10th. The New World gives us some particulars of this happy event:

Amid all the pomp and ritual of the ancient Order of Carmel, the new college of St. Cyril, 64th and Star avenue, was dedicated by Bishop Muldoon last Sunday. The large and beautifully decorated chapel was filled to its greatest capacity by a congregation that was made up of some of the best known people in Chicago. Inside the sanctuary rail were about fifty of the most prominent priests of the city, and set off in picturesque relief were the brown gowned

atives from a number of Polish and French societies. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. P. V. Byrne, C.M. He said in part: "This memorable occasion in the educational history of Chicago fills one with mingled feelings of gratitude and indignation. Gratitude at the addition to our number of Catholic colleges; indignation at the lack of appreciation even on the part of Catholics of the work done in our colleges. In education there are two great truths; the truth of fact, namely, that the object of all education is God; and the truth of right, namely, that the church is the authoritative guide of God. From the earliest times the Carmelites have recognized these truths, and their illustrious history as educators shows the marvellous success they have achieved." Bishop Muldoon also congratulated the Order on its good work, and spoke words of hope that in a short time the college would rank as one of the highest in the country. Under the direction of the Provincial, the Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, the Rev. Father Feehan, a relative of the late Archbishop, founded St. Cyril college two years ago. The able administrator of the Rev. Cyril Kehoe, president of the college, soon made the erection of a new and permanent building necessary, and the result was the erection of this new and thoroughly equipped building. Among those present at the dedication were Bishop Muldoon, assisted by Fathers Maloney, Hishen and Morrissey. The master of ceremonies was Father Aylward. The visiting Carmelites were Revs. A. J. Kreidt, Provincial of the Order; Father Feehan, Superior of the Chicago branch; A. Bruder, prior of Pittsburg; T. J. McDonnell, prior of Englewood, N.J.; D. F. Best, prior of Niagara Falls; F. Ferdinand, prior of Leavenworth, and C. Kehoe, prior of Chicago and president of the college. At the conclusion benediction was sung by a vested choir.



Rev. C. KEHOE, President of St. Cyril's College.

members of the different Carmelite houses scattered over the country. The Bishop was met at the depot by uniformed brigades of the A.O.H., C.O.F., and the Clan-na-Gael, together with representa-

Gleanings From the Life of St. Clare.

Note by "Enfant de Marie," St. Clares.

Kind readers of the Carmelite Review will, I trust, be interested in these "Gleanings," from a life so well known, and so singularly beautiful. And they can readily understand that they are dear to me, not merely for intrinsic beauty, but also from the fact of being gathered by one who, though not in name a child of Dear St. Clare, yet reflects her love for Jesus in His Passion and in the most Holy Sacrament; one, too, who, though far apart in life, is intimately united by prayer, love and Religion.

"Star idiffereth from star in glory, and in the firmament of saintly records, a singular lustre distinguishes the "little plant" of St. Francis.

Humility and Obedience of St. Clare.

A Christian ought to be humble; and if he is truly humble, is also obedient. Humility and obedience distinguished the childhood of Clare, passed in the home of her parents. These shone in her and carried her on to perfection. Obedience induced her to accept the office of Abbess, and to retain it until death; humility made her the least among all her children, thinking to stay with them, to bear unkindness, injuries, contradictions, even to rejoice in them; and never elated by the veneration and esteem which were manifested for her, giving all the glory to God. Obedience rendered her always, and in all things, dependent upon St. Francis, upon the Cardinal Protector of the Order, upon the Bishop; to manifest fully the secrets of her soul, and even that which is more painful to holy souls, to manifest the favors which God bestowed upon her to her confessors. Humility moved her to undertake the lowest and most abject offices in the house; to kiss the hands and feet of her sisters; to serve them at tables and perform the most repugnant offices for the sick; she made herself all to all. Obedience made the Saint moderate the rigour of her austerities, at the command of her superiors, leaving on occasion God for God; better is obedience than sacrifices.

And I am so proud as to think that I have a right to the love and esteem of all so full of pride as not to recognize in others the right to command me. Oh! holy humility, holy obedience! when shall I know your price, your necessity, that I may love you and put you in practice?

St. Francis Speaks to St. Clare Before Dying.

Honored by God with the gift of stigmata, oppressed by infirmities which indicated his end as not far off, St. Francis was carried to St. Damian's with the hope of reviving him somewhat. Clare and her daughters tried every effort, every care, to relieve the sufferings in these last days of their Father. One day he called to the side of his miserable pallet Clare, who was also suffering; he spoke at length of the loving care of Jesus, in giving his most faithful ones bitter sufferings and trials, and in a moment, while tasting the food of suffering, he raised his eyes to Heaven and broke forth into the praise of God; then, throwing himself on the ground, remained a long time in extasy. Returning to himself, and being alone with Brother Leo, his companion, he manifested to him that during his extasy, God had given him an assurance of entering Heaven, and enjoying Him after death; then he sang the celebrated "Canticle of the Sun" with which he united the morning star with the lesser planets to return thanks to God.

O, my soul, this is the way that God leads His faithful servants to dispose them to receive the crown of glory which He has destined for them. Because they are acceptable, it is necessary that they should be tried in the fire of tribulation, like gold in a furnace, so that they may be found worthy of Him. Do not, then, lose courage midst the evils and the temptations of life. Know that then the Lord is nearer to you, and guards you more lovingly, to strengthen you and to save you.

St. Clare's Devotion to Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist.

The ineffable compendium of all the mercies of Jesus Christ to the children of men, is the Sacrament of the Altar, which is for us a living memorial of His Passion, a perennial and inexhaustible fountain of grace, a loving pledge of life eternal. For this, He multiplies Himself, so to say, though always one, always the same at all hours, in all places on earth hidden in these species. He becomes our prisoner, and coming into us, He desires nothing more than to be blood of our blood, heart of our hearts, as He it our life, our substantial and immortal nourishment. To it were dedicated the daily desires of Clare, who even from the bed of sickness, dedicated her labors and those of her daughters, that poor churches should be more decently adorned. To her sacramental Spouse, she confided all her desires, dedicated her affections; she offered her sufferings, having in those her portion her inheritance, all her riches, and to Him alone is owing that miraculous chain of graces and communications that went from Him to repose in the heart of Clare, that correspondence of sighs, and tears, and loving transports that flew from the heart of Clare to that of her Beloved. Suffice it to say when the Servant of God had flown to Heaven, they did not know better to depict her than with the Sacred Ciborium in her hands; which symbol causes her 'to be recognized among the other saints of the Church. Frequently was she seen by her children with a globe of resplendent light upon her head, partaking of the Eucharistic bread, or in the Host presented to her for communion, they discerned the Divine Infant, who came to find His Spouse. And we, with what gratitude do we repay a God who deigns to remain with us continually, and to do so better, deprives Himself of His eternal glory, acquired by the price of His Blood; and he says to us, "Come to me all you that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you." What perfidy, what insanity, not to correspond with so much love.

St. Clare's Patience.

"Practice patience and you will pos-

sess your souls." This golden sentence St. Clare made her own, and she was invincible in patience. Daily were for her the tribulations and trials internal and external which exceeded each other, often tormenting her together. But she was never vanquished by them. Martyred by a fever for twenty-eight years, which then caused her death; tried by her Divine Spouse with wearisome ardity, heaviness, agonizing scruples, fears for her eternal salvation; assailed by the infernal enemy with horrible phantoms, with strange apparitions, with fearful shocks, abandoned by men, and sometimes without sensible aid from God, she never murmured, nor asked for an end of her sufferings; she appeared always joyful to whoever approached her. She was constant and she conquered. Thus God tries His elect, and to us every exercise of patience appears hard in the trials of this life. Why do we not remember, that God has from all eternity fixed His omnipresent eye upon us, and has disposed everything for our good? It was of His goodness, he created and placed us in this world to try our patience; and it was of His mercy that this exercise of patience should form our crown.

VALUE OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Perhaps there is nothing else so productive of cheerful, helpful service as the expression of approval or praise of work well done, and yet there is nothing so grudgingly, so meagrely given by employers. Many of them seem to think that commendation is demoralizing, and that the voicing of appreciation will lead to listlessness and the withdrawal of energy and interest. This evinces but a poor knowledge of human nature, which is always hungering for approbation; but how mistaken such views are is shown by the loyal and unstinted service given to those large minded men who treat their employees as members of a family committed to their care.

Neutral men are the devil's allies.

That is the true perfection of man to find out his imperfections.—St. Augustine.

St Albert, Carmelite.

No doubt many lovers of the most Holy Virgin, our Lady of Mt. Carmel, treasure the medal on which she is represented presenting her Holy Scapular to St. Simon Stock. On the reverse side we see St. Albert of Sicily with a lily in his hand, the symbol of his angelic purity. It seems to us a slight sketch of the saintly Carmelites' life will not be unacceptable to readers of the "Review," and may render their treasured medal still more dear, and their devotion to St. Albert more lively.

This fair Italian lily was born in Trepano, Sicily, of noble parents and dedicated by them to our Lady of Mt. Carmel. His early years were angelic in purity, and ere a breath of worldly atmosphere could tarnish the lustre of baptismal beauty, he sought the shade of Carmel, where every virtue expanded to maturity. Holiness, learning, suffering, prepared our Saint for the Priesthood, and in this sublime ministry, his zeal for souls echoed these words of its great prophet-Founder*: "With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of Hosts."

He was favored with the gift of miracles, and truly a "son of the Prophet" in intercessory prayer. Like him, soft breathings of gentle air refreshed St. Albert in solitude and contemplation, and like him also, his mediatorial voice was raised in compassionate sympathy for the needs of others. On one occasion Messina was besieged, and the inhabitants were in great need of provisions. The Saint represented their sufferings to God in prayer, and a voice replied during Holy Mass: "God has heard your prayer." At that moment three ships entered the harbor laden with provisions; from whence they came could not be ascertained. Like SS. Elias and Eliseus he obtained a dry passage across a river swollen by the flood, and performed other marvellous acts, confiding in "the Lord God of Hosts." Greater by far were the miracles of grace worked in souls by the holy ministry of this glorious saint. Sinners were converted, Jews won to Christianity, souls already serving God animated to a holier life by

his words, example and prayers.

Many were the conflicts sustained by this servant of God against the evil one, but our Lord came to his aid and dispelled the dark clouds of sorrow and temptation. He even favored him by appearing as a little child and resting in his arms. Thus he is sometimes represented like another S. Joseph or S. Anthony.

At last the end drew near, and as he knew the night was nearly past, and 'the day at hand,' he desired by prayer and penance, in solitude and silence, to prepare for the Master's coming. O, how welcome it was after eighty years of faithful service, of sublime virtues, of seraphic love! "Well done, good and faithful servant, of Jesus and Mary! Enter into the joy of thy Lord." His soul was seen under the form of a white dove flying away to eternal rest. The bells of the city rang a joyful chime, though untouched by earthly hands, and as the priest was about to commence the Mass "De Requiem," angels appeared and intoned "De Justi," of a confessor not pontiff. Miracles were performed while the holy body remained in the church, and after the lapse of ages, many are cured by the application of water blessed by St. Albert's reliques. In St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi's life, there is a beautiful account of an apparition in which he clothed her with a white robe, and obtained for his holy sister in Carmel perpetual freedom from temptations against the angelic virtue.

Let us earnestly pray to St. Albert for the spirit of prayer and zeal for souls; of love for the Divine Infant and his ever blessed Mother. Let us ask his aid to be "clean of heart," so that, like him, we may at last soar away on dove like wings to the vision of God's face.

Enfant de Marie.

*.—3 Kings xlx, 10.

True humility never makes a show of herself, nor uses many humble words, for she desires not only to conceal all other virtues, but principally herself.—De Sales.

The Federation Convention.

On Tuesday, August 5th, at 9.30 a.m. a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon. The Mass preluded the Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies held at Association Hall, Chicago, August 5th, 6th and 7th. The object of this Federation is the uniting of all Catholic Societies of the United States in the bond of fraternal charity, in the hope that the interchange of friendly offices and ideas may tend to the benefit and increase of each individual society forming a part of the Federation. The object is not political, but Catholic, i.e., the betterment of all particularly concerned and through them the benefitting of their fellow citizens at large.

The Catholic Societies of the United States were well represented, 614 delegates being present. These represented a million of Catholics, and gave proof of their zeal and earnestness in promoting the grand object of their union. It was impressive and inspiring to behold so great an assembly of men of a dozen nationalities all moved by the one aim and spirit and faith. The assembly was, indeed, a miniature of the universal Church which gathers all races and colors on the globe under the one standard of the Cross. The Unity and Catholicity of the Church was visibly pictured forth in the grand gathering of men who endeavored, in their own way, to show to the world what the unswerving oneness and variety of the Church means.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Messmer preached a very eloquent and sententious sermon at the Pontifical High Mass. The Rev. Bishop touched upon some of the most vital subjects in his usual suggestive way. He pointed out to the Catholic layman the grand capabilities God has given him,—the spreading of the light of the true faith, not by preaching the Gospel, but by acting it in his every-day life. He called attention to the sublime principles which Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, has transmitted to us in those monuments of his reign,—his encyclicals. He drew attention to the power for good

that is in Catholic literature, in Catholic Truth Societies and in Catholic Missionary Work. He deplored the general profanation of the sacrament of marriage and warned Catholics against the acceptance of the ultra-principles of Socialism, which tend ultimately to the complete overthrow of Christianity. He told Catholics that politics was an obligatory field for them, in so far as they could thereby uphold sound morality and the grand principles of Christianity. The sermon was well adopted to the occasion and deserves the perusal of every Catholic layman who is keenly alive to the responsibility of his position.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon was chairman of the Convention, and on Tuesday evening delivered a speech which was greatly applauded. The Reverend Pfshop spoke earnestly of the necessity of standing up for our rights in every line and said that if we became better Catholics, as the Convention desired, we would also be better citizens.

On the same evening, the Rt. Rev. Bishop McPaul, of Trenton, delivered an address. The Bishop is an earnest furtherer of the Federation movement and showed it by the enthusiasm of his pointed address.

Besides the three Bishops, several other prominent speakers were present and delivered addresses. Among these were Messrs. Minahan, Girten, Friesi Mooney and Rev. Father Ganss, who sought aid for the Indian schools.

In the closing session of the Federation several resolutions were adopted. Sympathy was extended to the Philippine Friars, in this their hour of trial, and the members of the Convention pledged themselves to uphold "the hands of the government in its determination to see that they (the Friars) are treated with that common justice that belongs to all who enjoy the protection of the American flag."

The great river courses which have shaped the lives of men have hardly changed.—George Eliot.

Ad te Suspiramus.

This sighing of "exiled children" seems applicable not merely to their prayerful aspirations, but also to those of artistic longings, seeking to dilineate the idea, of Mary's beauty conceived in various forms. We read of a far-famed sculptor who was commissioned to supply a marble statue worthy to be placed in the grand monastic church of Marienburgh, Prussia. He prepared for this great work of devotion and art by long prayer, until at last, the design was, as it were impressed on his soul. And as he worked for long years, prayer ever accompanied his labor of love so that he unceasingly sang :

"Dearest Virgin, mother mild,
Guide the chisel of thy child !"

Others thought it a marvel of beauty, long before completion, but he exclaimed : "O, if I could but make it the same as the image in my heart !" His biographer tells us that during those long years his soul was prepared to meet God, and see the beautiful original of that masterpiece. And so, when the aged artist had given the finishing strokes to Mary's image, he died at its feet. Of Raphael, it is recorded that he said to the Count of Castiglione : "When painting our Blessed Lady, I keep constantly before my mind a certain fixed ideal that exists in the very depths of my soul."

Some of the sweetest strains of earthly music were inspired by this beautifully varied theme. How intimately connected with Mary's festivals are the names of Pergolese, Rossini and many others. In our own dear land, a well-known Poet-Priest* exclaims in the touching epilogue to his "Magnificat" :

"May this weak voice of mine uplifted be
Throughout the silence of eternity,
Upheld by love,—thy love and grace
impart."

Poetry is, as it were, the sister of music, and so we have classed this poetic aspiration with those flights of melody soaring away from "the vale of tears" to the far off land of song.

How often have I also desired to praise

*—Dr. Sheehan.

thee, O, Blessed Mother ! and, how often, too, have I echoed these words of one who did so worthily, yet felt that all praise felt short :

"My song—it but touches the rude shores
of speech,

But its music melts back into me."

F. A. Ryan.

Yes! the sweetest inward chords often "melt back" into the ocean of our own conceptions. "Ad te suspiramus !" It steals through the world of science, and that of art. We hear its vibrations echoed in the aisles of noble structure, where architecture, sculpture, painting, music, etc., combine for Mary's honor. Above all we hear this sighing waited to and fro in the accents of prayer to the gentle queen above, for, to quote once more our gifted poet-priest, "Heaven holds, earth lacks" the vision of her beauty.

Aspirations.

O, fain would I praise thy beauties !
That blending of light and shade,
The hand of a Master-Artist
In wisdom and love portrayed.

Thy beautiful Virgin whiteness,
Like sweet-scented bloom in May ;
The love of thy heart maternal,
That aids us though far away.

O, why are my harp-strings silent
So oft, when I think of thee ?
I long for the Holy Spirit
To waken their melody !

And, gazing in mystic radiance,
O, Mother, in thy dear face,
I murmur low aspirations,
But cannot its tints retrace.

Ah, yes ! of my Lady's beauties,
With holy and ardent love,
I wish that my notes could rival
The songs of the Bless'd above !

At last, what a consolation,
That voices more dear to thee
So sweetly are singing praises
Too high and sublime for me.

Enfant de Marie.

"Dignare me laudare te Virgo Sacrata!"

Editorial Notes.

A few times lately we read in the daily papers an account of the murder of some of our American teachers in the Philippines which surely goes to show that they are not very acceptable to the Filipinos, yet no one speaks of removing them from the Islands. The Friars, it is alleged are not acceptable persons, therefore they must go. But if they would remove all that are not acceptable, we think all the American soldiers and civil officers would be compelled to leave. To all who are not convinced of the justice of the cause of the Friars we would strongly recommend the paper of Father Wynne, S.J., entitled "The Friars Must Stay," in the Sacred Heart Messenger for August, and also published separately in book form.

* * *

The two appointments recently made by the Holy Father are of great significance to the children of Carmel. Cardinal Gotti, who was appointed Prefect of the Propaganda, and as such has charge of ecclesiastical affairs in our country, is himself a son of Carmel. His father was a poor dock laborer of Genoa. He donned the Carmelite habit when he was yet a boy and benefitted the order by his great learning and piety. Although invested with the purple, he still continues to live the ascetic life of a Friar, as if he were in his cell. Cardinal Vincent Vanutelli, who was appointed Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and Regular Discipline, is the Protector of the Carmelite Order and has always shown it much favor and good will. Both of these Cardinals have been spoken of as the probable successors of Leo XIII, but then the choice does not rest with man, and we will only know when the present Pope is no longer, whom Divine Providence has selected for the most important position ever occupied by man.

* * *

Some persons, even among prominent Catholics, seem to think that the Catholics have no cause of complaint regarding the schools of the Philippines, as most of the teachers employed in the Islands are Catholics. But why are not

all Catholic teachers since they are all Catholics. Why is the priest excluded from the school room? It means the establishment of the public schools there, those hot-beds of crime to teach the children atheism and immorality. We have more than sufficient cause in our own country for complaint in the cause of the schools and education. Just the other day the State Superintendent of the schools of New York removed the sisters who were teaching the public school at Lima, N.Y., not because their teaching was deficient, not because they abused the children, not because they were accused of some crime, but simply because they wore a "religious garb," and tried to instill in the minds of the children some idea of religion and morality. And that Catholics, besides paying twenty million dollars for their own schools, should be compelled to support the public schools, is anything but just. We wish there were no cause of complaint for the Catholics at home or in the Philippines, but at present there are too many. And the Catholics will never remove them by keeping silent and trusting in the equity of the American government, but by strenuously defending their rights and demanding their privileges of American citizenship. It was a pleasure to see the Federation of Catholic Societies make a beginning in this line.

Petitions Asked For.

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

That several men may abstain from intoxicating drinks; for a son addicted to drink and careless in his religious duties; a happy death for one whose mind is deranged; the conversion of a nephew; two temporal favors; three special intentions; that a sick person may recover her health.

When we cease to learn we cease to be interesting.—Bishop Spalding.

Notice to Subscribers.

Persons wishing to have the Review discontinued should notify us to that effect. Sending it back will not enable us to discontinue it, for when there are several numbers sent to the same place, the name of the town or city is not on the label, and then it is next to impossible to find your name. If you do not want the Review any longer let us know, or tell your postmaster to send us a card.

When moving, please give us the old as well as the new address.

A glance at the date on the label of your Review will tell how far your subscription is paid up.

Wearers of the Brown.

Scapular names have been received at :

Falls View—from Cape Bald, N.B.; West Union, Minn.; St. Ignatius' church, Phila., Pa.; St. Joseph's church, Acton, Ont.; Staples, Ont.; Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Montpelier, Idaho; St. Joseph's church, Ashland, Pa.; Nelson, B.C.; St. Bonaventure's college, Allegheny, N.Y.; St. Ann's church, Guysboro, N.S.; Villa Angela, Nottingham, O.; Zurich, Ont.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Dundas, Ont.; Church of St. Boniface, New Germany, Ont.; Snyder, Ont.; Galeton, Pa.; Java Centre, N.Y.

Pittsburg—from St. Alphonsus' church, Springdale, Pa.; St. Fidelis' Monastery, Victoria, Kans.; St. Francis' Mission, Rosebud Agency, S.D.; Holy Trinity church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Immaculate Heart church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Stanislaus church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Michael's church, Emlerton, Pa.; St. Louis' church, Caledonia, Wis.; St. Peter's Church, Cleveland, O.; St. Mary's church, New Albany, Ind.

New Baltimore, Pa.—from Franciscan Monastery, St. Bernard, Neb.; Lake church, Washington Co., Wis.; Nicholson Pa.; Auburn Centre, Pa.; St. John's church, Ongha, Neb.; Holy Cross church, Wis.; St. Patrick's church, Sparta, Wis.

Great souls endure in silence.—Schiller.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the following deceased :

Rev. Theophilus Charaux, S.J., who died at St. Mary's College, Montreal, on Aug. 10th, 1902.

Mrs. John Hackett, who departed this life Aug. 1st, 1902, at London, Ont.

The great doers of history have always been men of faith.—Cgapin.

To rejoice in goodness and be grieved by its opposite is an essential mark of a well ordered mind.—Cicero.

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.

Mortification and especially bodily mortification is the shortest way to cheerfulness and supernatural joy—Father Faber.

We are sorry for the poor, but the question is, how much are you sorry? Whatever it amounts to give it, and show your sympathy.

He who in quest of right, virtue, or duty, sets himself above ridicule, is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at.

Are you in unforgiven sin? If so, you are unhappy; you are not at peace. You know you are walking along a fearful precipice; at any moment your heart may fail, the wind, the lightning, the storm, or the unforeseen may wrest your poor body from your soul. What then? You will be instantly fixed for eternity; no further probation will be before you; no other trial; no more mercy from God will be yours; the time of mercy will have passed; the time of justice will have come. You will meet not the merciful Jesus, but the just Jesus. The mercy of God is exercised only while life lasts; His justice sets in when it is over. The most dreadful of all things is to be in mortal sin. In such sin there is no peace, no joy, no security, no merit and no reward, either in time, or after time—in eternity.—Denver Catholic.