



THE MAGNIFICAT.



### THE MAGNIFICAT OF MOUNT CARMEL.



HEART immaculate! thy beauty fair  
 Is bathed in soft sunlight of the Lamb.  
 On earth its grief was boundless as the sea,  
 But now it glistens in a peaceful calm.  
 And yet there murmurs psalmody more sweet  
 Than light waves as they kiss the silver strand,  
 Or golden harp-strings' wondrous melody,  
 Forever thrilling in bright angel-land,  
 A song of praise that o'er Judea's hills  
 Ascended through the glowing summer air  
 From thy glad heart, more pure than Alpine snows  
 Or greatest lilies in the valley there,  
 And still thy soul doth magnify the Lord,  
 Oh, Queen of Carmel, Mother of God's Word!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

### SHADOWS—A FRAGMENT.

Are these the evening shadows, Lord,  
 Like clouds on the mountain's brow?  
 I fain must sit at thy feet and rest—  
 I cannot work for Thee now!

Are these the harbingers, O my Lord!  
 Of the lonely and darksome night,  
 And the "valley of death" my feet must pass,  
 Ere the dawn of thy golden light?

E. D. M.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

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

BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

NEW YORK, April 16th, 1885.

*This letter is for our "little Mother"—  
my most sweet, loving hearted and ex-  
ceedingly dear daughter in Domino:*

But, my sweet "little Mother" and sister, and daughter, when you have time turn to the 83rd Psalm, "*Quam dilecta*," and read in it how the "vale of tears" comes in! Why, in the connection of sentences, these "tears of the valley," in this Psalm, speak of the tears of joy—for the whole Psalm is one of joy.

I know, my sweet daughter and sister, that the children of Carmel, and of St. Teresa, shed tears other than of spiritual joy. It was not to people living in the world that St. Paul wrote: "Our fight is not against flesh and blood, but against the chiefs and powers—against the heads of the world of these (hellish) darknesses; against spiritual (devilish) works of wickedness, in regard to what relates to the Religious life." I have never forgotten your request to pray for you, that you may be "an humble and obedient nun." I told you, yes! Praying for that, I pray you may be a *saint*. Yes, my dear and sweet daughter, study the "*Magnificat*," and folding yourself under the mantle of our Divine Mother Mary, say

it often as her child: *Quia respexit humilitatem meam!*

My sweet daughter and sister, it was a singular grace to you. It was a grace you did not deserve to be a Carmelite! It was a grace our family did not deserve. It was a grace, as theologians express it, "*given free*." But it taught me what I knew only in a general way about Carmel. And—but God's ways are wonderful—the human occasion of drawing to Carmel that wonderful sister, daughter, "step-wife," counsellor, helper, consoler,—that knew how to cheer every one up, and tell them what to do in the world. Now she lives for God only; and you too, my *round-hearted* sister. Let us busy ourselves, the most each of us can, in humanity and thanksgiving: *Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est.*

I am writing this beforehand for your birthday, when you will be no longer an infant. I write it now because I am so much in danger of not writing if I delay it longer. And, besides, God willing, I hope to see you on your birthday.

Your loving PAPA.

NEW YORK, January 15th, 1886.

*My most sweet Sister in Domino:*

While our, or rather our Lord's, Sister is in her retreat, I am pressed to

write some little to you. I was in such a torpor of mind and body last week that I did not, as I wished, write to her before the retreat.

While making my hurried translations of the Ceremonials of Profession and Veiling, I have felt so sorry that I did not have the thought to make these before your Profession. But they are of thrilling beauty and good meditations, for a nun all her life long, after her Profession and Veiling.

And the one master-thought I have had while engaged in this most pleasant work of translating, is the boundless gratitude and thanksgiving that should overwhelm us for the wonderful graces that our Lord, through the intercession of His Mother, has poured on our poor little broken family.

*Non fecit taliter omni nationi.*—"He has not done the like to any other." What a motive for perpetual gratitude, and for humility! His Mother, in whose order you are a little child, has set us the example, *quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ tuæ.* And her "humility is the truth." For all our adorable Lady had, or has, she received—a free gift from God. Before Lucifer and the Angels were created, God, in the councils of His Eternity, brought forth the purpose of creating the *Virgin Mother, Ante Luciferum genui te.* And, so, it is equally true of each one that God calls. When it was said to you at your veiling, as will be said to our Gertrude, *Veni Sponsa Christi*, "Come Spouse of Christ," receive the crown that the Lord hath prepared for thee for eternity—it means also, from eternity, for eternity had no beginning, as it will have no end.

So it is a crown that God prepared before the Angels were made, and that some bright and glorious Angel might have worn forever, had pride not led it to follow Lucifer. God, foreknowing

this fall of that angel, marked *thee* my daughter from eternity, to wear it to eternity. But He has studded it, by His Incarnation, with priceless jewels never promised to that angel; and, then, *annulo suo subarrhavit te*—"He hath put His own ring on thee, as His spouse." In that wonderful psalm you say every day in Vespers, *Dixit Dominus Domino meo*, you read the words *implebit ruinas*, "He will fill the waste places."

These are no imaginations of mine. I am not capable of such things. I only repeat a little of the interpretations of Saints and Doctors of the Church, and, oh! how little.

But see what motives for gratitude, for humanity, and for that child-like fear of offending such goodness and such love. You read in the third Nocturn of Canonized Virgins: *Elegit eam Deus, et prælegit eam!* "God has chosen her, and especially preferred her!" Others are not thus *chosen*, or *preferred*, though, they too, if faithful, will have a great reward. *Twice*, in your short religious life, you have seen a good young woman desiring, but *not called!* What reason for gratitude to Our Lord and His Mother on your part. Not to *your* merits is the vocation owing, but to God's *free grace!* The Apostle says: "Hath not the potter power over the clay? Out of which He forms one vessel to be placed in a position of honor and glory; and another to occupy an unconsidered, or even a most humble place?" But the same Apostle urges: "Be not high-minded, (that is proud) but fear!" And, again he says: "Let no one take *thy* crown!" For Our Lord will surely "fill the waste places"—*implebit ruinas.* And, you know it is most certain Catholic Doctrine that *perseverance to the end* is a distinct grace, and should be prayed for, as such, every day. You have

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1886.

read, no doubt, that your Seraphic Mother, St. Teresa, after whom you have the happiness to be named, was shown in hell—the terrible place prepared for her—had she not followed the wonderful vocation to which she was called.

One that has been called, as you have been, as Gertrude has been, and as our saintly Sister St. John has been; she, like St. John the Baptist, in the desert, but doing and suffering God's will, *could not*, being thus called, save her soul, if disobedient to the call. *Ingratitude* to Our Lord is a most heinous sin in chosen souls. You, my most sweet Sister, have a grateful and loving heart. That is why Our Lord called you to the Order of His Mother. But, *wake up* every day, *gratitude* and love, to the Lord, and to His Mother, whose child you are. Every day, and all day long. For all that you can do in gratitude and love, though very acceptable to Jesus and Mary, is very cold compared to the love Jesus and Mary have for you. When I pray for you every day, and more than once, if I ask relief for you from sickness, I always tell Our Lord and His Mother that I know they love you better than I do. And you know that I love you as much as I ought to. *More*, except I always think of you as with Jesus and Mary. But Our Lord says to pray: and so, if He can find it best for you, I pray for your health, that, after all, is a fleeting and uncertain good. But, since you asked me in your novitiate, I always pray that you may be "*a humble and obedient religieuse*, and then a smile always comes on my lips; for to become *these* means to become a Saint—*Humility and obedience!*

Sweet daughter, I do not ask you to pray for me. I know you will, *so long as you live!* And I, poor sinner, will need all prayers.

PAPA.

*My most sweet little daughter:*

I would love to write to you oftener. I *ought* to write to you oftener, because you ask it. It is not that I am too busy. It is partly that I am too lazy, and partly that I am *too proud*. You will in your Carmelite humility not understand the "*too proud*." This it is: When I think of my daughters, walking in the way that trains Saints, and consider myself, the self-indulgent man, *smoking tobacco for incense to my reading of good books!* restoring my weariness by a glass of wine, in my comfortable slippers and chair, my conscience (no not my conscience, but *reason, mixed with pride*, says: Stop! leave those virgins that God gave you, as daughters, and then was so gracious as to ask you for, and has taken as His spouses, leave them to Him that has chosen and taken them. What hast *thou* to do with these who carry *their* crosses, following Him, who bears the Awful Cross, the Most Blessed Cross!

Dear, it is right to think of it sometimes, even for St. Teresa's daughters, who, by vocation should be the most generous of daughters of God's Mother—I mean "*the reward*." The inspired psalms that you recite in your Divine Office, put the words in the mouths of the Saints: "I have followed the way of Thy commandments because of the reward." "*Propter mercedem!*" But it is better, and I do not think I am wrong in saying out what I know, it is *more like* my daughters, to abandon themselves with a heart altogether detached to that Lord whom they have desired; whom they have loved; whom they have sought; whom they have found; and in whom they will to rest forever. O, how beautiful is that in the solemnity of veiling: "*Amo Christum,*" and what follows it. I did not

fully translate those sentences. They cannot be translated.

Dear Sister, as I think I am, this evening, this day, *the happiest man in New York*, so ought you to be the happiest woman in Baltimore. I, with such daughters, so serving God. You, called by *God's most free grace, undeserved by you* to be one chosen, out of so many, to the Order of the Mother of God.

You have in your short time seen three, *good persons*, "striving to enter in and not able!" What a motive for thanksgiving; but what a motive for humility! When came all this great accumulation of graces to you, my daughter? How the "*Magnificat*," in its several verses should sound *music in your heart*. How in Mary's Heart you should seek that "humility" for your heart—so necessary and so hard to get. But you and I drew last Pentecost, the gift of "*Knowledge*." To know our own nothingness, the boundless goodness of Our Lord, the abyss of virtues of the Mother of your Order.

Yours, &c., PAPA.

## CHAPTER XV.

### J. A. McMASTER'S LAST ILLNESS.

After McMaster had sacrificed all the comforts of this world, and the nearest and dearest to his heart, he experienced, in a high degree, the happiness of the just—a happiness that he could not conceal from his friends, for it was visible on his countenance, as we have remarked in a foregoing chapter. We have good reason to believe that he was endowed, at least in the latter part of his life, with the inestimable gift of the prayer of contemplation. He seemed to enjoy the presence of God everywhere, and nothing appeared to be able to disturb his heavenly peace.

God, it seems, was pleased and satisfied with the work of his valiant servant. He did not wish him to live much longer in his "hermitage." From the beginning of the world he had prepared a much more spacious one for him, replete with every comfort and full of heavenly joys. McMaster, however, was not aware that the time of his eternal reward was so near. But God sent him a messenger to remind him of the approaching end of his life.

Early on Saturday morning, Oct. 2, 1886, after the issue of the Freeman containing the last account of receipts for the Mount Carmel fund had gone to press, Mr. McMaster fell on the steep and dark stairs leading from the editorial rooms of the *Freeman's Journal* to the street. The shock of the fall to his system was severe, and although at first he made light of his injuries, it was found that he had given his right shoulder a severe strain. He was obliged to remain in bed at his "hermitage," as he called his place of residence near the house of his friend, Major Keiley. A man of less strength of will and force of character would have taken to bed long before this accident absolutely forced him to do so. For nearly six years previous to October of 1886, he had scarcely known a day of good health. But he would neither omit his regular attendance at Mass—in the stormiest weather—or remain away from his office, where he spent a few hours each day. He had, as he often expressed, the most implicit confidence in his assistants in the business department, and he thoroughly trusted his manager, Mr. John J. Gallagher, who had been with him since boyhood; and of late his son, Mr. John A. McMaster, had much relieved him by acting as his secretary; but the routine of the office had become part

of his life, and until his friends almost forced him to the hospital, those at the office were never sure that he would not come even through cold and rain, if only to sit for a few minutes in his chair in the sanctum.

He was confined to bed for several days, but, with his usual restless dislike for restraint from his daily routine in the office, he insisted on coming to New York, and thus retarded any chance of speedy recovery. An abscess also developed itself on his shoulder, which soon drained his system.

By his own desire, expressed soon after the accident which was the beginning of the end, no announcement of his illness was made in the Freeman's Journal. And, almost up to the day of his death, well-grounded hopes of his recovery were entertained, as we can see from several letters which he wrote to his daughters during his sickness.

On October 21, 1886, he wrote to one of his daughters: "In health, I am to-day far away better than any day since the fall and hurt. The pain is very moderate in the shoulder that has been so bad. Except for the poultice, and the running of matter from the place that was lanced, I could put on my coat to-day. It will be but few days, with the help of Our Lord and Blessed Lady, till I will be out."

Oct. 31st, 1886.

*My own beloved in the Heart of Jesus:*

I tried to write you yesterday, but was too weak, or too lazy. Yesterday made four weeks that I have spent in bed, all but a few minutes at a time. It was two weeks yesterday since Dr. Byrne lanced the abscess on my shoulder, and yesterday, after two weeks of free discharge, under the influence of poultices, the Dr. has ceased the poulticing, and had my shoulder strapped

up for healing. Except for the necessary lameness, it gives me little pain, little more than the rest of my poor old joints. Dr. Byrne says I have gotten along wonderfully; and that many, with less serious hurts, have been laid up for three months.

I could not go to Mass this morning, especially as it poured rain; but I am going to dress and try to go to the Keiley's to dinner. Mr. Keiley has been most affectionately attentive to me, in every possible way. The Denikes have been most solicitous to do anything for me. Dear Pho has been most devoted. You see what kind of letter I have written, but I know you will wish to hear how I have been *bodily*.

I have *tried* to pray often, and especially for you, for all my dear Carmelites, during your holy solitude. But the prayers of a sick man, like his dreams, are very disconnected, at least when one is such a poor sinful wretch as I am.

How vividly have I felt these days, that earnest prayers were going up for me from Carmel. Untold thanks for these. It has been good for me to suffer, even if I have not made good use of it.

My heart's love to you, to Mother—Beatrice, and to all. POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, NOV. 11, 1886.

*My most sweet and beloved Sister in Domino:*

Your dear note is received in which you act vicariously for Sister Gertrude. I thank you for it.

I had a day rather busier than my strength warranted on Saturday, and did not write to any of you. On Sunday, the weather turned cooler, and, coming back from Mass I was cold, and a regular *chill*, followed by a burning fever. It was a bad *set back!* I spent Sunday and Monday in bed, unable to eat, and suffering pretty badly. On

Tuesday morning, Major Keiley almost compelled me to go over to their house for a few days. Mrs. Keiley's assiduous and most sisterly nursing and watching have done wonders, and already, this third day, I *feel* as if almost well. I know, though, that I must spare my strength. Writing, especially, tires me, and yet I have to do some of it.

God is pleased to lay His hand on me in various ways. Pray that I may make right use of the crosses He sends in love. How grateful I am to all at Carmel—I cannot express. It is my greatest consolation on earth, to know I am prayed for by such servants of God.

With you I cannot tell how much love to dear Gertrude, to Mother Beatrix, and to all—I must now stop. I hope to write again on Sunday.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19, 1886.

*My own most sweet and dearest Sister :*

I know even a few lines will be welcome to you from me, and I cannot write more to-day. I am mending slowly, because I am very weak, and soon get fatigued—and there are more things demanding instant attention than I have strength for.

I passed a full week, from Tuesday to Tuesday, at the Keiley's—nursed, fed, and coddled. I am, I think, with care, on the full road to recovery. *Perhaps* I may be able to go to Baltimore *next week*.

What thanks can I put in words for all the love and prayers that the Carmel of Baltimore has lavished on me?

I can write no more to-day.

With a heart full of love for you,

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1886.

*My own most precious Sister :*

It is too bad that I have not written you this week. I cannot go on till *next week*, perhaps not then. I have had a

bad cold, and my recovery of strength is very slow. Still, Dr. Byrne, who is really very skilful, says there is nothing serious the matter with me except weakness. I am *trying* to take care of myself.

Friday is my very busy day, and I cannot add any words, except a heart full of gratitude and love to Carmel.

PAPA.

This hope of recovery was entertained until two days previous to his death. A telegram was sent to the Rev. Father Miller, C. S. S. R., of McMaster's dangerous illness. Next day Father M. arrived from Pittsburg at St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, where, on the 12th of December, he had been forced to place himself under the care of the Sisters and physicians. Typhoid pneumonia had already set in when Father M. arrived. He was somewhat delirious, but he recognized his devoted friend. Seeing that he could not live much longer, Father M. prepared him at once for the reception of the last Sacraments. Having always been as humble and as docile as a child to do the directions of the priest for the benefit of his soul, our dying journalist immediately declared himself ready to receive the holy sacraments. At the same time the confessor showed him that, by accepting death with perfect resignation to the holy will of God, he would die with great merit.

By death we sacrifice what is most dear to us—our life. This is the last sacrifice that we can make to God. It is a sacrifice most difficult to make because death is unnatural ; it is revolting to nature, for man was not made to die ; it is a punishment inflicted on man in consequence of the sin of Adam. Now, to die perfectly resigned to the just and holy will of God is to die with a merit somewhat similar to that of martyrdom.



According to St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, the merit of martyrdom does not consist merely in suffering many torments; it consists rather in the act of conformity of the martyr's will to the holy will of God. Now if God, instead of employing the hand of the executioner, makes use of some natural means, such as sickness, or an accident, to take away my life, and I accept death with as much resignation to God's will as the martyr, God will give me the reward of a martyr. Now, we believe that a martyr goes straight to heaven after death. He, then, who dies with the dispositions and the merit of a martyr, shall receive a reward similar to that of a martyr.

Hence, the merit and crown of martyrdom are acquired not only by those who die for the faith, but also by all those who cheerfully accept death for the love of God. Such a death is an act of perfect love because by it we abandon and sacrifice ourselves without reserve to the holy will of God. Such an act of love cancels sin and the punishment due to it.

In order to be able to make this act of love at the hour of death, we should accustom ourselves to make it often during life. We should often make an offering of our life to God, declaring ourselves ready to accept, at any time, the kind of death which he has decreed for us from all eternity. As soon as the holy martyrs knew that they had to suffer martyrdom, they began to make frequent offerings of their lives to God. For every such act they have obtained in heaven a special reward. We should imitate their example, because we, too, shall receive in heaven, as many crowns as we have made acts of entire abandonment of ourselves in to the hands of God. We should daily beseech our Lord most earnestly to

grant us the grace to accept death at his hands with the intention of pleasing him and doing his holy will.

There was, however, said his Rev. Confessor, no necessity of explaining this truth to McMaster at length. It was only necessary to remind him of it. As he had always lived in the presence of God, so he also had always lived in the sight of death, and as he made cheerfully so many sacrifices in the course of his life, he found no difficulty in making his last sacrifice—that of his life. He had accepted with perfect resignation to the will of God, not only his fall, but also its consequences as a blessing from the Lord."

It is evident from a letter which he wrote in his bed to one of his daughters on the 21st of October:

"Some time ago," he says in that letter, "I wrote you *not* to ask especially for the prosperity and happiness of this world for me, but rather for choicer blessings. As I was writing those words, or their purport, I felt how likely God is to take one *that is sincere* at his word. So, at the moment I fell, while gathering my scattered wits and badly bruised body together, I had the most lively conviction that it was an especial blessing God had granted, if I only was careful to learn all He wanted me to understand by it, and to act up to it. Such is still my conviction. I beg you and my dear ones in Carmel to ask *this* for me rather than prompt recovery, 'that I may learn the lesson right and act on it.'"

He soon became more delirious, continued his Rev. Confessor, and was not able to speak coherently. Having performed for him what was in our power, and suffering very much ourselves from asthma at the time, we returned to Philadelphia where we always found relief from that distressing

disease. We requested McMaster's son, John A., not to fail to telegraph us next day if his father should recover consciousness as, in this case, we would have returned to see him again. Next day we took the 8 o'clock train from New York to Philadelphia. Whilst we were saying the Divine Office in the car, about 9 o'clock a. m., we heard distinctly a voice whispering into our ear: "McMaster is dead and happy." Not long after our arrival at Philadelphia, the brother door-keeper brought us a telegram.

"Oh Brother," said we, "we know already what is in that telegram: McMaster is dead." And so it was. He had died at 9 o'clock a. m., on the 29th of Dec., 1886. Before he died, he showed no sign of fear. He seemed to have no thought of what he had performed or of what he had not done for God. His soul was stirred only by deep, deep thanksgiving for all the blessings God had bestowed upon him and his children through his most sweet Mother Mary. "O my Blessed Mother," he exclaimed before he breathed his last, "I thank you, and I thank you again for all the grace bestowed upon my dear daughters." May we not piously believe that, when he uttered these words, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and took him along to present him to her Divine Son Jesus Christ as one of her most faithful servants to receive from Him his eternal reward? After McMaster's peaceful death, Mr. P. F. Harper wrote to one of our journalist's daughters: "I only appeared at the close of the last scene, after the enactment of the stirring incidents of a long and stormy life, to bear witness to the calm and peace, boon of a boundless faith, with which a truly Christian soul can await the final summons of its Maker."

The good sister who attended McMaster during his illness in the hospital, wrote to his daughters that she could not thank God enough for having permitted her to wait on so holy a man and to see him die so holy a death.

Thus died James A. McMaster, the great Catholic journalist, the intrepid defender of the Catholic religion—he who, since he had become a Catholic, was ever proud to think and to publish to all men, in word and deed "By the grace of God I have found the true Church of Jesus Christ—the Catholic church, in which alone salvation is possible. God be blessed forever. I am ready to make every sacrifice in order to gain heaven. Were I to lose my eyes, I am content, but I must open them one day in the light of glory; I must gaze on the beauties of heaven. Were I to lose my hearing, I shall not repine, but I must listen one day to the choirs of the angels; my ears must drink in the ravishing melody of heaven. Were I forced to remain silent all the days of my life I am willing to do so, but I must one day sing, with the blessed in heaven, the glorious canticle of praise and gladness. Were I to become lame and helpless for life, and were I doomed to drag out a long, weary existence in misery and pain, I shall not murmur; but I must one day arise with a glorified body, with a beautiful body gifted with swiftness and splendor and impassibility. And should I be hated and despised and down-trodden for God's sake, I shall bear it patiently, but I must one day be honored by Jesus, in presence of all men—in presence of the angels and saints—in presence of heaven and earth.

Though I am forced to part from the nearest and dearest, with the grace of God I shall make the sacrifice, even though my poor heart should bleed and

break, I must one day find all I love in the company of the Angels and Saints.

Whatever it may cost me, even had I to suffer all the torments of all the martyrs, I must one day see Mary in all her glory and beauty. I must love and live forever with her who is the glorious Mother of God and my own Mother. Whatever it may cost me, even though I had to pass through all the torments of hell, I must one day

see my God face to face. I must love Him, I must be transformed into Him by the power of his burning love, and say for all eternity: Our Father who art in heaven;" "Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou has been faithful over a few things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord"—(Matt. XXV., 23); For "where I am, there also shall my ministers be"—(John XII., 26.).

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## RANOQUE.

Translated from the Spanish of Louis Coloma, S. J.

BY DOROTHY.

### CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

#### THE SCAFFOLD.



BEFORE the Cathedral of Z. to the left of the western facade, raised a little from the ground, is a curious alcove, or sort of balcony, enclosed by heavy iron gates, behind which are shutters usually closed. One day the writer of these lines was privileged to see the shutters open, and the sublime scene, which met his view, moved his soul to its very depths. A heaven-born charity had conceived a means to fortify hope and give an assurance of pardon.

Upon this alcove an altar was erected, draped in black, bearing six lighted wax candles; over the altar was a life-like image of Christ bearing his cross to Calvary. It is customary in the town of Z. that all those who are condemned to death should stop before this sacred image on the way to the

scaffold, and there, kneeling on both knees, recite the Apostles Creed. How noble and consoling is the care which our Mother the Church has, in her charity, for the most abandoned of her children! What a subject for meditation! The God of all power and majesty—the Judge of the living and the dead leaves His Throne in heaven, lays down his awe inspiring attributes, takes upon Himself the form of a slave, assumes the garb of criminals and mounts an infamous gibbet, in order to redeem and save, by His death, His guilty creatures!

O, marvel of divine mercy! O, monstrous ingratitude of men! Man sees and hears, but his heart is as stone. The ingrate! He passes on his way without pausing a moment to meditate with a contrite and loving heart on the infinite love of his Creator, and thinks not to repeat with confidence:

"*Qui Mariam absolvesti*"

"*Et latronem exaudisti*"

"*Mihi quoque spem dedisti!*"

Thou who didst absolve Mary and hearken to the prayer of the good thief dost permit me also to hope.

The little chapel was open, the candles lighted; an immense crowd, assembled in front of the Cathedral, awaited the arrival of the criminals with that Jewish impatience which justifies the saying that there is in man something of the wild beast. The majority of the spectators were men and women from the surrounding villages; many even had brought their children, following a popular tradition, which counselled parents to show them the punishment of crime, in order the better to deter them from committing it.

The Cathedral clock, followed by all the clocks of the town, had just struck eleven. Ten minutes later, another huge clock gave slowly and solemnly eleven strokes. It was the prison clock, ten minutes late on account of the execution, announcing that the supreme moment had come. Ten minutes of grace! Short minutes, it is true, but very precious, during which an unhoped for commutation, an unlooked for reprieve might arrive, and which sometimes gives a sinner time to throw himself with repentance into the merciful arms of his Heavenly Father.

The crowd draws near to the chapel for the dismal procession has left the prison.

The troop of Cavalry leads the march to the discordant sound of trumpets. Behind is Canijo between two priests. Clothed in a long black garment with a hood on his head, he walks with an air of defiance, and replies with imprecations and blasphemies to the exhortations of the priests. This miserable man had been in a frenzy ever since Cachana had confessed their crime, and when the judge, after having pronounced sentence of death, asked him,

according to custom, whether he had any special desire which could be accorded him, he cried in a transport of fury: "Have I a special wish, do you ask? Yes! let me have revenge upon that woman; let me thrust my knife into her heart, and I shall die content!" Nothing had been able to soften his heart, nor change his sentiments, and now he was on the way to the scaffold.

When the criminals arrived before the Cathedral, they were conducted to the little chapel and a halt was called. Canijo was first conducted before the image of our Holy Redeemer, and the ministers of God made a final and supreme effort to awaken, in his guilty soul, some sentiment of religion and repentance. Alas! their prayers and exhortations were in vain. Tearing himself from their charitable restraint, the criminal turned his back roughly upon the crucifix with howls of impotent rage.

In a car, at a little distance, was Cachana; the unhappy woman was stretched upon some straw in a half stupor. At her left was seated Ranoque; he supported her in his arms, murmuring in her ear tender words of consolation, while the priest who had heard her humble and sincere confession, knelt at her right, a crucifix in his hand, praying in a loud voice, and exhorting her to confide in the merciful goodness of God.

The car drew up before the little chapel. With the assistance of her companions, the poor woman rose and knelt before the sacred image.

"Repeat the Creed, mother," said Ranoque in a loud voice, "and make an act of contrition as distinctly as you can."

The unfortunate woman turned a look of utter misery upon her son and burst into tears; she had long ago for-

gotten her prayers. Ranoque then began as well as he could the symbol of the Apostles, which Cachana repeated after him midst sighs and tears.

After the recitation of the prayers, one of the priests gave his blessing to the poor criminal, then descended from the alcove to join the sad procession to assist at the execution, and then to watch with the body until it received Christian burial.\*

In the middle of an immense square stands the scaffold, naked, rigid, terrifying, with that sinister appearance of life that their lugubrious purpose sometimes gives to inanimate objects. More terrifying even than the gibbet, for his work completes it; more cruel than death, for he inflicts it, upon the fatal platform stands the executioner. At sight of the instrument of justice the face of Cachana becomes livid. With eyes fixed and glassy, all her frame shivering, she buries her head in the straw at the bottom of the car, like some poor animal unable to defend itself, that tries to escape those who pursue it.

Ranoque raised her in his arms saying tenderly:

"Courage, mother! Think of the merciful Saviour who waits for you. This is your Calvary!"

Assisted by the priest, he gently helped her to descend from the car, and support her until she had ascended the steps of the scaffold.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A GOOD ANSWER.

The good priest who had assisted Cachana in her last moments, accompanied Ranoque to the inn where his adopted mother awaited him. When the worthy minister of God was about to take leave of him, the young man desired to give him a sum of money, fruits of his savings, that he might say some Masses for the repose of the soul of his poor mother. Deeply touched at this act of filial piety, the priest absolutely refused to accept an offering and promised to say a certain number of Masses for this intention.

At length the widow and her adopted son were alone; but neither spoke a word. Exhausted with fatigue and emotion, Ranoque threw himself upon a bed which was in the room. Consolata sat near him saying her beads.

The next morning as they were about to depart, a stout little gentleman, with a bald head, wearing gold spectacles, kid gloves, polished shoes and a silver-headed cane, presented himself at the door of the inn. He accosted them, calling the widow "my good woman" and Ranoque "my heroic young man." He was the reporter of an illustrated paper that was going to publish the portraits of Cachana and Canijo, and desired to add that of Ranoque, whose heroic filial piety was the universal topic of conversation. Indignant at such a proposal, the young man replied brusquely:

"My protrait in the papers! never!" Disconcerted somewhat at this refusal, the reporter adjusted his spectacles on his nose, coughed two or three times, and replied:

"My dear young man, your stoicism gives you a right to publicity, and there is a question of money, you know, five louis if you accept?"

---

\*There is a custom, still observed through the middle of Spain, that the body of a criminal who has confessed with repentance and received the sacraments, should, after execution, be given over to a pious confraternity which undertakes to have it decently buried with the prayers of the Church. The members of this confraternity, called *La Caridad*, are from all ranks of society, even the Royal Family. Men only are active members. A few days before an execution they pass through the streets of the town with a little bell and a purse to collect alms to have masses celebrated for the repose of the souls of the condemned, and, if necessary, to assist their families.—Translator's note.

---

"No, for nothing in the world!" cried Ranoue, turning his back and walking off.

"You have noble sentiments, my friend," thought the reporter.

"I hope you will have the goodness to excuse his rudeness," said the widow at this point; "he is not used to talking with gentlemen."

"He is a character, madame, yes, one may say he is a real character, this boy! He belongs, no doubt, to some philosophic sect; he has studied the great examples of Brutus, the maxims of Cato; or perhaps he had heard celebrated orators relate the patriotic exploits of our heroes of the XIX. century."

"Oh, no! Sir, the dear boy never cared for books. He knows his trade and his catechism of Christian doctrine, question and answer."

The journalist started, and with a sarcastic smile said:

"Ah! I see; he was brought up by the priests, was he not?"

"No sir, I brought him up, and I am proud to boast of it."

The fat little gentleman made a grimace, and shaking his cane, said in a sententious tone:

"This young man might have been another Epaminondas, madame, if you had not clipped his wings; you are responsible before humanity for this crime!"

"I, sir!" replied the good woman in amazement, "I did not know there was a saint of that name in the calendar. What I did was to dedicate him to St. Joseph, and if he has not become a *Paminondas*, as you say, the dear Saint has nevertheless made of him a good Christian and an honest man. In my humble opinion, that is worth everything else!"

THE END.

## A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

II.—(Continued.)



**A**FTER the meal Fenton passed the corridor once or twice, and then turned slowly into the sitting room. Nothing there seemed to interest him.

The only thing audible was the noise of the ivory balls flying around on the green table, at which stood a couple of drummers engaged in a game of pool. They were

strangers to Fenton, and he was glad of it. He stood for a while with his hands behind his back and watched the players. He was invited to take a hand in the game. He politely declined, although he was an expert with the cue, and in fact at most of the social games.

"Yes, indeed," thought Fenton as he looked on, "it's much like the game of life—all hits and misses, and strange combinations—one sure and steady aim means much to the hand which guides the cue, and a bad shot may come wide

of the mark. Luck and ill-luck follow in rotation, players come and go, and still the balls keep moving—like the world itself. It's the old story, of which Saxe once said:

*'Haleyon hours—orange flowers—*

*Gayly the seasons run;*

*Sunshine, rain, pleasure, pain—*

*And the earth spins round the sun.'"*

Fenton walked towards the newspaper files. He took up the *Daily Scavenger*. He scanned its headlines. The headlines were sensational—nauseating: "Sick of Life," "Found Relief by Poison," "Jilted by Her Boy Lover," "Full Details of Tragedy in Paradise Avenue," and so on. Fenton threw the paper down in disgust.

"Too filthy, all dirt, too much of the world, flesh and devil for me," said Fenton to himself. "It's awful," he went on, "to think what stuff these reporters do shovel together, really I wish the day would come when, by common consent, all newspapers and other bad smelling periodicals would be abolished, and on their ashes be established a public Gazette which would be an exact and true daily history of events pure and simple."

In a far-off corner Fenton espied a chess board, and hard by sat a young man, evidently a student, who appeared for the moment to be in a brown study.

Fenton took the vacant chair next to the little table. Although he was not anxious to talk, he did feel inclined to play. It was a quiet game, and would help to keep away unwelcome thoughts. The young man sitting near seemed to read Fenton's wishes, and having uncrossed his legs and straightened up, said:

"Do you play?"

"A little," answered Fenton.

In a moment or two the figures were all arranged for battle. In the toss

Fenton got the first move. He opened with his favorite "Queen's Gambit." He soon saw he had no mean adversary. They were both well matched. By clever manoeuvring Fenton trapped his adversary's queen, and after that it seemed smooth sailing on to victory. But distracting thoughts got into Fenton's head in spite of himself, and he played recklessly. The man opposite took advantage of this, and by an uncovered move captured Fenton's queen.

"Well, let it go," exclaimed Fenton as if he came out of a dream. "It's queen for queen."

Although the players were rather evenly matched as to the number of pieces, Fenton had not taken over-much interest in the game. He was very weak without his chief piece, the queen, in fact he was helpless without her. The other observed this, and being sure of his game played carelessly, and his self-confidence pretty nearly cost him a checkmate, but luck finally brought it around at the end that neither got the game, it only ended in a draw, both of them coming out even. It was, in the language of chess players, a stalemate.

A mere play, a trivial thing, a game merely to pass time, a game of chess, and yet, that whole night it haunted Fenton's dreams. It brought more boldly into relief the very thoughts which he was trying to rid himself of. The lost queen, the game nearly lost, then nearly won, the disappointment, victory, threatening checkmate, and then after all undivided honors—a stalemate. All these things gave troubled dreams to Harry Fenton. He had not retired to rest with a little prayer. He sought a balm to soothe his feelings, something to check his lonely thoughts.

## III.

*"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling  
gloom,*

*Lead Thou me on!*

*The night is dark, and I am far from  
home—*

*Lead Thou me on!*

—NEWMAN.

The holidays were drawing to a close. Fenton was glad of it. He wanted to plunge again into the distraction of business, for he was lonesome in his surroundings. "Like a fish out of water," as he himself expressed it. He would like to settle down again, to have some sacred haven he could call his own. A home which he could fondly look to, and he trusted that a kind Providence would yet show him a way out of his present gloomy position.

The great festival just past had been popularly known as a "green" Christmas, but to Fenton it was a "blue" one of deepest shade. And the glad day itself meant anything to him but happiness, indeed the recollections it awakened only tended to intensify his unhappiness.

Fenton's taste for church-going commenced on the day when he led his bride to the altar, and when he and his spouse were separated he was by no means divorced from his love of church attendance. He became a Catholic for no woman, but for conscience's sake. He was still loyal to the essentials, though remiss in minor things.

Faith went with her father to early Mass on Christmas. Fenton did not care for making too much of a show later in the day, by going to the high Mass, when fashion monopolized the pavements and all the gossips were out to see and be seen. Although a Catholic at heart, Fenton had still a great deal of human respect clinging to him, and that will explain why on some occasions

he acted in such a way that people were in doubt as to his religion. He did not care to carry around with him a placard telling the passer-by "I am a Catholic."

The brilliant lights, color and lovely music at the church charmed the heart of little Faith, and after Mass Fenton saw that nothing was wanting to her in the shape of toys and confectionery. Nevertheless he could read in the child's face that there was still a void in her heart. She loved her father, but she had not forgotten her mother. And

*"Can we go to meet a warmer eye*

*With such sure confidence as to a mother?"*

Fenton determined to break away from his present surroundings. A hotel was no place for him. Nor on the other hand, would he again confine himself to a flat in one of those dismal houses. City life sickened him. It makes one a slave of environment and a mere creature of circumstances. Fenton had enough of it. He would be a free man. Besides, the city was no place for Faith. She was yet too young to be sent to school. He would keep her with himself, and perhaps succeed in getting a good girl to take the child in charge in his own house.

Fenton made up his mind at once in this matter.

"I won't wait another day," he said, "I can't stand it any longer, I would prefer doing time at Sing Sing or pass my days in a cold-storage building."

Off he went to put his resolutions into practice. To one or two he had made known his intentions, and he was soon scented by hustling real estate boomers, who had choice building lots for sale, which, alas! often turned out to be but swamps with a few submerged stakes bobbing up here and



there. No, Fenton would look around for himself.

He took the first train along the Valley road. He had no sooner taken his seat and hidden himself behind his paper, than several annoying things turned up to disturb his peace of mind. He was trying to forget the past, and in spite of everything that word "home" was bound to haunt him. No matter where his eyes fell, or his ears turned, there it was, or something suggestive of it.

The real estate advertisements in the paper which he held had bold-face headings offering "lowest terms to home-seekers." The newsboy was nearly hoarse from shouting, "Fresh caramels, don't forget your wife and little ones at home," and in the seat next to our traveller a couple of baseball enthusiasts were telling how "the home team pounded the visitors."

For relief Fenton looked out of the window, but only to catch sight of a weather-beaten sign, which told the passengers that their train was pulling up at Homestead.

Fenton was so disgusted that he was determined to keep on riding if the trip lasted until another Christmas, rather than get off at any place that would remind him of the day on which he broke up his home.

He finally alighted at a small hamlet which rejoiced in the name of Boomfield. In half an hour he discovered a place to his liking, made his terms, and returned by the next train to the city.

Another difficulty presented itself to Fenton. He would spend most of his time on the road, and he could not burden the good people from whom he engaged the rooms at Boomfield with Faith. The child needed a constant and reliable companion. The only way to secure the right person would

be through the medium of an advertisement.

And so next day bright and early Fenton went down to Newspaper Row and inserted in one of the papers an advertisement which read:

"Respectable girl wanted to take care of a child and to do light housework. A protestant and one from the country preferred. Apply at Lonely Cottage, Boomfield."

In analyzing that advertisement of Fenton's it is not hard to see why he preferred a country girl. He too well knew the class which generally answer such advertisements. They were smart, yes, by far too smart—those of the sex who would like to be past-masters in all trades, and who, although unsuccessful in becoming manly, too often only succeed in becoming unwomanly.

The applicants were to apply at Boomfield, because Fenton did not much care to see an army of amazons blocking the corridors of the Frieden house.

But what possessed him to stick in that clause about his preference for a Protestant? I am sure he himself regretted it the moment he saw it in cold type. There is only one explanation. The people up at Boomfield were an ultra-Protestant set and very exclusive. They were of the better class, at least according to their perverted way of thinking. They would very soon boycott a new comer if he introduced Bridget and her beads into that cultured town. So Fenton was evidently throwing a bone to this shoddy aristocracy, most of whom had a rag-picker perhaps forming the lower trunk of their genealogical tree.

Fenton retired with anticipation of the morrow, which would bring an answer to his advertisement. Before he went to his room he took a peep

into Faith's room, expecting to find her asleep. He listened. She was just finishing her prayers, and her last petition was "God bless papa."

## IV.

*"I pass my span of life*

*Far from the bustle and the strife;*

*Content to toil from morn to night,*

*Love makes labor so light, so light."*

⌈ A ride into the country! What thoughts does it not awaken. There is nothing prosaic about the country. You are free from the surging crowd, the grim and dark town with its factories creeping over it, and unsightly chimneys replacing the trees. There is also much to admire in the country, there it is where you commune with nature, and admire that wonderful chemistry which changes grass and leaves, flowers and seeds into bread and milk, eggs and cream, butter and honey!

Doctor Cutting was not altogether absorbed in such thoughts one chilly night, when he heard loud raps at his door. Those raps knocked all poetic thoughts skywards. Before him arose visions of almost endless miles of mud. Twelve long miles were to be gotten over. After a long rain no one but the doctor and the priest would venture forth on such roads.

The piece of country I have in my mind is not hard to be described. Select one acre and you have the rest. The same flat fields laid out in geometrical squares, the same houses and barns and the identical rail fences keep everlasting pace with you. Perhaps now and then an advertisement daubed on the roof of some barn may give some idea of your longitude and latitude, even if it is difficult to make soundings beneath the wheels of your buggy. Such a country is much unlike those

beautiful mountain lands you hear so much of, for instance our own lovely Alleghanies.

"Havens of rest" some one has rightly called the mountains and hills of south-western Pennsylvania, so rich with picturesque scenery and healthful locations. There you will find quaint little nooks and quiet little hamlets shut out from the world, where rest and health are to be found without an effort. Peace and quiet reign under a brilliant sky, and the bright rays of the sun warm the heart with their cheery smile. There the vast reaches of landscape scenery present a varied panorama pleasing and gorgeous. Seldom indeed among country surroundings will you find crimes committed, hearts broken, hope crushed, or love put to death.

Some there are, indeed, who would grow tired of living in that neighborhood along which Dr. Cutting was speeding his horse. It is after all but a matter of taste, and depends on the way you were brought up. There is beauty in the meadows and ploughed fields if you only seek it. There are plenty of persons who have left the old farm, gone to the centers of population, drunk in all the scenes and divers things that exhilarate and interest, and in the end they had a hankering after the old home in the country, whither they returned as soon as the first chance to do so afforded itself. The farmer is a happy man and has the right to be so, and he has much to be proud of, for is he not, as Webster said, "the founder of civilization."

Doctor Cutting, or the "Doc," as he was familiarly known, arrived at his destination after a few hours of hard riding. As he pulled up at the house and shouted for some one to put "Dan," his horse, into the barn, an angry response came from a canine whose

slumbers had been disturbed.

When the doctor entered the house he found that he had not a dangerous case to deal with. Widow Werker had another of those nasty spells which generally follow in the wake of old age.

Before Cutting had arrived a host of family remedies had been resorted to. Herb teas, warranted to be a panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to, were brought out from the hidden depths of an old trunk, which had once carried Grandpa Werker's household goods when he crossed the Atlantic in the early forties. In addition to all this "Neighbor Snyder's wife up beyond the next concession" sent some old fashioned plasters, and Jake Wise's wife across the marsh had sent a bottle of liniment which she had made herself, and she now sent word by Jacob Junior that Sophia (Mrs. Werker) shouldn't forget to try cutting. In addition to it all the postmistress sent

some powders, the yard and half of yellow wrapper enveloping the same giving direction in a dozen languages how to use "this greatest discovery of the nineteenth century, which was good for man and beast."

When Cutting saw this accumulation of drugs, the result of much neighborly solicitude, he didn't see much left in his *materia medica* to prescribe. However, he assumed a professional air, shook up the mercury in his thermometer, found out Mrs. Werker's temperature, felt the pulse and looked at the tongue and all that.

"Just a little malaria, Sophia. You will be alright in a day or so. Get this filled out to-morrow when you send in for the mail," said Cutting as he handed over to Charity Werker the prescription which was solemnly placed in safe quarters away up behind the blue and white cups and saucers, which graced the table on special occasions.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## "COME, FOLLOW ME!"

BY "CARMELUS"



EVER since the rich young man went away in a sad mood from our Lord's presence, after he had heard the seemingly hard condition to be received as a follower of Christ, the same invitation "Come, follow me" has not ceased to ring through all the Christian centuries. Thousands have responded to the plea "Son give me thy heart" and in making themselves willing victims of love have tasted the sweets of religious life and found the burden a light one. Many have paid no heed to the call.

Woe to those who have failed to follow the vocation so clearly marked out for them. Again how many of our Catholic young men feel moved to follow Christ in the religious life, who yearn to give up home and parents in order to consecrate themselves to God, and an obstacle is put in their way by parents. Such parents have laid up an awful account for themselves before God.

Vocations should be encouraged, not impeded. Children brought up in an anti-Catholic atmosphere have by no means the exalted idea which they ought to have of religious life. "I should like to have one of my sons

ordained a priest" is heard often enough. Parents feel proud if they can be present at the First Mass of one of their children—and they are right. But they should be equally anxious to be able to offer a son to religion. In the days of faith parents often consecrated a child to God before it was born. How many holy men and women in the order of Mt. Carmel belonged to the blessed Virgin before they themselves had ratified the gift at our Lady's altar. Let those parents rejoice who have given to God a child who can daily remember them in prayer. Children should be shown how easy it is to join an order. Some shrink back because they fear they might be refused, or they do not know to whom to apply in order to gain access to religious communities. Young men of this class should understand that the doors of every monastery are wide open to anyone who shows the true signs of vocation. No one should hesitate to make inquiries of any of our fathers, if they feel called to God's service. The Carmelite Review is always ready to assist such who wish to be better informed as to a vocation.

Father Caesar Calini, S. J., in his writings gives a beautiful example, well worth the consideration of fathers and mothers whose children feel drawn to a monastic life. An only son of noble parents wrote to his father in 1715 informing him of his intention to become a religious. The father replied in these edifying words: "My beloved son,—I have deferred giving you my consent to go to a monastery until I had given the matter proper consideration. Now, falling at the feet of our Lord, I most cheerfully offer you to Him. You have received a great grace. I rejoice that false pleasures of the world have not deceived you, and that you have listened to the voice of God,

and cheerfully followed to where He invited you. O what a grace that God should select you from so many for His service. I know that you have the honorable titles and wealth of your family, but you are far happier in being able to serve God in poverty than in sitting on a throne. I thank God that you belong not to that class of children who do not ask counsel of God or their parents in choosing a vocation. Live up to the obligations of your new state. Persevere in God's holy service and you will become a saint. Withdraw your thoughts from me and all you leave behind, and the sacrifice which you and I have now made will be acceptable to God. Remember me daily in your prayers to God. I now separate myself from you and place you in the arms of our Heavenly Father. It costs me many tears, but I rejoice to think of what blessings it will bring upon you, and upon your poor father who has not resisted the will of God who called you."

If these lines should fall under the eyes of any young man who feels that his vocation should be that of a religious, let him be not heedless of these words,—God has various ways of calling out to us amidst the noise of the world. He sometimes speaks in printed or written words. "Tolle, lege" (Take and read) was the voice crying out to St. Augustine. My dear friend, do not run the risk of losing a vocation. It can be lost in the bad company of men or books. Keep and nurse that great gift of God—a special sign of grace for you—a good and pious life is the best guardian of it. Remember the life of a religious is strewn with crosses, and you are continually exercised in poverty, humility and self-denial, but the reward is a hundred-fold. Do not, then, close your ears to the voice of God which whispers "Come, follow me." Obey it at once, hasten like Samuel did in going to the high priest, and coming to our Lord, tell Him: "Here I am, for Thou didst call me," (1 Kings IIIc. 6v.)

## "LA SANGRE."

The New Carmelite Church in Onda.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



JOY fills the atmosphere of the beautiful little Aldea of Onda. Historic Onda, the privileged city of the Sinless Virgin of Carmel, is to-day deluged with the oil of gladness, making the little town look like a pearl of beauty.

The surging peals of bells proclaim from the lofty belfries of its churches a great public rejoicing, and in this exuberant joy, the children of Our Immaculate Mother of Carmel, no matter in what part of the Christian world they may dwell, will participate when the cause shall be made known to them.

For centuries the sanctity of her children, the virtues of her sons, the chastity of her daughters, and the profound learning and theological acquirements of her white-robed friars, have made the name of Onda familiar as a household word to the disciples of Carmel throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula. Its sweet name evokes in every Carmelite heart fond memories of the sainted past and devout present.

From the novitiate home in the monastery of "La Esperanza," situated amidst orange plantations of peerless richness and African luxuriance a little more than a mile distant from the little town, have gone forth year after year detachments of pious youths to the colleges of the order in Himojosa, Can-

dete, Ossuna and Jerez de la Frontera, there to complete their theological course and religious training for the missionary life.

A few years ago the curriculum of studies was lengthened and the programme of lectures enlarged. Onda was found to be more suitable for the advanced students and better adapted for philosophical studies. Consequently the novitiate was transferred to Candete, and vast structural changes and alterations were made in the time-honored monastery of "La Esperanza." A new and commodious chapel was erected for the increased number of students, and the due performance of the offices and ceremonies of an Ecclesiastical college. These necessary improvements, through the zeal of the Very Rev. Anastasius Borrás, Provincial of Spain, seconded by the liberality of the pious Catholics of the district, were speedily accomplished. A complete transformation has taken place in the picturesque surroundings of this famous Carmelite monastery, details of which, in an early number of the popular CARMELITE REVIEW, under the heading "Onda Revisited," we will give to the vast army of its readers in the old and new world.

In the meantime the patriotic Catholics of Onda desiring to have the ministrations of the Carmelite Fathers, to whom they are so deeply attached, in their little town, at their very doors, resolved to supplicate their Right Rev. Prelate, the Bishop of Tortosa, to give to the Carmelites the church of "La Sangre," then vacant. They showed

forth the moral and material benefits, which, by the residence of the Carmelite Fathers amongst them, would undoubtedly accrue to a population, which revered them.

The Bishop at once acceded to the prayers of his flock, and on Sunday, November 22nd last, amidst popular rejoicings and an enthusiasm that had never been witnessed before, the church was re-opened. The peals of the organ thundered forth again its "Te Deum" of gratitude, and the paeans of thanksgiving once more re-echoed from the vaulted roof. Once more the Virgin Mother of Carmel receives on her altar in the long closed "La Sangre" the prayers and supplications of Onda to present them to her Divine Son.

Whilst the Very Rev. Father Cirillo Ramis, Prior of "La Esperanza," celebrates the High Mass, the sweet odors of incense rise to heaven and tears of joy inundate the faces of the delighted people. After the gospel the Very Rev. Father Provincial ascended the pulpit and for nearly an hour held spellbound his vast audience, that thronged every available space from door to sanctuary, by a discourse as chaste and beautiful in language, as it was sublime in concept and cogent in argument.

Father Simon Serrano, Prior of the Monastery of Ossuna, after returning from his native city by the matchless waters of the Bay of Naples, occupied a seat in the sanctuary, and his face and figure, so familiar to the people of Onda, (as he had been for years the Prior of "La Esperanza") imparted additional gladness to the lovers of Carmel that filled to overflowing the beautiful church.

The residence of the Carmelite Fathers at "La Esperanza," in spite of their other pressing avocations and at a time when their ministrations

towards their neighbors were bound to be limited and their opportunities of giving public instructions so few, had already wrought a marked change in the moral atmosphere of this district. The Monastery had already become a "fountain of refreshment" to the surrounding locality, and to use the words of the prophet Isaias, it was to the province in which it is situated, "the shadow of a great rock in a barren land."

Now, if that vineyard, which before their arrival had been barren and neglected, that a prolific crop was an impossibility—if that land that had been "desolate and impassable" in a few years, by the zeal and prudence, by the preaching and example of the selfsacrificing sons of Elias "became glad, and the wilderness rejoiced and flourished like a lily," and "the glory of Libanus had been given to it, and the beauty of Carmel and Sion,—for waters are broken out in the desert and streams in the wilderness. That which was dry land has become a pool and the thirsty land springs of water," how much more must be expected now that a contingent of the Rev. Fathers has taken up its residence in the town itself in the midst of their children, devoting themselves entirely to the spiritual and temporal welfare of souls in their new church.

Yes, Onda is happy to-day, exuberant in its joy, and effervescent in her gladness. She sees to-day fulfilled the promise of Holy Writ: "The Lord will make her desert a place of pleasure and her wilderness a garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and voice of praise."

ONDA, CASTELLOR DE LA PLANA,

Nov. 22, 1896.

## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

### SECRETARY'S LETTER.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

Can you realize that it is only a month since our blessed father, St. Francis de Sales, greeted us with a happy New Year? Only a month, and yet it seems such a long time.

Why? Because we get tired so soon. That is one of the joys of heaven to which we may look forward with a great longing—there we shall never grow tired.

Here on earth it is part of our punishment; yes and part of our merit too. We begin, oh! so bravely. We are going to do such wonderful things, and lo! one month only has passed and some of us have begun to wish the time away.

Well, we must learn to be patient with ourselves. The secretary heard lately a very beautiful sermon on patience, by a Carmelite, who said: "Don't be too hard on your soul, coax it."

There is wonderful wisdom in coaxing people; then why not try it on ourselves?

The soul and body are like two travellers, who must go on a journey—long or short as it may be—together.

Now it is very delightful to have a congenial companion on a journey. One who is unselfish; who knows how to give way, and who is blind and deaf to many things which are like cinders to the eyes and the shriek of the steam whistle to the ears.

One too, on whom you may lean at times, who will do much for you in such an off-handed, clever sort of manner, that you really feel as if you were being taken care of.

The secretary knows a lady, a great, tall, whole-souled woman, whom to travel with is to feel as if one were a sort of kitten rolled up in a rug, having the very best kind of a time, provided she doesn't slip out of the rug.

Well, the soul is the caretaker of the body, because it is the taller and wiser of the two.

God, the angels and our souls are spirits. Doesn't it seem at once as if the soul must be the superior? What is the office of a good superior? To take care of his subjects. The only trouble is when the little people—and all subjects are in *one* sense little people—will not yield. Your parents call you "my child," so does your pastor. Your teacher, and above all our dear Lord, always says "little one."

It is a very sweet title, so full of love so endearing, so likely to fill the heart with confidence.

Now suppose we began to think of our soul as a traveling companion whom we are very anxious to please.

Of course there will be a little tiff once in a while; we expect that, just as we look for flies in summer.

But on the whole a good natured friendship must exist between soul and body, because they are to be friends, not only in time, but in eternity.

There's another comfort in store for us. Our Lord is all the time doing with us what He did so long ago at the wedding of Cana in Galilee—turning water into wine—so that we may say to Him as the chief steward said to the bridegroom at the wedding, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

The comfort in store for us is that in eternity our bodies will all be changed.

No more trouble with them then. Isn't that worth working for? Let us begin to be patient with ourselves. Sometimes the soul tries the body and again the body is the one at fault. Well, let the one bear with the other. Dear St. Francis de Sales! Hear him talk: "Let us learn to bear with our imperfections. Our miseries are the throne of God's mercies." Think of that, dear children. We are bad, we say? All right, let us make a great, high hill of all the badness if you like. What will one good act of contrition do? Turn it into a sand hill, and you know how that slips away, until very soon there is a plain.

It isn't very pleasing to us to think of how very mean and little and sinful we are, but out of all the rubbish God will make a throne, whereon He will sit and spread His mercies so far and wide that there will soon be no rubbish in sight. Now we who have taken dear St. Francis de Sales for our patron this year must also take his motto: "Courage! my soul. Courage!" Let us keep his words in mind: "God is not so terrible to those He loves; He is content with little, for He knows we have not much to give." Were ever sweeter words spoken by human lips? No, except by the lips of our Blessed Lord himself. That one sentence is worth copying in one's prayer-book to be read—when? On Sundays? Oh, my! is that the friendship you are

going to cultivate for our St. Francis de Sales? A weekly greeting. Ah! no dear children; go to him every day and learn his sweet lessons. You will grow to be a saint before you know it. Did you ever hear what a coachman who knew the Holy Bishop said when told that his Lordship of Geneva was to be canonized? "What! make a saint out of *him*? You might as well make a saint out of me." Well, every man to his taste, as for you and me dear children, we will be quite content to be saints like St. Francis, will we not? What a dreadful thing it would be if I made you grow tired of him. No, no, tired of the secretary perhaps, *never* of St. Francis de Sales.

Our dear Blessed Lady has a sweet Feast this month, Purification or Candlemas Day, which falls on Feb. 2, the Feast of her first sorrow when she went back to her holy house with a sword piercing her heart. The sword of sin—the sight of all her dear Infant Son would have to suffer in the years to come. Go to her, dear children, on Purification Day and tell her how dearly you love her, and how gladly you would have walked home with her from the Temple and have held her beautiful, soft, white hand in yours, and pressed it to say how deeply you felt for her and with her.

If all the dear children of the CARMELITE REVIEW would carry three devotions through life with them they could be quite sure of happiness even before they die: The Sacred Heart, Our Lady of Sorrow, and St. Francis de Sales—three rounds of a ladder whose top reaches heaven.

One word to my young friends who have some very funny ideas of what the secretary does and what she is. She doesn't "*keep a little shop*," and she isn't "*Dear Sister*," and she does



not live "in a Convent." She is a public school teacher and lives in her own home, and will only send Scapulars to her little friends who can not get a pair.

St. Francis de Sales likes busy little needle-women.

---

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Name a Jesuit poet who was martyred, and what did he write?
2. What English Archbishop was murdered in the reign of Henry II.?
3. When were the English "Days of Chivalry"?
4. Who built Westminster Abbey, and what was it first called?
5. Who was the founder of the English navy?

---

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS  
IN JANUARY NUMBER.

1. Menelik—The Negus.
2. The bat.
3. It comes from the rawhide "brog" of the ancient Britons.
4. Life.
5. His shadow.

---

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY.

1. Mango.
2. O. I. C. U.
3. For divers reasons.
4. Because it turns night into day.
5. On the outside.

---

ST. ANTHONY AND LITTLE ALICE.

You no doubt often think, dear boys and girls, that when you grow big you will do thus and so, for God and heaven, and no doubt many of you will carry out your good intentions. In the meantime I want to direct your efforts to what you can do while you are yet young; so I will tell you the story of a little girl who lived but a few years since in the city of Philadelphia. She had always been a very good child.

Her parents were converts to our holy faith during her infancy, and when they were received into the church they had their five children baptized at the same time. The little Alice of whom I write was instructed very carefully upon the subject of baptism, and also of the great importance of preserving her baptismal innocence. Soon becoming familiar with the lives of the saints, she loved much to hear and read of St. Anthony, who, it is written, restored a dead child to life, and who also "saves persons from shipwreck, and who finds things lost." Obtaining possession of a picture of the saint, she placed it in the second hall of the house, and every time she went up and down stairs she would say a prayer in honor of her patron. In every difficulty little Alice resorted to her picture, and after praying before it, it was observed that she would frequently find articles that had been lost, and as multiplied facts prove true theories, these occasions served to prove the advocacy of the saint, even in what might have been considered insignificant trifles. Very soon the good mother and sisters paused before little Alice's picture, and they too found favor with the saint. For several years this good little girl prayed in this way, until the time came when she could no longer pause in the hall to speak to her beloved saint before his picture. Then it was brought to her and placed on the wall beside her bed, that, dying, she might still ask her beloved patron to sustain her in sickness and receive her in his arms at her death. The sad hour came, and the grieved parents, with stricken hearts, parted from their beloved child. From this time the picture became a sacred relic in the family, and when a prayer was said before it all felt that another advocate was enlisting the

services of the saint along with them in the person of their dead child. From one occasion to another the prayers before the picture became so miraculously answered that the report of its efficacy soon spread among their friends, and day by day new traits were adduced of the interposition of the saint. At this time a friend who was very anxious for her husband's conversion and who had prayed for it for many years, engaged this good family to unite their prayers with hers for this intention. Obtaining a picture similar to that formerly belonging to little Alice, she interested other friends to join her in a novena to this saint; and now what I am going to tell you is so true that there are numbers of people living who know the circumstances. On the evening of the ninth day of the novena little Alice's mother received a note from the happy wife running thus: "Gloria in excelsis Deo! My husband has this moment returned from confession!" And this was but the beginning of the fruits of the devotion to St. Anthony in Philadelphia. The same lady's husband's mother was an inmate of her family, and so bigoted a Presbyterian that it was only through the grace of God her annoyances could be borne with. Seeing the conversion of her son, and also seeing how in every emergency or otherwise God was asked for everything by her son's wife, and how his little children were taught to resort to Him, even for their childish wishes to be gratified, she after a while fell into the habit of coming to her daughter when anything was lost. "Well, I have searched everywhere," she would say, "and it cannot be found; so you must pray to St. Anthony." The daughter would often say, "Mother, when you are sure it is not in the house, St. Anthony and I will find it." Her knees very often trembled as she would go through the

house searching for the missing article with this prayer on her lips: "Blessed St. Anthony, obtain for me the favor of having the blindness removed from my eyes, that by finding what has been lost, the power of faith may be shown to the benighted soul of my mother."

In no case, and there were many, was her prayer unheard. One little instance was overwhelming to the poor old lady. The family were going travelling, and a particular suit of clothes belonging to one of the children was, after three days' search by the grandmother, declared to be "not in the house." The daughter said: "When you have given up in despair, St. Anthony and I will find it for you." The moment came; with zeal in her steps, fervor in her heart, and prayers on her lips, the daughter went to the bureau where the clothes were kept, and there, not even covered, lay the lost suit of clothes. You may imagine the feelings of both when she returned and held up the suit of clothes before the old lady's eyes. Again, a valuable napkin-ring was missing for two weeks. An ineffectual search produced the same result, an appeal to the saint. Each room had been searched in vain, and, on the point of leaving the first room she entered, still praying, the daughter paused to arrange the bottles on a toilet table, when her hand touched something under the edge of the curtain. In not more than five minutes she returned to the dining-room with the lost ring in her hand.

A series of direct answers to prayers could not fail to produce their impression upon a susceptible mind, and as though God directed this old lady to learn the truth by these evidences of prayer and faith, for she seldom read religious books, and never a Catholic book, in three years from her son's conversion and death she became a Catholic, and died a holy and a happy death.

Such, my dear children, was the result of the graces obtained by the devotion of a few holy souls, stimulated by the example of a little child, to one of God's greatest saints.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

A thought for Candlemas:—In Mary there burned a triple light, namely, the light of faith, of hope and of charity. So, too, in thy heart, O Christian! should burn the same threefold light. By prayer this light is obtained from God through His holy Church.

\*.\*

The five pieces of silver which the Mosaic law required for the redeeming of the child Jesus at the time of the Purification, are recalled to our minds by the five joyful mysteries of the Rosary. We ourselves were redeemed by the five sacred wounds in His adorable body, which the high priest, Jesus, offered up for us on the altar of the Cross.

\*.\*

Archbishop Martinelli, the successor of Cardinal Satolli as Apostolic Delegate to the United States, has been received with enthusiasm in New England. His visit to Lawrence was signalized by an unusual occurrence. The citizens, irrespective of creed, gave him a public reception. The Holy Father, hearing of this public demonstration, cabled his appreciation and bestowed his blessing on the citizens of Lawrence. May all our American municipalities learn to deserve the same blessing.

\*.\*

The appointment of the V. Rev. T. J. Conaty, D.D., to the rectorship of the Catholic University has been hailed with delight by all his admirers, and they are not a few. Those that know him well are confident of his fitness for the difficult post to which he has been raised by the Holy Father.

The farewell sermon he preached on leaving his parish in Worcester, is an evidence of his apostolic spirit and tender piety. After exhorting his people to remain loyal to their church, their neighbor and their God, he continues:

“Remember, as I have told you so often, that the source of all loyalty is at the altar, where your beloved Saviour feeds you with the bread of heaven, His own body and blood. Be good Catholics, staunch, every-day Catholics; Catholics everywhere; always showing to the world the blessings of the faith of Christ, which is the source of all true life. Be not satisfied with a little Catholicity; be not venerated Catholics, but Catholics to the core. Be Catholics of the altar, Catholics of the sacraments, Catholics because of the faith you have received. Stand by the principles of temperance and sobriety, which I have been proud to teach you by word and example. Be men and women worthy of the love of the Sacred Heart. We will love one another in the Sacred Heart, in the Sacred Heart may we be privileged to die.”

\*.\*

The holy season of Christmas, the season of peace, seems to have ushered in two events of the utmost importance in bringing about good will among men and nations. One is the union of Irish factions for the common weal of Ireland; and the other an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States. The world seems to be astonished at these evidences of Christian feeling, and doubts their sincerity. We are not yet used to that sort of thing after nineteen centuries of Christianity. We trust in horses, and in chariots, and not in the name of the Lord. It will be a long time yet, before the so-called Christian world will cease to rely on its men of iron and blood, and trust in God. “In God we trust” is a beautiful motto, but it

sounds like cant in the mouth of governments which are continually increasing their armies.

\*.\*

The English Secretary of State for the Indian Department has sent an appeal to the Lord Mayor of London for subscriptions to relieve the famine sufferers of India. In his statement, accompanying the appeal, he places the number of probable victims at the terrible figure of *six millions*, more than the entire population of British North America. One of the saddest features of this awful infliction is the fact, that thousands will rather starve than accept the relief offered them. It was to be foreseen that the frightful death rate among the natives would cause an epidemic of some kind, but the appearance of the bubonic plague in Bombay has startled the most indifferent into something akin to horror.

Who is responsible for these periodical famines? Can they be prevented? Could the Irish famine in '48 have been prevented? Need there be any starving populations any where in the world under the *protection* of civilized nations?

\*.\*

On December 29th last the Holy Father gave an audience to the officers of the Papal household. In the course of his remarks, speaking about his health, he told them of an extraordinary incident which had taken place a few months before. He said that a young Carmelite nun paid him a visit at that time and assured him, that she had offered the sacrifice of her own life to God, in order that He might, in His mercy, prolong the precious life of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Holy Father added, that the heroic nun was then in perfect health, but that God seems to have been pleased with her

offer, as she has since died peacefully in the Lord. It will only be known in heaven how much the prayers of the cloistered dwellers on Mount Carmel have done for the church of Christ, their beloved bridegroom.

\*.\*

Mexico honored one of her daughters, one Augustina Rodriguez, with a monument, because she had given her thirteen sons as victims on the battlefield. And, let us observe, how can we fittingly honor the best of mothers, Mary, who gave the best of sons as a victim for us? The parallel prompts thought.

\*.\*

The devil shows his hoof at times. A point in evidence was the public rebuke sent to the Spanish general in the Philipines by the Masonic lodges. They would forsooth have the friars expelled. The real and only benefactors of the natives are the friars who have spared no pains to spread education, religion and civilization. Now their reward is abuse, persecution and death. Not long ago Archbishop Martinelli, a friar himself, justly remarked that the friars not only christianized the savage islanders, but also taught them agriculture, mechanics and all the useful arts.

\*.\*

It is a very true saying that "the lion is not so fierce as he is painted." This reminds us of the blood-stained portraits of Spanish generals so often sketched by some of the humane(?) journalists. The most of the wrong (if you take this word in its true sense) done in the war-ridden isle to the south of us, is brought about by the arch-enemy of mankind and his satellites, the free-masons. This cannot be gainsaid. We heard from a gentleman, who is above bias and who knows what

he talks about, that most of the Cuban agents in this country are members of secret societies. Again, letters from unprejudiced residents of Cuba who belong to neither of the belligerents, show General Weyler in far other than the dark colors, in which he is usually painted. But the children of darkness must lie and lie persistently like their father. Liberty-loving souls should not let their sympathy run away with them. It is now and then good to recall what Madame Roland said, as she was led to execution, "O Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

\*.\*

It not unfrequently happens, as many a priest can attest by experience, that persons are tempted to lay aside their Scapular. It is a trick of the devil. The experience of the missionaries in Madagascar also shows the same. The fathers say that one of the most ordinary and perfidious devices of the evil one is the suggestion to the dying to throw off the Scapular of Mount Carmel. This is proved by some very sad examples. We are told of one poor soul who repeatedly tried to obey the devil in this matter. Prayer finally conquered the devil. Just before this woman died she remarked: "Here comes the Blessed Virgin to take me. She recognizes me for her daughter by the Scapular on my breast. A thousand thanks, my friends, for your not allowing me to remove it!" How consoling, dear reader. A warning too for us to never lay aside our Scapular during life in order that we may have it about us when we need it most—at the hour of death.

A good life gives ease to the mind, and a pure conscience affords great confidence towards God.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Mr. Billy Buttons*, by Walter Lecky. Second edition, 12 mo. Cloth \$1.25. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

An American novel, breezy with the air of the wild hills in the Adirondack region. A rugged setting for simple heroic lives, full of pathos and nobility. The story, or rather the chain of stories, is told in short, crisp sentences. There are bits of wisdom scattered through the pages, bright epigrams, that sparkle like snow crystals in the sun. The characters are manifold, and so uncommon that they must have been drawn from life. And yet we know them, understand and love them far more than the un-American characters of Ian McLaren's books. It is pleasant to think that a gifted Catholic writer has enriched our American literature with this collection of gems, picked up from our own soil, a soil as productive of heroes as any in the world.

*Passing Shadows*, by Anthony Yorke. Cloth \$1.25. Benziger Bros., New York.

A simple story, the characters of which belong to the humbler classes of New York city. Gabrielle Crystal, who asks the prayers of her pious sister Agnes, that she may win the heart of John Fulton, is as innocent a girl as she is true to her lover, when he is a prisoner, sentenced for a crime which he never committed. The persons figuring in this most interesting story are young people who are not impossible ideals, but strong, wholesome and natural types of true Catholic spirit.

*The Vocation of Edward Conway*, by Maurice F. Egan. Cloth \$1.25. Published by Benziger Bros., New York.

The most serious fault of clever writers is repetition of themselves. There were some critics who feared such a disaster for the gifted author of this novel. That their fears were groundless is shown clearly by the freshness and originality of this new story. Mr. Egan has been steadily progressing in power, until he has attained, even now, an enviable position among the writers of the day. The present volume is the best proof of this. It is the

most powerful, most finished, and most interesting novel he has written. And, above all, it is a thoroughly Catholic novel. Egan's Catholicity is not an ever diminishing quantity as is the case with other so-called Catholic novelists.

*The Chaplain's Sermons*, by Rev. John Talbot Smith, L.L.D. Wm. H. Young & Co., New York. Cloth \$1.50.

The author of *Our Seminaries* says some very good things on the subjects of preaching and sermons. In speaking of the training to be given ecclesiastical students in the art of preaching, he says: "It is important that he should avoid the beaten path from the start. He must even be taught a horror of it. It is the bane of our preachers, who seem for the most part to be treading in one another's footsteps, as Indians are said to do on the war-path." It was with some curiosity, therefore, that we opened this book of sermons by the same author. He practices what he teaches. He has certainly avoided the beaten path, and given our young preachers models of sermons original and quite modern. Not every one, however, can make use of his methods, without running the risk of losing the unction and piety so necessary in preaching the word of God. To give an instance. It is not given to every preacher to bring in Napoleon, Dante, Washington, Evangeline, Joan of Arc and lines from a poem of Holmes, in a sermon on the Holy Name, and yet preserve a flavor of tender piety and devotion, as our author does.

*The Weekly Bouquet* is the new name of our old friend, *The Orphan's Bouquet*. Brighter than ever under the management of its two gifted editors, it is winning new admirers and readers every day.

*The Ave Maria*, the most satisfactory of all religious magazines of the age, is stretching forward with success to still greater excellence in the future. We are promised some of the best things in Catholic literature for this year. Rosa Mulholland and Christian Reid are going to give us stories, and Maurice F. Egan some more of the delightful chats which were some time ago such a welcome feature

of the *Ave Maria*. And then, we are going to have the "Notes and Remarks" every week, as heretofore. This feature is not announced in the prospectus, although, to our mind, it is the one that is most appreciated by all the readers of the *Ave Maria*.

The "*Volksfreund*" of Buffalo, a German Catholic daily paper, publishes an annual which is very popular among the German Catholics. The "*Hausfreund*" for 1897 is beautifully illustrated and contains some excellent stories and a variety of useful and entertaining articles. It has 144 double-column pages, and sells at the low figure of 25 cents.

*Maria yel Protestantismo*, the work of our friend, Father Regis Peaches of the Seminary of Mexico, has now reached its third edition. As long as Mexico venerates Mary, Protestantism can get no foothold there.

*Almanac and Calendar of the Apostleship of Prayer*, is published by the central direction of the Apostleship—27 W. 16th St., New York, at the low figure of 10 cents. It contains a complete account of the League of the Sacred Heart, names and addresses of all the directors in the world, and a summary of the work done in the United States during the past year. There are a number of articles all dealing more or less with the wonderful work of the League, which has become as Catholic as the church herself.

*The Catholic Almanac of Ontario for 1897*, in its well-known red and gold dress, published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Toronto, Ont., is a welcome visitor. Taught by the experience of previous years, we were led to anticipate the usual excellent features of this pretty annual. We were not disappointed. If anything, it has gained, both in originality and excellence of the articles and stories contributed. Most of the illustrations, including the frontispiece, is a reproduction of the first distinctively Catholic picture painted by a Canadian—it represents the Crucifixion. The chronicle of events is more extensive and complete than it was last year. We hope

that this excellent annual, approved and recommended by all the Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario, will secure all the support it so richly deserves. It is now only in its third year, and has gained in the short time of its life a number of staunch friends. As it is the only Catholic almanac appearing in English in Canada, all English speaking Catholics ought to take a natural pride in it, and by their purchase of it, increase its power for good and its usefulness.

—

*Our Boys' and Girls' Annual*, published by Benziger Bros., New York (price 5 cents.) This neat little almanac is intended for young Catholic readers. The beautiful little Christmas story by Father Finn, S. J., is alone worth more than the price of the almanac.

#### WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

Names have been received at our Monastery, at Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Agnes' Church, Debec, N.B.; St. Joseph, N.S.; Mainadiou, N.S.; St. Anthony's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; Church of Immaculate Conception, Faribault, Minn.; St. Francis the Sales' Church, Herkimer, N.Y.; Windsor, Ont.; Alexandria, Ont.; Lima, Ohio; Uxbridge, Ont.; Bennington, Vt.; Church of B. V. Mary, Swornville, N.Y.; Dresden, Kas.; Brechin, Ont.; Oakville, Ont.; Marmora, Ont.; St. Joseph's College, St. Joseph, N.B.; Galt, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from St. Thomas' Church, Bedford, Pa.; St. Agnes Church, Uniontown, Ky.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

At St. Caecilia's Priory, Englewood, N.J., from Church of St. Philip Neri, Northport, L.I.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, N.J.; St. Mary's Church, Williamsbridge, N.Y.; Mendham, N.J.; St. Elizabeth's Church, Thomasboro, Ill.; Belle Creek, Minn.; St. Pius' Church, Cannon Falls, Minn.; Holy Cross Church, Keystone, Ia.; St. John Bapt's Church, Byrnesville, Minn.; St. Mary's Church, Lyons, Ill.; St. Patrick's Church, La Salle, Ill.; St. Joseph's Hospital, Reading, Pa.; Chesnut Hill, Pa.; St. Francis Hospital, Jersey City, N.J.

At St. Joseph's Monastery, Leavenworth, Kas., from St. Joseph's Church, Leavenworth, Kas.; Manhattan, Kas.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Creve Coeur, Mo.; St. Mary's Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; Mt. St. Mary's, Leavenworth, Kas.; Roslin, N.J.; Joliet, Ill.; La Crosse, Wis.; Maytown, Ill.; Churchville, Iowa; Higginsville, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Richland Centre, Wis.; St. Andrew's Church, Pendleton, Oregon; Denver, Col.; Easton, Kas.; Effingham, Kas.; Raton, N. Mex.; Conception, Mo.; St. Peter's church, Peter City, Ill.

#### OBITUARY.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: John McKeown, St. Catharines, Ont.; Thos. J. McCarthy, New York City; James Sullivan, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Wm. Kelly, Medina, N.Y.; Mathew Lynch, Washington, D.C.; Edward P. Fullen, Paterson, N.J.; Katie Dailey, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. Belford J. Walters, New York City.

#### A Letter of Thanksgiving.

January 7, 1897.

*Rev. and Dear Sir:*

After making a novena to St. Joseph I was cured of a very troublesome disease, and I promised to have it published in THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

FROM A READER OF YOUR  
VALUABLE PAPER.

TAMIA, IA.

Avoid the many things that are of little or no profit to the soul.

To think nothing of ourselves, and always to judge well and highly of others is great wisdom and high perfection.

We must not suffer our will to be the slave, or to be subject to any but the will of him who has redeemed it by his Precious Blood.—St. Teresa.

How happy is he who, in hours of discouragement and sadness, can have recourse to work and prayer!—work, which forcibly distracts us, and prayer, which sweetly rests us.