



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

(From a Düsseldorf design of C. Schübler.)



A PROMISE.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



STANDING at the holy altar,
Lifting high the Chalice fair,
I will take the vow you murmured,
And will gently place it there.

It will mingle with the life-blood
Which our Saviour shed for thee
In the shady olive-garden
Of the lone Gethsemene.

Or as when it dyed His raiment
Like the red juice of the vine,
Or as sparkling on the circlet
Which His royal brows entwine.

It was sprinkled on the pathway
Which His sacred footsteps trod,
And His careless creatures trampled
In the precious blood of God.

One there was who faintly murmured
Sighs of pity, words of praise,
As to her sweet eyes it sparkled
Lighted by faith's golden rays.

In the three long hours streaming
From those wounded feet and hands,
Like a time glass swift revealing
Passing life by glancing sands.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

And the last sweet sigh was breathed
 Yet e'en then that loving heart
 Lavished thy last hidden treasures
 Passing o'er the opening dart.

Ever at the holy altar,
 In its glory—in its power,
 Beating in the tender heart-thrills,
 Giving graces hour by hour.

In that blood I place thy vowing,
 May its voice e'er plead for thee,
 All thine inward need supplying,
 May it be thy surety.

MAN IS REDEEMED.

An Easter Poem.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

The smile of God is on the earth ;
 Man is redeemed ; love has new birth ;
 The angels their glad voices raise
 In tuneful chorus of sweet praise.

II.

The Lord is risen—He who came
 To die on earth a death of shame,
 That we from death in sin might rise
 And share His joy in Paradise.

III.

Angels and men this Easter day,
 Their praise and loving homage pay
 To Jesus Christ, the Lord above,
 Who suffered on the cross through love.

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 B. GROSS.

CHAPTER XV. (CONTINUED.)—THE ARCHBISHOP'S SERMON.



THE Archbishop's sermon was carefully reported by Mr. Frank Beard, of the *New York Sun*. He spoke as follows :

In the Ninth Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, 27th verse, we read these words: "It is appointed unto men once to die."

This last day of the expiring year, brings us, dear brethren, as a parting gift a new lesson of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death. You, my brethren, of this diocese, have just lost this morning a faithful and devoted pastor, who, the day before yesterday, lifted up his voice on the holy altar. I, for my part, have just come from a funeral Mass of one of our pastors, who but two days ago was to receive the Holy Communion, and when they came to prepare him for it, found him dead. This is a lesson, therefore, of which we may well use the words that St. Augustine formerly applied, "It is something ever known." For which one of us is a stranger to the havoc made by death? And yet when this last day of the passing year gathers us in sorrow around the coffin of our departed friend, does not the lesson come to us with a new force and a new shock, reminding us once more that it is

appointed for all the time, and that our own time may not be far distant?

It is a message and a lesson given us by the goodness of God, that when the dread summons comes we may not be unprepared.

Amidst the gloom and the terror of death the Christian heart finds comfort in prayer. Prayer is a balm to the soul at all times, but more particularly in sorrow. Which one of us is not humbled by sorrow which pierces the clouds and quicker than lightning flash mounts to the very footstool of God's throne? And then is not only prayer brought near you when in affliction, but the souls of those who have passed away, and who attend before the dread judgment-seat of God, may well use even so the words, "Have pity upon me, you at least my friends have pity upon me, for the Hand of the Lord hath touched me." And so, following the example of old, by Judas of Maccabee, believing that it is a good and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they be loosed from their sins—that is, from the punishment due to them—Holy Church, having this thought, offers us the price of redemption for her departed children, who have also fought the good fight, and who now sleep in peace. We have just assisted at the adorable Sacrifice offered for him whose remains lie before us.

And again, there is comfort in the remembrance of the virtues of those

who have passed away. Not that the voice of praise is to be lifted up in the presence of the King of Terrors, but that we may thank the Lord for all the graces and mercies he has vouchsafed to those who have gone to him, and that the consideration of the good deeds of others may spur us also on to greater fidelity in the service of God.

Our departed friend received from Almighty God in the first place the gift of a loyal Faith, and he responded faithfully to it. It is not necessary to say to you that he was not always of the household. His father, much esteemed in his day and generation, was a Presbyterian clergyman in this State, and in early life he too contemplated giving his services to the ministry, and for that purpose studied for some time in the Episcopal Seminary in the city of New York. But just in those days the reaction from Calvinism had set in in England, and the waves of this movement flowed naturally even to us to this country and attracted many, and among them our friend. And he, leaving the seminary, gave up his time almost exclusively to the study of the writings of that great Father in the Church, St. Thomas. He had convinced himself of the power of the Church to forgive sins, and I remember he told me once, long ago, that he, even before he submitted to the claims of the Church, went to a priest, demanding the right of making confession and receiving absolution. But once one arrives at the conclusion that penance is a Divine institution and necessary to salvation, the further step to admit the supreme authority of the Church is not hard. And, therefore, very soon our friend got his complete and perfect faith, and was received into the Church by the Rev. Father Rumpler. Indeed, our friend himself,

having left the ministry of one belief, thought to devote his energies to serve Our Lord in His ministry, and his thoughts carried him to the congregation of the Holy Redeemer, and for some time he proposed becoming a missionary priest in that congregation, but eventually returned to this country and connected himself with the Freeman's Journal, succeeding in the post of duty the Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, at that time secretary to Bishop Hughes, and in that position he remained from that time forty years ago until his death.

During all those forty years, on all the religious topics of the day, for with other points we are not concerned here, on all matters affecting religious interests, the welfare of the Church, his utterances were vigorous and unmistakable. Wherever the Church put him by her supreme authority, there his word rang out sound and clear. There was no faltering, no wavering. The instincts of faith coming from that great gift of Divine truth were strong and clear. There is another instance of this instinct, that, with all his positive character, so well known, there was a disposition to submit everything to the local ecclesiastical authority, and I remember one of the last letters he ever wrote was one asking advice and counsel on a burning question of the day.

The instincts of faith kept him true; and this because he had fully comprehended that great principle announced long ago by a servant of the Church, St. Ambrose: "Where Peter is, there is the Church, and where the Church is, there is the Holy Spirit."

It will be unnecessary to bring up instances of his great attachment to Divine truth. They are scattered all through the files of the Freeman's

Journal, not merely in later years, but twenty, thirty, forty years ago. Take them up at any time, and you find that voice resounding through them. It was not transient, but permanent. And this is manifest in many ways. I might take up one illustration here, simply because it is such as to make all other instances superfluous, and again, because in this particular country the school question is the pivot on which the religious life of the Catholic Church turns.

Any one who is familiar with the history of the Church must certainly know the maternal solicitude which the Church has ever had for the instruction of the young. Not to go beyond our own country, we find abundant proofs here. In the very first Synod ever held in the United States, at a time when the United States was made up of one diocese, in the year 1791, when the first Bishop of this country assembled his priests from north and south and east and west to meet in Baltimore and there take measures for the common good, he found he was able to gather round him from this immense country, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, twenty priests; and these, even then when the need of the Church was paramount, when priests had whole States under their jurisdiction, even then they do not fail to assert that all care must be taken to guard the young. Here is the garden in which in God's own time the beautiful flower will grow. And in the first Provincial Council of the United States, in 1829, when instead of one Bishop there were nine Sees in this country, we find these nine Prelates, in the 34th decree of the Council, affirming the absolute necessity of these schools. And later on, in 1852, when the first

National Council was held, we find the Fathers dilating at great length on this very same subject, and this not of their own accord exclusively, but they say expressly, in so many words, that in doing this we are only following up the instructions given to us by our Holy Father by his encyclical letter in 1851, in which he urges all the Bishops of the world to make every effort for the increased propagation of Catholicity. So that therefore in fighting so earnestly for this subject he was not advancing peculiar ideas; he was simply following the instincts, the guidance and the voice of that Supreme Teacher in the Church who takes the place of Peter, whether he be Gregory or Pius or Leo.

Now, dear brethren, it is not necessary to speak of the good accomplished. It is difficult to over-estimate, it is extremely hard to gauge even, the power of the press. It controls public opinion, and so moves the world. Blessed, therefore, is he who uses this immense engine of power for good. We know that for forty years this work has been done faithfully, perseveringly, conscientiously, by him whose remains are before us. Not only this, but in so many other ways did his gift shine forth in his life.

Again, in that other instance in his domestic life of giving his only daughters to the Church. St. Paul says Abraham showed his faith by offering up his only son Isaac; and in his Epistle to the Hebrews, commenting on the faith of the patriarchs, he says the faith of Abraham commends itself in this, that he offered up his only son Isaac. Our friend gave up his daughters, taking away the light, so to say, of his widowed home, depriving himself of the consolation of their presence, because that same faith

made him recognize the voice of God in the call to a higher life. And surely now those pure hands are lifted up in prayer to God for him. They will be lifted night and day to obtain mercy for him from the throne of God. And we, too, who all owe him a debt of gratitude for the good he has done to the Church, for the friendship extended to us, for his generous heart, we, too, will not forget him in our prayers. The Holy Sacrifice will be offered for him; that alms which he asked so often for his departed friends, that same bread thrown upon the waters will come back to him. Prayers will be offered for him that his soul may be admitted to the Sanctuary. In the words of St. Ambrose, spoken on occasion of the premature death of Valentinian the Emperor, we may say we have loved him in life, we have mourned him in death, and therefore our silence and our prayers will not abandon him until they lead him to the Holy Mount of God, to the place of eternal bliss. Eternal rest grant him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on Him!

MONTH'S MEMORY OF JAMES ALPHONSUS
MCMASTER, DECEMBER 29, 1886 —
JANUARY 29, 1887.

Day by day, the weeks have waned;
Week by week, the month hath fled;
Tender tears have, ceaseless, rained
O'er the memory of the dead.

Two, afar 'mid Carmel's snows,
One, by Sharon's roses veiled,
Watched the Old Year sadly close,
And the New, reluctant, hailed.

While, around the hallow'd tomb,
Where the strong heart, pulseless,
lay—

(Where, in dim, sepulchral gloom,
Slept the cast-off coil of clay.)

Loving son and faithful friend
Kept the vigil of the soul;
Heard the countless prayers ascend,
Saw the incense upward roll.
How they bless'd each black-rob'd
shrine,
Whence, from dawn till set of sun,
Rose the Sacrifice Divine
For each dear, departed one!
Fairest mystery of Faith!
O'er the grave its glory trails.
—Rounds, to-day, the moon of Death
On the feet of great De Sales;—
Of Geneva's Doctor—yes,
Of the Saint the Church decrees
Guardian-patron of her Press,
And its leal auxiliaries!
—Lift McMaster's silent pen,
Wreath'd with palm and laurel meet,
Cast it here—before all men—
At St. Francis' gentle feet!
Tho' the lights of Time grow dim,
Love consumes Life's holocaust—
In the sweets God gives to *him*,
Every drop of gall is lost!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

In the New York Freeman's Journal.

CHAPTER XVI.

MCMASTER'S BEAUTIFUL LETTERS TO HIS DAUGHTERS IN RELIGION, REVEALING THE DEEP SPIRITUALITY AND HOLY INNER LIFE OF THE GREAT MAN.

It is said somewhere that great mountains are full of streams, and great hearts are full of tears. This comparison might fitly be applied to McMaster, especially in his latter days, when his wonderful tenderness became more intensified and he was overflowing in sympathy with, and sorrow for, the sufferings of his own. The world at large admired the force and vigor of his intellect; but those who were

nearest to him, found their delight and rest, and drew strength and comfort from his great heart. This was true, even after his daughters had left for the convent. He seemed to be, as it were, the father not only of his daughters, but also of the rest of the inmates of the convent in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. He not only corresponded frequently with his daughters, but he paid monthly visits also to them, not out of any purpose of making them feel homesick and of inducement to return to him, but in order to confirm them the more in their religious vocation. His visits to the Carmel of Baltimore were not only relished by his own daughters, but were also a source of comfort and edification to the other inmates. He delighted especially in conversing with his daughters on the Divine office, giving them most beautiful commentaries on the Psalmist, in which he often made applications to the Mother of God. He carefully avoided in his discourse with them all that savored of the world and worldly news. He had given them to God and the desire of his heart was that they should fully correspond to the grace of their calling, and lose naught of "the better part," which they had chosen. One of his daughters writes: "I think I can safely say that I rarely, if ever, left him, after his visits, without the determination to try my best to get nearer to our dearest Lord. He was deeply versed in the spiritual life, having experimental knowledge as well as that which he had acquired from reading. I have never met any one who seemed to have a truer and keener appreciation of suffering for the love of God. This was one of his favorite topics. He declared that we must all have crosses and sometimes

very heavy ones or we are not on the right road to Heaven. His last visit was particularly consoling to me, and I wrote to him afterwards that it reminded me of the two disciples going to Emmaus, for his words had made my heart burn within me. Like our holy Mother St. Teresa, he seemed to have the gift of keeping our Lord before one, always pointing to Him. He used often to tell me that when we would first appear in His presence after death, our Lord would show the soul the place in Heaven which had been designed for her, all that He had done and suffered to merit it for her and to enable her to win it, and all His infinite love. And then, if she had fallen short, how the high place marked out for her would be lost to her for all eternity. And this, together with the knowledge of her immense ingratitude would be the pain of loss to the soul. Ah! how his whole soul would be moved with emotion and the tears pour down when he dwelt upon our Lord's wonderful love for us."

If you wish to obtain a correct ideal of McMaster's inner life and spirit, you must read his correspondence with his daughters. What is greatly to be regretted is that many of his beautiful letters have not been preserved. Such letters of McMaster as would appear irrelevant in the Life, we have not inserted. Although all these letters may perhaps not have an interest for the general reader, yet they will be read with delight by McMaster's friends, and by truly Christian parents. We have divided them into two classes—letters on temporal, and on spiritual subjects.

LETTERS ON TEMPORAL SUBJECTS, WRITTEN TO
THE MOTHER SUPERIOR OF THE CARMELITE
CONVENT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6th, 1883.

My dear friend Mother Louise of St. John Evangelist, and Prioress of Carmel of Baltimore:

Pardon my delay in writing in answer to your letter of the 4th inst. My sweet daughter, Sister Teresa, asked "the habit, poverty, and the companionship of the Sisters of Our Lady." She is of canonical age, though not of civil. I wish her to enter your dear Community penniless. I wish her to sign and give away all of earthly goods—or dross—that she may ever possess. This is not an idle sentiment. It is a conviction. I wish it to be so. I know our dear Sister Teresa, even if she does not know all it might mean—if she knew—would wish it also. Let her sign the document I will send before she makes her profession. Then, when she is twenty-one years old let her sign the words of the same document, with two witnesses of persons outside of the Community. Let the latter be a mechanical act, to comply with the civil law. So my dear Sister Teresa of Jesus will be a true Carmelite. I intend most certainly to be in the chapel, or church, at the time she makes her vows, and also when she takes, or rather receives the veil. Please, in one line, let me know at what hour, on each day these events are to take place. Commending myself, and thanking you for all your goodness to me and mine.

Devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,

Your servant,

JAS. A. McMASTER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1884.

Rev. Mother Louise of St. John Evangelist, Prioress:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I am ashamed to write to you, having been so very faulty. But ever since I spoke to you last, I have been sunk in a dazed sort of silence; and besides, when roused up, I have had enough of troubles around me. The dear Gertrude is exceedingly busy. The strain on her, too, at parting from intimate friends, whom she had to see, has been very great. But, down below, her heart is all the time giving thanks for her great vocation. I write, now, to ask the favor that our dear little Sister Teresa will, as quickly as possible—(so I can get it

on Monday),—write just a line or two, to tell me at what early hour Communion is given in your church on St. Teresa's day. Our plan is, that I go to Baltimore with Gertrude on Tuesday, arriving late. On Wednesday go to Communion together, in your church, at your earlier Mass,—(I suppose you will, perhaps, have a High Mass later). After Communion I proposed taking Gertrude to the hotel, for our last breakfast. Then, at the hour most convenient, to part with her at your door. I wish to know especially the hour at which we should be at your church for Communion. The rest can be arranged Wednesday morning, when I hope to see you. The express man sends me word that, yesterday, he forwarded to you the hamper and a box by Adam's express, and did not prepay the expressage. I enclose \$5 to cover the deficit. Tell my darling Sister Teresa that, if my heart is too full to write, it is not too full to think of her, in her dear heavenly call, and to pray for her especially.

Devotedly in the S. S. Hearts,

JAS. A. McMASTER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11th, 1883.

Rev. Mother Prioress, and my dear friend Mother Louise:

I am a monster of impropriety as regards letter writing. I wanted to have written you joy on St. Louis' day,—but I did not. I did not forget you at the Holy Altar.

Archbishop Gibbons, passing through New York, told me he had recently, last Friday, seen our little sister, and that he saw no reason why very soon, she might not have the happiness of admission to the vows. It belongs to the graces of your vocation, as Carmelites, to decide on so great a matter; and if advice be taken it will be of men experienced in the religious life. When you, with such advice, are prepared to grant the little one this great boon, I need not suggest to you that it would be advisable to have the approbation of the Archbishop himself. Of course his Vicar General has all necessary power, but a little worldly wisdom indicates the propriety of consulting the Archbishop, who is likely to be kept in Rome for four, perhaps six months. Excuse this letter that has been interrupted in the writing.

In the Most Sacred Hearts.

Devotedly your friend,

JAS. A. McMASTER.

Dear Sister Teresa shall have a letter from me before St. Teresa's day is over; but it may not be by the earliest mail of that day.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1884.

Rev. Mother Prioress:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I break in on your holy solitude, in Lent, with less misgivings, for all your life is Lent!

First,—good news for *Lactare Sunday*,—next Sunday. The remarkable life of Father Herman, that you so kindly lent me, and that I have not yet returned, is on the point of appearing in London, in an *English* translation. I have ordered several *early* copies of it, and when it arrives, I will send you a copy, and if the translation is good, I will send you several copies. The case of *dates* I sent, I asked to know if they were *good ones*, and in *good order*. If so, it is well. If *not*, and in any other instance, for anything, *if not good*, and in *good order*, you *owe it to me*, to tell me! Poor Mother Prioress! That you have by duty to attend to such things! *God pity Superiors!* If it be His will, I would ask it of our dear Lord that no child of mine in any Religious Community, may ever be loaded with the burdens, the pains, the sorrows, of a true religieuse, *crucified*, by being made superior!

It is of very minor troubles that I am bothering you with, but they are miseries for you, in your Carmelite life, and yet they need to be attended to. If there be some other of your nuns, to whom this business belongs turn it over to her, but *let me know*. St. Joseph to-day, through me, sends to the Carmel of Baltimore a case of *dates*. They are *warranted to me* as of the very best that come to this market.

And now excuse this long letter. Tell our dear little Sister Teresa, that every day and more than once in the day, I do pray for her as she asked me, that she may be "an humble and obedient religieuse," and a *holy* nun, and that our dear Lord may accomplish, with the long labor needed, the good and perfect work that, I bless His Holy Name, He has begun in her; and that I believe He will carry on to the end. I need not tell her (my daughter) how I love her,—the best proof is that I wish her, except for praying for us, to "forget her father," and his house, and to be swallowed up in the love of her Divine Spouse. I am sure I need not ask your prayers for me—miserable.

Devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,

JAS. A. McMASTER.

NEW YORK, April 8th, 1883.

Rev. Mother Louise of St. John Ec.,
Prioress:

REV. AND DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your thoughtful letters of the 4th and of the 6th. I am sure you are doing everything possible for our dear little novice. It is my own conviction, also, that it is a fierce trial of her fidelity to her calling to the Order of our Lady, that our Lord in His goodness, is giving her. So long as *her* courage and your patience, remain firm, I will rest content to wait the will of God as to the length of her sickness; praying and asking prayers and Masses that our Lord will give her efficient grace to bear all that He lays on her. I need not say how profoundly grateful I am to you and to the good nuns for your great charity and tenderness towards her.

It is suggested to me whether *champagne*—so effective in sea-sickness—might not give her stomach a little start towards recuperation of its tone. If so, Mr. Fairall, of Courtney & Fairall, grocers, knows me, and I wish he would send some pint bottles, and forward the bill to me. It is again suggested—odd as it may seem—whether, *for once* the effect of *ice cream* on her fevered stomach might not be tried. I have known some surprising instances of reaction in the stomach from trying it. Of course these suggestions are to be made only to Dr. Chatard, subject to his judgment, and I beg he may understand this, and that I am not foolishly meddling.

I enclose two envelopes ready addressed, and with bits of paper inside. Will you, without losing time by any long writing—just in a word or two—give me tidings of any change—for better or for worse—occurring. And if, beyond our hopes or fears, any sudden change for the *worse*, threatening a speedy dissolution, should occur, will you please *telegraph me*. I enclose a little offering for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, \$25, and commending myself and mine to your charitable prayers, and ever and always, in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

Your devoted friend and serv't,

JAS. A. McMASTER.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER V.

"Wherever a true woman comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worms in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her for those who else are homeless."—RUSKIN.



CHARITY Werker came to the city in quest of a situation and a home for herself and mother. It became necessary to sell out the home in the country, since it was impossible to make ends meet any longer. Now we see the poor girl walking with anxious looks along that great thoroughfare where she had followed the last remains of her sister Faith, and where, too, as a child, she herself had charmed the crowds when she posed as one of the "Three Graces."

As soon as Charity reached the city she left her mother at the house of an old acquaintance and at once set to work to find a situation. She had her misgivings about "Employment bureaus" and "Intelligence offices," so she bought a paper, and searched the advertisements through and through. She had just hailed a little urchin with a bundle of papers as we beheld her passing along that main street which recalled so many sad and joyful recollections.

There was more than one girl found "Wanted," but each advertisement contained some objectionable clause. Strange to say, Charity determined to do the least expected thing. She would

answer the one who preferred a Protestant. It did strike her as being peculiar that people should thus discriminate against a person's religious belief. It seemed almost unintelligible to one whose religion taught her to love all irrespective of creed or color.

"Perhaps tomorrow will bring me better luck," thought Charity. In the meantime she would answer the first advertisement. If it did not suit her, it would probably be just the thing for one of her friends over at New France, whom she promised to help, when the first chance offered itself. Besides, this girl being a Lutheran, she would not be debarred from the position. Charity was moreover glad to have a chance to do a good turn to this old neighbor of hers, who had helped her when she was collecting for the new statue at St. Elias' church.

Later in the day Charity got a sort of half-promise of employment as a lady's nurse and was told to "call in the morning." In the meantime she took a suburban train and went in search of what seemed a good opening for her friend at New France.

* * * * *

A fellow passenger on the train with Charity was Harry Fenton, with whom the reader is already slightly acquainted. Only the night before, as we know, he had inserted an advertisement in an evening paper calling

for a house-keeper, and now he was going up to Boomfield to see what would be in store for him.

Fenton was electrified at the large army of would-be house-keepers who got off at Boomfield. The many whose business it is to be always on hand to see every in and outgoing train stood aghast. The station-agent was on his best behavior. Everything was astir. In the meantime Fenton escaped, and went with Faith by a short-cut to the house. When he arrived there the head of the procession of the unemployed came in sight. 'Twas quite a variegated crowd but a respectable one, whose advent gave occasion to the funny reporter of the *Boomfield Buzzard* to say: "We imagined we had a Women's Congress in our midst last week."

As Fenton stood on the porch the hopeful band filed before him. He was in a dilemma. Truly here was an instance that

*"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
gang aft a-gley."*

Faith stood beside her father on the reviewing stand, while Fenton himself sought inspiration by vigorously pulling at his mustache.

"After all," he thought, "It's a companion I want for Faith, and why not consult her. The pure innocent eyes of children often see farther than their elders."

Turning to the child he said, "Who shall it be, Faith?"

Without hesitation, the child immediately replied, "The one over there," pointing with her little finger to a plainly dressed, and quiet-looking girl, who stood in the background, and who till now had escaped Fenton's attention.

"By Jove! Faith has good taste," he said to himself.

He beckoned to the girl of Faith's choice, and was somewhat taken back when she said, "Oh, sir, I didn't expect the position—you see I am a Catholic—a Roman Catholic—I only came to apply on behalf of a friend of mine in the country."

And then only did it strike Fenton how he blundered in putting those stupid words into his advertisement. He would like to stick to a principle, and he was not anxious to keep in line with ways and opinions of his neighbors. He had attempted a dangerous compromise, and vainly tried to live up to it without sacrificing his religion. But there is no middle road. It is either God or the devil.

Fenton was only one of a kind. There are plenty like him in the world. An example will illustrate what is meant. Patrick, or Hansel, arrives in New York. He is poor and at the same time religious, and as free from human respect as a new-born child. He is well liked by his fellow-laborers. But time rolls on. Our poor friend has acquired a little wealth and then, lo and behold he apes the upper ten. He is a little god in his own eyes, and a fool in the eyes of the poor honest people, who knew the day when he was glad to borrow a peck of potatoes. Yes, our friend has stepped out of the lower strata, and in doing so, sad to say, leaves religion and virtue behind. And ridiculous it is to see him assuming the air of a gentleman. He fawns on and adores society—the cultured set which too often alas! drains its votaries of every noble quality. Emerson uttered a great truth when he said that "A society of people will curiously represent a certain culture, though there is not a gentleman or lady in the whole group."

Fenton for a moment felt ashamed

of himself. He had shown the white feather. His love for Faith had triumphed however, and he finally determined to engage the girl who stood awaiting his answer. What if *she* objected? That would at least relieve his feelings and give Faith a second choice. But Faith's choice had been made, and she was going to have her own way. She had never been contradicted before and neither was she to be thwarted now.

A something attracted Faith towards Charity. One may not adequately explain this invisible affinity so common in our lives, but to deny its existence we dare not. One spirit instinctively feels drawn to another, and a band invisibly unites them. They rush together like the current of two magnetic poles. It looks away beyond what is mere matter—it casts aside symmetrical form—well-chiseled form—sympathetic eye—mellow voice and graceful carriage and rich apparel. This mysterious influence acted on Faith Fenton.

Harry Fenton at once came down to business and in doing so became very gracious as he addressed Miss Werker.

"I am satisfied," said he, "with you even before a trial. Your face carries a recommendation with it, Miss Werker. Are *you* willing to accept? You see I had special reasons about seeming to act as if I preferred one of another denomination. We all have our whims at times. The fact of the matter is I myself profess to be a sort of a Catholic."

This latter profession was made with a rather subdued voice, for he knew too well that the neighboring shutters had attentive ears behind them.

"I didn't expect this," said Charity. "However, I am willing to take the position, for I think it will suit me.

On my part I think I shall give satisfaction in every respect, and on your part, Mr. Fenton—I think you said that was your name—I want it clearly understood that I am not in any way to be interfered with as regards the exercise of my religious duties."

All was arranged to suit employee and employer, and Charity promised to return the next morning. At the station she met the crowd of unsuccessful competitors, who were probably thinking of their misspent fare and didn't cast upon their successful rival the kindest glances.

Next morning Fenton went down to the office in order to see what new field of labor the firm might have mapped out for him. He was tired of the Micawberlike life of "waiting for something to turn up." He found that his new work would be confined to the home district. This would allow him to return each evening to Boomfield. Fenton was tickled at the idea, for this would again enable him to get a taste of home-life. And once more room No. 13 at the Friedenhouse was vacant.

Fenton was all smiles when he returned to Boomfield in the evening. Life seemed to him again worth living. Everything felt the effect of his benevolence; even the newsboy on the train was told to "keep the change." As he reached the gate he met Faith, and he gave her such an affectionate kiss that the poor little girl was much surprised, and even the dog "Ben," which had been unceremoniously kicked off the porch the night before, timidly underwent a petting on the head.

A bit of news awaited Fenton's arrival. The family from which he rented his rooms had decided to leave at once. The sudden death of a distant relative and a change of circumstances made it imperative that they be absent

from Boomfield for an indefinite period. Fenton seemed to them a very desirable tenant. The terms were fixed, and being reasonable, Fenton rented the whole house there and then.

That evening Fenton chatted away like a child, and played with Faith as if a boy again. Everything looked bright. When he came up to Boomfield first, he spoke of "monotonous view," "dismal hills," etc., as he took in the surroundings. Now it was all changed. He ecstatically spoke of the "enchancing perspective," "it would, be an ideal spot for an artist," and what not. Fenton had merely discarded his blue glasses.

The new arrangement about renting the whole house were laid bare to Charity. She had an objection at once. To her it appeared serious enough, but strange it had not occurred to Fenton. But when Charity now mentioned it, a shadow crossed Fenton's brow. He appeared dazed. This made him do all sorts of queer things, such as using a fork for a spoon at the tea-table and other awkward messes, which made Faith burst out into laughter. Her father seemed either mad or in love. That at least is what Mrs. Queenly, the land-lady thought as she glanced across the table.

"My objections are simple enough, Mr. Fenton, said Charity. "You know well-enough that my relations to you are but that of a house-keeper. It hardly seems the proper thing for persons so situated to live as if they were husband and wife. And that is the way it would look after Mrs. Queenly is gone. You and I may be far above any reproach, but for all that the neighbors would talk."

"That's so, Miss Werker," said Fenton, "after all two-heads are better than one. I would be in a nice mess if I had not mentioned the affair to you.

But the bargain is now made and I hardly know what to do in the matter."

Mrs. Queenly came to the rescue. She was a good general in her way. It was she who managed all the church tea-parties, and who always had the casting vote when a new clergyman came along to preach his trial sermon. The good dame had cut more than one Gordian knot, and would be glad before departing, to make one more master stroke which would perhaps immortalize her name in the beautiful memorial window at the "Church of the Chosen Few." Fenton and Charity were thus for a moment unwilling listeners to Mrs. Queenly's little speech which ran somewhat like this:

"Sakes alive! my dear young friends, the whole difficulty could be fixed up very easily. I am sure you will gladly accept advice from one of my long experience. It's a rather delicate suggestion, but why don't you both get married—there's plenty of time before I leave? I know that some of you Catholic folks are a little particular about some things. You have to see your priest, have the affair made public in church, and all that—but these things are all unnecessary. Your church is getting liberal now, and doing away with all those restrictions, and it's about time. Even if you should have the whole thing done outside of your church—it can all be made right afterwards. It is the same thing with others like you. Why, I remember how angry I was when my girl ran away and came back married. I soon gave in though and forgave her. One gets use to such things. Why that girl got divorced and is now married again and happy. We can't help such things. It's natural. And then, as for you Mr. Fenton, I don't know how long your wife is dead, but one thing is sure no one in Boomfield knows how long you have been a widower. Now to make things short, and to come down to business, let me arrange it for you. Some night this week I will bring our minister, Dr. Lovely here. He will come, because he always does what I want him to do. Why, I remember one time when he

got up at two in the morning, in order to marry a couple. Well, as I was saying, I will fetch him here. Won't it be just nice? My daughter will be here too, and will sing that solo of hers, and I myself will make the nicest cake you ever laid eyes on. Now, what do you think?"

They thought a great deal. In the first place Fenton and Charity mutually agreed that Mrs. Queenly had talked for nothing. No words were necessary to see that. From Charity Mrs. Queenly only got a silent look of pity and contempt. Without giving Mrs. Queenly a chance to continue her harangue Fenton immediately started to address Charity and as he did so Mrs. Queenly left the table in a hurry as if to discover something burning in the kitchen.

"Can you make any suggestions?" asked Fenton of Charity.

"Yes," she replied, "but what suits me may not suit you. I have an aged mother for whom I am anxious to procure a home. She is at present staying with an acquaintance in the city. This place would suit mother very nicely, and I am sure she would be no burden to anyone, on the contrary she would be a help at least in light things. Of course she will not make herself an unwelcome guest anywhere. Being but a poor country-bred woman she would naturally keep a backward position, but I know she can also make herself at home in any place. But I fear I am presuming too much on your generosity."

"By all means bring her here, Miss Werker," said Fenton. "I love company, especially that of a motherly old lady. The only thing I would object to would be to have a mother-in-law under the same roof. But there is little fear of that."

Charity was trying to picture to herself some crabbed old dame who in the quality of a mother-in-law had figured in Fenton's former home. But Fenton never gave her any light on that subject. In fact he always changed the subject when any suggestion was made of his past life. He never as much as mentioned the name of his former wife.

That night Fenton went to bed with happy thoughts. Everything had taken on a rosy hue. "By Jove," he said to himself, "it is about time my rainy days were over. Things seem to be brightening up now. I'll at least have a home. Of course it isn't altogether what I want—a comfortable home. A good old lady to help, advise, and not to plague. And then Charity will be a help-mate, a sort of chief engineer. She will do all a wife can do without what is objectionable. She won't be bothering me with eternal requests for pin money, and pouring all her woes in my ear and if we fall out, well, she can be discharged. Capital thing—couldn't be better, and Faith taken care of in the bargain."

Fenton remained long awake, turning around those sweet reflections in his mind. In the morning he came down stairs whistling, and distributing smiles in all directions. He called for Mrs. Queenly, thanked her for all her kindnesses, especially for her motherly advice in knotty questions, and bid her good-bye. He then got his things in order for his protracted trip Southwards. His firm had arranged to send him along the coast-line with a new line of goods.

To Charity were left all directions as to running the house, and she received money enough to fix up things here and there. In fine, all was left to her discretion. She was reminded about writing to Fenton occasionally. To all this was added a paternal advice to Faith to "be a good girl when papa was away."

Fenton's leaving was no mere perfunctory affair. 'Tis true, it was only a child he was leaving behind, and children soon get over such small matters, forgetting papa and mamma as soon as they come into possession of a new plaything. And then as to Charity—she was as yet a stranger. A mere housekeeper who could come and go. Nevertheless, when the train was carrying Fenton far away from Boomfield, and new scenes came before his eyes, Fenton's thoughts were continually centred on Charity Werker.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A TRIBUTE TO THE SCAPULAR.

FROM THE FRENCH—BY S. X. B.



THE devout clients of our Lady of Mount Carmel can readily imagine the delight with which we perused the charming discourse of the venerable Father de la Colombiere, the "*Apostle of the Sacred Heart*," and fully realize the gratitude we felt towards the kind Providence that permitted it to fall into our hands. Every word proves the devotion, the veneration, the fervent love, the burning zeal which he felt for the holy livery of our Lady, and endows him with the undisputed right to be called the "*Apostle of the Scapular*" as well.

Apostle of the Sacred Heart! Apostle of the Scapular! Touching coincidence!

It is this great client of Jesus and Mary that is about to speak, and whose voice could be more persuasive than his, who will at no distant day, we fondly hope, be placed for veneration upon the altars of the Church. Listen!

"The faithful concur with such perfect unanimity in the belief that devotion to the Mother of God is a mark of predestination that, independently of the reasons which go to sustain this opinion, I maintain that such universal concurrence would warrant its being regarded as a *truth of the Catholic faith*."

The holy Fathers have expressed themselves upon this point in such forcible language that, did we not know them to be as enlightened, as holy, one might think that they spoke with more zealous ardor, than accuracy. But the

Church neglects nothing that would give *her* sanction also to this belief.

What a source of joy for all who are devoted to Mary! O! surely we may believe that they bear, deeply graven upon their hearts, the sign of their eternal salvation.

But, since amongst the visible expressions of the love we feel for Mary, some must be more pleasing than others to our gracious Queen, *all* cannot ensure our eternal salvation with the same degree of certainty. I do not hesitate to affirm that the scapular is most specially indicated as being the one favored by the Blessed Virgin above all the devotions which love has inspired in her honor. I do not hesitate to declare that nothing is a more certain pledge of salvation than a faithful wearing of the little brown badge. There is none therefore to which we should attach ourselves with more zeal and constancy than this. Divine Mother! What countless miracles you have caused to be wrought to confirm this blessed belief! Then, Christians! To engage this incomparable Mother to watch and guard you, and to interest herself in defending you, array yourself in the garment she holds forth for your acceptance. *Wear the scapular, wear it until the hour of your death*. Far be it from me to weaken your confidence in any practice of piety that is approved of by the Church. They are all admirable—fair flowers most fitting to honor heaven's gracious queen. But if our Mother looks with favor on those who choose other practices to show their love, *her goodness towards those who wear her livery is vast and limitless*. She has promised in the most unequivocal

terms to grant special protection to all who wear the scapular of Mount Carmel. This promise embraces no conditions, it declares that they shall never be delivered to the enemy, that if they persevere in her service they will persevere to the end and enter heaven. What think you, Christians, of the positive and unconditional promise made by the Queen of Carmel to St. Simon Stock? Has not this loving Mother explained it most satisfactorily? And, should you ever have been in doubt as to your salvation, and were privileged to dictate the terms of promised assistance through Mary, could you have chosen any more absolute terms for a pledge than her words to St. Simon? I know well that the saints have been lavish in their expressions regarding her powerful protection. But let those faithful clients be ever so wise, ever so holy, they were, after all only *men*. They were after all only *servants*, whilst here it is the *Queen* who herself reveals, in the world-wide communication to St. Simon, all the loving tenderness of her heart. It was the Queen—the Queen of heaven, *herself*, who promised to the confreres of the scapular that protection of which the holy doctors have spoken of in such emphatic terms. Never have we doubted the power of the Blessed Virgin, but her own promise to exercise it in our favor has rendered an already firm assurance doubly sure.

They tell me, those great saints, that I have naught to fear if Mary interests herself in my behalf—but this will scarcely relieve my anxiety. I wish to know *if* she will indeed be so beneficent. She has given me a tangible sign thereof. I have but to glance at my scapular and recall the promise, "*In quo quis moriens aeternum non patietur incendium.*" "In which he that dieth

shall not suffer eternal fire."

And to the promise above quoted—to the devotion of the scapular, the Holy Ghost, through the lips of Christ's Vicar on earth, has given the most unequivocal approbation. To increase the zeal of the faithful the confraternity of the scapular has been enriched with an *almost infinite number of indulgences*. What remains then, Christians, to render this pledge of the divine Mother more solemn, if it be not the ratification of the Almighty Himself? Well! I will convince you that the Supreme Being *has* given that ratification by speaking through the voice of miracles in favor of the scapular.

You know well that God alone can be the author of a miracle. Consequently, all the marvels which *we know* have taken place in testimony of faith or piety must be recognized as the voice of God. As the voice, says St. Augustine, by which God himself bears testimony, either to the truth of our faith or to the solidity of some pious practice which we have embraced.

This principle once established, amongst all the practices of piety with which the faithful have been inspired to honor the divine Mother, I venture to affirm that not one rests upon so firm a basis as the devotion of the brown scapular. There is no other whose solidity has been demonstrated by so many wonderful, astonishing, and well authenticated miracles.

Fr. de la Colombiere goes on to say: "All these miracles, Christians, place the seal upon the Blessed Virgin's fidelity in procuring our salvation." Even as Moses in the days of old cried out: "Can it be, O Lord, that Thou hast then resolved to exterminate this people whom thou hast drawn forth in so wondrous a manner from their captivity? Wouldst Thou that the

Egyptians and all other dwellers upon the earth affirm that Thou hadst only brought them from the house of bondage to sacrifice them to Thy wrath? That so many miracles have been only as so many snares held out to our credulity, and that finally Thou hadst not been able to lead them into the promised land?" "And the Lord vowed that He would not abandon Israel, and that He would be mindful of His glory."

So it is with Mary. Would she not merit the same reproach made by Moses if, after having been the means of so many miracles being wrought in favor of her children of the scapular, she would permit them to be eternally lost? What! Dearest Mother! This chosen people, to whom you have granted such special benefits, would you allow them to eventually become the prey of the enemy, and helplessly perish? You have surely not delivered them from so many perils only to forget them in their hour of need? You hastened to their rescue in slight danger which menaced them here below, and yet you seem insensible to the never-ending woe which now threatens them. You would—all unmoved—behold them fall into hell? No! no! Such a scandal will never occur. You will watch and guard your children to the end!

"What, then," some one may say, "will the Blessed Virgin come *herself* to rescue me from hell after my sins have consigned me to perdition? Will she miss for me the privilege of returning to earth to repent of, and do penance for my evil life?"

To such frivolous objections I can adduce the most authentic examples where it can be seen that, through the wearing of the scapular, Mary has indeed at times held captive impenitent

souls in buried and wounded bodies until they made their peace with God. Yes! The divine Mother, mindful of her promise has done this in cases where death every moment seemed inevitable. But this must be viewed in a true light.

Christians, you know well enough that it would be most presumptuous to depend for salvation upon such miracles. The Mother of God has to save souls by other means more in conformity with the ordinary measures of Providence. In her beneficent hands she holds all the bounties and all the mercies of the Saviour. From this inexhaustible treasure she will choose for you some grace equally mild, sweet, and powerful. It will change your heart, fill it with compunction, and, for your sanctification extirpate all your passions. The happy moment which will witness this transformation, the most tender-hearted Virgin knows well how to arrange. When you least think of it she will illumine your heart with a ray of supernatural light—the veil will be withdrawn. You will be disgusted with the vanity of worldly joys. You will realize the misery of a soul which is not loved by God, which does not love God. He is the only Master who deserves to be loved. The only One who truly loved us. Your enemies will lose their power over you. Mary will bind their hands fast and sure. Surprised at finding only sweetness in what formerly appeared so irksome to you, at finding only aversion towards what once was your dearest joy, you will experience with what facility you can cast away the demons who to-day make of you their tool—their toy. If, however, despite all these graces, you obstinately refuse to change your life, if you close your eyes to those divine rays of light, if, with

your own free will you give yourself up to your enemy, if, in a word, you wish to die in your sins, *you will die thus, Christians*. God himself will not force the will of one determined to be lost. Yes, you will die in impenitence. *You will die in your sins, but you will not die wearing the Scapular*. Mary will find the means to take it away from an unfaithful child. You, yourselves, rather than die impenitent with this holy badge, will tear it off and cast it away. Yes! like that unfortunate creature who, having tried several times, but unsuccessfully, to drown himself, and not knowing to what the failure might be attributed, suddenly remembered that the Scapular still remained upon his person. Recognizing therein what prevented him he snatched it off and plunged for the fifth time into the water. Behold the very waves which had spared him until then swallow him up in a moment. He died in his sins, he died in committing the greatest of all crimes, but he did not die, *he could not*, until he had taken off that habit of salvation in which no one can die without having the advantage of escaping eternal fire; *in quo quis moriens aeternum non patietur incendium*.

You see now, Christians, *how* the Blessed Virgin has pledged herself to procure your salvation. Is it not in terms the most expressive, and in methods more admirable than her words?

But without regard to the voluntary promises of the Blessed Virgin, the devotion of which we treat is of such a nature that it, as it were, places us under the *necessity* of preventing our eternal damnation. Yes, my dearest Christians, in giving us the Scapular, Mary has pledged herself to save us, and we in enrolling ourselves in the confraternity have pledged ourselves

solemnly to work out our salvation. It is true that the Mother of God is honored by the sentiments of love and veneration which you cherish for her *in your hearts*. But when, with a holy impatience, these sentiments insist upon an open manifestation, does it not increase her glory to have a number of witnesses of your devotion? Will not her love for you grow in proportion to your zeal? And therein lies the marvelous advantage which wearers of the Scapular have over other clients of Mary. As they can not declare themselves for her more openly than by wearing her livery, they compel her to reciprocate in their favor with a similar zeal. This rule prevails even in a world wherein justice does not abound. There is always a distinction in favor of one who proclaims his friendship, in the face of all, over the person whose kind feelings are buried in his breast.

O! how faithfully has Mary, for over 1700 years, sustained her glorious reputation as a protectress of her children. And she would not lose one atom of that reputation if, to-day, she would fail to assist one of her *hidden clients* whose piety is limited to *interior* piety. Why? Because their devotion being unknown to us we could not think "O! there has been a failure in the promises!" But were the Divine Mother to refuse her protection to a *child of Carmel* it would produce a fatal impression upon souls ever ready to imbibe such; it would cool their devotion and weaken their ardor. Therefore she has on various occasions snatched from the vengeance of God those who have merited it by a thousand crimes.

However dangerous these instances may prove, how presumptuous so ever these examples of extraordinary mercy may make sinners, God permits himself to be moved by the prayers of

Mary, rather than that her glory should be overshadowed in the least. Yes, though sinners may presume and just souls murmur, our Lord is willing, if we may so speak, to expose his own glory in giving occasion to men either to abuse it, or to murmur at His indulgence. And all for the sake of His dear mother! To revert to the example above cited. It was but just that the Blessed Virgin did not permit the unfortunate creature, who so obstinately precipitated himself into the water, to commit the crime whilst wearing her livery.

No doubt he was unworthy of her protection—most certainly he did not petition for it. He dishonored what should have been venerated, he cast it aside as an importunate burden. Mary willed then that the death which he sought, and so justly merited—that the demons to whom he voluntarily consigned himself—in a word, that all the powers of nature would respect upon him the livery of their sovereign. She willed that whilst preserving an insignia that announced that he belonged to her he could not drown himself,—wretched man! But, besides the Scapular being a public exercise of piety, it has the advantage of being a perpetual one. Every year you give some testimonials of affection for your august protectress. You renew them every month—every week—every day—nothing is more lovely than a devotion thus perpetuated, and you certainly have reason to hope that your unwavering fidelity will be recompensed. Would the demon dare to go too far with any one who so frequently invokes her whose very name is surrounded with terror for him? What then? Is there *no* season, in this confraternity, unmarked by some offering of honor in behalf of its Queen? No

day, no hour which passes without a sign by which its members may be known as such? No! my brethren, for the confrere of the Scapular there is no time, no place devoid of the marks of this glorious association. They prevail always. The homage he pays to Mary is most precious to his heart, and serves as a constant weapon against the wiles of the enemy. No matter what artifice they use to surprise him, always armed, always clothed in the livery of his sovereign he escapes from their snares, he puts them to flight.

Ah! brethren, if Mary to ensure you the goods of the other life had asked, in exchange, the sacrifice of all your possessions. If in return for her constant protection she had required from you the same services which *all* her most zealous clients had performed in her honor. If instead of a Scapular she offered you a *chalice*, would you have hesitated? On the contrary, would you not have embraced with ardor, and kissed a thousand times this dear pledge of your eternal salvation? "*Si rem grandem dirisset tibi, certe facere debuisses.*" If she had proposed some painful task, some heroic sacrifice, *si rem grandem dirisset tibi*, would you have hesitated? O! what would you not have undertaken to escape the danger of losing your immortal soul—that soul, which, if lost, is lost for an eternity.

But cast a glance at this holy Scapular. You have only to take it from the hand of the Blessed Virgin. If you assume it the Queen of heaven and earth promises you your salvation. She proclaims her promise in the most explicit manner. She has ratified it. She continues to ratify it. Every day she effects new prodigies which can not fail to strengthen your confidence.

Even if she had not pledged herself to protect you, the public profession which you make of *belonging to her* would engage her to do so.

Then the *Apostle of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, and of the *holy Scapular of Mary* with burning words adjured all those present who had not yet assumed the livery of Mary to do so at once. He implored them to enlist in that invincible army where salvation is assured and that too by a glorious victory over the enemy, to all who valiantly carry the colors of their Queen.

And the poor priest who then was, in his eighteenth year—now many years ago—rescued from hell through the Scapular of Mount Carmel, most earnestly makes the same request to all who read this little tribute. On his knees he begs all who have not yet taken the Scapular, to repair the omission. He entreats it in the interests of their salvation. May we all meet in that celestial country, where we will bless the *Virgin most merciful* forever and ever. Amen.

Paris, Dec., 1893.

UNCLE JOSIAH.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

CHAPTER III.



THAT day, somewhere about the end of December in the year of our Lord, 18—, upon which Uncle Josiah arrived at the house on Fifth Avenue, was a peculiar and not precisely to be set down as a Red Letter one in Katherine Willis' calendar. She had donned her prettiest evening dress. A very dear friend of hers had described it as a symphony in color. And apart from the color altogether, and lace and velvet and chiffon, that it would have required almost an X ray to have properly appreciated its component parts.

This costume was, of course, to do honor to that mysterious uncle, whom she vaguely remembered as a visitor, more or less frequent, in her childhood. His coming had been always attended by a shower of gifts and by sundry visits to places of amusement. She

had grown to regard him as something in the nature of a fairy god-father, or according to the more prosaic belief of maturer years, as a multi-millionaire. It was true he inhabited that most obscure of Western towns, Plainsville, but it was clearly a matter of choice or sentiment. He preferred to be first in that little Iberian town rather than second at Rome. Besides, it was very evident that some civilized people had their abode in that modest metropolis, as witness, Mrs. Fellowes. Katherine's mother, who could have considerably enlightened her daughter and who belonged to the other side of the house, was a wise woman, and for long years had discreetly held her tongue. She had not thought it judicious to break silence, even when Josiah's visit was impending.

Therefore when the vanishing figure, which had faded from Norah's loving and admiring eyes, appeared upon Katherine's horizon, it must be confessed that she experienced a very

considerable shock. Such a figure to confront her, framed in that sumptuous hallway, and having for background her own youthful illusions. A man clad in a suit of rustiest black, for poor Josiah had thriftily packed away his late purchase for use upon special occasions, wearing a threadbare overcoat, holding in one hand an impossible hat, in the other, a time worn satchel.

This, this, the Uncle Josiah of her dreams, of whom she had boasted at school with a school-girl's silly vanity? Still, Katherine Willis' breeding was perfect in its way, or, at least—for there is a distinction—her manner was. She advanced with a very pretty greeting, indeed, her face wreathed in smiles, her silks rustling softly, her satin shimmering, her lace falling about her like a soft shower. Josiah dazzled, as one suddenly brought from dimness into a strong light, mechanically seized the outstretched hand. It seemed to him like a sheet anchor. He looked long and earnestly into the face, which had remained upon the camera of his thoughts, as that of a little, fresh cheeked child. He looked, and from that moment a gulf was fixed which the man, heart hungry as he was, never attempted to cross. If that meeting was disenchantment for Katherine, it was simply the breaking of an idol for Josiah. And the pathos lay in the fact that he had no other with which to replace it.

"The little one'll be glad to see me anyway," he had assured himself over and over, not only to soothe his misgivings on parting from Plainsville, but to beguile the tedium of the railway journey. "She used to think a heap about me. She liked me most as well as she did anybody, excepting her ma."

It may here be observed that Katherine's father, who had been

Josiah's half-brother, had died when the girl was still an infant.

During the days that followed, Josiah strove gallantly to maintain the difficult position he had assumed of putting his best foot forward. In his simple way, Josiah was a hero. He could hold his hand upon the death wound in his breast, and go about smilingly. Katherine could never have guessed what her uncle's sensations had been on their first meeting. His loyalty and the love which had become second nature prevented him showing any trace of his disappointment, even if his natural gentleness and a certain old fashioned chivalry towards women in general would not have hindered his so doing.

He put on the clothes which had elicited so warm an approval from Norah, with a sense that here, at least, he was after these fine people's own heart. But after a day or two a sickening sense that they, too, were a failure came upon him, though he could not know that Katherine and her mother had exchanged despairing comments, in secret conclave, over these very garments. He looked at them wistfully, as he brushed them carefully at night, as if asking mutely what was amiss with them. He had so counted upon their aid to make a good impression. The presents, which he had brought, were very graciously received, for here, at least, the tact of his town-bred relations concealed from him another deplorable fact. He would have felt still more oppressed with the sense of failure, could he have guessed that these gifts, in the choosing of which he had spent so much time, were but poorly appreciated. "The money would have been so much more acceptable," Katherine's mother had said with a sigh.

Nevertheless, there were hours of real pleasure in the course of Uncle Josiah's visit, and he was left in happy ignorance of many of his notable misdemeanors. As when, for example, he was found by Mrs. Willis on the morning after his arrival in close and apparently confidential conversation with the footman, or when he offered the butler his assistance in moving a heavy article of furniture, or called down from the top of the kitchen stairs to the cook for some desired information.

The moments of happiness were chiefly those when Josiah went out alone with his niece. His sister-in-law oppressed him terribly, in fact, she had always done so, though her manner was the perfection of polished suavity. Katherine took her unsuspecting uncle to unfrequented portions of Central Park, where she was less likely to meet any of her fashionable friends. Josiah enjoyed these rambles with a whole heart, for generally speaking while they lasted, Katherine threw off considerable of the artificial, society manner, which vexed her uncle's soul, and let her youth have its fling for the time being. Josiah brought pockets full of crumbs to feed the birds that fluttered about the bare branches of those great trees, many of which have looked down from their breezy station before the Park was. Josiah laughed like an overgrown schoolboy at these creatures manifest delight and no less evident, shameless greediness. He apostrophized them by various names. "You little critter you. You good for nothing pickinny," or "You cute little brown chap yonder, you twittering magpie, you shrill-voiced shrew."

Katherine could not help admiring the man's tenderness toward the brute creation. He had a fine sympathy

with them, as if he had long known and loved them all. Even the wild animals in their cages came in for a share of his universal philanthropy. The park altogether was a thing of beauty and a joy forever to Josiah, clad as it was in its winter aspect.

"God's mighty good to give you city folks such a spot as this Park," said he to Katherine, upon one occasion, "but we're never half thankful enough, city or country, for His gifts."

This was one of the few "pious" speeches which Josiah was heard to make. He seldom talked religion. He only lived it. But as he made this remark, Katherine noted how reverently he looked upwards to the blue sky, and she felt intuitively how strong was the bond between this man's nature and the unseen world beyond the stars.

An untoward event marred to a considerable extent the pleasant relations which had begun to grow up between uncle and niece. Katherine had begun to grow accustomed to Josiah's oddities of dress, conversation and manner, while on the other hand, Josiah had begun to understand that though the child of his recollection had grown into a fashionable young woman, there was a sufficient amount of good feeling in her nature, covered as it was by conventionality.

But trifling as the occurrence was, when properly considered, Josiah's misbehavior at a musical party to which his niece had brought him, engendered in Katherine's mind a fierce and sullen resentment against the man who had made her ridiculous in presence of her friends. Nor could the recollection of this uncle's long cherished affection towards herself, manifested in so many and so munificent ways, soften her heart.

Katherine had been most unwilling to take Josiah to the musicale, though she was far from foreseeing the result. But her uncle, who had heard it discussed, expressed a strong desire to go, and her mother, who had no wish to offend this highly serviceable relation, insisted that he should go. It was a very brilliant affair, one of the most impressive social functions of the season. Katherine noted with vexation that her own particular set were there in very great numbers.

All might have gone well, however, for the company was certainly a well-bred one, and despite the glimmer of amusement which Katherine had detected in the eyes of the automaton footman, who took Josiah's coat and hat, and notwithstanding certain furtive glances and raising of the eyebrows on the part of her dearest friends, which Katherine had intercepted, Katherine's fears were soon put in great measure to rest.

Josiah sat very still for some time, partly out of nervous dread of the company, partly because he was really fond of music. There was a solo by Madame Van Alstyne from the newly rendered opera of *La Navarrese*, about which society was just then talking so much. This was considerably above and beyond Josiah's musical comprehension. But the soloist presently rewarded the patience with which he had striven to follow, by singing that genuinely fresh and sweet old ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." Josiah listened with tears streaming down his cheeks.

Next came a violin solo, a delightful little caprice, followed by a dreamy, *triumphal* sort of composition, both of which Josiah accepted in good part. Something of Chopin, mystical and mournful, led to a fine, ringing ballad by a distinguished baritone, which set

Josiah applauding till his hand ached. The baritone was succeeded by a tenor possessed of a highly pleasing and sympathetic voice, who confined his efforts entirely to the rendering of old ballads, some of them Josiah had heard in his youth. He felt as if he had picked up a flower in some shady nook, which recalled his boyhood days.

So that all might have gone well, had it not been for certain recitations, with illustrations announced on the middle of the programme. At first nothing occurred, though Josiah's laugh pealed from one end to the other of the drawing room and caused Katherine to look nervously around her. Suddenly the performer changed his theme, and this time he treated his audience to a caricature of a priest engaged in the most sacred of rites. Josiah was stunned for an instant. He could scarcely realize what was taking place, though the fierce wrath of a slow nature was being enkindled within him.

Jumping to his feet, he said, in a voice perfectly audible to the whole of that cultured assembly: "Niece Katherine, I guess I'll get out of here till that fellow stops making a fool of himself." There was a deadly pause, society was literally holding its breath and the performer himself stopped for a moment, involuntarily. The witticisms of this young gentleman, be it observed, had been more keenly relished by the female part of the audience, because he was by excellence "an eligible." He belonged to that order of golden youth, which fancies it can do no wrong and by whom the Chesterfieldian maxims of breeding and deportment have been allowed to fall into disrepute.

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.

APRIL, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

"The winter is over and gone," and I think we will all unite in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving for the coming of the glad spring.

Easter is the glorious festival of the spring time, and it is peculiarly fitted in every way to usher in this season of gladness. Winter and Lent were dark and gloomy. When they are both over, we breathe freely the sweet fresh air of nature and grace; because Lent should have been a tonic for the soul which often needs it more than the body. Fasting and prayer are the spring medicines of the soul, and Easter is its day of perfect health and strength.

The gospel tells us some very sweet and touching stories about the Risen Life of our Blessed Lord. It would be a very excellent thing if all the Catholic children who read the "Carmelite Review" would begin to read the New Testament and to learn the life of our Lord in the very best way.

It is not enough to hear the gospels read at Mass on Sunday. We must become familiar with them, and the way to do it is to make a reading book of the New Testament.

Read the XX and XXI chapters of the gospel of St. John. How beautifully the Beloved Disciple tells the story of Mary Magdalen. How she ran to St. Peter and St. John to tell them that the Lord had been taken out of the sepulchre.

Can we not picture her face as she spoke to them? Her beautiful face so pale and sorrowful, and her eyes hungry for sight of the Divine Master? It pleases one to read that she "ran" to the apostles; and again that Peter and St. John "ran together." It is of himself St. John is speaking when he says in his gospel—"And they both ran together, and that *other* disciple did outrun Peter and came first to the sepulchre." Dear children, he outran Peter because he loved our Lord so well. Is it any wonder that he who had rested his fair young head on the bosom of Jesus at the last supper should have been swift as an eagle on the morning of the Resurrection?

Again the gospel teaches us the lesson of respect for authority; of the reverence we owe to superiors when it says, "and when he (St. John) stooped down, he saw the lincn clothes lying. Yet went he not in."

Why? Listen.

"John cometh, Simon Peter following him and went into the sepulchre."

St. Peter had been appointed head of the Church and St. John recognized him as such and so gave first place to St. Peter, even while his own love was fairly speeding him on to enter and seek the Risen Lord.

Again we read in this chapter the touching story of the dear Magdalen, who with her breaking heart was standing without the sepulchre weeping.

She had seen "two angels in white, sitting, one at the head, and one at the

feet, where the body of Jesus had been laid." When they asked her why she was weeping she answered: "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

After she *had* spoken to the angels she turned and saw Jesus standing, but she did not know him.

He too asked her why she was weeping.

You know, dear children, that it was in a garden that our Lord was buried; and so when Magdalen saw Him she thought He was the gardener and to Him also she said, "Sir, if thou hast taken him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him; and I will take him away."

Notice her great love, which made her, weak woman as she was, think that she could carry away the dead body of her love.

Love, dear children, makes every burden light.

Now see how our Blessed Lord rewards her for her willingness to carry Him in the arms of her love; rewards her for her grief because of losing Him. He spoke only one word to her: "Mary!"

Oh! what a torrent of joy rushed over her soul at the sound of His sweet voice. In Heaven its echo still lingers in her ears.

She turned to Him and said Rabboni!—Master!

What a lesson for us all in the tears and grief of this holy woman, this model of penitents. We lose our Lord by sin and we too must seek till we find Him. To us, even as to her, will He be ever the gracious Master, welcoming the lost sheep.

The gospels will teach us to know and love our Lord better than any other book because there we see Him as He really was when He lived and spoke among men.

How tender and gentle were His sacred words! It is almost impossible to read them without feeling a fresher love and a deeper compassion for Him who is so winning in all His ways towards the children of men. St. Alphonsus used to say of Him, "Poor Jesus Christ!" because his saintly heart was bursting with pity for that divine heart which loved men so much and is so little loved in return. Dear children, try to think of our Lord as He was during those forty days from Easter to Ascension Day.

More beautiful than ever and bearing the five glorious wounds that then told so well the story of His love.

We have so little time on earth to think sufficiently of all the touchingly beautiful things in the life of our dear Lord.

Only those who try to meditate, to make pictures in their own minds, and talk to Him in their own words, learn even a little of His beauty, and of the great joy which comes to those who daily shut their eyes on the world and all that is in it, and behold by faith the face of Him who is the joy of angels and men.

Try it, dear children, for a few minutes every day. Try to meditate, because St. Teresa assures us—and she ought to know for she wore a doctor's cap, even if she were a woman—he tells us that the one who meditates for 15 minutes every day cannot be lost. St. Philip Neri too says "Meditation and sin cannot dwell together in the soul."

So now go to St. John's gospel and read there the sweet story of the Resurrection. You cannot read it without becoming better and holier, yes and more learned too. Surely it will pay to gain all that.

Devotedly,
SECRETARY.

MAXIMS FOR APRIL.

1. 'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves;
Self is the irksome weight;
To those who can see straight them-
selves,
All things look straight.

—Faber.

2. Where is he gone? O men and maidens,
where
Is gone the fairest amid all the fair?
Mine eyes desire him and with dawn-
ing day
My heart goes forth to find him on the
way.

—F. W. H. Myers.

3. The Church is the common home
of all.—St. John Chrysostom.

4. Up, Lord, I do; stir us and recall us;
Kindle and draw us; inflame, grow
Sweet unto us; let us now love, let us
run.

—St. Augustine.

5. Peace I leave with you, my
peace I give unto you; not as the world
giveth, do I give unto you.—St. John
XIV.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What man approached nearest to the North pole?
2. Where and by whom was the first library opened in America?
3. Who was called the Swedish Nightingale?
4. What American hero was called the American Robin Hood?
5. Behold a vision and leave twenty quires of paper.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Of my first is made my second,
and my second backs my first, my
whole is used to keep my first in order.
What flies only when its wings are
broken?
What fields are best to dance in?
Why is an honest man like a carpen-
ter?
When may a man call his wife
"honey?"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH.

1. Plummet.
2. Alphabet.
3. I haven't a notion—(an ocean.)
4. Because he makes notes.
5. It is the *soul* of business.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS
IN MARCH.

1. Pulaski and Kosciusko.
2. The Savannah in 1818.
3. St. Ambrose of Milan.
4. Cardinal Newman.
5. Thought.

AN EASTER EGG.

BY P. A. B.

During the Easter days I spent a very enjoyable afternoon in viewing the many interesting art treasures in the New York Museum of Art up in Central Park. My ravished eyes were eagerly following the details of the beautiful miniature of the renowned Cathedral of Notre Dame. What a crowd of thoughts then suggested themselves! One thing called up another, so wonderful is the association of ideas. The Cathedral suggested "Archbishop," the display in the Broadway windows reminded one of "Easter" and the ornithological collection over at the Museum of Natural History threw the word "Egg" on the mental canvas. So, you see, those three words, "Archbishop," "Easter" and "Egg" thrown together in a seemingly haphazard way were not without meaning. In truth it was the key to a true and pathetic incident which might be new to some readers of the "Carmelite Review." And here it is.

You are all well aware that the good Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy, heroically met death at the hands of the infuriated mob in 1871. For some days prior to the execution His Grace, with many valiant priests, was confined to a dark cell in the prison at Mazas. One day, during the Easter season, a poor woman visited the prison, and begged one of the guards to allow her to see the Archbishop. The guard was astounded at the boldness of the woman's request, and the fact of her being a woman alone saved her from paying dear for such seeming rashness.

"The prisoner Darboy cannot be seen. You ought to be well aware of that," sharply exclaimed the rude soldier.

"But I beg it as a great favor, sir," gently insisted the woman.

"Who are 'you? Have you papers? What is your name?"

"My name is Clementia."

"I know no such name. Show your papers."

The woman remained silent.

"Go then!" shouted the man, "otherwise I shall arrest you for daring to use a title in referring to the prisoner Darboy. Go at once!"

"Before I go, please have the kindness to give this to the prisoner."

"What is it?"

Something perfectly harmless. 'Tis only an Easter egg?"

"Easter! O yes, that is one of those silly feasts of the priests. To the devil with them! We keep no Easter here."

"But will you not please give this to him?"

"Leave it here and now get out!"

The poor woman placed the egg on a bench and hurriedly left the uninviting place. Shortly after her departure, another officer entered the room where the foregoing dialogue had taken place.

"What's new?" he asked in a harsh tone.

"Nothing, captain, except that a woman called here, and left this for the prisoner Darboy," said the subordinate, as he pointed towards the small object lying on the table.

"Give it to me," said the Captain.

That evening the officers had a noisy banquet in the Rue Saint Honore. The Captain, of course, was there. During the course of the evening, as might be expected, the conversation turned on to some very strong denunciations of the clergy and religion in general. The Captain produced the egg in question.

"A part of the Easter ceremony," said the Captain as he held the egg in his hand. A great laugh from his mess-mates was the response.

"Eggs play a great part in intrigues at times. Open it, Captain. Perhaps you will find something concealed in it," said an officer.

The egg was accordingly opened. It exposed a piece of paper tightly folded together. It contained some writing.

"Read it!" said everyone in chorus.

The note read:

"Most Reverend Archbishop: Since I find it impossible to see you in person, I have taken this unusual means of expressing to you my heartfelt gratitude for your many kindnesses to me and my children. Only for you we would have died ere this from illness and starvation. Now we thank you, and humbly beg your blessing. One of these days about two o'clock I shall bring the children to some spot near the prison window, where you can see them and bless them—."

Here the reader was interrupted by the loud laughter of his comrades.

"A great conspiracy! is it not?" laughingly remarked the Captain.

"Not particularly dangerous," said someone, "but has the note a signature?"

"Certainly. But I can hardly make it out. It reads—C-l-e-m-e-n-t-i-a—Yes—now I have it—Clementia Arpentini."

As he said this the Captain's face turned ghastly pale. All eyes were upon him.

"Clementia Arpentini" he continued—"she is—yes—she is my mother—and miserable man! 'tis I who brought her into such miserable condition—yes, I caused her to beg."

With this he rushed from the room, leaving the others in a state of bewilderment.

The future fate of the Captain remained a mystery. Everyone supposed that he fled during one of the many skirmishes in the streets.

Later on, as the Archbishop was brought out for execution, a soldier in a torn and muddy uniform was seen to rush forward and throw himself on his knees before the martyr-prelate.

"Your grace," he exclaimed, "I, too, must face death, but before the fatal moment I beg you to bless me, as you blessed my poor mother and brothers."

That evening the Captain's body lay cold and quiet, awaiting the great and final day of Resurrection.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

"A Happy Easter!" coming from the heart will not fail to go to the heart of your neighbor. It is a Christian salutation which costs little and does much good.

.

"Christ is Risen!" and it is time for you to arise. That is the meaning of the Easter bells. Do not dream your life away. Time enough to sleep when the bells toll at your funeral.

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There is but one short-cut method of going to your Paschal duty. It is all contained in the little word—go.

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Amidst the grand alleluja song of Easter let us not fail to congratulate the Queen of heaven who suffered so much to procure our redemption. Unite with Holy Church and sing *Regina coeli Lactare*, Alleluja.

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Dame Fashion comes in for a goodly share of attention at Easter tide. But a gorgeous head-gear will not enhance our beauty in the sight of heaven. "The beauty of the King's daughter is within."

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All that remains of White (or Low) Sunday is the name which is pregnant with meaning. It is a silent reminder of your baptismal innocence. Did you lose it or will you try to regain it at Easter?

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Old as she is, according to our way of speaking, the Easter moon will be new after the next equinox. When we come to think of it, how many glad and sad scenes has that old satellite

witnessed on this planet of ours. No sadder scene though than a Catholic deliberately neglecting to perform his Easter duty.

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"We are too bigoted—let us be more liberal" was a remark of one of our "new" Catholics. We have a right to be bigoted for we have the truth. We should exercise charity to our separated brethren. Let us do so by all means. But as for a "liberal" Catholic we have no use. He has done harm enough.

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There are 1,143 female clergymen (?) in the United States, according to the last official census. Of course they all ignore the Apostle's injunction against women preaching. We know more than one humble nun and pious mother, who, unknown to the noisy world, does more real and lasting good to the race in a week than all those 1,143 female apostles accomplish in a lifetime.

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Some people complain that the Holy Week ceremonies are long and tedious and to them without much meaning. If these lukewarm Catholics would take the trouble to get a *Holy Week Book* from one of our publishers, they would find much that is beautiful and instructive in these grand ceremonies.

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We again advertise the fact that after this month no one can be enrolled in what has been popularly known as the Five Scapulars. The Brown Scapular must be given separately

according to the rubrics of the Roman ritual. So runs the papal decree. It will be well for all concerned to make a note of this.

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The fact that some neglect to register the names of persons invested in the Scapular does not wipe away the obligation to do so.

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We know boys and girls who have become proficient readers, and whose fathers or brothers have gotten into the habit of doing some serious thinking on their own account. And it all came about by the child reading aloud a chapter from some good book. A page, or two, of Thomas a Kempis is not going to spoil your breakfast.

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And now it is said that another place of pilgrimage has sprung up near Lilly, in France. In consequence the wise member of the psychological society wipes his glasses, and makes ready to probe the matter to the bottom. But a wag of his lucid head does not change the faith of Mary's true clients.

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At present in about 200 towns in the United States the curfew bell is rung every evening in winter at 8 and summer at 9 o'clock. It is about time for this old laudable custom to again come in vogue. Great good will come of it. Would that it became a universal custom. After all it is a sad commentary on delinquent parents who shift their obligations on the shoulders of the civil authorities. Children who have good parents and a happy home have no need of a curfew bell.

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Some one has said that if every book were destroyed except the story of our Lord's Passion, it alone would suffice

to save and sanctify all mankind. A short meditation these days on the words, "Who suffered?" "What did He suffer?" and "For whom?" would work miracles in your soul. There is desolation in the land because so few think in their hearts. This can apply to you. Think, and think now. For, not next year—nor when your hair is white, but "*now is the acceptable time.*"

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There are divers roads to heaven, but one of the most certain, and the easiest-going, is to accompany your Blessed Mother. Give her a word, or at least a look of sympathy during this Passion tide, and you will feel a better and happier Christian for having thus paid your debt of filial devotion to the loving *Mater Dolorosa*.

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The magazines have shown unusual activity of late in giving their readers reminiscences of the great men of this century. None eclipse in interest the memoirs of the present illustrious successor of St. Peter. Leo's school-day letters, so happily preserved to posterity, are most pathetic, full of piety and filial devotion. One cannot peruse them without imbibing some of their genial warmth. We feel drawn to the tender heart of our great spiritual father, when we read of his ardent devotion to the divine Childhood as expressed in his letters to his mother. What consoling reading it would be for anxious parents had they a collection of these letters in book-form! And here we feel moved to say that devotion to the divine Child is one of the most potent means of fostering and preserving innocence in our rising generation. Zealous pastors who have established such societies for the innocent ones of their flocks have seen their best hopes more than realized.

There is a choice little bit of meat for meditation, for some of us to turn over at times in our minds, in this saying of Ruskin: "There is a care for trifles which proceeds from love and conscience, and is most holy; and a care for trifles which comes of idleness and frivolity, and is most base."

.

"My illness is the want of the joys of life. I feel lonely," groans Bismarck in his old days. Is this what is left of the great "man of blood and iron?" What a homily in those few words. Here is the man whose greatest joy was once to persecute God's church. Even his joys must pass away. Truly history repeats itself. And does not the poet tell us that "time is the old justice that examines all offenders?" The good Christian never feels lonely.

.

"Union is strength!" This is why so much good to Christian society can be done when our Catholic mothers work together. Hence we cannot too highly recommend the *union of Christian mothers*, which does so much good in our German parishes. Nothing else can curb the false notions of independence infused into young America who learns too early to stand up for his rights.

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"It is the preacher's mission to sadden, but ours to gladden," says an actress, whose brazen-faced indecency on the stage created a sensation. Some preachers, we grant, do sadden, for instance the notorious Ingersoll, whose sayings are known to have driven some poor wretches to a suicide's grave. But the gospel of God's church produces a gladness of heart which alone deserves the name. Actors and actresses gladden, too. Some of them,

alas! gladden the devil by means of sending him a good harvest of victims.

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Sympathy between the reader and an author is often misplaced. Very true, too, when we consider some who have feathered their nests by the pleasant occupation of tickling the risibilities of a reading public. It is a poor business to poke fun at things which we hold as sacred. Hence those of us who now reproach ourselves with having lost some precious moments in following up the over-strained attempts at humor in "Innocents Abroad" have little pity for the author who now finds himself in a well-nigh penniless condition. His gains were ill-gotten and "Mark Twain" has no reason to complain.

.

Is it not time we had a daily Catholic newspaper? This is no new suggestion. The thing *is* possible, as we see in the case of our German friends. There is capital enough. What is wanting is good will and organized effort. Why does not one of the summer schools take the lead? The time is ripe. What more opportune days than these when every self-respecting man and woman is turning away with disgust from the unsavory stuff forced on patient Americans by the "new"—or, (as some one puts it)—"nude" journalism?

A Letter of Thanksgiving.

STRATFORD, March 19.

REVEREND FATHER,—Inclosed please find donation for Mass in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel as a thanksgiving for a successful transaction; also thanks for the improvement of a friend's health, and ask the prayers for employment for a brother. I promised to have it published in the REVIEW.

A READER OF THE REVIEW.