



VOICES FROM PURGATORY.

"Misereamini mei, misereamini mei, saltem vos amici mei."

For the Carmelite Review.



LIST to the mournful pleading,
 Like tear-drops of summer rain,
 It falls from the clouded spirits
 In the far off land of pain.
 They have passed the "shady valley,"
 The footsteps of Jesus trod;
 They have heard the last sweet sentence,
 And are safe in the hands of God.
 But they pine, alas! in darkness,
 For earth-stains have dimmed their
 sight,
 And they cannot gaze on the brightness
 Of heaven's unclouded light.
 So they watch, impatient, longing,
 For the dawn of its golden day;
 They pray not, "Oh! let this chalice
 Pass soon from my lips away."
 But they sigh in plaintive cadence,
 "Have pity, O friends, on me!
 You are sleeping, perchance, in sorrow,
 And heed not our misery."
 Oh! list to that tender pleading,
 And like to the Angel calm,
 Who strengthened the heart of Jesus,
 Let us bring to these souls our balm.
 Praying that light eternal
 May shine o'er that land of shade,
 And the peace of God supernal,
 Be theirs in the home He made.

ECHO.

List to the mournful pleading,
 Like tear-drops of summer rain,
 It falls from the clouded spirits
 In the far off land of pain.

"Misereamini mei, saltem vos amici mei."

R. I. P.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

DUBLIN, Ireland.

The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

JAMES A. McMASTER,

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

Edited by REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the *Carmelite Review*.

CHAPTER III.

JAS. A. McMASTER AS A CATHOLIC JOURNALIST—LETTERS OF POPES PIUS IX AND LEO XIII ON CATHOLIC JOURNALISM—McMASTER'S CHAMPIONSHIP OF TRUTH—ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S TRIBUTE TO HIS GREAT FAITH AND LOVE OF THE CHURCH OF GOD—FATHER HECKER PLACES HIS NAME BESIDE THAT OF THE GREAT BROWNSON—MR. MAURICE F. EGAN'S ESTIMATE OF HIS LOSS BY DEATH TO CATHOLIC JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN our country, unfortunately, an unchristian press is guaranteed the fullest license, and the evils that flow from that license are widely spread. It is certain that this unrestricted range of a press unheeded of God, which thousands of men are ready to abuse, and which allows every one to constitute himself a teacher of the people, whilst it must be suffered, cannot be defended either on principles of reason or of faith. It becomes, therefore, not only our privilege, but even our solemn duty to combat the unchristian by a truly christian press, a matter on which Popes Pius IX and Leo XIII have spoken in an unmistakable manner:

"Providence," said Pius IX, "has given in our days a special mission to the Catholic press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of the faith, where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference has caused them to be forgotten."

And again he said:

"May God bless and direct, through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, to whom they wish to commend themselves, the writers of Catholic Periodicals, who defend the cause of religion, its rights and those of this Apostolic See, obediently and faithfully abiding by its teaching and councils."

And again, in an encyclical letter, Pius IX, requests the bishops

"To assist with all good will and favor those men who, animated with Catholic spirit, and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defence and propagation of Catholic doctrine."

A letter addressed, in the name of Pope Pius IX, to the editors of the *Il Credente Catholico* (The faithful Catholic) reads as follows:

"Since the church is at present exposed to so many bitter attacks, and the truth she teaches is so violently impugned, and since the number of impious newspapers, and their licentious manner of speaking is so great, it has, indeed, been very gratifying to our Holy Father to learn that there are also Catholic editors, who, in their newspapers, endeavor to expose the erroneous principles of the times, to enlighten the minds of the people who are deceived by these perverse doctrines, to instil into their hearts, religious sentiments and to confirm them therein, and to preserve the purity of morals, and to defend the sacred rights of the church.

"These services which you have been rendering to religion as well as the service of those who have subscribed to your paper, have been most pleasing to His Holiness. As these services in vindicating Catholic truths, are, on the one hand, proofs of the loyalty and devotedness of those who have imposed upon themselves such a duty which, though most excellent, yet is, in truth, very arduous, and for the most part, unappreciated, so also, on the other hand, those who value your efforts by supporting them with their subscriptions, show true filial piety for their common mother, the church, whom in this way they endeavor to console and gladden in her great afflictions and trials. Hence His Holiness wishes me to let you know, both the editors and subscribers to their paper, how much pleasure you give him, and to exhort you to continue to combat cheerfully for justice, and not to suffer yourselves by any kind of difficulties to relent in this holy warfare. And in order that, with the grace of God, you may be able to accomplish your work, and also in order to show his great love for you, he most affectionately bestows upon you all his Apostolic Benediction.

"FRANCISCU'S MERCURELLI,

"SS. D. N. a Brev. ad Pr."

Die 28 Junii, 1875 (*Acta S. Sedis*, Vol. VIII, p. 622.)

In an audience granted by Leo XIII to the Rev. Domenico Tinetti, successor to the late Don Giacomo Margotti, as editor of the *Unita Catholica* of Turin, His Holiness, after words of affectionate appreciation of the services rendered to the church by the deceased editor, spoke approvingly of the *Unita Catholica*, reminding the editor

that "in these sad times the work of Catholic journalism is, of all others, most necessary and useful, since it serves to refute errors so widely spread by the infidel press," and he imparted a paternal blessing to the editorial staff and to the proprietors of the *Unita*.

On the 20th of February, 1879, Leo XIII. assured the representatives of the Catholic press throughout the world that never before was the church more in need of the powerful aid of the Catholic press than she was at the time he addressed them, when she was beset by perils of all sorts: perils that threatened not only the sanctity of truth, but which aimed at subverting the whole fabric of state and society. He urged upon them to be *vigilant in their defence of the truth, to be watchful of the insidious attacks of error and unbelief, to be temperate in their language, harmonious among themselves, and faithful to the TEACHINGS AND VIEWS OF THE CHURCH.* "For," said he, "the necessity of this concord, appears the greater, when we remember that, even among those who are numbered as Catholics, *there are some who take it upon themselves to decide and define, on their private judgment, public controversies of the gravest moment.*"

In these words of Pius IX and of Leo XIII the great services rendered by good Catholic newspapers, to the church, are fairly acknowledged and highly praised.

"It is, therefore, very wrong" say the fathers of the Third Plenary Council, of Baltimore, "not to use the power of the press for the defence and propagation of the faith, and to leave so powerful a weapon entirely in the hands of our enemies. In order to oppose good to evil we promulgate again the decrees which preceding councils have made concerning this matter. Let ecclesiastics as well as laymen, who have sufficient talents, apply most diligently to good literature and sciences. Let them defend the faith, the morals and the rights of the church. Let them, under the auspices of the bishops, frequently publish small volumes and distribute them broadcast over the entire land.

"We therefore cannot help bestowing high praises upon those priests and laymen who have endeavored in this country to serve the Catholic cause by composing either small or large volumes, or, who, for the same cause, have written articles for newspapers. These men will be blessed forever. May the number of such men daily increase.

"It is our heartfelt desire to see a Catholic paper published for each province and recommended and even supported, if necessary, by means supplied by the bishops. Although we recommend a Catholic paper for each diocese, yet we believe that the Catholic cause will be better served if one Catholic paper is published for each province, for it is then easier to obtain the means of supporting it and to engage learned men to write for it and gradually to improve it.

"It is very desirable to see in one of our larger cities a Catholic paper published, which in every respect, equals any other paper in the country. It is not necessary that it should be called Catholic. All that is necessary is that besides giving such news as is eagerly looked for in other papers, it should defend the Catholic religion against the attacks of its enemies and explain Catholic doctrine, and never espouse anything scandalous and unbecoming.

"But if we on one hand, recommend Catholic papers, we must, on the other, remind the faithful of the fact that not all papers which boast of their catholicity are truly Catholic. The writers of such papers boast of their Catholic name, but by their example and writings, they bring shame on that holy name and expose it to ridicule. For they publish and spread *their opinions among the people which are not too often well-colored.* Besides, they try insidiously, cunningly, and craftily to unset the authority of the church, and attack it even openly. Let Catholics, therefore, consider only such papers as truly Catholic, which explain and guard the doctrine of the church at home and abroad, and are willing in all things to submit to ecclesiastical authority. However, it must be remembered that not all articles, which are contained in truly Catholic papers are to be looked upon as coming from the authority of the church or the bishop. Hence in order to guard readers against being deceived in this matter, our predecessors have taught them the following: 'In order to understand truly and clearly the relation of a bishop in regard to ecclesiastical pamphlets or Catholic papers, in order that neither any Catholic nor any adversary of ours may have any reason to raise any doubt or cavil in such a matter, the Fathers of this Plenary Council hereby profess and declare that the approbation of a bishop which is usually given to Catholic papers, has no other meaning than that the bishop is of opinion that the writers of such papers will say nothing that is contrary to faith and good morals, and that he also has good reason to hope that the editors are such men, whose writings will be useful and edifying, and that the bishop is by no means responsible for everything that may be contained in such papers, except that which he himself, in virtue of his office,

teaches, admonishes, commands or forbids and publishes in such papers over his name." (Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, p. 125-127.)

From what has been said the duty of Catholic journalists is very clear. According to Pius IX it is their duty to endeavor to expose the erroneous principles of the times, to enlighten the minds of the people who are deceived by these perverse doctrines; to instill into their hearts religious sentiments and to confirm them therein, and to preserve the purity of morals, and to defend the sacred rights of the church.

According to Leo XIII the editors of Catholic papers must show themselves *valiant in the defence of every Catholic truth*. They must be *faithful to the teachings and views of the church, and harmonious among themselves*, that is to say, *in one and the same doctrine, in one and the same sense, in one and the same judgment*, as the Vatican Council says:

"In so evil a state of affairs," says Leo XIII in one of his encyclicals, "it is the first duty of everyone to reflect and be on his guard, that he may, by vigilant care, securely defend the faith which he has received, by guarding against dangers and by being always armed against the fallacies and sophisms of the day. To give steadfastness to virtue, we judge that it is most useful and suitable in these times to study diligently Christian doctrine, according to each one's capacity and opportunity, and to imbue the mind as far as possible with the things of religion. And since our faith must not only be pure and uncorrupted in our minds, but also increase constantly day by day, the humble petition of the apostles must be often repeated, *Aduge nobis flumen*, 'Lord, increase our faith.'" (St. Luke xvii. 5.)

Now, in order to be able to contend against the errors of the time, something more than the mere knowledge of the catechism is necessary. In order to uphold and defend orthodox Catholic doctrine, the editor or head manager of a Catholic paper must have learned more than a good catechism; he must have a sound, clear knowledge of the doctrines of the church, and of the *form of sound words* in which to express Catholic truths. Hence it is that St. Paul wrote to Timothy: "Hold the form of sound words which thou hast heard from me in faith!" (II. Tim. i. 13.)

Such learning is necessary for Catholic journalists, in order to be able to comply with their duties. A Catholic editor should

know his religion well enough to be able to judge, or at least to doubt, whether an article on religion written for publication be orthodox. There are some who, instead of spreading and defending the truth, have spread and defended religious errors condemned by the church, not, of course, from real malice, but from more or less culpable ignorance. When Mr. McMaster was convinced that God had called him to be a Catholic journalist, and to devote all his energies to the interests of religion, he went to consult the Rev. Fr. G. Rimpler, C. S. S. R., on this all important matter. "Well," said this Father to him, "as you are going to be a Catholic journalist, you must make yourself thoroughly acquainted with every truth that the Catholic church teaches, and with the true meaning of each truth, otherwise you will not be able to render great services to our religion." McMaster followed this advice. He thoroughly studied the truths of the Catholic religion as contained in the holy scripture and tradition, and explained by fathers and doctors of the church, and by general councils and Roman Pontiffs.

"Endowed, as he was," says M. F. Egan, "with sound religious knowledge, an intellect of extraordinary power, which had been trained and developed in the highest degree by careful habits of study and discipline, he was peculiarly fitted to cope with the great exigencies that constantly arose with the changes of thought and opinion that affected the public mind about the time he assumed editorial control of the paper with which his name has so long been honorably associated. The vigorous powers which he inherited from his sturdy Scotch ancestry enabled him to withstand the steady fire of every malignant and bitter enemy of the church who had access to the columns of the bigoted public prints of the day. He became the special target of all the scribblers of that class by having renounced his allegiance to a sect, that was powerful in the number and respective ability of its following, for the Catholic faith, whose body was composed largely of poor emigrants.

"He met every attack, however, unflinchingly, and answered personal abuse with such clear and powerful arguments in support of the Faith that was in him, that he soon left his assailants naked to the scorn of reason. It was found to be an unprofitable undertaking to provoke a controversy with him. His mental equipment was too complete to encourage mere theological dabbles to a passage of arms. The logical vent of his mind, the solid qualities of his learning, a wonderful retentiveness of memory

and perfect mastery of the English language, armed him at every point against an antagonist. He was a fearless champion of the Faith he had espoused, and in making or repelling an attack he was always actuated by the highest motives of duty. No question of personal advantage could ever induce him to maintain an attitude of silence where there was the faintest possibility of misconstruing his position on any matter of principle, nor could any fear of personal loss prevent him from making an ardent defence of what appeared to him as the light of truth or justice. He was gifted with a keen scent for any manner of abuse, whether of power or privilege, and did not hesitate to call attention to the overstepping of prerogatives on the part of either civil or ecclesiastical officers. Nor did he confine himself to gentle hints on these occasions, but expressed his opinion of such acts in the most unmi-stakable terms, frequently incurring thereby the ill-will of the persons thus brought into notice. No position in the church or state was too exalted to command his unfavorable attention when circumstances seemed to require it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SOME LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

AMONG the many letters of thanksgiving for favors obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, we publish the following by special request:

PITTSBURG, Sept. 25, 1894.

DEAR FATHER.—According to a promise made to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, please have the following published in the *CARME-LITE REVIEW*:

My father, who had neglected his religious duties for over forty years, went to confession the first of this week, and received Holy Communion this morning. A small Scapular you sent me some time ago I asked him to wear, and he has been living a better life since. M. W.

Another letter reaches us from Wisconsin:

DEAR FATHER.—I enclose five dollars for the Hospice Building Fund as an offering of thanks for a favor obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. I promised to have it published in the *CARME-LITE REVIEW*. Your most obedient servant, D. D.—Wisconsin.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER.—It is with pleasure that I write to you to return

thanks to Our Blessed Lady for several favors received through her intercession. I wrote to you asking to have prayers through the *REVIEW*, for a good situation for my sister's husband, and for the conversion of a young man. The first favor was granted in about four weeks, and the young man, who had not been to his duties for years, went to confession and communion shortly after. C. B. COLGAN, Ont.

DEAR FATHER.—Enclosed you will find five dollars. Please say a High Mass in thanksgiving to God for the recovery of my boy from that severe affliction. He is now free of it, thank God. Since I asked your prayers for him, he is well. He had dreadful fits, which he got through a fright. No doctors or medicine could cure him.

I thank Our Dear Lord for sending you and your dear companions to this land, and as long as I can, I will give my little help to your holy work in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

Mrs. F., B., Ont.

REV. DEAR FATHER.—On a former occasion the prayers of the Carmelites as well as the readers of the *REVIEW* were asked for a young man who disappeared very mysteriously, and also for his conversion. I now hasten to thank the Blessed Virgin, as on the feast of St. Anne he was heard from, and on the thirteenth of August two days before the feast of the Assumption, he received holy communion for the first time in ten years and is very practical since his return. M. A. S.

ABOUT the most foolish thing that can be done is to try to live a Christian life without religion.

THE words of the Holy Scripture are full of sweet consolation to the chaste, prudent and humble spirit.—VEN. DE BLOIS, O.S.B.

IS the work of salvation, we must employ against the enemy the weapons with which he strives to destroy us.—ST. IGNATIUS.

God has preserved you so far: only keep yourself faithful to the law of his providence, and he will assist you at all times, and where you cannot walk he will carry you.

The Evolution of a Rose.

For the Carmelite Review.



MARK ANGELA REPELLISSY.

WALKING homeward at sunset, late in May, I turned from the dust and noise of a thoroughfare into an avenue free from those afflicting accompaniments of the horse-car. Tranquillity and verdure enshrouded me sweetly. Sounds of voices from the porches and childish laughter warned me that I was not alone.

Glancing through the odorous woodbine I distinguished a pair of eloquent eyes, and at them I levelled my question.

"Does Mrs. Baird live here?"

"Yes."

The answer was vouchsafed in a low tone, which came to me muffled by the drooping ringlets that veiled the face and shrouded the shoulders of the speaker.

"What is *your* name?"

A minute's bashful silence, and then, from the corner of the porch, response sprang, crisply from a self-reliant young woman of eight years.

"I'll tell you; that's Paula Baird, she's ten years old, this is her birthday party."

Giving my thanks to the spokeswoman, and committing to the bashful Paula a message for her mother, I took myself off speedily, quite embarrassed by the childish group. I have a great apprehension of the criticism of little girls, they are often so penetrating in their discernment and so unrestrained in the expression of their impressions, that I find them quite awful.

The next week brought my wedding day; this opened to me a new era into which Mrs. Baird's family entered not. My trip, the inauguration of housekeeping, and soon the joyful cares of motherhood absorbed me for the next few years.

Our home was chosen in a newly developed part of the city, in which a church was speedily built. Into it gathered many of our former acquaintances, drawn like ourselves to the higher ground and purer air of our neighborhood. As a member of the choir I renewed one of the enjoyments of my earlier days. I was approached at

rehearsal one evening by two imposing young women.

"Is not this Mrs. Dent?" said the elder. "This is my sister, Paula Baird. Have you forgotten me? I am Corinne."

"I do not forget that your dear mother had two daughters, Corinne and Paula," I replied, "but they were very lovable little girls. With you two splendid young women I have great pleasure in forming acquaintance as their successors. When I wrote inviting the Misses Baird to join our choir I little thought that in the singer, whose praises I hear on every side, I should find the daughter of our old friend."

I found Paula was still bashful. Both sisters were tall, but Paula drooped as if ashamed of her height. Her ringlets were now restrained within a massive plait that hung far below her waist.

"Indeed, Mrs. Dent," she said hurriedly, "you have been misinformed regarding my ability. I have sung only in the convent, and am afraid of the sound of my own voice. I did not wish to come this evening, but mother insisted that we should reply to your note in person."

I assured Paula that we were a very modest party of amateurs, amongst whom she would find herself speedily at home, and I convinced her that her assistance would be very much appreciated.

Our organist, a great boy of nineteen, was a musical enthusiast, and this his first choir. When the rich tones of Paula's voice gave forth the *Agnus Dei* of Weber's Mass, Ralph glowed with enthusiasm. At the end of the accompaniment he cried, "by George, that *is* singing," and wheeling round on the music stool he looked at Paula in admiration. The blank stare of surprise that met his gaze repelled him, and sent him back to the score. The quick suffusion of rosy red in Paula's face marked her resentment. Poor Ralph was quite abashed. The society of girls he had never cared for, finding himself more at home in the ball field; his sister's friends he found a great bore. Learning how to approach Paula more gently, he soon found her a delightful companion, as he told his mother:

"Miss Baird knows such a jolly lot about music."

Loss of money and partial loss of sight reduced Paula's father to a pitiable condition about this time, and brought to Paula

the bitter tonic of adversity. Corinne married and with her husband lived at home.

A few boarders were admitted to the family; with their entrance departed the privacy of home, and Paula found herself a stranger in her father's house. She came to me one afternoon quite heart-broken.

"Won't you let me live with you, Mrs. Dent? I cannot bear it at home."

"Dear heart," said I, "my rose-bud has encountered a hail storm and must lie low until the pelting ceases. A girl who wilfully leaves her father's house places herself in a questionable position."

"Father is so changed, he is so unjust to mother and me. Mother says nothing, but I have to tell him what I think, when he is so horrid. Corinne and Horace lord it over me too. They treat me as if I were a child."

"There is but one remedy."

"What is that?"

"Patience."

"No, Mrs. Dent, my mother is patient, and people trample on her."

"And thereby diffuse her sweetness. Do your expostions lighten her burdens?"

"I know they don't, but at the time I have to let myself go."

"Like the steam that bursts the boiler and scalds the passengers. Under proper direction the same force would be useful instead of disastrous. I see your side very clearly. I have great admiration for the qualities you have shown since your father's afflictions. Your industry and neatness have made you a treasure to your mother. I also recognize the frets that gail you sorely, and am convinced that you cannot prevent them. Have you ever tried to secure some employment?"

"What can I do?"

"You sing beautifully."

"Don't mention it. You have no idea what I suffer when singing a solo, even in that little church. I can scarcely control my voice. I tremble so."

"I dreamed you were about to mate."

"You mean Ralph?"

"I saw you were congenial."

"I did like him, but not in that way.

From his sister's rudeness I discovered that the family were much exercised at the friendship between Ralph and me. Bless their hearts, they can dismiss all anxiety on that score. I conceived a positive dis-

like for him as soon as he showed me marked attentions. I always think a man must be a fool when he begins making love to me. Ralph is but a boy."

"He is of your own age."

"That means that I am five years older. As a woman I have that advantage. Ralph thinks he is independent. I told him recently that he did not know the meaning of the word. Why he is afraid of his sister, who knows nothing but fashion, and who is only a pretentious simpleton."

A long illness and my subsequent absence in Europe separated me from my favorite rose-bud. On our return Paula was first to meet me. I found her a stately young woman, whose pose expressed self-reliance; her luxuriant hair was coiled gracefully about her shapely head, curling tendrils framed her wide, low forehead. Very fondly she gazed upon me, with an expression of solicitous proprietorship that my long absence from the home-folks rendered very satisfying. Immediately I found myself taken in charge by one eminently fitted for responsibility. She superintended all the details of our transference from the steamer with a wonderfully capable air.

After we were settled in our new home an hour came at last for the interchange of experiences.

To my remark, "I find you wonderfully changed, dear," Paula answered:

"I suppose so, I feel very old and stony-hearted, but I am happier by far than when you left us. I took your advice and ceased to storm. Corinne's baby has also proved a peace-maker. From the day she came I was able to soothe her and care for her. While Corinne was in her room Horace was more dependent on me, and we began to tolerate each other. One day I condescended to ask him about my securing a position. He immediately interested himself, and through his efforts I got the clerkship that I now hold at twelve hundred a year. I have learned much from contact with bread-winners. Among my companions are women very superior to me in ability and education. I know that many of them are the support of their families, and have sad histories. The mother of one has been crippled by rheumatism and is comparatively helpless. The husband of another is dying of consumption. A third has assumed the care of an

orphan niece, who has been paralyzed from infancy, and yet, in spite of these sad responsibilities, these women are sweet tempered and kindly to everyone. Contact with them made me despise my peevishness and silly touchiness. When I received an unpleasant remark I began to test the truthfulness of it, and usually found the sting was keenest where the truth was greatest. This discovery turned my would-be enemies into friends. After that I made some progress in the art of living."

One summer evening Paula introduced a new friend. We found in Senor Moreno a delightful acquaintance; grave and rather silent, but not dull. He spoke our language very slowly, but apprehended perfectly the conversations around him. I noted that he was quietly observant of Paula and that her rippling laughter found echo in his beautiful smile.

Soon after their visit we left the city for some months, during which Mr. Baird died. Then came the news of Paula's marriage, and, a little later, Senor Moreno returned to Europe to secure an appointment from the Spanish government, that would place him in Washington. Paula remained with her mother. Diplomatic affairs are often notably slow, and that of Paula's husband proved to be of this class. Months passed in suspense, little Manuel was born, and became a hardy baby before Paula saw her husband again. After several depressing letters, she received, one day, a cablegram: "Come to me at once, sad."

She embarked in November. Arrived in Havre, she was sadly disappointed by the non-appearance of her husband at the dock. She proceeded to the hotel from which he had frequently written to her. The wife of the proprietor met her very cordially, and showed her to the room recently occupied by Senor Moreno.

Paula's school-girl French was scarcely sufficient to the emergency. She comprehended with some difficulty that her husband was in ill health, and had been compelled to leave for Spain, before the arrival of the vessel on which she sailed.

"Here hung your photograph, madame," said the kind-hearted woman. "Your husband used to sit here in this chair, and look at it so fondly."

"Paula turned sadly to the open window, and found herself looking into a court-yard.

In front of her a church. As she gazed, the leathern curtain was drawn aside from the doorway, and a funeral procession advanced towards her, the uncovered body borne upon a bier, preceded by the cross, held on high, and escorted by candle-bearers. The sobs of the mourners came to her on the wind.

Paula burst into tears, and cried as if she had reached the lowest depths of desolation. A knock at the door introduced a telegram from her husband, asking her to join him at Madrid. She began her long journey the same evening. Manuel slept sweetly as the train rushed on; for miles their way carried them through long lines of Lombardy poplars. They seemed like tipsy giants reeling in the moonlight.

Frequently a huge windmill flashed across the view, looking like some bird of ill omen. At a station near Madrid Paula found awaiting her a younger brother of her husband. He spoke in English, but only a few words: "Calixto not well."

A short drive brought them to the house. Calixto was seated in the open doorway of his apartment, and attempted to rise as Paula approached, but the effort was too great, and he sank down in a fainting condition.

Could this be Calixto? His clothes hung on him, as on a skeleton. His cheeks were hollow. His black eyes, brilliant with fever, fixed on her a hungry gaze. After saluting Paula, he held out his hands to Manuel, who responded to his father's loving invitation, and nestled in his arms. What a picture! What a contrast! Blossom, and decay. Blanca, the devoted sister, of whom Paula had heard so often from Calixto, now drew the traveller away. All was now explained. Calixto had been ill for some weeks, but would not abandon his usual routine. He had remained in Havre, awaiting the arrival of his wife and son, but their delay discouraged him. Paula had been persuaded by the family to postpone her departure until the embarking of a favorite vessel: The letter she wrote announcing the change in her programme failed to arrive, until after Calixto returned home from Havre. The rapid progress of his disease warned him to get home speedily, if he would not die among strangers.

For two months the fond sister and the loving wife devoted themselves to the fast

falling invalid, and then Paula was a widow. Not until her return did I learn the sad experiences through which she had passed.

After resting some days at home, she came, bringing Manuel, to make us a visit. My heart ached as I saw her, calmly, sadly, resume her place among us. The spontaneous girl had given place to the subdued matron.

When Paula left the sitting-room at Manuel's bed time, I soon followed. The door of her apartment stood open. I saw my darling kneeling, her arms extended in the form of a cross, her gaze fixed on the crucifix, suspended beside her bed. The sleeping form of her unconscious infant lay between the mother and the image of her Crucified Redeemer.

With thrilling fervor her words were borne to me: "Look down upon me, good and gentle Jesus, while before Thy face I humbly kneel begging of Thee to fix deep in my heart lively sentiments of Faith, Hope and Contrition, while I consider the words David the prophet has spoken: 'They have pierced my hands and my feet, they have broken all my bones.'" As she arose from her knees, our eyes met. I asked her if that position was not very exhausting.

"Oh! no, I contracted the habit in Spain, where it is quite common. I say only the prayer of the crucifix in that attitude. I love to pray beside my baby. God and my husband seem nearer at that time."

"What a blessing, dear, that you early learned the value of prayer."

"Yes, and I owe it to the choir of the little church: the celebration of the various festivals, the devotions of May and June, the masses of the First Friday, and the services of Lent, all contributed to draw me nearer to our Lord. I grew to love the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and learned much from the frequent performance of the Stations of the Cross. Before the altar I not only laid my burdens down, but I carried away a new perception of life and my relation to it. I discovered that the scales of the sanctuary are the only true standard. My Rosary has brought me wonderful comfort. What a treasure I found it, at sea, and beside Calixto's sick bed. This chat is the last one I expect to have

with you for a long time. I must begin to look for a position."

"Is it necessary?"

"Yes, Calixto's family were very eager to keep us with them, and were very anxious to rear my boy in Spain, but I could not agree to abandon my mother. I know that my husband's brothers have heavy responsibilities, and thus to Calixto's mother and sister is left only an humble competence."

"My own mother is aging fast. I am still young, and with the influence of my brothers-in-law, can surely support myself and child, and lighten my mother's cares. Corinne is devoted to Manuel, and little Alfred is much happier since there is a second child at home."

Before leaving next morning, Paula went to the room where my dear father, a hoary Patriarch, dwelt, imprisoned with paralysis. Kneeling by his chair, tears raining down her face, she held Manuel towards the venerable christian, who waited the "Nunc dimittis."

"Bless me, dear friend. Lay your hand upon my head and bless my boy. May he, like you, serve God faithfully to the end."

The sorrows of the past, the responsibilities of the future, were present with her, but, imbued with diffidence of self and confidence in God, she went bravely forth. Within a month Paula secured a clerkship through letters from Spain. The office was close to the little old church, in which the Catholics of the early part of our century worshipped. There Paula might be seen each afternoon, absorbed in prayer. Five years passed speedily by, and then the company failed, and she was again unsettled. She applied herself to the course of study necessary for a civil service examination, which she passed creditably, only to be confronted by a new difficulty—that without political influence her case was hopeless. The depression consequent on Mr. Baird's loss of sight, and reverse of fortune, had made him a recluse, and thus his old friends lost sight of him long before his death, and Paula knew not where to turn. Corinne became the happy medium quite unexpectedly. The two sisters and Manuel were awaiting a train. The station was crowded. The Washington passengers availed themselves of the "ten minutes for refreshments" to make a descent on the restaurant. Corinne espied, close be-

side her, the great man to whom Paula's application had been sent. Hastily she shared her discovery with her sister, but Paula could do nothing. Borne out of herself by the exigency of the case, Corinne addressed the commissioner:

"Mr. Goodman, I believe?"

"Yes, madame, at your service."

"This is my sister, Mrs. Moreno, whose application you received in June last."

Paula here stammered forth. "I know this is not the proper place to address you on business, but I have long desired for this opportunity. I wish to ask but one question:

"Am I but losing time in waiting for my appointment?"

Everyone is known, and Paula was no exception at that moment. The man of affairs recognized in her a woman of strong character and self-control to guide it. Her clear, grey eyes looked into his, with the trustful candor of a child, whilst the poise of her head showed her capable of putting forth her hand to strong things.

"I think you are a widow?"

"I am."

"And this is your son?"

"Yes."

"I am on my way to meet my little daughter, who is about his size. How well his complexion harmonizes with his name. There is my train. Call at my office in Washington, Wednesday next." Proffering his card, he swung himself on the step of the car which was gliding noiselessly out of the station.

The home of an old friend in the capital gave Paula a welcome shelter during the weeks that elapsed between her call at the office of her new friend and the day of her first appearance "in office."

Ten years have passed since that morning when Paula seated herself at her desk and found herself one of an army of women. How much alike they were at first, and how differently she soon regarded them. The types were numerous as the individuals. The rapid, silly woman, the artful, unscrupulous creature, who considered her fellow creatures as but the ministers to her designs. These, the base cockle, breathed side by side with the rich grain in God's storehouse—the angels of light in many a dark home, the burthen-bearers of many a stricken father, husband or son. Paula's

habit of silent observation of men and affairs had gifted her with unusual discrimination of character.

Always indifferent to compliment, she was not thrown off her guard by flattery, and was thus invulnerable on the side usually most accessible in woman's character. Her native honesty prompted punctuality and fidelity in the discharge of her duties, and procured for her speedy and frequent promotion. At present she receives fifteen hundred dollars a year. Manuel is at Georgetown. Our visit to the college showed him at ball; his red cheeks and flashing black eyes made of him a handsome picture. Mrs. Baird's declining years were consoled by the loving attentions of her children.

The prescribed sojourn at the seaside was provided for her aged mother by Paula's purse, while Corinne, by her constant devotion, made the last hours of her mother's life full of sweetness. A valiant woman is as a fragrant rose! rich in color, she delights and invigorates all around her, lifting the minds of her fellows from the creature to the Creator.

Irish Colleges and Schools.

For the Carmelite Review.

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



IN Ireland, as in other Catholic countries during the middle ages, the torch of science was kindled at that of faith. The church has not taught her children merely to believe, nor restricted her care to the supernatural culture of souls; she took upon herself also the intellectual education of the races whom she initiated in the principles of the gospel. Her monasteries were not simply the retreats of contemplation and penance, nurseries of missionaries and saints; they were also schools, where letters were studied and taught, and where under the shield of religion the great classical traditions of antiquity were preserved and perpetuated.

So it was with the communities founded in Ireland during the fifth and sixth centuries. These communities rivalled the great monastic schools of Gaul. Virgil was

explained and Cicero was transcribed; Greek literature was cultivated with especial care and zeal; no subject was excluded from research and discussion: it was considered a glory to be as bold in speculation as to be firm and faithful to the dogmas of the church.

The monastic schools of Ireland soon came to enjoy a high reputation. In the seventh century students came from Gaul, in order to imitate the higher and better developed knowledge in Greek, music and poetry than could be had at home. Later on in the tenth and eleventh centuries, when Europe was one scene of war and contentions, Ireland preserved intact in her monasteries and schools the culture of letters and sciences.

The so called Reformation saw the end of those haunts of piety and learning, which had done no less signal service to letters than to religion, and no less honor to the human mind than to the gospel. Proscribed and hunted down shortly afterwards, the Irish clergy were obliged to abandon the work of education and unfortunately it fell into the hands of heretics. For three centuries of penal laws, persecutions and prescriptions, Catholic education, as well as religion, was banned. Both were looked after as well as they could be during these years, but at the dawn of this century a better time came. Catholics obtained some share of liberty; and as soon as they did, churches, schools, monasteries and convents rose up all over the land, as if by magic, and now religion and education go on again, hand in hand, and our students, men and women, boys and girls, carry off the laurels from all competitors. They have swept all before them, showing that Irish Catholic students on equal terms can drive the enemy from the field. We have the best equipped colleges and schools in the Empire. In these institutions we have, as of old, students from every country, and when we get our Catholic university, which, I hope, will be soon, we will realize the prophecy of Cardinal Newman, who wrote, when speaking of the "site for a university," as follows: "Looking at the general state of things at this day, I desiderate for a school of the church, if an additional school is to be granted to us, a place more central than Oxford has to show. Since the age of Alfred and of the first Henry,

the world has grown, from west and south of Europe, into four or five continents; and I look for a city less inland than that old sanctuary, and a country closer upon the highways of the seas. I look towards a land both old and young; old in its christianity, young in the promise of its future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a church, which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Saints Augustine and Paulinus founded, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, (written in 1856) and I dimly see the island I am gazing on, become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards every one else. The capital of that hopeful and prosperous land is situate in a beautiful bay, and near a romantic region (Wicklow); and in it I see a flourishing university, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders and servants were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, and the fountain-head of their christianity, students are flocking from east, west and south, from America and Australia, and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered, and last, though not least, from England, all speaking one tongue, all owning one faith, all eager for one large, true wisdom; and hence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry peace to men of good will over all the earth."

If we are to realize all this, it will be something great indeed, but we may expect much more, for in the future Ireland will fulfill, please God, in the full sense, the words of the poet, and become "the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

DUBLIN, Ireland, 24th September, 1894.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
 PUBLISHED BY
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS
 IN HONOR OF
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satollé, the Most Reverend Arch-
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. II. FALLS VIEW, NOV., 1894. NO. 11.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following petition was presented to the Holy Father by the Vicar General of the Discalced Carmelites:

"MOST HOLY FATHER,—The Father Vicar General of Discalced Carmelites, humbly prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, submits that it not infrequently occurs that the faithful, who beg admission into the Confraternity of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, are invalidly received, either owing to the omission of the inscription of their names, or some other cause. In order that the said faithful may not be deprived of the graces and privileges granted to the said Confraternity, your suppliant humbly prays your Holiness to graciously make good such receptions into the Confraternity as, up to this day, from whatever cause, have been invalidly performed."

To this petition the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences sent the following answer:

"In virtue of special faculties granted by Our Most Holy Lord Pope Leo XIII., the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Holy Relics graciously grants the request, notwithstanding any decree to the contrary. Given at Rome from the Secretariate of the same Holy Congregation, this 20th day of June, 1894.

"IGNATIUS CARD. PERSICO, *Prefect.*

"A. Archbishop of Nicopolis,

"Secretary.

"BERNARDINUS A STA TERESIA,

"Proc. Gen. C. D."

THE obligation to inscribe all names of those who receive the Scapular, and to for-

ward them to some church in which the Confraternity is canonically erected, or to a Carmelite monastery, had been in many instances either ignored or neglected, and the faithful who had thus received the Scapular, would have been deprived, by no fault of theirs, of all indulgences and privileges attached to the Scapular, if the Holy Father by his Brief had not in his kindness remedied the omission.

♦♦

THE obligation of inscribing the names is, however, still in force, and remains an absolute condition for the gaining of all indulgences and privileges, after the 20th of June, 1894. Several parishes in the United States and Canada have established canonical Confraternities of Mount Carmel in their churches, and keep the register of names in their respective churches. Hundreds of priests send in the names to our monasteries. It would be a great pleasure to us, and an immense saving of labor, if there were a Confraternity in every city and town of the country. We therefore gladly furnish all necessary information to those who wish to erect Confraternities in their churches, and thus do away with the necessity of forwarding the names to us. Our Father Provincial will procure the necessary faculties for all those who apply to him. His address is: Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, New Baltimore, Pa.

♦♦

THE town of Eisleben, in Saxony, which prided itself in having been the birth place of Martin Luther, is undergoing a strange experience. Like the Protestant church, founded by its rebellious son, it is slowly but surely being swamped. The ground is gradually sinking and turning into a morass. Many houses have already been abandoned, as it is impossible to live in them. The town is sinking at the rate of several inches a month, and if the sinking continues, in a very short time a swamp will cover the site of what was once a thriving town.

♦♦

THE month of November is the closing month of the ecclesiastical year. The church, in her catholicity, is the Kingdom of heaven, and her children are the children of God. She, therefore, at the opening of the month, invites us to rejoice with her

children in heaven, and to sympathize with her children in purgatory. Saints on earth, saints in heaven, and saints in purgatory, they are all children of the One Holy Mother. All the saints are in communion with each other, and the communion of saints is the link which binds all the members of the church in the closest possible union, the union of an organic body, of which Christ is the head.

THE saints in heaven know more about their friends on earth than probably they would have known had they remained on earth. Thus a fond mother, who was called away from her children, to enter the land of the elect, certainly does not lose her interest in her family, but redoubles her prayers at the Throne of God, and is made aware by God Himself of all the graces granted. It is part of her heavenly reward. The saints not only hear our petitions, but even obtain for us graces which we do not ask for, since they are more anxious to see us share in this eternal happiness, than we are ourselves. Let us love the saints, and walk in their company through life, and they will await us at the gates of Paradise.

BUT we can place them under such great obligations of gratitude, that they will never weary in their supplications for our welfare. The souls in purgatory are saints also. Dear friends of Our Lord, whatever we do for them, who are certainly not the least of His brethren, we do to Him. He cannot give them the gifts of glory, as they are not undesired. He cannot give them the gifts of grace, as the rivers of grace flow only in the earthly paradise, but He gives us the keys of purgatory, and asks us to help His and our friends, saying: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." The devotion to the poor souls is one of the devotions of the Sacred Heart itself. Next to the devotion to Our Blessed Mother, it is the surest mark of predestination, to have a great love for the poor souls of purgatory.

THE Carmelite Order has its saints in heaven, in purgatory, and on earth. There is a triumphant Carmel, a suffering Carmel,

and a militant Carmel. The 14th of November is our All Saints' Day, and the following day our All Souls' Day. All the brothers and sisters of the Confraternity of the Scapular are in our communion of saints. The Blessed Virgin, Our Dear Lady, is our Queen, and all the wearers of the Scapular should share in the joys and sufferings of the departed members, and offer up their prayers in union with us on the above mentioned days. Those who approach the sacraments gain plenary indulgences, which they can offer for the poor souls.

ONE of our most esteemed literary contributors requests the special prayers from the readers of the REVIEW for the bodily and spiritual well being of a relative.

AS WE are approaching the end of the year, our subscribers would confer a great favor upon us if they would help us meet all our expenses, by sending in the amount of their subscriptions. It will depend a good deal on the way subscriptions are paid up, whether we shall be able to make additional improvements for the coming year, or not. We have not, by any means, reached the ideal which we have been contemplating from the start. But we are steadily improving, and our readers are aware of it, for we are constantly receiving congratulations.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

THE *Colorado Catholic* believes in a "militant" church. The able editors marshal all their forces in a strong attack upon that pestiferous outgrowth of the night—the A. P. A.'s. It occupies the unusual position of upholding the Populist ticket as against the Democratic and the Republican tickets. Being on the place, and in the midst of the fray, it ought to know best. It looks to us, however, as if it were constrained by circumstances to pursue this course, on the principle, that "of two evils it is better to choose the less."

WE congratulate *The Review* of Chicago on its vitality. The original intention to make it a weekly paper, as soon as it would pay for itself, has been realized much

sooner than even its most sanguine admirers could have hoped for. And it is a model of a weekly paper. All the news of a week in a nutshell, and pronouncedly vigorous editorials. The editor certainly possesses a gift of condensation very unusual. We may not agree with all his opinions, but we are glad to see his efforts to create a good German paper in English dress crowned with such signal success.

ONE of the most interesting of the many college papers published by our Catholic students throughout the country is *The Dial*. It ought to reach every Catholic boy in the country, especially since it began in September to publish a serial by Rev. Father Finn, S. J. We have read many a book of juvenile literature, but Father Finn is our favorite. He knows the American boy, and loves him. He does not confine himself to the simple narration of boyish adventures, although he describes them imitatively, but he reads the heart of the boy, and shows how easily he can be influenced for good. There is something noble in every boy, even the most depraved; and many a father, or teacher, or director of youth could learn how to manage boys, and how to make noble men of them, by reading Father Finn's books.

We had looked forward to the October number of *The Rosary* with pleasant anticipations, but our Carmelite heart was completely won when we discovered on opening its pages, that a picture of St. Teresa, our October saint, formed the frontispiece. The Black Friars and the White Friars, both favored with such marked proofs of Our Lady's love! the Rosary and the Scapular, have been working hand in hand, and side by side, to spread devotion to Our Mother ever since St. Dominic, St. Angelus and St. Francis met in holy friendship on the Sabine hill in Rome. Rev. Wm. D. Kelly shows the close bond uniting St. Teresa's spirit with that of St. Dominic in an excellent poem, which we reproduce elsewhere. The touching sketch of a Friar's heroism, by Jerome Grant, and the warm presentation of the charms of Our Lady's Rosary, by Father Esser, together with all the other able articles, render this one of the most interesting numbers of *The Rosary*.

SAINT TERESA.

REV. WILLIAM D. KELLY.

WHEN some great saint, with us awhile sojourning,

His glad release from earthly exile wins,
It happens oft, while hearts his loss are mourning,

That here below his fuller sway begins;
And waxes with succeeding years more ample,

Until long after he has vanished hence,
His blessed teachings and benign example
Exert their strongest force and influence.

Thus when Teresa, filled with holy fervor,
For Carmel's greater glory sighed and strove,

And sought to make her Order an observer
Of purer poverty and prayer and love;

While envy, its own selfish purpose seeking,
Essayed to render all her efforts vain,
Saint Dominic, through his disciples speaking,

Enabled her the victory to gain.

From lips of those who, in his imitation,
Walked in the ways once hallowed by his feet,

She learned the lessons of that abnegation
Which made her sacrifice of self complete;
That love of prayer whereof she wrote divinely.

The zeal to suffer for God's sake or die,
Those high resolves that never slept sleepily.

Those deep desires earth could not satisfy.

Ah, many are the modes wherein God's glory

This world with His omnipotence acquaints,

And wonderful beyond all written story
The marvels of His graces in His saints!

We grieve at times because of some life ended,

When lo! its counterpart delights our view.

As some lost star, which suddenly, attended
With all its former splendor, shines anew.

Sweet saint of Avila, whom hail as mother

So many daughters still in many lands,
When enmity and envy with each other

Combined to thwart thy efforts and commands,

Had not the star of Dominic ascended
The zenith of its sky, no more to set,

That glory which makes Carmel's story splendid.

Might not enrich it fully even yet.

The Rosary.

WE believe that no one ever attains salvation except through the aid of divine grace, and that no one deserves this grace unless he prays for it.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

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

Translated for the Review.

BY F. X. B.



REV. Fr. Ducournau, a Marist Father, gave a retreat at Bordeaux in 1845. He concluded the exercises by a sermon on the Blessed Virgin, after which he received into the Confraternity of the holy Scapular all who desired to be invested. It was Sunday evening. Several soldiers belonging to one of the companies then in garrison at Bordeaux assisted at the ceremony, and one, a corporal, went forward to be admitted with the rest. When he returned to his place he was greeted with a smile of derision: "You too, corporal; well, who would think of seeing you kneel with a crowd of women!" "Why not? You should follow my example."

"No, I thank you; you will never get me there. I have some sense yet, thank heaven!"

On the following Tuesday an alarm of fire was heard calling all to the rescue. It was the sugar refinery of a Mr. Faber, and notwithstanding the fact that the firemen worked nobly, and all classes lent what aid they could, the flames gained such headway that there scarcely seemed a ray of hope for the escape of those who were in the building at the time. Falling rafters and shaking walls threatened the lives of those who attempted to rescue them. It was a moment of horror. Suddenly the voice of the officer in command of the garrison rang out: "Men of good will, one more effort." "Come corporal," said he, addressing the very man who had upon the preceding evening taken the Scapular: "Take your men and try again." The men obeyed. There was with them a little drummer boy. Scarcely had they crossed the threshold than a terrible crash was heard. The principal wall had given way. There was a simultaneous cry of horror at the fate of these victims to their own heroism, but what was the universal amazement when the brave corporal was seen coming forth with the fainting drummer boy in his arms. Consigning him to the ready

hands extended he bade them take care of him, and then satisfied the eager inquiries addressed to him. He had fervently recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin, and then, stooping, he had covered with his body the little form of the drummer, meanwhile sustaining the weight of the falling debris upon his back. "But how can it be then that you are not only not naimed—nay even killed—but perfectly safe and whole?"

"Here is my preserver," he cried, drawing the precious Scapular forth to view. Hasten to the assistance of my comrades, they were not so fortunate, I could hear their groans."

They went, but alas! what a sight; they took them from the ruins, some crushed almost to death, and some were dead.

[Related by Fr. Ducournau, "Mouth of Mary."]

II.

THE SCAPULAR.

Wounds—Accidents of War.

After the siege of Ypres the Archduke Leopold was presented with a ball, which directly coming in contact with the Scapular upon the breast of a brave warrior, child of Mary, as it sped to its deadly mission, was not only flattened but received upon its surface the impression of the Blessed Virgin's picture, with which the Scapular was adorned.

Louis XIII in the year 1622 laid siege to the city of Montpellier. In the general attack which followed, when the battle raged with fury, a soldier whose name was Beauregard Champion was struck in the breast with a ball. Wonderful to relate, however, the ball after having torn his clothing in its rapid passage, when it touched the Scapular was flattened, and did not injure the soldier in the least. His comrades, who saw the miracle, proclaimed it aloud, and it went from rank to rank.

The king heard of it and hastened to satisfy himself by "ocular demonstration" of its truth. He received the Scapular as soon as it was possible—that celestial armor," as it has been called by Fr. de la Colombiere, who delivered at Lyons a most eloquent sermon on the Scapular and related this miraculous preservation.

A soldier of Flanders was condemned to be shot for rebellion. He was led to the place of execution, where three charges

were fired without the slightest effect. The officers in amazement examined him to see if he were not protected by a cuirass. But finding only the holy Scapular upon his breast they were so deeply impressed with this proof of Mary's protecting care that in honor of the most Blessed Virgin they decided to pardon the culprit.—*From Devotion to Mary, Vol. II.*

In the *Journal des Enfants de Marie*, July, 1889, we find the two following examples:

THE SCAPULAR THE BEST CUIRASS.

Rolland, one of the bravest soldiers of the 18th Battalion of Infantry, was overwhelmed upon every side with praise. In Africa, during the years 1844-45-46, as a warrior his eulogies during the various engagements resounded from every lip, and to crown all he was made a chevalier of the "Legion of Honor upon the battlefield." His services at Aubrac (Aveyron) speak for themselves.

Child of a peasant, he was noble and brave as the most noble knight of the age when chivalry was at its zenith, and like those valiant chevaliers he knew how to combat with dauntless courage and to pray with unwavering faith.

His ways were quiet. Before an engagement he would without any affectation of display make the sign of the cross, fervently invoke the Blessed Virgin, and then with all the ardor of his patriotic heart rush into the thickest of the fray. "For France, for France, by the grace of God." And a glorious success generally crowned his efforts.

At Isly on the 14th of August, 1844, at the point of the bayonet, he made a terrible breach in the ranks of the enemy, and returned without a single scratch. After the battle a wounded Sheik whom, in the goodness of his heart, he tried to aid, treacherously fired at his breast without hurting him in the least. In 1845, at the disastrous engagement of Sidi Brahim, his last charge gone, what was to be done? When the projectiles failed him he used his ramrod. When he had nothing wherewith to load his gun he threw himself into the sanguinary fray, trusting to the strength of his good right arm, but alas! surrounded and overwhelmed by superior numbers he was taken, in the midst of the battle, to Abd-elKader who, from beneath

the shade of a fig-tree followed all the movements of the fray.

One last heroic effort was made by the brave soldiers, but it was all in vain. They were in the power of the enemy!

Those who did not fall upon the battlefield had now to apprehend a captivity worse than death! Rolland accepted the situation in a truly christian spirit, and endured the hardships of imprisonment without a murmur. Later on when the Arabs decided to exterminate their captives by a general massacre, he divined their cruel project, and told the sad truth to his unfortunate comrades.

"It is to be to-night," said he. "Let us watch and try to escape."

But he could not inspire them with his hopeful spirit. He alone did not give up, and according to his unvarying custom in every danger, he fervently recited the "Memorare." Then, armed with a knife which he had found, he bravely waited the event.

Precisely at midnight a fearful clamor arose upon the still air, and Rolland making the sign of the Cross sprang forward, but an Arab threw himself in the fugitive's path. Rolland thrust his weapon into his pursuer's breast, strode over his body and fled. The hedge round the enclosure arrested his progress. A thrust of the bayonet meant to impale him there, was diverted from its course, but two soldiers seized him by the belt of his trousers as he was hastening on. He succeeded in wresting himself free, leaving the torn fragment of his attire in their hands, while, clad in a single garment he hastened on. The balls whistled after him; by the protecting power of Mary they scarcely touched him. He sped on in his desperate course until he reached a hillock, then weary and breathless he stopped to rest.

At this supreme moment the sky grew red with lurid light. Alas! It was the funeral pile of his unfortunate comrades in arms. In the deepest grief he listened to their cries. Then came silence and darkness, telling that all was over! He was alone!

He took up his line of march, plunged through the forests, and for forty-eight hours had nothing to direct his course but the glittering stars as they shone over his head by night. Weary, hungry, burned by

day with the sun's fierce rays, stiff with the cold at night, scarcely clad, racked with pain and fever, pursued by men, menaced by wild beasts, assailed by storms, he kept on his way, his only nourishment being a few figs, his only weapon prayer. On the third day in the evening he found himself face to face with two Arabs, one of whom raised his weapon to attack him, but eventually they led him to the French camp in hopes of a reward. O! what an enthusiastic reception he met with there! Some days afterwards he begged to be one of an expedition sent out to dislodge a party of the enemy, lying in ambush on the sea shore.

He caught a glimpse of some Arabs in a large crevice of the rocks, and upon their heads were French helmets! The helmets of the martyrs of Sidi Ibrahim! The sight fired his noble heart; he sprang into the crevice, and fell amid a detachment of the foe, who greeted him with a volley from all sides. "Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed. He braced himself against the wall of the cavern, and struck out on every side with his bayonet. Rage, fury, frenzy, infused new strength into his arm. How long did the engagement last? A few minutes—no longer. When they came to his rescue they found him before a heap of dead bodies, his garments covered with blood and riddled with bullets, but without a single wound. The officer in command pressed his hand. General Cavaignac bestowed on him the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and, placing him upon an artillery wagon, led the triumphant march in full view of the troops drawn up in battle array.

That evening he dined at the table of the major-general, and as they grew enthusiastic over his wonderful escapes: "My general!" he exclaimed, "I wear a breast plate that nothing can touch." *And opening his vest he showed his Scapular.*

ALWAYS give good example—teach virtue by word and action. Example is more eloquent than any discourse.—BLESSED HENRY SUSO.

THERE is nothing of which apostolic men have more need than interior recollection, in order not to endanger their own salvation whilst seeking that of others.—ST. IGNATIUS.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Miss Matilda Cummings.

The land beyond the sea!
Oh! how the lapsing years,
Mid our not unsubmitive tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the bless'd
Of those we love to thee,
Calm land beyond the sea!

—Faber.



THE month of the holy souls!

With moistened eyes and many a tender thought we welcome it, the month of our dear dead. Its coming is fraught with a comfort and peace unknown to other seasons of the year; for after all we are selfish even in the service of God. So the thought that it is our own whom we are helping by the earnest and increasing petitions, that well up from our desolate hearts in November, is a new impetus to our love. A devoted father who found much comfort in a weekly visit to the grave of his daughter remarked: "It is the only way of getting nearer to her." Poor yearning heart that knew not the communion of saints, nor the almost conscious presence of those, who are more our own in the spirit than in the flesh.

Catholics are sometimes reproached for their neglect of their cemeteries, and for their infrequent visits to the graves of their departed friends. Little the world recks of the fidelity of the children of the church to their holy dead, of the daily Mass in the dark, bleak mornings of winter. The altar is the true God's acre of the Catholic soul who yearns to get nearer to the sainted dead, and like a magnet the departed draw us nearer to God in drawing nearer to them. "When loyal hearts in loving Christ agree, long severance doth not cost a sigh or tear." So wrote St. Elzear of the 14th century to his wife St. Delphina. "For if our hearts in Christ's united be, nor time, nor death our spirits can divide."

The grass soon grows green o'er forgotten graves, but in the quiet God's acre of the heart, that kiudred row to the sanctuary, the departed live and people again our

solitude, their plaintive voices ever calling "Have pity upon me at least ye, oh! my friends!" Hearts there are to whom the dead are all they can in truth call their own. Our sorrows and our dead—none care to share them with us, and so we can fill the twilight hours of November with them. One's beads and one's tears keep very sweet company—and both will cool the fires of purgatory for our holy dead. Who knows but that they are still kindred with us in the heartaches that help fill our lives, as the years grow apace and we are often forced to say, "Oh! dull and weary, and weary and dull." The world's a very cold one in November, and its blasts slam many doors which close us in and leave us alone with our dead. Let us bear them sweet company during the melancholy days which, because of them and their dear memory, will soften into holy shadows and a peaceful silence, broken only by the whispered *De Profundis* with its cry of hope calling from the depths, voicing the merciful forgiveness of the Lord.

Again, we grow tired of everyone at times. Even our nearest and dearest pall upon us in hours when the heart grows sick of "the weary ways of earth and men, and self more weary still." Then is it "good for us to be here" in the presence of the silent, suffering, patient dead, whose spirits seem so near us in November, and who, we would fain persuade ourselves, understand us better than kith or kin, however cordial their hands and warm their hearts.

The dead do not disappoint us. Can we say as much for the world with all its promises and its fair show of words, light as the sea foam and as passing? Oh! no, the world is bleak, very bleak in November; happily so if it hurry us out of its chilling blasts close to the cleansing fires of Purgatory, the land of exile which appeals to us at times even more forcibly than the thought of heaven itself.

In turn let us not disappoint our hopeful, yearning, faithful dead. Let self be forgotten in the twilights of November. Let us bury our sorrows, or send them as messengers of helpful love to the suffering, silent ones of Christ, who yearn for the light of the eternal day, which is reflected from the face of God. Oh! how the fleeting sight of that holy face at the judgment, so just yet so merciful, haunts the pining, suffering souls. Fidelity is the test of love.

Oh! let us draw no breath in November that will not be an act of supplication for the suffering souls. Let "My Jesus, mercy," with its easy accumulation of indulgences, go out from our hearts with every respiration. Then work, and worry, and loneliness, and disappointment will each in turn be helpers of the holy souls. Rich recompense will they claim at the hands of the gentle mistress of Purgatory who keeps wistful watch in November. Ever and anon she glances pleadingly and pathetically at the Sacred Heart of her Son, who answers her in swift release for her children in exile. "Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise! who does not crave for rest?" Ours be the dear labor of love to win it for the forsaken ones who perchance are suffering for a too eager craving for earthly rest—rest that was not in God nor for God, and who now yearn for it in the presence of Him who is Himself our perfect rest.

All Souls Day, 1894.

More Wearers of Our Lady's Livery.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., to be entered in the Confraternity register from Church of our Lady, Guelph, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Stamford, N. Y.; St. Louis College, Honolulu, H. I.; St. Rose's Church, Springfield, Ky.; St. Patrick's Church, Taberg, N. Y.; Hastings, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, Dixie, Ont.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; Wallaceburg, Ont.; St. Bridget's Church, Simpson, Minn.; Immaculate Conception Church, North Easton, Mass.; Tell City, Ind.; Holy Angels' Church, L'Ardoise, N. S.

At our Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Joseph's Church, Johnstown, Pa.; Holy Family Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Two Rivers, Wis.; St. Augustine Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Jordan, Minn.; St. Joseph's Church, Ridgeway, Ill.; Waconia, Minn.; Sacred Heart Retreat, Louisville, Ky.; St. Bernard's Church, Watash, Ind.; St. Michael's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Boniface's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph's Hill, Ind.; All Saints' Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; Westang, Ill.; St. Boniface's Church, De Pere, Wis.; Metamora, Ill.; St. Michael's Church, Dane, Wis.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Port Washington, Wis.; Villard, Minn.; Ossian, Ia.; Immaculate Conception Church, Jacksonville, Fla.; Arcadia, Wis.; Bessemer, Mich.; Ridgely, Md.; Devil's Lake, N. D.; St. Joseph's Church, Minooka, Pa.

At St. Joseph's Monastery, Leavenworth, Kas., from Evansville, Ind.; Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Atehsun, Kas.; Riviere aux Vases, Mo.; Immaculate Conception Church, Solomon City, Kas.; Boulders, Colo.

EARTH'S SORROWS.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY HENRY COYLE.



LL things tend back to unity," said an ancient philosopher. "God has made nothing in vain." We may, then, look upon sickness, suffering and death as a part of the great system of agencies by which our Father above is controlling

and educating his sinful children here below. Thus sickness and death to every individual, to every family, and to every circle of friends thus visited, become occasions of moral training.

Like the effect of a stone thrown into the placid lake, the nearest waves are deepest, but while the widening circles diminish in power, they are sensibly felt till the whole surface is agitated, testifying to the presence of a disturbing influence. So these constantly recurring lessons are passing over the face of society, forcing themselves upon the attention of the human family, and they are learning lessons which could never have been learned without them.

God tells us our days on earth are as a shadow, a hand-breadth; that we shall soon go the way whence none shall return. God asks what it shall profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Who can answer it as the man who is on the threshold of eternity, earth's visions fading, and the sublime realities of the eternal world, like the headlands of a foreign shore we are nearing, just coming into view.

God would win us away from earthly vanities; how can He do it more effectually than by bringing us face to face with death? God would teach us the evil and danger of sin; what more impressive teaching could be given than spreading before us this one terrible fruit of sin, yielded this side of eternity?

In this view of the subject may not every sufferer be comforted in the consideration that these weary days and nights, these months or years of pain are not in vain? In God's great system of moral machinery, these sufferers are an important part, taught themselves, and teaching

others. Not wearing away life without fruits, but standing in their lot bearing the burden and heat of the day, under the eye of the Master, and performing, as He well knows, a duty much more arduous and trying than the most laborious outward doings.

These pains and sorrows are all most carefully estimated; no mistake is made in the appointment, every hour of endurance is meted out, and has a destined result, and God's providence is slowly but surely developing the end.

But not only is suffering instructive, it is disciplinary. The apostle says: "The trying of your faith worketh patience." Experience is also another fruit of affection; experience of the realities of the seen and unseen world. Suffering makes grave revelations to the human soul. Hope, too, celestial, undying hope, is born and nourished under this discipline of suffering. She is ever pointing upward, and from present sorrows drawing arguments for future joys.

The afflicted often says: "Oh, if I could only see and feel these happy results! If I could only know, I would be content to suffer on!" Ah! all our conflicts and victories here are by faith, not by sight, and until the end come we cannot expect to understand the plan or appreciate the process of its completion! "Judge nothing before the time, but submit yourselves to Him in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator," is the language of providence as well as inspiration.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!" To the poor, the afflicted, the careworn and weary, the words are full of tenderness. Are there not many who can feel the divine eloquence of this appeal? How many there are who began life with high hopes, who are now in despair—are there not many among the strong, the proud, the self-sufficient, who have felt their pride, their trust in their own strength fast gliding away?

Is it not, then, cause of adoring gratitude, to creatures so frail, so full of sorrow, that our heavenly Father will become our stay and comforter when there is no other eye to pity, and no other arm outstretched to save? Surely there are many to whom these words will come, who are weary and

heavy laden—who have often yearned for a sure support, who are wearied of the sin and toil of life, who have sighed in bitterness of spirit as they turned from the grave in which some cherished one was sleeping—"all below is vanity." To such, the angel of consolation whispers,

"Earth hath no sorrows that heaven cannot cure."

The Power of Prayer.

For the Carmelite Review.



A TRUE INCIDENT.

DURING the summer of 1893 a widow, who with her two daughters reside not very far from Niagara, were suffering much from the usual persecutions which follow conversion to the Holy Catholic Church, and their lives had in consequence become almost unbearable.

Their only support being dependant upon the exertions of the mother and eldest daughter as music teachers, they were not long in finding themselves almost entirely deprived of a living, and to make matters much worse, they had not completed the purchase of their piano, and utter ruin was before them, for the loss of that was destitution and worse misery.

The following week would consummate their troubles, for unless \$75 was paid into the bank they would be deprived of their bread-winner, and to pay rent for a piano as well as for a house was totally out of the question: so unless Providence interfered "ruin" would follow. Sunday came, and the mother suffering with a distracting headache, the result of sleepless nights and anxiety, was obliged to remain at home, and after her daughters had gone to Mass she determined to offer a "Novena" to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary for deliverance from this dreadful trouble, so taking the pictures of the Sacred Hearts (which as yet she had not been able to get framed) she spread them upon the bed and kneeling before them sobbed and cried over her trouble to those Friends who proved friends indeed—for peace seemed to have entered her soul, and she got to thinking, and an idea, an inspiration as it were, came to her to appeal to a gentleman—a stranger,

but one who was himself a "convert" and who had also been "scourged"—for the loan of the amount needed, to be repaid on easy terms. So determining to keep it a secret from her daughters until she had completed the transaction, and seen the result, after a few days' consideration a letter was written and mailed. Before noon the next day a telegram was placed in the daughter's hand, which caused both her and her mother considerable alarm, until on reading it, it proved to be from the gentleman, telling the mother that a letter would be at the office for them the next day containing what they needed. God be praised! it would be impossible to describe the feelings which filled the hearts of that mother and her daughters that day when she explained to them what she had done, and on the day the letter came, a letter fraught with kind consideration for their troubles and telling them to accept the "small amount," as he called it, as a gift and so releasing them from the burden which had been weighing so heavily upon them.

After returning heart-felt thanks to God and His Blessed Mother for this direct answer to a mother's prayer, thanks were forwarded to the stranger friend, for whom a prayer will be offered while their life lasts.

K. S.

A FRAGMENT.

This little wreath of immortelles
Round memory's holy shrine,
Of my own dear departed ones
With fondest love I twine.

Dear Lord! in Thy untroubled peace
Let their loved spirits rest!
And may the vision of Thy face
Be theirs amidst the blest!"

R. I. P.

Sr. M. J.

THE love that men have for little sins is the same kind of love that devils have for big ones.

If you desire salvation, accept nothing from the consolation that mortals can give you. The misfortunes which arise from His consolation are greater and more numerous than those which are caused by affliction.—BLESSED EGIPTUS.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

"IT'S THE LAW."

III.

"Well, Mick, since we last met, I thought over all you said about our laws, and I came to the conclusion that you are a born rebel."

"Why so?"

"Because you expect so much of our laws, and attach so many qualifications, which you declare indispensable, that measured by your standard, nearly all our laws would be good for nothing, and consequently we could and should resist them. But such resistance is rebellion."

"So you think, Sam, that whenever congress changes or abrogates a law, it is a rebel congress."

"I said nothing of the kind. Legislation is not rebellion, but resistance to the law is such."

"As far as I am aware, I never spoke a word in favor of resistance."

"You did not mention the word, I grant you, but it amounts to the same in substance."

"Is it lawful for citizens to speak their mind freely about the merits or demerits of a law, and to demand its abrogation in case they consider it hurtful?"

"Decidedly, for these are constitutional methods, and form the right of a citizen."

"Not only the right, but often a conscientious duty. If any one becomes convinced that a law proposed or in operation is contrary to the best interests of the commonwealth, he is bound to use the legitimate means to have the passage of that law prevented, or the law abrogated. This is resistance to a law without rebellion."

"In this sense of the word I agree with you. But there are still some difficulties in the case. Our laws are passed by a majority. Now, who can abrogate a law as long as a majority exists in its favor?"

"This difficulty is not very great. I told you before, that most of our laws are passed irrespective of what the majority of citizens wish, and in this case popular agitation can compel our Solons to adapt their views to

those of the country, and frame their laws accordingly. Besides, even the members of a legislative body are liable to error, and may be disabused of it by putting the question into the proper light, so that they may act differently through conviction. What else does a change of party mean, but a change of political principles, brought about, it is hoped, by honest conviction?"

"That's good enough. But in some cases, especially in times of great political excitement, the convictions are so firmly rooted in the minds of the people, that no amount of teaching will make them alter their opinion. Take, for instance, the question of silver coinage. All the experienced business men are a unit in condemning it. Columns upon columns appear in the newspapers. Speeches innumerable have been delivered on this topic, and what is the result? Did the majority of people become convinced that by advocating an inflation of silver they slapped their own face? The same thing is true in regard to protection, prohibition and kindred questions. What will you do in such cases! Offer resistance?"

"Yes, offer resistance. Not violent resistance, but keep up the agitation. No tree is felled by the first stroke of the axe, and we cannot expect to change public opinion by a single argument. Gain converts to your doctrine gradually, and what is an impossibility to-day, may be easily accomplished five or ten years hence."

"Very well, but in the meantime the law stands, no matter how much you condemn it. Besides, there is another and greater difficulty in the road. You and others disagree upon a certain principle. Both sides advance reasons for their view of the matter. Now, do you expect others to submit their judgment to yours, as you are unwilling to submit to them, and by what right do you expect it? I am very much afraid you cannot give any good reasons for your claim to a respectful and obedient hearing."

"Not at all, Sam, not at all! I have the very best reason in the world, when I claim for any law all the qualifications that I claimed. Every law must have a basis, it cannot soar in the air, and this is precisely our trouble, our laws are built upon soap-bubbles, that is to say, on the ever-changing impressions of a multitude. On account of this we see the congress and the state as-

semblies for ever making and unmaking laws, so that the most experienced cobbler could not compete with them in patching. Look at our immigration laws, for an instance of the crudest and most insensate patching in legislation. Thus our laws lack one of the essential qualities of a law, viz: *stability*, they are like the stones in a dry wall, and they require constant repairing."

"If I grant this for the sake of argument, where is the remedy, where is the basis that you speak so much of, and seem unable to point out?"

"The basis has been given a very long time ago, *the basis of every human law is the ten commandments of God.*"

"The ten commandments? I am astonished to hear you avow such a principle. These commandments were given in the Bible and to the Jews. What has the United States government or any other government to do with the Bible or with Jewish legislation?"

"The question is not, my good Sam, where you find these laws written, but what they contain."

"True enough, Mick, but the fact that they stand in the Bible proves them to be religious laws, given for the Jews only."

"It proves nothing of the kind. These laws are *natural* laws, that is, the direct outcome of human nature, and man's relation to God and his fellowman. They therefore were in vogue from the day that mankind commenced to exist, they extended to everybody that was man, and consequently they comprise the whole world and all ages. They are the constitution not of one nation, but of mankind, and they do not depend for their binding force on the adoption or consent of any individual or nation. But when man forgot these natural laws, or wilfully set them aside, when he lost his basis, just like so many in our days, God reaffirmed them, and laws which heretofore existed only as logical consequences of man's position, became then formulated commandments, which, though given in this form to one nation only, still bound every other nation likewise."

"I must confess, Mick, that this way of looking at things is entirely new to me. I never dreamt that there would be any pos-

sible connection between these ten commandments and a government. Nor can I see yet, how they apply. Our government does not acknowledge God officially, and tolerates any kind of worship the citizens may choose for themselves. It allows the worship of one or a multiplicity of gods, and what one venerates, the other despises. How then can these commandments be the basis of legislation? Neither can I see how the government can commit adultery, or steal, or bear false witness and the like. Hence, considering the question in this way, I think it highly improbable that your principle can hold good."

"That's only because you do not look at the question in the right way. Please, tell me, what do you understand by a state, and what is, in your opinion, the scope of it?"

"Why, a state is an unit resulting from a number of individuals or families, that band together for mutual protection and progress, and it is the scope of the state to afford them protection and foster their several interests."

"Correct. Now what kind of protection is wanted?"

"Protection of liberty, life, limb and property, of course."

"Correct again. Now, let us apply this, and you will see how the ten commandments afford a secure basis for this protection. The highest kind of liberty is the liberty of the highest faculty in man, and this is intelligence, which enlightens and by this determines the will. As to our life on earth, liberty consists in the untrammelled pursuit of our individual happiness. Either kind of liberty is guaranteed by the ten commandments."

"I cannot find this, on the contrary I find that when God forbids us to have strange gods before Him, when He binds us to use His name reverently, and to worship Him, He materially interferes with our liberty of conscience, interdicting every religion but the one dictated by Him."

"Because you have a false notion of what liberty of conscience means. Relative to God there is no liberty of conscience, and therefore He confers on us a great benefit, when He announces Himself and our obligations towards Him in such a plain manner. The security of life, limb and property, depends on the clear recognition of

those relations of God and man, since nothing will enforce this security, but the conviction that man is ultimately responsible to God for it."

"Very well, but from your premises it would follow, that the government is bound to enforce the worship of this God, and in advancing this proposition you destroy the constitution of the United States as well as liberty of conscience."

"No, since religion is not the government's business, and just because it is not its business, it has to tolerate liberty of conscience. But what follows from the premises is this, that the government cannot pass any laws derogatory to the claims of God, and that such laws, if passed, will not be binding in conscience. Remember, however, that we do not speak of religion, but of human laws."

"Still it sounds very much like religion."

"Nevertheless we do not speak of religion, which in its essence is the concrete relation between God and an individual, whilst the religion of a government as such consists only in the protection, given to the individual in his religious convictions, and in abstaining from any legislation, which would disturb or render impossible the practise of the religion."

"But in assuming all this, you are contradicting yourself. You are telling us that the Sabbath laws are infringing upon your liberty, and at the same time you bind the government to legislate according to the commandment enforcing the Sabbath."

"You mistake our position: We are perfectly consistent when we claim the duty of the government to protect us in celebrating our religion according to our own views, and at the same time deny the right of the government to tell us how this is to be done. In this, as in all other points, referring to religion, we simply claim liberty of conscience."

"And how are you going to prove to me, that the other commandments ought to be the basis of legislation, since they evidently regulate only the mutual relations between individuals?"

"For this very reason, they are the ground work of state law. A state is a society composed of individuals for the purpose of mutual protection and progress. This protection is not limited to defense of rights towards other states. Else it might be

said, that the state exists for its own sake, and acts for its own sake only. Equal protection is needed for the single citizen in his dealings with fellow citizens, and the remaining commandments settle just these dealings on the only equitable basis possible."

"I confess, that I cannot see the point yet."

"The point, however, is very clear. The foundation of human society is the family. A family cannot exist and educate their children into useful citizens, unless the fourth commandment is a living reality, and hence the state is as deeply interested in the well being of the family as in its own existence. The next commandment protects the life produced, and thus secures immunity from bodily harm to all. The sixth commandment protects health and public morality. The seventh secures to every man the legitimate fruits of his industry and economy, whilst the eighth renders sacred his honor and fair name amongst his fellows. The ninth and tenth commandments coincide with the sixth and seventh, forbidding in thought what the latter forbid in deed. Now, I ask you, are not these the very purposes of a state?"

"They are, I confess, but I fear you will not be able to make this doctrine palatable to a majority of our people."

"This fact will not alter the case. An obligation exists, whether it is acknowledged or not."

"Very well, but what a confusion would be raised by changing the laws, according to your standard."

"This transitory confusion would be infinitely better than the permanent confusion reigning now. Do away with laws that are clearly unjust and ruinous. Abolish laws, unnecessarily interfering with private rights, restore parental authority to the parents, prevent legitimized adultery by divorce, prevent corporations from riding roughshod over their white slaves, destroy partisan laws of protection, punish private or public libel without waiting for a suit of the libelled person, frame your laws according to these ten commandments, and word them so, that not every lawyer can drive a coach and four through them, mete out condign punishment to evil-doers and all sorts of law-breakers, and you will be

surprised at the rapid change for the better in our republic."

"Well enough, Mick, well enough, but I fear your conception of law is too ideal, at least for us."

"The ideal is practical, and unless it is made practical, our republic will meet with the fate of all governments that lost sight of the natural laws and the rights and duties resulting therefrom. History repeats itself. It will repeat itself also in our case."

The Catechism

OF MOUNT CARMEL,

BY REV. A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

CHAPTER X.

Indulgences of the Stations.

Ques. Why have certain Roman churches the indulgences of the so-called Stations?

Ans. To perpetuate a custom, which originated in the earlier days of the church, to visit churches containing memorials of the martyrs or relics of the Passion of Our Lord. In former times the Popes themselves joined with the clergy and the people in solemn processions to these churches, and in solemn ceremonies on specified days. These Stations, and the particular churches where they are held, are indicated in the Roman Missal on the days on which they occur.

Pope Gregory the Great and his successors granted many indulgences to all those who would visit these churches on those days.

Clement X. granted to all the faithful who visit the Carmelite churches throughout the world on the same days, the same indulgences which could be gained by a visit to the Station churches in Rome.

The following is as complete a list as we could obtain:

Jan. 1. Circumcision of Our Lord. 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Jan. 6. Epiphany. 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Feb. On Septuagesima Sunday, Sexagesima Sunday, and Quinquagesima Sunday. 30 years and 30 quarantines.

March. On Ash Wednesday, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

On every day during Lent, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

On the fourth Sunday of Lent, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

On Palm Sunday, 25 years and 25 quarantines.

On Good Friday, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

On Holy Saturday, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

On Easter Sunday and every day during the octave, including the following Sunday, 35 years and 35 quarantines.

April 25. St. Mark, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

On each of the three Rogation days the same.

May. Vigil of Pentecost, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

Pentecost Sunday and on every day of the octave, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Sept. On the Ember days, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

Dec. On the first and second Sunday of Advent, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

On the third Sunday of Advent, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

On the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of Ember week, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

On the fourth Sunday of Advent, 10 years and 10 quarantines.

Dec. 24. Vigil of Christmas, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

Dec. 25. Assisting at midnight Mass, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

Attending the second Mass of Christmas, 15 years and 15 quarantines.

Dec. 26. St. Stephen, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Dec. 27. St. John Evangelist, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

Dec. 28. Holy Innocents, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

OBITUARY.

PRAYERS are asked of our readers for the soul of Patrick Carey, who died in August at St. Catharines, Ont.; for S. F. Spencer, a devout client of Mary, who died suddenly at Beard, Ky., Sept. 17th; for Joseph Meisch, who met an untimely death by being run over by the cars at Rochester, N. Y., June 25th.—R. I. P.