



The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.



OUR LADY'S ASSUMPTION.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.



THREE solemn days her lovely corse hath lain
 In the dark tomb. Her sweet eyes closed in sleep.
 [Like August pansies bowed by twilight rain],
 Her ev'ry limb composed in slumber deep.

The virgin breast where Jesus oft reclined,
 The lips He pressed—the hands He joyed to hold—
 The feet that followed His—unflagging, kind,
 Are quiet now—are pulseless, pale and cold!

But hark! a burst of angel-song is heard!
 The Day hath dawned—the Sleeper opes her eyes!
 She bursts her prison-house; like some glad bird
 Darts up triumphant to the glorious skies!

The sinless Heart within her throbs and thrills,
 The roses bloom on cheek and lip afresh;
 Immortal vigor all her being fills,
 Shining thro' hands, and feet, and deathless flesh!

O, Earth! so full of sorrow, pain and sin,
 Our Mother quits thy shades forevermore!
 Her Son, our Saviour, bids her enter in
 That bright Abode, where death shall be no more!

There she awaits us at Life's golden Source,
 To crown our life—our death. Her empty tomb
 Th' Apostles search in vain. Where slept her corse,
 Naught save these great white lilies fills the gloom!

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

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

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CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.

THE JEWS IN ROME.



It is reported with great industry that the Jews are among the most delighted at the usurpation of the States of the Church by Victor Emanuel. No doubt many Jews have taken this ungrateful part towards their benefactor, but that this has been a rule among them it is not pleasant to think. A most bitter article, originating in some anti-Catholic paper, is floating through the press of the country, contrasting the treatment of the Jews at Rome with the favor shown them elsewhere. The qualification is thrown in that disqualifications differentiating against Jews also 'unhappily existed too long in countries *more enlightened*.' New Hampshire might have been instanced, where, to this day, neither Jew nor Catholic is eligible to any State office. The great complaint is about the ancient law requiring the Jews, in Rome, to inhabit a special quarter of the city, and forbidding them having Christians in their houses. But this arrangement was as much for the protection of the Jews as for the Christians. The transgression of this law by a Jewish family, occasioned the unpleasant affair of young Madal, baptised in infancy, when thought to be dying by his Christian nurse.

"The Jews have been taught the lessons of their past history in a very severe school. The secular princes of Europe that succeeded the fall of the pagan Roman Empire, inherited its hatred of the Jewish race. England, of course, is counted by the paragraphist we have quoted, as among the 'countries more enlightened' than Rome. But at the coronation of Richard *Coeur de Leon*, that monarch forbade any Jew to approach him—for fear of maleficent con-

jury; and the 'highly intelligent' Londoners, taking up the cue, proceeded to beat, stone to death, and exterminate the Jews, even setting fire to their houses when they had succeeded in getting into houses not strongly enough barricaded to resist the entrance of the English mob. It is true a few of these rioters were tried and hanged for arson, but the indictment clearly set forth, as the reason why they ought to be hanged, that, in burning up the houses and persons of pestiferous Jews, they had, against the peace of the realm, also burned the dwelling houses of Christians. The London mob against the Jews in that old middle age (twelfth century) found its example followed in other principal towns of the kingdom. At York, the entire 'enlightened British sentiment,' with 'public opinion' as its guide, assaulted the Jews, with the purpose of exterminating the whole race from 'Merry England.' They had a high time of it. Over five hundred Jewish men, with their wives and children, perished miserably during that riot. It is to be noted that the 'highly respectable British sentiment' of that time assaulted also the Cathedral of York and the Catholic clergy attached to it, to force the latter to give up the persons, with the property, of unfortunate Jews, that, instinctively, or from wise observation, had run to the Catholic clergy for protection, at the outbreak of the great riot.

"In France, the contemporary of Richard of the Lion-Heart—Philippe Auguste—signalized the beginning of his reign by an edict discharging all his Christian subjects from all debts towards Jews. He followed this up by another edict, expelling all Jews from the Kingdom of France—as Ulysses S. Grant did, when commanding the Army of the West—from all the districts controlled by his armed forces. In this the King persevered, despite the *urgent*

remonstrances of the Catholic Prelates, who—the voracious chronicler (who may have personally been a little in debt to some Jew, and, so, 'knowing how it was himself,' saw the propriety of the edict,) tells us were, no doubt, bribed by the Jews to influence the King.

"Not to make this notice too long, we omit other instances of how Jews fared at the hands of the secular governments of the 'more enlightened countries.'

"Let us take a brief look at the acts towards the Jews of Pope Innocent III, the contemporary of Richard of the Lion-Heart, and of Phillippe Auguste. While the secular rulers were plundering the Jews, and seeking to exterminate them to get hold of their wealth, the voice of a great successor of St. Peter, Innocent III., called out to them: 'This people (the Jews) are the living witnesses of the truth of the Christian religion. The Christian must not exterminate, nor even oppress them. * * * Their belonging to the synagogue gives them no right to violate any laws of the country they live in. [The Jews were accused not only of *usury*, then forbidden, but of horrible crimes committed even on innocent children, out of hatred of the cross.] But the Christian law *protects* them in the exercise of the privileges accorded to them. If their hearts are hardened against seeking out what the law of Moses pointed to, and the oracles of the ancient prophets, that is no reason against their right to our protection. They refuse to come to the knowledge of Christ. But they have asked our protection [by virtue of human rights.] We accept their appeal. We cast the shield of our authority over them. The meekness of Christian piety so teaches.'

"Therefore, following the examples of our Predecessors in this Holy See—the Popes Calixtus, Eugenius, Alexander, Clement and Celestin, we forbid anyone whosoever to use violence to lead any Jew to be baptized. He that yields only to force, neither receives nor exercises faith. If any Jew is willing to be baptized, let no one dare molest him. [The Jews were charged with having assassinated some who became Christians.] No true Christian will use violence towards Jews, or seize their goods, or seek to change their customs, as protected by law. Therefore, let no one trouble them on their feast days, striking them, or

throwing stones at them, nor let any one require of them services, on those days, that can be postponed.—Book II., Letter 302, of Pope Innocent III.

"This letter, of those now called encyclical, closes by denouncing the avarice, and malice, that had been shown towards the Jews, and threatening with *excommunication* all Catholics who, thenceforward, would dare to infringe on the Pontifical protection extended to 'the Jews as a class,'—to quote Gen. Grant's expression, in banishing them, and their wives and little ones, from the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, and wherever his military power extended.

"'The Jews as a class,' kissed the hand that smote them, in the case of Gen. Grant. In this city of New York, at least, the great body of Jewish men voted for the military tyrant who had so outraged their people.

"Forgetting injuries is a noble thing—except accompanied by the forgetting of favors and of benefits!

"The Popes gave a *home*, or, at least, a *safe tarrying place*, to the Jews, when the secular governments of the world—the Napoleons, and Prussian Williams, and the Austrian Francis Josephs, etc., of that time if they, for a few years, lured the Jews to their several kingdoms, showed that they had done so to rob them. The Popes gave the Jews *security*, wherever the Papal voice was heeded. In Rome, always. If the *Ghetto* of Rome is squalid, it is not the fault of the Popes. There was no prohibition for the Jews to build there splendid palaces, and there are plenty of Jews able to do it. But this people, so enveloped in the mysteries of God, do not *desire* to live elegantly—those, we mean that cling fast to their religious traditions. When they build splendid temples, in fashionable localities, they are 'liberalised' Jews, who are ready to part with all their religious traditions. The traditional Jew wishes to have an obscure Synagogue, in the most obscure part of the city he inhabits. The wealth he possesses he does not want to exhibit. It is thus that, as Pope Innocent III said, the Jew is the living witness to Christians of the truth of revealed religion. In a humble position in the marts of commerce, he seems ever repeating in his soul: 'Beside the rivers of Babylon we sit and weep, re-

membering Zion. How can we sing songs of joy in a *foreign* land.'

"When this wonderful people shall have vision of the *New Jerusalem*, that has come down from God, out of heaven, they will put on the garments of joy. The prodigious increase of the Jewish race, while some other races are dying out, and other evidences, intimate that this time is drawing near. The Jews are not a people to forget their history, modern any more than ancient. They will open their eyes to the fact that, in the fulfilment of the prophecies of their ancient prophets, the world has persecuted them; but the Pope, as head of the Catholic Church, has always protected them. They will see how, in latest times, the most Protestant and infidel states, like the Scandanavian countries, have persistently persecuted them.

"The Jews have been blinded by expecting in this world a *material* glory. When they learn the lesson aright of seeking first the kingdom of heaven and the justice of it, they will find this temporal glory added to them. Then the sons of those that oppressed them and despised them will come, bowing to them and ask to serve them. For assuredly, theirs were the old prophets, and the only trustworthy traditions of the human race. Of them came Christ Our Lord, of whom at this time of the year we are specially commemorating the coming. It was of the House of Israel and of the Family of David, that THE VIRGIN arose, in whom truth sprang up from the earth, and on whom heaven dropped down as dew from above and budded forth THE SAVIOUR.

"The children according to the flesh of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, are the most perfect type of the human race. Very vile in present fact, but wonderful in the glory that is to follow.

"Jerusalem, oh Jerusalem, return to the Lord, thy God!"

"As our hearts are melted, while we kneel in commemoration of the Crib of Bethlehem, let us ask of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord that the veil may be taken away that has darkened the hearts of the first chosen people of God—that their souls, while under this cloud bowed down to the earth, and seeking only what is of the earth, may be freed, to rise to the things

of heaven. When this comes about, the 'fullness of the Gentiles' will speedily be gathered. The grandeur of the 'chosen people will show itself and be acknowledged, and all the earth may be happy in fulfilling the purposes of God.'

"But Jews, acquainted with their own history for the last thousand years, who join in hostility to the Pope, make themselves the most perfect existing type of human ingratitude! They have a taste of the results already. Under the Popes they were not permitted to be public teachers of Christian youth; but they were protected from annoyance—if they observed the municipal laws—and it was forbidden to insult them. The Piedmontese usurpation pretends to foster them, and puts three of them into professors' chairs in public schools. Catholic youth in Rome have not gone near such schools. The youth who have gone are of Italians 'emancipated' from Popery. Well, these 'emancipated' youth drive the Jewish professors from their chairs with shouts of 'old clo,' 'old clo,' *Roba vecchia; Roba vecchia!* The Jew who takes sides with infidels against the Catholic Church is not only forgetful of gratitude but he is blind to the honor and welfare of his own race. The Jew, as to his religion, asks to be permitted to '*do well alone.*' It is the ecclesiastical power of the Catholic Church, and this only, in the last thousand years, that has asserted and maintained for him this, as a right."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal,
Saturday, Dec. 31, 1870.

THE DUTY AND PRIVILEGE OF CATHOLICS.

"When Peter was in prison prayer was made for him without ceasing by the infant church. And the disciples, as Christians were then called, were astonished one night at hearing his voice at the door of their assembly asking admission. They thought it was his ghost. But it was he, in the body, whom an angel of God had released from prison.

"Our Holy Father, St. Peter's successor, is in prison, in fact, or virtually. Now is the time for all who are Catholics to put up fervent prayers for him. Now is the time for Catholics to make some extra communions for the intentions of the Holy Father. We do not mean those who

are 'good enough' to pray for the Holy Father, or to go to communion for him. We are not capable of advising such. But we beg of those who know they are 'not good enough' to go to confession, and then to make a communion for the intention of the Holy Father. Such sacrifices, with a heart humble and broken, God will accept rather than holocausts.

"And it is *prayer* in all its forms that the needs of the Catholic Church now call for. God has blessings in store so great that this unbelieving generation is not able to receive them. They can be gained only by prayer. For this so many holy missionaries have been inspired, at this very time, to urge us poor mortals to acts of devotion, communions, alms-giving, etc., and, together with these, unworthy as we may be to approach God, to pray Him for His church and for the world.

"We can say, for present necessities of the Church, what was so well said by holy men in regard to earlier sittings of the Vatican Council: 'God will guide the march of events, but the greater or less good that may come of them will depend on the multitude and on the earnestness of prayers offered in their behalf.'

"It is in this way alone, by pious acts and supplications, that most of us can promote the great good and glory that is in store for the Catholic Church. We are called to help it in this way.

"And entering into the spirit of our vocation as Catholics, we can then rejoice and be very glad. We can laugh at the enemy and clap our hands in hail of the coming triumph.

"Yes, the triumph that is at our door. It is presaged in the violence of the storm. It was not till the tempest was very great; not till the ship began to sink, that the disciples awakened the Lord Jesus with their prayers: 'Lord, save us, or we perish.'

"'Oh, ye of little faith! Why did ye doubt?' Wherefore this reproof? Was it because they had mistaken a *little* storm for a great one? Not at all! The storm was very terrible. Humanly judging, they were about to perish in it. But they *could* not perish, because they were in the *bark of Peter*, and *Jesus Christ* was in it, though, to try their faith, He seemed to be asleep.

"'Oh! ye of little faith!'

"Therefore, we Catholics, just now, have two duties to discharge especially, and two privileges to enjoy, towards the Catholic Church. The one is to help her work, by alms, deeds, prayers, and other works of devotion.

"The other is a duty and a privilege of a living faith. It is to rejoice and shout triumph at the present persecutions of the Church! We keep as festivals the days on which great saints were martyred. So, now, we shout for triumph at the persecutions endured by the Church. They are the harbinger of glorious days."

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Saturday, Oct. 1, 1870.

RECONSTRUCTION.

"Why should we disguise the truth?

There are enough of men who are blinded—enough who, though not blinded, are mute—enough who, though they talk, talk round the issue that is before us. But there are just two dominant, cardinal ideas, on one or other of which our political questions are turning. The one is the idea of *construction*. The other the idea of *destruction*. The *destroyers* are not hard to find—we mean those whose idea is the destructive. They are those who years ago proposed in the Senate to dissolve the union of our country. They are those who denounced the constitution as 'a league with death and a covenant with hell.' They are those who took it as their rallying cry among the people that our country, as the forefathers constituted it, was already a 'house divided against itself,' and could not stand. They are those who inaugurated as the basis of sectional organization, the idea that there was 'an irrepressible conflict of opposing and enduring forces' between the geographical sections of the country. They are those that would not, in the last struggle for an adjustment, accept of Douglas's compromise, or of Crittenden's compromise, or of any compromise. They are those who shouted for blood. They are those who howl with rage when they hear of a battle field won without torrents of blood. The *destroyers* are not hard to find.

"The conservators and constructives are also to be found. They are those that cling to the hope of a preserved and growing country. They are those who

wanted to tear down nothing, to root up nothing. They are those who know that consent is the condition of all true union, and that compromise is the condition of all political peace. They are those brave men who, if they have taken up arms, and put their bodies in the front of the battle, and shed their blood, have done it—not with the idea of *destroying* the country as it used to be—but of *saving*, and of *restoring* it to its old estate. They are those who, at whatever risk, at whatever loss, have not ceased from testifying to and abiding by, the great sheet-anchors of free government, or from proclaiming that positive, not destructive, healing, not wounding, measures must at last be resorted to for the reparation of what the country suffers.

"It has been sought to hush the voices of these conservators. Vain attempt! The ideas they embody are a positive force. Their latent power will become only the greater by whatever degree of compression may be attempted. It is the force of nature, and nature is driven out of its course, only to come back at a gallop.

"The time has come when that voice must be heard. It must sound from city to city, from village to village, from farm to farm. It must travel over all the roads and echo from hill-top to hill-top. There is no nook so secluded, where an American freeman shelters, that he must not hear the summons. The issue is very simple. It is:

"CONSERVATISM, OR DESTRUCTION!

"BUILDING, OR TEARING DOWN!

"CONSTITUTION, OR DESPOTISM!

"LAW, OR BAYONETS!

"THE PAST RESTORED, OR THE PRESENT PERPETUATED!

"Conservatives, constructives, positive-men, men of progress—rightly understood, these are all the same—will choose, nay, have chosen, their part. But *how*?

"*How* are we to restore the *past*? *How* are we to restore the principles of the laws and of the constitution? *How* are we to *build*?

"Our answer to these questions does not touch the *present* conduct of the war. This is assumed to be carried on by *somebody*, without advice or consultation through the public press.

"Our answer to these questions does not touch the *present* action of the Adminis-

tration at Washington, or the *present* Congress. We frankly confess that—if free to do it—or even solicited—we are incapable of advising the one or the other—they being what they are.

"Our answer implies that the present Congress must be *endowed*, because it has still a constitutional existence for nearly ten months to come. The executive—that is the President and the constitutional advisers he has around him—must be supported, within the bounds of the constitution, because he and they are not impeached, and it is a moral requirement of the constitution which we love, and are bound to support—with all its burdens as well as its blessings.

"Our answer is simple, and shall be stated in brief terms. To build, to restore, to *reconstruct*, the people must be convinced of something they must *do*, and of something they must *believe* in regard to politics.

"The thing that they must *do* is, in the elections next fall, to see to it that every State—at least every State from New York to the Pacific Ocean—is put, as a State Government into the hands of men professing, and *faithful* to, that *Democracy* under which the past happiness of the country has been secured, and the achieved glories *all* attained. It is not *because* it is the *party*, we say it, but because its past *successes* in administering the country have been *owing to the principles of its party creed*. Along with electing the State Legislatures, these States must send, in the same way, not simply a *majority*, but an overwhelming majority of true, and tried, and able *Democrats* to the popular House of Congress for next year. This will be the most potent evidence that can be afforded to the beguiled and deceived people of the South, that the people of the North have determined to restore in principle and in spirit the old constitution. This is what the people must *do*, and the *majority* of their popular vote in doing it should, as we believe it will, be prodigious. There is something the people must be taught to *believe* in politics. It is the *hierarchy of ideas* that governs our American plan of government. It is on the basis of a firm belief in this *hierarchy of ideas* that the people should move in restoring the Democratic party to power. It has, for more than half a century been recognized as a main article of

the Democratic creed. In this hierarchy the laws are considered as limiting and controlling the governmental administrators of the laws as completely as they control the quietest private citizen: *constitutions* are considered as controlling and limiting *laws*, and the *people*, only, and that only when acting organically in constitutive modes, as having sovereignty *over* constitutions.

"But the people must believe something farther. They must believe in a high *moral* obligation binding on all to observe the Constitution, and that he that breaks it—who wilfully disregards it is a *bad* man. The hierarchy of ideas is perfect, but, carried out, it goes beyond our present topic. *Morals* must be the basis of consti-

tutions and of civil government, and *religion* must be the mistress and monitor of *morals*. But when we see the curses brought upon our country by preachers, in the *abused* name of religion, we see that the hierarchy of ideas is not complete, unless, somewhere on the earth, God has established a one tribunal which he will keep free from error, and to which he attributes the power of correcting errors and excesses. This, however, is not to our present purpose—only we feel ashamed of mentioning religion in connection with our political disruption, without scouting and branding the adepts of the New England Protestant pulpit."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.



"ES, father," said officer Onahan, "next St. Patrick's day it will be just ten years since I joined the force."

"Dangerous experience, did you say?" "Faith then, you are talking. Plenty of them, plenty. Sure isn't my beat

down at the Point? I guess I wouldn't be speaking to your Reverence now, hadn't the Holy Mother in heaven preserved me."

"The day I brought home my new uniform, Nora, my wife said to me: 'Now, Cornelius, those brass buttons and all the rest are all very fine, but you are not going to wear those regimentals without a scapular about you as a protection.' So

off I went to Father Carmelus, to be enrolled. Yes, the boys call me 'a lucky fellow,' but the truth is, father, I have had many a seemingly miraculous escape, and the only way of explaining why so many burglars' bullets, intended for me, went wide of their mark, is because I felt that I was under the protection of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Only for my scapular, father, I guess I'd be over at Limestone now lying side by side with poor Captain Catchem. Yes, father, every dark night, when I am on duty, there comes back to my mind what the sister wrote at the head of the blackboard at school in old Ireland. I guess you have often heard it. It runs:

'Pray to Mary every hour.
Honor her, invoke her power.'



THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER VIII.



JUNE brought vacation to the students. Dr. Vinton and wife spent a week in Philadelphia and expressed their joy that their son's choice had given them the promise of such a daughter. Mrs. Vinton was an exquisite woman. She bore herself with dignity and gentleness, an air of discrimination characterized her.

The family were assembled on the porch one evening, enjoying the breeze which came to them, odorless with woodbine. Mrs. Vinton broke the silence.

"I am sometimes very indignant when I remember the calumnies I have heard all my life against Catholics. When I became acquainted with my sister-in-law I was puzzled to reconcile all that I had been taught of Catholics with what I knew of her life. She never talked about her religion, but it appeared in her behavior. She is one of the most elegant women I know and I could not associate with her all the crimes I had heard assigned to Catholics. When the Sherwins went south I saw them frequently. I soon learned that they lived as if in the presence of the Heavenly Father, and I find the same overruling principle in your family, and bless God who has answered my prayers, that my dear son might be shown a companion who should walk with him in the way of God."

The warm weather hastened the departure of Dr. Vinton and wife to the sea shore. Kathleen left the city for Sargentsville, traveling in company with Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who intended spending some weeks with Dora on their way to Bedford.

October was chosen for Mary's wedding. The young people intended to settle within a mile of the Vinton homestead. Dr. Vinton anticipated with delight the relief Dr. George would bring him in his professional labors. From Mr. Dillon

came eloquent commendations of Edward Butler ending with "I told you so."

The summer passed like a dream. The preparations for the wedding, occasional flying visits from their sons, and the duty of the hour found the days full of interest.

John surprised them one Friday in August, asking them to go with him to Sea Girt. He had secured a substitute and wished to have full value for his week's holiday. The change was a delightful experience. On Saturday evening the party was completed by the arrival of Paul in response to a message from John. The girls had so much to tell to the absentees, who, stretched on the sand, revelled in the luxury of well-earned rest, abandoning themselves to the glory of sea and sky, and the enjoyment of family reunion.

Time had invested the sons with the air of men who had surmounted difficulties. In movement they were dignified, in expression thoughtful. Clearness of complexion, holiness of the mouth and the candor of their eyes answered their mother's fond scrutiny, telling her that these bodies were still temples of the Holy Ghost.

"You boys have let me talk right along for an hour," said Mary. "I now propose to listen. What have you to tell?"

"I sent you all the news in my letters."

"You do not call postals letters?"

"My dear sister, if you knew how my time is claimed you would not expect letters."

"I do not, I am asking now for news *via voce*."

"Oh," said Paul, "it is so delicious to do nothing. John, can you take that letter out of my hip pocket? I am too comfortable to rise."

"Roll yourself a sixteenth of an inch further to the right. There you are."

"This letter arrived in the morning mail. I had no time to read it before breakfast. I saw it was from Frank Barington."

"The stamps are English. Wait a min-

ute till I run it over— He says: 'Tell your mother I shall be ever grateful for the help she gave me. Her judicious questioning was of great service in clearing the air. Alaska is a wonderful country, but while there my mind was preoccupied and not in equilibrium. At the end of the month my cousin was recalled to Washington. I concluded to visit Oregon. An old friend of my father's was pastor of a Church in Portland. He received me cordially and I might have had a good time, but I was in a fog. I did not wish to meet people.'

"What an odd fish Frank was at college. I remember his fogs. They used to envelop him suddenly without warning, and then you could do nothing with him. He emerged from them with the same abruptness, but gone."

"I was in a fog and could find nothing of interest. One evening Father Stark said, 'Look here, Frank, there is something wrong. You are not a bad fellow and you should be happy. Joy is one of the fruits of the Holy Ghost, and you have a right to it. Speak out as if you were alone. Throw your thoughts against that mantle-piece.' I gave him a queer jumble, to which he replied in three words, 'Make a retreat.' At the end of the week I went to Montreal and entered on a retreat in the house of the Sulpitian Fathers. I thought I knew something of retreats through our experiences at Georgetown, but this was altogether a new departure. For the first time in my life I had a faint conception of the meaning of the words 'Alone with God.' The isolation from friends, the strangeness of my surroundings lightened the effect and helped me in the consideration of the mysteries of life, death and eternity, and my relation to them. The final practical conclusion sent me to Roehampton. I have been five months in the novitiate here and have come out of the fog into the glorious sunshine. I ask your prayers and those of your good mother that I may have but one object, to do the will of God."

"Mother," said Mary, "do you think the disappointment Frank met last winter was the cause of his joining the Jesuits?"

"I do not consider it the direct cause; disappointments often set one thinking. Violet's defection was a great shock to him,

not only was he grieved for himself, but he deplored her own spiritual condition. Frank's nature is earnest, the Violet of his love existed only in his imagination. As he matured, he began to perceive the object of his affection as she really existed. The change was not so much in the woman as in the man."

"Well, well," said Mr. Murphy, "I am surprised. I thought he was in Alaska all this time. Why could he not have entered the order in his own country?"

"That is just what he does not tell. I suppose he had good advisers."

"No doubt."

"Your letter reminds me," said John. "I think I received one this morning. I was the last man entering the dining-room, and I thrust it into my pocket without opening. I saw it was from the hospital."

He ran his eye over the contents and jumped up hastily, crying out: "What time is it?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"What time does the noon train arrive?"

"Twelve ten."

"I have to meet a friend," said he; "excuse me, I will meet you at dinner."

"Why could he not lie still," grumbled Paul. "I will have to burrow a fresh place for myself."

"Father won't you lie down here and let me lean against you?"

"Sorry to say I can't oblige you, my son. I never like to sprawl in company."

"You don't know the luxury of it."

"All right, keep your luxury, I will take a walk with your mother."

Margaret took Paul's head in her lap, the change of position gave him a sea view. A school of porpoises hove in sight, tumbling along in their floundering fashion. The serene silence of satisfaction brooded over the brother and sister. The sense of sweet companionship was all sufficient. Their father's voice roused them in a little while to the consciousness that they were the last of the loiterers, and that it was time for dinner. John joined them as they reached the dining-room. To Paul's cheery question, "did you find your friend?" John responded, in a low tone, "I will tell you later."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

III.

BY PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.



THE *wage question* gave in the middle ages as at present rise to disagreements between the masters and their journeymen. The records preserved allow us to judge that in general the laboring people were better paid than they are now, and the many pious foundations made by unions of journeymen prove that money with them was abundant. A journeyman mason or stonemason received in the 15th century wages averaging per week the price of three sheep and a pair of shoes. (His board, wash, light and fuel were provided for by the master.)

Public baths for the laborers were provided for in all towns and regularly used. It was looked upon as a postulate of cleanliness to bathe frequently.

Thus considering the position and condition of the laboring classes during Catholic times we find it almost ideal. The workman is a member of the family of his employer, well housed, well fed, well paid, and aided abundantly in days of sickness and distress. His wrongs are attended to by the journeymen unions and the guild; the government protects both master and employe in their respective rights, religion curbs wild instincts, and the result of all the forces combining is a perfection of work, material and workingman never reached before nor after.

The rebellion of the 16th century changed the condition of things for the worse. The restraining influences ceased or were defied, the art of the architect, painter, sculpturer and goldsmith were almost annihilated because the reformed churches had no use for their craft. The spoliation of

churches and monasteries deprived the clergy of the means to foster art and trade, and the publications of the middle of the 16th century teem with wrathful denunciations of the universal ruin wrought by the upheaval. Arts, sciences and trades never regained their former ascendancy until the century of steam and electricity dawned upon the world.

The question, however, is pertinent: Did the 19th century really revive them? Certainly not in the shape in which the beginning reformation found them. For the connection between employer and employe, so essential to the well-being of the laborer, no longer exists. There is no identity of interests, on the contrary they often are diametrically opposed to one another. The employer takes only the interest in his laborer represented by his productive ability. The modern division of labor renders it impossible to the laborer to master all the details of his craft, and chains him to the machine. He is a slave, bound so firmly that he is unable to earn a living as soon as a malevolent foreman forbids his attendance upon the machine, and very often it is not unfitness for the work or want of skill that make and unmake the laborer, but religious and political views decide the case. Many a time we heard how the foremen on the eve of an election coolly informed their men that they had to choose between voting the bosses' ticket and quitting work. Quitting work meant starvation for the family, and hence the white slave bowed his head and voted contrary to his conviction and contrary to his interests. And this in the land of liberty!

Female factory hands are of course not touched by politics, but their wages are below all proportion, and when complaints were made they received a cynical answer too lecherous to be repeated. The sale of honor and virtue should help them to living wages. What a contrast between the

action of masters in Catholic and in modern times!

Formerly the master was responsible for the physical and moral well-being of his employees. Now he is almost inimical to their moral well-being, and he uses the strength of his laborer as long as it lasts and ruthlessly casts him aside when he finds the employment no longer lucrative for himself. The man worked hard and faithfully, but the sweating system did not allow him to save anything, and in case of sickness, accident or old age he finds himself a pauper with the poor house before him.

And yet people wonder at the rapid spread of Socialism.

But—what is Socialism? The term, vague in itself, is greatly misunderstood, even by professed Socialists. It embodies at present three widely different systems with any number of shades and distinctions in each. In general Socialism may be defined as a giving up of individual rights and views in favor of society, whether this be represented by the civil government or unions.

The first class of Socialists wishes to yield the rights of the individual to the government, imposing upon it also the duty to maintain and protect the mutual rights of capital and labor by law. The second class substitutes for the individual the multitude, arranging the forces of labor as a closed phalanx against the ranks of capital, however without appeal to violence. To this class belong the Social Democrats. The third branch despairs of ever obtaining justice to the laboring man by legislation or other fair means, and hence appeals to violence. This class comprises the Anarchists, so called because they wish first to upset and utterly destroy the existing order of things in order to raise their new and chimerical happiness upon its ruins.

We hear also of Christian Socialists, but we may as well pass them over at present, as there will be ample opportunity in drawing our conclusions to determine what we have to understand by this system. Instead we can enquire into the merits of the three systems mentioned.

As to the first—Socialism pure and simple—the question arises: Can any civil government legislate in a manner sufficient

and satisfactory to the interests both of capital and labor? The condition of market and labor stamps every government bill of this kind with the character of a compromise, for if there were no diverging views in the questions involved legislation would be unnecessary. In a conflict of views and interests, however, any union is impossible, if it is not effected by mutual concessions. Concessions presuppose fair-mindedness and a sense of justice. Live and let live, must be the parole. This, however, is a moral principle, which lives and finds its being in a well trained conscience. Now the only power that can train a conscience and keep man to obedience to its dictates is the Catholic Church. To prove this we need but refer to the condition of labor as we described it above. In the ratio in which the world emancipates itself from the sway of the Catholic Church, in the same ratio conscience becomes a thing of the past, and greed and self-interest take its place. Hence our legislative assemblies, whatever name they may go by—Parliament, Reichstag or Congress—present us with a number of men actuated by self-interest and determined before hand to promote legislation favorable to themselves and detrimental to people of other views. The question is not enlightened patriotism, the greatest good to the greatest number, but the well-being of the party. It is a sectional issue and determined by the majority *pro tem*. A change of majorities brings a change of cardinal principles and aims, and thus our laws of the present day resemble a storm-tossed bark, flung from side to side by foaming billows of party favor or party hatred. Any rapid change of views and measures is, however, destructive of peace and progress, and none more so than measures affecting capital and labor, which are so complex and comprehensive that with few exceptions all the laws passed touch them. We see this in the questions of tariff, currency, immigration and prohibition.

To yield up under these circumstances the individual rights and establish a modernized kind of Spartan Republic, where the state takes the place of soul and body, family, church and school, and is the common mother that is to tend and heal every woe, is more than Utopian, it is absurd,

absolutely impossible. Even granting an ideal gathering of legislators were possible, that would look to the public interest only, there remain two very serious objections: 1. What is to the public interest? and 2. Can a law be framed through which a cunning lawyer cannot drive a carriage and pair?

Also upright and patriotic men may conscientiously hold opposite views concerning the expediency of a measure, and as there is no judge, who can decide the merits of those views, and infallibly side with the best, legislative enactments are empirical, and all the many social laws enacted in Europe and America for the last thirty years prove this to a demonstration, since they failed of their purpose and were amended and remanded or put aside. Neither can there be any doubt, that in spite of a most careful wording of the law, legal technicalities or tricks frustrate the aims of these laws and pervert to the bad, what was intended for the good. We need not be astonished at this. The bearing of a man towards his fellowman is determined by moral considerations and aspirations,

which are beyond the scope of human laws, and, consequently, where conscience does not bind, the law will fail to bind, so even the most solemn law, not supported by conscience, is but printed words and nothing else.

To theorise, may be very entertaining and elevating, but when it comes to a practical application of theories, we have to take the world as it is, not as it might be and should be, and taking it thus, we can easily convince ourselves, that State Socialism is and must be a failure, and far from being a panacea for existing ills, rather tends to multiply and deepen them.

I do not for a moment deny that also the law has a very conspicuous place in the social questions, nay that many of them could never be solved without the assistance of the law; but it is only a secondary and subsidiary place it occupies. Social questions are in the first place moral questions, questions of conscience, and the law may be the executive, it cannot be the creator of the underlying principles. And therefore Socialism pure and simple, thus understood, is a failure.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

* Guide me, sweet saint, on my perilous journey;
Gently recall me when blindly I stray;
Patient endurance and faithful endeavor
Teach me Saint Joseph, great Saint of our day!"

—*Anglique de Lande.*



LONG ago a medical friend of mine,—who by the way is a practical Catholic,—told me of one of his perilous sick-calls. "I was in an awful fix," said he. "It was a very urgent case, and no time was to be lost. It was an unusually wet and dark night. I didn't know which way to turn

my horse, so to get out of the dilemma I threw the lines around the dash-board, saying: 'Here, St. Joseph, take me to my destination.' The Saint did lead me there—to make the story short. I was very grateful, too, for the next day I found that I had crossed swollen creeks in a way which would baffle the most skilful sailor. I had often heard of St. Joseph leading priests to sick people, but my experience has taught me that he likewise helps the medical fraternity when they ask his help with confidence. I never fail to call on St. Joseph in every difficulty," concluded the doctor.

ST. TERESA'S DAUGHTERS IN CUBA.

BY REV. CHAS. W. CURRIER.



NOT far from our coasts, hence doubly interesting to Americans, lies the "Pearl of Antilles," the fair island of Cuba, a veritable earthly paradise, were it not for what men have made it. At the present moment it is attracting world-wide attention, for the din of strife is heard upon its shores, and the blood of its children, as well as that of the people from beyond the seas who hold it in an iron grasp, flows freely. But, mid the turmoil that war has engendered, mid the roar of guns and the clashing of sabres, there are a few quiet spots to which the sound of battle finds no access, where all is love and peace, and the soul breathes the pure air of heavenly contemplation. To these favored retreats belongs the convent where the daughters of the great St. Teresa endeavor to walk in the footsteps of their holy Mother. A sketch of this asylum of virtue would be highly imperfect without more than a brief mention of the saintly man to whom it owes its origin, Bishop Evelino de Compostela.

Diego Evelino was born in 1635, at Santiago de Compostela in Galicia, Spain. From childhood, he evinced an inclination to devote himself to the service of the altar. Such were his talents and so rapid his progress in his studies, that at the age of fifteen he held public disputations in philosophy, and at twenty-three, he obtained the degree of doctor in canon and civil law at the University of Compostela. For a time he filled the position of rector and professor of the *humaniora* in the college of the Infantes at Toledo, whence he passed over to the university of Valladolid, where he filled several chairs. After occupying various benefices, he finally became parish priest of the Church of Santiago at Madrid.

While in this position he was elected Bishop of Cuba in 1685. At the same time, Pope Innocent XI. commissioned him by a special bull to visit the convent of the Descalzas Reales of Madrid and reform their statutes. These religious, knowing his oratorical talents, were very anxious that the King, Charles II., should hear him, and they arranged a religious celebration, at which the monarch assisted, besides his Queen, and the Queen mother, Maria Anna of Austria. There were also present three cardinals, four archbishops, fourteen grandees of Spain, and twenty-two of the most famous preachers of the times. Such was the force of his eloquence and the perfection of his peroration, that he began to be regarded as having no equal, and his reputation increased to such an extent that before leaving Spain he was called upon to consecrate six bishops.

Don Diego Evelino finally embarked at Cadiz, and reached Havana in November, 1687. From the moment he set foot on the shores of Cuba, he began to shine as a resplendent light. Without treading on sensitive hearts, he effected more by his examples and by his eloquence, than all the severity and censures of his predecessors. He treated all with gentleness and courtesy, without the least affectation of austerity in his manner, and thus gained the hearts of his people. He never used a carriage, but went always on foot, living most abstemiously on one frugal meal a day, and freely distributing alms to the poor. When his sonorous and melodious voice sounded from the pulpit, his words melted the coldest hearts. It was, however, not only the laity that experienced his zeal, the clergy, too, were benefitted, perhaps more than others. He found many of them living in luxury, keeping a splendid table, and assisting at plays and diversions, entirely foreign to their state of life. The example of the holy Bishop soon put a stop to these disorders, and for very shame, the clergy returned to a sense of their duty. Many were the works accomplished by this zealous

priest of God, in spite of the slender resources he had to rely on. He founded at least twenty-four parishes, established the seminary of St. Ambrose, paying the rector and professors out of his own pocket. The college of St. Francis de Sales for girls, and several convents owed their origin to him, and he sent missionaries to Florida to evangelize the Indians. One of the brightest gems in his crown is the convent of Carmelite nuns at Havana.

There lived in that city toward the close of the seventeenth century, a physician named Don Francisco Moreno. Together with his wife, Dona Ana Tadino, he ardently wished to form an institution pleasing to God, and they both finally decided to set apart a large portion of their ample fortune to erect in Havana a church and convent of the Reformed observance of Carmel and offered to bring sisters for that purpose from Caragena in New Granada, where a convent of that order existed. The Bishop entered heartily into their views and even volunteered to contribute his share toward the expenses.

The result corresponded entirely to their plans. The Church and convent were soon completed, and in the year 1700 the three first mothers arrived. The prioress was Mother Barbara of St. Catherine. Their portraits may still be seen in the room communicating with the apartment where the *turna* is situated. Mother Barbara died in 1752, after about sixty years spent in religion, leaving behind her a great reputation for faith and piety. The community rapidly increased, and it has continued to edify Havana down to the present time. It is situated at the corner of the Compostela and St. Teresa streets, most appropriate names for streets adjacent to a convent of St. Teresa, founded by Evelino de Compostela. The Church is one of the finest of those attached to nuns' convents in Havana, and it has always been distinguished by the impressiveness of its religious celebrations.

The humble and saintly Bishop Evelino de Compostela lived only a short time after the establishment of the convent, dying on August 29th, 1704. So great was the concourse of people who surrounded his bier, regarding him as a saint and anxious to obtain possession of some object connected

with him, that the governor felt himself obliged to place a guard near the body.

On the gospel side in the Carmelite chapel of Havana, the mortal remains of the saintly Diego Evelino await the Resurrection. The tomb is the best piece of work of its kind in the island of Cuba. It is of white marble, adorned with various well executed figures in relief. The epitaph, translated into English, reads thus: Diego Evelino de Compostela, while living kept before his eyes the hour of death, the last day and the eternal years. He has prepared for himself his honorable tomb among the lilies of Carmel and Virgin Choirs, in this temple of the Nuns of St. Teresa, erected by himself. He departed this life at the age of 69, in the eighteenth year of his episcopate, August 29; 1704."

(1) The heart of the holy man is preserved by the nuns in their choir. It was the wish of the Bishop that his heart should remain with his daughters.

Nothing that we know of occurred to disturb the calm serenity of the Daughters of St. Teresa in Havana, until the year 1762, when war broke out between Great Britain and Spain. Toward the end of May of that year a formidable English fleet commanded by Admiral Pocock appeared off Havana. Within a brief period the English army, under command of Lord Albemarle, landed on the shores of Cuba. Havana being in danger of a siege, the Captain-General Prado y Porto Carrero issued an order that all men incapable of bearing arms, as well as the women and children and the religious of both sexes, should leave the city. A Jesuit Father who was present writes thus:

"With what consternation did we not see the spouses of Jesus Christ pass the hitherto impassible limits of their cloisters, to begin on foot with the burning sun at its zenith an uncertain voyage without destination, on roads that the continuous rains of the last few days had rendered unfit for travel, subject to hunger and thirst,

(1) D. O. M.

Didacus Evelino De Compostela,

Adhuc Vivens.

Mortis horam, Diem novissimum et aeternos annos

In Mente habuit

In templo isto Monumentum Sanctae Theresiae

A se constructo

Inter ipsa Carmellita, et Virgineos Choros,

Hoc sibi paravit honorabile sepulchrum.

Recessit e vivis Etat. LXIX., Episcopat XVIII.

Die 29. Aug. Ann. 1704.

and weighed down by the fear that led them away." The nuns were, at first, objects of curiosity, then of general sympathy. They carried with them the sacred vessels and other religious objects from their monasteries. During those terrible months the inhabitants of Havana, the religious along with them, were obliged to camp out as best they could in the country around the capital, and from their improvised dwellings they could behold the maneuvers of the British army. After a siege of more than a month the Morro Castle was taken by assault under the leadership of the humane Sir Wm Keppel, brother of Lord Albermarle. The heroic Velasco, commander of the fortress, fell at his post, carrying with him to the grave the admiration of his enemies, and lamented as much by Keppel, as by his own comrades. Havana capitulated, and the religious returned to their homes. The same Jesuit Father testifies to the humane conduct of the English. By the terms of the capitulation it was agreed that the Catholic Church should preserve

all the rights it had hitherto enjoyed, and that the religious communities should not be interfered with. The English remained in Havana until the treaty of Versailles, which put an end to the war in the beginning of the following year. (1).

When the Carmelite religious arrived in the United States from Antwerp, establishing their first community in this country in 1790, they entered into correspondence with their sisters in Havana, and the latter sent them gifts, the sisters here being in great poverty.

There is also a Carmelite convent at San Juan, capital of the island of Porto Rico, the only one of nuns in the city. It is much older than the convent of Havana, its foundation going back to the year 1646, when it was established by Dona Ana de Cauzos. The three first nuns came from Seville, where St. Theresa herself had established her order. (2).

(1) Cuba, Puerto-Rico y Filipinas. Waldo Jimenez de la Romera.

(2) De la Romera—1664.

NOTES FROM SPAIN.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



THE *Ecclesiastical Bulletin* of the diocese of Porto Rico, West Indies, publishes the following edifying episode of the death of a noble Carmelite, Don Jose Ganier, Captain General of this Spanish dependency:

"His death has been the echo of his life, precious before God, and most edifying for us. He himself asked His Lordship the Bishop to hear his last confession. The following day the Bishop celebrated mass in the Governor's private oratory, and gave Holy Communion to his wife. Then he ascended to the room of the dying and that of his two children also dangerously ill, and from the hand of the prelate these three received Holy Communion most fervently. The heroic mother and wife accompanied the Holy Viaticum to her husband. She,

accompanied by her children, remained at the bedside of the dying, until, after having received the Plenary Indulgence and the Apostolic benediction, he expired in the arms of the bishop, giving to all an example of true Christian resignation. Before his end he was continually repeating acts of contrition, and resigned himself frequently into the hands of God and Our Holy Mother of Carmel. His last earthly testament was worthy of the Christian end of a "devotee" of Carmel. He requested that on his coffin there should be no military insignia, no indication of his exalted military rank, no heraldic decorations of his nobility. The only one he requested was, that they place over his chest the *Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel*, and the relics of a Saint to whom he was devoted, which during life he had carefully guarded.

"In the instructions and advice he gave

his family, he appeared as a patriarch of the Old Law, who, with prophetic spirit marked out his destiny for each of his descendants. He indicated to his children the path of virtue they should tread, the road of filial and fraternal love they should follow. He impressed on his children the necessity of always having present before them the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom, without which they would never attain rest in this life or happiness in the next.

"It consoles us," says the writer in the *Bulletin*, "in a special manner, that in the Spanish army there are to-day many officers animated with the spirit of the late Senor Ganier, whose death has cast so profound a gloom over the colony he so wisely and conscientiously ruled. During life he honorably grasped the cross of his sword, but his Christian example showed that in his heart there was another cross more precious—the cross of Jesus Christ and the faith which flows from it."

It is just such a class of men whom the agents of Freemasonry—the filibusterers of Cuba—would fain exterminate and replace by an anti-Catholic government, throwing the bright "Pearl of the Antilles" into a chaos of revolution, and inaugurating an epoch of suffering for the church, such as has been, alas! too frequently witnessed in San Domingo, and so many other republics of Spanish origin in South America.

The feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, the 75th anniversary of the first communion of our august Holy Father, was celebrated with unusual pomp and splendor in the Churches of Barcelona.

In "Berlin" formerly the Church of the Calced Carmelites, in "Pino," and particularly in the beautiful church of the Sacred Heart, Calle Lauria, the throngs were immense, as also all the city Churches and convent chapels.

In the Jesuit Church, the six sons of the Marquis de Don officiated at the altar. One, Father Francisco de Alos y Don, S. J., was celebrant, his brother, Don Manuel, vicar of the Church of Pan Francisco de Paula, deacon, and his younger brother, Don Jose Maria, of the Diocesan College, was subdeacon. Two other brothers acted as acolytes and a sixth as thurifer.

It was a beautiful tribute of devotion to the apostle of youth and purity.

The venerable and noble father of these ecclesiastics sat in the sanctuary side by side with the Duke of Solferino, who attended as the lineal descendant of the Gonzagas—Marqueses de Castillon—the Spanish branch of the saintly family.

This celebration was certainly unique, and worthy of the feast, so popular in the Peninsular, since few are the families, who have not amongst them a little "Luis."

THE AVE MARIA OF KEBLE.

Ave Maria! Blessed maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade!

Who can express the love
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
for Jesus' Loly dove?

Ave Maria! Mother blest!
To whom caressing and caress'd
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favored beyond archangels' dream
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
The new-born Saviour smiled.

Ave Maria! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy shrine,
For He, thy Son and Saviour, vows
To crown all lowly, lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

Bless'd is the womb that bore Him—bless'd
The bosom where His lips were press'd;
But rather bless'd are they
Who hear His word and keep it well;
The living homes where Christ shall dwell,
And never pass away.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

VIII.

OF COMMON PLACE BLESSINGS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



N most lives, the background, the incidents, the dramatis personæ are mainly commonplace. Yet, in my opinion, discontent with the common place is one reason for a good deal of real or fancied unhappiness.

There seems a difficulty in realizing the depth of blessings that we enjoy in common with our neighbors, Coventry Patmore, the author of *The Angel in the House*, which should be beloved by every woman, touches this feeling, in speaking of "common graces." He says:

"And fall thy thanks for gifts Divine,
The common food of many a heart,
Because they are not only thine?
Beware, lest in the end thou art
Cast for thy pride forth from the fold,
Too good to feel the common graces
Of blissful myriads who behold
For evermore the Father's face."

The delights of possessing even ordinary health and strength is only felt when the weariness of illness is over and every day brings a tiny influx of energy; when, one by one, the threads of little daily duties are again gathered into the hours.

By the law of feminine contradictoriness, the more of ordinary comfort and happiness, of freedom from anxiety and suffering, that a woman possesses in her life, the more discontentedly she longs for some extraordinary destiny.

Genius, we know, is the gate that leads from the common place to the extraordinary. For this reason, perhaps, we women are prone to dignify a very small scrap of talent by the divine title of genius. It is sometimes hard for us to understand that a dash of facility joined to a liking for music,

literature or art, is not enough to justify us in posing as artists in our respective domains.

The number of female bores who talk their art and their aspirations to the torture of their less endowed or more sensible—circle of acquaintances, is legion.

They need, first, to learn that they are not more extraordinary nor one-half so comfortable to live with as the women, of whom they are so contemptuous, who are blessed with the gift of fine house-keeping and the gracious facility of making home agreeable. Then, let them learn that, though their gift be common place, it is worth being thankful for.

When the woman with a bit of talent for painting or singing or writing puts aside the fascinating dream of "a career," and uses her slender endowment for the pleasure of her immediate circle, for the good purpose that is always near at hand, if we but look for it, for the better understanding and appreciation of what is noblest in her particular line of art—it is then that she finds out how to be grateful and happy with the blessing that is hers.

In every life there are many compensations. None of us is without the angel of comfort, in one form or other, who makes us forget the possible skeleton that rattles in some hidden, but not forgotten, corner.

Common place home, prosperity, appearance, abilities—what are they all but blessings in disguise? The extraordinary brings a corresponding obligation. The genius and the saint owe much to their fellow beings. The millionaire must heed the cry of many a Lazarus. But from ordinary gifts, only meagre return is asked.

We women, in our midsummer drowsing, can scarcely do better than dream a little, not of what might or ought to have been in our lives, but of what is. By that trick

of contrast which seems always necessary for content, we can learn that we have each, above all others, something in our possession deserving only of gratitude.

Perhaps, if we think further, we will actually find a cause of rejoicing in the common place surroundings of our lives, in the fact that we are not unlike our fellows in our thoughts or joys or sorrows or belongings.

To be sure, since our hearts are supposed to rule our heads, we will probably end our reflections with the entirely feminine conclusion that our kindred in general and children in particular, are highly superior to everybody's else and not in any way to be classed as common place.

THE ASSUMPTION.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS

THE waxing, waning moons their light have shed
 Thro' fifteen years of silver, starry night,
 And ever on her love-lit yearning sight
 The heavens have shone, in beauty overhead.
 The darkness and the light together wed,
 Were like for her, whose hope was beacon bright,
 And now the mother love has reached its height
 And bears her up, like angel wings, to tread
 The royal courts, where at the door He waits
 To welcome her—her God, her all, her child.
 O, blissful hour, when, wrapt in His embrace,
 She passes through the fair celestial gates,
 And angels hail her "Welcome undefiled!"
 While she is lost in gazing on His face.



FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

AUGUST, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The days of sweet doing nothing are half over. I wonder how many are tired of vacation already? Perhaps many of you have found out that after all the hardest work is doing nothing. Notice how one forgets the heat if he is really busy. So although we owe Adam and Eve many a grudge for bringing so many evils into the world, yet we owe them some gratitude, too. The church sings, "Oh! happy fault that merited such and so great a Redeemer." Yes and the law of labor to which we owe so much was established in the Garden of Eden. There is philosophy in that thought too. Adam and Eve left paradise to work, and work will take us back to paradise. Now, during the vacation there are opportunities for unselfishness which never present themselves at other times, or at least not so often. During the school year the good mother of the family does many a little thing because "the girls and boys have their lessons to see to." It is only fair to turn the tables in summer and let the dear, sweet mother play lady for a while. So many little ways of helping her; so many delightful opportunities for being companionable and unselfish at home. As we grow older we learn that after all our own are the ones who deserve most at our hands. Think of it, dear young friends, particularly the girls—a daughter is her mother's treasure. Oh! make much of her whom God gives as His richest gift to a home, and now in vacation days prove to her, your best friend, how deep and earnest is the love you bear her. How? By mere words and caresses? Not at all. We must be as practical in our affections as we are in our business affairs. Self sacrifice is the test of devotion to God or man. Much must be borne in every home; for whether we will

or not we all tire one another. So the willing good nature which lets things pass, the unselfish giving up of one's own will, the generous thought of others—these are the things that prove a daughter's devotion. What of the boys? Only this: A manly boy always loves his mother and is her devoted knight. Only she who is blessed with such a son knows the prize she owns. Lots of summer girls would give a fortune to own as brothers the boys whom they see devoted to their own—their mothers, their sisters, the little ones, the old, and even the summer "crank." It is easy enough to be gracious to strangers. The touchstone of a boy's and girl's character is the treatment of their own. It was a beautiful family motto in la belle France which ran: "Wear your velvet inside."

The 15th of August brings us Lady Day in Harvest, the feast of midsummer, which gives us a feeling of home-sickness for heaven. We must all wait for things, and very hard it is at times. It will not be hard though to think some very sweet thoughts of Our Blessed Lady during those fifteen long years of waiting for reunion with her Divine Son. Think how she loved Him, and then picture to yourself what it meant to her to wait fifteen years to see His holy face after the Ascension. The Germans have a beautiful word, *Heimweh!* home-sickness! No one ever understood it better than Our Blessed Lady in those long years from the Ascension to the Assumption. Wish her joy of her home-going, of her reception, of her perfect joy and peace on the day when she was crowned Queen of angels and of men. Yes, and tell her to secure the same joy for you. Pray for a happy death on the 15th of August. Pray that all who are near and dear to you may be reunited in heaven. That is the true family which meets in heaven. For after all "earth can never be wholly happy because it is not heaven, nor

ever wholly unhappy because it is the way thither." So whether in town or country, forget all things however gloomy, and think only of heaven on the sweetest feast of the summer, "Lady Day in Harvest."

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My first is a vehicle, my second a proposition, my whole is a part of a ship.
2. Why is the ocean so angry at times?
3. Which is the coolest seat in an omnibus?
4. What animal rebuked man of sin?
5. What is that which never asks a question, yet requires many answers.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN JULY NUMBER.)

1. Venice.
2. Because it is a dear little thing.
3. When they are *condemned*.
4. Just-ice.
5. A fortune.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who are the Pifferari?
2. Who made the first piano-forte?
3. Who first taught the art of instructing the deaf and dumb in Europe?
4. Where were stockings first made?
5. Who was the father of the American navy?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

JULY.

1. Raphael, Michael Angelo and Leonardo de Vinci.
2. Raphael.
3. Michael Angelo.
4. In the Sistine Chapel, Rome.
5. Leonardo de Vinci.

MAXIMS FOR AUGUST.

1. There's no impossibility to him
Who stands prepared to conquer
everything,
The fearful are the falling.
—SHAKESPEARE.
2. Learn to live and live to learn;
Ignorance like a fire doth burn;
Little tasks make large returns.
—TAYLOR.
3. Still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;

Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

4. Nobody talks much that doesn't say unwise things—things he did not mean to say; as no person plays much without striking a false note sometimes.

5. The whole essence of true gentle-breeding (one does not like to say gentility) lies in the wish and the art to be agreeable. Good breeding is "surface Christianity."

JESUS ON THE LAKE OF GENESARETH.

The rushing winds piled high the waves,
And o'er the ship they swept;
Fear filled each heart, and blanched each face

But still the Master slept.

Louder and fiercer rose the storm,
And darker grew the sky;
"Alas! He knoweth not," they said—
"Wake, Master, or we die!"

Calmly He rose, and bade the winds
And raging waves "Be still!"
And while He spoke, the sea was hushed,
Obedient to His will.

Sweet Master, round St. Peter's back
The storms are raging high;
Speak, we beseech Thee, bid them cease—
Oh, Jesus, hear our cry!

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Within a splendid banquet chamber,
Which shone with sword and lance,
Surrounded by her knights and ladies,
Sat the good queen of France.

Blanche of Castile, whose royal virtues
Were honored far and wide;
Whose son was the beloved Ninth Louis—
The nation's joy and pride.

Among the company of pages
That waited near the throne,
She saw a foreign youth, of aspect
And features quite unknown.

His fair hair fell upon his shoulders,
His form was full of grace,
While mingled modesty and sweetness
Adorned his youthful face.

The queen said, turning to her maiden,
"Prithee, who is that page—
That stranger of such lovely aspect,
And such a tender age?"

"That is the noble young Prince Herman,
Of lineage without taint,
Son of Elizabeth, the holy—
Hungary's greatest saint."

Scarcely had Queen Blanche received the
answer,

Than, stepping from her throne,
She walked to where the page was standing,
And said, in gentle tone—

"Fair youth, thou hadst a saintly mother,
An honor to her race;
Where did she kiss thee, when caressing
Thy innocent young face?"

Almost o'ercome with quick emotions
Of pleasure and surprise,
Blushing, he raised his finger, touching
His forehead, 'twixt his eyes.

The queen, with reverence and fervor,
Kissed the *same* spot, and gazed
Upon him tenderly, then murmured
With eyes to heaven upraised—

"Dear saint above! keep this thy loved one
From every stain of sin;
And pray for us that we may labor,
Eternal life to win."

SPIN CHEERFULLY.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod;
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.
The shuttles of His purpose move
To carry out His own design.
Seek not too soon to disapprove
His work, nor yet assign
Dark motives, when with silent dread
You view each somber fold;
For lo, within each darker thread
There twines a thread of gold.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
He knows the way you plod;
Spin cheerfully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

THE SAFE PLACE.

I'll sing to you a little song,
Which some one sang to me,
One summer morning, as I slept
Upon my mother's knee.

The singer's voice was low and sweet,
And sang so blissfully,
I thought I was in heaven, and not
Upon my mother's knee.

The Song.

"Sleep well, my darling little one,
From sin and danger free:
No harm can come whilst I am here,
Beside thy mother's knee.

"I once was in this lower world,
A little child, like thee:
And I, too, had a place like this
Upon my mother's knee.

"Whene'er my heart was light and glad,
And full of childish glee,
The sweetest place in all the world
Was at my mother's knee.

"When darkest night was on the land,
When storms were on the sea,
No harm or danger could I fear
While at my mother's knee.

"Each morn and eve I gave my heart
To God, to keep for me.
One day, He heard the prayer I prayed
Beside my mother's knee.

"Before I sin or sorrow knew,
An angel came to me,
And whispered, as I dreaming lay
Upon my mother's knee.

"I waked—and found myself in heaven!
With angels now to be:
Who guard from harm all little ones
That love their mother's knee!"

A Legend of the Assumption of the
Blessed Virgin.

After the death of her Divine Son, Mary dwelt in the house of St. John, upon Mount Zion, looking for the fulfillment of the promise of deliverance, and passing her days in visiting those places which had been hallowed by His baptism, His sufferings, His burial, and His resurrection. One day the heart of the Blessed Virgin was filled with an inexpressible longing to behold her Son, and she wept abundantly. And lo, an angel appeared before her, clothed in light as with a garment. And he saluted her, and said: "Hail, O Mary! blessed by Him who hath given salvation to Israel! I bring thee here a branch of palm gathered in Paradise; command that

it be carried before thy bier in the day of thy death, for in three days thy soul shall leave the body, and thou shalt enter into Paradise, where thy son awaits thy coming."

Mary answering, said, "If I have found grace in thy eyes, tell me first what is thy name; and grant that the apostles, my brethren, may be reunited to me before I die, that in their presence I may give up my soul to God." And the angel said, "My name is the Great and the Wonderful. And now doubt not that all the apostles shall be reunited to thee this day, for He who in former times transported the prophet Habakkuk from Judea to Jerusalem, can as easily bring hither the apostles." And having said these words, the angel departed into heaven; and the palm branch which he had left behind him shed light from every leaf, and sparkled as the stars of the morning. Then Mary lighted the lamps and prepared her bed, and waited until the hour was come. And in the same instant John, who was preaching at Ephesus, and Peter, who was preaching at Antioch, and all the other apostles who were dispersed in different parts of the world, were suddenly caught up as by a miraculous power, and found themselves before the door of the habitation of Mary. When Mary saw them all assembled round her, she blessed and thanked the Lord, and placed in the hands of St. John the shining palm and desired that he should bear it before her at the time of her burial. Then Mary, kneeling down, made her prayer to the Lord, her Son, and the others prayed with her; then she laid herself down in her bed and composed herself for death. And John wept bitterly. And about the third hour of the night, as Peter

stood at the head of the bed and John at the foot, and the other apostles around, a mighty sound filled the house and a delicious perfume filled the chamber. And Jesus himself appeared, accompanied by angels, patriarchs, and prophets; all these surrounded the bed of the Virgin, singing hymns of joy. And Jesus said, "Arise, my beloved! mine elect! come with me from Lebanon, my espoused! receive the crown that is destined for thee!" And Mary answering, said, "My heart is ready, for it was written of me that I should do Thy will." Then the angels and blessed spirits began to sing and rejoice. And the soul of Mary left her body, and was received into the arms of her Son; and together they ascended into heaven.

Then the apostles placed her body upon a bier, and John, carrying the celestial palm, went before. And they laid the Virgin in a tomb in the Valley of Jehoshapat. And on the third day, Jesus said to the angels, "What honor shall I confer on her who was my mother on earth?" And they answered, "Lord, suffer not that body which was Thy temple and Thy dwelling to see corruption, but place her beside Thee on Thy throne in heaven." And Jesus consented and said, "Rise up, my dove, my undefiled, for thou shalt not remain in the darkness of the grave, nor shalt thou see corruption." And the soul of Mary rejoined her body, and she arose up glorious and ascended into heaven, welcomed by angels singing, "Who is she that riseth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." (Cant. VI., 10.)

And there remained in the tomblilies and roses.



Favors Obtained from Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

A LOST CHILD FOUND.



ALITTLE girl of Alicante, Spain, strayed away into the mountains on the 18th of January, 1896. After a long fruitless search she was finally, on the following morning, discovered by her friends at the edge of a precipice. To their great astonishment, instead of finding her dead, as they had feared, they found her well and lively. "Did you not suffer from the severe cold? Were you not frightened?" they asked her. "No," she answered; "a beautiful lady came to me and kept me under her cloak." This strange answer puzzled the hearers, but greater still was their astonishment when the little one, some days after, having entered the Church, cried out, on seeing

the picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel: "There is the lady who put me under her cloak!" The little girl repeats this saying every time an image of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is shown to her.

(San Juan de la Cruz, 15 March, 1896.)

A SINCERE CONVERSION.

At a convent in Western Pennsylvania, a laborer had been employed by the good sisters, whose spiritual welfare caused them some anxiety. They found out that he had been baptized a Catholic, but for thirty years had not received the sacraments. Nor did he seem amenable to good advice or persuasion. Finally they succeeded in having him take the scapular. He was enrolled on the 8th of September, 1895, and on the 15th of the same month he received Holy Communion for the first time in his life, as he told them. Since then he is a fervent Christian.—[EDITOR.]

RELIGIOUS MAXIMS.

MUCH of our life is spent in marring our own influence, and turning others' belief in us into a widely concluding unbelief, which they call knowledge of the world, while it is really disappointment in you or me.

* * *

THE body can put obstacles in the way of the salvation of the soul, yet it is not able to save itself. Suffer, then, O my body, the soul to work for thee, or rather unite thyself in its sacrifices, because, having shared in its trials, thou wilt partake of its triumphs.

* * *

BE reasonable and you will be happy. Expect not what the nature of things can not bestow. Everything is transitory. Our very existence is a precarious inheritance. The foundation of all our unhappiness lies in the great disproportion between our enjoyment and our appetite; for let a man have ever so much, he is still desiring something more.

ALTHOUGH it be as a criminal that I suffer, it is nevertheless that which softens the weariness of life, wherein there can be no pleasure but to love God and to suffer in that love.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

* * *

WHAT happiness for those who contribute to make known, loved, and glorified this only love of our hearts! For they attract thereby the friendship and the eternal blessings of that amiable Heart of Jesus, and obtain a powerful protector for our country.—BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

* * *

HE is ungrateful beyond all expression, and in heart altogether wrong, who, in the face of God's benefits—benefits which cost him so much—does not offer himself and does not see the obligation he is under to devote himself entirely to the honor and glory of our Lord and Saviour.—ST. IGNATIUS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is very gratifying to us to see the prompt and ready manner in which our notices to subscribers have been met. There is only one more warning necessary. In remitting money for your subscriptions please always give your full name and address.

* * *

A BEAUTIFUL monument in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel has been erected in the Carmelite Church of "Sta Maria della Vittoria" in Rome. It is a life size group in marble, representing Our Lady of Mount Carmel in the act of giving the scapular to St. Simon Stock. The sculptor, Com. Balzico, has charge of the work. The funds necessary to erect this beautiful monument were raised by voluntary contributions, collected by a committee of ladies and gentlemen under the patronage of Cardinal Parochi, Vicar-General of Rome, who is a member of the Third Order of Mount Carmel.

* * *

FROM Mannanarn Convent, Kottayam India, we have received a jubilee number of the *Nazravi Deepika*, in commemoration of the golden jubilee of the establishment of the first Catholic press in Malabar. The Fathers of this convent are Tertians of the Carmelite Order under special constitutions approved by the Holy See for a limited time. Their temporary Prior General is a Spanish discalced Carmelite, Fr. Bernard of Jesus, who in one of the recent consistories in Rome has been appointed Titular Archbishop of Philippi and assigned to Mgr. Leonard Mellano, Archbishop of Verapoly, as coadjutor with the right of succession.

* * *

THE annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View, Ont., on the 16th of July is becoming more popular, year after year. The number of pilgrims was so large this year that the accommodations provided were taxed to the utmost and barely sufficed. It was edifying to see so many hundreds who had come on the trains, fasting, approach the altar and re-

ceive Holy Communion. Far more than at any former occasion tried to gain the great indulgence attached to every repeated visit to the Church. In the afternoon, after the Papal Benediction, the great audience were gratified to listen to an eloquent and poetic discourse of the Very Rev. Dean Harris on the historic greatness of the locality selected for this highly privileged shrine, overlooking the sublime Niagara, which was consecrated to God by the first white man who ever laid eyes on it, a Franciscan friar, Father Hennepin, and which is now permanently dedicated to the great Mother of God by his successors the Carmelite friars, the brothers of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

* * *

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites at its regular session on the 23rd of June last, gave its approval of a proper office and mass in honor of Blessed Joan of Toulouse, a Carmelite nun of the thirteenth century. The office and mass are approved for the Carmelite Order and for the diocese of Toulouse, in France. We are still awaiting official notification of the above—but in the meantime we had a short biography of this great saint prepared by one of our Roman Fathers, which will appear in our next issue. Our readers will thus become acquainted with one of the great saints of the Carmelite order, who has been but little known outside of Toulouse, where her relics are preserved, and where numerous and astonishing miracles are continually being wrought by her powerful intercession. We shall publish the authentic report of one which has been thoroughly investigated by the Sacred Congregation.

* * *

OUR Holy Father has published another most important encyclical letter on the reunion of all the Christian churches. It is a powerful and masterly presentation of the doctrine of the Church on the necessity of unity and of a centre of unity. This final authoritative word was necessary, as there seemed to be a foolish hope in the

bosom of many a well meaning outsider that union might be possible with the Church of Rome on some other ground than that of complete and filial submission to her divine authority. We read the letter written by Gladstone not long ago, pleading for the recognition of Anglican orders, and we were deeply interested in the somewhat vague declarations of Lord Halifax and others on the subject. We hope this encyclical will make things entirely clear to them. There is but one way to union with God's church, and that is God's own revealed way. "He that heareth you, heareth me." They must hear the Church, or remain "heathens and publicans."

.

A NEW Carmelite mission for Scotland was formally opened last June at Millport, Cumbrae. There are two Discalced Carmelite Fathers there now, who celebrate Mass in the Chapel attached to the garrison grounds. We learn that the Marquis of Bute has been instrumental in having this mission established, and that he intends to build and endow a new and suitable Church. He is desirous of spreading the benefits of religion amongst the people of Cumbrae and the neighboring islands.

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MANY of our readers will, no doubt, feel inclined to celebrate the feast of St. Albert, the Carmelite, on the 7th of August with unusual fervor this year. We have heard of so many remarkable cures through his intercession, and the use of St. Albert's water blessed with his relic, that we are not astonished at the continually increasing demand for this blessed water. It seems that God allows His Saints to show their power more and more as the world is becoming more sceptical. God, "who is wonderful in His Saints," rewards our love for them by granting extraordinary favors to those who venerate them and strive to imitate them.

.

THERE is a decided revival of love for our Dear Lady of the Scapular, since Our Holy Father has given such great new privileges to the Order of Mount Carmel. At least there never before seemed to be such unanimity among the Catholic papers and magazines to notice the great feast of the scapular, and to prepare their readers

for the worthy celebration of it. The *Sacred Heart Review*, as early as the 20th of June, published a warm tribute to the devotion of the scapular. We noticed similar articles in nearly all the Catholic papers, notably in the *Catholic Telegraph*, the *Pitts-bury Catholic*, *St. Anthony's Messenger*, and others. The *Ave Maria*, true to its mission, devoted the whole month of July to the honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. *The Saint of the Scapular*, by Ellis Schreiber, is a complete biography of St. Simon Stock, and gives a full account of the great event in St. Simon's life, the gift of the scapular. This charming biography is followed up by a most interesting and artistic description of a portrait and the life of *A Carmelite Princess*, by Eliza Allen Starr.

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THE great American republic is again in the throes of a presidential campaign. The country is in a greater state of fermentation than it has been at any time since the war. The silver question, which had been regarded as a mere theory with but a small backing, has been made the main plank of the platform, adopted by the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. Whatever may be the merits of this solution of the financial question, the issue seems to have been successfully narrowed down to this point. And yet, even if the silver men should win the election, they will find that their solution will not by any means prove to be a panacea for all the public ills. Politics, as a science, bears the same relation to the ills of the social body, as medicine to the ills of the human body. How many different remedies are not advocated for the cure of disease, and yet we are all convinced of the fact that there is no remedy for the final dissolution of the body. Every living thing on earth must ultimately die. In the meantime, however, we can prolong life by a judicious use of the proper means. And the science of medicine is intended to find these means and the knowledge how to apply them at the proper moment. But if doctors disagree politicians do so to a far greater degree. Nearly every one you meet has a different remedy to suggest. Thus we came in contact lately with a reformer who had prepared a scheme of radical remedies, which could well be made into a platform for a

new party. For the instruction and amusement of our readers we will summarize it briefly:

(1) Abolish all woman labor, except such as nature itself demands of woman in the household and kitchen. This will give enough employment to all men, and enable them to earn enough for themselves and the women dependent on them. (2) For every six men employed seven days in the week, employ seven men six days in the week. This will give employment to thousands who are now idle, and provide a necessary day of rest for all. (3) Let there be but one more appropriation for the pension list, sufficient to pay the funeral expenses of all now living pensioners. Even the gratitude of republics should have its limits. (4) Let all salaried offices of the government, including the Presidency, be sold at auction to the lowest bidder. (5) Let each state in proportion to its annual increase of wealth be taxed to support the general government, and do away with all customs and internal revenues.

This platform is certainly radical enough to suit the taste of the most violent reformer, and yet there is a grain of truth in each of the planks. Some of them are highly unconstitutional, but the constitution has been amended before, and could be amended again. This platform would sweep away the new woman, the tramp, and the Coxey army, the labor troubles, the pension list, the extravagances of the salary list, and the whole army of customs and revenue officers at one fell swoop. This is worth consideration, and we therefore submit it to the careful study of all those who are dissatisfied with the old parties.

NEW BOOKS.

OUR Catholic writers and publishers cannot ignore the evergrowing taste for fiction, which has invaded our Catholic homes, and must be satisfied with wholesome food, unless we wish to see our youth poisoned by the rank and tainted literature of the present day. We are therefore pleased to announce the publication of some excellent works of fiction by Benziger Bros., New York, in beautiful volumes, with special

designs on cover, at the uniform price of \$1.25 per volume:

(1.) *The Circus-Rider's Daughter*, by Lady von Brackel, translated by M. A. Mitchell, is one of the purest and sweetest stories of modern times. It has all the elements of a powerful and fascinating tale, is never weak or trivial, and is permeated by an atmosphere of virtue and grace, in strong contrast with the usually degrading environment of the noble heroine. We are acquainted with the original, and congratulate the translator, who has not only known how to tell the story in the best of English, but has managed to preserve all the delicate flavor of the original.

(2.) *The Outlaw of Comarque*, by A. de Lamothe. Translated by Anna T. Saddler. The name of the translator is a sufficient guarantee for the value of the work and the success of the translation. It was not an easy task to preserve the idyllic charm of this story of the Provence, portraying the simple manners of its inhabitants and the naive poetry of its songs, hymns and ballads. The close of the last century and the terrors of the French Revolution form a dramatic background for the delightful pastoral scenes in the foreground.

(3.) *Marcella Gracee*, by Rosa Mullholland. A new, illustrated edition of this masterpiece of fiction. The best Irish story of the century. One of the few very good novels ever written. We often wondered why such genuine art, as manifested in this powerful work, is not recognized more fully by the reading public. This novel can well bear comparison with anything written by the successful novelists of the day. And lacking none of the strength and pathos of the best class of fiction, it has the additional advantage of being true to nature, and inspiring in its ethical bearings. The heroine is sorely tempted to perjure herself in trying to rescue her affianced lover, but heroic virtue bears off the palm of victory.

(4.) *Fabiola*, by Cardinal Wiseman. This classic work, which has been the forerunner and inspiration of nearly all succeeding historical romances from Catholic pens, is published in a popular illustrated edition. The illustrations are of high artistic merit and a worthy setting for the noble tale.

* *

THE third volume of the *Outlines of Dog-*

mistic Theology, by S. J. Hunter, S. J., has been published by Benziger Bros., New York (price \$1.50). It was the most difficult of the series, as it includes the treatises on Grace and Justification. No other treatises of theology afford so much liberty for theories, and the Catholic schools have made full use of this liberty. The author has skillfully presented the views of his own particular school, without entering into the controversy. We are glad to have lived to see the day when our theologians are no longer timid about allowing intelligent laymen to drink fully at the fountains of Catholic teaching and to discover as far as they can the divine beauty of "Truth."

* *

The League Hymnal, published from the press of the *Apostleship of Prayer*, New York, by Rev. Wm. H. Walsh, S. J., is a collection of all the hymns used in the Devotions of the League, with their music. The tunes are, without exception, in full accordance with the regulations of the Church. There is no excuse left for the many vulgar, tasteless and profane melodies still in use in so many of our churches, and let us say it, convent chapels. The book retails at \$1.00, but special rates are allowed on quantities. Wherever the Sacred Heart is to be honored in a worthy manner, this Hymnal ought to be introduced.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Ont.; Amherstburg, Ont.; St. Charles' Church, Amherst, N. S.; St. Stephen's Church, Cayuga, Ont.; Dresden, Kas.; St. Edward's Church, Westport, Ont.; Watertown, N. Y.; Convent of Our Lady of Lourdes, Cleveland, O.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; St. Agnes' Church, Debee, N. B.; Sacred Heart Church, Parkston, S. D.; Windsor, Ont.; Christian Brothers, St. Catharines, Ont.; Sandwich, Ont.; Mainadieu, C. B.; Carrellton, Ill.; Brantford, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, Halifax, N. S.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.

At Holy Trinity Monastery, Pittsburg,

Pa., from St. Joseph's Church, Cincinnati, O.; St. Joseph's Church, Trigg Co., Ky.; St. Bernard's Church, Livingston Co., Ky.; St. Thomas' Church, McCracken, Ky.; St. Peter's Church, Toledo, O.; St. Leo's Church, Tacoma, Wash.; St. Bernard's Church, Akron, Pa.; St. Anthony's Church, Millvale, Pa.; St. John the Baptist Church, Scottsdale, Pa.; St. Joseph's Academy, Oakland, Cal.; St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Dayton, O.; Wilkinsburg, Pa.; St. Nicolaus' Church, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Lacry, Wash.; St. Aemelianus Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Mary's Church, Scranton, Pa.; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Thomas' Church, Braddock, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, Freeport, Ill.; St. Caecilia's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Immaculate Conception Church, Orleans, Arkansas; Holy Rosary Church, St. Vincent, Cal.; St. Hedwig's Church, Chicago, Ill.; St. Bartholemew's Church, California; St. Anne's Church, Olmitz, Barton Co., Kas.; St. John's Church, Defiance, Ohio; Ursuline Convent, St. Paul, Mo.; St. Vincent's Church, Elkhart, Ind.; St. Paul's Church, Reading, Pa.; All Saints' Church, Mercer, Pa.; St. Michael's Church, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; St. Anthony's Church, Evansville, Ind.; Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg S. S., Pa.; Cedar Grove Academy, Cincinnati, O.; Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Waterford, Wis.; St. Peter's Church, McKeesport, Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Alpsville, Pa.; St. Pabbip's Rectory, Battle Creek, Mich.; St. Vincent's Church, Oshkosh, Wis.

OBITUARY.

THE following persons are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:—John McDonald, who died at Hardin, Ill., on June 20th, 1896; Libbie Murphy, died May 25th, 1896; John Furgeson, died Feb. 18th, 1896; Mathew Murphy, Montreal, P. Q.; Peter Dunne, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. Kelly, London, Ont.; John Smith, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. John Wilkinson; Timothy Shea; Mary Shea; Bridget Shea; Mrs. Bridget Dillon; Ven. Mother Xavier, Chatham.

AN ACT OF THANKSGIVING.

BY LUCY CAMPBELL.



DON'T say anything more, if you please, Nora, about that subject. I can never get over certain things I know about the Catholic Church."

"Tell me, Margaret, what you know about a church which you say you have never entered," said a quiet voice.

"Why, everybody knows that Catholics say prayers to pictures and images and a lot of stuff to the Virgin Mary, and what do sensible people want to say the same thing over and over for, I'd like to know. And oh! there are just loads of things. I have read about them often. I don't want to hear any more. I couldn't bear to read one of their books."

This talk between two girls was at twilight, in a warm corner in the deserted study hall of a large school.

Nora Morton and Margaret Sloane were cousins and fast friends. Nora was an orphan and had no other home than with her aunt.

It would be hard to find two girls more unlike in every way.

One gentle and thoughtful, the other eager and impulsive, and given to airing her opinions freely. Both were Protestants and knew no other faith.

It is hard to say what had started this serious talk; perhaps an unopened book on Margaret's lap; perhaps something said by the little Mexican child Dolores, who had just left them, and who had a strong attachment for Nora.

Directly the bell rang for study hour, then came evening prayers and the early bed time, so talk of all kind ceased.

The next morning a sister told Nora that her cousin was too ill to come to recitations, but they did not think it anything serious.

Dolores was standing near and heard the message, and coming up, she said to Nora in her broken way:

"Come, Nona nia, we will say a prayer to Our Mother to make Rita well again."

"Our Mother, Dolores!"

"Yes, yes, Our Blessed Mother, you know. She loves all her children and our dear Lord gives her all she asks of Him."

Nora was touched by the child's beautiful faith. She let Dolores lead her to a little oratory near by, where there was an altar of the Blessed Virgin, and here the child poured forth her simple earnest prayer to the only Mother she had ever known.

Nora felt the influence of the quiet sanctuary, but her prayer was strangely mingled with curiosity and pity, for everything was new and strange. Too just to condemn what she did not understand, she still felt that Dolores was only a sort of pagan. She was not uneasy about Margaret, and did not once think of her needing special prayers. If she had felt so, her distress would have been great. It was Dolores' way to pray for everything. They were not many minutes in the oratory, but the child seemed satisfied and happy, as she took her friend's hand and pressed it, saying, "Feel good, Nora, now? Me do."

The morning seemed long without Margaret, and at noon Nora asked to see her. Sister Claire seemed somewhat doubtful about admitting her, and she at once felt her first anxiety.

Margaret was restless and feverish and the few minutes spent in the infirmary were soon over. Nora left feeling sad and lonely. She found it hard to fix her attention on her studies. She was the older by two years and there was a feeling of responsibility for her young cousin. Their home was in Southern Texas. Mrs. Sloane herself had been educated in this same school and knew that her girls, though far from home, would be cared for in every way.

When school was over she wanted to go at once to stay with Margaret, but they told her it would not be best, as she was much worse.

Then Nora broke down and suddenly realized how unlike herself Margaret had

seemed at noon. Now she felt the need of comfort, but as she was a stranger to the girls and sisters she did not know what to do.

She could only cry out the prayer for help that was in her heart, and seek some place to be alone. So she went into the oratory again and sank on her knees in utter abandonment. She did not know how long she was there. It was the first time in her life that earnest, voluntary prayer had seemed a necessity. She had forgotten herself in her interest for Margaret. She did not know that it was growing dark until Dolores whispering said: "Nona mia! How cold you are!" Then she followed the child into the lighted hall. She felt somehow less desolate now, but not like sharing in the play-room gaiety. At supper Margaret's vacant seat made all her fears return.

The next three days dragged by and all the school felt sorry for the forlorn girl whose cousin lay so ill.

No one told her that her uncle and aunt were expected, and when at Mass next morning the prayers of all were asked for Margaret Sloane it seemed to Nora her heart would break, for now she knew that Margaret was in danger. The sisters did not require her to attend school and she passed most of her time in one of the oratories or in the corridor outside the infirmary door. Dolores was her greatest comfort, with her loving ways and hopeful sympathy. In her distress she followed certain instructions which this little foreign baby gave her, spoken so brokenly, yet so certainly, as she would have taken the advice of a physician. Anything, anything that might help Margaret.

She sat alone on the evening of the fourth day, hoping that she might be allowed to come in to see her friend, when she must, in utter weariness, have gone to sleep. A soft light seemed to fall around her; a loving voice said: "Poor child! how tired you are. Lift up your heart. Trust me. I am your mother, though you have never known me."

She awoke, feeling comforted. She thought that the spirit of her own dead mother had been with her.

She crept noiselessly to the door of the sick room, and waited and listened for some

one to come out and give her news of Margaret.

Now and then the dark figure of a sister glided along the hall-way telling her beads with down-cast head.

This silent waiting began to be appalling, and Nora's heart beat fast when she saw a man's figure coming quickly towards her. She thought she must be dreaming, yet it seemed so like her uncle. A minute more and all doubt was gone, as she flew to meet him.

Both were silent in the fullness of their hearts, and it was some time before either could speak. Then her uncle lifted her face and looked long and lovingly at her.

"See here, kitten, this will never do! You too will be calling on us for help if you don't look out."

The tears were falling fast now, but they were doing good. A load felt lifted from her, when those strong, tender arms were around her. "But—when—did—you—co—me?" she sobbed.

"Not more than two hours ago. Your Aunt Mary is with Margaret now and I was just seeing the doctor off. Thank God! the danger is apparently over now."

Her uncle left her in a short time to go in to his daughter, and then her aunt came out.

The delicate little woman looked almost exhausted, but her face was radiant with happiness.

"Oh, Nora! Nora! You blessed child!" her aunt cried out. "Actually you look more ill now than Margaret. I know what a trial this sudden illness was, but I did not think it would make you fret so. The sisters say you have been dazed and that you live without sleep or food. But now we are together, dear, and Margaret will get well they say, so you must rouse up and be yourself again."

"Yes, Auntie, yes; it all seems right now, but oh! it has been so long and hard. I wrote you all about it, and I tried to be brave, but not until this evening have I had any comfort at all."

Then Nora told her aunt of her short sweet dream.

Mrs. Sloane had an odd, puzzled look, as she said slowly:

"About two hours ago we arrived, as all thought, just in time to see our darling before she died. We were admitted by the

doctor and sister in charge. We knelt by Margaret's bed and prayed for one look of recognition. She was not suffering, but life seemed almost gone. There was not a sound in the room—just silent waiting. Suddenly a soft, low voice spoke: "Do not be so sorrowful! Lift up your hearts to God! Surely the Mother of God may comfort the children of earth!" Then Margaret opened her eyes in no surprise to see us kneeling there. She said in a quiet voice, unlike her old impetuous tone:

"Pray on, dear father and mother, and thank our Blessed Mother in Heaven for keeping watch with me until you came."

"Oh, Nora! you do not know how strangely I felt. It seemed to me our child was in another world, and was speaking to us from the shores of the stream she had crossed.

"She fell again into a profound sleep and the doctor said it was natural now. He too was puzzled by her perfect calm. She still sleeps and her face is as peaceful as a baby's.

"You can come in now."

"May I see Rita too?" and Nora saw Dolores was near and waiting. "I prayed and prayed for her so many times, and last night I dreamed that she was well again. Such a beautiful Rita! with her old lovely smile and pretty cheeks, and she said she had two mamas now, but that you, poor Nora mia, had none. But is one mistake I know."

Silently they went in together.

In a short time Margaret awoke and her mother and Nora went to her. Her face was beaming as she gave them welcome. It was one of those rare times in life when words are not needed, and all felt their hearts too full for speech.

After this Margaret was soon as well as usual. She returned to her studies, although her parents wished to take her home. She said she much preferred to remain.

Her sudden illness was something she could not understand at all, but it seemed to her, after her pains were over, that she lived each hour with our Blessed Lady near her. She did not know what the change in her meant, nor how it came, but now she loved all the things she thought she despised, and she was happier in every way. Then in her old impulsive way she ex-

claimed: "And, Nora darling, I have given you and mamma and papa, one and all, to our Lady, and she will claim your love by and by."

Little Dolores kept close to her beloved Nora, and when they were alone, she said: "I am sure I know how our Rita is well, and that she loves our Lady so much."

"Tell me, dear," said Nora, taking the child's warm brown hand into her own with tenderness.

Turning the little face with its dark earnest eyes to Nora, she said with simple confidence: "I put a medal under your pillow the night you felt so miserable, and I asked Sister Claire to give Rita one too, and to-day I went in and put my own, own medal in her hand. She went to sleep and when she woke she was well you see."

Thankfulness was the one feeling Nora felt now. Still it was a pleasure to know that this innocent, loving baby with faith sublime was doing her best. With the child there was an entire absence of self. She did what was to her, the only right thing to do.

She was not grieved that her dear Nona did not understand, or even know that there was any lack of sympathy. Nona was too tired to, she thought. Not for worlds would Nora Norton have shown any doubts or have hurt the tender heart of the child.

She pondered long about it all, and when Margaret was entirely strong they had many talks together.

Margaret seemed just the same fun-loving, merry girl as before. She was just as impulsive in her new-found happiness as she used to be in other things.

At first Nora did certain things to please her Dolores, then they became a necessity, and so, by the time Christmas had come round, she had quietly followed her cousin to be instructed in the doctrines of the Church.

At Easter time they made their first communion together with the full sanction of those at home.

But their cup of joy was full to overflowing when on the same day they received a telegram telling them that Mr. and Mrs. Sicane were also converts to the Faith.

Now indeed could Nora clasp little Dolores to her heart and understand with her soul the lisping, broken words of unwavering love that seemed a part of her baby friend's life.

Margaret always declared that all of it was only "An Act of Thanksgiving."