



YULETIDE THOUGHTS.

BY REV. FR. JAMES, O. C. C.



WEET Yuletide! Days of love divine!
 What hallowed joys dost Thou bestow!
 Incarnate Mercy—gift of Thine
 Hath set our grateful hearts aglow.

When Adam's guilt our birthright lost
 But Sin remained, seed of the grave.
 Redemption then a Man-God cost
 And Him to-day the Virgin gave.

This Babe, who loved, nor e'er could hate
 Aught else but sin, let us adore;
 Who, at life's close shall expiate
 Whate'er our guilt was heretofore.

In Him the High Priest we adore
 Who on our Altars gives His Blood;
 The Prophet, aye, and even more,
 King, thorn-crowned, of the Holy Rood.

O holy Infant! grant our age
 A knowledge of Thy Spirit true,
 Yes! make us humble, poor, and sage,
 That thus we may be born anew.

Our youth inspire to be pure,
 Our families keep in bonds of love,
 To nations grant Thy peace secure
 All mankind lead to heaven above.

And then all joy our hearts shall fill,
 And all shall praise Thee loud and long,
 Who hear Thy voice and have good will
 As promised us by Angels' song.

The Life and Catholic Journalism
OF THE LATE
JAMES A. McMASTER,

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

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)



HERE are certain men, *viri Catholici*, as Pius IX. called them. "Their minds," says Cardinal Manning, "are weary of old truths, old terms, old phrases, old modes of teaching, old prayers, old devotions. They need the stimulus of novelty, new colors, new forms, new ways of stating old doctrines. It is with doctrines as with fashions; they must be always changing. Critics and authors, professors and preachers, often have a craving for originality. To be like their forefathers is to be commonplace; to strike out new lines, new ways of putting old truths, makes a reputation. It is only the Church that can revise the sacred terminology of faith. She alone 'can bring forth things old and new.' All other innovations are departures from the beaten path, which is safe because beaten, and beaten because it is the way of our forefathers in the faith. What is true in theology is more evidently true in the interpretation of the sacred Scripture. The love of novelty is always at work to find new meanings; and criticism is impatient of restraint. We live in an age of unlimited intellectual liberty. Those men read without scruple or hesitation books and writings which fall under the rules of the Index. The habit of intellectual independence is easily formed. We are surrounded by both Gnostics and Agnostics; by those who out of their own consciousness are wiser than the Church, and by others who measure what can be known by what they know. Catholics would not consciously listen to either of these schools

of error; and yet they are continually and unconsciously taking in their erroneous premises and principles, and assumptions in their daily contact with the world. As to false theology and false interpretation of Scripture, they would be upon their guard; but they are off their guard in philosophy, and readily open their ears and their intellect to the aberrations of modern metaphysics. They think that as in philosophy there is no heresy, so there need be no fear. But a false philosophy undermines faith, and one philosophical error, like a rotten beam, will loosen the whole superstructure of theology. These *viri Catholici* have, of all men, need to be upon their guard, for they are the guides and teachers of the faithful. It is dangerous to receive and to propagate the least intellectual error. We have need to live in great watchfulness against what is glorified as 'modern thought.' The thought of the modern world is setting steadily away from God. The love of novelty is one of its signs."

Such men do not enjoy true liberty of spirit. They are under the influence of the spirit of novelty. They suffer themselves to be guided by it. They are the dupes of human prudence. But McMaster was always afraid and suspicious of novelties in doctrine, or practice, or devotion. He knew that theology, or the science of God, is a divine tradition, running down from the beginning, ever expanding, and rising in its unity and symmetry to perfection. It is built up, indeed, of things old and new; but the new are, as Vincent of Lerins said, *non nova, sed nove*. The coins of the Roman, the Byzantine, the British Empire have new and various images and superscriptions, but the gold is all one. So the definitions of the truth may be new, but the truth is old. It is the restless sea of human intellect casting up mire and darkness that forces the Church to make new dykes and to guard the faith with new definitions.

Our journalist always remembered, that, whenever the interests of truth are involved, Catholicity is essentially intolerant. "*One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God.*" (Ephes. iv.)

He defended and adopted with perfect confidence every practice which the Church recommends, and obeyed her regulations with filial submission. He listened to no

murmuring against the severity of the law, to no restless inquiries into the motive for it, to no censorious reflections upon whether it is opportune; to none of those phrases which are heard from the lips of rebels only: "It is a piece of tyranny, downright despotism—altogether arbitrary." He believed in absolute obedience to the letter as well as the spirit of the law. In this spirit he observed all the duties imposed upon a Catholic, and out of this grew his long and constant agitation for pure wax candles for the altar and pure olive oil for the sanctuary lamp. Not only was he an advocate for the faithful performance of obligatory acts, but he was urgent in recommending the practice of all minor devotions that could tend in the remotest way to aid us in seeking our eternal good, which, from the hour of his conversion, he never failed to remember as the first and most important duty of every Christian's life.

In 1849 he adopted for the *Freeman's Journal* a heading typical of the course it was from then to take. The generous impulses of the Revolution of 1848 had spent their forces, and the monster that it was, throwing off its pleasant mask, revealed its hideous features in all their deformities. It showed itself as the implacable enemy of society and religion, and Pius IX., who had nobly thrown himself into the forefront of the battle for what seemed the people's liberties, had drawn back when he perceived that the wily plotters, hitherto unknown at the first successes, showed themselves to be mere iconoclasts, destroyers, or, as their latest name well described them, Nihilists—Nothingists. At the head of the paper was placed a cut representing the Fisherman standing erect in his bark, tossed on a raging sea, but with a light space, upon which a cross was gleaming, showing on the wreck of clouds overhead. Upon this cross the tempest-tortured mariner fixed his eyes, confident of success in the end, howsoever wild might be the evils of the present hour. By this symbol McMaster intended to convey that thereafter he was indissolubly joined to the bark of Peter; to fight the battles of the Holy Pontiff; to advance the standards of the faith, and never to flinch in the struggle, whosoever the opponent might be, whether Caesar, schismatic, or mob. He

signed and sealed himself as the special champion of Roman orthodoxy.

It will be unnecessary to bring up more instances of his great attachment to Divine truth, and to the infallible teaching thereof. They are scattered all through the files of the *Freeman's Journal*, not merely in later years, but twenty, thirty, forty years ago. Take them up at any time, and you find that voice resounding through them. It was not transient, but permanent. He had the *donum scientiæ*, the gift of science or knowledge which sees God in all things, and all things in God. This gift prevented him from following the spirit of novelty. With St. Cyril, of Alexandria, he used to say:

"As the members are united to the head, so ought we to be united to our Head, the Roman Pontiff, and to the Apostolic Chair, from which we should seek to learn what to believe, what to think, and what to hold."

If some, then, have said of McMaster, that there were times when he might have been more prudent, and when his boldness might have been tempered with discretion, they must have meant to say that if they had been in his place, they would have consulted human prudence a little more—that idol before which McMaster never bent his knee.

There are two other idols which Mr. McMaster never worshipped—the idol of human respect, and the idol of the mighty dollar.

We read in Holy Scripture that the Bishop of Pergamus, though quite orthodox himself, did not use energetically enough the sword of the Word of God, with which he was armed to oppose certain false, pernicious principles of his time and country, and warn the Christians against following them. Hence it happened that those erroneous principles spread more rapidly and infected even many of the Christians. For this neglect, and the evil consequences thereof, the Bishop is severely reprimanded by Our Lord, who threatens him and his flock with everlasting punishment, if they do not repent. (Apoc. ii. 12-16.)

This Bishop must have been greatly under the influence of human respect. He, no doubt, thought that if he preached against the erroneous principles of his time, and if he told his priests to do the same, he might create great difficulties for him-

self; that a certain class of men might reproach him with imprudence, and the like. He thought of the displeasure which he might incur with his fellow-men, but the displeasure which he caused to Our Lord by the neglect of his duty, and of which his conscience must have reminded him, he excused with considerations suggested by human prudence. But God threatens him with eternal damnation, if he any longer neglects his duty. There are many Catholic editors who, from the words of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., know that it is the duty to defend Catholic truth against the erroneous principles of our times, (although their duty in this matter is not so great as that of bishops and priests) but neglect this obligation out of human motives. They say, for instance, we have to make a living. If we come out boldly in defence of certain Catholic truths, that very many people, even Catholics, that is, liberal-minded Catholics, do not like to hear, they will say that we are imprudent; they will withdraw their subscription; we cannot afford to profess our faith at the sacrifice of money; it does not pay.

Had our journalist listened to such human considerations in defending Catholic truths, would he be as great as he is before God and his Church, before Catholics, and even before a Protestant public? Let none, therefore, say that McMaster might have occasionally been more worldly prudent. He had a lively faith, and this lively faith made him detest the suggestions of human prudence. How many times had he not to sacrifice numbers of subscribers for having wounded their feelings by heralding too boldly for them Catholic truth. He hesitated at no sacrifice to embrace the faith, to please God, and to gain the love and the peace of a good conscience. This is supernatural prudence united with Christian simplicity. To McMaster may be applied in some measure, and in all humility what the Pharisees said to Our Lord: "McMaster, we know that thou art a true speaker, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man; for thou dost not regard the person of men." Matt. xxii. 16.

As such a journalist, McMaster was known to the public for forty years. Whilst he was alive we seldom ever saw

suspicious doctrines and insidious errors appear in bold print in Catholic papers and periodicals, probably because the writers, as well as the publishers of them, feared to be crushed under the sledge-hammer blows of McMaster's orthodox criticisms.* But not long after his death it was noticeable that most pernicious errors condemned by Pius IX., by the Vatican Council, and by Leo XIII., appeared in bold print in Catholic periodicals. Alas! McMaster, the great champion of faith, was dead! His fiery invective, his searching, scathing criticism, was no longer to be feared!

Mr. McMaster has also sometimes been accused "of losing his temper, and of using sharp expressions that did not become a gentleman." A good, affectionate son will not allow any one to insult, without any reason whatever, his good mother, to injure her character, to deny her rights, and to interfere with her discipline and her family affairs. He would, were any one to do this, boldly declare his manhood, and assert it in the defence of his mother, in terms more forcible than agreeable. Now, McMaster was always a most faithful, and most affectionate son of his Mother—the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever concerned this Mother, concerned also our journalist. Her doctrine, her rights, her discipline; always found an intrepid defender in him. In like manner, he was the courageous champion of the rights of parents, of governments lawfully established, and of right principles in the administration of justice. When a principle, a truth, was in question, he defended it, and, if necessary, with a free lance. Who will blame him for his rough sincerity? Has not Our Lord Jesus Christ, have not his Apostles and the Fathers of the Church used the keen, cutting edge of truth in combating hypocrisy, sophistry and false principles?

* We recall to mind a late criticism of a Protestant work by a Catholic critic and editor of a celebrated Catholic periodical. The Catholic Reviewer pointed out more than one heresy in the work, in which the Episcopalian author declares the Blessed Mary ever Virgin to have had other children besides Our Lord. To our horror, the critic recommended the insulting work to be read by Catholics. He should have said to be burned by Catholics.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE excesses of our youth are drafts on old age payable about thirty years after date.

Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICKSENSE.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

"Did you read the newspaper reports about the now famous divorce suit of Mrs. Windy?"

"No, Sam, I did not, because, on principle, I never read such news."

"That's very strange. It is just such matters that make a dull paper interesting, and I would never look at a paper that did not contain such and similar news."

"Maybe. Our opinion of what a newspaper ought and ought not to bring evidently differs."

"It seems so, Mick. But, pray, tell me what objection you have to our newspapers. A paper, that brings no news, does not deserve its name, I should think."

"Well, Sam, you are always boiling cabbage and turnips in the same pot. A paper can fill its columns with news without making itself a scavenger, and picking up all the dirt about. It is not news in general, but such news I object to."

"Good enough, but I am afraid that with your restrictions, editors would find it a very hard work to collect material enough to fill their papers."

"Not at all. There are Catholic publications of every description appearing in almost every state of the Union, not one of which dabbles in dirt, and yet they manage to fill their pages with readable and interesting matter."

"But they bring a lot of church news, which are interesting only to members of the church, and would be tedious to any other reader."

"You seem never to have read a Catholic paper, else you would have found that the papers commanding the largest circulation, are all political or scientific papers, which do not publish church news. Official organs of the authorities of the Catholic Church bring them, but other papers are independent, and are Catholic only in as far as they judge of the times and measures from a Catholic standpoint. The realm of their usefulness, however, is just as wide as that of any other publication."

"Thus, it appears to me, that you object only to news, which you consider objectionable. But you forget that other people

have as much right as you to form their own standard, and experience proves, that our papers without these news could not exist, because these news are the very thing the subscribers expect to find in them, and for my part I think that it is the vocation of the press to keep the readers posted on everything occurring."

"This is a very great and serious mistake, that you, and others with you, make, *The vocation of the press is to educate*, to take the place of the school for adults, and the daily items only furnish, as it were, the text, on which to expatiate. Such education of necessity will comprise religion, morality, politics, arts and sciences, thus encompassing the whole man and all his environments."

"Just so, Mick. And for this very purpose they are bound to take cognizance also of the shady side of life."

"Yes, but not in the way they do. What would you say if a man entirely uneducated, and therefore ignorant even of rudimentary knowledge, would open a school and undertake to teach branches, of which he knows nothing. But how many editors, reporters and correspondents often write of matters of which they are just as ignorant. And if thus the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch."

"To what do you refer?"

"Principally the vapid editorials on religious and moral questions. The newspapers, without intending it, have done more to destroy religion than all the avowed agnostics and infidels, because they ventured upon ground unknown to them, and rendered an atmosphere murky, which, but for them, had been clear."

"You cannot expect a newspaper editor to be a theologian."

"Certainly not, but for that reason I can expect him, not to write on theological matters without consulting or engaging the co-operation of men that are theologians. Take, for instance, the reports on Catholic teachings or celebrations, and the amount of misleading nonsense, that is sent into the world, is simply astounding."

"Well, Mick, often party spirit dictates these utterances."

"I hope not, Sam, otherwise such papers would deserve unfeigned contempt, and must be held responsible in full for all the baneful consequences of their tirades. I

prefer to ascribe it to ignorance, and blame them only for their forwardness in tackling such matters. Some of the leading papers, I rejoice to say, are careful to have Catholic matters elucidated by competent Catholic writers, and thus escape the danger of misrepresenting Catholic opinion, when they wish to represent it."

"But you cannot expect everybody to adopt your Catholic opinion."

"Nor do I expect it. I speak of matters Catholic. Every Protestant denomination has the same right to see its tenets and practices represented fairly, that is, with objective truth. Leave it then to the reader, to draw his conclusion. Truth it is, that is demanded of a paper."

"And yet you object to the publication of truth, if it is distasteful to you."

"Yes, I do, because the statements you refer to, though true, cannot possibly do any good to any reader, but work incalculable harm to many. Why should all the filth of domestic tragedies be aired in a paper; why should lecherous reports be published in full, and divorces, elopements, murder and suicide keep a prominent place in a paper? If such news would only be mentioned in a few words, accompanied by a moral, to disgust readers with the fact, there would be no objection. But as the reports read, they are an incitement to go and do likewise. Do not the newspapers themselves testify to that effect, when they bring the news of unripe boys and girls, who, in their admiration of one of those newspaper heroes of crime, are influenced by their reading to commit the most heinous crimes? And if, as it often happens, illustrations positively indecent are added to the text, the consequences are dire and deplorable."

"Such cases, Mick, are few, and you believe in the majority."

"There may be few, that go and do likewise, but there are a great many who pamper their mind and fire their imagination with this dirt, so that their intellectual life gradually becomes a regular cesspool. This dulls all the higher and nobler instincts, and kills them by degrees, changing the readers from men into brutes, that covet nothing higher than what caters to the desires of their flesh. Would you call that a desirable education of the masses?"

"Hm.—I suppose you are equally against novels."

"Certainly. The novels, as they are, are destructive of public morality. The sense of right and wrong is perverted, crimes are apotheosised, virtue appears as an old-fashioned weakness, that does not pay, and a religious liberalism or indifference is engendered. It is a great misfortune, that novels ever came into existence."

"What else would you substitute?"

"Something sensible, like history. Or, if we are bound to have stories, let them be such, that they are calculated to improve the reader, not to destroy his morality. A man that writes such stories deserves the thanks of mankind."

"Well, let us pass this question. But, no matter what objections you may bring regarding questions of religion or morality, they will not apply to politics, because in this the papers certainly know, what they are about."

"They know it only too well, Sam. Look at our papers at the time of an election. The private lives of the candidates running for office, are raked up from their boyhood. Anything apt to besmirch their character is flaunted, even their good actions are misrepresented and distorted, the intentions of their own party lauded to the skies at the expense of truth, the intentions of the other party misrepresented, and all possible tricks resorted to, to capture votes and defeat the adversary. Is this just; is it honorable; is it the vocation of the political press, to mislead?"

"It is not, but what can we do. In a republic we claim the right to examine into the conduct of our officials, and put them aside if they are found unsuitable."

"No doubt, but this examination must confine itself to their official conduct or usefulness. The actions of their private life have nothing to do with it, and to spy around, investigating their family life or the indiscretions of by-gone years, and air them with the greater pleasure, the more damaging they are, this is not liberty, it is license. Also an office-holder has an indisputable right to his character and his privacy."

"He has, certainly, but the people do not mind such aspersions of character, because they look upon them only as electioneering dodges. Hence no harm is done."

"I beg to differ from you. Such charges often lead to domestic quarrels, divorces, etc., and in general educate the public to look with disdain and contempt upon its officers whom it ought to honor, at least as long as they hold the office."

"Have you any charges against the press in regard to arts and sciences?"

"Yes. Look at our illustrated periodicals. I grant, matters improved a good deal within the last twenty years, but still there are too many which by preference reproduce paintings and statuary offensive by nudity."

"Mick, you are as old-fashioned as you can be. The reproduction of the most beautiful work of the creator is also the height of art, and the most beautiful is the human body."

"Granting this, I maintain that the argument based upon it is a sophism. If your argument were true, I do not see what valid reason could be alleged against persons appearing in public in a nude state. You certainly can admire the creator's handiwork much better in the original than in a copy. Reverse the argument, and you must say, that if the original be considered improper and outrageous, the same thing holds good of the reproduction. And what is said of painting or sculpture, applies with equal force to music, theater, poetry, etc."

"Mick, you are inexorable. But supposing all your charges founded, where is the remedy?"

"The remedy lies in both the press and the people. Any respectable editor can change the tone of his paper, gradually abolish the objectionable features and substitute matter that will educate his readers in the right groove. On the part of the reader it only takes a number of determined men to throw the objectionable paper out and tell the editor the reason for their so doing, and self-interest will soon compel the paper to accommodate itself to a more refined and virtuous taste."

"And the sum of it all?"

"The sum of it all is that the press in general has hitherto been more an agent for evil than for good. It is called to spread light, instruction and sound principles. Instead, however, of coming up to this standard, it has catered to depraved tastes, and thus, whilst it could have been a blessing, has become a curse."

AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Mary Angela Spellissy.

Are Marriages Made in Heaven?

CONTINUED.



THE sadness of our approaching bereavement distracted me for a time from the dull ache that succeeded Glorvina's raillery. Not only had she dashed from me all illusion regarding herself, but I found myself deprived of trust in all women. My mother, whom I knew to be true and loving, was taken from me, and life appeared a colorless blank. My father attributed my depression to the same cause as his own sorrow. For my sake he roused himself, and, like a true Christian, sought consolation in fidelity to duty, especially in attendance at Holy Mass, and in the frequentation of the Sacraments. He surprised me one day by proposing that we should visit a silver mine in Mexico, in which he had an interest. I was delighted with so congenial a change. Our visit of pleasure led to five years of hard work for which my studies in civil and mechanical engineering had well fitted me. I had many hours of solitude. Seclusion from the world gave me time for thought: the vanity of earthly goods and the wisdom of those who, placing transitory things at their true value, use them as a means to carry out the designs of the Great Creator were borne in upon me whilst I lived close to God's wonders in nature which, unlike man, never resist the will of the Master."

"That thought has often been with me, Mr. De Vere, during the past year. I too have come nearer to God through sorrow."

"Your noble use of your experience, Miss Bryce, has put new life into me. Quite accidentally I learned something of your history. On the evening of my return to New York I found your beautiful photograph in Mrs. Guest's parlor, and on the following morning was present, unseen, in the parlor

of the Good Samaritan during your interview with Dr. Oscott, when you called to take charge of Tommy. In conversation with Mrs. Guest I obtained the key to your beautiful life."

Ethna looked up with a startled expression. As the full significance of Jerome's sentence dawned upon her, then, as all the agony of that eventful winter returned to her memory, she buried her face in her hands.

Jerome continued: "Many a glorious night, as I lay in my hammock under the starry sky of Mexico, memory renewed the feverish joys of those few days and the bitter awakening. At first I was inclined to blame the education that reared me in ignorance of the deceitfulness of the worldly, but with reflection came clearness of vision, and I discovered that vanity made me an easy victim to the first unscrupulous flatterer. At college, study was my great delight, not simply through my thirst for useful knowledge, but because I was ambitious of the distinction to which the learned attain. My spiritual obligations were neglected; I reversed the order of God's law and ignored the end of life whilst allowing the transitory means to absorb me exclusively; thus I fell an easy prey to the passion of love. Reflection proved to me that true love I knew nothing of. Companionship with my father, and the revelation afforded me by his frequent allusions to my mother, renewed my remembrance of my childhood and of the holy happy home in which it was passed. I saw that husband and wife could safely enjoy the delights of earthly love, only when each saw in the other a companion on the way to heaven, and when, sustained by the same sacraments, developing their God-given individuality, ever mindful that all human acquirements are but agencies through which to accomplish the will of the Divine Creator, and that when man has done his best he is but an unprofitable servant. This is christian love in which the man and woman love each the other in the God who created them, strengthened by the example of their common Redeemer; sanctified by the Holy Spirit the Comforter they live in love, in joy and peace. If the fret of human nature, which is imperfect even in the best of creatures, sometimes interrupts their happiness, a speedy recourse to the spiritual

aids which religion so bountifully supplies to her children renews their happiness. They mutually sustain each the other. The old Irish legend tells us that Adam gazing first on Eve exclaimed in rapture, 'My share of the creation.' Contrast Christian with profane love; the latter turns men and women into demons capable of murdering the object of their passion, if their jealousy is aroused or their passion thwarted. Is that love? If so, it is love of self."

Jerome paused. Ethna raised her head, and looking him frankly in the face she said:

"Your words put very strongly before me my own position. They give me new strength and put the matter in a new light. I too have known sorrow through un wisdom."

"There is a general similarity in our experiences that prompts me to hope that it may prove the foundation of a life-long friendship. I have told my story in the hope that your knowledge of it should win your trust."

"Rest assured, Mr. De Vere, that from the first moment we met I recognized in you one who would prove ever loyal to the right. Gentleness and vigor are a rare combination, but I find you blessed in their possession."

"Will you be my wife, Ethna?"

"I will, Jerome."

Blissful foretaste of the joys of heaven, when souls yet untarnished by the vileness of sin are revealed to each other.

When Ethna and Jerome looked abroad they were surprised to find that the brilliant sunset had been succeeded by the luminous grey of the gloaming. The breakers came rolling in, deeply blue bordered with snowy foam. As they turned homeward the breeze freshened giving new vigor to the blood.

When they arrived at the cottage Jerome declined the cordial invitation of Mrs. Bryce to remain. He shrank from the lamp-lit parlor, and craved to be alone with his new found joy.

When Mr. De Vere entered his son's room before retiring, Jerome unfolded to his father the history of his love.

"Perhaps I have spoken prematurely; I know that we are not wealthy and that your liberality has left me untrammelled

from all consideration regarding ways and means, but I suppose my professional experience will secure me a position commanding a salary on which I can maintain a suitable establishment."

"I congratulate you from my heart, dear boy. I see in Ethna the promise of a happy life for you. Like your dear mother, she 'seeks first the things of God and His kingdom.' I can trust confidently that all things else shall be added. I have been silent regarding our affairs which were in a transitory state. The ore I sent to Swansea proved very rich when assayed. I have received this moment a cablegram offering one million for the mine, giving to you and me the privilege of one-fourth of the stock. An English syndicate is the bidder and invites you to retain control."

Not until early morning did father and son separate, and in that interview Jerome's heart glowed with gratitude to his father, whose maxim had ever been "A good name is better than riches."

When Ethna received Jerome next morning she held out to him a letter with foreign stamp. On opening he read:

EDINBURGH, Scotland.
Sept. 20th, 1860.

My Dear Young Friend:

You are much in my thoughts these days, and I feel borne to tell you that my son Archie is about to marry. When I look at your bonnie face, which I keep locked in my desk, I feel afraid that the wife he has chosen will not be to me the loving daughter that you would have been, but I have made my bed and must e'en lie in it. Do not think too hardly of an old man whose one fault was ambition for his son.

Ever with esteem,
Sincerely your friend,

MALCOLM STUART.

"This morning's mail brought it," said Ethna.

"Blessed be God that your 'sweet face' is to be my companion, bonnie; but can I see your mother?"

Not many words were needed to secure the consent of Mrs. Bryce. Ethna prudently reserved the full history of her mother's attitude towards their marriage. Truth to tell, Mrs. Bryce considered the De Veres only 'nice men,' until Jerome informed her of the offer of the mine. From that moment she glowed with favor for both father and son, and flew to letter-writing, which she desecrated on the

superior qualities of her future son-in-law, whom she declared she had known to be a genius the moment she set eyes upon him.

"Some people believe their own lies."

The feast of the Immaculate Conception saw the berries red upon the holly-bush at Mrs. Bryce's door, and the bride wore a scarlet spray from it among her bridal flowers. At the nuptial Mass Miss Judith and Aunt Hilda were among the guests.

After breakfast the bride and groom departed for Mexico. Mrs. Acton and Mrs. Bryce returned with Miss Judith to the city. Mr. De Vere sailed for England soon after the wedding.

In the spring Miss Judith gave up business, and in the company of Aunt Hilda and Mrs. Bryce visited Ireland.

Ethna's mother learned, even though late in life, that it is well to judge one's fellows by their character rather than by their clothing.

POSTSCRIPT.—In the package left to me by Mrs. De Vere I found the following newspaper clipping. December 1860 was written upon it: "On the morning of the 3rd instant a horrible tragedy was enacted in our city. Mrs. Percy Van Fossen shot her husband and in the same instant turned the murderous weapon against her own breast. The miserable husband and wife had been for some time living at variance, their wretched quarrels being a subject of regret to their friends, who are of the first families of New York. Mrs. Van Fossen will be remembered as the dashing belle Miss Glorvina Rittenhouse, the queen of society in the winter of 1860."

From papers in Aunt Hilda's portfolio I learned that the names of Jerome and Ethna were well known in Mexico. Close to the mine lay the beautiful town which they had built. In their wisdom they provided for the spiritual and intellectual welfare of their people, as well as for their physical necessities. The church was flanked by the handsome school on the north, and the hospital on the south. The free library, and in it the lecture hall and rooms for the meetings of the various societies, complete the group of imposing buildings that ornament the beautiful Plaza. In all Mexico Maximilian and the unfortunate Carlotta found no settlement more to their taste. Jerome and Ethna recognized that they were but stewards of their wealth, and the friends of their humble brothers and sisters in Christ.

This instalment concludes the legacy of Aunt Hilda's Portfolio. I would that it had fallen to abler hands to edit the contents.

Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by
Miss Matilda Cummings.



ADVENT days in all their charm of expectancy have come again. The year draws towards its close, and the past looms up through the dark days before Christmas with a very tender memory like all things that are no longer our own. To the spiritually minded, this season of Advent is a singularly dear one. Life is but a series of watching and waiting. The years are full of incompleteness, and the heart is constantly going out wistfully and yearningly to something in store, or turning back less hopefully to a past, which has buried all it holds dear. During these Advent days we find much comfort and an abiding peace in the thought of our Blessed Lady in her days of waiting and watching for the tiny blossom of the root of Jesse. No subject of meditation is sweeter or more fascinating than this. The thought of her, "fairest of all visions," with her eyes closed to all material things, gazing so longingly and lovingly within—what a lesson it teaches us whose eyes are forever straining without. Advent days are a very fitting time for a survey of the department of the interior. To many it is but an undiscovered country, a veritable dark continent, where the light of faith is all but quenched. To the thinking soul these Advent days are full of food for reflection. For what are we waiting and watching? Judging from the vast majority of the people around us, there are very few whose sole object in life, paramount to all others, is keeping our Blessed Lady company in her watch for the Desired of Nations. And yet it is a very command to us all: "Watch!"

How blinded we are by the world's glare, how deafened by its noise, and how weakened by its spirit, more fatal to us than a deadly poison. No wonder that our

Blessed Lord inveighed against it as His worst enemy, and therefore ours. Because of it have we no time in these days of rapid transit to "come aside and rest awhile." Happy we if even a few moments of twilight reflection are ours in the course of a busy day. Work claims as its own the six days of the week; the seventh is a sacrifice to pleasure—not to rest. Rest! It would seem that since the days of Eden it is unknown. At best there is very little of it on earth. Peace is the most we dare hope for; but our Blessed Lady knew it in its fulness, because she found it in God, "Poor Jesus Christ!" exclaimed St. Alphonsus. Do we not know in our own small way what it is to re-echo His cry of repairing love? Poor world! we might say, that knows no God. Science and intellect, and art and culture, each in turn has its votaries. How devoted they are, these days of progress well attest. But where is the proportion when one comes to consider the interests of God upon earth. Our Blessed Lady teaches us the great lesson of life. That we are the creatures of God. That our sole end and aim is to serve Him; and the nearer we come to imitate her, the closer will be our attention to the one thing necessary. How it would simplify things for us to reduce all the complex questions of life to this very simple truth. "One thing alone is necessary." The better part may in our own measure be ours. It is for us to say how large or small our share shall be. Let us think much and deeply of our Blessed Lady during these Advent days. What a well-spring of comfort she is to us, one and all. Things go awry with us so often. Difficulties pile up, and threads become entangled, and our poor little store of courage is well-nigh exhausted. Then is the time to think of our dear Mother during those long happy months of expectation. Her peace was like to that of God before the creation of angels or men. One central idea held her soul captive. God alone was her soul's desire, and as the instinct of true womanhood grew within her, how the mother's love yearned for the sight of her child, He was her all, so should He be ours. She will teach us to make Him so. In our own poor, weak measure, let that be the object of our striving, of our waiting and watching. The creature fails us so

often. Why hang our weight upon a shadow? The world cares nothing for us. Neither did it for our Blessed Lady as she walked the streets of inhospitable Bethlehem. We feel very keenly the many slights and rebuffs that come to us sometimes in a very shower. Let us think of Bethlehem and be silent. Silence is the first power in the world. It is the greatest help to sanctity. To bear in silence the wear and tear of every day life, to be silent under wounded feelings; to be silent when everything goes wrong, and even God seems far off. What a world of sanctity lies in it all. Let the twilights of Advent find us keeping our Dear Lady sweet company in her silent, prayerful watching. She waited for God. He did not disappoint her. Let us, too, wait. He will come to us and give us our heart's desires even as He gave her hers. Only, let His will be ours. She proclaimed herself His handmaid. Behold how royally He exalted her. Advent days should give us her lonely spirit. We are waiting and watching for the Babe of Bethlehem.

The little ones only may draw near to Him. Childlike hearts are beloved alike of God and man. Simplicity is the highest grace and the last attained. The simple heart seeks and finds God, and in God only is there rest.

AN idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

To LIVE long it is necessary to live slowly; to live happily is to live wisely.

SOMETIMES the man steals money; other times, and more frequently, money steals the man.

EACH man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn to have patience with him, to live and let live.

TRUE pleasure is only found in the union of what charms the heart as well as the senses, and leaves behind no regret.

NO MAN has one bad habit and no more. The old proverb runs: "Where the wolf gets one lamb he looks for another."

BE just; neither excuse nor accuse your poor soul without due reflection, lest by excusing it without reason you render it insolent, or by lightly accusing it you weaken its courage and make it timid.—

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

CHRISTMAS, 1895. "IN MEMORIAM."

For the Carmelite Review.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

Ring out, sweet bells, in joyous tone,
Far o'er the snow-clad earth,
And tell once more in silvery strains,
Glad tidings of His birth!

Ring out unto the wintry sky
Sweet bells, but ah! the tone
Of sadness in your music breathes
And echoes in my own.

Loved voices that so often soothed
My spirit, now are still,
And yet in Christmas memories,
They seem once more to thrill.

A garb of snowy white enfolds
Their holy place of rest,
But ah! there is a deeper grade
For each within my breast.

They haunt the lonely darksome hours,
A white-robed spirit band,
And in my dreams again I see
Those forms of God's blest land.

What are these strains so soft and low
That murmur through the night?
Are they sweet whispers to my soul
From the far land of light?

And their dear voices even now,
Chanting the angel's hymn?
Are their glad spirits robed in light
Far o'er the shadows dim?

Why should we weep this Christmas-tide?
List to the song of peace,
Are not our dear one's tear-drops dried
There were all sorrows cease?

Ring out, sweet bells, in joyous tone
Clear to the starry sky.
Sing, O ye angel bands of peace,
"Glory to God on high!"

CLEVERNESS is serviceable for every-
thing, sufficient for nothing.

—THE—
Carmelite Review.

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

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

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, Dec., 1895. No. 12

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

THE present number of the REVIEW closes its third year. Our friends will surely pardon us for feeling gratified at our success in the past, and for aspiring to the highest in the future. The kind words of praise we have received from prelates, and priests and people, have proved to us conclusively that our efforts, feeble though they were in the beginning, would not be misdirected. There are many other "pious" magazines in the field, and the want of a new one may have seemed problematical to many a critic, but we have found, that a periodical devoted to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, needs only to be brought to the knowledge of a devout wearer of her Scapular, in order to obtain his name as a subscriber. If our subscription list is not as large as that of older contemporaries, it is only because our financial resources were too limited to engage agents, or to offer premiums. We began with nothing, and placed our periodical at so low a figure, that only a large subscription list would pay more than expenses. We placed our trust in Our Lady, whose special protection has been the privilege of the Carmelite Order throughout the centuries. It is in her name, and in her honor, that we begin our fourth year, with the firm conviction that the CARMELITE REVIEW is on the road to success, and that it will keep on growing better, month after month, until it is worthy of the Queen.

UNTIL now, we have put all the proceeds of this monthly into greater improvements. We shall continue to do so for a

while longer, and only regret that we cannot yet realize our ambition. We gave 200 pages of reading matter the first year, 296 the second year, and we close this year with 330 pages. The coming year will probably see another increase, until we are able to furnish 64 pages every month.

We have taken cognizance of the wish of so many of our readers to adopt a less highly calendered paper, and hope it will be found an improvement. The arrangement of the reading matter will also be changed, in order to obtain greater uniformity. Other improvements will be added during the year, and at the close of our fourth year, the good friends, who have followed us from the start, will rejoice with us at the growth of our cherished little monthly.

HERE are some of the features of the coming year:

The Life of McMaster, by Very Rev. Mark S. Gross, will be continued and brought to its close. The most interesting portion treating of the character and inner life of this great journalist will be published in the coming chapters.

The Graduates, by Mary Angela Spellissy. This work of fiction is, by far the best production we have so far received from the writer of Aunt Hilda's Portfolio. It treats of American girls, and illustrates every feature of Catholic life in America at the present day. We are happy in being able to present our readers with this original and fascinating tale. It is a serial story, and will be continued through the greater part of the year.

A *Youth's Department* will be one of the desired features of the new year. When we abandoned the *Children's Corner* a year ago, we found, to our regret, that many of our readers were disappointed. We have therefore made arrangements with the former editor of the *Children's Corner*, who has, during the last year, edited our readers by her charming *Twilight Talks*, to take charge of the *Youth's Department*.

The writer of *American Fables*, has promised us another series of his original and timely articles. They will not be in the same form as hitherto, but will be equally strong and to the point.

The *Very Rev. Dean Harris*, whose his-

tical articles in the past year, have been embodied in his great work on "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula," has kindly promised, as a result of his thorough historical researches, and a tribute to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, to write the history of the first Carmelite in America for the pages of our REVIEW. How he can find time, in the midst of his manifold duties, to do this, we do not know—but we have learned to rely on his indefatigable powers. We also know that his articles will furnish the most brilliant pages of our coming year.

Our *Spanish Correspondent*, whose charming, poetic, and enthusiastic descriptions of Catholic customs and manners in Spain, the country of St. Teresa, have elicited so much praise, will continue his letters, written exclusively for the CARMELITE REVIEW. We call attention to the beautiful description of Montserrat in this number.

Now, that the *Hospice of Mount Carmel* is approaching completion, a monthly chapter on the progress of the work, its importance and advantages, may be expected.

There are many other treats in store for our readers, which will be announced during the course of the year.

We hope that our readers will not forget the interests of the REVIEW during the merry days of Christmas, which, we hope, will be to them days of undiluted joy and happiness. How kind it would be to send us names of friends, to whom they would wish to present a year's subscription to our monthly. It would be a nice Christmas gift to their friends, and would be an act of devotion to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

It would be of great help to us, if those of our readers, who desire the bound volume of the past year, would kindly notify us during this month. The price will be the same as heretofore. The volume bound costs \$1.50. Those who return, prepaid, all the numbers of the past year, in good condition, can have them bound for the little sum of fifty cents. We will mail them the bound volume at our expense.

AVARICE, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AS WE have no traveling agent in Ontario at present, our subscribers in London, St. Thomas, St. Catharines, and other cities, are requested to remit their subscription to us directly.

SUBSCRIBERS in Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y., may, for the sake of convenience, pay their subscriptions to Mrs. Ch. Adams, 223 Third street, Niagara Falls, N. Y., as this lady has kindly agreed to act as our agent.

WE warmly congratulate the Cardinal-Elect Satolli on the high and well-merited favor bestowed on him by the Holy Father. It is another proof of the unity of the Catholic Church, that all the Catholic papers of the country, without exception, offer their sincere congratulations to the Apostolic Delegate. Time has proved the wisdom of Our Holy Father in the selection of his delegate. It is equally consoling to witness the gratification expressed by the secular press at the elevation to the Cardinalate of one, who is in such pronounced sympathy with all that is good in our American institutions. We can only regret that his new dignity will probably bring about his return to Rome. But, we rejoice in having one who has learned to know America so well, a member of the Sacred College, a possible future Pope.

WE do not quite understand the great sympathy which seems to reign between the Cuban insurgents and many of our Catholic editors. Is it because these editors are loyal citizens of the United States that they wish its government to recognize the Cuban rebellion? How indignant they are, when they have to refute, for the thousandth time, the calumny against Pius IX., that the Holy See recognized the Southern Confederacy. Or, is it because they are loyal children of the Church? Would it be such a great blessing to the Catholic Church to have Cuba in the hands of Freemason adventurers, who have been the curse of all the Latin-American republics? What is meat for one, may be poison for another. The majority of intelligent Cubans would be satisfied with

Home Rule, and Spain will find it to her own best interests to grant it, as Great Britain did to Canada.

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IN the diocese of Cleveland a new Apostolate has been formed. It is called the "Apostolate of St. Francis de Sales," and its object is to establish permanent mission work for the instruction and conversion of non-Catholics. Bishop Horstmann has not only approved this practical idea of Father Elliott, the Paulist, but has acted upon it, and commissioned two of his priests to devote themselves entirely to the work of the Apostolate in his diocese. It is nothing new in the Church, not even in this country. Our first missionaries were all Apostles to the Gentiles. But is a new departure in the Church as it now exists in the United States, and in as far as its operations are confined to a so-called civilized people. It will be a more difficult work, to convert these children of a false civilization, than it was to convert the untutored savages, children of Nature. But God's blessing is all sufficient, and we pray that these new Apostles may have it in abundance.

PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

ON the last page of the last number of the *Globe*, its able editor, W. H. Thorne, manifests a desire to lay down, for a while at least, the fearless pen which has gained him so many admirers and friends. We shall miss him. No other writer can or will apply the highest standards of Christian faith and feeling to the godless production of modern literature in the same apostolic manner as this heroic son of the Church. Let us hope, that his silence will not be a prolonged one. And although he may not be the editor of the *New Monthly Globe*, let him be its chief contributor. It would be a *Globe* without its soul, if it were to be a *Globe* without its Thorne.

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THE *Catholic News* has now reached its tenth anniversary. It appears weekly, and has now ten pages. The presswork, too, is better than it was some time ago—and cheap as it is, at one dollar a year, it is truly what it calls itself—a paper for

Catholic news. Its budget of news is more comprehensive and fresher than that of any other weekly Catholic paper that we know.

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THE *Catholic Reading Circle Review* published a double number for September and October, containing the best summary of the proceedings at both Catholic summer schools. The November number is the first number of its seventh year, and with its rich contents, gives fair promise of the treasures to be found in the volume of this excellent monthly.

BOOKS.

Little Manual of the Sodality of the Child Jesus, by Benziger Bros., New York. Cloth, 25 cts.

A book for boys, who have not yet made their First Communion. Boys are naturally gregarious, and to gather them in Societies is to make the best use of this tendency.

.

Popular Instructions on Marriage, by Very Rev. Girardey, C.S.S.R. Cloth, 50 cts. Benziger Bros., New York.

An excellent book on this timely subject. It is especially useful at missions to keep alive the instructions of the missionaries. It contains chapters on the duties of parents, and an excellent Rule of Life for the Young.

.

An Explanation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, revised by Rt. Rev. M. F. Hawley, D. D. Published by Doyle & Whipple, Boston, Mass.

A small volume, in the best typographical dress. This book contains a good and sufficiently full explanation of the beautiful ceremonies accompanying the august mysteries of our Aetæ. It is a book to put into the hands of our non-Catholic friends. It also gives the rules of outward behavior at Mass and Vespers, and a form for Spiritual Communion.

.

Golden Sands, translated by Ella McMahon. Publishers: H. L. Kilmer & Co., Philadelphia. Cloth, 60 cents.

Who has not read, or at least heard of these spiritual counsels, so full of charm

and unction? In this edition they are presented in a form befitting them in all ways. The book is printed on the best paper; it is well bound, with a tasteful cover, illuminated in gold, and it is illustrated by a good artist. In this shape it makes a most desirable Christmas gift, especially for the young.

* * *

Suffering Souls, a Purgatorian Manual, Fr. Pustet, New York. Cloth, 75 cents.

We are sorry that this book reached us too late for our November issue. We would have wished to see it in the hands of all our readers, for we are sure they are all filled with devotion for the Poor Souls. It is the best prayer book we have seen so far, for those, who are anxious to do as much as they can for the departed. It explains the heroic act of charity, and contains, besides, the indulgenced prayers and litanies, the Office of the Dead, and a method of hearing Mass for the Poor Souls.

* * *

The Sacraments of the Holy Catholic Church, by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. Benziger Bros., New York. Cloth, 50 cts.

This is a book for the millions. It should be in the hands of every Catholic who understands English. It is a clear, succinct exposition of all the blessings of the Church, and their effects, and explains all devotions connected with them. Thus we find in the article on the *Brown Scapular*, a full account of this devotion, and a correct statement of its conditions and privileges, including the latest decisions of the Holy See. Many a question would be spared us if this book were as popular as it deserves to be.

* * *

The Catholic Almanac of Ontario, published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Toronto. Paper, 25 cents.

Our Canadian Almanac has also improved. We look for its bright appearance every year in its red, white and gold garb, and were glad to see that this feature was not changed. It is copiously illustrated, and contains interesting articles on the Manitoba School Question, by F. A. Anglin; on the Catholic Members of Parliament, by J. D. Woode; on the Religious Orders in Ontario, and on Father Stafford. There is a touching story by Mrs. Sadlier,

and a poem by Joseph Sadlier. The commendable feature of facing each month of the calendar with an article in reference to its feasts has been retained. The month of August was left to the inspired brush of Murillo. The directory of the clergy, the parishes, and the Catholic societies of Canada, is complete and brought up to date.

* * *

Patronilla and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. Benziger Bros., New York. Cloth, \$1.05.

This collection of stories is a precious contribution to our American Catholic literature. They are all stories of souls, Pure and good souls, who are brought into God's Kingdom on earth, and erring souls, who are brought to repentance by severe lessons. The *Lost Prima Donna* ought to be read by many a foolish maiden, who aspires to fame and glory by exhibiting accomplishments which have reality only in her own imagination. The *Fatal Diamonds* teach another much-needed lesson. The book is elegantly bound in blue and white, with gold lettering, and is fit to be made a Christmas gift to a princess.

* * *

Studies in the New Testament, by Rev. James H. O'Donnell. (price \$1.00) published by The Rosary Publication Co., Lexington Ave., New York.

Although this work, the result of much care and painstaking, is primarily intended for higher schools and colleges, its simple and catechetical form makes it suitable to the vast number of our people, who are but slightly acquainted with the Scriptures. The author succeeds admirably in lessening the labor required to obtain a fair knowledge of the New Testament. The most untutored mind grasp its contents, and in a short time become acquainted with the doctrines, the persons and the events of the New Testament. The biblical student will welcome the helpful synopsis of each gospel and epistle which accompanies every chapter.

* * *

The Catholic Home Annual for 1896. Benziger Bros., New York. Paper, 25 cts.

We extend a hearty welcome to this charming annual visitor. It is more handsome than ever. The cover is new, and

illustrates the loveliest home our sinful earth ever contained—the Holy Home of Nazareth. The insert pictures on heavy paper are in the best style of photo-engraving. There are stories to suit everybody, by M. F. Egan, Mrs. Sadlier, Marion A. Taggart, Mary C. Crowley and others. The Rev. H. F. Fairbanks describes a visit to Jerusalem in the footsteps of the Blessed Virgin. It is not his object to follow her everywhere, or we would have had the increased pleasure of a visit to Nazareth and Carmel. We are not superstitious, and therefore assure the publishers, that the 13th year of the *Home Annual* is going to be the luckiest one up to date.

Our Spanish Correspondence.

On the Heights of Montserrat.

For the *Carmelite Review*.



BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

O H, glorious Montserrat! Thy summit is at length visible, just as the sun scatters over thee the gorgeous rays of its morning brilliancy and envelopes thee in all the enchantment of a matchless landscape.

To-day is an era in our life, since the vow of many years is at length realized. When we gaze with wonder at the beauty of thy gorgeous temple we are impelled to exclaim, Oh, Israel, *quam magna est domus Dei!* How great is the house of God!

After the prayers of many years, on this glorious festival of the Nativity of Our Queen we prostrate ourselves in her "Camerin" before the dark-hued statue of the beautiful "Moreneta"—the Immaculate Mother—the "Pearl of Cataluna." We gaze with awe and reverence upon that face, which recalls to our mind the pathetic words of Newman, speaking of "the eternal, unearthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, bright and musical, breathing piety, telling of heaven, infusing peace." Oh! Mary, thou harbinger of the day, thou art the guide of this pilgrim host, which fills to-day your spacious hospices, your vast "patio" and beautiful cloisters. Year by year the pilgrimages to Montserrat are becoming more numerous,

more enthusiastic, equalling the "Lourdes" of our neighbors.

Having taken a cursory glance at the interior of Montserrat's peerless fane, and having some time at our disposal before the august ceremonies of the day commence, we will betake ourselves to the picturesque surroundings of the monastery to take a birds-eye view of the matchless Alpine scenery that stretches out at our feet.

The first object to meet our eye is the mountain of Montserrat itself, rising majestically before us like a colossal crown, whose bounds appear to penetrate the heavens, which bend down, grey and azure, to meet this hallowed spot of mother earth. Such is the original and striking effect produced by these monoliths of marble which form the mountain.

The extended chain of mountain ranges around us branches out like so many gigantic roots, or forms part of the Pyrenean heights, making them an impenetrable barrier between France and Spain. Amongst them all not one has attained the world-wide celebrity of glorious Montserrat. Some are higher, some steeper, but no other is so famous, so well trodden as this one, whose name is so dear to Spanish hearts. No matter in what clime a Spanish heart may throb, the "Virgin of Montserrat" has for it an enchantment which words cannot express, nor pencil picture.

Its situation is not in the very centre of Cataluna, it is more towards the south-east. It is about three hours journey by rail from Barcelona. It stretches over a territory about four leagues in circumference. No other "Pico" of the Pyrenees either approaches or equals it. Ever the highest is not so rough, nor were the others so inapproachable in the past. All the surrounding heights humble themselves before the ruggedness of Montserrat. Not so rugged, however, not to have its oases of luxuriant vegetation. Trees are here and there in isolated groups, whilst dense brushwood hides its cyclopean rocks, and shelters flocks of partridges and myriads of hares and rabbits. Pines sustain in their numerous arms the fan which forms its headgear; stately poplars display their silvery leaves as they tower above unfathomable abysses, whilst the majestic oaks show their whit-

ened trunks, barkless and carved with tourists' names.

Let us ascend the heights. It is a clear bright day. On our way to the summit we visit the shrines of St. Lucia, St. Cecilia, St. Dimas, St. Miguel de los Reyes and St. John, and reach at last the shrine of St. Jeronimo. Here we again take a look around us. Those mountains in the blue Mediterranean, which are so surprisingly distinct, are the mountains of the Balearic Isles, two hundred miles away. And looking at Montserrat itself, this glorious monastery of the sons of St. Benedict, from the cave of St. Ignatius at Manresa, this home of saints seems to stand out against the line of crimson light that bounds the horizon as an uninhabitable and inaccessible spot. And such it well nigh had been in former centuries. Save by unwearied exertions and days and nights of fatiguing travel along the "corkscrew" route, its portals could not be entered. But all this is now changed. Its prayerful precincts have been invaded by the progress of the nineteenth century.

In the days of the primitive church, when the deserts were peopled by Anchorites, the rugged rock of Montserrat bore joy and consolation to the hearts of hundreds of recluses who loved this earthly purgatory of penance. St. Jerome, Miguel de los Reyes, St. Ignatius and hosts of others whose names fill the pages of the martyrology here sang the praises of their Creator. Before the whistle and smoke of the locomotive had changed the medieval programme of pilgrimages, it took the pilgrim through five hours to ascend the winding road, even in a well equipped omnibus, drawn by eight mules, artistically caparisoned, or in the modern "tartana" a covered cart. The five hours then needed are now reduced to a little over half an hour by the railroad "con cremelera," a cable line running up the mountain from a junction on the main line between Barcelona and Zaragoza. The difficulties of the past are no longer the theme of the pilgrims, nor the dream of the visitor of by-gone days. Montserrat is now as easily reached as any of the famous resorts of the Peninsula. Although many an idler and curious unbeliever now makes use of these modern facilities, they have also vastly increased the throng of pilgrims and the spirit of devotion. The pilgrim of

former days, who would now revisit the shrine, would experience great satisfaction at the complete transformation a few years have brought about. The hospices have vastly enlarged their dimensions and hospitality is unstinted and generous. In the kitchen the Father "Dispenso" redoubles his solicitude at the arrival of fresh crowds of visitors. From the capacious hearths wreaths of smoke ascend to provide, from kitchen and larder, for all the bodily wants of the pilgrims. Along the extensive corridors are numerous and well ventilated rooms, so that whole families can enjoy a week's sojourn in its noiseless cloisters, without any other charge than that prompted by their own gratitude to these heroic religious sons of St. Benedict. Their inimitable kitchen, with all its modern conveniences, is at the disposal of the visitors who may wish to enjoy the life of home at the monastery, and who do not care to dine at the public restaurant.

But the great bells of the monastery are ringing, and the heights and valleys are filled with their melodious sound. We must hasten to descend. As we reach the church we find it already ablaze with thousands of gigantic waxen tapers and its hundred lamps—gifts of kings and nobles, of towns and cities. The altar is luminous with its rich gold and silver plate, its vases and candelabra of matchless value. Everything is hung with ferns and festooned with sweet-scented mountain flowers in the prettiest combination of colors.

His Lordship Dr. Jaime Catala, Bishop of Barcelona, in glittering vestments, is the celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass. The most distinguished members of the diocesan chapter of Barcelona occupy seats within the sanctuary, with hundreds of the Sons of St. Benedict, having at their head their distinguished abbot, Dr. Ruera, with mitre and crozier, besides many priests from the surrounding districts.

At the gospel the Very Rev. Celestino Matao, S. J., rector of the "Casa Residencia," of Tarragona, mounts the pulpit. His celebrity as the foremost pulpit orator of Catalonia attracts towards him all eyes, and for nigh an hour the beautiful diction, faultless imagery and tender pathos of this illustrious son of St. Ignatius is listened to, with increasing interest and religious silence, by the closely packed audience.

The crowd is composed of every grade of society, civil, religious and military, and gathered from all parts of Spain, and from many other European nations.

At the termination of the high mass the procession, which is the great object of interest for the thousands, who for the first time have ascended the holy mount, is now formed. To me it will be one of the dearest recollections of my pilgrim visit, that I had the honor of taking a place in this procession, carrying a large waxen taper in my hand, on this great festival of our lady. In the long lines were to be seen side by side with the poor and humble, representatives of the most aristocratic nobility of Spain, men whose escutcheons recall the days of the Crusades and the sanguinary strife between the cross and the crescent, together with men who had acquired renown in war, in science, in the arts and in literature. The black and blue uniforms of the army and navy, with all the insignia of high military rank; the classic toga of the advocate and the gown of the judge, the black and white habits of the religious orders, the various costumes of the people, all combine to form a brilliant parade.

Slowly then we pace the aisle and cloisters, past the hospices and out into the grounds of the monastery, accompanying the statue of the one whom we call the "Ever watchful Patroness of our Faith and the advocate of our native land." As it passes along the "patio" and emerges into the open air along the spacious terrace that fronts the church the spectacle is one of unique grandeur.

"Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen
To fellow half on which the eye dilates,"

as the distinguished prelates pause and a halt is made. Some twenty youths of the country, beautifully dressed in white linen and scarlet cinctures, as lithe and agile as antelopes, commence and execute the most graceful of measured dances. Each carries a baton about a yard long and an inch wide, and for nearly half an hour, to the music of the monastery band, they perform with admirable ease and inimitable grace a most fascinating dance, similar to that witnessed at the "Corpus Christi" procession at Sevilla, recalling the biblical dances before the "ark of the covenant."

At the termination of this truly interesting performance the bells peal forth their

sweet notes, rockets hiss in mid-air and scatter rainbows of sparks through the ethereal space, and the sons of every province of Spain implore the blessings of Maria Santissima in the sweet language of Cervantes. Others join in who have traveled hither from the banks of the Seine, the peaks of the Tyrol and the slopes of the Apennines, while the light brown curls and blue eyes of the Teuton show that Imperial Germany sent its children. All, all are there on their knees, as the Immaculate mother's statue repasses them on its return to the Basilica. The majestic tones of the organ sound forth their enchanting melody, joined by the hundred voices of the choir.

At the beginning of the Litany the children of the choir leave the altar and disappear by one of the side-doors, slowly ascending to the upper galleries. Gradually their voices grow weaker, till at length, when they reach the galleries, their voices again slowly swell forth in harmony, as if heaven were responding to the petitions of the priest at the altar below.

At the conclusion of the litany the entire community returns, each with a lighted taper, to sing the "Salve" in such heavenly harmony, as to repay a journey to Montserrat for its own sake.

With this the ceremonies in church are brought to a close. The vast concourse of people disperses, forming family groups. Some betake themselves to the various sanctuaries which dot the mountain side, others spread the snowy table cloths, unpack their baskets, uncover the viands, and dedicate themselves to the unbridled joy which the family reunion at a Spanish "merienda" or picnic, licenses and patronizes. Here on the slopes of the time honored mount in view of Mary's historic sanctuary they manifest the joy and delight with which their hearts are filled on this glorious day.

Finally all hasten to say with deep felt gratitude: "Adios, Adios" to the loving mother, whose miraculous statue is here enthroned, and so zealously guarded by the monks of Montserrat. "Viva! viva! Maria Santissima!"

NEVER excuse a wrong action by saying that some one else does the same thing.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY A. F. FARRINGTON, O. C. C. D. D.

"And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun.
Sometimes swift and sometimes slow:
Wave succeeding wave they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life in endless sleep."



HE tourist season is over. The breath of the declining year is now upon us. The fern is growing brown, the trees have grown from green to golden in the mellow sunlight, and all nature seems to begin to slumber. The pleasure seekers are now home and comparing notes on the places of historic or scenic beauty which they have seen and enjoyed. In every part of Ireland, American, Australian, English and Scotch visitors were to be met with, even in the most remote portions of this beautiful and lovely island. They seemed to take a deep interest in all they saw, and were highly pleased with their visit.

Clonmacnoise, on the far-famed Shannon, was one of the places that attracted a good deal of attention this year, and justly so, for it is most interesting in its architectural remains. Their situation is unique, on a sandy knoll overlooking the winding river Shannon as it flows among marshy meadows of apparently unlimited extent. The view from this place of ancient piety and learning is truly magnificent. The ecclesiastics of ancient Ireland seem to have been gifted with an extraordinary amount of appreciation for the beautiful and unique in nature. The wilder and more beautiful a place was the more it seems to have attracted them. Cashel's solitary rock, Glendalough's deep gloomy vale and this barren sandhill overlooking the most peculiar scenery in all the island, were the places in which they reared their most cherished fanes and most beautiful buildings, and a more strange and weird spot than Clonmacnoise could hardly be found.

Clonmacnoise was founded by Saint Kiernan, who died in 549. It was thus a place famed in history before many of the

great events which are read of in story were known or enacted. It was from its cathedral that the wife of Turgesius the Dane issued her orders. It is not rich in ancient crosses. There are only two of them to be seen there at present, and they are not so large or well carved as many that remain here and there over the island.

The inscribed stones that have been discovered are very few, and are properly stored away in a vault, under lock and key, and so are safe from the vandalism of those who would destroy anything that they could not understand. The inscriptions are in Irish, but very difficult to understand, even by the most learned. It seems a little absurd to have tombstones erected near the round towers with inscriptions in English, though these towers were in existence before the Tower of London was built or even when London itself was only a village.

One of the great curiosities of this historic spot, after its churches, is the ruined Castle of Hugh de Lacy, which stands on a hill about two hundred yards from the cemetery. It is known as the Prior's House, but it was evidently built for a castle. It covers half an acre and is surrounded by a fosse of forty feet in depth, and must have been impregnable. Everything about it is colossal. The walls are six feet thick, and so fast are the stones embedded in grouting that a hammer and chisel are necessary to detach any of them.

There are also two round towers that are most interesting. One wants about twenty feet at the top, which must have been destroyed by lightning. The other is as perfect as when built, more than 1000 years ago. No more perfect or beautiful piece of architecture, as a tower, was ever built. It seems to be absolute perfection. The most modern artisan in stone could not find an imperfection in it. It is built of cut stone. The seven churches of Clonmacnoise once seen can never be forgotten.

If humble souls are contradicted, they remain calm; if they are calumniated, they suffer with patience; if they are little esteemed, neglected, or forgotten, they think it is what they deserve; if they are weighed down with occupations, they perform them cheerfully.—ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

DEATH OF THE CARDINAL ARCH-BISHOP OF SEVILLE.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



In the morning hours of the first day of November, at the Convent of the Carmelites in Madrid, amidst the sighs and prayers of a bereaved community, His Eminence, the Metropolitan of Seville, Cardinal Sanz y Forres, passed away to join the army of Blessed, to become one of All Saints, whose feast was being celebrated by the Church on earth, at the moment of his death.

The Sons and Daughters of Our Immaculate Queen of Carmel had no warmer friend, no more sympathizing supporter, than the late Cardinal. Again and again, in his pastoral visits to Jerez de la Frontera, he proved this not only by his words, but by his repeated visits to the Rev. Community, and his deep interest in their success.

Of and of His Eminence, since he came to rule over the ancient sea of St. Isidore, had delegated some of the most delicate and difficult missions connected with the management of his vast diocese to the illustrious head of the Carmelite Order in Spain. So justly did he value the prudence and discretion of the Very Rev. Father Anastasius Borras, that all who know the Superior of the Spanish Province, felt satisfied that the dear "Purpurado" could have made no more judicious selection. These missions were always carried out with such zeal for God's honor and glory, and such success that they merited the grateful approval and lasting friendship of him whose death the entire Peninsula mourns.

The Vatican, too, whose intermediary he had been with the Spanish Episcopacy, deplores his loss and joins in sympathy with the afflicted nation.

His Eminence was born on the 21st of March, 1829, in Gandia, province of Valencia, beneath the shadow of the castle of St. Francis Borgia, and was elevated some 15 years ago to the Episcopal sea of Oveido in the Asturias, where he expended a princely fortune in the restoration of the

ancient sanctuary of Covodonga. Then he became Archbishop of Valladolid, and at the death of the Carmelite Cardinal Archbishop Luch of Seville, he was appointed his successor and created a Cardinal.

R. I. P.

A MYSTIC NUMBER.

For the Carmelite Review.

"A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity."

—*J. Boyle O'Reilly.*

"That empty cell there reminds me of one good fellow whom I shall never forget," said the warden as he escorted us past the long tiers in the great penitentiary.

"Who was he?" I asked.

"That's a question I can never answer," said the warden. "His real name was a mystery. He came here under an assumed name, and as a prisoner was always known as 'No. 99.' Strange coincidence, isn't it? Every school boy knows the number '9' is rather mystical. Multiply it as you will and add the product and you'll always have 'nines.'"

"Yes," went on the warden, "No. 99" was a good fellow. "He was innocent, and undoubtedly suffering a life penalty for some one else. Technical points condemned him. It seemed impossible to prove his innocence. What is more, he himself didn't want to be free. He seemed to offer himself for some one else's sin. He was a religious, gentle, amiable and cultured man. He belonged to your denomination—Catholic. Of course I gave him all possible liberty. His time was mostly taken up in the infirmary. His days were one chain of kind acts. Every one loved him. His presence was like a welcome ray of sunshine. Many a one who is now leading a reformed and better life in the world owes it all to the kindly advice of 'No. 99.' Many a poor fellow he prepared for eternity and disposed to receive the ministrations of your clergy. There wasn't a Catholic who died here without having on him one of those religious—O what do you call it—'Scapular,' I suggested. Yes, that's it, and they owed it to 'No. 99.' Don't suppose his services were all lost to the world because he passed his days here. No, Father, his work was great and lasting. Poor fellow, his cell is vacant now, and he is free—in heaven. I am sure 'No. 99' will ever remain a mystic number, but I'll never forget him."

The warden's story is a fact.

P. A. B.

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

Translated for the Review

BY S. X. B.



DURING the attack directed by General Foster upon Goldsborough in North Carolina, a young soldier, struck by a bullet, was left for dead upon the battlefield. Unable to speak he still retained consciousness, and heard the ambulance, with the men who had come to take away the wounded. "Holy Mother of God," was his inward prayer, "I am in mortal sin, do not let me die without a priest." As if in answer to his prayer, the men came quite up to him, but then, perceiving that he was almost dead, "O! there is no use even to lift him up, he would be dead before we could get him off the ground." And off they went, leaving the unfortunate man who had heard their unfeeling decision. Seeing himself thus abandoned by men, he addressed himself still more imploringly to Our Lord, and entreated Him not to let him die in his sins. The men had already gone some distance, when one of them, more humane, perhaps, than the rest, exclaimed: "We must go back. It is too inhuman to let a comrade die without even attempting to save him." They succeeded in placing him in the ambulance, and took him, with the rest, to the camp where many brave men lay wrestling with their agony. When all the wounded were gathered they were taken to the military hospital at Newburn, where the Sisters of Mercy were in attendance. The physician declared that our hero, who was in an unconscious state, might die at any moment, and one of the Sisters placed herself by his cot, that she might dispose him to prepare for death should he revive.

After some time he opened his eyes, and then seemed to search for something, and to seem very pleased when he had found it. Bending over to see what gave him such satisfaction, and to say a few kind words, she saw that he held fast to a Scapular in his hands. "Blessed be the Mother of God," said he, "she has heard my prayer,

that I might not die in my sins. And now, Sister, please, bring me a priest, for my time is growing very short."

The Chaplain of the hospital came and administered the last Sacraments, which he received with the greatest fervor and emotion.

After the Sister had helped him to make his thanksgiving, he opened his heart to her, and told her of the careless, wandering life he had led. But his mother had implanted in his heart a devotion to the Mother of God in his childhood, and he had been enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular. So when he enlisted he had provided himself with an additional pair as a necessary part of his equipment. And certainly his confidence was rewarded. The Holy Sacraments had given him a little strength for several hours, but soon he sank into an unconscious state, and before the next day-dawn he gave back his soul to the Lord. Another verification of the words: "No child of Mary will ever suffer eternal fire."—Published in the little work "*Le salut assure par la devotion a Marie.*"

A certain man who had violated the principles of honor, dreading the justice which threatened to overtake him, determined upon taking his life, and even made known his intention to Fr. Millenot, of the Society of Jesus. "At least," said the zealous missionary, "you will first do something for me. Let me give you the Scapular, and promise me that you will never lay it off." "I promise you, Father," said the man, "how could I refuse one who has been so kind to me?" And as he left, wearing the livery of Our Lady, the good Father smiled as he inwardly said: "*My friend, I have you now. Try as you may to take your life, you will not succeed.*" The poor man, still haunted by the temptation, and a victim to despair, went indeed to the Seine, and threw himself into its waters. Much against his will, he was rescued. A second attempt was equally fruitless, and although he could not swim, his third effort to drown himself met with no better success.

A severe illness followed, during which he was converted, and was a devout and grateful client of Mary during the remainder of his life. Fr. Millenot loved to

relate this incident, and to recall the promise of the Blessed Virgin. "*In quo quis moriens aeternum non patietur incendium.*"

In 1640, upon the frontiers of Lorraine, a detachment of infantry having been surprised by a company of light horse from the enemy, the Captain ordered that no quarter should be given to those who had thus fallen into his hands. One of these latter had received several severe wounds already, and when, to finish the work, a soldier gave him several thrusts with his bayonet, and even beat him upon the head, the suffering hero said with a coolness which astonished them: "Try as you will you cannot take away my life. I am a child of Mary. I wear her Scapular, and she will not let me die without confession." "Why did you not speak before? We would have given you your life. But, make an Act of Contrition, and be content, for there is certainly no priest to be had." To these kind words, spoken by one of the cavaliers, the soldier replied: "I still hope that God will grant me this favor," and in truth, although sadly mutilated, he still had sufficient strength to drag himself along the road to Metz. A priest led thither by Providence passed that way. He made his confession to him, and received the absolution—final pledge of Mary's protection—for which his soul had so ardently longed—then full of faith and hope he died at the feet of the priest.—(Fr. Lejeune, oratorian; Fr. Jerome, the Fathers de la Colombiere and Theophile Raynaud, Jesuits; Fr. Brocard of St. Theresa, Carmelite; L'abbé de Sambuay, Canon at Paris.)

A Lieutenant of Cavalry at Lorraine, who wore the Scapular, was stricken with a pestilence which carried away numberless victims. He was deaf to all the advice and entreaties of anxious friends, who urged him to go to confession before he died. Our Lord waited with patience, and every opportunity was given him to make his peace with God.

The unhappy man could neither live nor die, and not wishing to be converted, he tore the Scapular from his neck, threw it away, and died in the most utter despair.—FR. MATHIAS of St. John, "*True Devotion.*" Ch. xxiii.

It was related that a man, who was to all appearances at the very point of death, and who had most obstinately refused to make his peace with God, still lingered on to the surprise of all. The physician had given him up, and at each visit expected to find him dead. One day, when those who attended the invalid were changing his linen, they inadvertently drew off the Scapular as well. The unfortunate man instantly fell back, and, with all his sins, went to appear before his terrible Judge. They knew then to what cause they should attribute the prolongation of a life, which, according to all human calculations, should have ended long before.

At the Marine Hospital at Toulon, an officer, who had led a very dissipated life, was daily expected to die. Full of the ideas of Voltaire, he would not hear of confession, the very name of religion would make him furious. In vain did the zealous Chaplain of the house, and the good Sisters, who had been most devoted in their ministrations, redouble their efforts and prayers. Nothing seemed to move him. Meanwhile the malady made frightful progress, and the prayers went on with even greater fervor than before. One of the Sisters proposed to put a Blessed Scapular upon him, but scarcely had he been touched by the holy habit of Mary, than, awakening from semi-unconsciousness, he cried out in a terrible voice: "Take it off; take it off! Do you think I will not be in hell soon enough? Why have you brought it's fire to burn me here?" His words were interrupted by frightful convulsions. They took off the Scapular, and he fell into the same lethargic state. Some hours later on they tried to put it on again, but he tore it off with fearful blasphemies, and died in his impenitent state.—P. HUGGET, *La Devotion a Marie en exemples, tome II, p. 62.*

TO BE CONTINUED.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY proceeds from independence.

SUSPICION is the sure road to misunderstanding.

The most innocent pleasures are the sweetest, the most affecting, and the most lasting.

THE GARDEN OF LILIES.

For the Carmelite Review.



BY M. B.

HAT a cold night it was! How the wind whistled past the street corners, and the snow was beginning to fall, driving in people's faces, and making them hurry along faster to their homes. As they passed one another they wished each other "A happy Christmas," for it was Christmas eve. A little girl—a small ragged creature—crept shivering into the porch of a church, from which the bells were ringing for evening devotions. It was a beautiful old church, with its stained glass windows, carved pillars, and stone arches. It was very large and dark and sombre, for it was only lighted by a few lamps which shone before the different shrines. Before the high altar there was a large silver lamp, more beautiful than all the others. It was the gift of a prince who had obtained a great favor. Its long silver chains hung from the ceiling, and its crimson rays shone down into the church. The little girl crept into a dark corner behind a pillar near the altar. The organ filled the church with its splendid strains, and the sweet voices of children singing were heard. Soon this lovely music stopped for a while and the calmness of the church overcame the poor little beggar girl and she fell asleep. When she awoke there was no sound in the church. The devotions were over, the people all gone and the church closed for the night. The man who closed the doors had not noticed a small dark figure curled up on a seat and had gone away to his home. So she was locked into the great church, but she did not mind. It was warmer in there than outside in the streets, and she had no home. She raised her head and looked up at the altar, and her eyes rested on the beautiful silver lamp, from which bright rays were streaming. How bright they looked! They seemed to the little girl like paths of light coming down to her. She watched them for a long time and at last they did really seem to become bright paths, not coming down from the lamp, but from heaven. She saw an angel come down towards her, and as he

came nearer she saw that he was smiling at her. He took her by the hand and led her along the bright path. They seemed to be no longer in the dark church, but in a beautiful garden. All around them lilies were growing—tall, pure lilies, which seemed to have little faces that smiled at the little girl as she passed. Each lily held some bright drops—some of them had only one or two, others a great many—which glistened like diamonds, only far brighter, for they were heavenly jewels. Soon sweet voices filled the air, rising and falling soft and clear. The sounds seemed to come from the lilies from all around and the beggar girl looking up in the angel's face exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful! Angel, is this heaven?" "This, my child," said the angel, "is the garden of pure thoughts, and noble deeds. There is a lily there for everyone on earth. Whenever a pure or kind thought comes into their minds, or whenever they do a noble deed, a jewel springs up in their flower. Then when they die these jewels form a crown for them of great beauty. But sometimes the lily dies, for they cannot live without these lovely jewels, which are to them what the dew is to earthly flowers. This, my child," he continued, "is your lily. See what a number of jewels it contains." "But," said the little girl, "I never did anything to deserve such beautiful things." "Oh, yes," said the angel, "you did. Do you remember every morning you used to bring a little bunch of the flowers which you were going to sell to the poor little cripple who was so lonely, with nothing to cheer him all the day?" "It was only because I pitied him," said the child, "it was not a noble deed." "Pity," answered the angel, "is a lovely thing. This jewel," he continued, "sprung up when you ran almost under the horse's feet to save the little child from being killed. It is a very bright one. So you see, little one, that you have a great many jewels, but I cannot tell you about them all, now, for I have other lilies to show you. This one," he said, touching a tall lily whose jewels almost dazzled the little girl, "belongs to the little cripple. His jewels are for his patience. He will soon be coming to receive his crown. This lily," said the angel, "was almost dead. It belonged to someone who rarely thought of God, and who never

tried to win a heavenly crown. At last one cold night he found a poor little baby lying in the snow. Something seemed to soften his heart and he carried it home and had it taken care of. You see his lily has only one drop, but I think some more will come very soon. Now, my child," the angel said, "I must leave you, but before I go you must look at this lovely flower and jewel." He led her to a splendid lily with one lovely bright drop, which sent its rays in all directions. "Oh!" said the child, "how beautiful that is!" "Yes," the angel answered, "it is the reward of forgiveness. It was very hard to win, but see how bright it is." He then led her to a high arched gate, and stooping down he kissed her and said, "Good-bye, my child, for a little while. You will soon be coming again." He placed a lily in her hands and was gone.

* * * * *

It was Christmas morning. The bells were ringing, and people, old and young, rich and poor, were coming to Mass, and to receive Holy Communion. Soon a number of people gathered round a little figure, which lay on a seat. It was a little girl, with a sweet expression on her face, but she was so still that they knew she was dead. In her hands was a lily, a tall, white lily. "Poor little girl," said a lady, as she was going to take her in her arms, "she must have died of cold and hunger. But where could she have got a lily in winter-time?" "How happy she looks," whispered the others. Just then the sun burst out in all his splendor, and streaming down through a window, it encircled the head of the little beggar girl and gave her a golden crown.

MONA.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY F. A. B.

"The flowers of earth, as if one golden bell,
The Ave of an endless Rosary tell."

The poet here reminds me of another kind of flower which bloomed for a short while here, and is now in heaven praising the Queen of Angels.

This flower was none other than a sweet-faced child whom her Italian father called

Mona, after a Holy Bishop of Milan, St. Monas.

I came to hear of little Mona through what seemed an error, in a list of names and figures which went through my hands. A subscription was being raised to erect a chapel in a certain locality, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In the list of contributors the secretary had written, "from an anonymous friend,—60 cents." I thought, perhaps, the secretary couldn't decipher the sender's caligraphy, and had cut the Gordian knot by writing the convenient word, "anonymous."

I ransacked the waste-paper basket, and was rewarded by finding a card which partly solved the mystery, but I didn't find the sender's full name, at least not then. I have since.

Mona was a beautiful, most amiable child. Before her fatal illness her mother got her a little money-bank, and Mona put all her spare pennies into it, saying, "Some day I am going to do something for the Blessed Virgin." But the money was left untouched, for the Mother of God took Mona to herself. Mona's mother thought it almost a sacrilege to use that money for any common purpose, so she sent it as a help to raise a new temple in honor of Mary, which I have mentioned. The money was accompanied by a little card, the same which I found in the waste basket. It read:

"From departed Mona's bank."

THE necessity lies on all who confess their sins to resolve against them with earnestness. Confession is not a process of rubbing out old scores and running up new ones. The penitent must be really penitent, or he can not be absolved. It is a part of real penitence to sin no more. Moreover, this resolution must be firm, such as is likely to stand the brunt of trials and difficulties in serving God. It must be effectual; not a vague determination in general. The penitent must propose to himself to procure means to improve and use them. He must resolve to surround himself with safeguards against a relapse into his sins, also to avoid the occasions of them. Without a total aversion for mortal sin, which is the death of the soul, it is plain there can be no true conversion to God, who is the life of the soul.—*Catholic Youth.*