



The Sacred Heart.

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To the Sacred Heart.



KNEEL before Thine image, Lord !
Its outstretched arms I see,
As if inviting weary souls
To seek for rest in Thee.

And like the ceaseless monotone
Of rippling, sapphire seas,
Or gentle sigh, in woodland lone,
Of fragrant summer breeze.

I hear an echo—O how sweet—
From Thy dear words of old ;
What tenderness and sympathy
Their accents blest unfold !

"Come, all who labor, unto me,
And I will give you rest !"
Behold ! most Sacred Heart, we come
With exile pains opprest.

Lord Jesus, make our sinful hearts
Each day more like to Thine,
And all the blossoms of their love
Around its beauty twine.

'Tis but a simple melody—
A thought, a sigh, a prayer—
That whispers low in spirit-aisles
Before this image fair.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

*—Lines suggested by a statue of the
Sacred Heart with the arms of Our
Lord outstretched as in Paray le Monial.

The Lost Inheritance.

DOLOROSA KLINE.

XXV.

"Miss Raymond, come and we will go up to the gallery a few minutes and you can read to me there. I shall not go out to-day; I am too tired," Mrs. Staunton said to her companion, the morning following Compeigne's ball. "Bring Tennyson with you; his poetry is what I want now."

Rosamond picked the desired book from the library shelf, and the two went up to a sequestered nook in the appointed place.

"What shall it be Mrs. Staunton?" the young girl asked, opening her book.

"Idyls of the King, please Miss Raymond. Just a few lines."

As the low sweet voice reading from the Idyls rose and fell, the lady, while her busy fingers wound up some silk skeins, found an interest akin to delight in studying the lovely face, little thinking how near was the time, when she would think differently of it. "That will be sufficient, Miss Raymond," she said, after a short while. "You read well; in what school were you educated?"

"In no school, Mrs. Staunton, everything I know, in every branch of what I do know, was taught me at home by my mother. I never went to school in my life."

"You astonish me; but you reflect great credit on your mother. Do you know, I should be pleased to meet your mother?"

Did she mean merely to pass the compliment, or was it a refined curiosity to know what sort of a being her mother really was.

A thought something like this crossed the girl's mind, as she replied quickly:

"Thanks, Mrs. Staunton, for being so interested in my mother, but I am afraid you will never know her. She has had great sorrows in her lifetime, and lives now in perfect seclusion, visiting nowhere—not even me, since I have come to your house."

"But she does not wish you to live in that way?"

"No, Mrs. Staunton; she likes to see me take simple pleasure and enjoy life moderately. She would not wish me to lead the same life she does, on any account, though I would be satisfied to do so."

"You would? How filial you are; you are deserving of praise. Let us walk now, or perhaps we might examine some pictures. You are fond of art, are you not, Miss Raymond? Here is Reni's Mater Dolorosa that Judge Staunton picked up in Rome some years ago. Is not some devotion in your Church given to the Madonna?"

"Yes, Mrs. Staunton, as the mother of Our Lord, we honor her devoutly. What a beautiful picture?"

"Now here is one of another kind, my latest portrait. I think you have seen it before," she said passing to the next.

"Yes," her companion replied. "How lovely it is."

"And this one," she continued passing to the end of the corridor, and lifting the veil of Liberty silk from the portrait of her husband's first wife, "represents Judge Staunton's first wife."

Rosamond bent and looked attentively at the beautiful, delicately-featured face, whose soft expressive eyes seemed to be smiling at her, and the stately lady standing with her. Then Mrs. Staunton took up the photograph that stood on it of the disinherited Millicent, and placed it in her companion's hand.

"You have not seen this before, and not likely heard the story of its representative."

"Mrs. Barret has said something to me of Judge Staunton having had a daughter once," Rosamond replied quite innocently, "and she displeased him in some way and consequently lost her inheritance, Mrs. Staunton."

"That is true then." There was a perceptible coolness in her tones, as there always was when the disowned Millicent was mentioned. "But my servants should not gossip, though I suppose it is natural they would. You see the Judge cannot bear to hear Milli-

cent's disgrace spoken of, but I expect it will be always a living subject with a certain few."

"How sweet it is," Rosamond remarked softly; "she looks so much like her mother."

Her mistress looked at her, and then to the pictured face she held, and suddenly the uncomfortable overwhelming truth came to her proud heart. The features of her companion were precisely,—only of course larger in their maturity—as those of that other child of her husband's.

Great was the consternation of her mind, as she recognized it, and she knew, tremblingly knew that on Bartley Square lived that daughter, for whom so long her husband had been seeking, and for whom ere long the search was to be taken up again, and before her, as her paid companion, was the child of that daughter.

She grew pale to the very lips, but thanked a kind fate that had kept the woman she had once been so desirous of seeing, from her door, and which also had blinded her aged husband from so far ever tracing a resemblance to his family in her companion. When that day would come, all was lost to her, so to speak, and to her daughter, for she hated to think of divided affections and fortune, which her husband would have, did Millicent choose to appear before him again, and claim that which he was but longing to restore to her,—his love and at least part of her inheritance.

What, though a false name concealed their identity, and Millicent's daughter was apparently ignorant of the same, or the truth about her mother; would it always remain so? Something must be done by her, and that immediately.

Her companion did not notice the change in her face, and she waited calmly until the young girl had finished inspecting the picture, then putting it back on its place, and dropping the veil over the larger one of the mother, she said with an abruptness that for many days puzzled Rosamond, "We will go from here now. I am tired. The Doranes are coming to lunch. You may go to your rooms until then, Miss Raymond, and I shall take a rest."

Once in her own room, Mrs. Staunton

began to pace up and down the richly-carpeted floor, with feverish restlessness.

"I must think of some plan," she murmured. "No one must recognize what I have. My Beatrice's place will not be usurped. That ungrateful Millicent has succeeded in seeing her daughter planted here, perhaps she thought, to gain a foothold through it for herself, but she will not if I can help it." A few seconds after the "something" came to her. Cyrus Dorane seemed to be infatuated with her companion. She might, by skilful diplomacy, help on a marriage between them, and though the fashionable world might term it a misalliance, because they would know nothing of Miss Raymond's family connections, which must be certainly less than the Doranes'. She could keep to herself what she knew, and no one would know that Miss Raymond was not Miss Raymond. In the meantime, deciding to keep her companion, as much as possible from beneath her husband's eyes, lest he might find a resemblance in her, to the one for whom he had so long sighed. If she failed to arrange a marriage between the young girl and Cyrus Dorane, she could very easily free herself of the former, by letting her know that she had decided to have a companion no longer. It was a very shadowy plan, and it was a wonder her fertile brain could not have seen the obstacles that might occur to stop its performance, and the slight preventative it would have been to that which she so dreaded, namely, Millicent's return.

But she had one ray of comfort in her dilemma. The disowned heiress could not be so anxious to come back to her father and the old home, else why should she stay such a short distance away, and stand seeing her beautiful daughter in servitude to her dead mother's successor. Perhaps, after all, she had no intention of ever coming back, and knew nothing of her father's search that had been covering so many years for her. But still, she would not trust to that; she had her course marked out, and she must follow it.

The first thing she did, before her guests arrived, she summoned the house-keeper forthwith, demanding of the astonished Barret an account of the story that person had told her paid companion,

Barret repeated the parts she had told to Rosamond, and, much relieved, Mrs. Staunton dismissed her, cautioning her at the same time to tell no more of it to the young girl, and Barret wondered exceedingly.

The lady was satisfied on this point. Her companion knew of Millicent's disgrace and lost inheritance, but she did not know of that dream of the Judge's and its subsequent outcome. So if she would repeat it to her mother, or had already done so, Millicent was not aware of her father's changed dispositions towards her, and Mrs. Staunton hoped much from it.

It was easy now, to account for the young girl's beauty and talents, and the refinement that from their first acquaintance she knew could only have come to her through the good blood that ran in her veins. All that she marvelled at was that she had not recognized the truth before, but as it was it was annoying enough.

Just then the Dorane carriage drove up to the door, and with a smiling face, she felt far from wearing under present existing circumstances, she hastened down to receive her guests.

At the lunch table, she found it difficult to keep her eyes from her companion's face, holding as it did now, a new interest for her, but keeping all the time in pleasant conversation with her friends while she observed with a slight feeling of triumph how assiduously Mr. Cyrus Dorane was devoting his time and attentions to the daughter of the wandering Millicent. Rosamond, knowing nothing of what was taking place within her mistress, wished the lunch was over, and Mr. Dorane, and his nice blandishments, a hundred leagues away.

Mrs. Dorane, from her place on Judge Staunton's right, too, was observing her son, and she was not at all in sympathy with him. Though she was always gracious to Miss Raymond, she did not desire a nearer acquaintance with her, either on her own part or that of her family more than they already had with her as Mrs. Staunton's companion, for Mrs. Dorane was a proud lady of New York aristocracy.

Lunch over, it was arranged that the whole party should start for the Drill

Hall, where a bazarre was being held for help of the poor, with the exception of two persons, and they were Miss Staunton and Miss Raymond.

The heiress excused herself on the plea that she had promised to ride with Mr. Everett, and Rosamond pleaded a headache, much to the disappointment of Mr. Dorane, who had been counting very much on her going.

Mrs. Staunton knew by the young girls' heavy eyes that her headache was not a pretended one, so she did not insist nor urge her accompanying them, and of course her daughter was free to do as she pleased.

An hour or so after the party had started for the Drill Hall, Beatrice and her lover went off on their ride, and Rosamond was left to her own devices.

Towards evening she went over to see Mrs. Williams, then slipped down to St. Mary's, for her visit to the blessed Sacrament, encountering on the way Everett and Beatrice returning from their ride.

The heiress bowed and smiled, and her lover doffed his hat, while his eyes rested in an unusually admiring way on Rosamond's fair face.

She had scarcely reached the church door, when she heard the clatter of his horses' hoofs on the hard, frosty ground returning over the road again, but without looking back she entered the sacred vestibule, and with other worshippers, who had come before her, was soon wrapt in her devotions, so much so that she did not hear the door open immediately after her, and the figure of a man who occupied such a high place in her estimation came in.

What power, what unknown influence had drawn Bruce Everett thus? He the pessimist on religion, the man who from his earliest years had never remembered bending his knee to God, and why had he come for the first time in his life into a Catholic place of worship? These were the questions he felt like asking himself, and perhaps he found his answer in the slender kneeling figure ahead of him, as he watched the golden head bowed in its attitude of prayer, and the white fingers counting the beads of a white pearl rosary.

Could it be that Mrs. Staunton's com-

panion was exercising a spell over him. He who held the heart and devoted love of another. That he would never have acknowledged, at the present time, but certainly the desire and curiosity to see her in a religious duty must have drawn him here to-day.

What would his betrothed, from whom he had just parted, have thought had she seen him?

That was enough to arouse him, and as if he had been guilty of some unbidden act, he took a hasty survey of the altar and holy images, neither of which he could understand, another glance at the slender figure that seemed apart from the others kneeling around, and picking up his riding whip and hat and going out, mounted his impatient steed and rode away, with a less indifferent mind to many things than when he had entered the little church.

XXVI.

"I don't know why it is, mother, but somehow it seems to me lately that Mrs. Staunton is changing towards me. She is as kind as before, but she seems to be growing so formal and cold with me," Rosamond said to her mother, one evening she was at home a few weeks after the events narrated in the last chapter of our story.

"How is that, dear, Mrs. Raymond asked, with a slight misgiving in her mind. "Have you displeased her in any way?"

"Not that I know of, mother; except it is the dislike, which, perhaps at times, I cannot help showing to a gentleman, of whose family, as well as himself she is very fond, and who comes to Staunton House. His name is Mr. Dorane, and mother, without failing in charity, I do not like him. He hovers around me all the time, and at table he seems to see no one but me. It may be his way of showing friendliness, but I imagine there is too much familiarity about it."

"You must not form your opinions too quickly, dearie," Mrs. Raymond replied, but understanding perfectly with a mother's quick discernment that the time had come when her child was beloved by some one, even though that some one was not whom the young girl could ever

favor, "of any one; rather allow them to grow. Mr. Dorane may mean only to be nice, and you may be mistaken in the change in your mistress."

The young girl shook her head half sorrowfully, and her parent knew that she knew more than she had told her, but feeling it wiser to throw it off, with the introduction of another subject, she asked:

"How is Miss Staunton, dear?"

"Well, mother, and as lovely as ever. Mr. Everett is another I do not quite understand; he is so friendly to me; but then, he is different to Mr. Dorane."

The mother trembled; beset as she was with all the old anxiety for her daughter's well being.

Were the dangers, she had pointed out to Rosamond, when the girl had taken up this new life three months ago, as being possible in her path? Were they beginning already to obstruct it? Were those men of wealth and fashion, under the guise of friendship, trying to make a play-toy of her innocent, trusting Rosamond?

She might believe that of this Mr. Dorane, whoever he was, but of Beatrice Staunton's affianced husband, she could not. He, the refined, honorable gentleman, would not be guilty of such, and whatever she might think of the other, she would not think of him in the same light. She had brought her child up, perhaps too strictly, and the young girl's opinions were, in consequence, a little one-sided.

"Mr. Everett is appreciative of your efforts to please his betrothed's mother, dear," she said gently. "Apart from your duty as her paid companion, his friendship is only courtesy to you, not freedom. You have never said where he lives. I suppose his home is not inferior to Staunton House?"

"He has no home of his own, mother, if that is what you mean. Mr. Everett's parents are dead long ago, so he resides at the Waldorf. But when he marries Miss Staunton they are to live in Staunton House, as the Judge and his wife will not hear of their daughter going away from them, even after her marriage, but wish that her husband will make his home with them."

"Mr. Everett is not averse to that,

then, knowing as he does, that sooner or later his wife will be full mistress of Staunton House, and himself the master." She sighed heavily; her daughter did not know why.

Then her face grew serious again, as she added: "I do not like to hear of this change in your mistress, now, to wards you, Rosamond, which may not be at all on account of your repugnance to her young friend, but some misdoing on your part."

"If that's so, mother, wouldn't you think she would tell me of it, and correct me, but I do not know what I said or did to displease her, except my dislike to Cyrus Dorane. It might be that I imagine her coldness, but no, I can see it in her every look sometimes. What is that pile on your trunk, mother?"

"Some things I have been sewing, dearie, for Father Madden, for some poorer than myself. I've so much time hanging on my hands now, since my sun-beam went away from me, that it would never do for me to be idle. Lately, I've been offering my services to our spiritual Father, and what kind, wealthy ladies donate to him in the way of goods to be made up, I make them. I have nothing to offer, but perhaps the humble work of my hands will receive its reward from the Master."

"It is a case of the poor helping the poor, mother, and you will have all the higher merit. I told Mrs. Staunton I would be back early, so I must go now. I'll go to see Mrs. Curran and Charlie next time I come. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, dear," and the mother saw her daughter to the door, with a presentment of coming trouble, between her and the proud woman she was serving. Rosamond had not been misled in her judgment that Mrs. Staunton was changing towards her, and that ever since the morning they had spent in the art gallery, after Compeigne's ball. The cause she felt, was the one she had mentioned to her mother. Mr. Dorane was more frequently a visitor to the house than even before, and Rosamond disliked him more than ever. Mrs. Staunton's scheme of which only the lady herself knew, to bring the two closer together, and make, above all, her companion admire this "exceedingly nice young man," as he ad-

mired her, was, much to the lady's chagrin, promising to be a failure.

The knowledge that had come to her that morning she was keeping as a heavy secret, and it marred and spoiled the harmony heretofore existing between her and her beautiful companion, while she waited impatiently for further developments. For some days past she had arranged that her companion should be as much as possible absent from the family table at mealtime, sending the young girl's luncheon up to her apartments and managing frequently that they should have invitations to dine out evenings. Save on Sundays and Wednesdays, evenings on which she was accustomed to entertain the Doranes and a few other particular friends. To her husband and daughter who wondered and commented on the first, she explained with perfect sang-froid that Miss Raymond's head troubled her at times, and she preferred the mid-day repast in her own sanctum. Rosamond herself could not account for the new course of events, and her gentle heart was pained beyond measure that her mistress, along with her other cold treatment of her, should adopt such a one. However she commented on it to no one, but kept the hurt to herself, hoping that in time the mists would clear away, and everything would be explained. Save, only to-day, unable to contain herself, she had given her mother a slight inkling into how things stood, but what good had it been to her?

XXVII.

As Rosamond was returning to Staunton House, a carriage and a pair of stylish bays passed her on Granton road and its occupants, she recognized as Colonel Compeigne and his daughters. Salutations were exchanged between them, and the young girl watched admiringly the elegant equipage speeding towards Staunton House, whose owners, with the hale old gentleman beside them, led such a different life to her.

"Isn't that Miss Raymond a sweet girl," Helen remarked to her sister, as she glanced back at the slender figure, walking slowly along in the same direction as they themselves were taking. "I wish there was room in the carriage,

and I should have invited her to a seat, pa. Belle, don't you think she is sweet?"

"Very," the elder girl replied, "and so gentle anyone would like her."

"That must be the case when with Cyrus Dorane," continued gay Helen, unaware of Belle's secret affection for the young banker. "Have you ever noticed, Belle, how head and heels in love with Mrs. Staunton's companion he is?"

Poor Belle! What an ugly cut those words gave her, unintentional on her sister's part as they had been, and under its blue silk veil, her face became white. Cyrus Dorane loved another! Why had she not known that before, and the night of the ball at "White Hall" she had construed his slightest word or look into love for her. How blind she had been all these weeks not to have seen, as her sister had done, Dorane's favoring of Rosamond Raymond. She tried to think that her sister might be wrong in her surmises, but a teasing inner voice whispered that what Helen said was only too true, and she held no place, more than that of a friend, in Cyrus Dorane's heart. Yet the proud heart would not acknowledge unrequited affection even to itself, as she quickly replied to Helen's question:

"You imagine that, Helen. Have you heard that all the family except Cyrus, are going to live abroad in a few weeks?"

"Yes, you told me that long ago. Pa did you not?" turning to her father.

"Yes, and we will soon be following them. Girls, I have decided to sell White Hall, and go to Italy."

"Oh, papa, how lovely!" and Helen clapped her hands, while Belle heaved a half sigh of relief. "We will have a villa on the Arno and Conge all the time."

"Yes, sauce box," the Colonel replied, "You will have nothing but gay life to lead in Italy, and what does my Bella say?"

"I am satisfied, papa; I always had a desire to live in Italy. I would like to go right away." Neither her father nor sister, as the carriage drove up to Staunton House and they alighted at the massive door, could see the regret written on the face under the blue silk veil.

In the Dorane Mansion on Fifth avenue Mrs. Dorane sat with her son.

"I tell you, Cyrus," the lady was saying, "you must give up any notion you may entertain, you foolish boy, for Mrs. Staunton's companion, and come to a new home with your parents and sisters."

"I must do nothing of the sort, my dear mother," said the sauve Cyrus, smiling and stroking his moustache. "New York is too lively a square to leave for any old world, wretchedly romantic place as Italy, and if the former never held such a person as Miss Raymond, I would have the same regard for it. Perhaps after a few years, when you and the 'old gentleman,' with Frank and Hilda married to some kind of counts—for, of course, they will marry blood once they go to Italy—are settled in your new home, I'll go over and see you, but I don't think I will ever live there."

"You were always fond of hearing yourself talk, Cyrus," said his mother, coldly, and shuddering at the thought of a future marriage of her only son with a paid companion. "I have told your father of your decision, and he says it is all a bit of nonsense; and, remember, once we go from here, and you remain, you are to a certain extent cut off from us, because your father will give you none of his fortune to spend, and you will have to plod along as best you can."

"Humph! I should like to know when the 'old gentleman' ever gave me any of his fortune to spend, nor would I want it. I scraped along before; I expect I can do so when Mr. Dorane, senior has gone out of town. What I can't get I can borrow, and pay back some other day," and his small eyes glittered significantly, which his lady mother did not notice, fortunately.

"Your strange ways of doing, Cyrus, puzzle me more than the riddle the Sphinx gave to the Phebans. Ediphus solved that difficult problem, but I doubt if he could this one, that your doings present to me."

"My charming mother should not trouble herself about her unworthy son, but take the world as he does,—living to-day and forgetting to-morrow until it comes."

"Do not say unworthy, Cyrus; you are my noble son, whom I know to be

all that he is, or should be." And Mr. Cyrus would not for a great deal, have undeceived her, by telling of any of his misdemeanors, when another honorable son would have done so, rather than act the hypocrite.

"What will the Stauntons do at all?" he asked carelessly. "All their friends are leaving them. You are going away, and the Compeignes,—so the Colonel told me the other day."

"Mrs. Staunton has plenty of friends, and she is not the kind to sit down and cry over our loss, but that is not what I want to talk about now, Cyrus; do drop this foolishness about clinging to New York, and come away with the rest of us next month, will you?"

"I have said what I have said, mother, and if you wish to keep me in good humor, cease this kindly meant persistence. I am bent on remaining in New York."

"And marrying some girl, who, as your wife, could never uphold a position for you. There is Bella Compeigne now, who would be a worthy wife for any man in the high walks of life, and hosts of others equally as acceptable to me. You pass them all by because of your fancy for this Raymond girl, whom you know nothing about, except that she is Mrs. Staunton's companion."

"And that is enough to tell me that Miss Raymond is a lady, but you are mistaken if you think it is for her that I wish to remain in New York, mother. Oh, no, there are other things. Here is Billings, I must not detain you longer." And rising up he offered his mother his arm, and escorted her out to her carriage that had come to take her for an afternoon ride. Then he betook himself for a walk towards Granton road.

He had just rounded St. Mary's gothic church, when he descried ahead of him a slender, graceful figure that made his heart leap.

He quickened his steps until he had gained her side, and Rosamond looked up at him in ill-concealed surprise.

"Good afternoon," she said, coldly, in response to his effusive greeting, and omitting the customary Mr. Dorane.

"The gods are always favoring me, Miss Raymond," he continued, with his insinuating smile, though he was rather

piqued at the young girl's indifference. "They seem bound that we should meet occasionally on this particular spot."

"No, not the gods, Mr. Dorane; rather an unkind luck."

He laughed good-naturedly. How fascinating she looked, with her great blue eyes opened wide and the least shadow of scorn about the pretty rosebud mouth. In that moment Cyrus Dorane, the profligate, was as truly caught in cupid's toils as ever a man was.

He looked around to make sure that no one was in sight, and before Rosamond could prevent the act, he had caught her small, fur-gloved hands between both of his.

"You are better at saying sharp things than I gave you credit for, but this has gone on long enough. I can stand it no more. Rosamond, darling, can you not understand. I love you; I know I am unworthy, but you can teach me your way, and you will not find me wanting. One word, oh, my darling, to tell me that I may hope."

Cyrus Dorane, for the time, had left his old self behind him, and in his love for this frail young girl was willing to make any and all promises. Aye, ready to perjure his soul, if necessary. But long ago she had had her estimate of him, and she would no more have thought of trusting herself to him than she would have of commending herself to the Lares of the ancient heathens.

She shuddered, as for a second she allowed her eyes to rest on the dark, small featured face, and saw the passion that had made the weak lines of the mouth for once in his life strong.

Quickly she withdrew her hands from his tight clasp, and he made an ineffectual attempt to gain them.

"How dare you," she cried, "speak to Rosamond Raymond in this way. What you have asked of me is quite impossible and if you are a gentleman, or since you pose for one, you will no longer force your disagreeable presence on a lady." She drew off from him, but of course he followed her.

"Do not cast me off, Rosamond. You are my life, and I cannot live without you. You must love me."

"I am sorry to pain you, Mr. Dorane," she said more gently; "but my answer

is decisive, and if I should be honest, I have not an atom of love for you."

He recoiled as if a cobra had bitten him, and his face became pale.

"Some day you will remember, Rosamond Raymond, when you see the wreck you will have made of Cyrus Dorane, but I do not despair. Time works many changes, and you will yet hold out your beautiful hands to me." And with passion marked on his every feature, he walked away.

Rosamond pitied him, despite her dislike of him, and as if in queer contrast, there arose in her mind's vision the noble form of another man,—the sworn foe of this one.

She was disturbed, too, for no man had ever addressed such words as these of Cyrus Dorane to her. The first time that the old old tale of love had been poured into her pure maiden ears, and though it had come from an unwelcome source, a deep blush had, and was still dyeing her delicate cheeks long after her disappointed wooer had left her.

What if Mrs. Staunton should find out the case, and perhaps dismiss her from Staunton House, because of her stand

against this man for whom the lady herself held such esteem.

Even so, it would be for conscience sake, and to Rosamond's beautiful self there would be attached no blame. She would have her mother's and Father Madden's good opinion in what she had done, and though the gaining of her daily bread might depend upon it, what cared she for the rest of the world? She never thought that in three short months such a climax as this could have been reached between herself and Cyrus Dorane.

He had met her before that afternoon, and she had only just been speaking of him to her mother. Certainly the Fates must have arranged this meeting, but it was not them she thanked for having brought her so well through it, but the Queen of Heaven, whose consecrated child she was. She put her hand in her pocket in search of her rosary, but it was gone; she had lost it. She would have turned back to look for it, but was prevented by the fear of encountering Cyrus Dorane again. So, forced to say a Hail Mary without her beads, the young girl hastened homewards, deciding to tell her mother at the earliest possible moment, all of this afternoon's event.

To be continued.



Twilight on the Wayward.

Man is born by the decree of the Creator to fill a certain station in life. Each is endowed with certain talents, impulses and traits. It requires time to develop and manifest these principles of the inward make-up, but eventually they will come in evidence and remain until the immortal has passed from him. By this reasoning we can readily see how the world is composed of characters, varying as the colors of the rainbow. What a queer place this planet would be if all men were the same in everything. Instead of apparent disorder and contention, as now, it is doubtful if chaos would be adequate to express the condition that would then exist.

But why worry over what would be? Let us study things as they are to-day, and possibly as they will always remain; and to do this, it is necessary to commence at the fountain head,—man and his character.

For a primary lesson choose a few acquaintances of yours, and note the contrast in them, and you will learn that they are as different as two colors. Each has his faults, and some may appear to have more than their share, but with this increase, they will have an extra allowance of some good trait far exceeding those of fewer blemishes.

It is not always right to condemn a man for his weakness. One born with a small amount of will power, if he falls into error, is less liable to recover than one whose will power is his predominant trait. Whether it is good reasoning or not, it is acknowledged by some writers of repute, that the weaknesses and faults of the man are born with the child, and if such is the case, one should pity them rather than condemn.

Some time ago a character was brought to notice that is worthy of study. It was that of a young man in the prime of life, strong and handsome. He had not the advantages in his early days of a common school education, but being bright and observant and possessed of a retentive memory, he managed to acquire sufficient knowledge so as not to be classed ignorant. For many years he was prospering as fairly as could be

expected for one in his condition of life, but in an evil day fell a victim to the habit which has destroyed thousands of young men,—intemperance. His Saturday evenings and Sundays were spent in dissipation, and as a natural result his financial condition was in poor shape. However, he was always at work, and was highly prized for his industry by his employer. And one cold winter's day as he was at his usual occupation, his attention was attracted to a man who was watching him, who proved to be a near neighbor, who had been out of work for some time, and his family was in destitute circumstances. It consisted of five little children and an invalid wife. The young man was familiar with the impoverished condition of his neighbor; and he suddenly stopped in his work, his face a deep study for a few moments, until it brightened and he said: "Here Mr. ——— you take my job; you need work more than I do, who's single. I waste my money, anyway, and I can get work again, when probably you could not. I'll go in and see the boss and make it alright."

He took his coat and left, and arranged matters satisfactorily with his employer, who agreed to the transfer. By this noble act he made a poor man happy and brightened the dark hovel he called home.

On investigation we ascertained that this was not the first deed of charity of this wayward young man. Cynics will say he wanted to quit work, because of his laziness and drinking, but this was not the case, as further acquaintance of him proved.

This citation is not given for the purpose of condoning this young man's faults, but of demonstrating that no matter how bad some men may become, they have some redeeming traits, which should request for them the sympathy and prayers of all. By kind words many can be made to see the error of their ways, when bitter epithets and censure will only harden them and drive them to their doom.

A cheerful heart—a short road.

Saint Albert of Messina.

Of the Order of Carmelites.

By the COUNTESS DE BEAUREPAIRE DE LOUVAGNY

Translated from the French by MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

Saint Albert Punishes a Jealous Priest.

—He Cures Him.—He Cures

a Lady of Agrigente.

A very great knowledge of our poor human nature is not requisite to realize that the virtue of Albert would not elicit only admiration. There are always souls so maliciously disposed that they deny the existence of qualities, which they cannot acquire, in the souls of those who possess them. Albert had experienced this during his life. His humility had found ample cause for satisfaction in being misjudged. But when such disrespect was renewed after the death of the Saint, God was pleased to make an example of the calumniator. It was the year of our Lord, 1308, when the prior of the Carmelite monastery at Leontium ascended the pulpit and began his sermon by a panegyric on the blessed departed Saint. He eulogized his virtue, and demonstrated that he had every claim to the name of Saint. Amongst his listeners was a priest, who had known St. Albert, and had always been jealous of the popularity he enjoyed. This priest, led by the spirit of darkness suddenly felt all the jealousy burning with redoubled ardor in his heart. It angered him to hear thus publicly proclaimed the sanctity of Messina's protector. He stood up before the congregation, began to speak, and protested against the statements of the preacher. He stigmatized as falsehoods, all that had been stated, and declared in a peremptory tone that Albert did not merit such praise.

Scarcely had he finished his sacrilegious words than they saw him sink to the floor, uttering, as he fell, a piercing cry. The unhappy creature had been overtaken by a terrible misfortune. His body was wrenched asunder, and the pro-

truding entrails soon were scattered all around. The agony which he endured was proportionate to the mad impulse which had drawn the penalty upon his guilty head. All present were penetrated with horror. A physician was hastily summoned. He was told of what had taken place. He understood that this wonderful happening was a merited punishment for a blasphemy that went beyond words.

"This is beyond my skill," said he. "I can do nothing. It is not to me he must have recourse, but to St. Albert. From him alone can come the remedy." To this pious declaration the physician added some advice and reproaches to the stricken man. He pointed out to him the enormity of his fault and the immensity of his chastisement. Finally he induced him to look into himself.

The priest, convinced of his error, repented, and asked pardon for his sin. He made all the amends in his power. He clearly perceived that he had been guilty of lying, injustice and vanity, and that it was a spirit of jealousy that impelled him to try and diminish the glory of the Saint. Then he implored that protection which never yet has been refused to repentant sinners. He finally added:—"It is but just that I suffer. Nevertheless, St. Albert, I entreat thee, obtain my cure; I will publish far and wide, and that at the expense of vanity, that thou art indeed admitted to the number of the saints."

The penitent made a vow to fast on the day preceding the anniversary of St. Albert's death, and to celebrate that anniversary by refraining from all work.

However, the unfortunate man, removed to his home, suffered intensely all through the night. The justice of God imposed upon him this expiation of his fault.

The next morning, very early, he felt the motion of a hand rubbing ointment

upon his body. He no longer felt any pain. His sufferings were suddenly over. With an anguish of hope mingled with fear, he examined to see if a cure had been effected. All trace of the terrible occurrence had disappeared.

O! joy! His entrails were again in place, and the gaping wounds were closed. He sprang from his bed, hastily dressed, and went with all speed to the Carmelite convent. There he narrated to the monks what has been recounted above, and proclaimed his wonderful cure. He never ceased thanking God for His goodness, and he remained faithful to his vow during life.

When the news of this miracle spread abroad, the faithful glorified God from the very depths of their hearts. The most fervent found therein a motive for redoubling their prayers. Those whom a culpable negligence had permitted to grow tepid in the service of God found a subject for salutary reflections. They were penetrated with fear and with increased respect for a Saint whose miracles rendered him more illustrious every day.

About this time, that is towards the year 1309, a noble lady who lived at Agrigine was very much troubled with a malignant cancer, from which she had suffered for three years. It was a cancer of the breast. All human remedies had been employed without avail. The unhappy creature continued to suffer torments worthy of hell itself. Given up by physicians, she turned with hopeful thoughts to heaven, and had recourse to him whom all united in naming the man of God. She promised the Saint to offer a statue of silver and to clothe in his honor three poor religious. Included in the same vow was the yearly renewal of this charity.

Upon the following night—it was the hour for sleep, but her pain admitted of no repose—she thought she saw a strange physician by her bedside. He directed her to take some of the oil from the lamp which burned at the altar of St. Albert, and to use it as an ointment for the affected part. There was the cure! Next morning she hastened to St. Albert's chapel and procured some of the oil.

Returning home she applied the prescription as directed, and was enabled

immediately to announce her perfect cure. She told her relatives and neighbors—to the great edification of them all—the means selected by heaven to relieve her. She was ever faithful to her promise.

The Saint had his statue, and until the last year of her life, the noble lady clothed annually the three poor monks.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

Other Miracles.—Terrible Chastisement.

The seventh of August of the same year, the Carmelite Fathers established in this city, had resolved, in order to disseminate more widely the growing devotions of the Saint, to celebrate the anniversary of his death with unusual splendor. The entire population rejoiced at the consecration thus given to the devotion.

But the demon, who never ceases his watching, always in quest of some new prey, excited sentiments of envy and frenzied hate in the hearts of several students in the city. These reckless youths conceived the idea of seizing the statue of the Saint and destroying it. They chose for their audacious enterprise, the day previous to the solemn celebration in his honor. Before setting out on their infamous expedition they held a secret consultation. They made their arrangements and divided themselves in two parties.

The first group moved on, casting precaution to the winds; made the night hideous with their imprecations and their impious songs. To reach the convent they had to pass the dwelling of a man named Benjorno, who for twelve years had been unable to move hand or foot. He was paralyzed in his arms and legs. Awakened by the heavy tread of the crowd, by the cries and vociferations; the man was a prey to anxiety. He thought some outbreak to disturb the peace of the city was in contemplation. He called his wife and asked her to look from the door and learn, if she could, what was wrong.

She soon returned thoroughly frightened. She told her husband that she had seen an infuriated band going to the Carmelite Monastery; that they proclaimed aloud their intention to destroy the statue of St. Albert, and that they

urged each other on to greater speed that they might the sooner accomplish their horrible scheme.

As he listened to this account Benjorno, with rising indignation, cried out from the very depths of his soul: "O! why am I not well and strong, as I was before? I would have known how to prevent so infamous an action. I would have stood in front of the statue, armed to the teeth, and I would have defended it with my life. O! glorious St. Albert! Cure my affliction and I promise to devote all my patrimony to promulgating devotion to you." A fresh invoice of the marauders passing at that moment; he invoked the Saint with redoubled fervor. Then, seized with a drowsiness which he could not resist he fell back upon his pillow and was at once lost in slumber.

During his sleep he saw before him Albert, clad in his religious garb, similar to that picture which we have at the present time.

The Saint held in his hand a little whip, all brilliant with rays of light. With the end of this switch he touched the limbs of the poor paralytic, saying as he did so: "Awake! Arise! May God who loves to grant favors to His Saints, deliver thee from thy afflictions; may He restore to thee the use of thy limbs, and may He give His peace unto thee!"

O, Prodigy! the arms moved with the greatest ease. They had regained all their former suppleness. Thus, happily surprised, Benjorno tried if he could get out of bed. He succeeded without any difficulty, not having even asked anyone to aid him.

He dressed in haste, and taking his arms, so long unused, with him, and animated with a generous courage, he hurried to the street door, and was soon rapidly gaining on the steps of the conspirators. He overtook them at no great distance from the monastery. Then in a voice trembling with emotion he gave them to understand that he had penetrated their design, and at the same time he adjured them to give it up. But the turbulent crowd met the appeal with vulgar jests, and did not refrain even from insults. Benjorno became more eloquent than before. He tried to show

them the enormity of their intended assault; he exhorted them not to yield to the suggestions of the devil; he begged them not to lay a disrespectful finger on the venerated image of the Saint.

Impatient and angry, the wretches tried to pursue their course. Benjorno barred their progress. "Stop!" he cried but his injunction was unheeded. They did not retreat a foot. "But, who are you?" said one of the men. "Benjorno—the paralytic?" "Yes!" "You are then cured?" "You see it." "But how?" and with burning curiosity they crowded around him, whilst he related what had so recently happened. They could not doubt it, for only the evening before Benjorno was incapable of moving. And the would-be assailants ashamed and repentant, felt themselves moved by a holy fear. Without further delay they dispersed, and went to their homes singing the praises of God,— the all powerful One—and His great servant, St. Albert. They solemnly resolved to amend their lives, and henceforth never to swerve from the divine precepts. The chapel, which had so narrowly escaped desecration, was one of the first officially dedicated to the worship of the Saint. This day witnessed the inauguration of a general and very fervent devotion to the Saint. Ten years later on a man addicted to the vice of gambling had reached the climax in that infamous failing. Overwhelmed with debts and guilty of various crimes, he gave himself up to a despair well nigh demoniac in its nature. It was long since the last spark of faith had died out in his soul. And yet, by a strange contradiction, he upbraided St. Albert for not causing his guilty wishes to be fulfilled. In his degradation he was incapable of discerning that his invocations were really sacrileges.

One day when he had been even more unfortunate than usual, at play, he flew into a violent passion. In that state he went to the Church of our Lady of Mount Carmel, where there was a picture of St. Albert. As soon as he beheld the picture his anger arose to a point of fury, and burst forth in abominable blasphemies.

"To what avail," he cried, "to what avail do I beg thee to come to my aid?"

My prayers have all been vain; thou hast never listened to me. I have been unfortunate, and I have not been able to move thee. Well! though all the world should proclaim thy sanctity, I no longer consider thee a saint. If thou hadst any claim to such a title, long ago wouldst thou have heard my supplications!" Then turning to the picture of the Blessed Virgin, he continued in the same violent terms: "And thou art styled the Mother of Grace! Thus do they call thee; and yet thou has closed thy eyes to my prayer!" And in his delirious rage he drew his sword and thrust it through the two paintings. O, Prodigy! The blood flowed over the desecrated canvas. A child who had witness-

ed the miracle uttered a terrible cry! At this cry the malefactor started like a robber detected in the act. Affrighted, but not penitent, he hastened to the door of the church. Scarcely had he crossed the threshold than a thunderbolt awakened the echoes of the silent place, cleaving the air, it struck the blasphemer and he fell dead upon the earth. The storm passed by, but a mass of blackened ashes was all that remained of the wretched man. His punishment was but too well deserved. The Divine Heart is full of mercy, but God is a God of justice, too! He will not permit such outrages to pass without punishment. More proofs of this will be found in the following chapter.

Sister Margaret.

An eminent physician once said that we pass by countless saints during the course of a day,—that we touch elbows with them on the streets.

It is a consoling thought to cherish, particularly in these times when we hear so much of the evil that is rife; for the good that exists is unfortunately not given as much publicity. If we pass by the friends of God in our daily coming and going, without knowing them, happy they who do catch glimpses of the beautiful inner lives of those who dwell in the quiet places of the earth.

There was one well-remembered, kind soul who in her round of work was an ideal of Christian womanhood. I first saw her the day the carriage stopped at the convent door to give some directions about the time the boxes would arrive. Her rosy, smiling face framed with the band of snow-white linen appeared in the doorway, and from that time on during the following school years, she was ever the gentle, kindly old lay sister. Some said she was a convert; she may have been, if there be truth in the saying often heard, that converts make the best Catholics, for she was sincere in her every act. Unconsciously one learned the meaning of a contented, holy life by being a few moments in her presence, —her goodness and cheerfulness she seem-

ed to impart to those about. How glad she used to be giving out the news of the coming of some of the home friends, and what a cheering word she had for the often disappointed ones!

And when the school time had drifted into the past, we heard one morning that Sister Margaret was dead. It was in the early autumn days they laid her away under the brown grass and rustling leaves beyond the hill in Notre Dame cemetery. She had lived her life, a full one and rich in noble deeds, and was it not right she should be called for the reward? So pass many of the good about us, but the memory of the faithful comes back now and then in the darker moments to touch our hearts with newer life.

Katherine McAndrew.

Who is wise? He who can learn from everyone. Who is strong? He who can control his passions. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot. Who is honorable? He who honors others.

The consciousness of a feeling of good will and love towards others is the most powerful and most healthy tonic in the world. It is a wonderful stimulant for it enlarges, sustains and ennobles life. It kills selfishness, and scatters envy and jealousy.—"Success."

Chapters from the Passion.

Woman's Noble Mission.

[Drawn from the Spanish.]

JUAN PEDRO.

According to official and authentic documents which are to be found included in Josephus, and the "Talmud," and in the writings of the early fathers of the Church, when the Passion of our Divine Lord occurred, the crowd of strangers and of Jews from other nations, who then thronged to Jerusalem, was rarely, if ever, excelled,—over two millions found shelter in these Paschal days within this ancient Oriental city.

That vast innumerable multitude, owing not only to the celebration of the Jewish feasts, but also to the extraordinary event of our Lord's Passion, crowded towards the Pretorium, obstructing all the by-lanes and narrow thoroughfares that verged towards the great centre, and fed its surging crowds,—all seeking footroom in every available site, mounting themselves on the door-steps, possessing themselves of the doorways and every elevated situation; climbing up and filling the minarets and "azoteas" or the eastern roofs and flats of the houses, inundating every vacant place, with a monster seething wave of variegated colors and deafening the air with the murmurs of a popular tempest,—each moment more threatening and more saddening. Oh! what mighty inundations rose and fell in the streets, like the billows of an angry ocean. Till, at length, Pilate claimed and succeeded in imposing silence, and quieted the excited mob, by pronouncing the sad, solemn words, "Ecce Homo," which he wished to be a sarcasm for Jesus,—an insult for the Jews. At this instant, what an immense crowd of people there was on the "plazza" or square.

What? Alone! Yes, Jesus is alone. I looked on my right hand, and beheld there were none that would know me. Yet, He dominated with His Divine presence that vast throng from the height of the arch which opens into the Pretorium. Yes, truly, Jesus is alone!

Of the thousands and tens of thousands who pierce Him through with the impertinence of their looks, and with the impudent stare of their eyes, none feel for Him. Although it is said by holy writers, and confirmed by tradition, that few, very few, if any, saw our Divine Redeemer, none knew His visible appearance, but yet, all hated Him, or, at least, all despised Him. Jesus appeared before that surging crowd,—drunken as it was, with the savage instincts of Jewish malice—these blinded Pharisees, these prejudiced priests and judges, as the most abominable of men, as the most heartless and most undignified of human creatures,—"as a worm of the earth and no man"; but, oh! looking back through the long vista of past centuries, with the eyes of dispassionate readers of its history,—aided by the eyes of Faith, and the Spirit of our Catholicity, and in the presence of the angels, oh! how profound, how majestic, how sublime, how divine, does not Jesus appear. "Ecce Homo." If there was even one man, who merited unquestionably the title of true nobility, of soul and body,—in fact if there was one sole individual who could or ought to conciliate respect and inspire esteem amidst those thousands of spectators, who filled to overflowing the piazza of the Pretorium, that man, and He alone, is Jesus, the abandoned Saviour of mankind. All others are not men; no, they are more like the savage, wild beasts of the night impenetrable jungle.

These heartless buffetings, these heavy blows and scourges that rained in their hundreds over the shoulders, and lacerated and mangled His sacred flesh, scarred and seamed with numberless wounds and weals His divine body; these vile spittings,—the dust, the sweats, and crowning of thorns,—the blood, the tears—all of which are as familiar as household words to us from the inspired pens of the Evangelists and the pages of holy

writ, were not able to blot out the seal of comeliness and heavenly beauty which the Eternal Father had impressed on the face and features of His only begotten Son, when He was conceived in the virginal womb of our Immaculate Mother Mary.

It is true, He appeared very sad; but how sad? Oh, how sad He was. St. Ambrose leaves us in his graphic lines to picture "Tristis videbatur et tristis erat." But His sadness was not so much the effect of His cruel agony, or His inexhaustible sufferings of body and of soul, as it was the result of the cruel forgetfulness of His own. Of Him, says the same holy doctor of the Church: "Non pro sua passione sed pro nostra dispersione." The cowardly, timid flight of His own, the abandonment in which His own had left Him, the baneful first fruits of this flight and abandonment, hasten their repetition century after century. It was this repetition after repetition that was then before His soul; it was it that added to His grief and increased the sorrow of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. How oft, how oft has His Church, in its chequered history, been abandoned by His Disciples and by His children—who were members of the body of Christ.

He still felt on His face the infernal fire which the lips of Judas, that repugnant, horrible traitor, who kissed Him. He still recollected the bitter anguish that encompassed Him in the Garden, when all His disciples had forsaken Him, and fled from Him, leaving the innocent Lamb of God in the hands of his implacable enemies. Still further there reached His ears, in the still silence of the night, the three denials, the curses and the oaths of Peter,—the most valiant of all His Apostles—but who did not follow Him, save from afar.

Jesus, in that solemn moment in which he appeared to the eyes of all, as the King to be mocked and jibbed at, as He stood before them with the crown of thorns on His brow and nailed to His temples, with His sceptre of cane in His hands, with a purple rag thrown over his shoulders, yet scarcely able to cover His mangled flesh, flayed and cut in pieces by the whips and desperate cruelty of

His heartless executioners, was moved about, meekly and piteously gazing on the vast multitude, his drooping eyes full of patient weariness, sunken in their sockets for the want of sleep of the previous night, their pupils red and clouded by the blood and hot tears; yet there was only one who looked at Him with sympathy and compassion, one—only one who interceded for Him, one alone who pleaded for and defended Him; another was not to be found: "et moni venit." His Apostles, His Disciples were not there,—if they were, so much the worse, because they had not the strength of character or courage, or the manliness to show their faces. There were there, beyond doubt many who knew Jesus, many over whom Jesus had scattered prodigally His Divine favors; some to whom He had given the power and blessings of sight, and cured and consoled others; some, too, whom He had raised from the dead; they were there mingling and mixing in the throngs. There were there many who had been before His friends, yet, to-day, he could not count from out of that vast multitude one who befriended Him,—even those who before were His acquaintances. There was not one found to recognize Him with a word or sign of recognition, and of sympathy; not one who desired to divide with Him the public hatred or to lessen the public degradation. The Saviour of the World had not one to share with Him His sufferings and His ignominy. He who defends the children whom His enemies strove to prevent their approach to Him, had not one to-day to defend Him. He who defended Magdalen from the murmurs of the Pharisees and from the protests of His Apostles, has now not one to defend Him. He, who defended the adulterous woman and freed her from the violent death by stoning, has not one who has the courage to stand out in His defence, and free Him from death. Oh! it is sadly true, that not "one man" dared so much; yet it was left to "one woman" to attempt it. In the pages of the Gospel narrative we see her apparition; instantly she disappears; scarcely is her intervention mentioned in the tragic drama of the Divine Passion. But it is of faith that a woman interested herself

for the Divine Victim of Golgotha. Pilate being seated in his tribunal, his wife sent to him to say, "Have thou nothing to do with that just man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." The Gospel says no more of this woman, but something, and something very interesting, is to be heard from Greek and Latin tradition,—from the historians, and commentators and ascetics of the desert.

The wife of Pilate,—Claudia Procla, or Procula, was of the Roman family of the Colandrus,—a relative, according to some—to others, nothing more than a bondswoman of Caesar. It is certain that if she was not of noble birth, she, at least, had a noble, valiant and truly compassionate heart, and as many as have hearts,—womanly, sympathetic hearts—ought at least be grateful to her, and keep her portrait ever present to their minds; and as many of these as have generous and brave ones, ought to bless from the depths of their souls that noble woman, who did not abandon Jesus, when all men left Him in the hands of His relentless enemies.

According to Origen and other early writers, Procla had received the priceless gift and grace of Faith, and although she did not dare confess, yet probably she recognized in Jesus, the expected Messiah,—the Son of God.

According to the description of the vision given in the meditations of Venerable Catarina Emmerich, and which is so artistically beautiful, "with insistency she struggled to free Jesus from His torments and from death, and to free, too, Pilate, by inducing him to 'catch the cross,' " just as he was falling into the abyss of that infamy, which must inevitably overwhelm him forever, and from which he could never escape for his iniquity and cowardice, his temporizing.

What a singular contrast the repugnant type of Pilate and the kind-hearted Claudia offers to our consideration, according to the venerable Sister Emmerich. She was tall of stature, pale and beautiful, picturing, too, to our mind her saintly efforts that no evil would be done to Jesus, to the Prophet, to the Saint of Saints, to the Holy of Holies.

Pilate, on the other hand, is the very

personification, says again the Venerable Catarina, of the corrupt man, the incisive, full of pride, and at the same time of meanness; who does not retrocede from the commission of an act, the most shameful and the most criminal, when he finds his personal gain or advancement in question; while, at the same time, he is subject to the most ridiculous superstition; whilst Claudia Procla is the personification of those noble hearts who risk everything, when they issue forth courageously to the defence of the abandoned, or those unjustly censured, and who ever interpose their strength and influence in favor of innocence and in the succor of the weak.

It is a pleasure for the honor of our common nature, it is a pardonable pride for the sake of our humanity, to sketch such a noble character in womanhood, so that we may not despair completely of the human heart, particularly, as it was a woman, too, who gave public testimony to the Divinity of Christ; it was a woman who raised her voice above the tumult of the crowd, and cried aloud: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts that gave Thee suck." Thus, too, to the glory of womanhood, the first—the only one—intercessor pleading for Jesus, prisoner and condemned to death, is a Roman woman. In the Mission of the Church, in its continuous Passion, have not we seen and read again and again, the glorious similitudes of the compassionate Claudia—noble women pleading the cause of a persecuted creed, and a world hated Vicarate,—the Vicarate of Jesus Christ? Year after year what has it not endured? Generation after generation its Calvary is rarely absent from the biographical pages of her sainted Pontiffs—few of whom have escaped the enmity of men, and the persecution of cruel power. Nearly all the successors of Peter, during their Pontificate, have been again and again accused wrongfully by its emissaries and unjustly condemned by its tribunals. Oft and oft has the Church been condemned, by these, as was Jesus,—the Just Man, and its founder has been—whilst the hideously culpable, such as Barrabas and his Masonic prototypes of to-day, have been restored to liberty; whilst cheered and ac-

claimed and carried in triumph by an unreflecting multitude. Over scenes of this class, the space at the disposal of the "Carmelite Review" forces one to be brief and forbear disclosing the sad details of shameful deeds, into which the howlings of the passions of the crowd oft and oft has drawn individuals, families and nations into the commission of enormous injustices, into the horrid crimes whose details fill the press of the world. For the last nineteen centuries the pages of history disclose them in shameful frequency. In them the greater part of their actors have leagued themselves with the Masonic inveterate enemies of the Church of Jesus Christ, as did Pilate of old,—men who now, as then, strove to reconcile the irreconcilable,—the friends of Jesus with the enemies of Jesus, to strive to serve two masters at one and the same time,—God and Caesar.

It is in this supreme moment that the faithful companion of man,—with more faith and more true devotion, energy and tenderness of heart than man, it is then the companion of the incredulous, of the superstitious, of the pusillanimous, of the coward, of the temporizer, of the Pilate of every age; it is then the hallowing influence of the truly Christian woman shows her face for Jesus Christ—if, when seated around the family hearth, appealing to her piety, to her tears, to her devotion, and to her affection, she struggles tenderly to hinder sin, to engender countless works of mercy, by drawing her husband, her brother, her father, or her son and daughter from the webs of the Masonic den of the enemies of God's Church, from the guilt of some unjust silence, from the perpetration of some unjust measure, from one of these legalized iniquitous crimes, of which the faithful followers of Jesus Christ are so often the victims. Not always does she succeed in her appeals; she may retard the blow and prolong the martyrdom. But one sees that this is not her intention, as it was not that of Claudia Procla, the prolongation of the Saviour's agony. Her intention in these cases is with her works of abnegation and her personal sacrifices to say to Jesus:

"Lord, I am with Thee."

And to say with her example to men:
"You! Have you not courage to be with Him?"

Do not forget that friendship with the wickedness and duplicity of the world is enmity with God.

Aspirations—St. Thomas.

"Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio," etc.

Angel of the schools and Altar!

In the tranquil, holy place,

This thine ardent aspiration.

For the beauty of His face.

"Lumen vultus Sacri Jesu me illumina."

And, awaiting that bright vision,

In a blest eternity,

O, how wistful is thy pleading,

"May its rays illumine me."

"Lauda Sion," etc.

Like a song bird in the gladness

Of the glowing summer days;

Oft thy spirit soarest upward

"Lauda Sion," this thy praise.

"Adoro te," etc.

Then His Eucharistic presence,

Bending lowly to adore,

Or, again, in "Tantum ergo,"

Benediction to implore.

O, how beautiful and varied,

Are thy tones of minstrelsy

Emulating harps celestial

Thrilling near thy "crystal sea!"

Would that even one soft echo,

From those melodies of thine,

Might resound in my low murmurs

For His Sacrament Divine.

Enfant de Marie.

Communion is a society in which interests pledge and entwine themselves.
—Msgr. Baudry.

There is only one person in the world to whom we may be severe. There is one who deserves, and we may vent all our severity on that person—and that person is our own self.—Cardinal Manning

Sir Thomas More.

Knight and Martyr.

Martyred July 6th, 1535.

Gerald Geraldine, M.D.

Shakespeare has immortalized many of the political lights that played leading parts in the tragic drama of the sixteenth century, and among those who "trod the waves of glory," in that eventful period, we find the heroic statesman and Martyr, Sir Thomas More.

Side by side with Wolsey, Cramer and Cromwell, he unwillingly became submerged in that unfathomable sea of religious and political unrest, from which Divine Providence rescued him with honor, to crown him with a martyr's crown of immortality.

Sir Thomas More was born February 7th, 1478, in Milk street, London. In early youth he entered the free school connected with the hospital of St. Anthony in Thread-needle street, and later became a student in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, where he prepared for college.

In the year 1492, when the great American continent was discovered, Sir Thomas More entered Oxford University. Here he became proficient in Greek and Latin, and later studied law at Chanery and at Lincoln's Inn.

In what year Sir Thomas More was admitted to the bar, we have no authentic record, but in the spring of 1504 he was elected member of Parliament by the citizens of London, enjoying the distinction of being the most popular barrister of his day.

September 3rd, 1510 he was appointed under-sheriff of the city, and won the esteem of all classes, by his fearlessness and justice in disposing of the cases that came under his jurisdiction. His biographer tells us that no one ever concluded more cases, or decided them with greater integrity than did Sir Thomas More. He exercised his ability in persuading clients to settle their differences peacefully and without resorting to law, which was an expensive and unpleasant method.

His private practice and his position

as under-sheriff brought him an annual income of four hundred pounds a year; this amount we are told being equal to five thousand pounds in our day, and was considered an exceedingly large income.

On May the twelfth, 1515, Sir Thomas More was sent as King's Ambassador to Flanders, there to consult Archduke Charles in regard to certain treaties granted in favor of foreign merchants resident of London. So successful was his mission that King Henry wished to bestow on him some mark of personal favor, and writing to his friend Erasmus, More states: "On my return from Flanders, an annual pension was appointed for me by the king, and one by no means contemptible either as regards the honor or the fruits, yet, hitherto I have refused it and I think I shall continue to do so, because if I accept it my present office in the city, which I prefer to a higher one, would either have to be resigned, or else retained not without giving offence to the citizens, which I should most loathe to give; for, should any question arise, as sometimes happens, they might look on me as less sincere and trustworthy, being bound to the king by an annual pension."

History tells us that the great court favorite, Cardinal Wolsey, was instructed by the king to use his best efforts to attract the young barrister to the king's household; all efforts, however, were for a time unsuccessful, as Sir Thomas had firmly resolved to escape the notice of royalty.

At a later period we find him called again to special service and sent as king's ambassador to Calais, during the peace negotiations between France and England. While at Calais he wrote to his friend Erasmus: "I quite approve your resolutions not to meddle with the laborious triflings of princes, and you show your love for me in wishing that I might extricate myself from them. You

can scarcely believe how unwillingly I am engaged with them, nothing can be more odious than this legation."

At this period Sir Thomas More was not only highly esteemed as a barrister, but he also held an enviable position in literature, and was considered by many critics the best prose writer of his day; his works receiving unqualified recognition at home and abroad.

In the spring of 1518 Sir Thomas More was appointed Master of the Requests in the household of Henry the Eighth, and here begins his career as a courtier. Here begins the court life of one of the king's most, loyal, righteous servants, whose faithful services were rewarded with—death—by a corrupt and debased despot.

His duties as Master of the Requests, afforded him many opportunities of exercising his abilities as a wise, just judge, and prudent advisor, and these valuable qualities were not lost upon King Henry, for he respected most highly the judgment of Sir Thomas More, and showed him every mark of personal favor.

He accompanied the king on all his journeys, and acted in the capacity of confidential advisor and secretary during these journeys. He was repeatedly called upon to settle theological disputes, which at that period was occupying the attention of all learned men. His biographer tells us: "there often arose deep and intrinsic matters that demanded a wise and prudent judge. Sir Thomas, however, unravels them in such a way that he pleases both sides. No one has, however, ever prevailed on him to receive a gift for his decision. Happy the commonwealth where kings appoint such officials."

In the spring of 1521, Sir Thomas was knighted, and made under-treasurer, an office similar to that of chancellor of the exchequer of the present day.

That Sir Thomas More had "greatness thrust upon him" is a matter of history which even his detractors are forced to admit.

He would have preferred to lead the life of the man of letters in the seclusion of his own home, surrounded by men of culture and learning, who were more congenial to his tastes, than were

the court favorites of King Henry the Eighth.

In writing of his personal feelings in the midst of the lords and ladies of the realm, he pictures himself like a man; "who being not trained to ride sat awkwardly in his saddle."

In April, 1523, Parliament was summoned at the command of Henry the Eighth, and the great court favorite, Cardinal Wolsey, was instructed to appoint Sir Thomas More speaker, a position which placed him in a very embarrassing position, as he was well aware that the great question of divorce would be brought up during this session, and to avoid an open rupture with the king, or the king's courtiers, was his most earnest desire, and he declared to Wolsey that he was totally unfit for the office.

To extricate himself he used every means within his power, but all were unavailing and Parliament opened with Sir Thomas More in the speaker's chair. During the session he incurred the Lord Cardinal's displeasure by side-tracking one of his most ambitious schemes.

Roper tells us that when Parliament ended Cardinal Wolsey remarked, "Would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you speaker," and Sir Thomas remarked in his quaint manner, "Your Grace not offended, so would I too."

History tells us that the relation between these two great minds was most cordial, but that the Lord Cardinal feared the righteousness of More, and after the closing of Parliament he advised the king to appoint Sir Thomas ambassador to Spain.

This plan of ridding the court of a faithful public servant was not successful, however, and we find from that time on these two favorites constantly meeting and clashing on political and theological subjects.

On being congratulated on this enviable position in the royal family, More remarked: "I thank our Lord, son, I find his grace my very good Lord, indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within his realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to do so."

Royal robes and royal patronage could not hide from the keen-eyed statesman the weak, proud despot whose pride and ambition wrought such havoc within his realm.

In July, 1525, Sir Thomas More was appointed Chancellor for the Duchy of Lancaster; these over-powering honors were showered upon him by the king, to win Sir Thomas to the side with those who looked with favor, or with closed eyes, on court intrigues and court scandals which began to appear with brazen effrontery, and which threatened to shake the political and religious foundations of the kingdom.

Sir Thomas More refused to enter into discussions with any of the king's favorites on the divorce question; but it was well known to all what his views were concerning those unholy proceedings, and when asked for an opinion stated that he had "proclaimed his opinion to the king."

Henry the Eighth had for a considerable time been considering the necessity of a divorce from his lawful wife, Queen Catherine, and the great Lord Cardinal was straining every effort to secure for his royal master coveted freedom.

The king was now thirty-six years of age, and showed so wild a spirit of restlessness as to quite alarm the wiser men of his kingdom. His nights were spent at cards and dice, losing extravagant sums of money and in debauchery where marriage ties were forgotten and sacred vows desecrated; every slumbering passion seems to have awakened at this period, and his fixed determination to set aside the lawful queen for a passing fancy and to respect no law but his own will are matters of history; in failing to secure the divorce from Pope Clement VII, Cardinal Wolsey experienced "How wretched is that poor man who hangs on princes' favors."

The irony of fate crushed this once mighty favorite, and on October 19, 1529, the seal of Lord Chancellor was taken from him, and transferred to Sir Thomas More on October 25.

In the great hall at Westminster the oath of office was administered to the new chancellor, by the Duke of Norfolk, who eulogized him in a most flattering manner. In replying to the Duke's

speech Sir Thomas said: "Considering how wise and honorable a prelate had lately before taken so great a fall, he had no cause to rejoice in his new dignity."

It was during this session that the illegal, tyrannical measures were forced upon a helpless people by Parliament, bestowing upon Henry the Eighth, the shallow, senseless title of "Supreme Head of the Church of England by law established." And discussing their unconstitutional measures, adopted by that Parliament, Sir Thomas remarked to his son: "God grant, son, that these matters within a while, be not confirmed with oaths."

All that was best and noblest in this fearless statesman recoiled against every measure introduced and adopted, and he knew that in order to keep his honor and his name unsullied, he would have to resign his office at no distant period.

History tells us that More, even before he became Lord High Chancellor, was filled with anxiety for the Church, and his voice and pen were ever ready to defend the doctrines so widely and maliciously assailed by heretics. In writing to Erasmus, of heretics, he says: "For I so entirely detest that race of men that there is none to which I would be more hostile, unless they amend. For every day, more and more, I find them to be of such a sort that I greatly fear for what they are bringing on the world."

In commenting on the apparent laxity on the parts of staunch Catholics and the never-ceasing efforts of heretics in expounding their false doctrines, he compares them to the disciples of Christ in the following manner:

"And surely between the true Catholic folk and the false heretics it fareth much as it fared with false Judas and Christ's faithful apostles. For while they, for all Christ's calling upon them to wake and pray, fell fast in slumber, and after, in a dead sleep; while the traitor neither slept or slumbered, but went about to betray his Master."

In the garden of York Place, May 16, 1532, the Lord High Chancellor delivered his resignation into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk.

Chapin wrote on the 22nd, "The Chancellor has resigned, seeing that affairs

were going on badly, and likely to be worse, and that if he retained his office he would be obliged to act against his conscience or incur the king's displeasure as he had already begun to do, for refusing to take his part against the clergy. His excuse was, that his salary was too small, and that he was not equal to the work. Everyone was concerned, for there was no better man in the office.

In resigning his office as Lord High Chancellor, More incurred the king's displeasure. The royal master was much dissatisfied and disappointed, and, no doubt, the enmity of Anne Boleyn and those who courted her favor, worked to bring dishonor and ruin to Sir Thomas.

The voice of conscience did not, however, cry out with bitter remorse. "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not now in my age have left me naked to mine enemies."

Sir Thomas served first and best the King of Kings, who in turn robbed his servant with a mantle of grace, and supported him through all his trials with the powerful arm of omnipotence.

Cromwell was appointed his successor, and to him he spoke the prophetic words which in after years rang his death knell.

"Mr. Cromwell, you are now entered into the service of a most noble, wise and liberal prince, if you will follow my poor advice you shall in your counsel-giving to his Grace—ever tell him what he ought to do, but never what he is able to do, for, if the lion knew his own strength, hard were it for any man to rule him."

This humble advice, however, Cromwell did not follow, but ever counseled the king to evil deeds until he himself was devoured by the conflagration his counseling ignited.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," applies with particular force to Henry the Eighth, and his counselors after the downfall of Wolsey and the marriage with Anne Boleyn.

Each and everyone, wives, favorites, statesmen, and faithful servants were alike destroyed by the despot, whose thirst of human blood rose with his thirst for power.

Anne Boleyn at Pentecost, 1533, was publicly acknowledged queen, and made her triumphal entry into London for her coronation; More received a letter from the Bishops of Durlham, enclosing twenty pounds for him to purchase a gown suitable for the coronation ceremonies, and inviting him to attend the king. He did not, however, accept the invitation; nor did he attend the ceremonies.

Anne Boleyn, knowing More's disapproval of the divorce, was indignant at the slight offered her by his absence, and from that hour his doom was sealed.

At Christmas time a proclamation of nine articles was devised by the king's counselors in justification of the king's marriage. A pamphlet appeared in opposition to the nine articles, and Sir Thomas More was suspected of being its author.

In a letter to Cromwell, More denies having written the pamphlet, and the matter was passed over without any serious consequences.

More was, in the following spring, drawn into a matter by Cromwell, from which he had with the utmost circumspection kept himself free.

A nun of Canterbury, known to history as the "Holy Maid of Kent," declared herself commissioned by God to admonish and to threaten the king if he persisted in his efforts to secure the divorce. She was, however, supposed to be simply the tool of the party opposed to the divorce, and among this party Cromwell included Sir Thomas More; whom he said had had conversation with her and communicated with her in writing.

On the 21st of February a bill was introduced in the upper house against all whom it sought to implicate with the nun, and among them was Sir Thomas More. Hearing that his name was included, he wrote the following letter:—
"Right Worshipful:

After right hearty recommendations, so it is that there is a bill put in against me, into the higher house before the lords, concerning my communications with the nun of Canterbury, and my writing to her.

Wherefore, I marvel not a little the

truth of the matter being such as God, and I know it is, and as I have plainly declared unto you, by my former letters, wherein, I found you then so good that I am now bold eftssoon upon your goodness to show me the favor, that I may the rather by your goodness, have a copy of the bill.

When seen, if I find any untrue surmise therein, as of likelihood there is, I may make my humble suit unto the king's good grace, and declare the truth either to His Grace, or by His Grace's commandment, wheresoever the matter shall require. I am sure of my truth towards His Grace, that I cannot mistrust His Grace's favors towards me, upon the truth known, nor the judgment of any honest man.

Nor, never shall their loss in this matter grieve me, being myself as innocent as God, and I know me, whatsoever should happen therein, by the grace of Almighty God, who doth bodily and ghostly preserve you."

By the hand of,

Heartily all you own,
Tho. More, Knight.

More also wrote to the King, but these written communications availed him nothing. At the time, the Imperial Ambassador Chapuys wrote that, "More had been examined by Chancellor Audley and Cromwell; for a letter which he wrote to the nun, which could not have been more prudent, as he exhorted her to attend devotions and not meddle in the affairs of princes. As the King did not find, as it seems he hoped, an occasion for doing him harm, he has taken his salary away."

On the 13th of March, the bill that More long expected, at last appeared, which required:

"That all nobles of the realm, spiritual and temporal, and all other subjects arrived at full age, should be obliged to take corporal oath in the presence of the King, or his commissioners, to observe and maintain the whole effect and contents of the Actrill.

On April 12th, Sir Thomas was summoned to appear before the Lords at Lamberth and take the oath, which was to declare the invalidity of the King's first marriage, and the right of succes-

sion of the heirs of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn; to reject the spiritual authority of the Pope, and grant to Henry the Eighth the title of "Supreme Head of the Church of England."

This oath More refused to take in any form, holding that the oath was unconstitutional, and he, being high authority in legal matters, could not perjure himself by taking such an oath.

Other men—clergy and laymen—might take the unlawful oath if their conscience would allow, but his conscience would not allow him to take such an oath, and writing to his daughter, after his examination, he states, "When I was called before the Lords at Lamberth, I was the first that was called in, albeit that Master, Dr, the Vicar of Croyden, was coming before me, and others. After the cause of my sending for, declared unto me (when I somewhat marvelled in my mind considering that they sent for no temporal men but me), I desired the sight of the oath, which they showed me under the great seal.

"Then desired I the sight of the Act of Succession, which was delivered to me in a printed roll; after which, read secretly by myself, and the oath considered with the act, I answered unto them that my purpose was not to put any fault either in the act, or any man that made it, or in any oath, nor to condemn the conscience of any other man.

"But, as for myself, in good faith, my conscience so moved me in this matter that though I would not deny to swear to the succession, yet unto that oath that was there offered me, I could not swear without jeopardizing myself to perpetual damnation."

For four days he was held in custody by the abbot of Westminster, and on Friday, April 17th, 1534, being committed to the Tower of London, he wrote his daughter as follows:

"I may tell thee, Meg, that they who have committed me hither for refusing of this oath not agreeable to their statute, are not by their own law, able to justify my imprisonment, and surely, daughter, it is a great pity that any Christian prince should, by a flexible counsel ready to follow his affections, and by a weak clergy lacking grace con-

stantly to stand to their learning with a flattery, be so shamefully abused."

More remarked that he never intended to do so and wrote, "I never intended to pin my soul at another man's back, not even the best man that I know this day living; for I know not whither he may carry it."

They could imprison him, confiscate his earthly possessions, call him traitor, bigot, torture him even unto death, but no power on earth could make him perjure himself before God and man as many others had done.

After a year's imprisonment, on May 27th, 1535, at the Tower, before Cromwell, Tregonel and Bedyll, the act including the Supremacy of Henry the Eighth and his heirs was read, and to which he answered: "I will not meddle with such matters." The entire proceedings are looked upon by legal authorities to-day as the most disgraceful, illegal proceedings of that deplorable time, and Lord McCall has rightfully called these state trials "murder proceeded by mummery."

At the trial Sir Thomas stated that the supremacy in the church could not be vested in a layman, but that it rightfully belonged to the See of Rome, as granted personally by our Lord when on earth, to St. Peter and to his successors. "For seven years," he said that, "I have studied the matter, I have not read in any approved doctrine of the church that a temporal lord could or ought to be at the head of spirituality."

He was censured by Wolsey for contradicting the opinion of the new church and prelates of the realm, but More replied: "My lord, for one bishop of your opinion, I have a hundred saints of mine, and for one Parliament of yours—and God knows what kind—I have all the General Councils for a thousand years. I know well that the reason why you have condemned me is because I have never been willing to consent to the King's second marriage. I pray God to protect the King and give him good counsel."

The charitable, cheerful and prayerful example of this great man during the hours of his severe trial is most edifying and worthy of our deepest love and admiration.

He submitted with calmness and dignity to the unjust accusations and to the calumny of unscrupulous servants of a degenerate king.

On July 1st, 1535, he was condemned to death, to be hanged and quartered at Tyburn, subject to all the human indignities of a common criminal.

This sentence was changed, however, and he was beheaded July 8th, at Tower hill, and his head placed on a stake on London bridge, subjected to the insults of the rabble. There it remained for one month, when it was to be cast into the river; but it was saved from its watery grave by his beloved daughter Margaret, who, with love, and from devotion, cherished it while life lasted, and with her remains it is buried in St. Dunstan's church at Canterbury.

With what sadness we recall the past evils of men, when kings, prelates and subjects forgot their God and followed the dictates of their evil passions. When we consider the awful consequence that followed this period of unrighteousness, the influence of them are felt even to our own day, we can only wish that a few more such Knights as Sir Thomas More had risen up and stemmed the tide of disunion.

The unconscious influence of oaths, taken in that first dawn of the reformation has penetrated through Christendom down to the present time and rent asunder the once great Christian family. But the Church of Rome still stands, and the supremacy of Christ's Vicar, is as unshaken to-day, and has millions more defenders, than on that memorial day when Sir Thomas with many other brave souls gave up their lives in defence of the church, and its Christ-given doctrine.

Running from Chancery Lane to New Square is a passage known as More's Passage, and at the corner of Carey street is erected a statue to the memory of Sir Thomas More, Knight; and the slab beneath bears the following inscription:

SIR THOMAS MORE, Knight,
One time Lord High Chancellor
of England.

Martyred July 6th, 1535.
The faithful servant
Both of God and the King.

Rose-Fragrance From the Garden of St. Dominic.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

The "enclosed garden" of St. Dominic's holy order, whether we consider it as blooming with graces on earth, or elevate our thoughts to its glorified children in Heaven, seems, as it were, embalmed with Mary's floral chaplets, and reflecting their mysteries with wondrous beauty and variety.

Do we not hear unceasingly the "Ave," "Magnificat," "Gloria," and "Nunc dimittis" of joyful mysteries in the sweet strains of their Psalmody, and is not the first word of their motto expressive of that spirit of praise which echoes our Blessed Mother's sublime canticle, and the joyful music of celestial choirs?

Their Priests are offering up that Adorable Victim, who presented Himself of old by His Holy Mother's hands. The hidden life of prayer, solitude, obedience like that of Jesus subject in Nazareth, after being found in the temple, prepares them to go forth in his footsteps and sow the good seed by preaching to the nations.

The mysteries of Jesus' Sacred Passion have been singularly honored by these "Friars Preachers," and their eloquence vibrates of "Him crucified." Thousands have "washed their robes" in His blood by martyrdom, and are now standing before the throne with palms of victory.

Holy Virgins devoted themselves to contemplate the sufferings of their Spouse, and were favored with interior, sometimes even exterior, participation of them, as for example St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Catherine de Mecci and others. And all these who have been His companions in suffering shall also be with Him in the joys of His Resurrection. Even on earth, there is a spirit

of joy, fervor, brightness, in the children of St. Dominic, which is truly an earnest of eternal Easter, of "guadia paschalia," that never will be overshadowed with pain. There is a beautiful custom amongst them, of laying aside the black mantle, which symbolizes penance, on Holy Saturday, as if to show even exteriorly that all are entering into "the joy of the Lord."

With Jesus ascended, they dwell in mind "amidst heavenly things," and aspire to that "Patria," for which their Angelic Doctor so plaintively sighed. Those who are conversant with the annals of this holy order, will remember that beautiful record of B. Bernard and his acolytes breathing out their pure souls on Ascension Day, at the foot of God's altar. The gifts, fruits and beautitudes of the Holy Spirit abound in these religious. Their watch-word is "Veritas!" and their aim, to "cast fire" on earth. Finally, they are ever looking up to the Virgin Mother, assumed to bliss, crowning her with floral chaplets, sighing to her as "Holy Queen." At the eve of each day, sweet indeed, are the exile-sighs of her "Salve," as they wait through their monastic aisles and ascend through twilight shadows to "the far-off land" where Mary awaits us with glad welcomes, on the eternal shore.

And at the close of life,—of which each fading evetide is the emblem—we hear for the last time this well-loved strain,—this aspiration for the beauty of Jesus' Face, and as the veil is about to be withdrawn, it is to the queen of the Most Holy Rosary they appeal "clement, loving, sweet," that she may present them to Jesus the Blessed Fruit of her womb.

*—"Larylare," Benedicere, Prædicau.



John Penryn's Renunciation.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

I.

Is a love story out of place in a religious magazine? This one, I feel sure, cannot be thought so, for it is not only a story of that which even the wise King Solomon said passed his understanding the way of a man with a maid, but of that higher love, which I am convinced, underlay and over-ruled the lower, and brought it to such consummation—ending, I will not call it—as must ensue when man or woman yields to that which is the life and joy of all the saints,—the love of God Himself. This, at least, is what befel in the case of John Penryn, as I hope to show you. I must only ask you to believe that I write of that which I know. How I came to know it, surely does not matter. I am betraying no confidence, as you will see if you care to follow me to the end of my chronicles.

I wish, sometimes, that I could draw you a map of that west country that I know and love so well, even as Mr. Thomas Hardy has done, in one of his Wessex tales. It is much the same country as his,—not quite; with this difference—a great one, I admit—that his is a master-hand, and mine that of a mere 'prentice. It is, or was, I should say, the country of Ina, the saintly King of Wessex, and of that greater saint, his cousin Aldhelm, and lies between Avonford on the west, and Middlehampton on the east. Avonford, as perhaps you know, is famous for its abbey church,—or what is left of it—and for its shipping trade. Middlehampton too, is a well-known port, and has its churches as well; but with Middlehampton we have little or nothing to do in this narrative.

But if you journey, by road, like our ancestors on pilgrimage, from Avonford towards Middlehampton, you will come first to Edinborough, with its little church that Aldhelm built, and where he said Mass. It was put to base uses during the ages that followed the "glorious reformation," but, when the sons of Saint Benedict came to their own again, and rebuilt their ruined monas-

tory, aided by the generosity of Lord Middlehampton, not then a Catholic, they restored St. Aldhelm's chapel to its original purpose, and Mass is said there every day, at the altar over which his statue stands. The great barn, too, famous throughout the west country, is used by the present Abbot of Edinborough, as by his predecessors, from its building to the days of "the traitor," as he is called,—the false brother, made abbot by Henry VIII, who gave up the monastery to the King's commissioners. Doubtless, he had his reward,—here, and in "his own place." It was surely no mere coincidence that the present abbot was consecrated on the feast of Saint Matthias. Read the story in the Acts of the Apostles, and you will see what I mean.

Six miles or so east of Edinborough, you arrive at Gauntdford, where stands a tower and a bridge chapel, said to have been built by "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster"; as, indeed, they probably were. They date, at all events, from about his time. The parish church has a spire, an unusual ornament—if that be the right word—in Wessex, where square towers—Morton-in-Mendip is the finest I know—are the general rule. You should note, too, the stone fret-work that fills the tower openings. Wessex folk are justly proud of these stone windows, but forget, on the most part, to whom they owe them; to the old abbots of Edinborough, doubtless, and other successors of Aldhelm and Dunstan—sons, all, of the Great Patriarch, Saint Benedict.

A little more topography, and I have done. Four miles north of Gauntdford lies Eastbury, a mile and a half further Eastbury St. Simons, about which, as you may remember, I have told you more than one story. Three miles east of Gauntdford is Battleminster, by which time you are more than half way to Middlehampton, and quite as far as we need to go. But if, instead of journeying nearly due east from Edinborough, as we have done, you have turned north, or

rather "nor-west by north," as sailors used to say—they are more mathematical nowadays—you would find yourself first at Morton-in-Mendip, of the famous church tower; then at Ditchley, where the Carmelites are—it is their own country, too, just here; and, lastly, at Shireburne, Saint Aldhelm's Sec. It is a country of churches and battlefields, of saints and heroes, parcelled out of gold, and again, in our own days, between the Benedictines, the Carthusians and the Carmelites. It is a country which, as I said, I know and love, so you must forgive me if I try to make you know and love it as I do.

If you have read my account of "What Happened at Eastbury Saint Simons," you will remember that I promised then to tell you something about Ellen Giles, whose father was about the only black sheep in an otherwise model parish. Not that it matters much, whether you have read that story of actual occurrences and not very remote contingencies, or not; all you need know, that is, all I need to tell you, is what happened to Ellen Giles. And, in order to do so, I must tell you something about my friend, John Penryn.

He was the son of a former rector of Morton-in-Mendip, and brother of the Anglican bishop of Woolloomooloo, in New South Wales, so that, as you will easily understand, he was not a Catholic when he and I were students together, at St. Deny's Mission House, Battleminster. The present sub-Prior of Edinborough, by the way, Dom Isidore Sanderson, was our vice-principal at the time. He had not far to journey, spiritually or otherwise, when he set out for Edinborough. Penryn, as I knew him then, was of a poetic, romantic temperament; more fit, it seemed to me who knew him best, for a Benedictine or a Carmelite Cloister, than for a slum parish, as he said, or for the soul-killing controversies of our then Anglican Communion. How far I was right, you shall judge for yourselves.

But it was to the slum parish that he went first, by advice of our vice-principal, "Father" Sanderson, as we called him, in those days which now seem as if they had never been, but which were, surely, as real a part of our spiritual

existence—and must always remain so—as our unconscious infancy or forgotten childhood is of our natural life. The truth is that he and I, mutually aiding and abetting, had been "guilty of schism," by attending the Corpus Christi procession at the Roman abbey of Edinborough, and "Father" Sanderson thought wisely enough, that hard, absorbing, practical work among God's poor and Christ's lost sheep was the best cure for such "hankerings after an impossible ideal"; the ideal, that is, of one infallible church. So, to the slums round Westminster Bridge—the south side—went John Penryn, as he was bidden, not "in orders," as they were to us then, but as a lay-reader. Truth to tell, I doubt whether any bishop on the bench in those days would have ordained so "marked" a man. You see his father was "extreme," his sister a Carmelite nun in London, and his brother, the bishop of Woolloomooloo, had "lapsed to Rome," an event, which as you may suppose, caused no little stir in Angelican circles. At all events, John Penryn began his work as a lay-man; which perhaps, was just as well. "Orders" sometimes make the final journey harder to the pilgrim of conscience.

And it was in the course of his work that he met Ellen Giles, or, as he knew her, Ellen Henshaw. How she came to be in London, it is time to tell you afterwards. We shall see what came—to her and to him—of her meeting with John Penryn. Once more you must accept me as a chronicler of matters which I learned later. Suffice it to say that I did learn them.

She was certainly the beauty of Eastbury Saint Simons. I know her face well, by John's descriptions, which might perhaps need discounting, and from having seen her. But, lest you might be led to imagine that my description is too favorable, let me tell you that I only saw her in her dress as a religious. That of course is, in a measure, anticipating the course of any story, but it is probably better that I should do so.

This is, I suppose, no place to describe what she was like, if, indeed, it were possible to do so. She began by being as good as she was beautiful,

which is not always the case, and was a favorite with everyone at Eastbury St. Simons except her own father, who was simply incapable of treating her properly, and consequently behaved like the drunken brute he had grown to be, since his wife's death. The loss of her mother when she was only twelve, made a great difference to Ellen. How far it led to what came to her in later years, I cannot say. Of this, at least, I am sure, that God weighs us in an infinitely just balance, and doubtless allows the extenuations—as He counts the aggravations—which are only known to Him "Who knoweth what is in man," and in woman too, which is what most of us most certainly do not know, even as regards ourselves, to say nothing of others.

She was only seventeen when she married a young engineer, then working on the new Eastbury to Middlehampton railway, who called himself William Henshaw. He was a "gentleman" in Ellen's eyes, and the girl who was refined and dainty in her ideas and person, was naturally ambitious of a better matrimonial lot than would be hers should she marry one of the beer-drinking, coarse-spoken laborers, who were socially her equals. That was why, among other reasons, she accepted Henshaw's half-jesting offer; that and a glamour of romance, and a longing to escape from the misery of her home life. At all events, she disappeared from Eastbury Saint Simons, and a tearful, incoherent letter to the rector's wife, signed "Ellen Henshaw," told all that the parish was to know of her for several years.

"And I don't believe," said a charitable gossip of immaculate reputation and uncertain age, "that she is married at all."

To which the rector's wife, who loved the girl, is said to have answered, "And I don't believe that a slanderer will ever get to heaven."

Whence there ensued "strained relations," to put it mildly, between the lady of the rectory and the charitable gossip,—to the discomfort of the latter, who liked to stand well with her neighbors.

Married or not, and I learned later that Henshaw had that much decency at least, however little good there might

otherwise be in him. She was a "widow" with one child, a little girl of about three,—she herself was not much more than twenty-one—when John Penryn first saw her in church. Hers was a face—as I know—which you could not well content yourself to look at once, and look no more; so that, I fear, John's devotions on that particular Sunday, at all events, were disturbed by various more or less involuntary distractions. Even if voluntary, he could, I think, plead that they were too strong for him.

Nor was John's own face one that failed to attract those who saw him, far otherwise; in fact, it was one that drew to him all—without exception, I really believe—who came in contact with him. More, it was a true index to his character, as was Ellen's face to her's, if rightly studied. I do not pretend to maintain that John studied it with the dispassionate impartiality of a philosopher or student of mankind, concerning whose impartiality I have my doubts—but he certainly studied it to some purpose.

It was the most he could do, for a while, but it was the beginning of that way of a man with a maid which was beyond Solomon's comprehension. As, also, of that way of a maid with a man concerning which the wise king was silent, though he was an ardent lover, if his Song of Songs may be taken as the utterance of his feelings. And so the convergent ways proceeded in silence, till opportunity for speech should offer.

Which opportunity came sooner than either had dared to hope for, and in unexpected fashion. Ellen, I must tell you, was desk-clerk at a restaurant, some distance from her lodgings,—as hard a life as can fall to a woman's lot; she can hardly be said to choose it, when she must take it or starve. Her hours were from twelve noon to twelve midnight, without interval; if she was five minutes late, she lost the last omnibus and had to walk the two miles or more that separated the restaurant from the street in which she lived, and where a kindly fellow-lodger—there is much kindness in the world, especially among the poor—too: care of her little girl. When you remember that she was young, pretty and tim-

id, and when you think of the human beasts of prey that infest a great city, you can fancy what the walk meant to her.

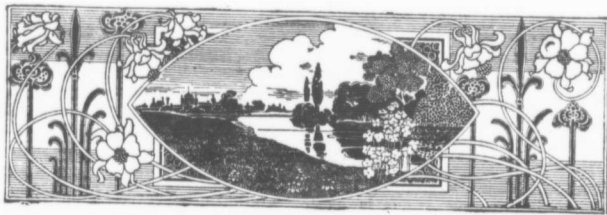
So it came about that John Penryn, who had been to the theatre with me—with his vicar's permission, of course—and had stayed, talking of old times, in my rooms at the hotel until nearly midnight, was walking home along the Westminster Bridge Road, and heard that which, I fear, is only too common a sound in London,—a woman's faint cry for help. John, poet, and dreamer, to say nothing of saint—as he was—had plenty of pluck and a fair knowledge of the "noble art of self defence." It did not take him long, you may be sure, to reach the spot whence the cry had come and to intervene promptly and effectually. The human jackals vanished, as is the manner of their kind, under such circumstances; they only prey on the weak or the defenceless. Nor was it to be wondered at, if John found himself with Ellen clinging to his arm, walking towards her lodgings. Still less, that the silent love, which held possession of both of them, should have gained new strength from such a bond of sympathy, gratitude and chivalrous protection.

Had John been as wise as he was good and honest—which would be too much to expect at his age of twenty-four—he would have told his vicar, in the morning, all that had happened, and would have asked for leave of absence, at the least, if not for a transference to some other sphere of work. As it turned out, he did neither, for which we can hardly

blame him. He was learning, for the first time in his life, what love means; and his love, I am sure, was pure, honest and unselfish. As to what are called social considerations, they never occurred to him. His brother was his only living relation, and he was out in Australia; in any case, his work had brought him into contact with human nature and petty caste distinctions, if any had ever existed for him, had wholly disappeared. Ellen Henshaw, whose name he learned for the first time that night, was herself, and he loved her. That was sufficient for him. Moreover, he was under no vow of celibacy; even his Catholic Vicar was married.

Ellen had spoken truthfully—so far as she knew—in telling John that she was a widow. Henshaw had left her, after less than six months of married life, with a few pounds to go on with, and then to "bend for herself," as he said, not caring what became of her or of her child. That no worse things befel her than poverty and hard work, she owed, under God's Providence, to John's Vicar's wife, who, like the rector's wife at Eastbury Saint Simons, had taken a great fancy to her. It was this good woman—there are many such in rectories and vicarages all over England—who had found Ellen her place at the restaurant. It was no fault of hers that the hours were changed for the worse,—with the alternative of dismissal. There was no help for it, but to submit until "something else" could be found. Only "something else," as so many of us know, is not so easy to find as we could wish.

To be continued.



A Month in Acadia.

In my last article I described the trip from Boston to Wolfville. I am somewhat of an artist and naturally incline to the picturesque; and here, it appears, we have a surfeit of it. Wolfville itself is a prosperous community, with comfortable though unpretentious inns. Living here is cheap, and visitors are not regarded as victims to be fleeced.

Three miles distant, to the east, is Grand Pre itself, now a rich but scattered farming settlement. It is on the line of the Dominion Atlantic Railway, and travellers who are passing through to Halifax obtain from the car windows a fair view of the scene of the Great Banishment. There are the "vast meadows stretching to eastward, giving the village its name and pasture to flocks without number," and there, close to the station, are willows planted by Acadian hands. But the best way to go to Grand Pre from Wolfville is by carriage. As one mounts the slope behind Wolfville, the landscape unrolls in ever increasing beauty. On one's left lie in calm and ample majesty, the placid vales of the Canard, leafy Canning amidst her beautiful fields, and breezy Kingsport on her red-walled cape, with the long ramparts of the North Mountain range, while to the right lies the fairy valley of the Gaspereau.

Now, you many thousands, I might say millions, who live in daily contact with humdrum activity, just make a journey hither for a month, and you will add ten years to your lives. The very atmosphere of the place takes the mind away from the sordid greed for gold, and one sees, as it were, something other to live for than mere mercenary objects. Here the soul expands at the contemplation of the beauties of nature, and a world unknown to the worshipper of Mammon rises in untrammelled splendor before the eye. The tranquil Gaspereau river glides softly through the valley to which it gives its name, and then onward until it is lost in the yellow tides of the Basin of Minas. Here we forsake the river, and crossing a gentle rise, descend to the village of Grand Pre, passing on the way the quaint old church

of the Covenanters, which was built by settlers in 1756, who came in to replace the banished Acadians.

Down in the meadow before you, may be seen Evangeline's well, and, nearby, the site of the village smithy, "Basil the Blacksmith." Here near those willows that you see beyond, is the site of the old French church, where the Acadians were imprisoned before they were sent on board the ships.

It is not alone in song and story that the memory of the Acadians survives. A monument no less beautiful than beneficent is theirs in the wide rich meadows which their hands snatched from the sea. Patiently these untiring farmers built up those dykes that you see like long ramparts to shut out the mighty waves of Minas that have a daily rise and fall of about 50 feet.

Across the expanse of marshes lie the orchards and fir woods of what was once known as Long Island. In its groves by the sea are good camping grounds, and its further shore is an excellent beach for bathing. In the heart of what was once an island, is a swamp full of gray and ancient trees, the night resort of countless herons.

Well, we will leave Grand Pre and its sad, sad story. It had more history in a day than other places in a hundred years. The siege of Grand Pre made famous by that local poet, Arthur W. Calneek, is well worthy of perusal, and gives the key, perhaps, to the story of Longfellow's Evangeline.

We will drive across the dykes to the village of Port Williams, near the mouth of the Cornwallis river, only three miles further. It huddles close to its bridge, with its black wharves, ships, lumber, and apples. From Port Williams the road turns to the right down to Starr's Point. This point divides the mouth of the Cornwallis from the Canard and the Habitant. It is a low ridge covered with fruitful farms and wide-spreading orchards.

If mother Eve were here, she never would have eaten the forbidden fruit, for here she could have all the apples she wanted. This is truly the "apple land of

Acadia," and I would almost say, of all the world. It is apples, apples, apples, galore! But, although apples predominate, other fruits in great abundance may be found in this locality,—pears, plums and peaches claim no insignificant attention. The extremity of the Point is wooded, and among the red, tide-eaten rocks of its shore, there is plenty of good bathing. It is a delightful summer

retreat especially to those who seek seclusion.

The day is well spent, and we must turn towards that spot which for the present we will call home—Wolfville, and in that cosy college retreat, the opening may be spent in mirth and music. Our next trip will be to Kentville, the beautiful, called after the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

John A. Lanigan, M.D.

Eucharistic Praises.

With a white-robed "Angel" *I will praise Thee,

Sacred Inmate of this holy place!

"Hidden God! devoutly I adore Thee,"

"Pledge of future glory," fount of grace.

Morning, noon, and in the restful evening,

I will breathe sweet notes of psalmody,

Soaring heavenward with exultation,

Sinking in a cadence, plaintively.

In the Angel's presence I will praise Thee, †

Hark! I hear the olden music thrill,

"Glory to our God in highest heaven,"

"Peace on earth" to all who love his will.

With Thy Mother's accents I will praise Thee,

Gloriously they "magnify the Lord!"

And, from Juda's hills, adown long ages,

Waft vibrations of each golden chord. ‡

Seems my praise like monotone of wavelets,

Softly murmuring on silvery shore,

"After exile" "bring my soul from prison," §

I will praise Thy Name for evermore.

With the "Angel of the schools" and Altar,

With the Psalmist and the Spirits blest,

With their Queen, Thy gentle Virgin-Mother,

Glory to the Lamb in the Land of rest!

—ENFANT DE MARIE, St. Clare's.

* St. Thomas Aquinas.

† "In conspectu Angelorum," etc. Ps. 137, 2.

‡ The "Magnificat."

§ Ps. cxl., 10.

Editorial Notes.

During the month of June, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, we must manifest our sincere gratitude to that Heart burning with love for us; we must pray that its divine fire may also inflame our cold hearts, that love for God and for our neighbor may be kindled in them.

During this month we celebrate also the feast of Corpus Christi, to honor our Divine Lord present, as prisoner of love, under the humble appearance of bread. What a stupendous mystery our tabernacles enclose! The human mind is bewildered. We can but fall on our knees and adore, exclaiming with S. Thomas: "My Lord and my God."

For Carmelites this month is more-over eventful, because during it occurs the feast of the great S. Elisabeth—the disciple and successor of Elias—the Father and Founder of Carmelites.

Our Hospice is now open again; it was closed all winter on account of our electric plant having been burnt out. We expect to see many guests during this summer, and certainly all who have once experienced the attractions of the lovely spot and have been benefitted by the restful and healthy surroundings on the banks of the great Niagara, will not fail to repeat their visit to the Hospice.

Our General, Most Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., who was appointed Supreme Head of Carmel last October, will come to make his official visit to our Province this month. Having been a member of this Province for over thirty years until his election to the high post of General Superior, it will afford him pleasure to meet his many friends.

On April 28 and 29, St. Michael's College, Toronto, the Alma Mater of many distinguished alumni, celebrated its golden jubilee with great pomp and impressive solemnities. The papal representative, Mgr. Donatus Sbaretti, all the bishops of the Ontario province and a select assembly of clergy and laity, came to honor, by their presence, this famous centre of learning, and to manifest their

appreciation of the work accomplished in the cause of education by the Basilian Fathers, who, as educators, are of world-wide renown. The college must have felt itself highly honored by the distinguished visitors, and must have received new encouragement to continue its noble work of spreading light and reforming morals for the good of men, of church and state. We humbly wish it success in its high mission.

The silver jubilee of Rev. Bernard G. Fink, O.C.C., was celebrated at the Carmelite Priory, Englewood, N.J., on Tuesday, April 28th. Delegates from the several houses throughout the Province gathered to do honor to their universally esteemed confrere. Worthy of special mention are the Very Rev. A.J. Kreidt, Provincial, a class-mate and life long friend of the jubilarian, and the Very Rev. E.P. Southwell, O.C.C., Prior of Our Lady of the Scapular, East Twenty-ninth street, N.Y. Father Bernard's zeal and faithfulness in the fulfilment of his priestly duties were eloquently lauded by his assembled brothers in religion, and his spiritual children in the parish tendered him many and substantial tokens of their esteem.

Father Bernard was born in Buffalo, N.Y., May 31st, 1853. He completed his classics in St Charles' College, Philadelphia, and thence went to St. Vincent's Abbey, Beatty, Pa., where he made a brilliant theological course. He was ordained on the 23rd of April, 1878. Since then he has worked in every field of our extensive province, everywhere leaving after him traces of that true missionary zeal, which has characterized his whole career.

To Father Bernard, moreover, belongs the honor of having been the first American Carmelite novice.—ad multos annos.

Short is the little that remains to thee of life. Live as on a mountain, for it makes no difference whether a man lives there or here. Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break, but which stands firm and tames the fury of the water round it.

Book Review.

"Five of Diamonds," by Mrs. Gutherie published by W. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, is a powerful and exciting novel. We are made acquainted with the workings of a secret society whose members call themselves the Brethren of Pure Light. One of its chief associates, Paul Rienoff, marries an English lady, bringing down upon himself for this act of disobedience the vengeance of the powerful five chiefs. His affection for his young wife turns into hatred, and on his way to exile into Siberia, whither the devoted Adela follows, he stabs her, to clear the way for his ambition. Too bad this ruffian is not punished more severely by the author; in fact he makes his exit as president of the great organization. Prince Victor's noble character and wonderful power is brought out well.

This book also teaches a healthy moral in graphically depicting the disastrous results of a hasty marriage, which is contracted from no higher motive than an affection that rests but on external attractions.

The reading of this book has been a real treat for us, and we have gained also interesting information on various subjects.

* * *

"Hail full of grace"—simple thoughts on the Rosary—by Mother Mary Loyola; edited by Father Thurston, S.J.

This is an attractive title, and all who love our Blessed Mother, may expect beautiful thoughts and ardent aspirations in the series of meditations on her mysteries,—joyful, sorrowful and glorious.

Mother Mary Loyola's works are well known and deservedly admired, and no doubt this will also meet with a welcome. The considerations on the Passion are especially pleasing, and the texts of Holy Scripture well chosen and adapted. It is published in a very fine style, and most suitable as a festal gift. Publishers, B. Herder; price, \$1.35.

* * *

La vie d'Union a Dieu et Les Moyens d'y Arriver—d'Après les Grands Maitres de la Spiritualite.—Abbe A. Saudrier, Paris, 1900.

This is an invaluable addition to the literary gems of Holy Church, and we earnestly recommend it to readers conversant with the French language, and, at the same time, express the hope that to those who are not so, a worthy translation may be presented. It is a resume of the teachings regarding prayer by saints and holy writers, from St. Clement of Alexandria down to contemporary authors. There seems, as it were, a golden thread of unity in these luminous thoughts and ardent aspirations, and it is that of tending to God by detachment from creatures and union with His Divine Will; the soul thus elevating herself, by His grace, to charity.

"The bond of perfection."

Amongst the Greek fathers, St. Denis and St. Ambrose especially delighted us, and amongst the Latin, St. Bernard's words seem, as it were, to exhale the sweetness of that Name whose melodious sound ever echoed through the cloisters of his heart.

There are luminous thoughts from St. Thomas (the angel of the schools), B. Henry Suso, Tauler, and other glories of the Dominican Order. From the heights of Alvernia, St. Bonaventure contemplated his seraphic father, St. Francis, and eloquently extols him as a model for contemplation. St. John, of the cross, and St. Teresa, shed glorious lustre over Carmel, and the Society of Jesus is represented by many illustrious names amongst whom we note: St. Alphonsus Rodriguez Pere Grou, and Pere Lallemand.

We are inclined to exceed the limits of a book notice, but at least once more earnestly recommend this beautiful work so calculated to elevate aspirations towards union with God, which is, even in this life, a foretaste of eternal blessedness.

* * *

Eucharistic Elevations,—Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.

We desire to call the attention of readers to this small, but most devotional book, which, true to the title, cannot fail to elevate their hearts towards that "Dweller in the Tabernacle," who is our dearest friend, our only Beatitude.

There are beautiful thoughts, glowing aspirations, fervent prayers, all blending like grains of incense for the thurible of prayer before His altar. These sweet gleamings might be used as preparations for our thanksgiving after Holy Communion, or when visiting the Most Holy Sacrament, and we venture to promise that no lover of Jesus will be disappointed if, in response to our suggestion, they procure this little treasure and recommend it to their friends.

May Time in Heaven.

What will May-time be in Heaven,
Gazing on our Saviour's face,
And its lovely, mild reflection
In the mother "full of grace?"

What will May-time be in Heaven,
Where the Saints, like flow'rets white,
Bloom with sweet, celestial fragrance
In elysian fields of light?

What will May-time be in Heaven,
When its glorious Queen we greet,
Robed in sun-light, crowned with star-
gems
And the crescent 'neath her feet?

What will May-time be in Heaven?
Joy, and rest, and blissful calm,
And angelic voices singing
"Benediction" to the Lamb!

Bring us to eternal May-time,
In that homeland far above;
Maiden-mother, "Help of Christians"—
Master-piece of Jesus' love!

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clares.

May, 1903.

Note.

The sweet May-time will have passed ere these lines resound in the hearts of her Carmelite children, but does not their burden whisper of eternal May, and therefore, they are not at any time inappropriate.

Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus, kind words, by their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.—Father Faber.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are asked for the repose of the following deceased:

Jeremiah Quinlan, whom God called to an eternal reward April 3rd, 1903. Mr. Quinlan died in New York City, but was well known throughout the West and Northwest. His good works God alone could number.

Mrs. Brown, who died a saintlike death on April 18th, our Lady's own day. This devoted child of Mary will certainly have experienced the great love and protection of her mother, to whom she was tenderly attached, and for whose glory and honor she indefatigably worked. She now enjoys, we trust, the eternal reward of her labors.

A brother who died a few months ago. Alice O. Burke, widow of the lately deceased Edward M. Grath. Her husband preceded her twenty months. She was exceedingly virtuous and prepared to meet her God. One little girl is left to mourn her loss.

Petitions Asked For.

The following petitions are recommended to the prayers of our readers:

Relief in sickness; for a special favor; that the eyesight of one person be restored, and that another be able to walk without crutches; for recovery from a very painful cancer; for the conversion of a sinner; that a brother may make his Easter Communion to have a safe journey; for the spirit of prayer and special graces; for peace and harmony; that a young man may pass his examinations successfully and become a good and holy Catholic; for the conversion of a friend; for peace in one family; temperance for one; gift of faith for three; conversion of a family; and that some people may live closer to a church.

Scandal injures three persons: Him who utters it, him who hears it, him of whom it is said.

If we felt and acted as our faith ought to make us feel and act, we should all be saints at once.