



Resurrexit Sicut Dixit! Alleluja!

"If thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him up from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. X: 9.



EASTER: THE MEETING OF JESUS AND MARY.

I.

A SCENE of beauty haunts my prayerful hours,
 A fragrance softly breathes of white Spring-flowers,
 A song resounds—it is the grateful strain
 That wafted o'er Judea's listening hills,
 And through the cycles ever sweetly thrills
 "Magnificat!" our Mother chants again.

II.

A scene of beauty! Yes! A vision bright
 Illuming Mary with its golden light;
 "The Lord is with thee," Mother of the Lamb!
 All Passion-shadows now have passed away,
 In golden radiance of this festal day,
 Thy sea of anguish sleeps at last in calm.

III.

"Magnificat!" Celestial melody!
 It echoes o'er the earth and sunlit sea,
 Like chime of sweet bell's mystic silvery voice.
 "Christ rising from the dead, now dies no more!"
 And glorious are the Sacred Wounds He bore.
 * O Queen of love! in Him thou doest rejoice.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

* "Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo."—MAGNIFICAT.

The Ceremonies of Holy Week.

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

THE liturgical year of the Church is, like a rich tapestry, decorated with the most beautiful flowers. The lives of Our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin are represented in a series of Feasts, and between them the space is filled in by those of the Saints.

Comparing Our Lord as the sun of the economy of salvation, from whom all souls draw their light and heat, Mary is the moon to lighten the night. She receives her light from the sun, but reflects it upon the earth and thus helps materially to dispel darkness and be a guide to travellers. The other saints are the stars, scattered over the firmament of our faith.

The Feasts of Our Lord are grouped into three cycles--Christmas, Easter and Pentecost. The first is as it were the cycle of the Father, the second of the Son, the Redeemer of the world, the third of the Holy Ghost abiding with and working in the Kingdom of God on earth--the Catholic Church.

The most important of these cycles is the second. On Easter the Church sings emphatically: "This is the day which the Lord has made." And this is natural, because the Resurrection of Our Lord is the keystone of our religion.

The Easter cycle commences with Septuagesima Sunday. Coming events cast their shadows before them. The Alleluja disappears in Mass and Office, and the color of penance--purple--takes the place of the joyous white. On Ash Wednesday the faithful are signed with ashes, made from the palms of the preceding year--an earnest memento of the sudden change from the "Hosannah" to the "Crucify

Him," and of the inevitable change from life to death. During Lent all public amusements, balls, dances, theatres, even solemn marriage, are forbidden, and fasting is commanded. For how could we prove ourselves members of the body of Christ if we would not suffer and merit with Him?

After the raising from death of Lazarus, Our Lord with his disciples hid to escape the fury and persecution of the enemies, who had planned His death, in remembrance whereof the crosses on the altar are veiled on Passion Sunday. The statues of saints ought to be veiled or removed, as the Church, the spouse of Christ, wishes to remove all traces of consolation and joy and concentrate our attention upon the passion of Our Lord.

One week passes and we enter upon Holy Week. The Doxology, "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost," was already dropped on Passion Sunday, now all the Feasts of whatever character are likewise excluded, and the shadows of Golgatha envelope us in their sombre folds. The first day of this week is Palm Sunday, so-called because palms are blessed and distributed on this day. This, as well as the other ceremonies of Holy Week, are both historical and symbolical.

In blessing the palms the priest prays that as the appearance in the ark of the dove carrying an olive branch was a sign of peace and the subsidence of the flood, so these branches of olives, palms or other trees, are to all a token of peace, the peace of the soul gained by reconciliation with God.

The procession moves out of the church and then returns, to remind us

of the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem and the Temple amidst the plaudits of a joyous crowd. But, alas, how long did this enthusiasm last? Were there not hundreds that joined this day in the "Hosannah" and a few days later joined in the passionate cries of Our Lord's enemies? And was this fickleness confined to the Jews of those days, and does not history repeat itself daily in thousands, who wish to serve Our Lord and His antagonists at the same time? This is forcibly brought home to us by the Passion, sung on Palm Sunday. Light and darkness meet; divine love and human ingratitude clasp hands.

Where it is possible, the Passion is sung by three persons in sacred orders, the bass voice taking the part of Christ, the cantus firmus acting as Evangelist (narrator) and the tenor representing the crowd. Any one that has heard the Passion sung in this way cannot deny the profound impression made upon the hearers, many of whom are moved to tears.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, following Palm Sunday, the Passion, according to St. Mark and St. Luke, is read in the Mass, and on Wednesday evening the Office of *Tenebræ* is commenced. It has its name partly on account of the time of recitation, which was late in the evening or at midnight, but chiefly on account of its meaning. The psalms, lessons and antiphons of this office are the lamentations of the spouse over the fate of her Divine Bridegroom.

The lamentations are the wails of the prophet Jeremias, sitting upon the ruins of the Temple and of the City of Jerusalem, after Nebucadnezar led the Jewish nation into the Babylonian captivity, but in a higher sense they are a touching expression of the dereliction of the Church.

The morning service of Thursday, Friday and Saturday was originally an evening service, hence we anticipate now great events, remembering the institution of the Blessed Sacrament and the agony of Our Lord on Thursday morning, His death and burial on Friday morning, his Resurrection on Saturday.

On the historical Thursday Our Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament, gave His apostles Holy Communion and commanded them to preserve the sacred species left over; on the same evening He washed the feet of His apostles and abandoned Himself to His enemies after the three hours' agony in Gethsemani. These different phases are faithfully reproduced in the liturgy of the Church on *Maundy Thursday*, so-called on account of the first word in the Antiphone sung during the washing of the feet: *Mandatum novum*—"a new commandment I give to you that you love one another, as I have loved you."

The altars are decorated with flowers and lights, the purple veil of the crucifix on the altar is changed into white, which is also the color of the vestments—all this in grateful remembrance of the Blessed Eucharist. During the singing of the Gloria the Church bells are rung. But great joy and deep sorrow are incompatible; hence the Church instituted the Feast of Corpus Christi as a Feast of joy and abandons herself on Maundy Thursday to her sorrow. After the Gloria the Church bells and gongs are silent, and wooden clappers take their place. The organ is also mute, for souls steeped in bitterness do not admit sounds resembling joy. The "Pax," the kiss of peace, is not given during the Mass, because on this day Judas betrayed his master with a kiss.

After the Communion of the Mass the Vespers are sung, and Mass and Vespers are finished together. Then the procession moves from the altar to the Holy Sepulchre, depositing there the host, which the priest consecrated for the following day. Though the eucharistic hymn "Pange lingua" is sung on the way to the Sepulchre, the customary prayer is not sung, and in silence the procession returns to the altar, or rather the sacristy, where the priest takes off the white vestments, and then, clothed in the purple stole, returns to the Church to denude the altar. It is stripped of every decoration, the tabernacle is left open, and the altar cloths are laid upon the altar table in confusion. All this is highly expressive of the deepest sorrow and spiritual desolation—it is the abomination of desolation, standing in a holy place, because the temple not made by hands, viz: the body of Christ, is broken down in His Passion and Death.

The term "Holy Sepulchre" applied to the place of reposition on Thursday, is a misnomer. The Church calls it "Repository." We use the term in deference to common parlance. It is decorated and surrounded by lights, and in many places of Europe it takes the shape of a cave, at the mouth of which soldiers stand on guard, thus uniting the Repository with the Sepulchre. The faithful spend some time during the day in silent adoration before the Sepulchre, containing the body of Christ, which, living or dead, is always adorable.

Good Friday is the anniversary of the Jewish Passover and the historical day of the death of Our Lord on the Cross. It is nevertheless called "Good," because it brought us the greatest boon, redemption from our sins and reconciliation with heaven. But the day

allows no token of joy, the disciples mourn the taking away of their Master, and the consciousness of our guilt becomes oppressive in contemplating the inexorable justice of God, manifesting itself in the fearful torments and death of His Beloved Son.

The cross of the altar is veiled in black, otherwise the abomination of desolation continues. No light is burning. The sacred ministers in black vestments approach the altar and prostrate before it as a sign of affliction of heart and an acknowledgement that they and their flocks deserve to die for their sins. A lesson is sung, taken from the prophet Osee, "Come, let us return to the Lord Our God." It is followed by the account of the institution of the Paschal Lamb, the figure and type of the true lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world.

Then the Passion according to St. John is sung. It contains the account of how the type of the Paschal Lamb was fulfilled. The intercessory prayers for all conditions of people are intimately connected with the Passion, for the Church lifts her voice to heaven in the strength of the redeeming Blood of Christ. After imploring the mercy of God upon all, the Church in her own behalf professes her belief in the Redemption by the unveiling and adoration of the cross, which follows. The ceremony is accompanied by the complaints of the crucified Saviour: "My people what did I do to thee or in what did I sadden thee. Answer me. Because I brought thee out of the land of Egypt, thou hast prepared the cross for thy Saviour," words that ought to penetrate our heart and make us prostrate ourselves, in deep humility and contrition, to kiss the sacred wounds which we ourselves have made.

Now one cloth is spread over the

altar and the candles are lighted. The priest recites the Confiteor, and the procession proceeds in silence to the Repository, whence the host consecrated on Thursday is brought to the altar. On the day of the bloody sacrifice no unbloody sacrifice is offered, but the pre-sanctified host is consumed.

The priest incenses the host and the altar, washes his hands facing the people in remembrance of the hypocritical washing of hands by Pilate, and then recites the Pater Noster, its seven petitions reminding us of the seven words of Our Lord on the cross, after which he elevates the host, breaks it, dropping a particle into the unconsecrated wine in the chalice, recites three times the "Domine non sum dignus," and consumes the host and also takes the wine. This done, the candles are extinguished and the Vespers said, which terminate the office.

Holy Saturday, though yet belonging to Lent, is a day of rejoicing within the Church, because the Resurrection of Our Lord is anticipated. The veils have been removed from the crosses, the altars arranged as usual, and the priest, vested in white, proceeds outside the Church to bless the fire, the symbol of Our Lord, the Light of the world. (In some parts of Europe the people bring a stick of wood along, the point of which they partly burn in the blessed fire, using the wood afterwards in their hearth as a protection against fire and lightning.)

After blessing the fire the priest blesses the five grains of incense, that are typical of the scars of the Five Wounds, remaining in the risen and glorified body of Our Lord. Then the triangle is lighted with the blessed fire, of which some is also placed into the thurible, and the procession moves

back to the Church, halting three times to salute the triangular light with the exclamation: "The light of Christ. Thanks be to God!"

In front of the Gospel side of the altar the Easter candle is blessed. The triangle (one and three) symbolizes the triune God, the knowledge of whom is spread through the Resurrection, whilst the paschal candle symbolizes the risen Saviour. The tone of the canticle "Exultet" and the preface following is one of exultation, and during the preface the paschal candle is lighted from the triangle, God glorifying His Son, who now forever takes His place as the light of the world. With light taken from the Easter candle the lamps in the Church are likewise lighted, because the people receive the light of their souls from Christ.

From exulting over the glorious Resurrection of Our Lord the Church turns her contemplation to our own need of redemption. The white vestments are put aside, and the penitential purple ones again donned. A number of prophecies are sung, containing the record of man's fall and God's promises, and leading us up to the Sacrament of regeneration.

Then the priest assumes white vestments once more, and the procession moves to the baptismal font, where the solemn blessing of the Easter water takes place. As Christ in His own baptism sanctified the waters of the Jordan, so the paschal candle is placed into the water—Christ sanctifying it likewise. After the blessing the assembled congregation is sprinkled with this water, and the faithful carry some of it home for the blessing of their homes. A part of the water is made into baptismal water by mixing with it the oil of catechumens and the holy chrism. The oil signifies joy, strength and

beauty, the chrisms the fragrance of good works, thus water and oil and chrisms together are emblematic of the effects of baptism.

The procession now returns to the altar, chanting on the way the Litany of the Saints. The Church also in this anticipates, and as the souls in Limbo surrounded Our Lord and accompanied Him during the forty days' stay on earth after His resurrection, so the Church after blessing the baptismal waters rejoices in the galaxy of those regenerated in Baptism.

The "Kyrie eleison" at the end of the Litany answers also for the Mass and the priest intones the Gloria amidst the joyous peals of the bells, celebrating the triumph of the Redeemer.

After the Epistle a solemn and triple Alleluja is sung. No Agnus Dei is sung in the Mass, for when the bride finds the bridegroom again, she forgets her own misery and sinfulness, and abandons herself entirely to gladness of heart.

Thus our readers see that all the ceremonies of Holy Week are replete with meaning, and taken together exhibit, dramatically as it were, the mysteries of the Passion, Death and Resurrection of Our Lord, inviting our minds to contemplate and our hearts to imitate them. No ceremonial of the Church equals that of Holy Week in sublimity and grandeur, and no mystery surpasses that of Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

BLESSED HERMAN JOSEPH.—April 7th.

"Amen I say unto you, unless you be converted and become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—St. Matthew XVIII. 3.

THE childhood of Blessed Herman was angelic in innocence and beauty. He passed the time of recreation in the church at Cologne before a statue of our Immaculate Mother, and received many wonderful favors there. On one occasion the hand of this statue was extended to accept an apple he offered; on another he was gently raised to the tribune where it stood and held sweet communings with the Holy Child in her arms.

One very cold day, as he went barefooted to the church, she appeared, and in tones of compassion inquired why he had no shoes. He replied that his parents were too poor, and, pointing to a stone, she told him to look beneath it. He obeyed and found silver pieces sufficient to purchase shoes. Our Lady assured him he would always find there what would suffice for his wants, and so it happened. Others, not actuated by the same confidence, found nothing.

This angelic child, lover of Mary, entered, when twelve years of age, the Premonstratensian Convent, Steinfield,

and led so holy a life, one so devoted to Mary, that the novices called him "Joseph," after Mary's chaste spouse. His humility shrank from the title, but the Blessed Virgin in a vision mystically accepted him as her spouse, and told him to keep the name of her pure guardian.

She guided this chosen soul, reprov'd his least failings, and brought him—especially on great feasts of the Church—a share in the chalice of her Son's Passion, but never without obtaining new fortitude to drink it lovingly for His sake and merit "an eternal weight of glory." "Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long space," and by an early death was admitted to that heavenly rest promised to those who become "as little children."

We ought to emulate his confiding recourse to Mary, not merely in the great trials and needs of life but in the delicate lights and shadows that blend in our daily duties. There is not one too little for her maternal solicitude. Thus we shall live in an atmosphere of familiarity with her, and even with Him who has sent the child-like spirit of His Son into our hearts crying: "Abba"—"Father!"

Pepita: A Tale of Little Italy.

By CAROLINE D. SWAN.

“**S**ANTA Maria help us! All the worries of the world flying down to roost on my poor shoulders. Small wonder that they ache! Ah, Pepita! The Saints console her and Our Blessed Mother! I know not how.”

“Pepita will do well enough, good father. Do not groan and moan over a pretty girl! She will marry soon—if that be the will of God—and there is the end. It is worse with the plain ones! And as for thine own aching shoulders, a man who will not take advice, but trots out in every rain hunting up beggars and tramps will find also rheumatism. It is the gift of satan which thou dost bring back with thee every time!”

“Our work for the Master, Anita, is to search highway and hedges,” said Father Felipe calmly, ignoring his irascible housekeeper and her tirade. “Perchance we may rescue some stray lamb of His flock. Pepita is a white lamb—and very helpless, Anita. Her father is eager for gold and her aunt would sell her to-day to Andrea for thirty pieces of silver!”

“And thirty dollars is all any girl is worth in these days,” retorted the dame, on whom the last allusion was wholly wasted. “Here in America the girls are spoiled. They will not spin or weave as in Gaeta or Campobasso, and, being no longer modest and industrious, fancy themselves great ladies forthwith. To imitate the Americans, they must even get learning from books! and so are they ruined.”

“Evvero, Anita, thou knowest

Pepita to be a pious and modest maiden. Even Beppo, the furious, speaks to her with softened voice. I think, indeed, despite his evil ways he bears her in his heart as one of the saints. But he can not be trusted with her; no, no! Andrea would do better; he is, at least, an honest man and kindly.”

From all which you will gather that Father Felipe was a good priest, trying to shepherd an uneasy and hot-headed flock. Quarrels and knifing affrays were only too frequent among the motley throng to whom he ministered. His Italians and Portuguese belonged to that poorer class amongst those who swarm in and about Mulberry street to the despair of New York sanitarians. Yet the home of the girl Pepita, over whose affairs the good Padre was now worrying, surpassed in comfort and decency those common to the region. Her father, old Antonio Silva, had accumulated a goodly store of American gold since his arrival in this land, through cunning processes of trade—a fact which did not militate against his pretty Pepita. The only one of her suitors whom Antonio favored was a certain Andrea Gazzi, a man of some property but old enough to be the girl's father. A little stupid withal, and slow of speech with women was sober Andrea, as the priest knew, and nowise likely to please a young woman who had compassed “learning of books.”

For the benevolent laws of the New York municipality required school attendance and a new element had crept into Pepita's life which brightened it strangely. At home in Gaeta with

her grandmother it would never have been her's, as she knew, and it compensated for much else. She had learned to read, and books opened a new world to her eager spirit. Then other study followed, and recently she had been attending an evening school conducted by some charitable people in the interests of the neighborhood. Yes, in Gaeta all this would not have been, and this story would have remained unwritten.

But here the American environment wrought havoc, as Anita said. It came into collision with the old ways, and this of necessity. The open-air life, the sweet skies, the balmy air of Italy were all conducive to a calm, indolent life of rich content and few ambitions. There Pepita would have married Andrea or Beppo and led a life of placid submission. But alas, for Mulberry street! Indolence and calm, dirt and poverty, and the picturesque Old World laziness degenerated within its hot, cramped confines into filth, vice and crime. Antonio Silva, like other respectable foreigners, fought against these by an intense, often sordid, pursuit of gain, yet gold bought him none of the old-time peace. His daughter, in her delicate purity, loathed her present surroundings and rebelled against a married life which would link her to them forever. If she could only return to the golden orange land of her youth, with its sparkling sea and purple hills! Father Felipe sympathized with her as she poured her troubles into his friendly ear. He was still meditating, yet to no purpose, when the shrill voice of Anita disturbed him. "Eccola! Padre! Yonder she comes, thy precious Pepita!"

She was certainly beautiful, this dainty damsel with the cream-white cheeks of her race flushed into rose by

the exertion of hurried walking; but she wore a timid, startled look which stirred even Anita.

"Why, what fearest thou, Pepita?" cried the old woman as the girl halted at the door as if for protection. "Enter at once!"

"It is Beppo," was the breathless answer, while a shiver more expressive than words crept over the girl's frame.

"Calm thyself, my child," said the priest soothingly as he perceived the surly fellow approaching. "He will not come here! Nor will he dare molest thee."

Putting the frightened girl into a deep arm-chair to recover her tranquillity, the Padre watched from his window. A fierce looking Neapolitan was Beppo who now drew near, fired with rage from Pepita's avoidance of him. Even Father Felipe, used as he was to these passionate natures, shrank from the evil eye the man cast upon this house where his love had found refuge. "It might not be oversafe for the girl if she were alone and helpless," murmured the good priest to himself. "I must speak to Antonio."

What Beppo had said Pepita refused to tell, despite Anita's curious and not unskilful angling. She kept counsel, Father Felipe secretly commending her therein. The truth was that Beppo's love-making had simply affrighted her. A bolder young woman might have admired its splendid intensity and even looked with favor on the handsome bravo, despite his bandit misbehavior. But Pepita was of gentle mould; a refinement rare among girls of her class had made her a favorite with all her teachers, a pet at the convent where she learned needlework, and the pride of Father Felipe. She shrank from men like Beppo and was indifferent to old Andrea, not deigning to measure his well filled parse.

She hurried home, thinking. To avoid her aunt's black eyes and incisive questionings was her first object, and on entering she quietly fled to her own room. It was clean, though small and almost poverty-stricken in its appointment; yet a curtain of coarse white muslin at the window gave an effect of coolness, and on the bare walls shone a sweet-faced Madonna, a bit of really good engraving which Sister Clare had given her. A tiny vase graced the shelf below it, also a convent gift, which, with a few—a very few—books, summed up her treasures. But on the window ledge a tea-rose was bursting into bloom, and it needed neither poet nor painter to seize the mute symbolism of maiden and flower. Its creamy tint was her's, its flush of bloom, its dark wine-tinted leafage like the passionate depths of her rich nature. Its very thorns expressed the environment of her life, its fragrance her sweetness of loving submission.

Yet, to-day, she had been unusually stirred. Love had come before her in a flash of flame. She was scorched, angered and in every way repelled.

"I hate Beppo—or I should if it were not wicked!" she murmured indignantly. "Why will they not leave my soul to its own peace? I have as good right to it as Sister Clare or Mother Saint John! I want nothing of Andrea—surely none of his gold! and the saints preserve me from Beppo! Love! I should think it was! I would rather go into the convent and stay there forever. The love of God, yes, that is sweet. But such a storm as Beppo lives in is worse than hate."

She drew a beautiful volume from the little pile, gazing on it with girlish enthusiasm as her heart went out to the donor. "Dear Miss Howard! How kind she is!" The lady in ques-

tion was one of her teachers at the evening school. "She is indeed lovely! And lovely even the clothes she wears, so neat and perfect! Truly it is as the Padre says—we should strive after perfection. We can reach it—in the little things. And Mr. Winchester, he is also kind." A flitting blush came to accentuate this. "They are both different from us. They know more, and there is something else besides—" Here she stopped, unable to define the difference, which, strongly as she felt it, overtaxed her slender powers of analysis.

"Mr. Winchester is not handsome, but so much better! So grave and gentle! And he smiles softly when he speaks to me, and his voice softens." Her musical ear never missed an intonation, though ever so delicate.

Richard Winchester, himself, was far from measuring the finer qualities of his beautiful pupil, least of all her sensitive perceptiveness. He felt attracted towards her and did his best for her advancement; but the positive strength of this attraction Pepita knew better than he, and her shy blush whenever she thought of him meant more than either of them dreamed. No! Beppo plainly had no chance.

Dick Winchester—his friends all called him Dick—had enjoyed his amateur teaching. He had entered upon it, originally, solely with a view to assisting his cousin, Ina Howard, in her pet charity with his useful presence and protection, but he found the work its own reward and soon became absorbed therein. A love affair was the last thing he feared in this connection, yet he was too fond of beauty, too delicately appreciative of Pepita's superiority, mental or spiritual—he hardly knew which—to refuse her the incense of admiration. "Why," said

Dick to himself whenever he thought of it, "if a rose opens before me I can but see that it is pink and own its fragrance. I am not stupid! Of course I like Pepita. If I were like some men I should forthwith adore her!"

In this indubitable fact of being unlike other and cheaper men young Winchester rested calmly. That Pepita—the little Pepita—could upset this serene dignity was a thing too wild to dream of.

Yet Cupid's divine mischief is never done with; it began anew for Dick in a rain storm. It was one of those sudden downpours which baffle human foresight, and, clinging to his handsome umbrella, he was good-naturedly pitying the shelterless men and women who crowded the wet pavements, when he suddenly caught sight of Pepita—a drenched rosebud, indeed—flying along in front of him. In a second he had overtaken her, and her smile inaugurated the pleasant, immediate duty of taking her in charge. He had acted on a gentlemanly instinct, and on this alone; yet the shy beauty he had admired at arm's length somehow nestled into his heart as they came for the first time into nearer personal relations. It was as if he had always taken care of her and the world had nothing else for him to do.

It was a long walk to the quarter of the city Pepita called home. He talked to her at first kindly but idly, as if to beguile the way, yet presently awoke to the fact that he was learning much of her ambitions and hidden life as she answered his easy and apparently careless questioning. He was struck by the vividness of her thought and its occasional piercing of spiritual depths. "It is the heart of the rose," he whispered, and a sudden awe, a sense of unworthiness, new to his experience,

crept over him as he added within himself, "I have much to learn of my pupil!"

As they entered the Italian quarter curious glances began to reach them; Dick was too distinguished a figure to pass unobserved. He noted these curiosity-mongers one by one and laughed within himself. One sharp, grave face gave him bitter challenge; it was old Andrea. "That man is worried about Pepita!" was his mental observation. "Why does he vex himself? There is no need."

Comparing it with the general squalidness of the region, he was surprised at the comfort of Pepita's home. Plainly the girl had lived in an atmosphere of decency—her own delicacy proved that—but here was something more. A flavor of ease and slight luxury pervaded this foreign dwelling; the daughter of this house was superior to most of her class and respect, her rightful due. Dick Winchester went home with a world of new ideas rushing through his brain, which he vainly strove to co-ordinate.

But the consequences of this rainy incident fell in floods. Old Andrea, moved by a real regard for Pepita, appealed to her father, making immediate pressure of his suit. Beppo went about sulking and raving by turns, vowing by all the saints that neither Andrea nor the white-faced Americano should have his dear Pepita. Solemn advice came from ancient Anita. "Ah, foolish one! Foolish Pepita! Thou shouldst not stroll about with the forestiere! It angers thy good father. Also, for thyself, it bodes ill. Poor maiden! Wouldst thou had a mother! The Blessed Virgin shield thee!"

Pepita protested, but, in her heart, shuddered. She knew her father's hot

energy when once roused ; he would force her to wed Andrea, and that at once, unless affairs could be compromised.

Father Felipe, as usual, poured oil on the waters. "Pazienza, good Antonio!" he pleaded. "Pepita is a pious girl, as thou knowest, and the ways of the Americans are not as ours! Nor couldst thou rightly blame the rich stranger should he also love thy Pepita. She is beautiful and thou art honestly proud of her! But he shall not harm her—the saints forbid! Ah, no! I will, myself, be surety for that."

Yet, when the good priest investigated, his heart sank. Richard Winchester's wealth and actual standing made the whole look hopeless.

Though Antonio had listened meekly to his word, he saw the stubborn look with which the Neapolitan had departed. It augured ill for the daughter, he knew; in fact Antonio was quietly making up his mind to settle things with Andrea. "It is of no use," said the perturbed father, "to have the girl running into danger. Andrea will make her a kind husband, and he is also well off. It is the will of heaven!" And he signified this to the delighted suitor.

For the first time Pepita's woes became actual. The rosebud face bore marks of weeping. Dick Winchester perceived its pallor, missing the smile he had learned to prize.

"What is the trouble with Pepita?" he inquired of Ina Howard. His evident anxiety appealed to her.

"I want to tell you!" she cried. "I only found out yesterday. They—her father and aunt I mean—want to marry her off at once, and the man is much older than she! The child can not love him, but he has money and the father seems avaricious. It is

sheer cruelty! But what can be done?"

"I will marry her myself."

Miss Howard caught her breath. Her heart sank. She saw he meant it. What a strange revelation! What could be the outcome? It took her some minutes to regain even apparent composure. Yet he had not mistaken Ina Howard. In those minutes she had swung aside all the usual conventions—the idea of Dick's wealth and the high alliance, matrimonial, it ought to bring; the family objections sure to rise; the great gulf, socially, between the two—and had fixed her eyes on them as individual souls—a man and woman—together in the sight of God.

"Do you love her, Dick, like that? Enough for that? It would be wrong if you do not! A wrong to her as well as to you."

The young fellow's face shone as he rose to his full height of manhood.

"Indeed I do. I have been long in finding it out, too long! Yes I am sure of myself; the one point is: Can I make her happy?"

"Why not, Dick? If you win her love, the rest will come. She is not ignorant, and she has beauty, great beauty. I will take her in hand, socially, myself!"

"Ina, you are a pearl, a jewel. How can I thank you?"

"By loving her with all your heart! Poor Pepita, she will have to sacrifice home and friends; see that she never has a regret."

"But, Ina, what shall I do? I can not get into a brawl with the father and the elder lover!"

"Go to the priest, Pepita's 'Father Felipe.' Make him your ambassador. And may you always be happy. I am very fond of you, Dick." She wrung his hand as they parted, and stood

watching him a moment with tears in her eyes.

Thus it came about that Father Felipe was surprised by a visit from the eager American.

Dick Winchester told his story to Father Felipe in such manly fashion that a mutual liking sprang up between them. Indeed, one could hardly help feeling drawn to this young lover, and the good priest was not hard-hearted. Surely this youth was better suited to Pepita than either of her Italian wooers. Yet he had to put before the new-comer the extremely precarious nature of his hopes. Better to disappoint him now than later, thought the Padre.

"I will speak to Antonio of thy wishes, my son, but I apprehend refusal. Silva is an obstinate man and he has passed his word. Thou hast come too late! The demand in marriage is already made and Pepita is practically betrothed to Andrea Pazzi. I trust thou hast not yet disturbed her peace with open declarations. See thou do it not! Thou wilt only make her wretched."

"Surely thou wilt plead for me, good Father! I have some wealth, and I know I can make her happy. Her father ought not to complain."

"Thou art a foreigner, none the less, of another nation than his own. Antonio will distrust thee. Pazzi is of the company of his old friends, his compatriots; a good man, too, Messer Andrea. He has not made unfit choice for his daughter. Besides thou art not of her faith."

"I have no faith, now, worthy the name—that I have to admit. But Pepita shall make of me what she will."

Father Felipe gazed thoughtfully at the man before him. His own refinement answered to Dick's culture and

he yearned for Pepita's happiness. No wonder she had smiled on a suitor like this!

"The Church is a good mother," he murmured within himself. "Has she no welcome for such princes of the blood because they are American? Would that this one were in her fold!" And he heaved a sigh as Dick withdrew.

The plans of sensible people are, nevertheless, often blocked by the action of foolish ones; and it was so now. The tongue of Anita at once wrecked the prudence of the priest. She told Pepita of the handsome New Yorker who had called upon Father Felipe, and though the girl said little, both the old woman and the young one guessed its purport. Pepita grew more cheerful. Through Miss Howard's efforts to console her, a new consciousness of powerful support had come to her, and this visit of Dick's changed the gleam of hope to positive glitter. Surely the Blessed Virgin had sent them both! Her beads had not been said in vain. She even began to look upon the ominous wedding purchases her aunt was making with a degree of calmness. She had faith that in some way she would yet be saved.

Anita's chatter developed other and further consequences. Miss Howard was a close observer and understood her pretty pupil.

"I am convinced, Dick," she said one morning, smiling upon the young man despite her own misgivings, "that your Pepita knows all there is to know as to the object of your call on her priest! He must have told her, after all."

"Good! Very good!" cried the other. "Now I am free from my promise. I have kept it thus far, though it has been on the verge of awful breakage! Whenever I meet

her pleading eyes and see the poor, worried half-smile she wears nowadays I am tempted to say every sweet thing I can think of."

His scruples removed, he waylaid Pepita one bright day and poured out the story of his love. The tender, shy blush which answered him brought rich reward for his venture. His own courage rose; he would move heaven and earth before she should be taken away from him. Her shining eyes, her smile, her few murmured words of affection had revealed a wealth of passionate attachment beyond his hopes. How beautiful that she should love him thus! He had a strong sense of his own undeserving—a sudden humility as of one overawed by some condescension of heaven.

Again he reviewed the seemingly hopeless situation. What could he do? A quarrel with these passionate Italians would be a scandal of scandals. He could not effect anything personally, and the priest had failed him. Yet, after all, he felt that night as if something had been accomplished, for now their mutual attachment had been put into words and openly avowed between them.

As for Pepita, she said her little Rosary over and over again in gratitude and trust. Our Lady of Succor, Our Lady of Good Counsel would surely send her aid. Who could say that her prayers could not bring answer?

The next and great event in this curious series was also brought about by chatter. Andrea Pazzi had been going about in a daze of delight, with senile garrulity boasting openly of the fair young bride that heaven was sending him; Pepita's aunt likewise had much to say about the *corredo* and Pepita's dowry; the neighbors gossiped in neighborly fashion; and day after

day this dripping rain fell on the ears of Beppo. The gossips even took malicious joy in seeing the wrathful flash of his eyes, like the edge of a scimitar. Its danger element only whetted their thirst for excitement. Thus thorned, one dark night Beppo lay in wait for the aged lover. What passed between them was never known. It remained a horrible mystery. But the mangled body of Andrea Pazzi was found by the police next morning, and search for Beppo was in vain. He had vanished from Little Italy. It had been one of those silent tragedies so common in the crowded foreign wards of New York. The "cops" on the beat merely shrugged their shoulders.

Not thus, however, with Little Italy. The whole precinct was stirred to its depths. Andrea had been well known and deeply respected; the romantic connection of Antonio's daughter with this deed of blood increased the general sensation, and the thronged funeral of the victim was an occasion yet memorable. In his wrath at the crime, his friend's death and the total overthrow of his schemes, Antonio visited all the blame on his wilful daughter. She had never seen him so excited before. Her aunt, vexed with what she called "the disgrace" of a wedding frustrated, poured out torrents of vituperation on poor Pepita. Worse than all, she found herself a mark for evil comment. "There goes the girl who brought death to her betrothed," was whispered aside whenever she passed, though the young men felt her rare beauty all the more as they silently avoided her.

To Pepita herself the blow came as a visitation of God. The solemn awe which oppresses the soul at close of a tragedy, its sense of nearness to that unknown Power which holds life and

death in its hand, its instinctive shudder and skinking from crime—for, however frequent its occurrence in Italian vicinities, it had never come near Pepita herself before—these, mingled with a fear of she knew not what, seemed to banish all the sunshine of her days. She could do nothing save cry to God for pity. Amid the crowd who shunned her, and under the weight of home cruelty she murmured prayers for the soul of Andrea, whose kindness she now recalled with vague regret. For the first time she stood face to face with the great problem of evil. Why should the green earth—God's world of sunshine—be marred and stained with bloodshed?

At last, when the pressure became so great that she could no longer bear it alone, she fled to the near convent and begged to see the Mother Superior. Into her sympathizing ears was poured a very torrent of grief. The sensitive soul of the young Italian vibrated in Southern fervor, responsive to every one of the many chords of passion and grief that were echoing around her; the Reverend Mother strove to soothe her, fearing the after-effects of such intense excitement.

"I am not to blame!" she cried again and again as the sense of injustice surged up through her grief. "I have sought no man's love. I asked nothing of Andrea, or Beppo either! I am no coquette. I did not refuse to obey my father, though it broke my heart. I prayed to God, as was right, and to the Blessed Virgin! How could I think they would answer by blood—by the death of the guiltless? God is good. How has He sent this evil?"

"Hush, hush, my daughter! His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. His judg-

ments are far above, out of our sight. Trust in Him still—yes, all the more! Rest in Him and He shall give thee peace." And her kindly hand fell with a soft touch on the girl's shoulder.

"It is the sinner who is to be pitied in all this; for him should be our real concern. The poor, passionate fugitive with crime on his soul! Our grief should be for him; not for you, my child, though in the providence of God you are called to suffer for a sin not your own, and surely not for good Andrea, whose life was pure, whose soul is with God. Death must come to us all as the good Lord sends it; in quiet and blessed calm, or suddenly, as on the battlefield. The man at peace with Him need not fear. Do not grieve for Messer Andrea, who was ever pious, a true worshipper of God! Only pray for his soul. And, for thyself, have great patience.

'Be the day darksome and ever so long,
At last it ringeth to even-song.'

When Pepita had dried her eyes and seemed sufficiently calm, the good Mother asked a few more questions as to the tragedy, for the girl's excited story had been none too clear, and ended by saying lightly: "And what is the name of the Americano who would win thy heart?"

"Messer Richard Winchester," returned the girl proudly.

The Reverend Mother was startled. She had been a woman of the world in her younger days and knew some of the older New York families of high standing. The name told her what it had not told Father Felipe. Was it possible that a Winchester, a scion of that ancient and honorable race, had fallen in love with this girl? That he was wooing her in serious earnest? She looked again at her young visitor. Yes, there was beauty—neither Win-

chesters nor Howards could deny it—and of a dainty kind, too! Beauty enough to explain and even justify the young man's unusual action.

So, after Pepita had gone, Mother St. John sent a note to Father Felipe, which speedily brought him to her little parlor. As a result of this conference several new ideas came to Antonio Silva. The first suggestion fell from the priest when he deemed the hour propitious.

"Messer Antonio," said he, "thou thoughtest to marry thy daughter to Andrea Pazzi, but such was not the will of God. A terrible affair that was!" Then he murmured as if to himself: "Sin came into the world and death by sin." After another moment's reflection he continued, "Messer Antonio, it may also be written on high that thou should'st approve the American."

Whereupon Antonio rose in wrath and defied the heavens.

But, as we have said, gossip flies in Little Italy. The next attack fell on the sulky aunt of Pepita. One of her curious neighbors had been on a trip up-town—a rare event—and returned dazzled. "I have seen the home of the American lover!" she announced, "Seen it with mine own eyes! Truly, the fortune-teller who promised the world to Pepita could read the stars. I have faith in her now! Why does Antonio quarrel with heaven? And thou, when it rains confetti, why turn thy dish wrong side up? Would'st thou not gladly see thy Pepita in such a home, a veritable palazzo?" There was little answer; it was hard to combat the enthusiasm of an eye-witness. The splendors of aristocratic New York were generally but visions in the mind's eye to these dwellers in comparative poverty.

Then a bigger blow struck Antonio. The causes of his wrath were many, but one overpowered the rest. The frustrated marriage had left him in straits financially. He owed a considerable sum to Baptista Neri, the wholesale merchant who supplied wares to his small shop, and this indebtedness Andrea, his chosen son-in-law, was to have paid. That hope gone, he now lived in daily dread of his creditor. It was, therefore, with no slight sinking of heart that he saw Neri coming down the street to his place of business.

An ingratiating smile beamed on the great man's face as he entered, however; and when, after some talk, Antonio alluded to his debt with much inward quaking, the other merely waved the whole thing aside with a significant sweep of the hand.

"Messer Antonio, I have come to talk business. I wish to sell out my own establishment and have come to beg you, of your goodness, to purchase it. I will make the figure extremely low! Per Bacco! it will be worth your while."

Antonio was thunderstruck. Had the world turned round? Had Baptista lost his reason?

"But, my good friend," he protested, "I cannot buy. I have not the means."

An oily smile accompanied the deferential answer.

"But, if thy beautiful daughter, Messer Antonio, marry the rich American, they say gold will flow into thy purse in measureless streams. And they say truth! Would that it were my Carmencita! Signor Bartolemeo, of the Banque Italienne, tells me that he is of a wealth inconceivable, the young Winchester. I am sure thou wilt favor my proposal, amigo mio;

have we not dealt together these many years?"

Antonio, dazed by the whole affair, gave little answer. The unwonted blandness of his dreaded creditor did more to convince him of the American's desirability as a son-in-law than all the representations of Father Felipe.

"Priests! Evvero, priests were of the Church, knowing things of heaven, ah, yes! but not earthly matters! Not money and business. But Baptista, and Signor Bartolemeo, of the great bank, that was different indeed!"

And when, at Father Felipe's hint, Dick Winchester finally went in person to interview Antonio, he found that opening his pocket-book would secure

a very peaceable father-in-law.

Soon old Anita announced with a burst of joy that affairs were all arranged at Antonio's. "Pepita is a dear girl! A lovely bride she will make!" cried the good woman. "They will soon eat wedding sugar-plums!" And Father Felipe shared her rejoicing.

New York society is still raving over the beauty of young Mrs. Winchester, though some years have elapsed since the events of this tale. It also kindly receives the fact that Mr. Winchester is a devout Catholic; and Father Felipe, the best friend of the young couple, has high hopes of Miss Howard's conversion in due time.

Saint Veronica and the Holy Face.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE name of Veronica is taken from two Greek words signifying "I gain the victory." Some writers have tried to form it from the Greek word "icon," an image, and the Latin "vera," true, but this combination does not accord with philology. A great admirer of this holy woman exclaims: "Heroic woman! You have not your equal upon earth. At a time when the whole universe conspired against the life of Our Saviour; at a time when God the Father had abandoned Him into the hands of sinners; at a time when the angels of peace wept bitterly without being able to succor Him; at a time when His Holy Mother by her sorrow had infinitely afflicted Him; you adore Him as your God, you give Him some refreshment and consolation. In truth you merit an immortality of glory."

Our dear Lord did not leave the image of His beautiful infantine face, nor that of His boyhood at Nazareth, where tradition tells us it used to be said amongst those to whom that beauty unfolded its charms: "Let us go and look at the Son of Mary." We have no likeness, drawn by His own master-hand, of that perfect face in manhood, or transfigured on Tabor, or illumed with golden rays of parting fairness in the Cenacle; but when He was "a worm of the earth and no man," "despised and the most abject," He imprinted His sacred Face on the veil of Veronica, teaching us how He loved suffering, how He valued sympathy, how gratefully it is rewarded in this life, and thus elevating our minds to that eternal vision which He has prepared for all who follow Him along "the Via Crucis."

How carefully and reverently Veronica guarded the treasure and only parted with it to enrich the holy Church. She presented it to St. Clement, who assisted St. Peter and who became afterwards his third successor in the dignity of Sovereign Pontiff.

It is piously believed that she passed the remaining years of her life in the "Eternal City," to which, after Our Lord's Ascension, she conveyed this precious relic, and that she was entombed near its resting place in the Vatican Basilica, though we find other traditions which assign her resting place to France.

We may not enter here into the history of the Holy Face, which in all ages of the Church has been so carefully preserved, so devoutly venerated, so well loved, especially in our own time, when the "Holy Man of Tours" and the Saintly Carmelite, Sister Mary of St. Peter, gave a marvellous impetus to this devotion. But to quote the words of a devout writer: "He shows us Veronica's veil, and all the copies of it that are re-produced, as a sign of salvation, a means of reparation, a symbol of mercy, expressly reserved for this present generation."

Yes, "a sign of salvation," for those

who love that sorrowful face an earth will contemplate its glory in eternity. "A symbol of mercy," for Jesus will look on them as He did on St. Peter, and attract their hearts to Himself in contrite love. Above all, "a means of reparation," for the wounded Heart is reflected in that disfigured face, and He looks still for those who will "grieve together with and comfort Him." O how angels have longed to look on that face, and sang joyfully on Christmas night at its unveiling! How Our Blessed Mother gazed with ineffable delight on its beauty, and St. Joseph adored it with profound reverence! How saints have loved to contemplate it, and poured forth eloquent praises and ardent transports of love! St. Thomas exclaims: "Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio," etc.,—"Jesus whom at present veiled I see"; and in the original version of his beautiful "Anima Christi" these words appear: "Lumen vultus Sacri Jesu, me illumina!" "Light of the sacred countenance of Jesus, shine down on me!" Let us then look at that Holy Face in faith, in contrition, in confidence and in love, and we may hope in the light of glory to rejoice in the Beatific Vision.

TWO EASTER LILIES.

Behold, the reed of scorn,
Like Aaron's rod,
Hath blossomed to adorn
The risen God;

And she, the broken bloom
That balm'd His feet,
Is first before His tomb,
Her Lord to greet.

JOHN B. TABB.

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

II.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

AFTER this lengthy, but to me—as I trust it will prove to you—pleasing digression, I resume the chronological order of my present journey, interwoven necessarily, by force of circumstances, with reminiscences of that of three years ago. It was then that I did most of my sight-seeing in Constantinople and environs—a fortunate occurrence for me, seeing that my stay there this time was mainly devoted to the renewal of my American passport and the procuring of the vexatious Turkish ditto, called *Teskere*. On my former visit to that city in the months of July and August, 1896, the Provincial of the Assumptionists, Very Rev. Alfred Mariage, kindly placed at my disposal one of the clerics of the community at Koum Kapou, and the time—that of the autumnal vacations—affording the latter ample leisure, we made daily excursions to noteworthy points of interest, such as the principal “*djamis*,” or mosques, notably that of Saint Sophia—formerly the cathedral of the “golden-mouthed” bishop and doctor, St. Chrysostom, as also of the holy patriarch, Ignatius, and other lights of the early Byzantine church; the Turkish museum, a creation of recent years, but containing monuments of ancient Grecian art of priceless worth, among them the grand sarchophagi

known as the *Welpers* (“*les Pleureuses*”) and the *Hunters*, (“*les Chasseurs*,”) which I have not seen surpassed in the Vatican and Lateran museums at Rome, or in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries at Florence; Egyptian mummies, antique certainly, if not artistic, and finally—to pass over in silence numerous other noteworthy objects—a most extensive and invaluable collection of uniform inscriptions which the famous Assyriologist, Professor Hermann Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, has in a great measure deciphered and communicated to the scientific world; the vast reservoir of the “*Thousand-and-one Columns*” (simply bewildering!), which, with several others of similar construction but of less extensive proportions, supplied Constantinople with water, led thither by aqueducts, whose majestic ruins still bear witness to their ancient beauty; the “*Place of the Janissaries*” (near the old Seraglio, the sepulchral-like abode in which the late Sultan’s numerous wives, etc., are virtually entombed alive), where those formidable guardians of the royal person, later on the victims of their fidelity or treachery to their master—an open question perhaps—made their last stand and were utterly annihilated; the hippodrome of the Emperor Justinian, or rather its ruins, as also those

of his palace, which in the halcyon days of "Justiniana"—the name he conferred upon the city of Constantine but which perished with himself—was the theatre of unrivalled magnificence, tarnished, however, by continual intrigue and bad faith; Yedi Kaleh, or "the village of the Seven Towers," where in the massive bastions indicated by its title, innumerable Christians and political prisoners of every shade were shut out forever from the light of day; the broad castellated ramparts of Byzantium, seemingly impregnable even in their decay, which about the year 1453 enabled the besieged inhabitants of Constantinople to offer a protracted but ineffectual resistance to the Saracen hordes; the modern palaces of Abdul Hamid on the Bosphorus—some of them veritable fairy structures, particularly Yildiz Kiosk, his favorite residence, (his sole abode, it may be said, for he is so haunted by the fear of assassination that he leaves it only when compelled to do so and returns to it in all haste,) hidden away on the hillside overlooking the strait amid sylvan bowers and shady trees, and in which William the Second of Germany and his imperial spouse were recently the guests of the Turkish potentate—an after-thought, I was told by my guide, for the Kaiser very wisely declined to occupy the splendid pavilion erected on short notice by the Sultan within the Yildiz grounds for the accommodation of their imperial highnesses and suites, because the plastering was still moist (!); Robert College at Roumeli Hissar, in connection with which I shall have more to say by and by, and divers other places and objects of interest.

The foregoing enumeration includes only the sum of my sight-seeing in and around Stamboul proper, or in

other words, on the European side of Turkey. On the Asiatic side I visited the most interesting points in Galata, Pera, Scutari, Kadi Keni (which is on the site of the ancient city of Chalcedon where the famous council of that name was held in the year 451) and Phanaraki. At Pera, fast becoming European (I ought to have said American) in point of architecture, cleanliness and facility of travel, I visited many religious institutions, notably those of the Jesuits, Lazarists, Franciscans, Capuchins and Christian Brothers, as also a number of churches, among the latter the cathedral of the lately deceased Armenian patriarch, Monsignor Azarian. The mosque of the "Dancing Dervishes" there, also received a passing visit from me (it was on a Friday, the Turkish Sabbath), and I witnessed the weird pantomimic exhibition given by this strange Turkomonastic body, being impressed in an undefinable manner by the seeming devotion which the participants, some sixty in number, displayed. The solemnity, gravity and decorum (there were no exaggerated swoonings away, etc., on the occasion referred to, though my companion assured me that these occur betimes) which characterized this exercise—function I might almost say, for with them it is purely a religious ceremony—was such as to make one regret that it was not performed in a better cause. The prayer for the Sultan, recited in measured cadences and resonant tones by a venerable and imposing looking dervish at the close, was a superb piece of acting.

But to return now to Robert College at Roumeli Hissar. This is an entirely American institution, founded and endowed in perpetuity by the noted New York philanthropist, Christopher

Robert. Other wealthy countrymen of his (and ours) have added to the main building in latter days, so that it is now a noble pile indeed. Its president is the Rev. George Washburn, D. D., and its vice-president the Rev. Albert L. Long, D. D., a native of West Virginia, whose brother Odell S. Long, lately deceased, was recently clerk of the Supreme Court of Appeals at Washington. To Dr. Long I owe innumerable kind services and courtesies, extended to me with exquisite tact and cordiality during my two visits to Constantinople. But before going into details I will tell you how I became acquainted with Dr. Long. It was thus: When our cousin, Mrs. Alexander, *nee* Mitchell, learned that I was in Bulgaria, she enjoined me to be sure and call on the Doctor in case I should find myself in his city—her husband, William Alexander, and he having been college chums at home and lifelong friends. Needless to say, I was only too glad to do so, for there is nothing more cheering than to meet with one's countrymen when far away from one's native soil; and the pleasant consequences of our meeting have been for me more wide-reaching and delightful than it would be possible for me to give any adequate intimation of here. Dr. Long is a gentleman whose heroic charity during the awful visitation of the cholera in and about Constantinople in 1865 has rendered his name famous and won for him marks of distinction from the highest sources as well as the lasting admiration and gratitude of the inhabitants of that great metropolis. His name is indeed a household word there, and his influence unbounded. His position as vice-president of Robert College for the past twenty-six years has enabled him to form a multitude of Turkish,

Armenian and Bulgarian youths, who have risen, later on, to positions of eminence in the State, or have entered upon successful professional careers in their respective countries to the great advantage of their fellow-countrymen and others. They all speak English, or, as many of them love to call it, "United States." Meeting with them here and there throughout my travels in Bulgaria and Turkey has been a real pleasure; for they gladly render any possible service to an American, particularly if the talisman of Dr. Long's name is employed, owing as they do their education, and consequently their subsequent advancement, to the splendid munificence of American philanthropists who by their well placed generosity have furnished them gratuitously with the means, otherwise unattainable, of rising to positions of honor and trust, and, in not a few instances, even of opulence. Both in '96, and more recently, I have enjoyed the Doctor's instructive conversation at his delightful mansion, situate near the college and just above the frowning ruins of the massive fortress known as the Three Towers—erected by Mohammed the Second shortly before the siege and final overthrow of Constantinople—and have been the recipient at his hands of genuine American hospitality, graced by the kind attentions of his amiable wife and daughters. It was while under his roof, too, that I met Professor Hilprecht, of whom I made mention further back when speaking of the Turkish museum at Constantinople, and received from the latter an invitation to call on him at the University of Pennsylvania for the purpose of inspecting the rare and valuable collection of antiquities which he has gathered whilst pursuing his frequent archeological explorations in

Egypt and elsewhere throughout the East.

In the matter of passports, a burning question which travellers in these parts must needs be well acquainted with in all its minutiae if they would pursue the even (?) tenor of their way in peace, Dr. Long was of invaluable service to me. Being a thorough master of the language of this benighted country, he accompanied me to different consulates, etc., and accomplished in a comparatively brief space of time what to me, a stranger, would have proved a most unwelcome if not a wholly impossible task. It was he who introduced me to our minister to Turkey at the latter's palatial residence in Yeni Keni, an hour's steam down the Bosphorus, and who acted in capacity of witness when that gentleman received my assurance that I would support the Stars and Stripes, etc. The genial chief clerk of the American Consulate, located at Pera—St. Ledger A. Touhay, Esq.,—had forewarned me that I "would have to do a little swearing" on this occasion, whereupon I assured him that I felt satisfied the same would be of a very different quality from that which some of my countrymen would feel it a relief to indulge in when engaged in the perplexing and exciting occupation of procuring a Turkish *Testkere*.

I take great pleasure in referring here to the very courteous act, in my regard, of our Consul General at Constantinople—Charles M. Dickenson, Esq. Learning that I was going to Jerusalem, he gave me a letter of introduction to the United States Consul there, Selah Merril, Esq., commending me to that gentleman's good offices, etc., in case of need—an eventuality which you will be prepared to think by this time, I imagine, quite possible.

To make a digression here, I have been told by competent authority that there is no law, *i. e.*, no fixed rule or norm in Turkey on which one can rely with certainty. One cannot know precisely what to be prepared for from one moment to another. *Baksheesh*, however—from the Sultan down to the meanest public servant—is an open sesame, is a law! A princely offering will stay the scimeter of the former, whilst a few "pard" will effectually close the ever vigilant eye of the latter. The Turk looks naturally for *baksheesh*, he expects it; and woe to the hapless traveller who from a sense of principle, or from ignorance, fails to bestow it. Had I but greased the itching palm of my tormentor of the "teskere," I would doubtless have entered the City of David without undergoing the vexatious delay, etc., to which I had to submit. Once in Jaffa, I have been assured (and that, too, even without the "indispensible" Turkish passport,) another dose of *baksheesh* would have enabled me to pass the guard and prosecute my journey. But then I would have missed ever so much that which was delightful, and hence I consider myself indebted rather than otherwise to those who barred my passage. I shall not soon forget the remark (evidently intended to annihilate me, but too absurdly correct to effect its purpose) made to me by the ungracious Turkish official who recorded the minutiae of my U. S. passport and pronounced it insufficient for a journey into the interior of the country, on my mildly intimating that he was possibly employing more red tape than was necessary: "Remember," he said to me in substance, "that you are not in America now, but in Turkey." This is indeed the key to the situation. As it was, I had to yield, and to lay

the safe-conduct (?) of him whom Gladstone fittingly styled the "red-handed monster of the East" side by side with the unstained panoply of the freest, the grandest and the noblest country on the face of the earth—that land which is by excellence "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

In thinking over the baseness, the degradation and the vileness of the typical Moslem; of the low standard of morality, the utter lack of religious principle and the unscrupulous dishonesty of his government; of the relentless cruelty, undisguised barbarity and tiger-like ferocity which characterized his treatment of those who while subject to his rule yet differ from him in belief (recall here his fiendish persecution of the Bulgarians and the indescribable massacres of the unfortunate Armenians), one is stunned by the inexplicable attitude of Christian nations, and is tempted to cry out with the Psalmist when weeping over the woes of the people of God, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

It is on coming into close contact with the Turk as such (as one must needs do who has lived in the Orient even so short a time as I have—now some five years and a half) and on learning from the lips of those who have survived his fanatical onslaughts the almost incredible outrages perpetrated upon them by him, it is then, I say, that one can understand and appreciate the spirit which animated Christian sovereigns and people in the ages of faith and led them to gladly sacrifice home, country and all that they loved, aye, even life itself, in order to shield civilization from the blight of the Moslem, to wrest from his grasp wretched captives whose fate was worse than death, and to free the Holy Land

forever from his sacrilegious presence. But the time of the Crusaders is past. The rulers of the present day, moved by reciprocal jealousy, are no longer interested in the noble and holy enterprise which covered their ancestors with glory. Far from seeking the downfall of Moslem domination, they support and foster it. Not long ago it was thought that the Ottoman Empire was tottering to its fall. Now, however, thanks (?) to Germany in particular and to the mutual fear of the nations in general, lest one of their number more than another should, like the colossus of Rhodes, plant one foot at the mouth of the Black Sea and the other at the entrance of the Dardanelles, the "Sick Man of the East" no longer languishes, but is fast regaining his imperilled vitality, will soon hold the balance of power, and be in a condition to dictate terms to his present aiders and abettors. Holy Writ speaks somewhere of those who have sown the wind reaping the whirlwind. I leave the application of the text to those whom it concerns.

But now a word in a different direction. You will have observed, doubtless, that in what I have said so far of the Turk that I used such qualifying terms as "the typical Moslem," "the Turk as such." I did this designedly, for I am pleased to be able to say from personal experience, no less than on good authority, that among the followers of the "Prophet" there are exceptions which would do honor to a more favored people. For instance, the hospitality of the ordinary Turkish "fella," or peasant, as well as that of the educated and wealthy Pasha is proverbial. Their door is always open to the peaceful stranger, and they cheerfully provide for the wants of "man and beast." The mere allusion

to remuneration on the part of him to whom they have given hospitality would be regarded as an unpardonable breach of propriety, and any offering made them would be rejected as an affront. Once the Turk has broken bread with you he regards you as his friend and will do you no injury. In this instance, the otherwise universal *baksheesh* is unknown.

It may be difficult at first sight to reconcile the above with the fierce nature ordinarily imputed to the Muselman or to account for the periodical outbursts of fury and deeds of blood in which he is commonly supposed to revel. But (waiving for the nonce, as too general an explanation of this seeming phenomenon, the fact which common sense, not to say justice, compels us to admit, viz., that in Turkey, as in other nations, there is no such thing as an unmixed evil) it must be said that it is only when the Turk is roused by the "voice of the prophet," echoed through the lips of the Sultan, proclaiming the "holy war," that he is carried away by his fanaticism to the deplorable extents witnessed, alas! but too often in his history. How his superstitions have been worked upon from time to time in this regard is only too apparent in the horrible massacre of the Armenians, still fresh in the minds of all. For his cruelty there is, of course, no excuse, unless it be the state of barbarism in which he is studiously kept by his rulers, who seem to regard the education of the masses as the surest presage of their downfall. Neither is there any palliation for it, save perhaps the fact that he has been used as a tool by civilized nations in order to promote their servile aims. It was not the wily monkey, who employed the cat's paws to draw the roasted chestnuts out of the ashes,

that got the scorching (though he got the chestnuts), but it was poor pussy. Nor was this all; for when the master discovered the theft he beat the latter soundly, because her burnt extremities were an undeniable (?) evidence of guilt. The moral is easy. Turkey has been made to perform the office of the cat betimes, whilst two powerful nations—and lately a third—have played monkey in turn. And the consequence has been that good unsophisticated people the world over, owing to their unacquaintance with diplomatic "ways that are dark and tricks that are (not) vain," have laid the blame on Turkey because her paws were singed. They did not think to look behind the scenes, however, where they would have beheld certain crowned monkeys gleefully munching their chestnuts. In the East, as perhaps in the West, too, there are worse enemies of Christianity than the Turk (I shall give you some instances of this further on), and there is an awakening among his people which seems to portend a brighter destiny—if not for the nation as a whole, at least for the individual—which will ultimately produce a change for the better. I have spoken with members of the party known as *La Jeune Turquie*, and I have heard from them and from persons of influence, Europeans, in the employ of the government, how deeply they deplore the past and present history of their country, and how they long to introduce the blessings of civilization into the empire. One of the former, a young officer in the Turkish army, alluding to the efforts of the Sultan to thwart all attempts of such a nature, exclaimed with much feeling: "There is a collision coming—*i. e.*, between the old and new parties—and we shall see which will be victorious" (Did he know of the legions of spies employed by Abdul Hamid for the detection of their plans, of the traitors in their camp and of the seductive promises which have caused so many

of his companions to go over to the enemy? I felt that he realized both the difficulty and the danger attendant upon his hopes, for there was a sadness in his tones and a moisture in his eyes that spoke more eloquently than words. It is well known, though perhaps not generally, that Murad Pasha, the eldest brother of the Sultan *de facto*, is kept a close prisoner by the latter. It is given out that he is mad, but this, I am assured, is only a pretext to seclude him; for being, according to report, a man of large and liberal views, whose sole aim it would be, were he at liberty, to introduce reforms into the empire. The "Young Turkish Party" favors the deposition of the reigning Sultan—whose narrow-mindedness, servility, bloodthirstiness and depravity is the common talk of the world—and the accession of the brother referred to. And it is precisely through fear of such

an eventuality that Abdul Hamid never leaves Yildiz Kiosk except when absolutely obliged to do so, as, for instance, when he goes once a year to the Mosque within the enclosure of the old Seraglio to kiss the mantle of Mahommed—a ceremony which the law compels him to observe, which the "faithful" expect of him, and which, consequently, he dares not to omit. But on such occasions he always takes a route different from that previously indicated to the public—sometimes traveling by sea and sometimes by land, surrounded by guards and hedged in with every possible precaution—being in constant dread of an attempt upon his life. Truly, in this most wretched of men the words of the Bard of Avon are verified to the letter: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Ask and you shall receive."

The following incident may be of some comfort to souls who, in their inability to contribute materially to the beauty of God's home on earth, do not realize that the greatest power is always at hand—that of prayer—by which they give the virgin-gold of intercession. A zealous priest greatly desired to embellish his church, and got up a bazaar for this effect. A good lady, of whose piety he always spoke in the highest terms, felt most anxious to assist him, but could see no way towards the execution of her ardent desires. She was a widow, and had to support herself and her only child by giving music lessons, therefore she could neither offer money nor even find time to do needle-work, but faith in prayer supplied for all. She went to the priest and told him that she and her little girl would pray for the success of his work, and the night preceding his bazaar was spent by them entirely in prayer.

He who "passed the whole night in the prayer of God," did not turn away from such earnest trustful pleading, and to that night's vigil the priest attributed the wonderful success of his bazaar. We all have this talent in our hands. Let us use it then for God's glory, and the many holy works undertaken for the interests of Jesus and of immortal souls.

What an account we must give to Him of this gift of impetratory prayer! There are souls in sin, struggling with temptation, passing through "the valley of death" languishing in purgatory. There are souls beautiful in holiness who need perseverance and greater light and more ardent love. We can increase their eternal bliss by asking for them *now* an increase of grace. And how magnificent are Our Lord's promises! "Ask and you shall receive," etc. O let us learn from this pious example great trust in prayer, and never be afraid of asking too much from Him who desires to give all, even Himself.

ENFANT DE MARIE.

“Miles Christi.”

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from “The Life of General de Souis”—From His Papers and Correspondence, by Mgr
Barnard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

ON the 2nd of May his little army returned joyfully to Laghouat. Writing to a friend, de Sonis says: “We certainly suffered a great deal in the Sahara, but such hardships are singularly profitable to both our souls and our bodies, and the former have more to gain from evil than from good fortune. The human result of it to me is the Cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor, which I shall place at the feet of Notre-Dame d’Afrique at Algiers.”

But he had a still greater consolation. He writes: “During my last expedition, I was allowed to help in the revival of a soul, which shook off its indifference with a really marvellous effort. The action of God’s grace was so evident in this case; and I saw it increase day by day. I became deeply attached to this child, for he is still a child. He was a Sub-Lieutenant of Zouaves, brought up at La Fleche, where, contrary to the tone of the school, he had habits of tender piety, so that he used often to go and pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament during his hours of recreation. Then his good principles were stifled by human respect and bad companions. But he had always kept his virginal purity, which gave me from the first the

greatest confidence in his conversion. After a three months’ struggle, he yielded his whole heart to God. May His holy Name be praised! At the end of the expedition he left me to go back to Algiers, where I recommended him to the Jesuit Superior of that town. This good Father has given me a most touching account of his conversion and Communion, while the poor child himself has written to me a long letter on the subject, which I have read and re-read with ever increasing pleasure. Oh, my dear friend, what a great thing is a human soul! and yet, in these days, how little do people think about it!”

M. de Sonis only lets us guess in this letter the principal part he took in this conquest. The Cure of Laghouat supplies the omission.

“I had remarked very often,” he writes, “a young Sub-Lieutenant at Mass, whose attitude was embarrassed and uncomfortable. I said to myself: ‘That soul is in trouble. I must speak of it to M. de Sonis.’ I did so, and the Colonel made him come at once to his house, and never lost sight of him afterwards, though I did not know the result till later. At the end of May, 1866, having left Laghouat, I went to Algiers to call on the Jesuit Fathers,

and whom should I meet there but my young Lieutenant? 'What are you doing here?' I exclaimed. 'I am coming to Confession,' he replied simply. 'I promised this to M. de Sonis, and I am going to keep my word.' How many men did that noble officer bring back to the grace of God and the practice of their duty!"

Such consolations were the best reward to M. de Sonis for the fatiguing life he led, of which he wrote on the 27th of July: "You, my dear Henry, swim in quiet waters, while I am continually carried away by a torrent which will stop, God only knows when! But we must all submit cheerfully to the Will of God. All true Christianity consists in that."

CHAPTER VIII.

LAGHOUAT. A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

We should like to give our readers a short description from eye-witnesses of the way the life of de Sonis was spent.

"What struck me most in his beautiful life," writes an officer of his staff, "was the activity, order and regularity which distinguished it. Everything had a fixed hour, like the life of a religious rather than of a soldier. The first part of the day was always given to God. Very early in the morning he would retire into some quiet spot to pray, make his meditation and read some pious book. He used to prefer the Gospel or the Imitation for this purpose. At half-past six or seven he went to Mass in silence. I generally accompanied him. Sometimes while crossing the square I would make some joke, which made him smile; but he used to reprove me afterwards, saying that the Mahometans were always grave and serious when they went to say their prayers, and that my laughter would seem irreverent to them.

"As soon as he came back from church he breakfasted quickly, received some visits from French or Arab officers, and at nine o'clock made his report. After the second breakfast, which was served at eleven o'clock, he used to take a little walk with Madame de Sonis and the children. Then he went out on horseback till half-past two, when he came home and went back to his work. Besides his professional duties, he always studied both religious and new military works. This went on till supper-time, when he gave the rest of the evening to his family. Except his little office-book, as a Tertiary of Mount Carmel, he never read anything after that; but the day closed with saying the Rosary and night prayers all together. A Lazarist Father having one day expressed his astonishment at the amount of work he was able to get through, he answered, smiling, 'God always multiplies the time for those that serve Him.'"

General de Sonis loved the Church, the altar, above all the tabernacle. "Every Sunday," writes one of the priests of Laghouat, "he was the first at all the services, and he went to Communion very often during the week besides. At the great feasts or fasts of the Church his fervor seemed redoubled. On Holy Thursday he used to shut himself alone in the parish church till Good Friday morning, and passed the whole night praying before the Blessed Sacrament. He used to say this was 'his military watch.'" The young officer whom we have already quoted adds: "He was continually examining himself and striving to acquire the virtues in which he thought himself deficient. Ardent by nature, he was always trying to learn greater calmness in his ways and in

his acts. He rarely judged his neighbor; but if compelled to do so, he always distinguished between character and talent. No matter how remarkable the latter might be in a man, he never could be brought to admire him if he were mean or unjust in his dealings. Injustice of any sort was revolting in his eyes.

"Full of love and charity towards the poor, he gave them all he possibly could, and often more than he could afford. I think he loved to remain poor himself, and thereby to imitate more closely his Divine Master, Jesus Christ."

This man, who was so tender towards his neighbor, was of an inexorable severity towards himself, and during his military expeditions observed every fast, never eating till evening, and praying on horseback or in his tent, as if in church. Another of his officers writes:

"Riding almost always thoroughbred horses, he often trotted in French fashion for half an hour together without stopping. But what amazed us all was the way he would ride from Laghouat to Algiers in a couple of days. He would have relays on the road always ready; and used to go full gallop all the way, day and night, taking only a little coffee and bread on the way. He made one of these forced marches to save the existence of the Lazarist Fathers and the Sisters of Charity, who were threatened with suppression at Laghouat for want of means. As at that moment there were difficulties between the Pope and the Emperor, the Lazarist Fathers begged M. de Sonis not to compromise his official position by showing over-anxiety in the matter. M. de Sonis replied: 'I always turn the helm of my boat towards our good God. What-

ever winds may blow, whether contrary or not, I steer in the same direction; for after all it is only at that port that I wish to land.'"

He made a similar effort at Laghouat to improve the parish church by adapting an unfurnished Mosque, and, though in this instance he failed, yet his letters showed how much he felt the humiliation to his faith, although as a soldier he was ready to submit to the orders of his superiors. The same spirit of faith and zeal inspired him in the government of his troops. "Pray for me," he wrote to one of his friends; "I am only a poor soldier; but I hope I am one of those of the old days, when ours was called the 'noble profession of arms,' because those arms were wielded by Christian hands."

He studied attentively all the improvements in modern warfare, and especially the part which the cavalry would have to play in any future European campaign. He wrote:

"We shall no longer see those great masses of cavalry as in the times of the first Empire; but we shall have to act by brigades or regiments. Small bodies of cavalry will be sent rapidly to weak points; they will have to cut railway lines, telegraph wires, and do many other useful things, if we only learn these new lessons in time."

A keen observer of discipline, he always admired those who practised it with the greatest exactness. Thus the Zouaves, however brilliant may have been their past achievements, won less sympathy from him than the sharpshooter, whose passive obedience harmonized more with his ideas of duty. His spirit of equity was proverbial, and, seeing how highly he estimated the profession of a soldier, the men were still more disposed to honor and respect his profession of a Christian.

His orders were always given in a firm, precise, but specially courteous manner. The Marquis de la Tour du Pin-Chambry, who was chief of his staff in 1866 and 1867, writes on this head :

"M. de Sonis has left on me the impression of being one of the most high-bred gentlemen I have ever known. He always received me with a kindness and a charm of manner which went to one's heart. I had to go to him every morning to take his orders and transmit them to the camp, after which I saw to their execution. When things went wrong, he was very much annoyed, and his first words showed it, although they were always perfectly courteous. But then, overcoming this first impulse of vexation or anxiety, he would change his tone, and I observed he always fixed his eyes on something behind his bureau, where he was standing or sitting. One day I went, from curiosity, behind this writing-table, and there discovered a crucifix ! It was a look at this which brought back his sweetness and peace of mind ; and this will show you to what an extent he carried his feelings of duty and self-control, and the source from which they were derived."

"He was very young in character," wrote another officer, "loving the youngest amongst us, taking the greatest interest in us and encouraging us in all ways. He liked us to be well dressed and smart and particular as to our uniforms. He loved good horses, too, and was an excellent judge of their respective merits. His natural love of art was brought to bear on all things connected with his profession, which he invested with a charm peculiar to himself." He had requested

the heads of each department of the service to come with him to Mass on Sundays, which they were careful to do. "Nothing is easier," he would say, "than for a young man who has begun by acting up to his duties to continue living as a Christian to the end of his career ; but nothing is so difficult as for him to be converted when he is once in the army. It is, however, a great thing to enter a regiment where they find a good example and a support in the commanding officer." "Our relations with M. de Sonis," writes one of his subalterns, "were those of a child with his father, of a scholar with his master. My faith was weak enough when I arrived. He never missed an opportunity of strengthening it, not by preaching or discussing religious matters with me, but by putting a good book in my way, or showing me some touching kindness. The best of all examples was his own life." He was very careful also over the morals of his men. He excluded all bad women from the camp, and had the carriages which came from Algiers watched by the police, so as to stop their arrival both in the town and out of it. Nothing could equal the care he took of his men in sickness, both in body and soul. The Cure of Laghouat writes : "The Surgeon-Major had orders to let me know each day if any of his patients were in danger of death ; so that, when I arrived at the hospital, I knew at once which among them was in most urgent need of my services. How many souls had thus the happiness of dying reconciled to God !"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editorial Notes.

A New Feast.

A Decree from the Holy See declaring the Venerable Bede to be a Doctor of the Universal Church appoints as his feast May 27th, the anniversary of his death. St. Bede's Day is at present October 29th, but in 1901 and afterwards it will be May 27th. Like that other Northumbrian scholar Alcuin, Bede made Europe his debtor. He had studied every science which survived the ruin of the Roman Empire, and after his death at the Jarrow Convent, where he had spent sixty-two years of his life, his work, especially his "Ecclesiastical History of the Nations of the Angles," were so widely read that the Anglo-Saxons regarded him as the pride of their nation. William of Malmesbury and Simeon of Durham have preserved from the narrative of a fellow-worker of Bede's, a full account of his last days, which shows in what a saintly way he ended his life. Though suffering severely from asthma, he continued to pray, to instruct the younger monks, and to carry on his literary work until death took him away.

New Evidence.

Some very interesting articles, particularly those touching on the Blessed Virgin and her devotions, are appearing in the *Ave Maria*, a beautifully illustrated Austrian magazine which has now 20,000 names on its subscribers' list. In its last number a priest tells of some wonderful things which fell under his observation. To show that the Blessed Virgin at times obtains for her clients the grace to hold death at

bay for several hours, until they are clothed with the holy Scapular, the writer mentions a young man of his acquaintance who lay apparently dead a whole day. As he afterwards confessed, he was praying for some one to bring him a Scapular. A relative of his standing near his seemingly lifeless body, out of devotion placed a Scapular in his hands. He suddenly became conscious, piously received all the rites of Holy Church and then died peacefully. The account is written and signed by an eye-witness. It is surely an incident warranted to strengthen one's hope and confidence in Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel.

The Detested Monk.

When we see the devil, and his agents, in our days very busy "civilizing" harmless islanders and "reforming" innocent friars, our thoughts run to the many eloquent words used by Montelambert, when that great Frenchman wrote of "The Monks of West." Somewhere therein he tells us that since the end of the Roman persecution "the grandeur, the liberty, and the prosperity of the Church have always been exactly proportioned to the power, the regularity and the sanctity of the Religious Orders. Everywhere and always she has flourished most when her religious communities have been most numerous, most fervent, and most free. It is the monk whom the enemies of the Church have most detested and most pursued. Wherever it has been resolved to strike at the heart of religion, it has always been the Religious Orders who have received the first blows."

The World's Need.

On all sides we see too well, and bemoan, the deep-rooted spirit of worldliness which exists in our day. It is in the very air which we breathe. Like with all dangers we grow accustomed to it. We shudder to think of the great contempt for, and indifference towards religion. Again witness the insane and frantic chase after the sensual pleasures, particularly when "Forbidden!" is conspicuously written on the same. There is indeed a great need of living examples of the evangelical counsels—of bare-headed men with woolen cassocks on their backs—to show to the world the folly of the mad rush down the road of perdition. Perhaps it is true to-day what Lacordaire said fifty years ago: "Never was the world in such dread of a bare-headed man with a wretched woolen cassock on his back."

A Spiritual Work of Mercy.

The zealous Catholics of Philadelphia have started an organization which is sure to do a great good in explaining to non-Catholics the meaning of the ceremonials and doctrines of the Church. It is called St. Peter's Social Guild for Converts. We are told that its meetings so far have been largely attended, and the greatest interest manifested in the proceedings. Papers are read and discussed, and questions asked and answered, the object being to make everything clear to those who are seeking for the truth. There is also a question-box, and at the meetings many inquiries are submitted by inquirers upon the use and benefit of Indulgences in pre-reformation as well as modern times, the question of Papal infallibility and divers other subjects. There is a crying need for such guilds

in many American towns and hamlets. Well-meaning people outside of the fold are thirsting for the truth. We are sure that those who show activity in promoting this good work will draw down heaven's blessing upon themselves and be a power towards the salvation of innumerable souls.

A Growing Devotion.

In this month, in which special devotion is given to the Holy Face of Our Lord, it is a pleasure to refer to the fact that a branch of the Archconfraternity has been canonically established in St. Louis, Mo. Owing to the devout prayers of several sisterhoods and the zeal displayed by other outside workers this popular and soul-saving Carmelite devotion has spread rapidly and taken deep root. A correspondent reminds us that much of this "came of a little notice in the Carmelite Review," and it reminds him "of the little grain of mustard seed." It is in truth a wonderful devotion, one by which "you shall work miracles," as Our Lord revealed to Sister M. de Saint Pierre. Moreover, to the same devout soul it was said: "According to your care in making reparation to My Face disfigured by blasphemy, will be my care of yours, which has been disfigured by sin. I will reprint upon it My Image and render it as beautiful as it was on leaving the baptismal font." "Our Lord has promised me," said Sister Saint Pierre again, "that He will defend before His Father all who, in this work of reparation, defend His cause by word, prayer or writing; that at their death He will purify their souls, effacing all stain of sin, and restore to them their primitive beauty." His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Kaine, of St. Louis, has granted an indulgence

of forty days to those who recite the "Golden Arrow," a beautiful prayer composed in honor of the Holy Face.

A Question Answered.

A correspondent in Brooklyn, N. Y., writes to know the meaning of the "Petitions" which are recommended monthly to the prayers of our readers. These petitions, prayers, requests, or whatever you wish to name them, are sent to us by readers throughout the American continent and Europe. Many of these readers likewise observe the laudable custom of sending at the same time a donation towards Our Lady's Shrine at Niagara Falls—or they order a Mass to be celebrated in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The many "Thanksgivings" received by us prove that these petitions are not made in vain. To explain the meaning of a "Petition" we should say that the same is usually specified at length by the petitioner, and it would be impossible for us to find space for what would be of no general interest. Hence, in asking our readers to join in praying for these requests, we briefly sum up the petitions received during the month. Take for instance these referred to by the above-mentioned correspondent: "For the sale of property; happy deaths, 3; conversions, 4; special, 10; temporal, 8; spiritual, 16; for one afflicted with sore eyes; employment, 12; families, 6; children, 10; vocation, 7."

We might paraphrase it by saying: One or more readers wish and pray for success in financial affairs, especially in the disposal of property; three persons pray for the grace of a happy death; the conversion of four persons is devoutly asked for; ten persons urgently request special favors; eight

persons pray that they may be successful in temporal affairs; sixteen pray for spiritual favors (viz: to overcome a temptation, acquire a certain virtue, etc.); it is asked that peace, temperance, etc., may be given to six families; ten children are prayed for that they may lead holy lives, enjoy health—as the case may be; finally it is asked from God, through Our Blessed Lady's intercession, that seven persons may know the way in which they should walk in order to save their souls—to know their vocation. In some cases we are ignorant of the object prayed for—simply recommending the writer's intention, which is known to God. All these intentions or petitions are sent to our many convents and monasteries, all our Fathers daily make a Memento of the same at Holy Mass, and our Brothers and Sisters remember them in their pious prayers. Moreover, all these petitions are placed at the foot of the miraculous statue of Our Blessed Lady in her Shrine at Niagara Falls.

Confidence Rewarded.

An esteemed priest in West Virginia, in a letter sent to us, mentions some wonderful graces received through Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel. Such cases are not rare, but nevertheless are little known since those who receive such benefits are usually averse to self-advertising. For the edification of our readers we quote from the reverend Father's letter. He says:

"The first case was that of a girl of twelve years. She was taken dangerously ill, but the parents did not at first think much of it. Thus the matter became so serious that the doctors had to perform an operation. It was a very bad case of appendicitis,

and the doctors had no hopes of getting the child through the operation. I recommended the child to the especial care of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, gave her the last Sacraments, first Holy Communion, invested her in the Brown Carmelite Scapular, and promised to have it published if she recovered. The child not only recovered but did so in such an unexpected manner that the doctor, a non-Catholic, gave it as his opinion that it was not so much medical skill that had so speedily cured the child, but that prayer had done it. This speedy cure was also a surprise to the Sisters in the hospital and to all others acquainted with the case. For which we give our heartfelt thanks to Our powerful Lady of Mount Carmel.

Another case in which all the members of a family saw the especial protection of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel was that of a man suffering from softening of the brain. I had invested him in the Scapular that it might be to him a protection since there was danger of his doing harm to himself when in delirium. In an unguarded moment, one Sunday afternoon the man tried to cut his throat with a razor, making a bad cut, and then he jumped out of the second story window down onto a brick pavement. In the weakened condition he was in, it was looked upon by all as a real miracle that he was not killed outright, but he did not so much as break a single bone, although there was not a bit of flesh on his body to protect him in the terrible fall. Beyond a few insignificant bruises he came off alright. He died quite a long time after, receiving the last Sacraments, from the effects of the disease he had been suffering from.

Besides these two cases I wish to especially thank Our Dear Lady of Mt. Carmel for two other persons. One a

married man recovering from very dangerous gastric abscesses, from which he suffered severe loss of blood by hemorrhages. I gave him the Scapular, and his recovery is gratefully acknowledged.

Then the case of a boy recovering from a very severe and dangerous attack of gastric fever.

These favors are gratefully acknowledged by one who has never seen his confidence in Our Lady of Mount Carmel misplaced.

The annual question again presents itself. Have you performed your Easter duty? If not why not? Your eternal salvation may hang on this question. It may seem superfluous here, but it may meet the eye of some careless soul. If so, in all charity, we beg you, friend, to delay not your conversion. The Lord may come to you like a thief in the night. Now is the time of grace.

* * *

'Tis probably true that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," but to prove that fact it does not seem necessary to picture a couple of "dirty" monks in the act of giving the lie to their libellers. If such an illustrated advertisement appeared in a non-Catholic periodical we might over-look it and say "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," but we think it out of place in a respectable Catholic journal. It may be all right as far as "cleanliness" goes, but we doubt whether in this the editor has approached any nearer to "Godliness."

* * *

You will frequently observe that the world persecutes *living* saints while it praises the *dead* ones.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The first number of "Dominicana" has reached the friends (and they are legion) of the Dominican Fathers. In his "Foreword" the reverend Editor says: "We are resolved not to be dull." There is nothing dull in No. 1, Vol I. It is bright and cheery. One article in particular, that on St. Joseph, appeals to the devotion of every Carmelite. There is an unusually large amount of matter for a magazine of its size. Success and benediction on this new magazine which has happily made its first appearance in St. Joseph's month of this holy year of jubilee! May our Blessed Lady of the Rosary obtain many years of health for good Father O'Neil that he may long live to brighten the pages of "Dominicana."

Every one will read, or should read, "My New Curate." It has already gone through five editions. Our American readers can get this book direct from the publishers, Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, Mass. Canadian readers can procure the same (and a variety of other good books) from Mr. Thomas Coffey, publisher of the Catholic Record, London, Ont.

All the latest, best and cheapest Catholic books and every conceivable devotional article can be had from the Catholic Union Store, Swan and Franklin Sts., Buffalo, N. Y. The same house will gladly send you any goods by mail or express.

In ordering any books, etc., mentioned in these pages, kindly say "I read it in the Carmelite Review." We shall appreciate any such kindness on your part.

A new edition of "The Stations of the Cross" is a handy little volume. It contains the stations of the cross according to the methods of St. Alphonsus Ligouri, St. Francis of Assisi and the Eucharistic method. The volume is the prayer book size. (Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York, price 50 cents.)

For three hundred years Eau des Carmes has stood on its own merits. See our advertising pages.

"The Four Last Things," by Fr. Martin van Cochem, O. S. F., has been issued by Benziger Bros. 36 Barclay St., New York). Price 75 cents. It is a good book, full of solid and serious reading matter.

Those of our readers desirous of procuring any books reviewed or recommended by us are requested to order direct from the publishers.

The Sacred Heart League Almanac for 1900 can be had from the Apostleship of Prayer, 27 West 16th St., New York city

The Marlier, Callanan Company, of Boston, deserves much praise for the many excellent books it is bringing out. The new edition of "My New Curate" is a feast to the eyes. Get it and read it by all means. Price only \$1.50.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least! you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

Jeremiah O'Brien,

Rev. Fr. Hyacinth Hage, C. P.

Miss Mary O'Hare, who died last month in Ireland.

J. Doherty, who died at Niagara Falls March 11th.

Peter J. Behringer, who died at Buffalo, N. Y., February 26. He was a model Christian, honest, generous and unwavering in his devotion to God, the Church and religion.

Mrs. P. Lynch, who died lately at Caledonia, N. Y. During life she worked zealously for the honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, especially for the interests at Niagara Falls.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.

THANKSGIVINGS.

Pittsburg, Pa., Mar. 5, 1900.

Carmelite Review,
Falls View, Ont.

In December, 1899, I was laid up in bed with typhoid fever, and I made a promise to the Blessed Virgin Mary that if I would recover I would have it published in your good paper, and thanks to our Mother I recovered and am feeling well again, and so I would like to keep my word and have it published. My little brother was also sick with the same fever, and I made the same promise to Our Mother of Mt. Carmel, and to-day he is as well as ever.

F. W. M.

New York City, Mar. 13, 1900.

Dear Father:

I give thanks to our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for a favor received whilst undergoing an operation. I promised to have the same published in the Carmelite Review.

Very respectfully,
M. F.

Several readers offer thanks to Our Blessed Lady for divers spiritual and temporal favors received during the past month.

Thanks are also offered by many to the Holy Infant of Prague for various special graces.

Sincere thanks are returned to our Lady for a temporal favor granted to one of her most unworthy children.

M. E. B.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another."—*St. James, v. 16.*

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

Happy death, 2; poor souls, 4; perseverance, 2; temporal favors, 15; children, 6; success in business, 1; families, 3; for peace, 2; parents, 2; employment, 8; conversions, 12; special, 8; health, 13; sick, 4; tempted, 2; means, 2; general 3; urgent, 1; spiritual, 3.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at Carmel Convent, New Baltimore, Pennsylvania, from:—Detroit, Mich.; St. Louis, Mo., and Allegheny City, Pa.

Names received at Scipio (Kansas) Monastery from:—St. Ann, Kansas City, Kan.; Ceylon, Wis.; Church of Annunciation, Streator, Ill.; Stanton, Wis.; St. Joseph's Hospital, Ouray, Col.; St. Peter's Church, Pine Bluff, Ark.; St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Leavenworth, Kan.; Cumberland, La.; Tipton, Kan.

Names received at Carmelite Monastery, Niagara Falls:

Amherstburg, Ont.; Our Lady of Good Counsel, Vilanova, Pa.; Moose Creek, Ont.; St. Rosis' Church, Newtown, Conn.; St. John's, Oswego, N. Y.; Walkerton, Ont.; St. Lewis' College, St. Leo, Fla.; St. Anthony's Church, Paducah, Minn.; Dundalk, Ont.

Favors for the Hospice.

M. T., Boston, Mass.; M. D., Providence, R. I.; E. K., Huron, Ont.; M. M., Milwaukee, Wis.; M. M., Buffalo, N. Y.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the **Horseshoe Falls, The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge.** below. are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

Der Karmeliten-Geist ist ein Special-Mittel für Nervenschwäche. Bekannt seit 1611. In Amerika eingeführt durch die Karmeliter selbst. Zu haben bei Stoddarts, — 84 Seneca St., Buffalo.