



Salve Regina!

Carmelite Review.

VOL. VIII.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., MAY, 1900.

NO. 5

Salve Regina!

HAIL, Holy Queen! The bloom of May
Betokens thy puissant sway.

A sunlit, dazzling dream of white,
It surges in aerial light;
Then, dulled to pearl, it glimmers gray.

Thy love descends without delay
To meet our joys. No planet's ray
Is swifter -- nor the lark's sky flight!
Hail, Holy Queen!

Thy sympathy, it comes to stay,
A violet sweetness, every day;
A mother-love, of patient might
To calm and soothe and guide aright.
Shine, tearful eyes! Nor say her nay!
Hail, Holy Queen!

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Alma Redemptoris Mater.

MOTHER of Our Redeemer! Gate of heaven,
Star of our night on life's wild, troubled sea
Fainting, we fall, yet, falling, cry to thee
To whom such grace, such privilege was given
To bear thy God, by whom our chains were riven;
Who, stooping low, as one of us to be,
Yet left unstained thy virgin purity:
Lo, thee forgetting, vainly we have striven,
And in our weakness, fly to thee for aid;
And, as the archangel greeted thee, we greet:
"Hail full of grace!" Most pitiful! Most sweet!
Mother of Him who thee from nothing made;
Mother of Him on Whom our sins were laid;
Make us, at last, in thee, in Him, complete.

—FRANCIS W. GREY.

Flower Emblems of Mary.

"God thought of thee when He made the flowers,"—Rev. K. D. Best.

GOD thought of thee, His Mother dear,
 In days of early Spring,
 When fragrant blossoms, like thy name,
 Sweet hope and gladness bring.

He thought, in glowing Summer days,
 Of balmy sun-lit air,
 How love and suffering in thy heart
 Entwined like rosebuds fair.

The harvest months were rich in thoughts
 Of thee Our Infant-Queen,
 And bright the emblems they unfold
 In red and golden sheen.

And even in the wintry cold,
 When earth was robed in snow,
 He fashioned emblems of thy heart
 In flow'rets drooping low.

The cultured garden's rarest buds,
 And wild flowers of the dell,
 In varied symbol whisperings
 Thy wondrous beauty tell.

And thus, He ever thought of thee
 Creating flowers of earth ;
 Thou art the fairest of them all,
 O Child of spotless birth !

We gladly cull the choicest flowers
 To deck thy holy shrine,
 And say : " God made their beauty fair,
 But thought the while of thine !

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

The Scapular of the Slave.

Story from the Dark Continent.

FROM THE GERMAN BY REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

CATHOLIC missionaries had formed a settlement in a paradisaical country of far off Africa. Palms and groves of bananas skirted a green valley and the tropical heat was tempered by a slight breeze blowing from a large lake near-by. The wooden tower of the little church and the metallic cross crowning the mission house could be seen from afar. Quiet ruled during the day, as the inhabitants worked in the fields, planting rice and building roads, under the leadership of the missionaries.

This rule, however, was set aside on the day on which our story commences. The wide court-yard of the settlement was crowded with Christians of every age, who had gathered from the neighboring villages. All surrounded the mission cross in the centre of the yard, reciting fervently the Rosary. Fear and terror were depicted on every countenance. Fugitive negroes a few hours before had brought the depressing news of the approach of Arab slave hunters, who burned houses and villages, devastated gardens and fields, killed those who opposed them and chained the others. What an horrible outlook for the poor Christians of the mission!

For the moment the truth of the report could be called in doubt, as they had not yet seen an enemy. But when the night sank upon the country the horizon round about reddened. Flames blazed up as high as an house, the fiery torches of burning cottages and villages, which succumbed to the fury of raging Mahommedans.

With the dawn of day the advance-guard of the enemy appeared. They could be seen climbing the steep mountain slopes, and their white burnusses vividly contrasted the colored garments of the crowd of slaves which they drove before them in chains. Not far from the mission they camped under the shade of gigantic trees.

Silently and horror-struck the mission saw it. The missionaries considered what to do in this emergency. Without weapons and ammunition they could not defend themselves against the robbers. If they had but a small contingent of soldiers they would defend their wards to the last drop of blood, but under present conditions they could only rely upon the help of God and hope that the enemy would spare their place.

Fr. Benedict, a fearless and determined priest, volunteered to go into the camp of the Arabs and treat with their leader. He intended to threaten him with the anger of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who exercised a kind of protectorate over the Christian communities of negroes. The offer of the father was accepted, and he, accompanied by a single negro, started on his errand.

Osman, the leader of the Arabs, received him discourteously. In badly dissimulated mockery he said: "You and your wards will for the nonce remain in peace, but do not trouble yourselves about the things going on around you." As the priest saw many baptised negroes among the captives, he dared to beg for their release. The chief demurred, and only after long

discussion he declared himself ready to release them for a ransom. The sum he asked was high, and the means at the disposal of the missionaries barely sufficient to supply their wants. The poor slaves in the meantime lamented loudly.

"Father," they cried despairingly. "Father, save us! Buy our liberty. You were always kind to us. Do not allow us to perish in our present misery."

The missionary could not repress his tears. All human considerations had to yield, he would have given the last drop of his blood for these poor people. So he bought human ware: boys and girls, and loosened their fetters with his own hand. His means being finally exhausted, and the heart of the slave-hunter remaining obdurate, Fr. Benedict was about to return home sorrowfully with the ransomed children, when there arose a howling among the remainder that penetrated through the marrow of the bones. It was a hundred-fold cry of despair and deadly anguish.

Stupefied and overcome, the priest stumbled forward. An old negress cast herself at his feet and took hold of his cassock. "Wait, father, wait, buy one more, just one," she yelled piercingly in a hoarse voice, clasping in her arms the knees of the priest, and pointing to a boy, her only son, who stood aside, silent, petrified as it were, a dark frown upon his face.

Fr. Benedict looked at him in surprise, his blood stagnated in the veins, his heart was cramped by unspeakable woe, and he hastened up to him and embraced him with the word: "Paul, is it you, my good, good boy."

The sheik saw the episode with a mocking smile. "For this one," he shouted at the priest, "you have to

pay me three times the amount paid for any other one. Look at these shoulders and this back. The fellow can carry a double load of ivory. Besides I do not intend to sell him, for this Christian dog is an insolent fellow, on whom I intend to wreak my vengeance."

Paul's eyes shed lightning, and with a raised voice he cried: "Save your threats. Even if the father could buy me I would ask him not to do it."

"Yes, father," he turned to the priest, "I am strong, I can carry a heavy load. I am young and able to bear much, leave me to my fate. But take pity on my old mother and ransom her. For the love of the Blessed Virgin in heaven, I beg of you buy her freedom." With these words he pointed to the weeping woman.

And now there rose a battle between the love of a mother and the love of a child. "Free him father, save him! my only son, my good Paul," gulped out the nerveless old negress. "No, not me, buy her," asked the magnanimous son. The earth may seldom have witnessed a similar picture of heroic self-denial and the spirit of sacrifice. Everyone forgot his own woes, all looked upon mother and child. The missionary could but look up to heaven and pray.

One only saw this touching battle with diabolical delight—the sheik, who at last decided in favor of the mother. Who would be able to describe the farewell of the mother from her darling?

The father awaited himself a moment when he was not noticed to lay into the hands of Paul a Scapular, whispering: "Take this, Paul, it is the habit of Our Heavenly Queen. When you are in extreme danger put it around your neck, Mary is our refuge."

Using mild force, he led the incon-

solable old negress away, and when he came to the mission with the ransomed blacks the hearts of all welled up in gratitude towards God for their safety. All rejoiced, only one heart was bleeding, broken by pain—a mother's heart.

II.

The weeks passed slowly. Paul and his fellow-captives were driven towards the East African shore.

We will not speak of the hardships, bodily suffering and brutal ill-treatment to which the poor people were subjected. The worst ill-treatment fell upon the Christian negroes, whom the Arab slave traders wanted to convert to Islam. Many expired under the lash, whilst their feeble lips lisped the names of Jesus and Mary. Others of more robust constitution survived this way of the cross, but their limbs and face bore the scars for lifetime. The survivors arrived at the seashore crippled, reduced to skeletons and covered with pockmarks, as pox had raged among the caravan, carrying off many.

After the horrible marches through the primeval forests and their thorny shrubs they inhaled the ozone of the sea and regaled their eyes by a glance of the endless sea. Rid of their heavy loads of ivory they even indulged in day-dreams of liberty. Yet they had not arrived at the end of their sufferings. Their lot should be still darker, more horrors awaited them.

They were brought on board a dhow to be ferried over to the slave marts of Arabia. For the moment they were squeezed together on a part of the deck, but at the first sign of danger they had to expect to be thrown into the hold of the vessel.

A large number of cotton bales were likewise on deck—a queer load on a

slaver. In vain Paul tried to guess what was intended with this freight, but soon the explanation was to be given.

The fresh sea wind swelled the sails, and with the swiftness of an arrow the boat glided over the tranquil waters. The rays of the moon shone like molten silver upon the waves, resplendent like the milky way and the stars which fill the heavens with tropical splendor.

Paul looked over the expanse of water and into the depth of the measureless heavens. He thought of the far off mother and his meeting her in heaven. If he would but die soon to escape the disgrace of being exhibited in a public market and sold like a beast.

Every breath of air filling the sails brought him nearer his destiny. If envy was not sinful he would have envied the companion with whom he was chained together and whose last hour was obviously very near.

Paul grasped the Scapular which he carried in his belt. His faith revived and an inexplicable confidence took possession of him. Quickly he put the Scapular around his neck and remembered the words of the good father. Could there be a more disastrous hour than the present?

Suddenly a shot thundered from the distance. The slaver was pursued by a man-of-war. The poor negroes understood the signal and their eyes regained their lustre. The Arabs cursed and swore, a new sail was hoisted and every exertion made to escape the danger.

But Osman hurried to the slaves and roared at them with a voice of thunder: "You dogs rejoice too soon, you hope that the foreign ship will liberate you. But listen to me. In case the accursed whites come upon

our ship you all have to declare that you are on my ship by your own free will. If you do not obey me, by Allah, I shall torment you as men have never been tormented before. Speak ! ”

A few poor negroes gave the required promise, the greater part of the slaves stood silent and undetermined. A solitary voice was heard : “ My religion forbids me a lie, and I shall not speak an untruth if it costs my life.”

“ That’s it. Paul is right, we will hope in the help of Our Father, who is in heaven,” other Christians joined in, encouraged by the heroic example of the noble youth.

The Arab foamed in his rage : “ Ah, you accursed Christian dogs, is it thus you dare to answer me. You pronounced your own judgment,” he cried, and dragged the unfortunate lad by his chain to the hold, in which he tumbled him.

Paul knew he was in danger to die of suffocation, but no complaint crossed his lips. Mutely and without attempt at defense he resigned himself to his destiny. The Scapular in the meanwhile had caught the eye of the Arab. With a blasphemous curse he tore it from the neck of the unhappy man and flung it far from him. It struck a cotton-bale and clung to it.

The other Christian slaves shared the fate of Paul. Pellmell they were thrown down the hold, lying partly under, partly above Paul. Over the bodies of the captives they piled the cotton-bales. These were to be their graves, all now understood their purpose.

Osman triumphantly cried out : “ Now let the cursed Christian ship come, we have nothing to fear.” The pursuer came closer and closer. Soon another shot thundered, and a cannon-ball skimming the deck laid low several

of the crew. Thereupon the dhow lay by, and soon the buried slaves heard the heavy tread of the strangers, who boarded the vessel and searched her. They finally descended also into the hold. Osmer pointed out the cotton-bales. The distrustful soldiers drove their sabres and bayonets into the bales, but, disappointed, they left.

The hearts of the slaves beating in high hopes of near liberation till then, abandoned themselves to despair. There was no salvation for them.

But, lo ! The steps of the soldiers approached again. Once more they descend the stairs. With a loud hurrah the Germans rolled aside the cotton-bales. Light and air streamed into the prison of the poor slaves, who could answer the calls of their saviors but in a feeble voice. Quickly the work progressed, and the soldiers themselves hastened to take the chains off the negroes and conduct them on deck.

What a sight their eyes met with there. Chained, hand and foot, lay the slave hunters. The scene had changed. And how did all this happen so miraculously ?

As the Germans, after their fruitless search, were about to leave, one of them, a pious Westphalian, saw the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel hanging on a cotton-bale and illumined by the rays of the moon. It was softly waving to and fro, fanned by the evening breeze, as if it had to announce a wondrous tale. He directed the attention of the officer to it. “ A Scapular on board a Mahomedan sail-ship ? ” With veneration he looked at the sacred emblem, and respectfully put it in his breastpocket. A queer booty from the deck of an infidel’s ship. But suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. “ Children,” he said excitedly, “ search the boat once more

and closer, it carries Christian negro slaves."

What zeal, what loving haste they showed in executing the command!

The German Government gave orders to bring the freed slaves back to their mission. A few months later they arrived there. The missionaries and the whole people received them in solemn procession. Tears of joy were wept and there was no end of greeting and embracing. After a frugal meal they sat in a large circle in the courtyard. Paul sat at the foot of the big cross, Fr. Benedict at his right, his

mother at his left. All listened in silence as he narrated his experiences and those of his companions. Towards the end he told of their liberation and how wonderfully the promise of Fr. Benedict had been fulfilled. Everyone fervently and thankfully kissed his Scapular, but the pious missionary rose and touchingly intoned the Ave Maria gratia plena! Hundreds of voices took it up. Women and girls, youths and men, children and the aged, with eyes full of tears, their hands folded and their looks turned toward heaven, all sang: Ave Maria!

The Month of May.

BY V. REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O. C. C.

THE month of May has once more rolled round, and though it is always welcomed, it is especially interesting this year as it closes the nineteenth century for the month of flowers. May makes great promises and is not slow in fulfilling them, it brings joy to the human heart for it points to nature's glorious resurrection. Winter warned us only of death and showed the grim destroyer in his most repulsive form, as though he had gained a complete victory for all time. But May tells the world to hope, that death does not rule forever, and that even in nature there still remains the germ of life. The flowers that faded and died under the rude and chilling blasts of autumn, beneath the hand of Him who gives being to all things, spring once more to life, a beautiful emblem of the glorious resurrection of the just at the last day, when time shall be no more. Winter came frowning, clothed in the solemnities of death,

and held nature within his ice-bound grasp, dead and buried, as though there was no resurrection, but despite all this the flowers have sprung to life once more in the beautiful month of May. What experience has shown us in the natural world faith shows us in the supernatural, and as May celebrates her triumph over winter with her profusion of flowers, the morning of the resurrection will celebrate her victory over the gloom of ages and the darkness of the grave.

Thus we see that for many reasons May is the most beautiful month in the year, and on that account is dedicated to Our Blessed Lady—the most beautiful and perfect of all creatures—and the beauty and hope that May affords in the order of nature may be looked for from Mary in the order of grace. It is a moral beauty fairer than the most enchanting productions of earth, because of a higher order, and a hope not of the promises of this life but of

the future fruition of an eternal and an unfading glory. Therefore as the month of May is with us once again I cannot let it pass without addressing the children of Mary. When I speak of the children of Mary I do not confine myself to the Sodalities, whose members bear that name, but I address all whether young or old who cherish both reverence and love for Our Blessed Lady. Our Divine Lord gave her to be the mother of those whom He redeemed by His precious blood. It was the gift of His last will and testament when dying on the cross. At the last supper He gave men the greatest of all gifts when He gave Himself in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. But when dying on the cross, when about to expire, though dying under the appearance of a criminal, yet He was the God of Majesty, the heavenly hosts were as nothing before Him, the might of earthly rulers and the pomp and power of armies were to Him but as a straw carried away by the wind. He owned all things in heaven and on earth, yet omnipotent as He was, He had nothing to give those for whom He died equal to that which He had given when He gave them His Most Blessed Mother to be their mother and protector.

Then you can easily perceive that devotion to Our Virgin Mother is as old as the Church. The same day that Our Divine Lord gave birth to the Church—His Divine Spouse—He gave His mother to be the mother and protector of Christian people—He gave her to the faithful to be their mother, and gave the faithful to her to be her children. I must confess that among the faithful there are some who trouble themselves very little about devotion to their Virgin Mother. It would be well for them, however, to know that

the greatest and most honorable men were always remarkable for the love and veneration they had for their mothers in this life, and that such men loved the Blessed Virgin, their spiritual mother, with a devotion and constancy that never failed. It is a sweet characteristic of disinterestedness, a nobility of character, a heroism that distinguish a certain and a very large class of nature's noblemen, coming down from the dawn of Christianity even to the present day. Such heroic souls threw an unbroken light that glittered around the crown of the Church for the last nineteen centuries, and in every age brought out in disgusting relief the wretched Catholic who had no love for the mother that bore him, and not only who had no love for the Blessed Virgin, but seldom or never thought of her, who could make no sacrifice for God or man, and who was so devoured by his own meanness and selfishness that he could never love anyone but himself. However, I do not say that such a class of men in the Church is very large, for the faithful for the most part always cherish a deep and ardent affection for their tender mother. She has at all times and in all the ages of the Church possessed the hearts of her faithful children, which is another way of saying that she gathers a rich harvest of souls for heaven, as devotion to Our Blessed Lady has been in all ages of the Church a characteristic sign of the elect.

As a proof of this assertion I here bring forward the testimony of only a few of the fathers of the Church. "Groaning still here," says Saint Bernard, "in the place of exile we have to-day sent before us from earth to heaven an advocate who will work efficaciously in the affair of our

salvation. It is the mother of Our Judge! It is the mother of mercy!" "Holy Virgin!" adds the same father, "I consent that thy mercy and goodness to us shall never be published if any can be found to say that you have failed them in their need when they have invoked you with fervor and confidence. "To have a singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin," exclaims St. John of Damascus, "is to have defensive arms, which God places in the hands of those whom it is His will to save." Perhaps some of my readers may wish to know something of the life of St. John, and what the Blessed Virgin did for him in the hour of his distress. John was born of noble parents in the city of Damascus, hence the name John of Damascus. There was in the reign of the holy pontiff, St. George the Second, an emperor ruling at Constantinople named Leo the Isaurian. In the year 726 he published an edict against the use of religious pictures and statues, and by doing so inaugurated the Iconoclast heresy. He found in St. John a strong opponent and a worthy champion of the Church. John was Vizier under the Caliph of Damascus, but his great soul soared above the sphere of worldly honors. He obtained the Caliph's permission to live in retirement and availed himself of his freedom to enter the monastic state. He wrote a work against the Iconoclast heresy, defending the true doctrine of the Church, which spread with great rapidity throughout the East. The Emperor was furious and determined to wreak his vengeance on John, either by his prestige—for his word as Emperor went a long way with the magnates of the world—or by fraud. He would use falsehood if other means failed, for when was a heretic, whether

an emperor, a king, or a citizen, enamoured of the truth, and so it was with the Isaurian. He caused a skilful forger to counterfeit the handwriting of the holy doctor and to address a suppositious letter from him to the Emperor inviting him to march upon Damascus, which he promised to place in his power. The Emperor then sent the false document to the Caliph as a pledge of his friendship and a proof of his desire to preserve peace between them. The Caliph, too much angered to listen to John, ordered his right hand to be cut off. But the saint in his distress sought refuge in the assistance of his Blessed Mother after the bloody punishment had been inflicted upon him. Throwing himself upon his knees before her image he sought her to intercede with her Divine Son for the restoration of his mutilated hand, that he might still defend the cause of holy images. His prayer was granted. Struck by the miraculous event, the Caliph loaded down the saint with favors.

I have been asked: As the Blessed Virgin has so frequently wrought miracles, and at times such an extraordinary miracle as the one above related, why in her charity does she not reward the faith and confidence of all Christian people, especially those who love her, and relieve them from all their temporal suffering? If the Blessed Virgin, by her miraculous power, would cure all the temporal diseases of Christian people she would by this means set aside the Divine Providence of God, who sends great trials to holy and strong souls in this life. And not only to these chosen ones but to all Christian people does He from time to time send His severe visitations, that He may chasten their hearts, making them here living models

of their suffering Redeemer, that for the suffering of a short time He may reward them with the crown of life and an unspeakably higher glory. Very frequently He demands the most sublime sacrifice that makes the victim here in this dark vale of tears a living spectacle to the angels as they look down from their bright thrones from heaven, a spectacle that is dear to Our Divine Saviour. Nor does He demand this of religious people alone! But He demands it very often of His faithful children living amidst the turmoils of this distracting world. What sacrifice can be greater than that of the father for the loss of his son! When the pent up feelings are too full to flow, when the heart is strained to its utmost endurance from the pressure of sorrow, when the lost one was the hope of his life, from that heroic crushed Christian heart the sacrifice goes up in the odor of sweetness before the throne of God, and the voice from that broken heart, "not my will be done, but Thine, O Lord," is sweeter to His ear than the song of angels. I may also mention here the sacrifice of the young mother weeping over the loss of her only child. The love down in the recess of her heart—the measure of her sorrow is too deep and too sacred for words to express. The sacrifice is great. She is the victim, a victim worthy of the faith she professes, and in the strength of that faith she offers her child to the God who gave it. These are but a few cases among the sufferings so numerous and so varied that Christian people are wont to bear through the bitter walks of this life. But they chasten the soul of the Christian athlete, they loosen the ties of earth and prepare the soul for its flight to that glorious land where all sorrows will cease. It is only the

holy Catholic faith that strengthens the soul to be able to make such voluntary sacrifices. If the Blessed Virgin does not interfere and take away the cross, she gives strength and consolation to bear it, which in most cases is much better. But I am sometimes told, notwithstanding all that I have said with regard to the efficacy of the Catholic faith and the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that many Catholics do not bear patiently the ills of life, and that when a heavy cross is placed on their shoulders they rebel against Divine Providence. That one or another may rebel is true, but that many rebel is not true. The former few are not clients of the Blessed Virgin, nor are they worthy to be called Catholics, for they are such in name only. But even if they were they are only dark spots in the human side of the Church. Science informs us that there are dark spots in the sun, but they do not interfere with the efficacy of the great luminary in imparting its light and heat to us, nor will these bad Catholics mar the power of the Catholic faith nor that of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin in strengthening and consoling Christian people whilst bearing the ills of this life.

God sends poverty and suffering to us in this life for our good. He is certainly rich enough. He could make all His children repose in the lap of luxury and supply all their wants without their labor. But would this be good for mankind in his present fallen condition? No, what God sends us is best. Let us go back to what we were saying about miracles, that it would not be good that miracles would take away all the ills of life in all places and at all time. Let us suppose one that has been brought up in an ordinary sphere of life, but who on account of

some untoward circumstances became reduced in fortune, nay to extreme poverty. He may be abandoned by the world, he may suffer from an incurable disease though he is yet young. Still he is resigned, for he has made the sacrifice that will elevate him to a throne among the martyrs and that will throw a purple shade over his pure and unspotted garment. What treasures is God bestowing on him! He has only to await patiently a little while for death, which will open for him the gates of paradise, where he will receive the crown of life. Such are the workings of God's Divine Providence. Dark, dark it is true to the worldly minded, who see only earthly things. It is of such the Apostle speaks when he says: "The carnal man does not understand the things of God." Now let the worldly man have his way, but let us remember that the patient of whom we are speaking is young. Let the miracle be wrought. God lifts him up from his bed of pain and restores him to perfect health. He pours down upon him temporal blessings in abundance—health, riches and position. These are exactly what the world would call real blessings, and still they may be to him real evils, the greatest misfortune that could befall him. We know from experience that blessings of this kind but too often foment the passions, and in his case he that was, in his sorrow, so near the gates of paradise, may, in his prosperity, turn away from God, and when the last act in the drama of life is finished find himself the companion of the reprobate and suffer in torments forever.

However, let this be as it may, all people do not make a bad use of the temporal blessings that God sends them. But health, riches and power, nevertheless, are dangerous to sal-

vation, and they are by no means the greatest blessings that God bestows on His children. Besides this material world there is another world by which we are surrounded—a spiritual world, as real as the world we see with our eyes and feel with our hands. In the supernatural world grace is constantly working. Sometimes miracles of grace, through the intercession of the saints or through the prayers and good works of holy people on earth, change the heart of the wayward sinner into a docile and holy child of the Church. Then again there are temporal blessings bestowed on Christian people through miracles wrought in the Church and visible to all. Such miracles are wrought at Lourdes, I may say almost daily, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. There in that holy place under the rocks of Massabielle, where the healing waters flowed beneath the childish hands of Bernadette, through the intervention of Our Blessed Lady, the most extraordinary cures are effected. The invalid is carried down to the fountain laboring under a disease that the highest medical authority pronounces incurable, nevertheless, there in broad daylight, in the presence of thousands of people, the invalid is healed. There is no end to cases of this kind that have been corroborated by the testimony of physicians renowned for their medical skill—some Catholics, others Protestants and others again of no religious belief. There are other miracles wrought daily in the Church that I might call occult miracles, that even their efficient cause in moving the divine mercy are totally unaware of their existence. I will illustrate what I mean by an example: A laborer is taken suddenly ill, his case the physician says is hopeless. A novena

is being offered up for his recovery ; the poor weary pastor, whose heart is no stranger to deep, sharp wounds because of the misery of his flock, visits him. He sees the situation—a large family, helpless at that, is depending for support on the sick man, and he from the depths of his soul sends up his prayers in union with the holy people, who through the novena are storming heaven for his recovery. The poor man slowly recovers. Was it the medicine, or was it the prayers of the pastor, or was it the novena, or was it both that was the cause of the man's recovery? We know not. Cases of this kind will remain a mystery until the day arrives when the hidden things of darkness will be brought to light. But it is certain that occult miracles are constantly wrought in the Church.

This question of miracles took more space than I intended, so I will have to say less on the month of May than I would wish. It has a freshness that no other month possesses, it imparts a buoyancy to the human heart and an intoxication to the spirit of youth, which have been sweetly directed through a religious channel and consecrated to the Virgin Mother of God. Throughout the world, in every land where the cross crowns the church, there are altars erected to Mary. The May flowers are gathered by willing hands, and the dews of heaven that glitter in their petals are not as pure and sweet as the tears of devotion shed upon them by the children of Mary. I am frequently contradicted and told that the tears of devotion shed by the children of Mary and which I call bright pearls, immortal pearls that will glitter in their crowns hereafter in paradise, are all lost by one mortal sin. That is true as far as it goes. There is somewhere in the East a rose that

when plucked dries and decays, but after a long period, when dead to our sense, if placed in water will again revive. All its fragrance returns, the exquisite tints that once made it so pleasing to the sight are as clear and enchanting as when it flourished on its stem. It is thus with the tears of the child of Mary, but in a more perfect manner. The pearls that lost their beauty by sin are again restored through penance when the child of Mary returns once more to her loving Redeemer and casts herself into the loving arms of her Blessed Mother.

In the most solemn moment that ever occurred in this world the Angel of God stood before Our Blessed Lady and pronounced the Angelic Salutation. How many lips have pronounced that glorious salutation since that auspicious hour. Generations have come and gone, they now moulder in silent dust. The rank weeds grow over their graves, the foot of the stranger heedlessly treads on what still remains of them, and the winds of heaven carry away their dust. It is true the tongues that pronounced so many Hail Marys are silent, but will be so only till the bright morning of the resurrection. How many clients of Mary in those generations that have passed away owe their salvation to their love and devotion for their Blessed Mother? May it be with us in this generation, that like her clients of old we may be ever faithful to her—Our Sweet Mother.

Life passes, riches fly away, popularity is fickle, the senses decay, the world changes, friends die. One alone is true to us ; One alone can be true ; One alone can be all things to us ; One alone can supply our need.—*Newman*.

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.

III.

MY promise to give you some instances of the fact that the Turk is not the worst enemy of Christianity may be fulfilled in comparatively few words.

First of all then, let us consider the comparative liberty enjoyed under his rule by the several so-called *denominations*. These are well represented in the large cities and have ramifications in the interior of Turkey. The American and English Bible Societies have their stronghold in Constantinople, and funds are not wanting to carry on their peculiar work. Their mission is not the success, however, which one would suppose it ought to be—*i. e.*, it is not proportioned to the means employed by its agents. A bishop of the Methodist Episcopal sect, whom I met in Rustchuk and whose jurisdiction extends over a large area of the East, told me that Protestantism was not making much headway, and that it had virtually renounced *proselytism*, *being content with infusing a little life and vigor into the Oriental forms of Christianity by its presence and example*. I understood very well the explanation of the position thus candidly expressed; for neither the Greek "orthodox" nor the Armenian churches have anything in common with the modern creations of Luther, Henry the Eighth, etc., and, consequently, their members, with infinitesimal exceptions, resist the doubtless well-meaning efforts of the

latter's evangelists to convert them. Even the schools established in different parts of the East by the "Boards of Foreign Missions" do not thrive, because of the fear of parents lest the religious convictions of their children be influenced. Hence, beyond the "infinitesimal number" referred to, and despite fine meeting-houses, ample school-room, the distribution of countless Bibles, tracts, etc., to say nothing of an unlimited supply of that indispensable commodity wherewith Our Divine Saviour counselled his disciples to make friends unto themselves, to-wit, the "Mammon of iniquity," things remain pretty much in statu quo, for the very good reason that the masses do not move. All this, however, (and it is only to demonstrate my proposition that I cite it) does not prove that the Turk is the worst enemy with which missionaries in the Orient have to contend. On the contrary, the evident liberty which he allows the sects—as is apparent from the freedom with which they operate in his Dominions—more than suffices to establish my thesis, and that is all I have in view for the present. It may be objected that he does not act thus from any love of Christianity, but rather through a wholesome fear of the powerful nations which back it up (under the forms spoken of thus far); but with this view of the question I am not concerned here: the *fact* is enough; its

raison d'être is quite a separate consideration. I might ask in passing whether the Protestant communions in the East really effect the awakening in the schismatic Greeks and Armenians which the worthy gentleman I have quoted declared to be a sufficient response to the labors of his brethren of the ministry in these countries.

If the answer be affirmative, it must certainly seem odd to the intelligent observer that both the one and the other are only the more confirmed in their own faith thereby, and that their distrust of Protestantism increases in proportion as this awakening process advances. It cannot be denied meanwhile, that in Armenia particularly, the orphanages founded and sustained by the above mentioned organizations have reaped a considerable harvest of souls by affording food, clothing and shelter to hundreds of little ones left parentless by the recent massacres. Sewing and fancy-work schools, too, have been set on foot by lay-mistresses and the Protestant Order of "Deaconesses," in which girls and young women are trained to earn their own livelihood.

And now what of Catholicism in Turkey? Certainly in comparison with Protestantism it has the advantage of *time*. Not to go back quite as far as the Crusades, we need but recall the settlements of the Genoese and Venetians, etc., in the Orient; a phase in Eastern history which has forced itself upon my observation even involuntarily, under the form of ruined chateaux, fortifications, etc., not only in and around Constantinople, but all along the line of my present tour. Churches, too,—for instance (not to weary you by mentioning others) that of St. Benoit, administered by the Lazarists at Galata and which dates back to the

thirteenth century—still exist throughout the Orient, and that without having ceased to flourish during the course of centuries, as an undeniable proof that the "*Mater omnium ecclesiarum*" has never lost her foothold in the East. Add to this that numerically large colonies of Catholics of divers nationalities have existed for ages back in the very strongholds of Mahommedanism and that at this day they live there in peace, and I think you will admit that I was not far from the truth in what I said of the Turk in this relation. But this is not all. There is scarcely a Religious Order in the Church which has not one or more monasteries and convents in the leading cities of the Ottoman Empire. There you will find Benedictines, Basilians, Franciscans, Dominicans, Capuchins, Jesuits, Barnabites, Lazarists, Mechitarists, Resurrectionists, Assumptionists, Carmelites, and (last, but to me the dearest in this imperfect enumeration,) Passionists. Thus much for the Orders of priests. Of Orders of lay-religious (I use the adjective in contra-distinction to clerical) there are the Christian Brothers, the Marist Brothers, the Brothers of St. John of God, etc.; whilst for Catholic Sisterhoods, they are simply too numerous to allow of my giving each of them mention here. Prominent among them, however, are the Sisters of Charity (white coronets), the Dames de Sion, the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Oblates of the Assumption. All the Orders—male and female—are as busy as bees, having under their charge (according to the spirit of their respective institutes) colleges, schools, hospitals, etc. One meets them at every turn in the larger cities, such as Constantinople, Smyrna, Beyrout, Damascus—and if in one place more than another here in Jerusalem—clad

in the striking garb of their several communities, going and coming freely at will, and meeting with naught but respect wherever they pass.

[It is a significant fact, for example, that the Imperial Hospital at Pera is administered by the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, and that by the Sultan's personal orders.] Catholic Churches are filled with devout worshippers on Sundays and festivals, and the week-day Masses are well attended. All this I have seen with my own eyes in the several cities named a moment ago, excepting that of Damascus; but the Most Rev. Nicholas Cadi, Greek Catholic Archbishop of Hauran (who resides at Damascus, and of whom more anon) has assured me that it is the same there. What does all this prove? Nothing less than that the Catholic Church enjoys a fair share of liberty in Turkey, that she is very much alive, very vigorous and fruitful, and that she at least does not need the presence and example of Protestantism to infuse into her robust frame the elements of force and activity. But does she make converts? you may ask. I answer that she certainly does, and that, too, in considerable numbers; but she does it without parade or ostentation, and hence the fact is known only to those concerned. Even among the Mahomedans she finds willing additions to the army of the faithful, but these must practice their faith in secret, for the liberality (?) of the Turkish Government does not extend so far as to allow of its subjects embracing Christianity. On the contrary, it would fare ill with the neophytes alluded to if discovered. Turkish subjects, other than Musselmans—Greek orthodox and Armenians for instance—may pass from their schism to Catholicity with impunity as far as

the Sublime Porte is concerned, but the line is drawn there, and may not be crossed. In this connection (though I am anticipating), I recall an incident told me by Monseigneur Cannova, who for fifteen years was Bishop of Crete, viz.: Several villages of Greeks in that island wishing to escape the petty persecutions of the Moslem neighbors, applied to his lordship for admission into the Church (bear in mind that all Catholics in the Orient were then—and, with exception of Germans, are now—under the protectorate of France, and you will understand the situation). The Bishop informed the Pasha of the Province of the facts, and without delay received for answer: "Would to God they would carry out their intention!" The reason for this reply lies in the fact that Catholic communities in Turkey are orderly and law-abiding, and it was precisely on this account that Monseigneur Bonetti, Archbishop of Constantinople, and Monseigneur Agarian, lately deceased, Patriarch of the Catholic Armenians, wielded so great an influence with the Sultan during the late massacres and succeeded in saving thousands of lives.

As a St. Louisian, it may interest you to hear furthermore in the above connection the testimony of a gentleman whose acquaintance I made in Constantinople recently, viz., Dr. D. Bright, correspondent in that city, by the way, for *The Medical Brief*, a periodical issued at Ninth and Olive streets, in your city. The Doctor, who is a fervent Catholic, assured me that the Church is not tolerated only, but even esteemed, if not precisely *revered*, by the Turks. As one instance among the several he cited in this behalf, I shall quote his description to me of the Corpus Christi procession at Koum Kapou and Kadi Keui:

"A company of Turkish soldiers," he said, "headed by a military band and the Ottoman banner, leads the way through the public streets in the neighborhood of the Church of the Assumptionist Fathers in both the above-named places, whilst patrols of police accompany the procession on either side. All along the route the houses, in great numbers, are decorated with branches of trees and garlands of flowers, as well as profusely adorned with flags of different nations, the Turkish prominent among the rest. Amid strains of music and the ringing of church-bells, the long file of priests, choristers and the faithful wends its way from one altar to another, and the solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is thrice imparted to the kneeling multitudes. The thoroughfares are black with people, among whom, naturally, the Mussulmans, as also the schismatic Greeks and Armenians of the quarter, who outnumber the Catholics by far, predominate. But not the least sign of disrespect or even of levity is witnessable. Far from anything of the kind, the greatest reverence seems to animate all present, and even Turks are to be seen bending the knee and (a thing they do not do even in their own mosques, for there the sign of respect consists in taking off the shoes) uncovering their heads. All this show of regard on the part of the military and civic authorities is, of course, rendered with the knowledge of the Sultan and by his orders. So much for the toleration of Our Holy Mother, the Church, by the Government of Turkey."

But I have allowed myself to be drawn into a more lengthy commentary on this subject than I had any notion of entering upon when I began it; wherefor I shall bid it adieu here, for

the present at least, in order to give you an account of my wanderings elsewhere, though I may have occasion to revert to it again later on, as I have still a lengthy voyage before me in the land of the Crescent.

On Thursday afternoon, 24th ult., then, at 4 p. m., I left Constantinople for Smyrna on board the steamer *Saghalién*—a magnificent boat 420 ft. in length by 40 ft. in breadth—of the *Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes*, bound for Marseilles, though I was to journey no further than Smyrna via the same. Passing through the Bosphorus into the diminutive sea of Marmara—the ancient Propontis—and thence per the Strait of Hellespont, or Dardanelles, into the Aegean Sea, we finally breasted the grand Mediterranean, which bore us on its placid bosom to our immediate destination signalled above.

After an uneventful voyage we reached the port of Smyrna at 4 p. m. Saturday, August 26th, and left the steamer by small boat (*caïque*) for shore—a difficult, if not dangerous, matter at the time, for the water was unusually rough and the waves quite high. As I was doubly armed this time with my "Teskeré" and the letter of General Dickinson (the latter as available for any United States' consul as for the one to whom it was addressed), I anticipated no further holdup, and was not surprised, consequently, on being graciously waved ahead by the Turkish passport official at the "quai." A discreet *baksheesh*—very modestly asked for by the custom's officer who examined my baggage, though there was absolutely nothing contraband in the same—enabled me to pass out into the open air, and a moment after I was on my way to the Capuchin Monastery of St.

Poly carp, to the Superior of which my Reverend host of Burgas, mentioned at the commencement of this letter, had given me a note of introduction. This talisman had an immediate effect, and both my companion and I were bidden welcome with a heartiness so evidently sincere that we felt at home on the instant. This was very gratifying to us indeed, knowing as we did that eight days must elapse before we should be able to pursue our voyage, there being no departures of vessels for Beyrouth, our next stopping place, before the lapse of that period. I at first looked upon this contretemps as a misfortune, especially as, had we arrived but a few hours sooner, we would have caught a Russian ship bound for Jaffa direct. But events soon led me to acknowledge my error; for never did I pass a week more pleasantly or acquire within so comparatively brief a space of time a corresponding amount of useful and instructive information.

When we reached the dwelling of the Capuchin Fathers the Superior of the community was out, so the porter conducted us to the apartments of the Right Reverend Monsignor Cannova, O. M. Cap., resident in the monastery and formerly Bishop of Crete, which diocese he governed for fifteen years, at the lapse of which period Rome, owing to his advanced age (he is seventy-two) and the ever increasing difficulties, political and otherwise, of that famous island, acceded to his oft-reiterated petition and relieved him of his charge. Hereupon he retired to the monastery above-mentioned, where years before he had been Superior, as also parish priest of the congregation attached thereto. It was this good prelate who received my companion and self in the cordial manner already

alluded to, and it is superfluous to add that his action herein was fully endorsed by the Father Guardian on his return home. I found at St. Polycarp a delightful community, composed for the most part of young men—priests and laics—unusually gifted, many of them speaking six, eight and ten languages with fluency, and being, besides, proficient in the literature of the same. English, German, French, Italian, Polish, Bohemian, Greek, Turkish, Arabic and even Bulgarian figured among these. There was moreover an innocent gaiety, a lightness of heart observable throughout, which spread sunshine all around and made me realize in all its fullness the beautiful sentiment expressed by the Psalmist: *Ecce quam bonum, et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum!* [Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in harmony!] You can imagine how delightful it was to me and my companion to spend a week in such society. Everything that brotherly good-will could suggest was done by these excellent religious to render our stay pleasant. At table, for instance, daily without exception both at dinner and supper the "*Deo gratias*" was said by the Superior, Very Rev. F. John Baptist, as a signal that instead of the usual silence observed during meals in monasteries conversation was allowed. This is a *rubric* among the Capuchins when guests are present. How I enjoyed those talks! It was my privilege to sit beside the dear old Bishop, and from his lips I learned much that tended to enlighten me on the affairs of the East. Apropos of my remarks on the attitude of Turkey towards the Church in her dominions, he related to me the following incident: "While I was Bishop of Crete," he

said, "an entire village of schismatic Greeks once applied to me to enter the Church en masse. Knowing from experience that the motive which impelled them to make this petition was not dictated from on high, but rather by the wish to enjoy the benefits of the French protectorate as Catholics and thus escape the annoyance, persecutions, etc., to which they were at times subjected by their Musselman neighbors, I very naturally declined to accede to their request. So persistent were they however, that to put an end to the matter, as I thought, I promised them that I would acquaint the Pasha (governor), then resident at Constantinople, with their desire—a necessary measure under existing circumstances. This I did, and judge of my astonishment on receiving in reply the following: 'Would to God that those turbulent people would all become Catholics!'"

The Bishop has not much faith in the ability of the Cretans to govern themselves. On my reminding him of the severe judgment which St. Paul (see his epistle to Titus) rendered of them, he said: "It is as true to-day as it was when first uttered," or words to the same effect.

Among other agreeable episodes of my sojourn with the Capuchins of Smyrna was an excursion to their grand convent at Buggià, some twenty minutes distant from the city by rail. The Superior of St. Polycarp accompanied us thither, and there we spent the day. Imagine a beautiful garden, orchard, etc., of some twenty acres, abounding in tropical fruits, flowers, etc., and traversed by long, shady walks. It is in the midst of this earthly paradise—the creation of the members of the community—that the monastery stands. This is an immense

building, as severe in its exterior and interior as its surroundings are delightful. Besides the long, narrow but well lighted corridors, the vast halls for choir purposes, refectories, libraries and the like, there are fifty-three cells. The church is within the court, and was being decorated in fresco by two of the religious while I was there. The arts and sciences flourish in monastic houses in our day as they did centuries ago! Needless to say, there was a grand *Deo gratias* at dinner that day, and that the stroll through the beautiful grounds and the cordial welcome we received at the hands of the Superior of Buggià added a zest to our appetite which enabled us to do ample justice to the abundant and savory repast that we shared with the vast community of that hospitable monastery.

Another pleasant feature of our stay at Smyrna was our meeting with Signor Giovanni Sugiani, president of the Imperial Ottoman Bank of that city. This gentleman and his family were members of my parish at Roustchouk for several years, he being director of a branch of the same bank there at the time. His promotion to his present position at Smyrna was a fitting tribute on the part of the celebrated institution he there represents to his superior merits and exceptionally brilliant business capacity. When he took charge there some three years ago he found a building wholly inadequate to the great commercial interests of the place, and immediately set about erecting the present magnificent edifice, which is at once the pride of the Smyrniates and a lasting monument to his genius. He did my companion and me the honor of showing us through it in person and of explaining all its details. By his invitation

also, we dined with him and his charming family at his residence on the quay, Sunday, 27th ult., and enjoyed a most delightful evening. He kindly put himself at our disposal, moreover, for a tour about Smyrna the day following, and on our departure from that city accompanied us in the caique of the bank—a perfect little beauty, built at Malta—to the vessel (of which more anon) that was to convey us to Beyrouth, charging us meanwhile to let him know the date of our return from Palestine via Smyrna, so that he might meet us and take us ashore for the few hours of our lay-to in that port. Needless to say, we cheerfully acceded to his request.

But by far the most memorable event of my sojourn at Smyrna was a visit to the ancient city of Ephesus. Under the guidance of the Rev. F. George Varthality, a secular priest engaged as professor in the schools of the Capuchin Fathers, my companion and I left Smyrna at 7:45 a. m. on the Imperial Ottoman express, and after a ride of two hours and a half reached the station of Ayassoulook, where we dined and prepared for our somewhat difficult onward march to Bulbul-Dagh—the Turkish for “Mountain of the Nightingale.” It is here that the house said to have been inhabited by Our Blessed Lady while she was at Ephesus is to be found; and I need not tell you that this sanctuary was our objective point. At Ayassoulook we procured horses, and, seating ourselves firmly in the saddles, traversed the extensive plane, on the confines of which begins the chain of mountains leading to Bulbul-Dagh. A ride of several hours, during which we frequently skirted vertiginous declivities and yawning gulfs on nothing but a narrow pathway (there being no carriage road),

brought us to Panaglia-Capouli, or the “House of the Virgin.” This is situated near the base of the Mountain of the Nightingale in a most ravishing spot—just such as one would credit the Beloved Disciple with having chosen for the residence of her whom Jesus confined to his care while dying on the cross. The solitude is profound, being unbroken save by the song of birds. A small rivulet coursed down the mountain side, gathering in a basin a little below the dwelling, and large leafy trees, interspersed with shrubbery and wild flowers, add an indescribable charm to the entire surroundings, extending to the very mountain top. The house itself, built of stone, has naturally suffered considerably from the ravages of time, etc., in the course of well-nigh two thousand years. Nevertheless, it is much better preserved than many other monuments of antiquity I have seen during my present and former travels. In the masonry one can readily distinguish between the original portions and the repairs that have been made from time to time during its long existence. Imagine a cruciform edifice some 26 feet in length by 12 feet in width and 15 feet in height, the main apartment (I might say *nave*) divided near the entrance by a stone partition-wall and having on either side of it towards the rear end, which terminates in an alcove, a little bedroom, and you have as exact a description as I can give you of “la Maisonette de la Vierge.” From time immemorial, the original roof has disappeared, and it is but recently that it has been replaced by the Lazarist Fathers of Smyrna, who some years ago purchased the mountain of Bulbul-Dagh together with a large portion of the surrounding territory. A tradition traceable to the earliest

ages of the Church marks Panagia-Capouli as the locality whither the Mother of Our Divine Saviour retired with St. John subsequent to the Ascension; and from the fourth century until the purchase above mentioned—from which period the "Maisonette" has been devoted to Catholic worship—pilgrimages have been made thither annually by the Greeks (originally united with the See of Rome, but separated from it since the schism of Photius). Far and wide, and for centuries back this structure has been known as "The House of the Virgin." The utter destruction of the city of Ephesus and the dispersion of its inhabitants by repeated incursions of barbarous Asiatic hordes, the fell domination of the Turks, and the lamentable consequences of the Greek Schism, which rendered communication with the Church of the West extremely difficult, or at times impeded it altogether, gradually effaced the memory of this holy place from the Catholic mind, and it was quite lost sight of until the year 1891, when a pious nun, the Superioress of the hospital of the Sisters of Charity at Smyrna, was struck by a remarkable passage in the "Life of the Blessed Virgin," by the Venerable Catherine Emmerich, relative to the same, and at once set about a series of investigations, which have since been prosecuted with great zeal by the Rev. M. Jung, a Lazarist Father of the same city, and have resulted in the publication of a most interesting brochure entitled "Ephèse on Jerusalem?" (Librairie religieuse, H. Oudin, Paris,) in which the author—the Superior of the Congregation of the Priests of the Mission at Smyrna—gives an exhaustive complex of the arguments pro and con for the respective claims of Jerusalem and

Ephesus as the place of Our Blessed Lady's death and burial. It may surprise you to know that there is a difference of opinion on this point—not very widespread as yet, perhaps, but gradually gaining ground. But it is one which the reverend author of the work just quoted ingeniously and learnedly strives to reconcile in favor of Ephesus, first by the unbroken local tradition, secondly by the exact conformity (as far as established up to the present) between the revelations of Catherine Emmerich and existing data, and finally by copious citations from ancient ecclesiastical literature, notably from passages of Fathers of the Church. I will content myself here with giving you the words of the holy visionary which in 1891 led to the discovery of the "House of Ephesus." In the 17th chapter of her life of the Blessed Virgin, French edition (from which I translate), page 460, she says: "After the Ascension of her Divine Son, Mary passed three years on Mount Sion, three at Bethany and nine at Ephesus, whither St. John conducted her after the Jews had set Lazarus and his sisters Mary and Martha at the mercy of the waves. Mary did not dwell in Ephesus precisely, but in the environs of that city, in a place, namely, whither several of her friends had preceded her." She then goes on to state that this place was about three leagues and a half from Ephesus, and that the house, which she describes most minutely and with perfect accuracy, was built by St. John before Our Lady's coming. Item, that there were a number of Christian families and holy women dwelling in the caves of the mountain which they had made habitable—persons whom the persecutions of the Jews had forced to flee from their homes. (Second section of same chapter.)

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.—*May 6.*

THE beautiful city of Damascus being captured at an early date by the Saracens, was ruled by a Caliph who was most indulgent to its Christian inhabitants.

The father of our saint held an honorable position as Vizier, and discharged this trust so satisfactorily that it was conferred at his death on the subject of this memoir. John had been highly educated under a Greek monk and seemed in every way fitted for the distinction, but God had greater designs on this gifted soul. He was soon enlightened as to the danger and vanity of earthly prosperity and resigned his office.

After a devout pilgrimage to the holy places he withdrew to solitude, and placed his monastic training in the hands of St. Sabas.

He was soon a proficient in prayer, humility, obedience and all virtues, and his learning shone with all the greater lustre because of silent communings with God. The title of "Chrysorrhoes," "Golden Stream," was bestowed on him by those who admired the scholastic erudition and tender piety of his saintly words. These seemed even more eloquent when Our Lady was in question. In one discourse he exclaims: "O marvelous work! She is that heaven, for from the most secret treasures of her virginity shone forth the Son of Justice. She is that earth, from whose undefiled soil grew the wheat of life. She is that sea, which from its deep

womb produced the spiritual pearl. How magnificent is this world! How stupendous this creation!"

A false charge of treason was preferred against the saint because of his learned defence of holy images against the Iconoclast Emperor, and his hand was struck off; but Our Blessed Mother restored it as he knelt before her statue, and, in a vision, thus addressed him: "Thy hand is whole; be it as thou hast said, as the pen of one who writeth swiftly."

He is the last of those Greek fathers who have so worthily written the praises of God's most Holy Mother, and he passed to the glorious reward in 786. Let him be an example to us, especially in this sweet May-time, of reverence and love for the sanctuaries, images, Rosary beads, and all that appertain to Our Beloved Mother. How many and precious are the graces God is ever bestowing on us by means of them! No wonder we surround the shrines of Mary with fair flowers and sparkling lights, for our joys seem brighter and sorrows are soothed when we lay them at her feet. Are not some of our sweetest memories twined around Our Blessed Mother's image as closely as those of a gifted writer whose beautiful lines seem a fitting conclusion to our short memoir:

* "So wherever I look in the distance,
And whenever I turn to the past,
There is always a shrine of Mary
Each brighter still than the last."

* A. A. Procter, "Chaplet of Memories."

“Miles Christi.”

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

Carmelite Tertiary.

[Reprinted by permission from “The Life of General de Sonis”—From His Papers and Correspondence, by M^r. Baunard. Translated by Lady Herbert. Art and Book Company, London and Leamington.]

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

A SHORT notice of the direct answer given to the prayers of M. de Sonis must not be omitted here. One of his officers writes :

“M. de Sonis hardly ever spoke of himself ; but one day he told me of a marvellous escape he had had with his battalion, and which he attributed entirely to Divine Providence. They were crossing a river, which was then dry, with an immense train of camels, when suddenly a violent storm arose which threatened in a moment to fill the bed of the river and make the crossing impassible. The danger was very great, and in vain the pace was quickened. At last M. de Sonis, jumping off his horse, threw himself on his knees, and, having no hope but in God, recommended the safety of his troops with his whole heart to Him, imploring also the protection of St. Joseph, the guardian of the Holy Family. His prayer was heard. Scarcely had the last man and the last camel landed safely on the opposite bank, when the waterspout fell, filling the river in an instant and carrying everything before it. Not a man nor a beast could have survived the rush of water had it come a few moments sooner. But thanks to his prayers, all were saved.”

Of his constant and devoted friend-

ships we have already given specimens in his letters to M. de Sèze and M. de Chapelle. Writing one day to Madame de Sèze, he says :

“I am not worth much ; but I will yield to no-one in tender devotion to my old friends. However few they may be, I need not say the place which your Louis holds amongst them. Our love is of old date, and rests on a community of faith and principles ; it should last longer than human life. It is, then, beyond the horizon which we call death, that my thoughts rest with regard to my real friends. I am faithful to them in prayer, and love to think that they will remember me beyond the grave.”

“I never kneel down to say my prayers,” he says in another letter, “without remembering my friend.” When he ends, it is with the farewell : “À Dieu, in two words, according to the habit of our fathers.” “All for God, and in God. There alone can we find the peace of which our souls have need, the consolation for all the troubles with which life is full, the softening of suffering, and the satisfaction of that love of which God alone is the term.”

Before leaving Limoges he had agreed with M. Lamy and his wife that

he and Madame de Sonis should say the Rosary for each other on the 27th of each month. Ten years after, on the 27th of July, 1869, M. de Sonis writes: "You know that on this day we are especially united to each other in the Rosary, which we have never omitted. I am writing just after leaving the altar, where I have asked for you and yours, who are so dear to us, all the graces which you may need."

We have already said that his correspondence with his Carmelite sisters has been unfortunately destroyed. But we have that with another young relative, Mademoiselle Aglaé de Sonis, who, having lost one after the other the relations who were most dear to her, finally decided to leave all for God, and is now Superior of a well-known house of education in Paris. During all her trials M. de Sonis had never ceased watching over her with a father's love, and rejoiced unfeignedly when he found she had chosen the better part. "May this letter bring you the assurance of my old and devoted friendship," he writes to her. "I, who saw you in your cradle, and who have followed you in that stormy sea which is called the world, now rejoice in thinking of you safely arrived, thanks be to God! in that haven of rest where you will dwell for evermore in His peace and love."

He was no less anxious for the souls of those who had already passed through the gates of death. "Let us pray and suffer for these our departed friends," he writes. "Fidelity to our beloved dead is the religion of my soul."

But it is in his home that we must follow M. de Sonis if we wish to form a true estimate of his character.

"All my thoughts are centred in the future of my children," he writes.

"I do not know what will become of them. I firmly believe that God will give them bread, for I have none to give them. But my great anxiety is, that they should be faithful to God and to the traditions which I shall leave them. I would rather see them die of hunger than that they should be impious or indifferent to religion. Yet, God knows how I love them! But what is life compared with eternity?"

"Let us make our Communions, if you will, the first Friday of each month for our children; but with this sole intention—that they become fervent Christians."

He began their education very early. His eldest girl writes: "Our darling father made use of every means in his power to raise our hearts to God. During our African journeys, when we were obliged to start very early either owing to the heat or the length of the journey, he used to take me out with him while the horses were being saddled, and show me the beautiful southern sky, studded with stars, making me admire the greatness of God as seen in His works."

In 1865 M. de Sonis wrote of this very child: "My eldest girl asks my leave to become a Carmelite. Neither her mother nor I would say no; but we want her to pass another couple of years at the Sacred Heart to test her vocation, as well as to complete her education. If God calls her we will never keep her back."

At Laghouat a fresh trouble awaited de Sonis, the cholera having suddenly appeared. "We are surrounded by people who are dying with fearful rapidity," he wrote, "which, at any rate, helps to detach us from this perishable world. But sometimes I cannot help feeling some anxiety as to what would become of all my little

ones if God were to take us. I console myself by putting my whole trust in Divine Providence, and submitting myself unreservedly to God's holy will." The cholera did not come alone. The burning heat of 1867 had dried up all the rivers; the crops could not arrive at maturity; the cattle perished of thirst; and the locusts, swarming down upon the land, devoured all that the drought had spared. A horrible famine was the result, during which the natives died like flies.

"We have a fearful sight before our eyes," wrote M. de Sonis; "I had never realized before what a famine really meant, and always fancied that the accounts in books were exaggerated. Our poor Arabs are dying by hundreds; one finds their skeletons on the roads, in the streets, in the tents—everywhere! Charity is multiplied in every form; but all one does is as a drop in the sea! After having done all I can, I suffer cruelly at my powerlessness. . . . Mgr. the Archbishop sets us a noble example," he adds; "he has opened orphanages in which thousands of children have been taken in; and I ask myself how in the world he will be able to maintain them, in spite of the large alms he has received! But God has His secrets, and it may be that these poor little children, thus sheltered by the Catholic charity of Mgr. Lavigerie, may become the heads of Christian families and a nursery of souls for heaven. . . . On my last journey to Géryville I brought back eight little children, who were simply dying of cold and hunger. I put them on my camels, gave them some food, brought them to Laghouat, and then sent them on direct to Mgr. Lavigerie at Algiers."

That great Bishop had the highest esteem and regard for this noble

Christian soldier. He wrote of him in these terms:

"I knew, loved and admired our holy General de Sonis; but not to compromise him with the authorities, I was obliged to restrict myself to the most necessary business with him. It was the moment of my great struggle with General Macmahon, and poor De Sonis found himself under the orders of Colonel Gresley, who became afterwards General and War Minister. Gresley hated the Christian Commander of Laghouat, and detested me even more; so that, to avoid disagreeables, I had begged M. de Sonis not to write to me, as our letters were all opened. But whenever he came to Algiers we saw one another intimately. He shared all my views as to a mission to the natives, and encouraged my hopes in every way. Once I saw the tears in his eyes while our orphans of the famine were singing the Ave Maris Stella."

In the autumn of 1868, the Archbishop sent a Jesuit mission to Laghouat for the conversion of the Arabs. "I saw these good Fathers arrive with the greatest joy," wrote M. de Sonis. "I have a special affection and veneration for their Order. It seems to me that the spirit of God is there and reigns specially in that society, which is always attacked, always calumniated and always persecuted. Now they are driven from Spain, as they were a short time ago from Austria, in her blindness; and as they will be from every country devoured and ruined by the Sects and the Revolution. They simply go away to carry the word of God to other shores, while they shake the dust off their feet of the land which has banished them. God be praised for having sent us some sons of St. Ignatius!"

These last two years, 1867 and 1868,

with their terrible appeals on his charity, had exhausted the means of the good Commander of Laghouat. Besides his charity, he always felt bound to do honor to his position as representing France and her army, and so kept open house for those who visited Laghouat, and who had no idea of the small fortune and heavy charges of the hospitable Colonel. To his dismay, he found himself, in consequence, in March, 1868, in debt to the amount of 7,000 francs, which he saw no sort of means of meeting. In his distress he appealed to St. Joseph, promising to make every year a novena in his honor if he would help him out of his difficulty. Writing the next day to an old friend, M. Melcian d'Arc, President of the Conference of St. Vincent of Paul, he confided to him his vow and its cause. M. d'Arc made it known to a rich man of his acquaintance, who at once exclaimed: "Well, St. Joseph never gave me a mission before; but here is one evidently. Don't say a

word. To-morrow I will send the 7,000 francs to the brave and holy Colonel de Sonis, as from St. Joseph."

The next day a letter started for Laghouat with the required sum, and only one line in addition was written on a piece of white paper: "From St. Joseph."

Such was M. de Sonis, and if we wish to know the source from which all these virtues flowed we have it in his own words—the love of God, the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. And that love he does not separate from the love of the Cross. "I bless God," he writes, "to have placed me in a position in which sacrifices are daily and hourly to be met with, and where I can share in the humiliations and sufferings of our Divine Master. Men who strive to lead Christian lives are not popular in the French army; but this is an excellent thing for one's own soul, and for which we must thank God, as He has willed it so."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Devotion to the Holy Scapular.

By S. X. BLAKELY.

THE following incident will prove most interesting to the devout clients of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It is well authenticated and strictly true. Father Gondelain, whose death occurred a few years ago, was at one time appointed to give the instructions at the great seminary of Nantes. Speaking of that period on one occasion he recalled an instruction he had given upon the Scapular, wherein he related how a valiant soldier—who had bravely met the foe and fought like a hero—Bauregard by name, was struck by a ball in the region of

the heart with terrible force. According to all pre-conceived rules nothing but death could be expected, but oh! the marvel. The ball was found to be flattened against the Scapular of the Christian soldier. At this point," continued the Abbé, "I perceived a slight smile and an evidence of exaltation pass over the visages of my hearers, which I, of course, did not comprehend. At the recreation hour that evening the seminarians gathered around me, and the Superior told me that henceforth in preaching upon the Scapular I could produce a new example

of precisely the same kind. Then he presented to me a young seminarian upon whose breast a ball had struck with unerring force, but the holy Scapular proved a badge of safety and not even a pain was felt. It was during the early part of Louis Philippe's reign. He and his comrades were under fire. Several of their number fell dead, as the balls sped with such cruel aim, and he himself fell to the ground with the shock. "The first sensation over," said the narrator, "feeling no pain whatever, I arose. I could see no trace of a wound, but my uniform was decidedly torn in the region of the heart, pierced through and through. It would be impossible to mistake the course of the ball. I followed this carefully and found the death-dealing weapon flattened against my Scapular. You can judge, father, how precious it is in my sight. Am I not right in thinking that it would be a pleasure to you to see it? Here is the ball," and he permitted me to touch and hold it. O! how it affected me! Behold, beloved, what happened but a few short years ago—one might say in our very midst. All are living who listened to the wonderful narrative, and are ready to testify to its truth.

The zealous prior of a Carmelite Monastery had effected the conversion of the chief of a battalion, or rather he had been the instrument appointed by our Lord to lead him into the fold. Filled with devotion for the Blessed Virgin he asked to receive the Scapular. His request was granted, but instead of one Scapular he was given two. One he wore, but the other he laid away as a precious talisman, which he might one day give to a friend.

War was declared, and our hero, who only asked to serve as a volunteer, fought so bravely that he became first

a captain and then commander of the battalion. One day the order resounded throughout the camps to go forth to meet the foe. The fervent convert, remembering that he had an extra Scapular which might be a safeguard for one of his men, called up his orderly, and this is what occurred:

"Joseph," said the Chief, "in another instant we will be facing the enemy."

"Yes, my Chief," replied the brave soldier.

"Well, we go perhaps to our death, and I wish to give you something that will surely protect you."

"All right, my Chief."

"It is the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, do you love her?" reverentially replied the soldier.

"Well then, kneel down, say your Pater and Ave, I will invest you with the Scapular, and may Our Lady of Mount Carmel protect you!"

And she did protect them both, for while many of their comrades were slain upon the battlefield these two returned home without a wound. The same officer likewise never omitted on Saturday to give the order for his soldiers to hear Mass—if they were Catholics—on the following day, and he saw that it was strictly enforced.

However harsh God may at times appear, He never inflicts needless suffering upon us. He gives us pain only in order to purify us. The bitterness of the pain arises from the evil which has to be overcome. He would not probe us were we healthy: He only cuts into our diseased, corrupted parts. It is from our self-love that we suffer most: God's hand spares us as much as possible.—Fénelon.

Editorial Notes.

Respect for Religious.

Men and women who give themselves entirely to God's service are always respected by Catholics. As the Messenger says: "The authorities of the Church as well as the faithful have always held such persons and their institutes in special veneration." Religious are not as their enemies paint them. The faithful and all honest men know this too well. Monks and nuns are banded together not alone for their personal interests but also for the good of their fellow-men, whom they benefit by their prayer, example, preaching, teaching and the various spiritual and temporal works of mercy. In union is strength, and the Orders work more effectively as a whole than is possible to individuals. The honest searcher after truth need not go far for facts and figures which prove too well that the religious are humanity's best friends. As one instance let the unbiassed reader give his attention to Father Blakely's graphic account of the Eastern missions now appearing in these pages. You will know these heroes of the faith by their works, and whilst men of good will applaud their deeds of self-sacrifice, many there are who will still continue to persecute and misrepresent God's chosen ones. Let us join in this month of Mary in praying fervently for an increase of "Respect for Religious Orders."

Real Work of the Monks.

One might say it was a happy fault of a metropolitan journal in printing the flagrant falsehoods of one Saint-Genix, who calumniates the Religious Orders in France and elsewhere. This writer is the unwilling cause of bring-

ing out able champions of the truth in the person of the New York Jesuits, who, while efficiently nailing a persistent lie, give us a beautiful picture of the colossal work done for religion and humanity by the French monks and nuns. Our readers should not omit perusing the articles on this subject in the current Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It is only too true what one writer says therein, namely that to learn "what the Monastic Orders are doing, not merely for the Church, but for civilization and humanity; to be satisfied that they still serve a useful and noble purpose, and are still an uplifting force in the Church, one need not go to France, nor seek information from a writer like M. Saint-Genix, whose evidence about their serious defects is for the most part hearsay, and whose positive proofs of their decline are altogether puerile, or too highly colored and sensational. Nor yet need one go to the Philippines to acquire such testimony as 'the careful and competent' Bishop Potter, according to the Tribune, publishes after staying in Manila as long after December 16 as the journey of five days to Singapore (where he was on December 21) would permit, spent, according to his own report, in taking information from all but those who could best instruct him about the "ruthless robbers," the friars. We have in our country forty-four different religious congregations of men, numbering 2,976 priests, 2,500 others occupied in teaching, and at least 3,000 lay brothers given to managing the temporal affairs of their communities. Then there are 118 congregations of nuns, numbering fully 50,000 religious women. Under their care are 178 colleges, 662 academies, 3,811 schools, with 854,523 children; 251 orphan asylums, with 85,453 orphans, and 827 charitable institutions. The rule, the work and the services these men and

women render to their religion and humanity are known and applauded by every impartial observer."

The Much Maligned Monks.

Recently the New York Tribune printed an editorial from which oozed out the old venom against the Monastic Orders. The remarks of the writer were untrue, unjust and uncharitable, but it pleased the ears of the polished infidel and well-groomed sensualist, Father Wynne, a New York Jesuit, sent a reply to the calumnies of the bigoted writer. The letter of the good Jesuit Father never saw the composing room. It went into the archives of suppressed truths. However, the editor of the Tribune opened his columns to an answer from a Catholic actress, who said amongst other things that she felt like "taking up the study of journalism just to be able to answer the Tribune, when said journal attacks that which I love better than aught else—my faith. That grand old Church, with her monasteries and her nunneries—that grand old Church that has seen the rise and fall of empires and nations, kings and principalities, and that will see the fall of this glorious nation if the schools and colleges do not begin to teach Godliness as well as athletics—which without Godliness ends in animalism. The only true gentlemen one meets in New York are Catholic gentlemen—true in thought, word and deed. The others have the education, the polish, manners, every outward semblance, but no true respect for women. Thank God! the Catholic girl, be she what she may be, when she is taught her religion, is taught that her 'immortal soul' must be saved, and that 'only the pure of heart can see God.' And this is taught by Monastic Orders."

The Hospice.

It is again our pleasant duty to inform our friends throughout the continent that during this month we shall be ready to open the doors of the new Hospice, which were closed last winter on account of an unforeseen and unexpected catastrophe. We shall strain every nerve to make the visit of every guest a pleasant and memorable one. Additional trolley car lines now under way will facilitate access to the Hospice. We again repeat what we have often said before, namely, that our location stands unparalleled as a health resort. We beg intending guests to give us timely notice of their coming.

A Reminder of the Past.

A monstrence in possession of the Carmelite Nuns, Ranelagh, bears an inscription stating that it was presented to the Carmelite Nuns of Dublin, A. D. 1661." This little item, lately going the rounds of the Catholic press, forcibly recalls those dark and bloody days which swept over unhappy Ireland. After Cromwell had received absolute power in 1653 the persecution of the Catholics of Ireland became fiercer than ever. During these days that tried men's souls the history of Carmel in Ireland became the chronicle of Carmelite martyrs. As one of our fathers wrote, "The Friars who had escaped *being knocked on the head*—it was Cromwell's way of disposing of the Religious—were *outlaws* in the land, and as such were relentlessly pursued by the Puritans. When captured they (the Carmelites) were usually put to death without any form of trial, a barbarous penal statute of Queen Elizabeth's reign to that effect having been re-enacted against them, or worse still, they could be sold to the West Indian planters as slaves." The Penal

Laws of those days were stringent enough to render the lives of the outlawed Friars miserable in the extreme; yet one of them, Father Agapitus, declares in his diary that the priests suffered deepest anguish at the thought of their own powerlessness to alleviate the sorrows and afflictions of their parishioners. It was the duty of the fathers to console the members of their flocks at every personal risk, for when captured the Friars were already doomed to be hanged, drawn and quartered. These sad days are no more, but should the sword of persecution be again drawn from its scabbard the Friars of our day will be ready to bring solace to the faithful in the darkest hour and gain for themselves the martyr's crown.

Noble Missionary Work.

We have before us the last annual report issued by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, members of the venerable commission charged with the distribution of the annual collections taken up for mission work among the negroes and the Indians in the United States. Amongst the reports of the different Bishops we are interested in what Bishop Heslin says in reviewing the work in his own diocese of Natchez. He writes:

"Three Carmelite Fathers have entered on the charge of the Indian Mission at Tucker, having also to attend the whites scattered within a radius of 50 miles and with no railroads convenient. It is hoped that the conversion of Indians, numbering some 3,000—scattered through several counties—will go on until all shall have been gathered into the Fold. The little Indian school at Bayou La Croix

labors under the disadvantage of having but rare visits from the priest—it being one of the twelve stations attended by *one* priest. I hope soon to be able to send one or two more fathers there, but lack of subjects and means to support them is the cause. During the two last years seven priests have died or became incapacitated. The missions are hard and uninviting, having little or no earthly inducements to offer, but hardships of various kinds."

Some New Saints.

The beatifications to take place at various periods of the year are to be held in the Hall of Beatifications, or possibly in St. Peter's, at Rome. So far nine beatifications have been announced as impending: that of Venerable Jeanne de Lestonnac, foundress of the Religious Order of the Daughters of Mary, whose cause has been recently so much before the ecclesiastical congregations; Venerable Mary Magdalene Martinengo, a Capuchin Religious; Venerable Crescenzia Hoëss, a Bavarian Religious of the third Order of St. Francis; Venerable Brother Dionysius, of the Nativity; Brother Redento, of the Cross, one of the Carmelites martyred for the faith in India; Venerable Francis Regis, priest of the Lazarist Order, who suffered for the faith in China, and Venerable Père Dumoulin, Père Gagelin and Père Dufresne, three missionary priest-martyrs in Tonquin.

The councilmen of the town of Niagara Falls, Ont., showed common sense in protesting against an impertinent bit of paternal legislation which sought to make compulsory the examination by a dentist of all public school children at the expense of the municipality.

Churches in Cuba.

The Rev. Francis L. Moran, who has travelled extensively in Cuba, writes very interestingly in the Catholic Universe of Cleveland. In one of his recent letters Father Moran tells us that "San Felipe is the popular church of the Carmelite Fathers. The Lazarists have the finest church in Havana. The Cathedral will not compare with it. The pastor stated that the structure cost \$300,000, and the whole amount was contributed by the Cubans. The custom-house was formerly the Franciscan convent and church. The United States inherited the property from the Spaniards, who had suppressed all Religious Orders in 1841, and later converted these buildings to profane use. The dome is the best example of architectural beauty in Havana. It no longer bears the cross, and the figure of St. Francis at its base has been shattered by a thunderbolt, but the walls still support statues of the apostles and various saints of the Seraphic Order. A Catholic power sequestered the property for secular purposes, but though a half century or more has gone by since the chant of religion resounded within this ancient structure, and though yet serving mammon, the air of devotion clings with strange tenacity to its every piece of woodwork and masonry. St. Augustine's is the pretty chapel on the corner of Aguia and Amargara streets, in charge of the Augustinian Fathers Jones and Valaquette, the only house of worship in Havana for Catholics in charge of English-speaking priests. In all the large institutions one or other of the priests speak English, but preaching is not done in that language. The Augustinians are doing a good work in conducting a church where American Catholic travelers may feel thoroughly at home, and also in extending their solicitude to Catholic soldier boys."

Frequent Communion.

The eminent Jesuit, Father Caube, advanced numerous theological and historical arguments, at the Eucharistic Congress recently held at Lourdes, to

prove that weekly communion should be the common practice, not of chosen souls, but of the mass of the faithful, says the Messenger. This thesis, soon after the first publication of the lectures in which it is developed, was honored by the warmest and most explicit approbation of forty-five Bishops. It has now received its highest recommendation and final sanction in a letter addressed to the author by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

The Pope wrote: "At the present time, and in the actual condition of things, every upright and pious mind sees with grief how the ardor of the faith and the ancient purity of morals are disappearing in a large portion of mankind. If one inquires into the cause of the evil, he finds it to lie chiefly in the fact that the love and use of the Eucharistic banquet are languishing in most men, and in many have ceased altogether. It is this the Apostle already deplored when he wrote to the Corinthians: 'Therefore are there many infirm and weak among you and many asleep.'

"There is nothing surprising in this. He alone is able to fulfil the duties of a Christian life who has put on Christ, and Christ is not put on except by the frequentation of the Eucharistic table. For by this does Christ dwell in us and we in Him. Hence the wisdom of those who, laboring in the cause of faith and morals, make it their duty to excite Catholics to approach, as frequently as possible, the Lord's table. The more that table is frequented, the more abundant the fruit of holiness derived from it. And since you, most beloved son, labor nobly for this end, and are about to re-edit the solemn discourses you pronounced on this subject, we highly encourage your design and your zeal, and we wish with all our heart that a very large number of Catholics make it their practice to receive every week the Sacrament of the altar. In the meanwhile, as a testimony of our love and a pledge of the divine favor, we grant you most affectionately the Apostolic blessing."

Cross of the Clergy.

A very pertinent article appeared in the last number of Holy Trinity Church Bulletin, of Pittsburg, Pa., entitled "Priests as Beggars," in which the writer very graphically and truly describes the humiliating and time-wasting tasks generally imposed upon our hard-working clergy. Too often, alas! the enemies of religion delight to speak of "money-grabbing" priests. In truth, as far as his personal needs go, the poor priest has few wants. Often indeed would he prefer to remain silent than to urge his flock to generosity—or rather to fidelity in paying their lawful debts. Unfortunately, in this faithless age, at times people think they are acting magnanimously when, forsooth, but in part are they fulfilling a strict obligation. Every one (independent of those who care for your souls) is bound to contribute to the support of religion. This is a duty towards God. The worldly motto: "Anything worth asking for is worth coming for" cannot be applied to the clergy. Moreover, no family ever enriched itself by withdrawing support from religion. The concluding paragraph in the periodical referred to is worth quoting:

"Supposing there are five hundred persons in a parish who are in duty bound to contribute for any work that is going on for the Church, which is the better, kinder, more Christian way for these five hundred people to act, to come forward willingly and give in their contributions like noble men and women, each person making only one trip to the church or the priest's residence, or to oblige the priest to make five hundred or more visits here and there and everywhere through the length and breadth of the parish? The life of a true priest is not a trifling thing, to be wasted, worn out, shortened thoughtlessly, needlessly. The

money he asks is not for himself. Personally he must be satisfied with the petty salary which the statutes of the diocese allow him and the little voluntary offerings that occasionally come to him. Indeed, in many places the priests do not even get the salary which the law allows them, and the average non-Catholic minister of the Gospel would very soon go on a strike if he received no larger salary than the statutes of most dioceses allow their priests. It will be a blessed time for the priests of the Catholic Church when the lay people, the men especially, take such interest in the financial affairs of their parishes as to prevent their pastors from becoming beggars."

During Our Blessed Lady's month we shall earnestly pray for all the intentions of our dear readers, and we trust that we continue to receive substantial aid for the adorning of our holy Mother's Shrine at Niagara Falls and the carrying out of our plans for the honor of the Queen of Carmel.

Marriage is the most inviolable and irrevocable of all contracts that were ever formed. Every human compact may be justified in abrogating treaties with each other; merchants may dissolve partnerships; brothers will eventually leave the parental roof and, like Jacob and Esau, separate from another. Friends like Abraham and Lot may be obliged to part company—but by the law of God the bond uniting husband and wife can be dissolved only by death. No earthly sword can sever the nuptial knot which the Lord has tied.—Cardinal Gibbons.

It is not possible to know there is no God, no soul, no free-will, no right or wrong; at the most it is only possible to doubt all this.—Bishop Spalding.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An "Every-Day Girl," by Mary Catherine Crowley. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, Benziger Bros., price 40 cents.

In this age of progress, when the "new woman" grows ever more eager in her efforts to reach the front, and, as she fancies, distances those who, in their own characters, embody the true type of noble womanhood, in a race into which they have never entered—a race for what she and her associates consider an enviable prominence, but which is in truth a repulsive notoriety—a perusal of the story which under the above mentioned title Mary Catherine Crowley has recently given to the press, will be found well worth the time devoted to it. It is but a little while since His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in ringing tones and earnest words scattered broadcast his opinion of those women who, forgetful of their divinely appointed home duties, cast them aside and seek to quiet the restless craving of their hearts by following whithersoever their infatuated leaders conduct them. Whilst the book in question cannot be said to enter into the discussion of the subject above mentioned, it still points out, and that in a most attractive manner, to our bright and enthusiastic young girls the path to a "career" in life which will ennoble themselves and brighten the lives of those with whom they have daily to deal. The reader is first introduced to a pleasant family circle—the Marrons—where the fond parents give to their five children a devoted love, which is fully reciprocated and returned. An alloy of selfishness in the affection of Tessie towards her mother, however, suddenly is evolved most unexpectedly, and much to the young girl's regret, and she resolves that it shall be banished at once. An invitation from a wealthy sister to visit her in New York, which at first Mrs. Marron did not dream of accepting, quietly accepting instead "her manifest destiny" to watch over her household, and a remark of Tessie's father revealed to the sixteen-year-old girl how much more interest she might have taken in the current family details, and she hesitatingly offered to do her best. Her success, to which the fidelity of that "rara avis," an ideal servant who had been storing up experience and knowledge in the family since Tessie was an infant, contributed largely, was very fair. It is true, difficulties beset her path during the visit which was unavoidably prolonged, but they were all forgotten in the joy with which she welcomed her mother's return, and listened to the words of approval so precious to her heart.

* Miss Langdon's school affords a fine opportunity for developing the characters of her

"strictly select" and limited number of pupils. The pretty, frivolous Laura, the irrepressible Emily, the reticent Mary, are all interesting studies, but Tessie, the heroine, always remembers her resolution to aim at being her mother's unselfish and ever willing aid. The two pupils, the "Marchesa de Niente," or "Livvy" as she was familiarly called, and "Wopsie Wahwah," the child who wove such romantic stories of her life amongst the Indians, the cleverly plumed aboriginal tea party, and the pilfered essay, will hold the interest of the reader. The episode of the lace handkerchief is quite thrilling, but the climax in this daintily gotten up little volume is reached in the choice of heroines when her friend exclaims: "You may all take your choice of heroines, but when all is said and done our own Tessie is the heroine for me." Amazed, the girl rejoins in pleased astonishment: "I! Why I am only a prosaic, every-day girl!" "Yes," replied Emily, "that may be, but I put it to the vote—is it not the girl with an every-day stock of cheerfulness, unselfishness and patience who is the dearest, sweetest and best girl after all?"

"Jack O'Lantern," by Mary T. Waggoner, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, Benziger Bros.

A charming little story, and one capable of holding the interest of the reader throughout until the last page is—almost regretfully—reached. The first chapter depicts the bitter grief of a mother, who has just received a prescription of "mountain air" for her darling child, and who knows only too well the impossibility of procuring it for the little sufferer so dear to her heart. In the most unexpected manner, however, and owing no doubt to the fervent prayers of gentle little Tess, St. Joseph was propitious, and a few brief days witnessed the removal of the greater portion of the family to a spot where they could revel in an atmosphere of the purest mountain air. The details of their life during their sojourn in the new home are most graphically described, and the characters are all admirably drawn—the loving little mother and the manly Fred, the two sisters so different in the traits they develop as the story goes on, the dear invalid—and "Rogue Robin," ah, Rogue Robin!—and his adventures with Jack O'Lantern! One's sympathy is aroused, but it is changed to relief when the climax is happily and safely reached for the dear boy and his little girl friend. The denizens of the mountains live on in the most utter ignorance of even the veriest rudiments of religion, and the efforts of the little missionaries deserve great praise. Perhaps I should drop the plural, for Lou's patience was not proof against the failure—as to num-

bers—of their first attempt. The narrative graphically describes the feeling of the mountaineers against the absent proprietor of Heatherton Hall. Like the local storms it would "sulk far up on the heights in the noontide stillness and then burst forth in fierce fury terrible to hear and see." But it is not well to give too much of the story. The happy summer passed swiftly away, and dear little Dickie's parents rejoiced in the restoration of their child. The fairy-like Alma and the terrible Meg—partially tamed, however, by the kindness of the Good Shepherd—are striking contrasts. Shaun is happily disposed of and Cal is a credit to his gentle teacher Tess. The appearance on the scene of the saintly Father Xavier is most opportune, as he scattered the seeds of peace and good will all over the rugged mountain, whilst nothing more touching can be imagined than the meeting of the two long-separated brothers, a blissful reunion indeed!

"Pauline Archer," by Anna T. Saddler, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, Benziger Bros.

This prettily bound little volume belongs to the same series as the one above described, and the mere mention of Miss Saddler's name as the authoress is sufficient to insure it a welcome. As all admit, very great changes have taken place in the vast field of literature in the style of stories for children in the last score of years, and many severely sarcastic remarks have been leveled at "The Little Savoyard" as he plodded his weary way in search of something by which he could assist a suffering mother, or at the little Sunday school band where the "good boys" were always rewarded and the culprits invariably came to grief. It is true the books devoted to children in by-gone days were not all of that calibre, witness the charming *morceaux* which so rapidly followed each other from the prolific pen of the Venerable Canon Schmid. The tendency to-day in the make-up of juvenile books, even those which go forth from "The Household of the Faith," veers to some extent toward slang, and a self-assertiveness which it would not be amiss to correct. Pauline Archer, the heroine of the story under consideration, is a lovely and very original character. The episode of poor little Mary Kelly brings out all the best traits in her person, and the pathetic incident is most beautifully told. Later on Pauline's bravery is so graphically described that we can almost hear the fervent enthusiastic words: "God bless Pauline Archer! Three cheers for Pauline Archer!" These two little volumes are printed in clear type, with a wide margin, and reach beyond the hundred and sixtieth page. They can be read with interest not by children alone, but by

"grown-ups," and would make an acceptable gift to a friend.

S. X. BLAKELY.

"Pancho and Panchita," by Mary E. Mannix. Illuminated cover. Price 40 cents. Printed, published and for sale by Benziger Bros., New York.

"Benziger's Magazine," the popular illustrated monthly, will be hailed by young and old. Very liberal premiums are offered to subscribers.

B. Herder, of St. Louis, publishes some handy little Mission Tracts at five cents a copy and forty-five cents a dozen. The second series now to be had contains 64 pages. The subjects treated (by Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J.) are: Purgatory, Confession, Marriage and The First Pope.

J. Meyerhoff, of Graz, Austria, has now on the market the "Geschichte der Heiligen Theresia." This new German life of our great Carmelite Saint is gathered from the Bollandists and the divers biographies and lives of the Saint now extant. The present edition has the imprimatur of several French and German Bishops. We trust the day will be hastened when we shall see this life done into English.

A practical set of "Meditations for Retreats" is that taken from the writings of St. Francis de Sales and arranged by St. Jane de Chantal. We now have the same done into English by a Visitation Nun of Baltimore. The binder has made a book that recommends itself. The price is only seventy-five cents. Address Messrs. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York.

The May number of "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart" contains a very interesting illustrated article treating of "The Carmelite Sisters and their schools in Mangalore." This series is on a particular set of apostolic work in the diocese of Mangalore, India, namely, the conversion, and still more laborious task, the education of the converted pagan. Those who read this article in the current Messenger will find ample proofs of the fact that the Carmelites have labored fruitfully in that far-off section of the Lord's vineyard.

The editors of "St. Vincent's Journal" may be mostly "ciphers," but there is something in what they say. The comments are all "star" paragraphs, pointed and spark-

ORITUARY.

"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:

Miss Mary Breadon.

Dr. John A. McCreery.

Miss Sarah McAtavey.

Denis Kelrae, who died recently in Chicago.

Miss Kenna, who died at Chicopee, Kansas.

Wm. J. Jago, who died at Auburn, N. Y.

Wm. Gleason, who lately died at Philadelphia.

John Gore, an old reader, who died at Guelph, Ont.

Rev. Nicholas J. Dixon, a faithful and zealous priest of God.

Ven. M. M. Helen Mary Flood, of the Pittsburg Ursulines, who died April 21st.

Brother Peter, O. C. C., who died on the Feast of St. Joseph, at Scipio, Kansas.

Bridget Morrissey, who ended her good and virtuous life on March 9th last, at Elizabeth, N. J.

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

THANKSGIVINGS.

From a reader in Western Ontario:

"Some time ago I asked the cure of a long-standing pain, through the intercession of St. Joseph and Our Blessed Lady, promising to make it known through the Review for the benefit of other poor sufferers, and I can now, thank God, make my report. To those who may ask for a like benefit I would say: Never despair! Pray! pray on always! Ask! and some day your reward will come.—A CHILD OF MARY."

Mrs. W. R., N. Y., gives thanks to Our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel for favors received, and makes a donation to Our Lady's Shrine.

PETITIONS.

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

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

Conversions, 4; special, 3; sick, 2; parish, 1; Easter-duty delinquents; missions, 3; temporals, 1; intemperate, 1; parents, 1; prevention of scandal; special, 4; petitions of a priest; intentions of a dear "little

friend" of Carmel in New Zealand; general; 1; success of a mission; several sick persons.

A priest asks: 1—Is it essential to have the names recorded of those who are enrolled in the Mt. Carmel Scapular? 2—If so, does it date from 1887? 3—Is it required that all invested in the Scapular previous to 1887 should again be invested in the Scapular and the names recorded.

Ans.—1, yes. 2, yes. 3, no.

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 New Baltimore (Pa.) Monastery, from:—Bourbonnais, Ill.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Lacy, Wash.; Phoenixville, Pa.; Sparta, Wis., and Auburn Centre, Pa.

Names received at Falls View Monastery:—Blooming Prairie, Minn.; St. Michaels, Belle Island, N. F. L.; Astoria, Oregon; St. John's Church, Chepstone; St. Joseph's, Ashland, Schuylkill Co., Pa.; Alexandria, Ont.; Chip-pawa, Ont.; Mamadien, Cape Breton Co.; Drayton; Goderich and Clinton; Glace Bay, Cape Breton; St. Paul's Church, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Paul's, Toronto, Ont.; Lewiston, N. Y.; East Margaree, N. S.

Favors for the Hospice.

Ven. Sr. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.; L. W., New Baltimore, Pa.; J. A. S., —; M. T., Boston, Mass.; Mrs. J. F. McG., Yonkers, N. Y.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; K. A. C., Saxonville, Mass.; K. C., Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. B. L., New York; Ven. Sr. M. R., Fraserville, Que.; Miss S. C. W., New Baltimore, Pa.; H. M., Ann Arbor, Mich.; M. D., Providence, R. I.; Ven. Sr. M. B., Parkersburg, W. Va.; C. McG., Bridgeport, Conn.; A. B. E., Port Credit, Ont.; Ven. Sr. A., Montreal, Que.; Ven. Sr. O., Montreal, Que.; Mrs. B. G., St. Louis, Mo.; E. C., Nelson, Ont.; A. McO., Charlottetown, P. E. I.; G. A. S., —.

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.