





A MAY-WREATH FOR OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.

GLORIOUS Queen of holy Carmel!
 Robed like May-time skies of blue,
 And a soft veil round thee folded,
 White as snowy clouds its hue,
 From afar an "Enfant" sends thee
 Roses that in Erin bloom;
 Varied in their mystic beauty,
 Sweet, celestial, their perfume.

II.

See their fair buds, dearest Mother!
 Twine them round thy virgin brow;
 Joyful mysteries of thy pure heart,
 We are contemplating now.
 Yet, amidst our stainless garland,
 Crimson flow'rets we entwine,
 Like the precious Blood of Jesus,
 Emblems of His woe and thine.

III.

Then these rare "tea-roses"—softly
 Tinged, as with a ray of gold.
 After shadows comes the sun-light,
 After pain, thy bliss untold,
 Not in far famed Sharon only,
 Where the rippling sapphire sea
 Murmurs 'neath o'ershading palm-trees
 With a soothing melody.

IV.

Blow these fragrant summer roses
 Where all nature seems to smile,
 But in mossy dells and woodlands
 Of our sainted western isle.
 Breathing of thy joys and sorrows
 And the glorious light above;
 Culled amidst St. Patrick's shamrocks,
 Twined for thee with Irish love.



LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.
BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XVII. (CONTINUED.)

NEW YORK, April 20, 1884.

Rev. Mother Prioress:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Yesterday I forwarded you the first copy of the translation of Father Herman's life. I had not time even to read a line of it. I also, some days ago, sent a copy of Father Goffins'—(now Bishop of Southwark)—translation of St. Alphonsus' Preparation for Death. There are some excellent things in the Preface. Thank you for all the goodness you and all the dear nuns show to me and mine. I had a short sailor's note from Alphonsus a day or two ago. He had reached Cuba and seemed cheerful and in good dispositions. Thank God. I do not think I would have written you this morning, Rev. dear Mother, except to ask your community's prayers for me to-morrow. To-morrow night my paper goes to press, and I have to denounce a very pretentious "Catholic Dictionary" just published in London and New York.* I send here what I said of it last week—but since in the word "scapular" I find the scandalous assertion that the vision of St. Simon Stock was a *myth*, that the Bulls of Pope John XXII., and that of Pope Alexander V. were clumsy forgeries," etc. *Of course* I must denounce this; and I ask your good prayers to-morrow and later—for this will not be the last of it,—especially that I may write in a good *spirit and with charity*.

Tell my sweet Sister Teresa I will write her soon, and visit her, with your permission, in a few weeks. I am just now exchanging letters every two or three days with our lawyer in Pittsburg. That "filthy lucre" business needs praying for also. When I can do anything for you in New York be sure and let me know. Have you not yet had the bill sent in

*The article on the Scapular in the Catholic Dictionary, of which McMaster speaks, has been since rewritten for the American editions.

for binding Breviary? That must be sent to me, or I told of it when it comes to you.

Ever devotedly in the Sacred Hearts,

JAS. A. McMASTER.

NEW YORK, May 11th, 1883.

Rev. Mother Prioress and very dear Friend:

I have but hurried minutes for writing to-day. I think I have received *all* your letters. I did the one with addresses of Father Provincial in Belgium, etc., for which I thank you.

I have sent, with order to be delivered to you *early on Saturday*, a box of two hundred oranges, and a box of two hundred lemons. I wish you would ask the good Sister in charge to see if they are all in *perfect* order. The importing merchant of whom I buy them *wishes them* to be so; and *if not*, it is proper that the inattention of his clerks be reported. If our dear Sister Teresa can not eat of them herself, I know she will be glad to have others of her dear Mothers in Christ enjoy of them on her birthday—May 13th—birthday also of the great Pope Pius IX., and this year, Pentecost. I have other things I wish to write of, but I must cut off for to-day. I ask to make for dear Sister Teresa's birthday, also, a little offering to our Lady of Mt. Carmel, of \$25.

I pray more than once every day for all of your holy community, and more particularly for those burdened with the misery of office—Prioress and Novice Mistress. And it consoles me to think in my miseries and weaknesses, that your holy community prays for me. *I know* you do. For I know I have received great graces through your prayers.

In the Sacred Hearts of our Lord and His Immaculate Mother,

Devotedly your servant,

JAS. A. McMASTER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12th, 1884.

Rev. Mother Louise of St. John Evangelist,
Prioresse:

MY AND OUR VERY DEAR FRIEND,—It was very kind of you to be so prompt. Our dear Gertrude feels now more at ease. The more quickly a true call of God is acted on the better. The duties that Gertrude thinks she must perform, in breaking up our present domicile; and in seeing me *stowed*, or bestowed elsewhere, will occupy her till the middle of October. Possibly till the middle of November—in no case longer. I expect to ring your bell and ask an audience on *Thursday morning* of this week. Then we will talk more of these things and other things. Thanking you and asking prayers for me, Gertrude, and the *sove hearts* at Sharon, and for my poor Alphonsus.

Devotedly and humbly in the Sacred Hearts,
Your friend and servant,

JAS. A. McMASTER.

LETTERS TO HIS DAUGHTERS ON TEMPORAL
SUBJECTS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1885.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—This is to be a *Lenten* letter: The bubbling thoughts that fight each other for utterance, as I begin, must hush! This is a business letter.

I. I send you, in an envelope addressed back to me, a receipt, that it is required of you to sign. I am sorry to annoy you, but there is no help for it. You will sign where your initials are pencilled and send back to me as soon as convenient.

II. I enclose in the one big envelope some leaves of the Carmelite Breviary, give them to our dear "little mother" Teresa, and ask her to ascertain precisely if these are *all* that were wanting in the Breviary I sent two years ago.

III. I want you to find out whether the number of palms I sent last year was enough. It will give me great pleasure, you know, to send this year as many as can be used, including enough to supply the little church.

Feb. 27.—I was cut short in writing this scrawl last night, by Mr. Harper dropping in on me. I was glad to find him in better health. I think probably I will send Phonney

to New Orleans, to let him see the great Exposition going on there, and utilize him in doing some business for the *Freeman's Journal* in a trip up the valley of the Mississippi.

I will not try to write more, my most precious Sister Gertrude. There is rebellion against writing in me, and I can hardly force my pen to write.

But, by the way, you remember the Miss Cassidy that was so intimately connected with Frank Drexel's family. She wrote me, thanking me in the name of the poor young orphan daughters, for a notice I had in the *Freeman* of Frank Drexel's death, and asking me to ask my "daughters" to pray for him. I do so ask of you, and a memento from some of my *other* daughters. I have my honest reasons for making this request, and that you will pray also for his three daughters. *Poor girls!* Frank Drexel was a man that spent two hours in prayer and works of charity, for one he spent in his immense banking business that he left mostly to his brother "Tony." His private life day by day was beautiful. His daughters, to whom Miss Cassidy, a very accomplished woman, is now as a second mother, the *three girls* are fatherless now, as two years ago motherless. I call them *poor girls!* How few will sympathise with them because they are *rich!* How gladly would these well-trained girls part with all their millions to have their good parents back with them, so far as their future is concerned. But, frankly, when I saw the death of Frank Drexel announced, and thought of his daughters, and of mine so well housed, I could not forbear tears of sympathy and compassion for his orphaned children.

But I must stop,

PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 18, 1885.

I received our dear Sr. Teresa's note this morning, announcing the second death. Young McComb had told me of Sister Catharine's death, and that a very old sister was at the point of death. Are not Sisters Catharine and Aloysia glad *now* that they have been Carmelites? I have been full of thoughts about your dear Carmel, since I heard of these deaths. But how cruel if, as I

suppose, their mortal remains had to be carried beyond the convent walls. This *must* be remedied by getting that spacious garden that belongs to Carmel. I will not write much to-night. I only wanted to express my sympathy with *all* my dear Carmelites in the mingling of joy and sorrow—especially for those so long in Carmel together at the ending of their two lives.

God bless you my own darling!

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28, 1886.

MY DAUGHTER UTTERLY DEAR TO ME,—As of old your "bossing" disposition settles the case for my *yielding* disposition. I wanted to be in Baltimore on the 4th. But your letter determines me. Were I to be absent from the ceremony of Archbishop Corrigan's investment of the pallium, I know my absence would be observed, unpleasantly.

Thank dear Sr. Teresa for the picture, which I value. I have tried to "catch on" to the novena you had already begun. I will go to communion on the 4th in honor of the dear venerable Anne and for the intentions of Carmel, but also for *you*. And *next day*, first Friday in month, I will make my communion especially for you. If you should be going to have mass on Friday I would like to be there. But, otherwise, I will go to St. Alphonsus', close by my hotel.

Should you have anything you would wish to say to me *Thursday night*, on my arrival at Baltimore, put it in the envelope I enclose. I have ordered to be forwarded on Monday (to-morrow) a package of four boxes of what are called *full figs*—not pressed—also a crate of *hard dates*, each promised to be of the best and in best order. They should be delivered Tuesday.

So then, to meet on Friday!

PAPA

NEW YORK, March 12, 1886.

MY OWN AND HEAVEN'S DAUGHTER,—I must write you a *hurried* note. In a day or two I want to write our sweet Sister Teresa a letter, that will be *part* for you also.

I want you to write me, as briefly as possible, merely *name* and dates of that Carmelite who wrote on Devotion to St. Joseph.

(1) Her name in religion, also (2) Her *family* name; (3) Count Joseph de Maistre's granddaughter, and the title of her little book, and (4) Was she not the penitent of Mgr. Gay? I think Mgr. Parisis was before her time.

The Pustets tell me they have at length sent an answer about the pedestal. If dear Mother Prioress wants anything further concerning it, I will be too happy to do what I can.

If a package of ten copies of "Book Psalms," also a box of *360 lemons*, in excellent condition—all expressage paid—have arrived safely, do not bother to *write* "God reward you!" If they did not arrive, and in good order, I want to know it.

Now I have promised Miss K. Drexel to write you, and solicit of your dear Carmelites that they will earnestly commend to *St. Joseph* her desired good work for an "Industrial School" out in Dakota, for the Indians. She has, personally, set aside \$20,000 to establish it and is ready to furnish more, but when she told me the *obstacles*, in confidence, I told her I saw most clearly that God had permitted the devil to raise a fog among the clergy and religious, to show that good and meritorious as her act was, God did not need her money, as all the gold in the mines is His,—but that He wanted *faith*, and *the sincere prayers that bring forth faith*. She liked that so much. So it is to Carmel I look for prayers and to clear her way.

Oh! when will the eyes of God's servants in the world be opened to the fact that what is wanting is not so much *more work*, far less *more money*, but more *helocasts* of praise and supplications, and sacrifices in cloisters? Then every city will have not one, but many, of whatever Order thus consecrated. Meantime, while so few, those that *are* must act as a *fortorn hope*—as they say in war—a detached body sent on most perilous adventure for the relief of the army at large.

I am *very well* since my return, though troubled still with a rheum and catarrh, and absolutely overwhelmed with things I must do.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1885.

MY OWN—NO, MY LORD'S OWN MOST DEAR DAUGHTER,—I am in one of those protracted

fits of joy in which I cannot write. On Tuesday last I had a sharp attack of false-pleurisy and it has left me particularly dull and heavy—nothing dangerous, but I cannot use head or hands—that is my excuse for what this short note must be. Yesterday I received a lovely letter from our darling little Teresa, with a note from our Mother Beatrix, for which I thank her.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30th, 1885.

MY MOST PRECIOUS DAUGHTER,—Thank you for your letter of the 27th. I am not worried about our dear Sister Teresa, but you know I am thinking about her day and night; and thinking about you also. Remembering that the sorrows and pains of those you loved were always harder for you than your own, I know how you must suffer for our little sister. My heart is full enough of things to write to her, but I feel ashamed—I poor worldling and groundling. It was only yesterday I sent some more copies of Fr. Ryan's sermon. If more are desired let me know. I meant the proofs to be uniformly paged, but the printer did not understand.

Darling Sister Gertrude, pray for poor

PAPA.

If there can be any possible thing I can send the sick one for her comfort, let me know at once.

NEW YORK, July 7th, 1885.

MY OWN MOST PRECIOUS DAUGHTER,—Early this morning I received your note, telling Sister Martha's death. On the moment I began and said the beads for her, and have said prayers since. But how it makes the tears pour! I, I pray for a dear old Carmelite! "If these things be done in the green tree, what in the dry?" If prayers ought to be said for such as she, how fearful the account of the easy, hap and go Christian, such as I?

Please send me what notes Mother Prioress can and will give. I want them next week, that is next Sunday, for a purpose of edification. Tell dear Sister Teresa that I will write her to-night or to-morrow morning.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, May 30th, 1885.

MY OWN DARLING DAUGHTER,—Just a little

letter to you. I am in excellent health, but a little disappointed because I had counted on seeing you this week. The law papers are not ready yet. Our St. John writes me that Mother Vicarress drew for me "*Knowledge!*" So, a second year a gift has been drawn for me, *three times*. Something else of singular happened, that I will tell you when we meet next week, I hope but cannot be sure. I will have a good talk with you about the gift you have drawn. The beatitude answering to it is: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The beatitude responding to knowledge is: "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." I have been doing a good bit of work and am tired, so I stop.

Your own loving

PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1885.

MY MOST SWEET DAUGHTER,—Only a line today to say that a box of Sicilian oranges, freshly arrived here and looking in excellent order, has been sent by *express paid*, and should be delivered to-morrow. It is for the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph. The crookedest kinds of stories have gotten out about the names, conditions, ages, etc., of our dear Carmelites, lately dead. I thought Sister Catherine was a choir sister and dear old Sister Aloysia a lay sister. They have from newspapers and other ways all kinds of stories going. I would have had great interest in hearing and knowing all, but it would be too long for you to write.

I have your beads indulgenced. Those you made for me blessed and indulgenced and all our McMaster names written down in the Dominican Register. Shall I send the beads I had indulgenced for you by mail or shall I take them when I go, thirteenth of next month?

I have thought that, humanly, the two deaths must have given a shock to dear Sister Teresa. I trust that Divine Grace was strong enough to control. Usually I take for granted the sending of love to Teresa, and to "*all my daughters*," but after these deaths, I ask the messages given especially. The Carmel has been almost continually in my thoughts for these days past.

God bless my darling and my "Sister Gertrude."

PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1886.

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER IN *Domo Domini*.—Only one moment to write—*business*. I will send to-morrow an *express package*, with the volume from which Card. Berulle's letter is translated and with twenty or more copies of it, prepared to be cut into pages, more nicely than I have, on this busy Monday night with loving sentiments, *roughly* paged the copy I enclose. If dear Mother Prioress wants *more*, please let me know so I can have them struck off on *Friday morning*. She can have *fifty* more if she wants them. But I wish to know quickly. I have ordered the same number of *palms* as last year. If more are desired let me know by *telegraph*, as time presses. Do not open the bundle of palms till the *eve* of Palm Sunday, as, if exposed to the air the green turns yellow.

Sweet daughter, how my heart runs away with me to your dear Carmel.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1885.

DEAREST DAUGHTER IN CARMEL, IN *Domo Domini*.—As dear Mother Prioress is suffering so, I am sure she will accept this, addressed to her *youngest* daughter, as if I wrote it to her.

The two volumes I have kept too long, and some *twenty copies* of the translated letter of Cardinal de Berulle, with a number of clippings of the notice of the Mother Mary Baptist of St. Joseph, were sent yesterday by express and have, no doubt, been received. If Mother Beatrix wants *more* of the notices of Mother Baptist, tell me next time you write. In the many thousands of copies struck off on the press, there are always a hundred or so torn or "spoiled," from which more of these clippings can be cut. The only cost, my pleasant labor of clipping, for *our Carmel*. I wish also to know if Rev. Mother would like *any number she pleases* of the translation of the letter of Card. de Berulle—a *hundred*—let me know. The trouble and expense, in the way I have it done, is a mere trifle. My

order to the printer was to have forty copies more (after twenty already sent). If Mother Beatrix would like more, *make her* tell you, in your own dear *bossing* way, and you write me *forthwith*—that is, in next letter. I enclose in this letter my notice of the translation or *adaptation* of Basquez on the "*Divine Office*." It would be good reading for *Carmes*, but I am not so sure it will edify dear *Carmelites*. At least, my *restoration* of what Card. de Berulle said, instead of the hotch-potch of the translator, will be good. The slip containing it might even be put into your copy of the book, at the place where de Berulle is *said* to be quoted. And to boast a little—as it is acknowledged I *can* translate very well, and in this, my heart in it, I did my best—while thoroughly faithful to the text, I think dear Sister Teresa and I have made the *translation* read better than the original text, which, evidently, has been done over by some later hand, trying to obviate the crabbed *old style* French that de Berulle wrote. Nice stuff to write to a poor Carmelite novice! Isn't it? Well! I will try and not do so any more.

Dear daughter, sister, angel, mine,—it is neither "funny" that you ask me about *Domini* and *Domo*. The preposition "in" requires the "accusative," when motion towards a place is signified. When motion or rest *in* a place is signified, it needs the "ablative." "Lactatus sum in his *quae dicta sunt mihi*. In *Domum Domini* ibimus." "We *will go into*—enter the House of the Lord."

But *when admitted!* When *of* and *in* the house, ah then: "*ut inhabitem in Domo Domini*." That I may *duell* in the house of the Lord," Psalm xxii., 6. And, again, that beautiful Psalm xxvi., "*Unam petii a Domino, et hanc requiram, ut inhabitem in Domo Domini*."

So you, my sweet one, if you keep the humility and the obedience of the Mother of God—to whose Order you have by so great a grace been called—can say: *Sicut oliva fructifera in Domo Dei speravi*, (Psalm 51, 10),—while I, though glad that I am bound as a slave to that glorious House of God, the new Jerusalem, the Heavenly City, can only say:

Esto mihi in Domum Refugii (Psalm 30).
I as yet floundering in the mud, hoping in the
house of refuge.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, April 23, 1886.

MY LOVE, IN THE HEARTS OF JESUS AND
MARY,—I would delight in writing you some-
thing of a letter; but if I wait I will write
nothing before Easter. And yet what I will
write has little or nothing to do with what is
dearest in this holy season.

A letter from Alphons, received to-day, has
made me answer him, that he shall be in New
Orleans by Saturday, May 1. You can ad-
dress him: John A. McMaster, *care Fitz-*
simmons & Co., N.O. His letter is manly
and nice, and I hope all is well with him.
But how different his *floating* condition from
that of his—and my three sisters. You,
three, are indeed still tossed by waves of the
sea, but close to shore, and with "an anchor
sure and firm, and reaching to within the
veil, where Jesus is entered," (Hebrews vi.
chapter, last verse)—look at the passage when
you have time. But this will never do. I
have only time for *business*. 1st, I will not
visit Baltimore in Easter week. I am *very*
busy—or ought to be. The next week, after
Low Sunday, I set for the visit. 2nd, taking
counsel not to send too many at once of
oranges and the like, I have ordered sent a
box, one half-filled with Catania (Sicily)
blood oranges—considered the best at this
season—and the other half with *Bermuda*
potatoes, that are beginning to come in, in
good condition. They are of young growth,
but carefully cooked will be *mealy*. They
may be a relief after the poor potatoes going
this season. Why don't you turn sister of the
white veil? My precious Sister Gertrude.
Your *black veil* may yet be very thick, and
heavy and dark. But I believe you will be
faithful to Him "whom you have loved," and
I know He will be more than faithful to you.
And then, oh! how white, and bright, and—
not dazzling—but resplendently gracious will
be the rays of that black veil, in receiving
which you chanted: "*Signum posuit in*
faciem meam," "He hath put His signet on
my face."

3rd, I have had fifty copies of Card. de

Berulle's letter struck off, without my critical
note. I will forward them next week.

4th, For our dear little Sister Teresa, I
have at last obtained through of *Turgis*, the
vignettes I ordered near a year ago of St.
Teresa. I ordered one hundred. The *Turgis*
house asked me to leave them *ten*. In honor
of St. Teresa I left them twenty, they promis-
ing soon to order more, so I have eighty to
send. If dear Rev. Mother Beatrix thinks it
well and proper, then on Easter-day the
enclosed envelope may be given to our little
Sister.

And for you what? Well, what can I? At
least on Easter morning, after communion, I
will ask our Lord to grant you a special bless-
ing for having persuaded me—against my
hesitation—to embrace that *wonderful* de-
votion to our Lady, as set forth by blessed
Louis Marie Grignon. Perhaps the time is
near to advocate it more openly.

For our dear Mother Beatrix—now, or so
soon as the Holy Week is past, let us hope her
bodily health will be recuperated. I will not
fail further, to ask prayers and have masses
for this end.

To each and every one of the Carmel nuns
I wish most joyful Easter greetings, as if I
named some of them one by one.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, July 9, 1886.

MY OWN DAUGHTER, MY SISTER BELOVED, IN
DOMINO,—My head has been so heavy, this
hot weather, that I can neither sleep, stay
awake, read, pray or write. Poor weak sinner!
Lying awake in my big easy—uneasy—bed, I
thought of my Carmelites in their little cells.

I can write nothing to you now—only the
mark of my pen. I tried to eat something
substantial on Wednesday—for my health's
sake—and that laid me up. I am better now.

Next Friday—perhaps next Thursday—I
hope to see you. If you are *pre-occupied* on
Thursday, as the *eve*, I beg you let me know.

Last Wednesday night, unable to sleep till
daylight, I could sympathise in some way
with our dear Teresa.

But I am writing away from all my belong-
ings, and I can write no more. Pray that
God, out of my weakness, will help me to
write in the next two days, something for the

glory of our Lady of Carmel! I am as unfit as possible, so perhaps our Lord and our Lady will help.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19, 1886.

MY GERTRUDE OF THE HEART OF JESUS, AND OF MY POOR HEART,—I am ashamed to have been so long silent, and I am still in one of my sulkiest moods. Sleepy all the time I ought to work, and wakeful when I ought to sleep. I hope I may soon shake this off. I cherished the hope that this week I could have made a *real* pilgrimage to St. Ann of Beaupre. I would have to be away *four days* at least, and I could not do it, though willing even to forego my *soulbath* at Carmel. I cannot say *when* I will be able to make my visit. I *may try for it* to see you on *Monday next, for one day*, but I cannot be sure.

Our sweet Sister Teresa must go without the letter I would like to write her *at present*; not for long I hope.

Were you not suffering *depression* of spirits in your letter of the 14th? While writing it, I mean; or rather at the time you wrote it? Or was it only my fancy coloring it, as everything else these past days. Still I am trying, and with some success, to drive these vapors away. I feel they will soon pass—everything passes, except God, and those that are in Him and His dear mother.

I have up till now \$207 for Mt. Carmel, received directly. I feel quite sure, with what Rev. Mother will receive directly, it will soon reach \$500. That will be a good solace to the brethren on the mountain of Elias, for money *there* is *dearer* and goes farther than in America.

Shall I translate for you, when I see you,

the *hymns* in the Office of the Holy Prophet? They are very stirring, but I fear the *Latin* of them was difficult for you. As I am at the end of the sheet, I had better stop.

POOR PAPA.

NEW YORK, Sept 7, 1886.

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER OF THE HEART OF JESUS,—Here I am writing at the Astor House, with ink I do not like, but some words must go to you.

I wrote to Sister Teresa yesterday about our dear St. John. Mistress of novices is the post I felt sure she would one day fill. A grand post, especially in an active society like the H.C.J. On the training of the novitiate with such societies the whole life depends. Pray for her, then.

Relieve Rev. Mother as much as you can of the Mt. Carmel Fund business. It makes more trouble to adjust than it seems. I have now some \$418, and her receipts added will, already, make more than *3000 francs*. I propose next week giving notice that the fund shall be closed *peremptorily* on the 15th of October. If Rev. Mother is opposed, I will defer to her wishes. Also as to whether the amount shall be left for transmission till the close of the contributions, or have sent what is collected now, to be followed by the dribbles to come. There will always be some loiterers. Ask Rev. Mother not to *worry* over this matter, but to dispatch it summarily.

St. John was so much like her old self, unloaded of great pain, but suffering all the same, when I saw her. She was all aglow as I read St. Bernard to her. I left her the volume—you remember the old hog-skin covered duodecimos.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE FIRST MIRACLE OF THE SCAPULAR.



THE first miracle of the Scapular was wrought by St. Simon Stock on the very day he had received the sacred habit from the Blessed Virgin. Father Swanington, the secretary of St. Simon Stock, tells us of the first miracle of the Brown Scapular, wrought by St. Simon Stock. We give an English translation from the *original Latin*.

On the 16th of July, when the Blessed Simon Stock went in my company to Winchester, where he wanted to obtain from the Bishop of the diocese letters to Pope Innocent V, we met the Reverend Peter Lington, Dean of the Chapter at Winchester. The Dean begged the Blessed Simon Stock to come with him to the Dean's first cousin, who was dying in despair. The name of the dying man was Walter. He had been a petulant, haughty and quarrelsome man who had given most of his time to magic. He had despised the sacraments and had made himself very obnoxious to his neighbors. Now Walter had fought a duel with a nobleman and had been dangerously wounded. Seeing that within a few hours he would have to stand before the tribunal of the Almighty, he remembered his wicked life, but he did not want to listen when the friends who surrounded him reminded him of God's mercy and of the sacraments. All what Walter said, were the words: "I am damned. I leave it to the devil to avenge my death." The Saint, the Dean and I entered the house of the dying man, who, with foaming mouth,

gnashing teeth and rolling eyes looked more like an infuriated wild beast than like a dying man. The Saint, seeing at once that the end was nearing, the dying man being already unconscious, made over the prostrate form the sign of the cross and then laid over it the sacred habit of Carmel. Then Simon, looking upward, implored God to give back consciousness to the dying sinner, in order, that a soul, which had been purchased with the blood of Christ, should not become a prey of Satan. Suddenly the dying man seemed to gather strength, consciousness returned and he was able to speak. Walter made the sign of the cross and, shedding tears, exclaimed: "How wretched the thought of damnation makes me! My iniquities are more numerous than the sands on the sea. Oh God, whose mercy surpasseth everything, take pity on me! Help me, O help me, dear Father." These last words were addressed to the Saint. Then the sufferer was strong enough to confess and to receive the sacraments of the Church. He made his will and gave orders that all his ill-gotten property should be restored to those whom he had despoiled. After all this had been done Walter peacefully expired. Sometime afterwards he appeared to his brother and told him that he dwelt in the abode of peace and that by the help of the Queen of the Angels and by the "habit" of the Blessed Simon Stock, he had escaped from the clutches of the devil.

Rev. Peter Lington told Father Swanington, that seeing his cousin dying impenitent, he had withdrawn to

pray when he heard a voice, which said: "Rise and seek my servant Simon, who is coming this way, and bring him here." Rev. Lington, who had heard these words, but had seen nobody, had his horse saddled at once to meet the Saint.

This event soon became known in Winchester. Rev. Peter Lington sent a written report to the Bishop of

Winchester. The Bishop and his counsellors at once resolved to ask the Blessed Simon Stock regarding the power of his "habit." The Saint answered all questions put to him and his report was carefully written down. After this miracle of the Blessed Virgin the Dean built at his own expense at Winchester a great monastery for the Carmelites.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER VI.

*"Hope shall brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past."*



ONE bright morning the Queenly family bade farewell to Boomfield. There were many at the depot to bid them bon-voyage, and the local paper spoke highly of them with a remark that "Boomfield's loss would be another's gain," etc.

For the first time Faith and Charity were now alone. They were now fast friends, and on this day they became unusually confidential. Charity loved to feast her eyes on Faith's sweet face. Something attracted her in those delightful bright brown eyes. Faith seemed ever to remind her of a beloved sister, long since gone to the home of ever-lasting bliss, and Faith Fenton was a daily reminder of her namesake. But more than this. It was not the

name of Faith alone which kept fresh the sad memory of the past, for in Faith's countenance Charity imagined she could read in the symmetrical lines the likeness of another lost one—her other sister Hope.

On the day in question, with soft low tones full of love and in which could be distinguished a sub-tone of sadness, Charity turned towards Faith, with her own eyes bright with many tears behind them: "Faith, my dear," commenced Charity, "would you like to have another mamma? And a grandma? Of course they will not be like the first, but they will be so kind to you."

Charity was preparing Faith for Mrs. Werker who was soon to be installed at Boomfield. But she had struck a tender chord. Young as she was, Faith still remembered her mother, and it was no surprise that at Charity's ques-

tion she burst into tears.

"Never mind, Faith," said Charity, as she wiped away the child's tears, "some day you will see mamma again. Yes, if we are good, papa, mamma, you and I will all be again together in heaven. Won't that be nice?"

Charity's piety prompted her to place a very pretty statue of the Blessed Virgin at the head of Faith's cot. "That's your mother and mine, Faith, go to her when you feel bad," said Charity, pointing to the statue.

On one occasion passing the door she actually saw Faith putting some flowers at the feet of the statue, and another time kneeling down and speaking to the Mother of God, as only an innocent child can do. It did Charity good when she saw this.

"Such child-like devotion is bound to bear fruit," she said to herself. She was right in her judgment, as after years proved.

Mrs. Werker was soon settled down at Harry Fenton's house. Little or no stir was made by her advent to Boomfield. Why should it? She was only one of the common herd—a poor country woman. The good old lady and Faith became friends at sight.

"Although I am no grandmother, I am old enough to be one," said Mrs. Werker. "I shall have to play the part of grandma to you, Faith, even if I am not one in reality. I guess we'll not have any falling out."

Faith was a lovable child, but by no means without her faults, which Mrs. Werker was quick to discern. Hence she soon remarked to Charity: "I don't like to speak of the dead, but it seems to me that this child's mother must have devoted more time and care to other things than instructing and bringing up children."

This remark of the widow probably

had some truth in it. Faith had been spoiled to some extent. To this must be added the petting she received from her father.

"Well, well," exclaimed Mrs. Werker, when she learned the child's name, "you call her Faith?" and Sophia took off her glasses to wipe off a tear which had just bedewed them. In a flash that word "Faith" brought to her mind's eye the graceful form and loving blue eyes of her own dead daughter.

"A sweet girl," said Mrs. Werker as she spoke to Charity of Fenton's child. "A happy thing it might be if it went like your sister Faith to heaven. Would that such would be her fate, rather than live to sadden other hearts by walking in the steps of poor Hope."

Things had to be put in order around the house and much had to be changed and renovated. So Charity went to work in earnest. She racked her brain to shape everything to Mr. Fenton's taste, and succeeded admirably. A timely hint here and there from her mother worked wonders. Charity first arranged a study for Fenton—a "sanctum sanctorum" to which he could retire undisturbed. You would imagine Charity had made an inventory of some bachelor's paradise. The study was in truth a miniature club room. Everything was there. A very comfortable chair with a cushion nicely embroidered. A common sense desk and a lamp warranted not to smoke, slippers and a smoking jacket completed the out-fit. Charity knew that Fenton was a great lover of chess, and a board was accordingly placed in a convenient corner.

A couple of pictures were put on the walls. One was of the Madonna—a pretty piece of art—entitled in German "*Unsere Liebe Frau vom Berge Carmel.*" "It is not exactly the thing for a club

room" thought Charity, "still it will do no harm to inspire him with a few religious thoughts when he is in a thinking mood. Poor fellow, his heart has felt a void since his wife is gone. Perhaps it will be a consolation for him to think of another queen who takes an interest in our affairs. It awakens a poetic feeling in us and finds room in the busiest brain, this thought that we have one common mother looking down on us. So after all, that portrait of the glorious Virgin will give perhaps a high thought to Harry Fenton and remind him he is more than a mere breadwinner. He knows only of the church's strict laws, now let him see what is loving and beautiful in the same church. It sweetens one's life and why not his. Devotion to Mary is not meant for women only."

In the garret there was a frame, minus the picture. It too was brought into use. Charity put into it an etching which she bought at the bargain counter. There was something mysterious about the empty frame which Charity held in her hand. The picture had evidently been destroyed. Charity, by cross-questioning, found out that it had held the portrait of a fair looking woman—in fact Mrs. Queenly said she was sure that it was Mr. Fenton's first wife.

Whether Mrs. Queenly was right or wrong amounts to nothing now, so Charity hung up the frame with the newly-purchased etching. This latter was a nice bit of work, very life-like and expressive. It was no real photograph of what did occur, but of what might happen. It represented two persons intensely interested in a game of chess. Much seemed to be at stake. On one of the player's countenance was a look of disgust. His adversary had just captured his queen. Charity

thought perhaps the picture would be of interest to Fenton. It would indeed, and perhaps more than Charity Werker ever dreamt of.

Charity brought in her mother to witness this triumph of her decorative skill. Her mother stood astounded. "Why, Charity, you'll spoil him," she said.

"You better put his valise in this room, too," continued Mrs. Werker, which was accordingly done. Something dropped out as it was placed in a far-off corner. This gave Charity occasion to say: "I suppose that was a keepsake of his from some dear one." She picked it up, and reverently placed it back in the small opening in the valise. It was only a neat little manual of the Sacred Heart. Three little ribbons ran through it as a book-mark. At the ends of two ribbons were appended a heart and cross respectively. An anchor had probably hung on the third ribbon. The anchor was missing.

VII.

"Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco pipes of those who diffuse it. It proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker."—George Eliot.

Everything at Boomfield was now in apple-pie order, and Fenton's return was daily expected. Dame Gossip had not been idle. Fenton and all those connected with him had been thoroughly analysed. But the Werkers remained at home, so their busy-tongued neighbors in formulating their opinions about the new comers had to rely very much on their own imaginations.

The Werkers were mentally labelled as hay-seeds from "Farback." The Boomfielders had more than one quiet smile at the odd ways of old Mrs. Werker, who occasionally crossed the

yard in a huge sunbonnet and a skirt of the coarsest homespun.

People judged them poor, indeed, when even the steam laundry boy had never been seen to stop at Fenton's door, and the neighbors were horrified to see Charity going through the antiquated routine of hanging her laundry work on the clothes-line, a thing only heard of in the days before women were emancipated.

But in spite of themselves, the neighbors were forced to admire Widow Werker. Why, she could give them practical lessons as quick as they could count them. Something was wrong with the horse of the gentleman next door and Mrs. Werker had a remedy in a jiffy.

"Why, that would have meant five dollars to the veterinary surgeon," said the man whose 2.19 trotter had been cured.

All sorts of schemes had been tried in order to find out the mystery of Fenton's domicile. The "Helping Hand Society" tried its hand, but in vain. Finally a seeming trifle brought the nearest neighbors into speaking distance. Mrs. Someone's pet dog strayed into Fenton's yard and at once became an inseparable companion of Faith's. One of the owner's family came to reclaim the stray canine. The lady introduced herself as Miss Mabel Evangeline Topnotch.

Miss Topnotch was so glad to meet Miss Werker, and then she went on to say: "Oh! what a lovely child. Ah, yes—Faith—you say—awfully nice name, isn't it? Faith, dear, (she said turning to the child) you must come and see us. Some day my sister Dolly will take you to our Sabbath school, it will be so nice, and you will see our minister—why he is just lovely. He can play croquet, and sing, and has the

sweetest little hands you ever saw. Don't forget to come, Faith."

"I am not quite sure whether her father would allow her to go, Miss Topnotch," said Charity, speaking for Faith, "besides, it is hardly necessary, since I myself give her daily lessons in Catechism."

Miss Topnotch nearly gasped for breath, thinking, "surely here is work for the missionary board." She did not like to go at once, so to keep the pot boiling she said:

"We are awfully busy now. We are making up some lovely lampshades for the Turkish missions. Our minister says they are second only in loveliness to the young ladies of our sewing circle."

"Why," said Charity, "I should think you would find plenty work to do among the poor at home rather than going so far away as Turkey."

"Well, you see," went on Miss Topnotch, "we did try, but the material we had was of the lowest kind—poor immigrant children, and it was next to impossible to get those Catholic notions out of their heads, they were always wanting to go to mass and such things. Oh, it was just aggravating—and such ignorance—"

"Ignorance of crime," broke in Charity, who had listened long enough to such nonsense.

"I suppose I am trespassing on your time," said Charity, hoping to get rid of an undesirable visitor.

"Oh! no," replied Miss Topnotch, "I have lots of time. Why, the baker hasn't come yet. It is such a nuisance to delay the dinner for such persons."

"Why, can't you bake, yourself?" asked Charity.

"I never thought of it, and if I did what a bother it would be hunting around for my books. And, really, I

hardly think I could just discover the chapter in my chemistry treating of the component parts of what is commonly classified as bread, that very essential commodity, so beautifully described by Swift—dear old Dean—as the "staff of life."

"Nice dog you have there, Miss Topnotch," said Charity, who was growing weary.

"He wants to go home," said Faith.

So did Miss Topnotch. In a moment Mabel Evangeline and her dog disappeared behind the trellis work.

From her dialogue with her first visitor, Charity concluded there was a number of poor Catholics near Boomfield. She determined to investigate. Perhaps she could be of some help to more than one indigent person.

In the morning Charity started off to the little Catholic church which lay hidden a good two miles above Boomfield. It was a delightful walk. She stopped frequently to gather the lovely wild flowers which she could mount in her album when a rainy day turned up.

The church was in the centre of a little Italian settlement. "It will suit nicely," said Charity to herself. "I may hear only a sermon in a foreign tongue, but then I can at least hear mass."

Charity and Faith looked around the small church which was neat and tidy. A short stay was made at the Madonna's statue, which stood in the corner. While kneeling there, Faith prayed aloud the "memorare," which Charity had taught her. The child had a little twig of forget-me-nots, which she picked out of Charity's bouquet, and this she left at the foot of the statue. A silent prayer, but Mary heard it.

On coming out of the church, Charity

and Faith were unexpectedly met by the priest. With "Good-day" he greeted Charity, in German. She was somewhat taken aback to hear these words coming from an Italian, but the good padre read her thoughts and quickly said in English, "Was I not right? I saw traces of your ancestry in your face. One acquires that faculty by being among different people."

Father Angelo was very glad to meet Charity, and thought that, perhaps, she would be of great assistance to him, neither was he mistaken.

Charity promised to give him all the help she could. It would be a great pleasure to arrange the altars and decorate the statues. The priest nearly went into an ecstasy of delight when Charity told him she might moreover find time to play the organ on Sundays.

Charity and Faith knelt down to receive the priest's blessing, and on leaving he promised to return the visit on the morrow. Next day he fulfilled his promise. When at Boomfield he blessed all parts of Fenton's house, to the delight of Mrs. Werker. The priest was delighted to find a nice little altar erected in honor of our Lady.

"That's where we come together for morning and night prayers," said Charity, by way of explanation.

"An ideal Christian home," said Father Angelo to himself, as he left the house.

Tongues were busy next day in Boomfield. What did the priest's visit mean? Was it another Roman invasion? The real estate boomers had a frightened look about them, and the minister waxed warm on "Papal Intolerance" on the following Sabbath. Even the boys at the high school delivered orations on "The enemy at our door," and their breasts swelled with patriotism as they paraded on the

campus. But the little tempest in a teapot soon blew over.

Even in such a narrow-minded and ultra-bigoted community, Charity made friends. Friend or foe could not help acknowledging her superiority. Young brides came to her to be initiated in the mysteries of bread and pickle-making, and were astounded to find her conversant in everything. Old Mrs. Werker had brought a spinning wheel with her from the country. Many a pilgrimage was made to Fenton's cottage to see this relic of antiquity. They found it was no mere ornament, but actually saw it working. After all, the stories of their grand-mammas had not been mere fiction.

"Dear me! and she actually does her own dress-making," exclaimed one of the superannuated vice-presidents of the Proantitheosophical society. She had noticed Charity at work on a dress for Faith to wear when her father returned.

"And a real Bible, too!" broke in another ecstatic maiden. "I wonder if they read it?" she said in a sotto voice tone, which Charity overheard and quickly answered by saying:

"Oh, yes, we read it. Only this morning I was explaining to Faith a verse which says, 'Thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy brow.'"

A chorus of "Ohs" and "Ahems" followed this broadside from Charity.

To change the disagreeable subject some one asked:

"Do you paint, Miss Werker?"

"Oh, yes," answered Charity, with a smile, "many things except my face. Yesterday I kalsomined the woodshed and varnished this floor here, and next week, after the peaches are put up, I am going to paint a chasuble for Father Angelo."

And then the procession filed out, puzzling their profound brains as to what sort of a relic of the Inquisition a chasuble might be.

The visits to Fenton's grew fewer and farther between. But Charity received bushels of highly-scented notes. They were generally invitations which as a rule turned into such questions as "Come, like a nice dear, to the bicycle academy," or "Don't fail to come and hear my paper on the 'Code Napoleon,'" or again, "You can't afford to miss our amiable minister's discourse on 'Love, old and new.'"

Charity paid little heed to so much wasted ink and paper. She said she had plenty at home to keep her sound in mind and body.

It is growing dark, and old Mrs. Werker is busy doing up Faith's hair in paper curls, since Mr. Fenton would be due in Boomfield on the morrow, if any faith can be given to a telegram.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE UNSEEN LOVE.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.



WRECK of fragile beauty
Is all I greet to-day;
Starry buds, their golden clusters
Dim and drooping on the spray,
Waxen bells and fiery blossoms,
Fainting, piteous, away.

They perished in the coming,
Long e'er they reached my door;
—It is the same old story
Which life hath told before!—
Yet the love behind the sending,
I trust it more and more!

UNCLE JOSIAH.

BY ANNA T. SADLER.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)



KATHERINE, crimson with mortification, vainly strove to restrain her uncle. But her efforts only served to add fuel to the flame.

"Do you think, niece, I'll set right here and see my religion insulted before my eyes by a jackanapes. By heavens, no."

In another moment, Josiah was in the hall, red in the face with anger and the effort he had made to escape. The loyal soul of the man had been stirred to its depths by what he held to be a wanton attack on sacred things. Katherine meanwhile strove to make the best of it and to laugh it off with her nearest acquaintances. But, at heart, Catholic though she was, she was much more ashamed of her uncle's honest indignation than angry at the flippancy which had provoked it.

Josiah had, nevertheless, struck a responsive chord in the breasts of more than one present. It is to the credit of human nature that a gallant action is seldom altogether unappreciated. The force of real conviction appeals much more strongly to the average mind than is commonly supposed. And, it wins for its holder respect, even in unexpected quarters.

"My dear," said an old gentleman to Katherine, after the performance was over, "I wish you would introduce me to your uncle. I very much admired the stand he took in face of that

vulgar nonsense." Now, this old gentleman was one whom Katherine regarded as a very glass of fashion, and it relieved her somewhat that he took this view of the case. Still to her supersensitive mind, it appeared that he was only doing so from kindly motives to lessen her mortification, while she was convinced that her unfortunate uncle had rendered both himself and her objects of ridicule to the majority of those present.

She knew that to many of them the slightest infringement of the received code of manners, was of far more importance than all the principles in the world. Of course, it was bad form to laugh at sacred things, but then really the superstitious practices of an ignorant Catholic priesthood could scarcely come under the head of worship. It was true the High Church people had adopted them and that gave them a kind of respectability, which had to be taken into account.

Katharine mourned and would not be comforted. It was so intensely vulgar to profess one's religious opinions in public. No one would dream of alluding to them in refined society. From that time the toleration which she had begun to accord to her uncle, changed to a far less amiable sentiment. And Josiah, with the keen intuition of deep affection, felt the change and deplored it.

"They ain't got any use for me here, anyway," said the lonely man to himself, in the solitude of his own room. "I guess I'd better pack up and go home the day after Christmas. Norah'll

be kinder glad to see me back agin."

And a longing rose within him for that homely kitchen down the station road and the gleam of the fire in the stove.

The news of his speedy departure was received with deep, though secret satisfaction by mother and daughter. Katherine was at very little pains to conceal her delight. But on the advice of the more astute Mrs. Willis, she dissembled somewhat and strove to treat Josiah with the cordiality which she had shown him previous to the unlucky musicale.

On Christmas Eve she suggested an excursion to see the shops, in which poor Josiah had found an almost inexhaustible source of pleasure. He loved to observe the innumerable varieties of Christmas decoration, the holly wreaths with their clusters of bright berries, the duller mistletoe with its tiny branches of white, the very labyrinths of green, the words of holiday greeting, the flags, the tops, the sugar plums, the displays in the various windows. Here human ingenuity seemed to have exhausted itself. Dress goods were arranged with a view to wonderful combinations of light and shade, ribbons formed innumerable bright colored festoons, trinkets of endless diversity lent their gleam and their glitter to the show.

Josiah had spent many a morning in purchasing and hiding away for the festival day numerous and costly presents. He had not forgotten Norah and other Plainville worthies for whom he intended to make the day of his return a second Christmas. On these expeditions he had enjoyed nothing more than playfully sending his niece, who was generally with him, to the other end of the shop, while he selected something especially for her.

If it were a case, where he might not trust his own judgment, he summoned her to choose "any of those furbelows she cared about." "If you want a dress or anything else for the matter of that, jest you say so," was his remark. He felt a peculiar pleasure in supplying her with one of the dainty costumes, which were to him as unreal as the visions of the dream. He had consulted her over and over as to suitable gifts for her mother. That lady would certainly have to congratulate herself on Christmas morning for the forbearance she had shown towards Josiah's eccentricities, if, indeed, Katherine did not betray the inviolable secrecy to which she was pledged.

On Christmas Eve, then, Josiah started forth, with the pleasurable feeling that he had nothing particular to buy, and could take his time in leisurely examining the manifold wonders of Broadway, Twenty-third and Fourteenth streets and Sixth avenue. The decorations were, if possible, redoubled. The shops were clearly making a final effort and the streets besides were lined with fakirs busy disposing of all manner of cheap wares.

Katherine was arrayed in an artistic and very becoming tailor-made gown. Her uncle liked best to see her thus plainly arrayed, and had no suspicion that each particular button upon that costume had cost a couple of dollars, and that its perfection of cut, its silken linings and fineness of material, represented a small fortune. Josiah had strong notions upon the sinfulness of extravagance in dress, when so many of God's creatures were wanting for food.

"I don't mean that you mustn't look purty, my dear," he said to Katherine, "its a woman's mission, I take it, to be beautiful, jest like the flowers

and the green things coming up in the spring. But extravagance is sinful."

Katherine did not argue the point. What her uncle thought, was, indeed, of small importance in her eyes. Moreover she was in a mood of extreme good nature. Josiah, who had been so great a bugbear for the past ten days or more, was about returning to the pleasant obscurity of Plainsville. It was pleasant because distant and because he could be easily transported, thence, when occasion offered. That is verbally. It was, every once and a while, very convenient to be able to drop a hint, in a well-bred way, of course, about my uncle in the West, or our wealthy but eccentric kinsman who lives so far off, in Plainsville. Josiah's eccentricities were marvellously easy to smooth over when he himself was safe at a distance.

So Katherine smiled upon Josiah and laughed aloud at his jokes and good humoredly permitted him to gaze in as much as he pleased at the different shop windows, and to make his comments upon their contents in a more or less audible voice, and to patronize the fakirs and stuff his pockets with their goods. Katherine could be charming when this mood was upon her and the sore heart of her somewhat forlorn uncle, began to warm towards her once more, as in the old days when she had been the "little gal" and had run to meet him with outstretched arms.

Josiah himself was at his best. It was a glorious December day. The sun shone brightly in the blue heavens, flecked here and there, as they were, with white clouds. It shone upon the crowded streets and the open squares, and in conjunction with the crisp and sparkling air, had an exhilarating effect upon the merry, bustling crowds,

nearly all intent upon their Christmas shopping. It invigorated Josiah and filled him with a new keen enjoyment of the passing hour. Moreover he liked the freedom of these vast thoroughfares where one individuality is lost, and each can do precisely as pleases him best.

The faces of the children charmed Josiah; their indescribable, unadulterated happiness seemed to brighten the atmosphere. It shone in each merry countenance, beamed out from bright eyes, played in ripples of happiness around fresh, smiling lips. Christmas, the goal of their hopes and desires, was at hand.

The joy of the festival was shadowed, it is true, on the careworn brow of many an adult. Sorrow and perplexity and the constant daily struggle, not intermitted even by the approach of that great day, which might seem to suffering humanity like one of general amnesty, had left their traces on many a face. All this Josiah noted, too, and read the signs with a sympathetic pang. But on the whole the atmosphere was full of gladness, as if the concentrated pleasures of hundreds of Christmases had got into it, with their legions and legions of vanished smiles and vanished greetings and vanished hopes and vanished joys. The warmth of their hearth fires, the good cheer they made, the echoes of their songs and bells, all were there.

"Christmas is a fine thing, niece," said Josiah under the influence of this concentrated happiness, "Christmas is a fine thing."

"It's fine if you've got lots of money, Uncle Josiah," said Katherine lightly.

"It's a fine thing anyway," declared Josiah, "it seems to make folks, rich and poor, kinder forget their troubles."

"It ought only to make them re-

member the more, especially the poor," argued Katherine.

"You're wrong there, niece," said Josiah, slowly, "though I don't know as I kin make you understand what I mean. But it appears to me that it puts rich and poor on an equality for the time being. They kin all enjoy the sights in the streets, and the services in the churches, and hear the Christmas talk and the bells aringing and the rest of it." Katherine did not pursue the conversation. Her eye was caught by "the most perfect thing in a bonnet" and it did not particularly interest her to know what people down in the slums, or even that very uninteresting prosaic sort one passed in the streets, might be thinking of the festival. Christmas appealed to her chiefly in its social aspect, though, of course, she went to church and delighted in the beauty of the altar and the perfection of the choir. Really it gave her an odd sensation when the *Gloria in excelsis* was sung. It was dramatic. She liked besides to pay a visit to the crib, but she always wished it would be more artistic. Josiah stopped in front of a florist's window. "Them's mighty purty flowers, Katherine" he said, eyeing the accumulated floral treasures with genuine admiration. "They charge a sight of money for them down here in New York, and I could pick you most as purty a nosegay in the woods near Plainsville. But I don't come to this town very often and I don't care if I do get you a posy."

Katherine was not at all unwilling to avail herself of the opportunity of procuring some Marshall Niel and jacqueminot roses, which could be used either to decorate the table or for her own personal adornment on the morning. So she smilingly assented to her uncle's proposition and together they entered the shop.

The most exquisite flowers were chosen and paid for by Josiah with the lavish generosity which he always showed in spending money on others, and which contrasted oddly, with his absolute frugality, where his own personal expenditure was concerned. Af-

ter that they walked on almost in silence. Katherine was busy with the rather ungrateful reflection that it was a pity she should be unable to show this wealth of floral decoration at the customary Christmas dinner. But that entertainment had been given up by her mother and herself, because of her poor uncle's presence. It would be far too great a risk to expose Josiah's deficiencies to a circle of fashionable friends, in the intimacy of a dinner table. One never knew what he might say or do, and as for the etiquette regulating such occasions! Words failed. So although it was usually very pleasant and although Katherine had specially counted upon it this particular year, still it had to be given up.

"We will have just a few intimate friends to whom things can be explained, and three or four near relations," Mrs. Willis had said, and Katherine eagerly assented. Her experience at the memorable musicale had taught them both a lesson.

Uncle and niece on their Christmas Eve expedition came to a standstill at one of the most populous of thoroughfares. There seemed to be perpetually going on a madly exciting race for life in which divers elements played a part. There were superb, richly blanketed horses, driving liveried coaches, with crest or monogram upon the door plate, and dashing past them express carts, and a variety of other carts, omnibuses, and hansoms, cable and surface cars. While in and out amongst the mazes of vehicles darted masses of humanity, sometimes under the control of a policeman, sometimes obeying their own unguided instincts, which appeared to be chiefly that of haste.

It was a splendid picture of life and movement, but one from which a moralist might have wrung many a forcible lesson. The noise, the uproar, the clatter of wheels and of voices, dazed Uncle Josiah. The very sky above seemed a mockery of that sky he knew, stretching over fields or garden flanked dwellings or quiet, country streets. He had to stop and

catch his breath, and in the pause he felt a positive terror of risking his life in that vast chaos. As he waited, holding Katherine's arm in his very tight, there was a sudden excitement and an exclamation of horror from the crowd. A child, a pretty, golden-haired girl of some seven or eight years old had fallen almost directly under a down coming cable car. It was at a curve where it would be almost an impossibility for a motor-man to stop. There was a pause in the surging of the crowd. The bystanders were paralyzed. The nurse, in charge of the child, ran shrieking to the sidewalk.

Josiah braced himself. He withdrew Katherine's arm from his and he muttered half audibly a prayer to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin. This had been his life long habit in moments of anxiety or of peril. He had but one thought, and in the space of a moment, he had put this thought into action. He made a mad rush through the throng of human beings, scattering them to right and left. With his strong right arm, he swooped down and seized the prostrate child.

No one interfered. Strong men stood and stared as if this gaunt Westerner had been an apparition of some sort. One or two women shrieked. It could not have been a minute, but it seemed much longer till Josiah had snatched up the child from the track and fairly hurled her into the arms of a man standing by. A cheer bursting from the crowd was stifled in its very utterance. The cable car close at hand struck Josiah with tremendous force and flung him back upon the pavement through the very path he had himself cleared in his frenzied excitement.

Katherine stood motionless where her uncle had left her, both hands pressed over her eyes. In one swift moment she had realized what Josiah meant to do and the probable results of such a venture. The seconds during which Josiah lay stunned seemed to the girl an eternity. Anxious faces were bending over the man, who was generally recognized as a hero. Willing hands were outstretched to lift him

up or render whatever service the occasion might demand.

"Is he dead?" Katherine found voice to ask at last of one of those who bent over the prostrate form. She could not as yet bring herself to look, fearing to behold some external evidence of the catastrophe which had so instantaneously occurred.

"Don't know, Miss," returned the man addressed, "but I rather guess not."

Presently, Josiah opened his eyes and smiled upon those around him.

"I ain't hurt, he said, feebly. "I'll git up in a minnit."

But he did not get up and his eyes closed as if he were about to relapse into unconsciousness. He was lifted up, then, and carried into the nearest drug store.

The crowd forced to remain without flattened noses against door and windows and jostled each other in the effort to see, with that ever keen, ever alert curiosity with which human nature scents out a possible tragedy. A doctor was sent for and arrived in the course of a few moments. He examined Josiah again and again, and it was evident with no very satisfactory results.

Katharine, who had mechanically followed the bearers of her uncle into the drug store, stood there as if turned to stone. She had, as yet, made no effort to collect her thoughts. It was all too ghastly, too horrible and too far removed from the rose-leaf existence which had always been hers. The heroic had hitherto been no less remote from her than the vulgar. She had some idea of the beautiful in existence, but none whatever of the sublime. She wanted to pray, as her Catholic instincts demanded, but the words died away upon her lips.

At last, the doctor having concluded his examination, arose to his feet. There was another strained intense pause. Then he spoke. He was a man of much experience, so that his opinion did not admit of appeal. "My friend," he said, addressing Josiah very slowly and distinctly, as one whom he knew to be on the verge of

unconsciousness, "if there are any persons whom you would like to see, just let them know at once. It is my duty to warn you that you have not got much time to spare. So, too, you had better make haste with any law business you have to attend to."

"I got more important business than that to attend to," said Josiah, his habitually slow and deliberate speech accentuated by weakness, "will any of you gemmen go to the nearest church and get in a priest?"

Some one volunteered, while Josiah, fixing his eyes on the doctor, said:

"So, you think I'm a dying man, doctor?"

"I know it," said the physician, speaking with unusual emotion, "but I see you are a brave man, and it is the best to tell you the truth."

"That's all right, doctor. I'm obliged to you for letting me know, though it's come rather sudden, ain't it?"

A strangely beautiful smile lit up his face as he spoke. Meanwhile, Katherine, pressing forward, laid her hand upon the doctor's arm.

"What does it all mean?" she said, breathlessly.

"Are you his daughter?" asked the physician, looking compassionately at her head.

Katherine shook her head.

"In any case, I can only repeat what I have said. The injured man cannot survive an hour."

"Can nothing be done, doctor, oh my God, can nothing be done? Would it be any use sending for another doctor?"

"No doctor on earth can be of the slightest assistance to him. The spine is fatally injured. Death must ensue in a very short time."

"Can he not be moved?"

"It would only occasion the patient useless discomfort, and he would most probably die upon the way home."

Katherine clasped her hands in mute distress. How strange and awful, she thought, to die thus in a drug store, under the gaze of a very mob of people, as Katherine indignantly called the curious crowd. The instinct of

privacy, of that seclusion which would shut out its sorrows or trials of any sort, from the view of an ever so sympathizing multitude, usually strong in her class, was essentially so in Katherine. Not the least awful feature of the day's awful happening was, in her eyes, the publicity which must attend her uncle's dying moments.

The better instincts of her nature were, moreover, strongly at work. The suddenness of the calamity was a rude shock to her worldliness. Her uncle's long tenderness for her appealed to her with a strange, new force and she began to realize, all too late, the nobility and simplicity of his character. When she found that his death was inevitable, and that it must take place in these very surroundings, she forgot all else. It was as though a cloud had fallen on the landscape, shutting out all but this one terribly realistic scene from her view.

She knelt down beside her uncle, where he lay upon the floor, his head resting upon a cushion. There was a strong tinge of remorse in the deep pity with which she regarded him.

"Oh, uncle," she cried out, "my poor, poor uncle."

"The little critter looked so like what you was, when I seed you first," said Josiah passing his hand feebly but caressingly over her wet cheek.

"She's safe anyway," he suddenly asked, appealing to the bystanders, while an expression of anxiety passed over his face.

"Oh, yes, the child's all right," said a man, who stood near, "I saw her laughing in the nurse's arms. But the woman was so scared she ran right home with the kid."

"Thank God!" said Josiah, "I'm glad the car didn't touch her."

A sort of shudder passed over his own powerful frame, as if he felt once more that fearful touch upon himself.

"Katherine," said he presently, "don't you go to fretting for me. I was gettin' kinder tired of living. Still, if it had been God's will I might have liked to live a bit longer."

He drew a long breath and continued:

"You'll find them things for you, and your ma, and for Norah and other folks all done up and ready in my room. As for my clothes, that new suit and the rest I guess you'd better send them down to Plainsville. Norah'll know who to give 'em to, and I reckon no one here would care anything about them."

There was a diversion. The priest had arrived and, of course, needed sufficient space for a private interview with his penitent. It did not take the priest long to hear the dying man's confession. Monthly, fortnightly, at certain seasons even weekly, it had been Josiah's habit to receive the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist; and he had always done both with a humility and fervor, which had for many years been the edification of his fellow townfolk of Plainsville. They used to say that "Josiah Baker's life was as good as a sermon any day." Strangely and solemnly it was setting now in the drug store on that great, world thoroughfare of Broadway. He, who had so loved the quiet places of existence and its green and shaded ones, apart from the world's glare.

The priest administered the Viaticum and producing the sacred oils anointed hands and feet and ears and nose. Each sense purged from the stains of earth, fortified for the journey that was to come. The bystanders looked on with intense curiosity, or with reverent prayerfulness if they chanced to be Catholics. Even different ones felt the influence of that singular death-bed and some, at least, dated their conversion from that moment. So that, in death as in life, Josiah Baker was almost involuntarily an apostle.

"Tomorrow'll be Christmas, Father," Josiah said when the priest had finished his ministrations, "it seems kinder queer I won't be here for it, I was talking so much about its joyfulness."

There was no regret in his tone, only a sort of musing wonder.

"I wonder," he continued, in a tone of deep awe, "if I'll know anything of it over there."

He turned his dying eyes to where the sunlight streamed in, mingling garishly with the colored lights in the window.

"And now, Father, good-bye, it seems as if I won't have much longer and I've a word to say to my niece here. Don't forget to pray for me."

"Do not be afraid, my good friend," said the priest. "I will pray for you and remember you in the Holy Sacrifice for a month to come."

Josiah, by an effort, began to fumble in his vest pockets. He was seeking for an offering to make the priest. At last he triumphantly produced a roll of bills.

"Take that for your poor Father," he said, pressing the priest's hand. Then he turned to Katherine.

"Come nearer, dear," he whispered, "my sight's gettin' kinder dim and I want to see the last of you."

Katherine was almost startled at the unearthly beauty of the plain, despoised face. Her tears fell fast upon the threadbare collar of the shabby coat, which had once excited her wrath, and which covered that heart of gold, the beatings of which were soon to cease.

"Katherine," Josiah said, "I always thought a heap about you. I guess I liked you better'n anything in this world, ever since you run to meet me with your little arms stretched out."

He stopped. Utterance, hitherto, so clear and distinct as is usual in cases of this kind, began to be broken.

"Be sure you pray for me" he went on, with an effort, "and don't you cry that way. Things is better so. You hadn't any use for me, now you've got big. I don't blame you."

Again a pause, awful this time. The face was growing gray, the features sharpening.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, be true to God and we'll have a happy Christmas—later."

The word ended in a sharp rattling sound. Then silence. Katherine saw the priest bend to close the eyes and she knew that the simple and beautiful soul of Uncle Josiah had passed to its Creator.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

"May is here, the world rejoices," are the first words of an old Polish spring song, and I am very sure we are all quite willing to sing it.

No season is quite so delightful as the spring, and May is its most charming month. Is it not fitly so, since it is the month of Mary our mother, most beautiful of the daughters of Eve, "loveliest of women and most glorified."

Young and old welcome this month of holy thoughts, and every child of Mary feels as if a special holiday season for soul and body had begun.

Life is very sweet to all creatures. It is proven by the natural instinct which makes even an insect flee from danger in its endeavor to save its life. But to the young and happy hearted, life is particularly delightful, and especially inviting because of the bright colors with which it paints the future.

The month of May is a fair type, and most gracious symbol of youth.

It is full of light and beauty, full of sweetness and joy.

Nature is as a smiling maiden, decked in her gayest attire, quite satisfied with herself and all the world. Earth puts on her smiles to greet this laughing May, and the very air seems full of happiness and buoyant with hope.

Now, lest earth in all its beauty prove too fascinating, our holy mother, the

church, in that wisdom of hers which is so strong a proof of her divine office, makes it the footstool of heaven.

That is what God intends it to be—the stepping stone to higher and better things.

There are many earthly joys which are quite worthy of us, many things which we can and may enjoy to their fullest; but unfortunately the garden of Eden is no longer open to us even in May-time, and the trail of the serpent is over every path strewn with flowers.

Therefore May in all its fresh young beauty might prove a siren to many, if the glory of its flower-laden hours were not taken from the earth and given to heaven. Mary is the queen of the May by excellence.

"After her shall daughters be brought to the King." The days of her sorrows are past, and now in her own special month she leads her children *joyfully* to the altar of God, the *Ultima Thule*, the end of our seeking, the limit of our earthly desires.

Dear children, the Secretary would think that she had done a life's work if she could make you all such lovers of daily Mass that you would consider that day lost which had not consecrated its first half hour to God in His real presence.

During last Lent, some one whom the Secretary knows well, was lamenting the little penance she had done, saying: "Our Lord gets nothing but daily Mass." She so expressed herself in a letter to a religious. The answer of the good nun, who knew more of the

ways of God than her correspondent, is worth remembering.

She wrote: "Please tell me *what* in the world is worth more than a single Mass! Do you think, perhaps, *your* fastings, sacrifices and the rest, are more than *His* sacrifice? If we unite the little we do, with the great offering of Jesus, it becomes a source of much more merit than if we had practised dreadful penances of our own."

Now, dear children, each May the Secretary rings the same old tune on the bells: Come to Mass! Come to Mass! Yes, go every morning from the first day, feast of Sts. Philip and James, to May 31, feast of our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We all love our dear sweet Mother Mary, do we not? Each year she grows dearer and we feel as if she were actually so near to us, that we can throw our arms around her neck and say "My darling!"

Words are empty things, dear children. *Acts* are the things that prove our love. If you go to daily Mass, and before the altar of Our Lady you tell her how you love her, I am positive that she will believe you much sooner than if you say the same to her at home.

Think, too, of the pleasure a May morning walk will give you. The rosy cheeks and clear, cool head, and good spirits for the rest of the day. It pays to do things for God; He rewards them so royally.

When we come to die, we must leave everything natural behind us; but the Masses we have heard—not Sunday ones—but daily Masses we can carry with us.

Let me give you one *glorious* sentence from St. Ignatius and I am sure the cause of the holy Mass will be won.

He says: "When you present at the judgment seat, the price of your ransom—the Precious Blood—you are paying more than you really owe."

Now, while the Precious Blood may be ours in many ways, at daily Mass it is really and truly in the chalice offered by the priests to God for all present.

The angel guardian of the one who goes to daily Mass, will pour the

Precious Blood of the chalice into a fountain growing every day fuller and fuller. Then when death comes need such a one fear with such a ransom? Surely not. Then on the Saturdays of May all who love our Blessed Lady will receive Holy Communion in her honor, and so present her with a gift which even the angels envy. How happy we are, dear children, even on earth. So many good things are ours, if we will but take them. So many joys may be ours, if we but seek them. God, Himself, willing to fill our hearts if we but let him. Why, it is heaven begun on earth.

May, with its delights all radiating from the many shrines of our tender Mother Mary is a foretaste of paradise for the pure of heart. You, the privileged children of the most holy Virgin, have a claim on her altars. Speak to her about those who are far from her and her Divine Son. Pray for sinners during May. Help to bring them back to peace and happiness. It is very sweet to think that many such are won back during the month of Mary, the refuge of sinners, who loves them too, despite their sinfulness. Pray for them and pity them, dear little ones, and may no child of our dear Lady of Mt. Carmel ever wander *very* far from her arms. Hold on to her scapular. If you go no further than its string will let you, and our Blessed Lady *holds* the string, there will be no fear of you. Even the wildest colt may be reined in under the strong and gentle hand of Mary, most loving, tender mother. Only in heaven shall we know all we owe to her. Pave the way, the sure way to heaven by daily Mass.

Devotedly,
SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN APRIL.

1. Nansen.
2. In Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin.
3. Jennie Lind.
4. Ethan Allen.
5. Dream. Ream.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN APRIL.

1. Hair-brush.
2. An army.
3. Hop fields.
4. Because he is a *plain* dealer.
5. When she has a large comb in her head.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. When is a man literally immersed in business?
2. When are culprits like old boots?
3. How do bees dispose of their honey?
4. Why was St. Paul like a horse?
5. Write a cipher, prefix fifty. To the right place five, then add one-fifth of eight and you will have the strongest thing in the world.

MAXIMS FOR MAY.

1. Let the life and virginity of Mary be set before you as a mirror, in which is seen the pattern of chastity and virtue; her looks were sweet, her discourse mild, her behaviour modest.—St. Ambrose.

2. Behold, she seemed on earth to dwell;
But, hid in light, alone she sat,
Beneath the throne ineffable,
Chanting her clear Magnificat.

3. Be thou our guide; be thou our goal;
Be thou our pathway to the skies;
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul,
In death our everlasting prize.

- Fr. Caswall, Hymn for Ascension Day.
4. Beauty is the splendor of truth.
5. Kindness transforms the world.

FOR THE THINKERS.

LITERARY QUERIES.

1. Who wrote the lines.
We must love our neighbor to get his love,

As we measure, he will mete.

2. Who was called the Bard of Avon?
3. Who is referred to as the "lady with a lamp," in Longfellow's Santa Filomena?

4. Who is "the man of blood and iron?"

5. Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Who wrote it?

A WET DAY.

BY P. A. B.

There are many ways of spending an hour or two indoors on a rainy day. One of these ways is to get comfortably seated at the window and look through an old scrap-book. I did that one day last month when April was strongly giving proof of its shower-producing prerogative. Among divers clippings pasted here and there my eyes were arrested by a wee bit of faded lace. Below it was written "May 31, 1889." I fear more than one reader of the CARMELITE REVIEW too well remembers that date. It recalls very sad recollections.

The Johnstown flood—one of the most awful catastrophes which this country has ever witnessed—occurred on May 31st, 1889. It is not my intention to repeat any of the dread details. They are generally known. My purpose is but to recall one incident recorded at the time, and this in turn will give me occasion to mention another wet day experience which may not be devoid of interest.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception, on that ill-fated Friday evening when the watery billows descended on Cambria City, was partially submerged, the water reaching fifteen feet up the sides. The building was badly wrecked, the pulpit and pews were torn out, and, in general, the entire structure was fairly dismantled. On the following Monday morning, when an entrance was forced through the blocked doorway, the ruin appeared to be complete. One object alone had escaped the wrath of the water. The statue of the Blessed Virgin, which had been adorned because of the May devotions, remained unscathed. The flowers, the wreaths and the lace veil were left unsoiled and undisturbed. The marks on the walls too clearly showed that the water had risen to a height of fifteen feet, while the head of the statue did not reach a height of six feet. At least, so it appeared to me when I visited the ruins. Some say that the statue was lower still. The veil itself was afterwards cut up into pieces which have found their way in

many out-of-the-way corners, among others into my scrap-book.

Soon after this incident some ingenious person went to work to fashion a model in miniature of this noted statue. The copy was placed in a case decorated with flowers and tinsels, imitation candles were placed at the sides and the whole covered with a glass face. At the foot of this so-called "shrine" was appended a printed slip with the *Memorare* the beautiful little prayer composed by Saint Bernard. These "shrines" have since wonderfully multiplied. To-day they can be found in houses almost everywhere from Canada to Dixieland.

I well remember the first occasion on which my attention was called to one of these "shrines." It was a very wet day and we were standing in a little railroad station of one of those primitive branch lines, impatiently awaiting the arrival of the train. To kill time I started a conversation on the weather and other glittering generalities with a man who had all the appearance of another Sam Slick. He was not the one to let slip an opportunity. He came down to business at once.

"You are just the man I am looking for," he said. "I've got a first-class article here which you'll buy at sight. They are going like hot cakes. Just the thing for your wife."

As he said this, he unwrapped a parcel which proved to be one of the "shrines" mentioned before. I might say here that my coat collar was turned up, thus concealing the well-known clerical collar. This was done as a protection against the rain, which did not seem to heed the sign over the door, "None but passengers allowed here." And hence it followed that the man in question was not quite sure where I worshipped. I might be a Shaker for all he cared, provided he disposed of his goods.

"It's a bargain," he went on. "Don't you?"

I did not. He might as well have asked a blind man if he saw the watermark in a postage stamp.

"The price is no objection. What I do object to is your wanting me to pur-

chase a thing so suggestive of idolatry," I replied.

"I'll explain it," he answered, as we boarded the train. He did explain. It was one of the most lucid explanations of the Catholic doctrine concerning devotion to the Blessed Virgin I had ever heard. The man had read deep from some good source. For all that, I saw he was not a Catholic.

"And that gibberish there. What of that?" I said, pointing to the printed slip with the prayer of the *memorare*.

And again an explanation. His answer read like a book. At the risk of throwing off my disguise too soon, I said further, "but a monk wrote it."

"Maybe, but the monks are not so black as they are painted," was the ready reply.

After this I threw off any attempt at disguise and could not help congratulating my friend on his ability to explain Catholic doctrine.

"You ought to be a Catholic, my dear man," I said to him later on.

Unfortunately the poor fellow lived in a very bigoted atmosphere and was not apt to find the road to truth.

"Look here," I said, as we were parting, "I am sorry I cannot buy that 'shrine.' However, I know a person who will do so if you hand them this card of mine. But, before I leave, I want to make a bargain with you. It is this. You ought to take means to become a Catholic."

"Rather difficult, isn't it?"

"Oh, no. Just take one simple step in the right direction."

"What is that?"

"Say that prayer there—the *memorare*."

"You are joking."

"Not at all. Do you promise?"

"I'll try. It won't hurt."

He did try, as I found out, when I met him again for a second or two, as we brushed together at another station.

Not long since some zealous missionaries gave a course of sermons in the very town where this man resides. It did not at all surprise me to learn that he joined the church. He is now a zealous Catholic. Did that powerful little prayer, the *Memorare*, play any part in his conversion? I believe it did.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is well to remember that the custom of dedicating this month to the Queen of Heaven was inaugurated by a pious Carmelite nun in France. More devotions than this beautiful one have been born within the cloister.

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Holy Church wishes us to go unceasingly to Mary during this month, hence she has instituted the feast of the "Help of Christians," which falls on May 24th. Mary loves to help us when all other help seems withdrawn from us.

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May the most Holy Virgin! Beauty of Carmel! Virgin flower, shower every blessing on our friends and readers during this lovely month. For this do we beg daily during the holy sacrifice, and for this there are hundreds of petitions being offered up throughout Carmel in America.

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Now is the time to offer your gifts to Mary. Gather a bouquet as it were. Let it consist of all the virtues, the lily of purity, the violet of penance and, above all, the rose of love, and your heavenly mother will weave for you a bouquet of forget-me-nots when she beholds your may flowers blooming at her feet

"Fragrant, filling the air with a
Strange and wonderful sweetness."

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Sophronius gives us a beautiful thought for May. He tells us that "Mary is the true garden of pleasure, abounding in the sweetest flowers, and she emits the celestial odor of all the virtues.

"Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies," sings the poet, and well may we apply the saying to the many saints, blossoms of grace and flowers of Carmel which adorn the church. During this month dedicated to Mary the virgin flower of Carmel and Queen of May, holy church has culled a beautiful bouquet of saintly lives, a worthy offering to our Queen. Three of them especially, were wrapt up in the love of Mary, to wit: St. Simon, with his oak tree "rich in humility's flower," the holy virgin of Pazzi bringing lilies to her spouse, and St. Angelus "with his hands full of passion flowers." And we must not forget Blessed Aloysius Rabata, who like another good shepherd laid down his life for his flock. Let us too, in contemplating these saintly flowers, learn the many lessons contained in their lives which, like flowers, "preach to us if we hear." "More love for God, more devotion to Mary!" is what we would hear loudly proclaimed, did these rare and saintly exotics again adorn the earth.

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Even a superficial insight into the life of our great Carmelite Saint Mary Magdalene de Pazzi shows us a life-long chain of Christian love and suffering. Sorrow there was in that virginal heart—sorrow for human ingratitude towards God. It was a sorrow far different from worldly sorrow. Worldlings regret their youth, and weep over their lost beauty. Their regrets are vain and the tears useless. Our lot is different. We, like the saints, can re-plunge into our source, and thus recover a vigorous youth and a re-

splendent comeliness. And what, pray, is this source? None other than the Passion of our Lord—the Heart of Jesus—which we can safely, quickly and surely reach through the immaculate heart of Mary.

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In these days of dogmatic confusion when proud puny preachers are lost in the babel of so-called higher critics, it is refreshing for us Catholics to turn to that great spokesman of the Church, and champion of truth—St. Athanasius—whose feast we commemorate on May 2nd. The critics chatter, the scoffers scoff and heretics harangue through all the centuries, while above the din, doubt and darkness we hear Athanasius announcing truth with a voice that sounds unceasingly and sonorously as the eternal diapason of Niagara.

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Three hundred days' Indulgence can be gained by those who assist at the May devotions in Church. At home, too, you can gain many indulgences by having devotions with your family.

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Now that there is so much in evidence about Anglican re-union, it may be permitted to suggest a novena for the Pope's intention in honor of St. Simon Stock, commencing say on May 7th. The conversion of his countrymen is surely dear to the heart of the saint of the Scapular. Prayer is more potent than polemics, and a short *Hail Mary* or *Flos Carmeli* will do more good than six columns or more of "Innominate's" best dressed arguments.

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Comparisons are odious. It is especially true when a secular paper, in speaking of the loss of life among the Cuban rebels, quotes and applies the saying that "the blood of the martyrs

is the seed of the church." The writer who first penned that remark had in view the early martyrs of the Catholic Church, and never foresaw the day in which some blasphemous space-writer would use it as a text in speaking of rebellious subjects whose blood will be the seed of a faithless race who, like their belligerent fathers, will finally reach hell by the route of freemasonry.

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"God's mills grind slow but sure," 'tis said, and well may we apply this to the enemies of the Church. Sometime ago we spoke of the "lonesome" man of blood and iron, and now we see him quoted as saying that he has "sinned with his mouth" and his illness is doing him poetical justice. History repeats itself. Moreover now the cable tells us that ex-Premier Crispi is going to his grave in misery and disgrace. This all seems natural to us who believe in Providence.

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If we turn to Father Faber this month we shall find much in his writings which will warm our hearts toward the Mother of God. We love to quote him when he tells us to love Mary more tenderly. "It is a matter," he says, "in which we cannot do too much." Again he says: "Like Mary we must be loving, sweet and patient with those who cause us any unhappiness." And further in showing us how much Mary interests herself in us he tells us that "a thousand times and more has she mentioned our names to God, in such a sweet and persuasive way that the Heart of Jesus ought not to resist it, though the things she asked were very great." Finally, let us heed well the advice to have more confidence in Mary, for, says Father Faber, "It is wonderful what she has done without our asking, and most wonderful is what

she can and will do if we ask more and trust more."

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Sometimes God calls the religious from his quiet cell to shed his blood for God and holy church. St. Angelus, the Carmelite, (5th of May) was one of these. He did great things for God and shed lustre on his Order. He gives us a noble example of patient suffering. All is easy where love reigns. A remark of St. Bernard is in place here, who says: "Under the influence of *fear* we support our cross with patience, under the influence of *hope* we carry the cross with courage, but under the consuming power of *love* we embrace the cross with ardor."

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Now that nature again decks herself in beautiful array, our meandering here and there should help to raise our thoughts to heaven. If we make a start it is not very difficult to find matter for meditation from the things around us. The pious author of the "Spiritual Combat" gives us a hint about doing this. Nature is a book, as we have often heard. There are lessons in stones and plants. It was this truism which Wordsworth announced when he wrote that

"The meanest flower that grows can give

Thoughts that do too often lie too deep for tears."

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During Eastertide we again hear the voice of Peter urging the faithful to take to themselves St. Joseph as a patron. "Go to Joseph," is not yet a thrashed out saying. We hear it often, let us heed it, if we are wise. You remember well that St. Teresa again and again urges us to fly to St. Joseph's patronage. He helped her. He will help us.

One of the great events of 1897 is the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria. In looking backward over the long and in many ways, glorious Victorian age we have much to be thankful for. There are shadows, too, on this long epoch, but altogether, peace and progress have made gigantic strides. Catholicity in England has taken on great vitality. Either as subjects, or admirers, of the pacific monarch we owe her our prayers. Even those who have little to rejoice over during these sixty years, would surely thank God for many things if we remind them of the old lady of former days who was reprimanded for offering prayers for Nero. "How can you beg a long life for such a tyrant?" she was asked. "If he dies we may get a worse one," was her reply. Let us show friend and foe, remembering that Providence shapes the destinies of nations, pray "God Save the Queen."

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That excellent lecture on "Some things which Catholics do not believe," delivered lately in Toronto, Ontario, by the eloquent Dr. Walsh, would be a powerful weapon in the hands of the "Apostleship of the Press." It is an able lecture. His Grace's arguments are strong, convincing and to the point. The voice of the worthy prelate has reached far beyond the bounds of his archdiocese. Only lately we met a non-Catholic in an obscure mountain hamlet who by chance had come across a copy of a Catholic journal containing the lecture referred to. "That's what we want," he remarked in his rustic way. Yes, that is just what our separated brethren do want. A mission is good as long as it lasts, but it is soon forgotten. Something permanent is wanting. Therefore, we are convinced that money can be put to

no better use than printing thousands of copies of such lectures as that of Dr. Walsh and sending them throughout the length and breath of the land. The fruit resulting would be immeasurable.

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 "It is but right and proper to honor her (Mary) whom God Himself so much honored," says the memorable Archbishop of Toronto. "Besides," says His Grace, "in honoring her we but honor the gifts and graces which God so abundantly bestowed on her and which crowned her with honor and glory."

..*
 This year of grace will be full of reminiscent anniversaries for our Holy Father. It seems but a short time ago when we celebrated his sacerdotal golden jubilee. What grand work for the glory of holy church has not the glorious Pontiff performed during the past decade.

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 In a letter of recent date from our Spanish correspondent, Don Juan Pedro, mention is made of a beautiful gift of the Holy Father to the Queen Regent of Spain at an audience which His Holiness gave to the Spanish Ambassador at the Vatican, Senor Merry del Val. The Holy Father presented him with a beautiful rosary as a present to the noble Queen Regent of Spain. The rosary is a work of art, composed of gold brilliants and stones of matchless beauty, and contains numerous relics gathered from the various sanctuaries of the Holy Land.

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 The Spanish ambassador referred to above is the highly respected father of Monsignor Merry del Val, the Papal Alegate to Canada, who has been received with the highest honors by the civic and ecclesiastical authorities of the Dominion. His mission is to examine the settlement proposed by the Liberal government of Mr. Laurier of the vexed Catholic school question of Manitoba. A conference under the presidency of the Alegate has been held at Montreal, to which all the Archbishops of Canada had been convoked. Its outcome has not yet been

made public at this writing, but we can rely on the fact that the justice of the claims made by the minority in Manitoba is so evident that a fair settlement will be the final outcome.

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 The Vatican Seminary is to be made a full fledged university, according to a recent decree of the Holy Father. It will probably be called the Pontifical Seminary and have full rights to confer degrees. Natural sciences are to form a special feature of the curriculum. The students of the American province of the Carmelite Order, studying theology in Rome, are pupils of the Vatican Seminary. The Carmelite students at the close of the last scholastic year bore off the philosophical and theological honors of the seminary and merited the personal approbation of the Holy Father, who praised them highly.

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 The French Academy, the "Immortals," are a noble exception to the majority of French scientists and infidel professors. Persistently they have rejected Zola, the literary apostle of dirt, and now they have opened their ranks to one of the noblest Christians in France or elsewhere, Comte de Mun, the Apostle of Christian socialism, the founder of the Catholic Workmen's guilds, the valiant champion of every Catholic cause against the bitter enemies of the Church, has been elected a member of the French academy to succeed the late Jules Simon. Everything is not yet "rotten in the state of Denmark," when France accords her highest honors to such an uncompromising heroic Catholic.

CLARKSBURG, ONT.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—I return thanks for having entirely recovered from a very troublesome disease since I asked you and the kind readers to pray for me. I remain, yours very respectfully,
 S. M. F.

CALEDONIA, ONT.

DEAR FATHER,—I wish to thank Our Dear Lady of Mt. Carmel for a great favor obtained through her intercession. I promised her to ask you to publish it if obtained. Yours faithfully,

A READER OF THE CARMELITE REVIEW.