

...THE...

Carmelite Review

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

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AND CANADA WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL
AUTHORITY.



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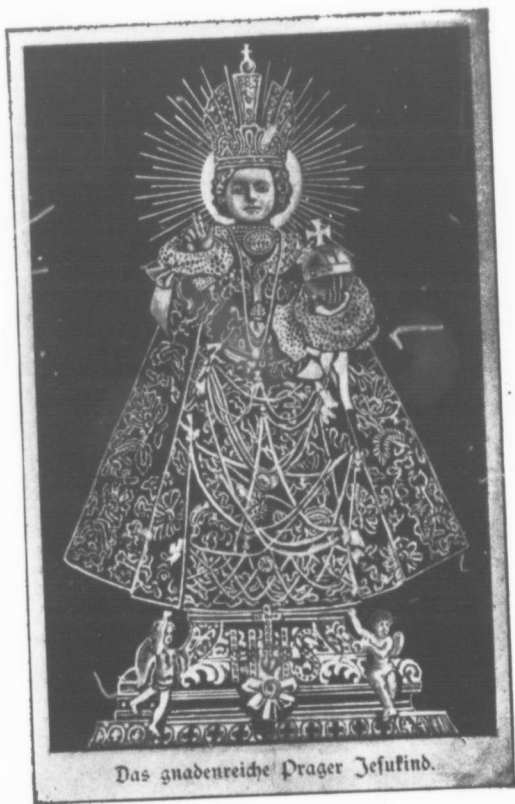
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Das gnadenreiche Prager Jesukind.

Holy Infant of Prague.

Carmelite Review

VOL. X.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1902.

NO. 1

A New Year's Prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

O Sacred Heart of Jesus !
Most worthy of our love !
O'erflowing with compassion
And sweetness from above.

In thee I plunge my spirit
As in a boundless sea ;
My joys and consolations,
My pains and misery.

I offer early Spring-time
Adorned with blossoms white ;
And Summer days of gladness
Illumed with golden light.

Then calm Autumnal beauty,
(Like sunset of the year,)
And e'en the wintry night-time,
To thee, O Heart most dear !

Sustain me, Heart of Jesus,
In every inward strife.
And may my name be written
In thee, O Book of Life !

And if this year thou callest
From exile to our home,
May I, thine "Enfant," answer :
"Behold, Sweet Heart, I come."

1901.

ENFANT DE MARIE.
St. Clare's.

Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

Prepared Specially for THE CARMELITE REVIEW by VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C.P., Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

In my present letter I shall dwell principally on an event which for the Catholic pilgrim to Jerusalem is, doubtless, the most memorable, and certainly the most touching of his sojourn in the Holy City. This was none other than the devout exercise of the Via Crucis, or the "Stations of the Cross," performed along the very route traversed by our sorrowful Redeemer on the day of his crucifixion. About two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, September the fifteenth,—octave of our Blessed Lady's Nativity and within the octave of the "Exaltation of the Holy Cross," our party assembled in the parlors of Casa Nova, and proceeded thence silently and reverently on the "Via Dolorosa" towards the site of the "First Station," on which, originally, stood the Roman praetorium, or, as we know it best, the judgment hall of Pilate. This was situated, in our Saviour's day, near the "Tower of Antonia," a fortress built to the N. E. of Solomon's Temple by Hircanus Machabeus, and enlarged by King Herod. Passing between two sentinels at the portal, we found ourselves in the court yard of the Turkish garrison. A bugle call was just summoning the soldiers to some exercise, and we were soon surrounded by them. Notwithstanding their unwelcome presence and the curiosity, not to say contempt, they exhibited, we knelt down upon the stone flags of the pavement, and after a brief but most fervid exhortation by the Very Rev. Father Urbain-Marie, Vicar-Custodian of the Holy Land, we devoutly joined in the prayers of the first station.

The fact that we were upon the very spot where Jesus had been condemned to death by a pagan judge, at the instance of a people who had but so lately hailed Him as their Messiah; that it was here He suffered the

Note.—Before each station a short instruction was given by the same Rev. Father, who also acted as officiant during the religious exercise.

torture and shame of being crowned with thorns as a mock king, struck in the face and spat upon by his fiendish tormentors; as also, the sublime lessons of humility, silence under persecution, and patient suffering, which the followers of the agonizing Redeemer should draw from His example on this occasion, had all been impressively emphasized by the Rev. officiant in the earnest address which he made us; and I think I can say without fear of question, that we realized as never before the extent of the ignominy inflicted on our amiable Saviour by the faithless Jews and idolatrous Romans, both so aptly represented by the infidel scoffers who stood around us, and who vividly recalled their execrable prototypes to our minds. In my last letter, in quoting one of the "talks" of Pere Paul, I gave the list of the "Stations," their names, sites, etc. Hence it will not be necessary for me to go over them here. But, after making mention of a peculiar feature that characterized our devout journey from the judgment hall of Pilate to the Holy Sepulchre, I shall say a word in regard to the manner of reaching some of the stations, special features observable in them, etc. The incident just referred to was the carrying by the pilgrims, in relays, of a heavy oak cross, twenty-six feet in length by twelve in width, and a little more than half a foot in thickness. This had been brought from France by our party, and was the gift of a French bishop. It was to be taken to Rome to be blessed by the Holy Father, and thence to the diocese of the donor, where it was to be planted as a memorial of the pilgrimage. When we left the praetorium and reached the second station we found this sacred burden awaiting us, and dozens of willing hands raised it to the shoulders of those who offered them.

Note.—This was at the foot of the stairway, which in our Saviour's time led from the street to the judgment hall. It was here that the New Isaac, Jesus Christ our Lord, received upon His shoulders the wood on which He

selves as so many willing "Simons of Cyrene." This done, we moved forward toward the third and remaining stations, singing the Stabat Mater as we went. Owing to the narrowness of the streets through which we were obliged to pass, the cross had often to be turned at an angle, and the sharp edge of the corners almost cut into the flesh, giving us a lively idea of what our Saviour suffered when He bore His own. On reaching the ninth station the cross was taken in charge by men hired for the purpose, who bore it to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and laid it down in the little square in front of the same, a change rendered necessary, because at this point the route of the ancient Via Dolorosa is interrupted by divers constructions of comparatively recent date, an alteration requiring our doubling on our course in some instances. Thus, to go from the eighth to the ninth station, we were obliged to retrace our steps toward the "Gate of the Judiciary" and proceed thence through a covered way (formerly called "St. Stephen's Street of the Crusaders") which traverses Jerusalem in the direction of north to south from the Damascus Gate to Mount Zion. After walking some eighty yards under this vaulted roadway (on both sides of which are shops or booths for the sale of various kinds of merchandise), we had to leave the beaten track and ascend a was to be sacrificed for man's salvation, and which He, like that holy patriarch, carried to the top of the mount.

Our Divine Redeemer mounted this stairway three times during His bitter passion, and its steps were moistened with His Precious Blood. To save so signal a memorial of Him from profanation, it was transported to Rome, where Pope Sixtus V. enshrined it in a chapel within the "Lateran." It is known to the faithful as the "Scala Santa" (Holy Stairs), and is venerated in the Monastery of the same title under the charge of the Passionist Fathers in the Eternal City. It consists of twenty-eight marble steps, which are covered with hard wood, as well to preserve it from wear as in token of its sacred character. The faithful ascend it on their knees, many indulgences being granted for this pious practice.

flight of steps leading into a long and tortuous passage which terminated in front of the non-uniate Coptic bishop's residence. Here we found the ninth station, where Jesus fell the third time under His cross. (The remaining stations are within the Church of the Resurrection.)

What a striking spectacle was that which we presented to the Jews, schismatics and Turks who lined our passage as we moved slowly forward carrying the sign of salvation and rendering the highest honors to that sacred object which the first and last named hold in horror and detestation! Many representatives too of the various Protestant denominations which flourish in Jerusalem looked on, pitying us, it may be, for parading what they would call our idolatry. But no demonstration of any nature whatever was made by any of the classes mentioned, for we were headed by the cavasses of the French consulate, resplendent in their gorgeous uniform and bearing their massive silver maces, and escorted by a guard of Turkish police. Over and over again we knelt in the streets as we made our sorrowful journey from station to station. Here, we passed beneath the "Arch of the Ecce Homo," from whose balcony Pilate showed Jesus to the rabble, crowned with thorns and clothed with the ragged purple mantle, a reed instead of the royal sceptre in His manacled hands—the refinement of that insatiable cruelty which animated the Roman cohort and their eager instruments, the Jews, toward the Saviour of mankind. There, we saw the "House of Veronica," now replaced by a chapel. Again, it is the column to which the sentence of condemned criminals was affixed that met our eyes. This stood originally at the "Gate of the Judiciary," and is now reverently kept in an oratory erected by the Franciscans; for tradition says that the sentence of condemnation against our divine Lord was attached thereto. In a word, every step of our way recalled some particular scene or incident of the Passion. About the eighth station our devotions were rudely broken in upon by the shrill cry of a muezzin calling the faithful (?) to prayer from the lofty minaret of a neighboring mosque, and adding the,—to our ears—blasphemous declaration: "There is no God but Allah, and Ma-

homet is his prophet." Sadly were we reminded by these discordant notes of the deplorable lot of Palestine and the Holy places.

Yet another incident of this memorable Friday claims my notice and I will close this letter with it. About five o'clock in the evening we visited "Le Mur des pleurs des Juifs," or "The Jews' Wailing Place." Here the more orthodox of the sad remnant of Israel still in the Holy City, with occasional additions from all parts of the world, congregate every Friday, except on that which occurs during the feast of Tabernacles, to mourn the departed glory of Zion. Formerly it was on the site of the ruined temple itself that they assembled for this purpose, but ever since that holy place has been occupied by the Mosque of Omar, this melancholy privilege has been denied them and they are now forced to content themselves with a narrow strip of paved court some thirty yards long by from four to five in width, fronting on the gigantic retaining wall which is said to have been erected by Solomon, to keep the earth that has been filled in on the lower side of the space, for the purpose of widening the great square on which he built the first temple. The sight we witnessed here was a touching one—worthy a better cause! Leaning with their faces against the huge blocks that rose up in testimony, as it were, against their unbelief in Him who had predicted the ruin of the once magnificent edifice in which their fathers had worshipped, and of which not the least vestige has survived, were men and women, some with books in their hands, chanting a mournful dirge-like refrain, taken principally from the seventy-ninth psalm, a portion of which I will cite here:

"O God, the heathens are come into thy inheritance, they have defiled thy holy temple; they have made Jerusalem as a place to keep fruit.

"They have given the dead bodies of thy servants to be meat for the fowls

(Note.—This is a term expressive of contempt, as is apparent from these words of Isaiah (Chapter II): "And the daughter of Sion shall be left as a covert in a vineyard, and as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, and as a city that is laid waste.")

of the air, the flesh of thy saints for the beasts of the earth.

"They have poured out their blood as water, round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them.

"We are become a reproach to our neighbors; a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

"How long, O Lord, wilt thou be angry forever; shall thy zeal be kindled like a fire?"

Then follow these verses, chanted alternately by the rabbi and the assembled multitude:

Rabbi.—On account of the Holy Place which is profaned.

People.—We sit solitary, and we weep.

R.—On account of the temple which is destroyed.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of the walls that are cast down.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of our majesty which has passed away.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of our great men who have perished.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of the precious stones which are burned.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of our priests who have erred.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—On account of our kings who have been despised.

P.—We sit solitary, etc.

R.—We beseech thee, O God, have pity on Sion.

P.—Reassemble the children of Jerusalem.

R.—Make haste, O Saviour of Sion!

P.—Speak in favor of Jerusalem!

R.—May her former beauty and majesty appear within her!

P.—Turn with pity towards Jerusalem, O God!

R.—May her royal line be re-established once more.

P.—Console them that weep for Jerusalem!

R.—May peace and joy enter into Sion!

P.—And the sceptre of power arise in Jerusalem!

Frere Lievin, in his "Guide of the Holy Land," makes the following reflection on the doleful ceremony I have just described: "What food for reflection," he says, "have we here,

on beholding this people, formerly the chosen ones of God, but rejected by Him for ages past, and ever pursued by the Divine vengeance on account of their infidelities and hardness of heart, assembling together every Friday—the very day on which Christ was put to death—and beating their brows against the last remnant of the enclosure of the temple raised by their ancestors to the honor of Jehovah! What a pang do we not experience when we consider that many of these misguided people make a supreme effort in order to have the consolation of living and dying in the very place where they consummated their awful decide, "May His blood be upon us and upon our children!" cried their forefathers. Terrible malediction, whose accomplishment, ever visible, is one of the most striking proofs of the truth of the prophetic predictions,

and, consequently, of the divinity of Christianity."

We did not tarry long at the Place of Wailing, but bent our steps to an adjacent synagogue, where we were admitted without difficulty, even though service was in progress. Instinctively I removed my hat on entering, but a member of the congregation stepped up to me and made me a sign to replace it, as it is the custom of the Jews to remain covered in their temples. The men occupied the parquet, the women being accommodated in the galleries. We stayed about half an hour listening to the chant—by no means melodious,—and then returned to Casa Nova. This was my first visit to a synagogue, and to think that I made it in Jerusalem!

(To be continued.)

St. John Chrysostom and the Ladies of Constantinople

By REV. FRANCIS X. MCGOWAN, O.S.A.

The ladies of Constantinople, in the early days of the Byzantine Empire, whether they were of Grecian or foreign descent, were surrounded with all the pomp and display incidental to imperial power, and accordingly manifested, as a rule, an insolent disdain towards their equals and inferiors. Those of them who came from low extraction and who had been elevated to patrician rank, either as a result of their intrigues or personal attractions endeavored to compensate for the contempt which the leading families showed them by surpassing the latter in all the extravagancies of luxury. To these racial rivalries was added a perpetual contention among the classes, for the wives of the state-officials demanded the privileges enjoyed by their husbands, which, they claimed, reflected directly on the families of the latter. A feminine hierarchy was thus constituted. First, those whose husbands were consuls, prefects or superior officers of the army had the title of illustrious; secondly, those who had married patri-

cians or provincial governors were classed as among the respectable; lastly, in the lowest rank, were those recognized as the honorable. This nobility, of recent date, was mainly recruited from the upper army circles and was thus divided into three categories, each having its title and insignia. It gave to the imperial city the appearance of a theatre whose actors, differently costumed, played a considerable political role.

These women were extremely jealous and constantly defamed one another. They were bitter rivals in pride and display, and they lavished the money which they inherited or which came from rapine or extortion in foolish expense, while their too complacent husbands looked silently on their extravagance. The furniture of their homes, articles of toilet, chairs and even stools were made of silver; of silver also were made the vessels that served for ordinary purposes. They made use of gold cups, gold amphoras, gold objects of every kind. Their passion for that precious metal

equaled the fondness of the Indian prince who had a large tree constructed in gold under whose glittering foliage he set up his golden throne. When these women appeared abroad, they were covered with gold, streaming with gold from head to foot; they wore gold combs, gold collars, gold chains, gold bracelets, and their robes were made of gold texture. They actually enclosed their finger-tips in gold sheaths. They wanted, as said St. Chrysostom, to have golden tresses, lips and eyes. Not that this extravagant display made them more seductive. On the contrary, it weighed them down and destroyed whatever grace and elegance nature had bestowed upon them. St. John spoke bluntly to them: "Your mundane ornaments make you appear unsightly. Your ruinous and excessive luxury does not bring your beauty into bolder relief. Of what use are this gold and these ornaments, by which you endeavor to correct what God has made? Do you wish to appear beautiful? Clothe yourselves with charity, goodness, modesty and purity; cast aside display." These women exhibited this excess of ornament not for the purpose of pleasing their husbands, but with the view of being observed and creating a sensation. St. John, the pitiless moralist, fathomed their most secret intentions and thus reveals them to his audience in their presence: "A woman modestly attired, wearing no ornaments, devoid of all luxury and affection, walks on unattended in her natural manner, but always with decorum and distinction, and passes unnoticed. On the other hand, the woman that shows a brilliant toilette and is drawn by white mules with gold trappings attracts the attention of all observers; all press towards her and ask one another: 'Who is she? Whence has she come?' Such a sight scandalizes good people and excites the jealousy of rivals."

When this evil of display was confined to profane places, such as the bath and the theatre, it might be tolerated; but when it invaded the holy place, the church, where one expects to hear that gold, silver and fine clothes become ill the Christian woman, it was justly and highly censurable. St. John pictures the fashionable devotee of his day. Why has this woman

passed so long a time in her dressing-room? Why this long preparation? Why does she deck herself in all her finery to-day? Where does she intend to go? She is going to the church, but what shall she hear? She will hear that all this luxury is condemned. Do not the infidels laugh at such a sight, at such a show? Or do they not think that our religion is only a by-word, only a scheme of dupery? Look at her as she enters in church; she offers a pittance of alms to the poor who stand at the door if they have said anything in praise of her beauty or if they have been shrewd enough to murmur a compliment in her ear. "I know well," said St. Chrysostom, "that it is not the name of Christ that detains them at the church door, but they pause, draw near and melt in pity if some poor person extol their beauty." The beggars were well aware of this weakness and employed their knowledge cleverly to move the fair worshippers to charity, and urged by the pangs of hunger they complimented not only the good-looking ones, but also the most homely. In the church these women acted frivolously and irreverently. The merest incident caused distraction amongst them. When the priest said a prayer or expounded the truths of religion, if a word were mispronounced or anything unusual happened, they were all ready to smile and giggle, regardless of the Divine Majesty present in the temple. They would not dare to indulge in such unseemingly behaviour in the presence of their husbands, and if they ever acted in this way it was in the time of honest and necessary recreation. In the church it was their ordinary conduct. The saint complained that they went to the church to confess their sins and to beg God's forgiveness of them and that even in the performance of this sacred duty they smiled, laughed and misbehaved.

After reprimanding them, St. John proceeded to counsel them. He said that physical beauty, however desirable it might be, soon faded and decayed, and what was nigh impossible, if it escaped the ravages of disease or worryment, it rarely endured twenty years, while, on the other hand, the beauty of the soul, its heavenly rival, retains always its strength and freshness. This spiritual beauty fears no

sad change, no old age, no wrinkles; it triumphs over all human vicissitudes. Therefore, let us cultivate it, and possessing it we shall be admitted into the presence of the divine Spouse and enter heaven bearing lamps resplendent with light. The oil with which we will fill these lamps is alms, and charity towards our neighbor. What we ought to do is to melt down this gold, this jewellery, these vain ornaments, and convert them into precious oil. How gratefully your husbands would view such action, for "your luxury wearies and disquiets them and leads them to believe that you are the slaves of these trifles, the slaves of a foolish world. I admit that they are moderate and reasonable; they respect you and will not express harsh sentiments to you, but in their hearts they condemn you."

These exhortations, so full of evangelical charity, but somewhat keen, cutting and ironical, were generally ill-received. They fell like a hail-storm or like a shower of steel arrows on these fine ladies, who felt wounded, irritated, and disposed to avenge their injured pride by saying very bitter words against the Patriarch. "See," they said, "how he excites husbands against their wives, and causes trouble in our families." St. John was not, however, deterred from waging war without truce or mercy against this shameful and crying evil of display, for he was persuaded that God had called him to the episcopal office, not to please but to correct his flock.

Another great source of affliction to him was the frivolous conduct and coquetry of certain widows, that is, of women who, by the very circumstances of their state, ought to keep aloof from the pleasures and vanities of the world. Was it not their duty to lead retired, recollected lives, apart from the tumult and activities of daily existence, to pray day and night, and if they had the means of so doing, to perform acts of charity, and to be assiduous in the service of the temple? But there was much in their conduct that was reprehensible. Some of them who had become widows at an early age were reluctant to remarry, and they accepted all the honors which the church attaches to widowhood without satisfying all the obligations imposed on that state.

Young, handsome and wealthy, they cultivated elegant dress and manners; they sought for praise and compliment, and under the veil of piety they concealed unbridled passions. Indigent widows inclined more readily to the severe exactions of the rule, because they were dependent on the church and the Bishop for their support, but the others who were independent and free were bound by no restriction and went about everywhere, collecting and retailing news, disseminating calumny and slander, and sparing neither bishop nor clergy with their virulent tongues. St. Chrysostom could not bear this outrageous conduct and he commanded them to remarry, if such was their inclination, or to break entirely with the world. He would not allow them to have one foot in the church and the other in the world. They must change their mode of life, or else he would erase their names from the category of widows. He took it upon himself to question them, one by one, and to ascertain what their intentions were. He counselled, and even ordered those that were addicted to worldly enjoyments and customs to give up frequenting the bath and the theatre, to lay aside fashionable dress and perfumery, and to embrace a life of prayer, fasting and penance. If this did not suit them, they should marry again as soon as possible so that their dissipated conduct might no longer compromise in the sight of men the sanctity enjoined by the gospel. When he saw that his counsel was not heeded, he began to reprimand the offenders publicly: "What are you doing?" he said to the elder widows. "Do you dream of becoming young again in spite of age? It, indeed, becomes you to wear these wavy ringlets." This bold and unconditional language stirred up great enmity against him. He was said to be harsh in speech and severe in practice by those who tried to conciliate devotion with coquetry.

Three of these women believed that they were singled out in these homilies which branded worldly widows as with burning fire. They were Euphraphia, Castricia and Marsa. Euphraphia never appeared in public, not even in the church, without having her face painted with pink and white cosmetics, her eyelids and eyebrows

colored with antimony like an Egyptian mummy, and her hair floating carelessly about her. Castricia was the widow of the consul Saturninus; she loved money and intrigues; her wickedness was equalled only by her avarice. Marsa enjoyed great influence at court. When quite young she married, but soon lost, Poromotus the General-in-chief of the army of Theodosius, who was killed in one of the wars against the barbarians. The emperor adopted the son of Poromotus, and brought him with his mother, Marsa, into the royal palace. She became, accordingly, an intimate friend of Theodosius, and also, later on the famous Eudoxia, whose mind she succeeded in poisoning against Chrysostom. This was the feminine triad that, at first secretly and again openly, declared war on their bishop and directed their opposition to him with Satanic skill and persistence.

Apart from these unscrupulous and heartless worldlings, there were happily pious women in sufficiently large number, elect souls, adorned with the brightness of Christian virtue, replete with purity, modesty, piety and devotedness. They shone like brilliant stars in a gloomy sky. Chrysostom saw them, loved them for their excellence and was in turn loved by them.

Nicoreta was a Greek lady, born in Nicomedia. Descended from a rich and noble family, she devoted to the relief of the poor the remnants of a once immense fortune which had escaped the rapacity of sordid courtiers. Although misfortune had tried her sorely, she always maintained an unchangeable serenity of mind amidst her severe trials. St. John wished to enroll her among the choir of virgins attached to his cathedral, but she did not consider herself worthy such an honor, and she preferred to give her time and means to the succor of the poor and the afflicted. Her visits to the sick were received with infinite gratitude.

Salvina came from Africa and was of royal descent; her ancestors were the former kings of Mauritania. When her father, the fierce Gildon, was vanquished by Theodosius, she was brought a mere child to the Byzantine court and was later espoused to a young prince of distinction, Nebri-

dius, the nephew of the empress. The young couple lived happily, and a son and daughter were born of their union, when Nebrius was suddenly taken away in the bloom of his manhood. St. Jerome endeavored, in a letter which bears all the impress of religious tenderness, to assuage the grief of the inconsolable widow by his soothing words: "The little Nebrius recalls his father vividly; he has his father's eyes, features and gait. A spark of the father's energy is reflected in the son, and through the mirror of the flesh, discloses a grand soul in a small body. His sister is a basket of lilies and roses; she is so sweet and ravishing that all her kinsfolk dispute for her, and even the emperor does not disdain to take her in his arms. Therefore, you have, Salvina, a compensation for your loss, since God has given you two children for the spouse He has taken from you." When her children were reared, Salvina retired from the court and the world and St. John associated her with the deaconesses who served his metropolitan church. Salvina lived in such humility of heart and self-denial as to deserve Chrysostom's affectionate respect.

Pentadia was the wife of the famous general Timasius, whom the eunuch, Eutropius, the prime-minister of Arcadius, drove into exile. This all-powerful minister was jealous of Timasius on account of his splendid victories, and he persuaded the emperor to send the general to an oasis in the desert of Lybia. While her husband, imprisoned in a zone of burning sand, was expiating the glory of his victories, Pentadia was pursued by a pack of human blood-hounds, who ferreted her out and chased her from country to country. One day when she was on the point of being taken, she sought refuge in one of the churches of Constantinople, claiming the right of sanctuary. Eutropius, thirsting for vengeance, proceeded in his nefarious scheme of persecuting a defenceless woman, and induced the emperor to violate the law of ecclesiastical immunity. The latter ordered that she should be dragged from the church by force. This was done, and St. Chrysostom appeared before the emperor and openly claimed the release of the victim. In spite of

the opposition by the prime-minister, who himself was compelled a short time after to seek the refuge of the sanctuary from the fury of the irate populace, he succeeded in liberating Pentadia from further persecution. Pentadia became attached to her deliverer and to the church in which she found an asylum; she was enrolled among the deaconesses of the church.

The most celebrated of the ladies who assisted St. John by their prayers and charity was St. Olympias, who has been called "the glory of the widows in the Eastern Church." She was born in the year 368 and was left an orphan at an early age. She was raised by her uncle, Procopius, who had married a daughter of the emperor Valens. It was her good fortune to be placed under the care of Theodosia, the sister of St. Amphilochius, whom St. Gregory Nazianzen styled, "a perfect pattern of piety." She was formed to virtue and good manners by this excellent woman and never forgot her early training. Sylvia, the sister of Rufinus, taught her sacred and profane letters, and placed in her hands the works of Origen, St. Gregory, St. Basil, and many other ecclesiastical writers. Learning did not impair her fine natural qualities, and she enjoyed the respect and the esteem of all. To her admirable talent and intellectual attainments, Olympias united great personal beauty and delicate sensibility, and though far in advance of the women of her times as regards culture, she was characterized by the greatest simplicity of taste and manner. When she reached a marriageable age, her uncle found no difficulty in providing a suitable partner for her. She was espoused while yet quite young to Nebridius, the treasurer of Theodosius the Great and Prefect of Constantinople. Many bishops assisted at her nuptials, being influenced as much by her tender piety as by the fact of her high birth and social position. St. Gregory addressed a poem to her on this happy occasion and excused himself from attending on the plea of a severe attack of gout. Twenty months later Olympias was a widow. Her personal attractions were such that many wealthy and influential courtiers sought her hand; one, especially, Elpidius, a Spanish noble and a relative of Theodosius, was a constant

and urgent suitor. The emperor promoted his wishes, but Olympias modestly declared her intention of living single for the rest of her life. "If God wishes me to live with a man," she said, "He would not have taken my husband." In order to make her submit to his proposal, Theodosius ordered the prefect of Constantinople to take possession of her entire fortune and to act as her guardian till she had reached her thirtieth year. Her disappointed lover also prevailed on the prefect to forbid her seeing the bishop or visiting the churches. Her answer to Theodosius was a magnificent testimony of heroic virtue: "You have testified, Sire, towards your humble servant not only the wisdom of a sovereign, but the prudence of an overseer in placing in the keeping of your officials the fortune which I possess and by this means discharging me from the care and disquiet which the necessity of using it well would cause me. You would enhance even more my happiness if you were to command your officials to distribute my goods among the churches and the poor, for I have feared for a long time the motions of vanity which are accustomed to follow from such distribution when made by oneself, and I fear also that the care of temporal riches may make me neglect the true riches which are spiritual and divine." She who wrote these beautiful disinterested words was only twenty-three years of age. Theodosius was astonished at her self-denial, and after inquiring into her mode of life, he restored her estate to her in 391. When she entered again on her patrimony, she began to devote it to religious and pious uses. She was veritably a poor servant of Christ. She heeded the Saviour's admonition to be poor in spirit and scarcely retained what was necessary for the maintenance of life. She passed whole days and nights in the church, and her brethren said that she never left it. Her health was not robust; her body was feeble, and though nurtured from childhood in delicacy and luxury, she practised the greatest austerities and self-denial. She never ate meat and never partook of sufficient rest. She had, by this stern manner of life, subdued her body and tamed its appetites; fasting and watching had annihilated all the instincts and passions

of the flesh. Her dress was plain; her furniture poor; her prayers continual and fervent, and her charities without bounds. St. Chrysostom compared her lavish almsgiving to a river which is open to all and which diffuses its waters to the ends of the earth and into the greatest ocean itself. Constantinople was not the only place that was benefited by her charity; she sent money and material help to distant countries, islands, and most remote deserts, and she gave entire estates to destitute churches. Such was Olympias when St. Chrysostom was raised to the patriarchal see of Constantinople.

When these two souls met, they felt drawn towards each other by a mutual, irresistible attraction, the attraction of virtue. They understood each other, as saints always do, by their reciprocal desire for spiritual perfection; they were united by that one sentiment which is closer than any natural tie—the love of God. John esteemed Olympias for her sufferings, her patience, contempt of riches, and her humility which made her the lowly servant of the poor. He saw realized in her life that ideal of detachment of which he had long dreamed: a noble lady reared in affluence and luxury descending from her lofty station and abasing herself for God's sake to the lowest degree of poverty! It was certainly a picture of most heroic virtue and Christ-like humility. He never wearies of looking at this high-born, patrician lady, clad in such coarse raiment as to be cast aside by servants and even beggars; he could not help admiring her dignified simplicity of life and manner. Olympias appeared to the saintly bishop as the triumph of the spirit over the flesh; all the Christian virtues had supernaturalized her existence. Olympias had passed through the crucible of severe trial. God had sent her affliction to increase her holiness. Sickness, persecution and calumny had formed a large portion of her life. In one of his letters St. John thus consoles her: "As you are well acquainted with the advantages and merit of sufferings, you have reason to rejoice, inasmuch as by having lived constantly in tribulation, you have walked in the way of crown and laurels. All manner of corporal distempers has been your portion, often

more cruel and harder to be endured than ten thousand deaths; nor have you ever been free from sickness. You have been perpetually overwhelmed by slanders, insults and injuries. Never have you been exempt from some new tribulation; torrents of tears have always been familiar to you. Among all these, one single affliction is enough to fill your soul with spiritual riches." Before St. John came to Constantinople, his predecessor, Nectarius, held Olympias in the highest esteem and appointed her a deaconess of his church to serve in some remote function of the ministry, which was entrusted to devout women, as for instance, the preparing of the linen for the altars. St. Amphilochius, St. Epiphanius, and St. Peter of Sebaste, with several other prelates, valued her acquaintance highly and maintained a correspondence with her.

On her part, Olympias loved and esteemed St. Chrysostom, because she saw that he was religious and mortified, and was emaciated by long fasts and vigils. She regarded him with particular admiration for standing forth boldly in defence of Christian morality after a long series of mediocre or unworthy bishops in the patriarchal see of Constantinople. She was enchanted with his passionate but tender eloquence, which stigmatized the popular and courtly vices: luxury, mercantilism, mammon-worship, material good for which religious ideality was sacrificed. While St. John was fearless in denouncing the prevalent injustice and corrupt practices rampant among the court-officers and government-agents, and exposed all manner of vice with great vehemence, he expounded with infinite tenderness the teaching which fell from the lips of Jesus,—the antidote for inordinate worldly care and worldly striving. Never did such golden eloquence flow from the mouth of a human preacher as from the inspired mouth of Chrysostom. He himself was the ideal of lofty spirituality, and in this alone, he surpasses all other pulpit-orators, whose spiritual tone is too often weighed with earthly admixtures. In Chrysostom spirituality was "unalloyed, ethereal and transparent;" it transfigured his fleshy body; it transported him to heaven; it pervaded his whole action and filled his speech. When he spoke, thousands at Antioch

and Constantinople hung on his words as if they were messages from above, and while they trembled as the cyclone of his reproach rushed upon them for their sins and vices, they were also encouraged to virtue when they were wafted by his golden eloquence and poetic flights to a sweeter and serener atmosphere and heaven was opened to their human vision, and they saw the throne of the merciful God erected on its sapphire floor. Their hearts were hungry for those spiritual realities which make life worth living, and Chrysostom, with masterly touch, stirred them up from their very soul-depths. Olympias perceived the mighty efforts of the Patriarch to transform the entire spiritual state of his flock; his grand endeavor to lead men to know and love God, to bring them in contact with the Infinite through sacramental agencies, and to bind them so closely to their Maker and Saviour that the Divine life would throb through them, stimulate their growth and shape it into the perfect manhood of Jesus Christ. She saw the glow of heaven in the Saint's words, born of pure love of God and motivated by the love of souls. It was no wonder that this devout woman, like all the classes of the imperial city, the court-class alone excepted, was brought within the circle of Chrysostom's spiritual fascination and loved her bishop with the same intense undying love with which she loved the potent magic of his voice. He was all to her: father, pastor and friend. She was one of the last persons to whom he said farewell when he was exiled by order of the emperor, June 20th, 404, and force only removed her from his feet where she knelt lamenting the cruel injustice done him. When he departed from Constantinople, Olympias, like many of St. John's friends and supporters, was made the object of special legislation and persecution. Because she would not recognize Arsacius, who had been intruded into Chrysostom's see, she was mulcted in a heavy fine and expelled from the city. After wandering from place to place she was brought back to Constantinople, and persisting in her refusal to communicate with Arsacius, she was forced to undergo many acts of cruelty. The public officials seized her goods and sold them at auction,

she was hauled before public tribunals; the soldiers tore her clothing from her back; the dregs of the populace pillaged her farms; her own servants, and many who had received from her the greatest favors, vied with one another in insulting her. She managed, however, to send some pecuniary help to St. John, which he used mainly to ransom captives and assist the poor in the desert-places to which he was exiled. She also sent the saint medicine for his own use, when he was suffering from disease brought on by an unhealthy climate and barbarous treatment. Thus was St. Olympias an angel of mercy at home and abroad.

The unrelenting hatred of a few lawless women, belonging to the Byzantine Court, drove St. Chrysostom into banishment and death. One of them was the Empress Eudoxia and she was the prime mover in this nefarious scheme. The eunuch Eutropius, whose appointment to the highest office in the state was such a disgrace as had never been witnessed since Caligula made his favorite horse a consul, succeeded in marrying Eudoxia to Arcadius, a weak and vindictive prince. The eunuch soon became the object of Eudoxia's jealousy and hatred, and driven from court he was compelled to take refuge in a church, while St. John pleaded successfully for his life before the infuriated populace. This act of St. John was a literal fulfilment of the evangelical precept to return good for evil, since Eutropius, when in power, persecuted and harassed the Patriarch in the vilest and most malicious manner. On the retirement of Eutropius, Eudoxia assumed the reins of government and she ruled as a despot. Arcadius was emperor only in name. Eudoxia surpassed all her predecessors in pomp and extravagance. She had need of vast resources to satisfy her love of display, and she accordingly amassed immense sums of money, mainly obtained by crying injustice and extortion. St. John was the only person who dared to speak openly against her outrageous conduct. In one of his sermons he condemned the excessive luxury displayed by the courtiers. Instantly, a swarm of watchful enemies arose in court circles. They were men of bad reputation and women of worse fame, sectaries, many of them Anairs whom St. John has proscribed

in his episcopal city. They were prepared to take advantage of any incident that would forbode harm to him. They succeeded in arraying the whole court against the Patriarch and in allying Theophilus, the Archbishop of Alexandria, with their side. This prelate had acted very summarily with some bishops and monks in his jurisdiction, whom he suspected of Origenism. Driven from their sees and monasteries, they sought Chrysostom's hospitality in their distress. The Patriarch received them kindly though he did not share their opinions, but he would not admit them to Holy Communion because they were under sentence of excommunication pronounced by their own bishop. Theophilus was piqued at St. John's charitable conduct, and awaited his opportunity for revenge. Charges of a serious nature were preferred by the monks of Nitria against Theophilus, and the latter was summoned to answer them before a synod to be presided over by St. Chrysostom. Theophilus in his defence was shrewd enough to take advantage of Eudoxia's enmity towards St. John. Through her intrigues John was accused of being an Origenist and was called upon to defend himself before a court over which Theophilus presided. He was found guilty of heresy by the Alexandrian prelate at the Pseudo-Synod of the Oak, so-called from the name of the country seat owned by the Imperial Minister Rufinus, where the conciliabulum was held. He was condemned to exile in Bythia. Eudoxia had her revenge, but it was of short duration. On the night following St. John's departure from Constantinople, a violent earthquake shook the city and created havoc in the Imperial Palace. Besides, the people were infuriated at St. John's unjust sentence and popular uprisings were planned. The thoroughly frightened Eudoxia besought the Emperor to recall the bishop. For eight months he administered the affairs of his diocese, but was constantly persecuted. During his residence in the Imperial city after his exile, an untoward incident happened, the issue of which was to bring great trouble and fatal consequences to the valiant Patriarch. A statue of the Empress was erected in the public square between the Senate house and the church of St. Sophia.

At the dedication of the statue, the prefect of the city, who was a Manichean and a half Pagan, excited the people to extraordinary rejoicings, which were attended with superstitious practices. The crowds took part in shameful dances and made the city resound with cries and invocations that recalled the ancient Pagan orgies and festivals. The order of the Divine service was greatly disturbed by the popular tumult and uproar. This was more than St. Chrysostom could endure. With his ordinary freedom he censured all who had taken part in these disgraceful scenes, and being like John the Baptist no respecter of persons, he condemned also those who were the originators of this Saturnalian festivity. Eudoxia's resentment was again aroused, and she determined on convening a new council for the express purpose of condemning the Patriarch, deposing him from his see, and driving him into exile. Money and political intrigue were employed to effect the nefarious plot of the Empress. St. John was again condemned, deposed and sent into exile (A. D. 404). The bishops who were nearly all of the party of the Empress, assembled in synod, justified their extraordinary action by quoting against St. John the notorious IVth and XIIth Canons of the Council of Antioch (A. D. 341). Eudoxia's revenge was complete; her womanly finesse had triumphed, and she could now live her life of shame and injustice without fearing rebuke from prelate or opposition from the clergy. Her success blinded her, and she ruled more despotically than ever.

St. John went into exile, and endured untold sufferings from sickness, fatigue and maltreatment. He died before he reached the fixed place of exile, a spot far distant from his Episcopal charge and city. God in His mercy saved him from further dishonor and insult. The last words of this venerable brave athlete of Christ were: "Let God be praised for all things." That saying represents the principle which actuated his whole life.

In the reign of Theodosius II his sacred relics were brought to Constantinople, whose people loved him as a father and venerated him as a saint. Later these holy remains of the great orator were spared the in-

evitable desecration that would come from Saraceen impiety, and they were transported to Rome, where they lie under the altar of the Canons' Chapel in St. Peter's.

St. John bore witness to truth and

morality and he died a martyr's death. A few months later the titled woman, who was the cause of his persecution and death, was herself summoned before God's dread tribunal to answer for her many sins.

The Holy Family of Nazareth

On the third Sunday after the feast of the Epiphany the Church celebrates the Feast of the Holy Family. It is just a few years that the Church has introduced into her Liturgy a special office and mass of this feast; and it did this undoubtedly to impress upon the minds more deeply the mutual duties and obligations of family. The Church mourns the loss of many of her children through mixed marriages, unbelief, and so forth, and this to a very great extent is owing to the neglect of parents to bring up their children properly. Even our public schools would be a less evil, if parents were faithful in the education of their children.

Many of these so called christian parents no longer look upon their children as endowed with an immortal soul, they no longer instil into their minds the principles of religion and morality. They never go to the trouble of instructing them at home. This they say, is the priest's duty, they care very little whether they go to catechism or not, and if they do send them it is just till they have made their first Communion. They are satisfied when their sons and daughters receive a liberal education and occupy some lucrative position in the world. Others again make an attempt to bring up their children properly but do it in such an awkward way as to render all their efforts useless. They endeavor to make anchorites of them, denying them everything that might render the home pleasant, and try to inculcate piety more by words than by good example. The father spends the time that he is not at work in disputing politics or something similar with his friends, and not a few spend their time and money in some saloon or gambling hole. The mother wastes her time at the club in talking over the latest fads of fashion, woman suffrage, the inestimable good

derived from some humane society and so forth. And the poor children left to themselves in the dull home look for some amusement, and as they can not find it under the paternal roof they seek some company, and that very often dangerous. The boys steal off to the streets and the girls entertain companions of doubtful character. The husband is often driven from the home because the wife is ignorant of her duties, and endeavors to make everyone suffer because she felt a little displeasure, or the contrary. And why all this? Because they fail to make home what it should be. Home should be that dear spot, where the heart finds rest, where the mind burdened with cares and anxieties finds a haven of rest and peace; for if the heart finds no peace there, where will it find it on this earth? A good home is a blessing which we cannot value too highly. It does not consist in riches, worldly comforts and such like, but in that affection which binds the different members of the family together, by which each member of the family, even at the cost of some sacrifice, endeavors to make it agreeable to the others. What a pleasure for the husband after a hard day's toil, wending his way homeward, to meet his little children, and clasp them in his arms, and entering the threshold to meet their smiling mother. He must sit down and rest. All his needs are attended to, and he is loath to leave this haven of peace unless compelled to do so by necessity. On the other hand, the wife goes to her work with a light heart, occasionally murmuring a prayer for her children, whom she tries to edify by good example, and her faithful partner, who, as she knows, is fatiguing himself, enduring hardships of all kinds, principally for her sake. This she appreciates, shows her appreciation by being kind and affable to him, by making

home bright and pleasant for him. Yes, this is woman's privilege. She may devote herself to art and science, she may employ her time at any profession, she is always man's inferior, and her labors are very poorly appreciated by man, but in the home she is alone, she is supreme. As the Ottawa Union beautifully remarked in a recent issue: "Men can build houses, but homes they cannot make. That is the blessed privilege and sacred right of woman; and she alone can accomplish the work. But it is an edifice which must have for its corner stone self-sacrifice, and be furnished only with what is best and richest in a womanly woman's head and heart." It will no doubt cost her much exertion, and even some suffering, but her efforts will be appreciated, will be amply rewarded, not only in the future life, but also in this present life, in seeing her sons and daughters grow up in the fear and love of God, her sons not addicted to drunkenness, gambling, cursing, and other vices, which they learn so easily on the street, and in dangerous society, but good, steady, diligent, ready to help their parents in any pinch; her daughters not vain, gaudy, with the stamp of dishonor upon their foreheads, but pious, obedient, gentle, pure, such as becomes a christian woman.

Parents, especially the mother should devote as much time as they can to the welfare of their children. Let them enjoy themselves as much as they can at home. You cannot expect them to imitate the hermits in their cells in being serious, and keeping silence the whole day long. As long as the enjoyments are innocent there is no need to be afraid. Of the several legends that are told of the childhood of our Redeemer, most of them picture him at play with other children, and although these legends may not be true in the circumstances, I do not doubt but that He did do it.

After parents have gained the affection of their children they should be very careful to instruct them well in their holy religion. They cannot begin too soon with this. As soon as the child is able to utter a word it should be taught the words Jesus and Mary; it should be taught to say its prayers and to be obedient in all things.

Whenever children commit any

fault which they know is wrong parents should always show their displeasure at least, and not laugh at them as some foolish parents do, and thus encourage them in their wrongdoing. On the other hand they should not scold, much less punish them, when they do something, which although it be wrong in itself, they did not know it as such or which they could not prevent. In one word parents should be strict with their children in seeing that they are instructed in our holy religion, that they do nothing which would offend God, and especially that they be kind and charitable to all. But at the same time they should be kind to them, and thus keep their affections. Nobody can tell how much a boy values a mother to whom he can go in all his troubles, a mother that listens patiently to him while he opens his mind to her, and then without rebuking or scolding him does her best to console him, and encourage him by her kind words and advice.

But parents must be careful above all to give their children good example, for that is better than rods or anything of that kind. The trite saying, "practice what you preach" is true here too. How absurd and ridiculous it is for the father, who is given to drunkenness, cursing and other vices to attempt to make his son give up these vices, or for the mother to punish her children for saying an improper word, when she herself flies into a passion and curses them, using every bad word that comes to her mind. How can parents expect their children to go to Mass regularly and frequent the sacraments at certain times when they themselves seldom see the inside of a church? No, this will not do; if you want your children to be good and pious, dear parents, you must first show them the road, and then they will follow in your footsteps.

In the Holy Family of Nazareth every member of the family will find a model. The husband and father should imitate St. Joseph. He works in his carpenter shop for the support of those two dear beings entrusted to his care; he practices all the virtues in a high degree, unknown to the world around him. At the first call of the Angel he takes the Child and His mother and goes to a distant un

known country to save them from danger, and this without a murmur, without the least complaint. To the wife and mother the Blessed Virgin should be a pattern in all her actions. The Holy Fathers tell us that she attended to her domestic duties in a quiet, unassuming way, only going abroad when duty or charity called her. All her efforts and all her desires were centered in that Child who had been entrusted to her care. She practised in an eminent degree all the virtues which adorn and ennoble womanhood, especially humility, purity, modesty, love of retirement, etc., and is now proposed by the church as a model to women of every position and station in life.

As regards the children, in Holy Scripture obedience to parents is inculcated in the strongest terms, and severe punishments are menaced against those who dare violate the fourth commandment. The Evangelist speaking of the private life of our Lord sums it up in these few words: "He was subject to them." Now if our Saviour lived so long on this earth, principally to give us an example, if he spent so much time in practising obedience, surely this virtue must be one of the greatest importance. Besides being an offence against God, it is a base ingratitude, for they are bound by so many ties to love and respect their parents. For how many years did these parents provide for their temporal and spiritual needs, how many hardships and trials did they undergo to make them comfortable? Yes, this was the principal aim in all their labors and un-

dertakings; and a child, that after all this goodness on the part of the parents, rebels and refuses obedience, is to say the least, very ungrateful.

Moreover, how many have been disrespectful to parents and repented of it very soon. As long as their parents were alive and moved among them, they were unconscious of the treasure they possessed and treated them accordingly, but when death snatched them away, then they saw how they had erred, how ungrateful they had been. Too late, however, for they never could bring them back. Hence all children who want to enjoy God's blessing must always obey their parents, or those who have taken their place.

A bad habit that many people have, especially boys, is to speak disrespectfully of their parents. Many think they are very big, when in the presence of others they say "daddy," "the old man," "governor," etc., instead of father, or the endearing term, "papa." Surely any boy that has any sense of honor would not be found guilty of such a disrespectful act. Always speak respectfully of your parents and all good people will esteem you so much the more.

Therefore, in accordance with the desire of Holy Church, let all, father, mother, and children look to the Holy family; everyone will find a model, a pattern for all their actions. If all would do this, not only the families, but the whole country of which the family is the foundation and support, they would surely be blessed by God with a plentiful harvest of spiritual and temporal benefits.

Rosary Gems

RETROSPECT

We have styled three suggestions for lovers of Mary "Gems," because of the priceless treasure enclosed by Holy Church in the devotion of "Fifteen Saturdays," and tried to convey a slight idea of their beauty.

The labor of love and gratitude was sweet for the sake of our dear Blessed Mother, and though we must acknowledge these "Gems" were contained in a very poor casket, praised with very inadequate expressions perhaps we have not been so happy as to awaken responsive chords to our own thoughts, still we trust her indulgent maternal love will accept and offer them to Jesus' Sacred Heart.

However if any readers have consecrated the Saturdays of this Holy Year to Mary, we are confident they do not regret it and that the retrospect of those "bright days that strew the year like stars," is consoling to their hearts now. In our own isles of spirit some very beautiful and well-known stanzas, are stealing softly, seeming to express better than our own notes, tender sentiments of gratitude for the past, devoutness in the present, trust for the future. The gifted writer of "Chaplet of Memories," A. A. Procter, speaks of shrines, but we may apply her thoughts to days as well.

"They arise now like stars before me,
Through the long, long night of years;

Some are bright with a heavenly radiance,

And others shine out through tears."
Do not these words remind us of the radiant, joyful and glorious mysteries? Those of Jesus' Passion, certainly "Shine out through tears."

Again she calls them "Mystical flowers," and says they are "Wreathed round Mary's name." Indeed the entire poem might be studied by souls looking back on life's vista. One cannot help feeling: "There is ever a shrine of our Lady" before which their Rosaries and other pious practices are gleaming "Like lamps that burn at her feet."

Another year has ebbed away and

how many joys, sorrows, interests, cares have passed leaving no fruit for Eternity! Not so whatever. We have done for Jesus and Mary. Let us quote once more some exquisite lines which will be, as it were, the cadence of retrospect:

"Past griefs are perished and over;
Past joys have vanished and died;
Past loves have fled forgotten;
Past hopes have been laid aside;
Past years have faded in daylight;
Past sins have melted in tears;
One love and remembrance only
Seems alive in those dead old years.
So wherever I look in the distance,
And whenever I turn to the past,
There is always a shrine of Mary
Each brighter still than the last.
Enfant de Marie,
St. Clare's.

Sadly o'er the wintry snowdrifts,
Sighs the night wind's plaintive moan,

Like those memories that whisper
"We have failed in days now flown."
O how gentle were the pleadings
Of our Lord's celestial grace!
And how tenderly he led us
Towards the vision of His face!

Yet, too often have we wandered
From his guidance far apart,
And how deeply we have wounded
Jesus' Sacred living Heart!
Still there are "bright days" of gladness;

Soft they gleam, like star-light fair;
"Fifteen Saturdays" of Mary,
Fragrant with Saint Dominic's prayer.

O, how beautiful their vista!
And, how gracefully we twine
Rose buds white, and red and golden
Round our Lady's holy shrine!
We have styled them "Gems" most precious;

"Sweet and light" the task for thee,
Gladly do we now enclose them
In thy dear heart's purity.

"Bright days that strew the year
like stars."—Faber.

Enfant de Marie,
St. Clare's.

GEMS FOR THE FIRST SATURDAYS OF JANUARY, 1902.

"Were every word I wrote a gem,
And every thought a golden thread
'Twere all unworthy to o'erspread
My Lady's raiment's very hem.

"With rarest pearls of words and
deeds,
Into historic settings wrought
In costliest chain of human thought
I'd form my Lady's Rosary beads."
BROTHER AZARIAS.

In the year 1895 the kind editor of Our Lady's "Review" allowed us each month to suggest a glorious patron who, from the land of light, would shed soft rays of guidance o'er our onward pathway. Again, in the pages of last year, we gathered one or other of those fragrant lives for every first Friday that its odor might gladden Jesus' Sacred Heart and refresh our devotion.

We venture now to hope for the same indulgence regarding a tribute of love to Our Lady of the Holy Rosary. We desire to lay at her shrine a mystical rose of rare beauty and celestial grace and unfading petals glistening with dew-drops from the Garden of Paradise.

Perhaps some of our readers may not be well acquainted with the beautiful devotion of "Fifteen Saturdays" and may welcome these thoughts regarding it, in successive numbers of "The Carmelite Review."

Love, gratitude for favors obtained by this means, and many other reasons, impelled us to undertake this little labor of love for Mary. May He, who alone can do so, bless it and grant to some hearts known to Himself the experimental knowledge and celestial graces of this devotion. "Taste and see."

In this number we merely indicate its nature—to offer Holy Communion on fifteen consecutive Saturdays in honor of the mysteries, joyful, sorrowful, glorious (considered successively), of Our Lady's Rosary.

Three plenary indulgences may be gained by Rosarians, and one by others who are not so, any days they select—i.e., on one or other of the Saturdays. On the remaining Saturdays, seven years and seven quarantines. If impossible to receive Holy Communion on the appointed day, Sunday will suffice.

Prayers for the intentions of Holy Church are required, also for the souls in Purgatory; and it is well to recite the Rosary, also to meditate on whatever mystery we desire to honor in a special manner that day. Though not a condition for indulgences, it is a holy practice to reflect during the week on that mystery, still, as it were, embalming life with its sweet rose-fragrance, and seeking occasions of imitating Jesus and Mary in their joyful, sorrowful, and glorious dispositions. The Saturdays preceding Rosary, Sunday are most appropriate and also the usual time for twining this beautiful wreath to lay at her feet, nevertheless indulgences may be gained at any other period of the year.

In this notice we merely desire to call attention of kind readers to these "Fifteen Saturdays" which have brought such countless favors to Mary's clients that frequently they offer a new series in order to thank her Immaculate Heart. We trust, as time flows on, to speak of the mysteries, fruits, spirit, graces, etc., of this devotion. May our blessed Mother, Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, obtain for our poor thoughts the blessing of her Divine Son!

E. de M.

St. Clare.

St. Benedict

The religious faith of Catholics had done much to inflame the world with knowledge. Besides her zeal in evangelizing the various nations, she at the same time undertook the great burden of instructing man in the various departments of science. At the very beginning of her existence we see the flourishing schools of Antioch and Alexandria born of a spirit that is worthy the imitation of after ages. Our modern universities have failed to produce men gifted such as were within their halls. The names of Clement, Tertullian and Origen will remain till the end of time. During pagan supremacy, however, little could be accomplished. The scholars of the Church could scarcely appear in public to teach its doctrines, much less advocate the cause of knowledge. Finally it does succeed in triumphing over the errors and prejudices of idolatry and lays the foundation of a new civilization. But too short does she enjoy the privilege of independent action before she meets an obstacle to her progress in the eruption of the barbarian hordes from the north. The people were strangers to any civilizing influence and those with whom they came in contact, they left impregnat-

ed with the germs of disorder. Where opulence and riches once reigned there we behold ruin and chaos. Where culture and enlightenment made their abode there we see ignorance and brutalism follow in the wake of these savage hosts. Like the grass withered beneath the hoofs of Alaric's horse, so also perished nearly all works of man's intellect, so disappeared nearly all the monuments of pagan lore. In the midst of this utter desolation the Church began the arduous task of reclaiming the people from the deep-rooted errors so prejudicial to civilization that flourish among the semi-barbarians.

The sons of St. Benedict consecrated their lives to the herculean labors of teaching the people the arts of civilized life. Crude and primitive, as they were, they have been the foundation of the present industrial arts. During three or more centuries all efforts were devoted merely to the uplifting of man from savagery. However in those parts of the world already evangelized and immune from spasmodic incursions of the northern hordes, the Church developed her schools, produced men fitted in every capacity to teach their fellowmen.

The Scholarship

It was a clear biting morning in the latter part of January. The scholars of St. Joseph's were unusually active, as it was not only the last day of their half-yearly examination, but also, a day of great distinction for their school,—for the Mayor of the town had promised to honor, by his presence, the closing of their oral examination. Great rivalry had been shown thus far, but to-day everyone was put to his mettle to exhibit the school in its best light. The event of the day with them was the contest for the prize offered by the Mayor for the best essay on "Boyhood." Several members of the senior class had been preparing their compositions for weeks beforehand; everything was now ready for the trial.

At ten o'clock, the Mayor, accompanied by several members of the town council, drove up to the school. The scholars, in gala-attire and lightly breasting the keenness of the frosty air in the warmth of their enthusiasm, turned out in a body to welcome him. They deployed in two lines, the girls facing the boys, and between the lines, the Mayor, with the councilmen, passed into the school-house. The scholars closed in behind him, and soon all were seated in the hall awaiting the opening of the contest.

To the right of the stage sat the Mayor and his friends. Father Quinn, the parish priest, sat next to him. A short programme had been arranged, and when all the numbers, except the last, had been completed, Father Quinn arose to announce the opening of the friendly contest. Five pupils had entered—all boys.

"The subject, 'Boyhood,'" remarked Father Quinn, in his good-humored way, "is perhaps the reason why none of the girls have entered as contestants for the prize. I shall ask Mr. Mayor," continued he, turning to Mr. Dunstan, the Mayor, "to give a prize next time for the best essay on 'Girlhood.'" The Mayor smiled and a perceptible titter was heard on the boys' side of the room.

The five boys were called in turn. All did honor to their teachers and

to their school. Two, however, especially distinguished themselves,—Henry Fiske and George Mallen. The applause which was given the reading of the essays of these two, showed how their schoolmates appreciated industry and talent. The composition of George Mallen showed carefulness and persevering labor; that of Henry Fiske, ease and grace, which bespoke the talents of its author.

All awaited in breathless suspense the decision of the Mayor's friends, who had been chosen judges. At length the decision was reached.

"We all agree," announced the spokesman, "that the performances of all five are a credit and honor to the school. Two pupils, however, have done remarkably well—better than one should expect from boys so young. The essays of Henry Fiske and George Mallen are of a merit so equal that we cannot venture to decide in favor of either one. That task we shall leave to the Mayor himself." Mr. Dunstan took the cue at once, and graciously rose to the occasion.

"I am highly pleased," said he, "to see such talent displayed by the scholars of St. Joseph's. The decision of the judges seems to me most just, and, as it would be unbecoming in me to act the part of a judge, I shall double the prize and give one to each of the two contestants who were judged equal." The whole school cheered the generosity of their gracious benefactor,—one scholar alone excepted, and that one was Henry Fiske.

All were about to leave when Father Quinn, who had been talking earnestly with the Mayor, asked them to remain a moment, as he had some good tidings to announce to them. In a moment all was silence and expectation. Father Quinn then began:

"The Mayor has been so well satisfied with the friendly spirit of emulation, and the great success due to the offering of his last small prize, that he has decided to bestow on us a favor which we cannot too highly appreciate. As regards his personal love for justice and religion, I need not speak; it is well known to you all. But to-day, he has given us proof of

his love for youth, and for industry. As our school teaches only the first two years of college work, he has decided to give two scholarships to our school; one for the boys, and one for the girls. Thus, girls, you see my words have had their effect. Both these scholarships are subject to certain conditions, which will be made known to you in a few days. That of the boys is a paid tuition at college till the completion of the college course; that of the girls, a paid tuition at an academy till the completion of its course. In the name of the whole school—teachers and scholars, I sincerely thank Mr. Mayor for his great generosity."

The school could hardly restrain its enthusiasm, and the Mayor left the hall with a feeling of pardonable pride at having done something for the good of his fellowmen.

The conditions for entering the scholarship contest were soon made known. Two had an important hearing on the result: The first was, that eight months attendance out of the ten school months was required of all who entered; the second was, that the scholarship was to be given on the score of general proficiency and of an English composition. The other conditions related to matters of no concernment to the issue in itself.

You can easily imagine what a stir this announcement made in St. Joseph's. If there had been rivalry, and earnest application to studies before, that rivalry and application were now increased tenfold. At the commencement of the second term, the industry and earnestness was truly worthy of praise. All had been fired by the promises made to them, and each determined to leave no stone unturned by doing his utmost to gain the prize. Twenty-three boys entered for the boys' scholarship. Every one showed sufficient industry and willingness to carry off a dozen scholarships in an ordinary school; but to obtain a prize at St. Joseph's, something more than the ordinary was required.

Though we might dwell with profit on the characters of each in this race, there were two who soon became the cynosure of all who were interested in the school. Already their names have been mentioned.

Henry Fiske, 16 years old, was a bright boy. His dark hair and white complexion stood out in vivid contrast. From underneath his dark eyebrows, still darker eyes sparkled, with a glance that told of an active mind within. He was talented and he knew it,—that was his misfortune. Fond parents had flattered him till honied words became to him a daily necessity.

His father was rich, and Henry, the only boy, was pampered and coddled in all possible ways. He wanted nothing. He was somewhat vain of his appearance—this vanity was fostered by allowing him all sorts of novelties in dress. He was self-willed—and this self-will was increased by permitting him to do as he chose. This was a bad training for one who was to compete for a prize, especially for a prize that was to call forth all the native energy of the winner.

His friends had told him that his essay for the Mayor's prize was far superior to that of George Mallen. Now this was his own firm conviction, and it was owing to this same proud conviction that he was sorely piqued when he saw himself placed on a par with George Mallen. His father could have paid his tuition at any college, but it was not money or a free scholarship he desired, it was honor and notoriety to feed his pride. His love for George Mallen had never been very sincere,—and this for many reasons. George's father was only a poor operative, while his father was a rich banker.

"I don't see," mused Henry, one day to himself, "how such an upstart dares to rival me. What business has he to do such a thing? Nothing but pride can ever move a dull, stupid fellow like George Mallen to try to vie with me. Then everyone says I'm so talented; I'll show him where his place is. I can beat him without half trying. Only the impudence of the blockhead, to think he can outdo me! That's what makes me mad!" With such musings, Henry consoled his wounded feelings, and cajoled his mind, already beginning to doubt about the upshot of the contest.

For the next two months, however, he applied himself carefully to his studies. The monthly reports showed that Henry Fiske led his class by a safe margin. But that

safe margin, his own proud feeling of self-sufficiency, and the deceitful wheedling of his friends were steadily sapping the foundations of his position. But "Who thinks to stand, let him take heed lest he fall."

There are some people, who, to all outward appearances, are the chosen children of the Most High. Position, friends, riches, power, are attendants on them. They have but to move a hand, and for them, the world will all but stop in its course. But experience has, time out of mind, told sad tales of such worldly-blest people. Good fortune is the hydrogen gas, which inflating the balloon of self-conceit, soon raises it into the thin atmosphere of fulsome flattery, where even the best-ballasted aeronaut is at the mercy of chance. Ill fortune, on the other hand, is the guy which steadies and holds conceit in its place in spite of all attempts to rise, and though, at times, this restraint may seem quite disastrous in itself, the results are very often the antipode of our expectation.

With ill fortune, George Mallen was overtaken. All the world seemed leagued against his obtaining the scholarship. No clear spot was visible on the horizon of the future; dark lowering clouds enveloped all in impenetrable night.

George had long been desirous of becoming a priest; but he had little hopes of ever fulfilling that desire till the scholarship was offered by the Mayor. Here was a chance to gain the object of his life. He had prayed to God to give him the means of joining the laborers in his vineyard, and this scholarship seemed to be the answer to his prayer.

George's father was a poor laboring man. He worked in a factory for ten dollars a week. This was a small pittance for a man who had to support a sickly wife and two children. He was a good, honest man, had been formerly well-to-do, but his confidence and honesty had been traitorously abused by his partners, till he lost everything—even the roof that sheltered his head. After paying his rent and doctor's bill but little was left each week from his wages to support his little family. Still he toiled on, knowing that God has never yet let the upright of heart suffer in vain.

Mrs. Mallen had been suffering from

rheumatism for several years. Some weeks she was in bed the whole time; other weeks she could go about doing a little housework. When she was very sick, one of the children had to stay at home to take care of her and to do the housework. She did not want to take either of them from school, as she knew how eager they were to learn and how beneficial all their knowledge would be to them in after-life. But in spite of this she was often forced to do it.

Jennie and George, the two children, were twins, 16 years old. Both were naturally strong and healthy, but of late hard study had been telling upon them. Jennie was a trifle more intelligent than George, but his dogged perseverance easily made him the better scholar. It was pleasing to see how they did their tasks of an evening together. A small console-table placed near a gas-jet was their favorite place to do their work. There they sat, face to face, as they completed task after task in regular routine. What Jennie could not do, George would, in all love, explain to her; what George could not understand, Jennie would in turn endeavor to make clear to him. Thus they grew up, a paragon of sisterly and brotherly love. The kindness of one to the other was exhibited, not only in their lessons, but also in every little thing that effected either. Any little present one received would be shared with the other. Each thought how to please the other, and truly, one would travel a long day's journey before finding such devotion and attachment.

A simple incident connected with our story will tell us better than words the depth of their mutual love. One of the conditions of the scholarship was that the pupil must attend St. Joseph's at least eight months out of the ten. Now, owing to the sickness of their mother, each had, by staying home, lost a month. Each took a weekly turn in attending her. Two, four, six, eight weeks passed by; Mrs. Mallen was as sick as ever. It was George's turn to stay at home. If he lost this week all was over—he could never become a priest! Oh! the agony of his innocent soul as he thought of relinquishing the object of his life. To give up all after so hard a struggle! He

knew, too, that if Jennie stayed at home, her chance for the girl's scholarship would also be lost. It was clear that one had to make a sacrifice. Neither had dared speak of the matter before for each hoped against hope that Mrs. Mallen would recover. Both had gone to Holy Communion Sunday morning, and had offered it up to God that He might see fit to send them the blessing they craved. But the Almighty saw that sacrifice was to them a greater grace, and their wish was not granted.

Supper was over. The two children sat at their favorite table repeating their lessons for the morrow. They had finished the repeat, and as George closed his grammar, the dull thud sounded in his ears as the death-knell of all his hopes and longings. To-morrow he was to stay home. The scholarship—the priesthood was gone forever! His face blanched, and as he raised his head, he met the kindly look of his sister's soft blue eyes. She had noticed his absentmindedness during the preparation of their tasks, and had guessed its meaning. She knew how he longed to become a priest, and she, too, longed to have him become one. She was willing to do anything to help him. She had never thought that so great a sacrifice would be asked of her, but seeing that it was inevitable she had lovingly resolved to make it. George lowered his eyes, buried his face in his hands, and the long pent-up grief burst forth in tears. Jennie rose quickly from her chair, hastened around the table, and laying her arm gently around his neck whispered softly in his ear:

"Don't cry George. It's all right, you can go to school to-morrow, and I'll stay home and take care of mamma." Saying this, she leaned over and kissed his cheek, and then, her own heart filling fast with love and sorrow, she hastened into her bedroom to hide her tears from her brother.

The final examination was now drawing nigh. That of May had shown a slight gain on the part of George Mallen, but not enough to arouse the anxiety of Henry Fiske. Yet, this slight gain had cheered the heart of sister and brother. No examination was held at the beginning of June. Everyone was striving hard to head the class.

Henry Fiske was all confidence; no one could possibly have any chance in competition against him. Then the English composition would be play for him; he always was first in that matter; it was an unjust decision of the judges that had not given him first place last time. Some of the boys who knew the stuff which George Mallen was made of mentioned him as a formidable rival. Henry laughed at the idea.

"Pooh! he hasn't got a ghost of a chance. He can't read Caesar and never could write English. A poor factory-hand's son! What can you expect of him?"

"But they say he has been studying hard, and that his sister helps him," ventured Charlie Dunning, a friend of Henry.

"Nonsense! if the blockhead had a dozen sisters to help him, he couldn't learn anyway. Do you think a fellow without brains can learn?" continued he, turning to Charlie, "Well, he hasn't them."

With that, Henry thrust his hands into his pockets, and strutted away with an air that plainly said: "I'm the banker's son, and that scholarship is mine."

"Jove! Fiske is a clever fellow," remarked Charlie Dunning, "I wish I had his brains."

"I wouldn't advise him to be so cock-sure of that scholarship as long as George Mallen is around," said Jim Dunne.

At that moment George entered the school-room, and, going quietly to his desk, began to review his lessons.

Henry saw him, and said sneeringly to Charlie Dunning, who had followed him: "That 'chump' is too timid and girlish ever to amount to a row of pins."

Charlie smiled, and nodded assent; yet, at bottom, he felt he was wronging George Mallen whom he knew to be a kind and genial school-mate,—one who affected no such airs as did Henry Fiske.

If ever a boy has used the time and energy given him that boy is George Mallen. During the last six weeks, he had become emaciated. Jennie laughingly told him that his body would soon be too thin to support his vast knowledge if he didn't take "Bellum Gallicum" in smaller doses.

On Friday, the 19th of June, it was announced that the examinations

would take place the following week. Monday came and went, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. All had found the examinations unusually difficult. Fiske had carried his head high; he didn't find them difficult! George Mallen had been the last to hand in his paper on each subject; he felt that it was a matter of conscience with him, and he used every moment.

Monday, the day assigned for the awarding of the scholarships, was a balmy June day; and one breathed the invigorating strength of the day with every inspiration. The school-hall was gay with flowers; each child had brought something for the decorations. The hall had often been filled before, but no more enthusiastic crowd had ever been within its doors than on this Monday morning. To the scholars, of course, seats were given. The people had to look out for themselves, and to get a seat as best they might. The whole town-council, the good Mayor at its head, was present; several priests whom Father Quinn had invited, were also there. To these guests of honor were given chairs to the left of the stage. In the middle to the back, sat the teachers, and proud of their pupils were they. To the right of the hall in the first row of seats, sat the girl candidates—nine in number; to their left sat the seven boys,—all who still had hopes of gaining the scholarship.

The Mayor looked bright and cheerful, and seemed to catch the enthusiasm from the scholars before him. He had enquired during the last few months how the pupils were progressing, and who were the likely winners.

"It is pretty well agreed," he was told, "that a close contest will take place between Henry Fiske and George Mallen; but it is the general belief that Henry will carry off the scholarship, as he is the more gifted."

These two were now pointed out to him and he eyed them carefully.

Henry Fiske sat holding his head aloft in supreme disdain, and he was already drinking in the gross flattery of his admirers. In his hand was the paper that was to raise him head and shoulders above all his aspiring peers, and to crush forever that "dull stupid fellow" who had dared to emulate him.

At the end of the line of boys sat George Mallen, almost nervously holding his composition in his hands. His head was down. He was engaged in deep study, or perhaps in prayer, for a close observer could have seen his lips move from time to time.

The gentle humming of voices, mingled with laughter was heard throughout the hall. Father Quinn rose and came to the front of the stage. The humming ceased; all was silence. The priest read the programme and asked for close attention. A few minor recitations were given, then the girls were called upon to read their essays. Everyone did well but one was far in advance of her competitors. Now came the closing number. The seven boys were called one after the other.

One, two, three, Henry Fiske mounts the stairs to the front of the stage. His bearing is certainly easy and graceful. He bows to the Mayor and to the rest, then begins. The words fairly rolled from his mouth, clear, calm, forcible. He is master of his subject, and as he bows again to the Mayor and the audience, a cheer shakes the hall.

Four, five, six, seven, George Mallen nervously ascends the steps. He bows. His hand twitches as he opens the paper, and the essay falls to the floor. Henry Fiske smiles cynically—it is his last simper at George Mallen. A blush mantles George's forehead as he stoops to pick up his essay. In doing so the thought of the priesthood flashes across his mind,—that thought saves him. He begins, nervously at first, but before he speaks ten sentences, every trace of nervousness leaves him as does every smile on the face of Henry Fiske. The words flowed from him clear, strong and melodious. The nerve under which he speaks them is intense, for his life, his vocation, his happiness depend upon them. His face kindles, his eyes sparkle, and he closes with a clear full period that takes the audience by storm. He bows to all, and goes calmly to his seat.

There is no doubt as to the best essayist, but what of the examinations which were also to be counted? The judges soon decide, and Father Quinn steps forward to announce the results of the examinations and the

final trial. One result alone interests us—the following:

"George Mallen heads his class with an average of 98 per cent. He thus

carries off the honors, and The Scholarship."

Chicago.

C. J. A.

The Value of Imagination

When a man, wearied and fatigued by the drudgery and toils of the day, can at last enjoy a time of repose and quiet, then he is instinctively moved to let his mind roam through the fairy-land of imagination. A brilliant vagary glistens from afar and instantly the mind dashes to grasp it, but lo! dazzled on its way by another fancy the mind now swerves and now veers with unseen whims. What objects do not scurry helter-skelter through the mind? What castles are not built in that fathomless chasm of imagination?

But these vague and dreamy thoughts, fickle though they are, point to a power, which is both an intuitive and an inventive faculty, a faculty, which plays, perhaps, a more important part in life, than we usually surmise. Imagination, as the philosophers tell us, is a power, which, being inferior to the mind, belongs to the senses and reflects, as in a mirror the forms of material things. This faculty, therefore, is a power, not, indeed of the mind, but of the senses, and its nature is not to represent lofty and abstract ideas, but to store up the impressions made upon the senses and at the command of the will, to reproduce them graphically and vividly. Thus, imagination is a storehouse of impressions, which, having entered through the senses, are placed in order on fantastic shelves. Eventually the mind enters, illuminates the storehouse with a mental flash, and then, like a studious professor in an interesting library, attentively examines the shelves, selects the best phantasms and finally forms, with wonderful intellectual activity, the most brilliant ideas. It is thus, that imagination supplies the mind with ideas, which, subsequently exhibited under the appearance of good, are put into action by the will. Accordingly the Stagyrte of old, the most clever, perhaps, among the philosophers, wisely taught, that nothing

was in the mind, which, previously, had not been in the senses. This doctrine, soon accepted as a fundamental truth, has, in the course of time, become an adage. If then, on one hand, imagination exerts so great an influence over the mind, and the mind, in turn, over the will, the importance of imagination is at once felt and proved; if, however, on the other hand, our ideas and in consequence, truth itself, are communicated to us by this imaginative power, our knowledge seems to be supported on a foundation, upon which rises a huge labyrinth of doubts rather than the stately structure of truth. Hence, as early as philosophy was cultivated, the odd teaching of the sceptics arose that denied the truthfulness of the senses and placed truth beyond the research of men. Scepticism, indeed, although successfully refuted by cogent arguments, laid so deep hold on the minds of men that it, unfortunately, still exists. The sceptics, however, forget that we have not only one, but five senses, that, if the eyes see the bent oar in the water, touch will prove it to be straight, that sight and touch combined will, with the assistance of reason, soon arrive at the knowledge of refraction. The senses, in effect, are so minutely fitted out by nature to convey the sensations to the brain, that to deny their truthfulness is not less silly than ridiculous.

Again, as intimated above, imagination is not only an intuitive, but also an inventive faculty; it not only reproduces, but enlarges and diminishes the phantasms and at any whim forms the most grotesque fancies. Here, precisely, is the danger of imagination, here is the vacuum into which airy conceptions are likely to rush. We, however, can distinguish reality from a dream, true imagination from a fancy. Impressions conveyed to the imagination by the senses come from nature and, in consequence, corres-

pond to real objects; invented phantasms, too, as long as they go parallel to the path of nature, are true, but if they deviate from this path and wander astray into realms unknown to nature, they become, as we know, vain and burlesque fancies.

Thus imagination is a true medium of knowledge, a medium not barren, indeed, but enriched with the above mentioned inventive power, which gave birth to all the poets and nursed them from infancy to manhood with these grand conceptions which will ever be the admiration of the intellectual world. Whether we enter the domain of poetry or oratory we will invariably find that he is the most successful poet or speaker who can, with the greatest skill, wield

this inventive power, the results of which are, in every instance, truly marvellous. For by this power the will itself, the motor of men's actions, is reached; anger is violently changed into calmness, hatred into love, despair into hope, sadness into joy, or, vice versa, the opposite effects are respectively produced. Thus the powerful influence by which imagination sways the mind and will of men becomes even more evident.

Such, then, are the results of imagination, cultivated under the surveillance of reason and according to the dictates of nature—results which God undoubtedly had in view when he endowed us with this imaginative gift.

H. D.

Chicago.

On Epiphany

"Arise, be enlightened, oh Jerusalem; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold darkness shall cover the earth and a mist the people, but the Lord shall arise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee." Isaiah 60-1-2.

These beautiful words of the Epistle are most aptly applied to the great feast of Epiphany. The word 'Epiphany' comes from the Greek signifying an apparition, a manifestation. For to-day the Babe of Bethlehem manifested Himself by the apparition of a most wonderful star to the nations that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. For Christ came into this world to save all men without exception. In Christ there is no distinction between Jew and Greek, free man and slave. We are all children of the same heavenly Father, who created us and gave us all that we possess. The angels announced the birth of the Messiah to the simple shepherds as they were watching their flocks. A star of singular brightness, is destined to lead the "Magi" to the cave of Bethlehem. These Magi were wise men of the East who occupied themselves greatly with the study of

astronomy, hence God, who orders and disposes all things sweetly, adopts Himself in His manifestation to their circumstances. These men promptly obeyed the Divine call, setting out on their long and toilsome journey in search of the Saviour of the world. They found Him, at last, as the Gospel says, and falling down upon their knees, adored Him and offered Him gold, myrrh and frankincense. And by another way they returned into their own country.

Like the three Magi we should be quick and prompt in answering the Divine call whether it comes directly through creatures whom He frequently employs in the salvation of souls. We should follow Christ, our model and example, for He is the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. He is our King, our High Priest, the victim sacrificed for us upon the altar of the Cross. If you wish to be happy you must allow Christ to take perfect possession of your hearts. You must rid yourselves of your passions and leave the old ways of sin, and do as the Wise Men did, return by another way into the country to which we are called, viz., the Kingdom of Heaven.

Notes on Books and Other Things

A Happy, Blessed New Year to all.
May all our works be renewed and
blessed from on high.

THE NEW YEAR.

The year 1902 has started to unwind its days, minutes and seconds for all the living; and it is our duty to weave this time into everlasting duration. The sun rises and sets and the earth turns on its axis in beautiful order and we have to seize the time as it passes by and fill it up with good works which shall be treasured up for us in Heaven above. There are many reasons why the good we should do is often left undone. The old complaint is that there is no time. If we would use our common sense and put order into our days and do all our work in order, how differently would we read the story of conscience when we are about to retire to rest. Still, back of the whole trouble is our lack of will; we will not therefore we do not. Some people gad their lives away, others gossip many lives away, still others dream their days in fanciful vapping and others squander their life time in vain, foolish, worldly, even sinful work. Peace was brought by the Prince of Peace to those of good will, but no one can be in peace unless he works while there is yet day. In time we have received everything that we have, and in time we are gaining for ourselves an eternity either of joy or sorrow. Of all the vices that are most insidious sloth can easily claim the first place. The lazy man will make every excuse for his laziness, and frame many apologies for work undone or badly done. Sloth is the origin of disorder, and reveals itself in the lack of precision, exactitude and promptness and in unreasonable haste, precipitancy and blind headlong rushing, in all its actions. This sloth effeminates the character, weakens the will power and sets the intellect to work on selfish pursuits.

The year 1902 tells us to do what we should do according to our state of life, and to act promptly, exactly, reasonably and orderly, to act sweetly and strongly in all our works in imitation of the Divine Wisdom.

Much good has to be done. Self-seeking should be rooted out and reason and the Law of God should be our standard and the book in which we should find the ordering of each of our days. Begin the day with God, continue it with Him, and end it with Him. Give to God His share of your time in prayer and then you can hope that all of your time may be used only for His glory and the good of souls.

Time waiteth for no man, therefore take hold of it by the forelocks and lay the axe to the tree and set to work, and let the chips fly in all directions; only see to it that you bring forth a perfect work.

Reports of the past months tell us of wars of extermination and of the advance of trade and commerce, in the hands of the trusts. We have read of the deaths of the high and low and the awful accidents and catastrophes and many sorrowed hearts and souls, sorrowed by various reasons during the past year, would prove this a world of woe.

The many heroic souls who have given their lives up for their religion in China and in many other regions, fill our souls with strength to imitate such examples. Many a missionary and priest, and religious have passed to their reward, having fought the good fight for the salvation of souls. Many souls have returned to the true fold from all quarters of the world. The Church is living with the spirit of God in her midst. The enemy howls; Masonic governments seek to rob the little ones of the church of religious training by driving into exile the religious communities; base legislators seek to destroy the unity of the family by their pernicious divorce laws. Philanthropic zealots, plutocratic rulers, lay divines, humanitarian humbugs, may waste their millions on their self-sufficient whims, and rant their mouthings in favor of humanity and perfection, in man and beast; but man's only consolation is in Him who is the Way, the Truth and the life. His Church teaches, as He taught, and we listen to Leo

XIII as to the Voice of God. Long live our Holy Father to rule the Church of God! Let us pray each day for the Bishop of Bishops, our Holy Father, and let us be true to our Church all the days of our life.

Sacred Heart Intention for the month: "The Blessings of Persecutions." No true happiness can be gained unless blessed with persecutions and sufferings.

The Divine Infant of Prague draws many hearts by the sweetness of this devotion. Innocence, candor and straightforwardness are virtues we may learn from the Child of Mary, and in Him only will men find rest for their soul. All true lovers of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel will also have a special true devotion to the Divine Infant of Prague, and this devotion will ever be dear to the heart of all the children of Mount Carmel.

Many of our dear friends send us many words of encouragement. Such good words and generous hearts would naturally inflame us with love of our little Review, which is printed in honor of Our Blessed Lady of the Scapular. We take this as an occasion to thank our dear readers for their hearty support in the past.

The Carmelite Review opens upon its tenth year. So far it has weathered the storms of infancy and should now, we hope, become strong and steady, aiming at all times to increase devotion and love to our Blessed Lady. Every Catholic loves our Blessed Mother and millions of Catholics wear the Holy Scapular of Mt. Carmel; and, we feel, that our Review should not be a stranger in the homes of our Catholics. We ask all the lovers of Mary to assist us in increasing the circulation of the Review. Every little helps, new subscriptions or advertisements or articles written, and in fact, any kind of assistance will be equally acceptable to us.

Notice coupon in advertisement page of this magazine—renew your subscription or gain a new subscriber for us.

We should be pleased to send Brown Scapulars to any one. Write and you may enclose five or ten cents or stamps to cover expenses. We have

distributed gratis thousands of Scapulars during the past year—our own make—and we wish to spread the Scapular everywhere, even if at a loss to us.

A beautiful photo of Niagara Falls will be sent as premium for renewing subscription to the Review.

The Catholic societies of the whole country are now united in league. What will be the result? It remains for them to show. In our opinion, as long as they are afraid of displeasing or exciting their opponents, they will not effect much. But, if they are loyal and steadfast to that faith which the martyrs professed, and fight unflinchingly and fearlessly for the rights of the Church, regardless of human respect, they will certainly achieve an immense amount of good, their influence will be felt in all circles, and their efforts will surely be crowned with success. But above all the lives of the individual members should be a source of edification to the whole world, especially as regards the frequentation of the Sacraments and obedience to their respective pastors.

In the beginning of the new year we still behold two powerful nations using their utmost endeavors in trying to subdue a handful of people who are struggling for independence. The wily Boers still succeed in evading the tactics of John Bull, thus causing much regret to Gen. Kitchener. In the Philippines the insurgents occasionally make a raid on the camps just to show that they are still alive.

The proposal of a law in the Italian Parliament legalizing divorce should not be a surprise to anyone. It is only a natural consequence of the existing state of affairs. Only in the Catholic Church is marriage looked upon as something sacred, as something that binds both parties till death. But, if marriages are contracted without the Church, if persons are not actuated in the discharge of their mutual obligations by a holy motive it is evident they will meet difficulties, which in their eyes are insuperable, and which can only be remedied by separation. Hence to obtain their object they discard the laws of the Church, the only institution that is able to keep man within the bounds of decency, and substitute laws of

their own that allow them the full gratifications of their passions. Did not Harry the Eighth withdraw from the union of the Church in order to obtain a divorce?

Since the fatal day an anarchist aimed his murderous weapon at the President with such terrible effect, our statesmen have been untiring in denouncing anarchism. Different ones have suggested different means of exterminating that lawless sect, and curious enough, not one has gone to the real source of the evil. These mirages of learning, graduates of famous schools and universities with half a dozen titles attached to their names, contradict themselves badly if not in words at least in their actions. They advocate laws and devise various means to stem this current of destruction, and at the same time they are waging war unceasingly against the Church. Do they not know that laws without religion are useless, are like a corpse? They may multiply laws so that they would fill enough volumes to encircle the globe. If they are not supported by religion they are worthless. Do they not know that by supporting those hotbeds of atheism and iniquity, the public schools, they are favoring anarchism? The Catholic schools, the only ones in which the children are imbued with a religious spirit, in which they are taught their duties towards God and their country, are continually assailed and put down, laws are made to debar religious teachers from their schools, and instead of lending their aid to them the Catholics are compelled to support the public schools besides their own.

Philosophers tell us that whoever wants the cause wants the effect. If a man knowingly and willingly takes too much liquor, we say it's his own fault; if he gets drunk, in other words he wants to get drunk, because by placing the cause he, although indirectly, placed the effect that followed. It is the same in our case. If these men obstinately oppose Catholic schools, if they uphold that yellow journalism that is constantly calumniating the Church and ruining the minds of the people, especially of the children; in one word, if they continue to wage war against religion, they will reap what they sowed, that is

rebellion and anarchy. The Indians of this country are a good example. They tried to civilize them without religion, and now after spending millions upon millions they find out that the only civilized Indians they have are those that they civilized with rifle and bullet. Whereas the Church to whom the Government refused aid did splendid work among the same people. When will these men open their eyes?

Apropos of what we said above concerning the public schools, here is what the principal of the Rhode Island State Normal School, Charles S. Chapin, says of them, as given by the Catholic Union, New Bedford, Mass.: "The chief agencies of the moral education of youth must be threefold, the home, the church, and the school. Unfortunately, there is a fourth, the greatest and most potent of all—the street. The curfew law is one of the saddest commentaries on modern society, because it seems to confess the failure of home. Indeed, every public school teacher of experience knows how commonly and completely the majority, or at least a very large minority, of American homes have abdicated their privileges and shirked their responsibilities. The hoodlum is not the product alone of poverty and ignorance. If irreverence and disrespect for authorities and others' rights be the distinguishing features of hoodlumism, every social stratum contributes its large share to that nauseous and dangerous product. When the father is too much absorbed in business to know his children, or the mother too busy with bridge whist or elaborate entertaining, or with saving the souls of the Hottentots, that she cannot find time to live with her own daughters, the soil is ripe for seeds of disorder and vice and the crop is wonderfully prolific. There are multitudes of real homes among the rich and poor alike, but, in the large, it is true that many well-to-do parents having provided food, clothing and shelter (no more, by the way, than the wild animal provides for her young) leaving the souls and minds of their children a prey to all the insidious and demoralizing influences with which modern literature and modern license abound. While not agreeing as to the means whereby they seek to gain their bene-

ficient purpose, I honor the Catholic Church for asserting the inadequacy of purely secular instruction and for laying stress upon the religious elements of education. The decay of religious authority, the loosening of religious practices, both private and public, the widespread indifference of the mass of people to organized religion justifies us in the statement that the Church, understanding by the term organized religion of all forms and creeds, has too little hold upon the parents and teachers to act as a sharp deterrent upon the wayward tendencies of children."

On the occasion of the silver jubilee of Father Clark, pastor of St. James' Church, New Bedford, Mass., Lawyer Thomas F. Desmond paid a glowing tribute to the Catholic priest, and, in a few words, defined the object of his life and labors. He said: "There is no clergyman who makes a greater sacrifice for his religion and Creator than that made by the Catholic priest who leaves father and mother, brother and sister, and forsakes the pleasures of the world in pursuance of one grand duty, to 'Take up the cross and follow Me.' The Church is his spouse, the people are his children, and he will make any sacrifice to follow the footsteps of his Redeemer." That is the reason why every good priest who is faithful to his calling is loved and esteemed by all people who understand him.

Of late many rumors have been making the rounds of the press concerning the successor of Cardinal Martinelli in the Apostolic Delegation at Washington. It was reported that Monsignor Merry del Val would not be appointed because, being a Spaniard, he sympathized with the Spaniards during the late war and, as such, would not be acceptable to the American people. But that is a mistake: the Spaniards are not of such a mean, revengeful nature. If he is appointed he will, as representative of the common Father of Christendom, act accordingly, and the Americans need fear nothing. The selection, however, is doubtful yet, but seems rather to favor Monsignor Falconio, who is at present in Canada.

Our Review is rather late this month, but with this number we be-

gin the work under a first-class management and feel sure that everything will be satisfactory in future.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Rev. Fathers,—Enclosed please find \$3.00 in payment for the "Carmelite Review" for the last three years. I am very grateful to you for sending me your magazine so regularly every month, as I would not be without it if possible. Always continue to send it. Wishing it every success, I remain,

Yours very truly,
M. F.

The Carmelite Fathers.
Kingsbridge, Ont.

Dear Rev. Fathers,—I have been taking the Carmelite Review for the last four years, and consider it an excellent magazine. I enclose the renewal of my subscription. I wish it success and a long life.

Sincerely yours,
D. G.

Scapular names received at Holy Trinity Monastery:

- Sprague—Wash.
- Foundling Asylum, Pittsburg, Pa.
- Church of the Immaculate Heart, Pitt., Pa.
- St. Michael's Church, Elizabeth, Pa.
- Elm Grove—Wis.
- St. John the Baptist, Scottsdale, Pa.
- St. Thomas, Cole Co., Mo.
- Marinette, Wis.
- Bridesburg.
- Wilkesbarre, Pa.
- Nazareth Institute, Ind. Ter.
- Leisenrind, Pa.
- St. Peter's, Pittsburg, Pa.

Scapular names have been received at:

- Falls View, from Prairie du Chien, Wis.—Ch. of St. Rose of Lima, Carbondale, Pa.—South Brewer, Maine—Jefferson, Wis.—Lewiston, Idaho.—Blooming Prairie, Minn.—Santa Clara, Cal.—Bonavista Bay, Nfld.—Ticonderoga, N.Y.—Harbor-au-Rouche, N.S.—St. Mary's Industrial School, Baltimore, Md.—St. Mary's Ch, Niagara Falls, N.Y.—Santa Clara, Cal.—Bonavista Bay, Nfld.—Zurick, Ont.

Delphos, Kan.; Randum Lake, Wis.; Moose Creek, Ont.; Al-
liston, Ont.; Saranac Lake, N.
Y.; Trinity, Nfld.; Notre Dame,
Ind.; Dixie, Ont.; Brook Village, N. S.
New Baltimore—From St. Mary's
Church, Cleveland, Ohio; St. Mary's
Church, Menominee, Ill.; Plymouth,
Wis.

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

Dear Fathers:—

I wish to return thanks through the Carmelite Review, to our Blessed Lady for two favors granted. K. S., Toledo, Ohio.

Reverend Fathers:—

Kindly accept the small offering herein contained that I promised our Blessed Lady to make to your institution if she would grant my request. I am happy to confess that she has been pleased to grant it to me. Accept this, therefore, out of honor to her and publicly thank her for me through the columns of your magazine. Yours sincerely,

A. D.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Dear Fathers:—

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for a Mass in honor of St. Anthony, in thanksgiving for success in an undertaking; also please have the favor published in the "Review," as I made both these promises to St. Anthony if he would obtain the favor for me. Sincerely yours,

M. W.

PETITIONS ASKED FOR.

Peace in family—the grace of a happy death for all members in a family—steady employment for two—a person to keep the pledge—health for two—conversion of a certain person—for a special favor for one.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Miss Varney's Experience and Other Stories, by Eleanor C. Donnelly, and Mary Genevieve Kilpatrick—H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. (\$1.00.)

Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, who has won her place in the hearts of our

American Catholic readers, introduces to her girl readers a literary heiress by this collection of stories. To render them all the more interesting, she does not state which of the stories are by her own pen, and which are written by the debutante, her niece, Miss Mary Genevieve Kilpatrick, but in a quaint introductory poem leaves it to her girl readers to guess at the authorship of the different stories. The opening story, which gives the title to the collection, is sure to find a welcome in every girl's heart that reads it. The other stories, two of which have a bit of historical romance about them, are all more tragical than the first. There is enough variety in them to suit all tastes. And now we ask our girl readers to join in the guessing contest, and let us know which are the stories of the mature writer, and which bear the mark of the novice on them.

Jesus Living in the Priest, by P. Millet, S. J., translated by Bishop Byrne of Nashville, Benrigger Bros., \$2.00.

This ascetic treatise is originally intended for priests. Its scope is given in the author's preface, where he declares that his purpose is to place this book at the side of the priest as a friend to buoy him up, to strengthen and console him; as a friend who will ceaselessly speak to him, saying: "Courage, courage, oh man of God! You are going along the same road already traversed by your Divine Master. He looks down upon you from high Heaven, and is preparing to crown, not what you successfully accomplish, but what you honestly endeavor to do."

The book is divided into six considerations, each of which is subdivided in chapters, and brings before us the dignity of the priesthood in itself, and the identity of the priest with Christ in His hidden, public, suffering, eucharistic and glorious life. The points are well taken, clearly elucidated, logically arranged, and calculated to produce a lasting impression on any one who not merely reads the book in a cursory way but meditates on and digests the matter.

It will especially be useful in our ecclesiastical seminaries. Our young candidates for priesthood ought to study it carefully and often, and it

will serve as a means to the priests at work in the Lord's vineyard, to refreshen and encourage themselves. But also laymen will find their reverence and love of the priest increased by its perusal. Hence we highly recommend it to all.

ASPIRATION.

O Jesus! meek and humble,
 "The Lamb of God" Thou art!
 Breathe softly in my prayer-time
 This lesson of Thy Heart!

E. de M.

Our works are of no value if they be not united to the merits of Jesus Christ.—(St. Teresa.)

Nothing in the world could trouble us if we had a true knowledge of God.—(St. Teresa.)

As long as we are in this mortal life, nothing is more necessary for us than humility.—(St. Teresa.)

Though you have several Saints as advocates be particularly devout to St. Joseph. He is very powerful with God.—(St. Teresa.)

Love of God makes us advance in the way of perfection; it is a bad sign if we do not advance, for true love cannot be idle.—(St. Teresa.)

Obituary

Sad, indeed, was the double announcement made last Saturday of the deaths of two prominent priests of this diocese. Each was widely known and beloved by large circles of devoted friends, and their congregations are plunged in gloom at Christmastide. We are indebted to our correspondents at Niagara Falls and St. Patrick's parish, Buffalo, for the following life-sketches

REV. NICHOLAS GIBBONS.

Niagara Falls, Dec. 23.

Surely the beautiful season of Christmas never dawned on a sadder church than is St. Mary's of the Cataract this year. The kind and good pastor has been called to his reward and leaves a whole congregation to mourn his departure.

Rev. Nicholas A. Gibbons, Rector of St. Mary's Church, died on Saturday, the 21st, at 12.05 p. m., after a final illness of four or five weeks' duration. For the past four years he has been in poor health and has been several times during that period at the point of death. But the Grim Harvester was warded off again and again and his noble victim struggled to his feet once more to resume his Master's work.

Father Gibbons's death had been looked upon as certain for the past week at least, and yet such is the tenacity of hope in the human mind, that we watched for his recovery until the last moment.

At his dying bedside were his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Gibbons, of Williamsport, Pa.; his brothers, Rev. Edmund Gibbons, of Buffalo, and James, of Williamsport, and his sister Anna, of this city. Rev. Hugh Wright, assistant to Father Gibbons, and Rev. Hulett Piper, of Niagara University, were also in attendance. Dr. Albert J. Lawler, of this city, the devoted physician, was also present. Father Gibbons passed away at the noon hour of day and the mid-day of his life.

Father Gibbons was born in Boston, Mass., forty-six years ago. His studies first began in the Jesuit Fa-

thers' College of Fordham, N.Y., later in St. Charles' College in Maryland. He pursued his theological studies at the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels, Niagara University at present, and completed them at Brignole Sale, Genoa, Italy. He was ordained by Bishop Ryan on Dec. 18th, 1880, and was then sent as assistant at Ellcottville, N.Y., where he remained one year. He was then made pastor of the church of Westfield, N.Y., and after three years there he was assigned to the cathedral in Buffalo, where he spent seven years. He was then appointed to SS. Peter and Paul's of Elmira, N.Y., and after a pastorate of four years he was given the charge of St. Mary's Church, this city, the irremovable rectorship made vacant by Rev. Father Lanigan's appointment as Vicar-General to the late Rt. Rev. S. V. Ryan.

Father Gibbons did splendid work here, both in a spiritual and a material manner. He had two missions here since he came, the last one being conducted while he was on his death-bed. And he was very much interested in the success of the latter and would inquire every night of its progress. He had entirely renovated the church and had made it glisten like a veritable gem. He had it painted and decorated, new pews put in, and left nothing undone that would enhance its beauty. He also inspired his parishioners with the idea that it was an honor to give to the church, and they vied with each other in carrying out his suggestions. The magnificent golden crucifix on the altar is one of his own gifts. He had remodeled the parish school on Fourth street, making it a first-class one in every respect. And his last work, which he did not live to finish, is the new convent of the Sisters of Mercy, next to the school. It is nearly completed, however, and will remain a monument to his zeal. He also sold the convent property on Buffalo avenue, and thus lowered the church debt considerably. He was a worker in every fibre of his being, practical and to the point, modest and unassuming in manner, with a high order of honor, and gen-

erous to the last degree. He was the soul of kindness in the time of illness or death, and it is no wonder St. Mary's bewails his loss in these festive days.

The body remained at the parochial residence until Monday at 2 p.m., when it was conveyed to the church to stay until after the funeral on Tuesday morning. The bell tolled mournfully as the body of the beloved dead was brought in procession to the church he had so often officiated in. Willing hands had dressed the church with festoons of black and white, until it spoke to the eye with a sad grandeur of its own. The remains were accompanied to the church by Rev. Edmund Gibbons, brother of deceased; Rev. Hugh Wright, assistant pastor; Rev. Hulett Piper, of Niagara University; and Revs. Jas. Roche and J. Gilhooley, of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

FUNERAL OF FATHER GIBBONS.

The funeral of the late Rev. Nicholas Gibbons was held at Niagara Falls on Tuesday. Monday afternoon the remains had been placed in state in the sacred edifice where for several years he taught the word of God, and there his parishioners took the last loving look at the one they loved so well. His kindly words and manner had drawn many to him, making this final parting doubly sad. The church was draped in mourning, the sombre hues all about telling only too plainly the loss the people of the church had suffered by the passing of this priest.

The office of the dead began at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, and hundreds with their bowed heads forgot the gladness of this holiday time to pay the last sad tribute to the departed dead. At 10.30 o'clock solemn requiem high mass was celebrated.

The celebrant was Rev. Edmund F. Gibbons. The deacon was Rev. Jas. Roche, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Niagara Falls; subdeacon, Rev. John D. Biden, rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo; master of ceremonies, Rev. James F. McGloin, of Buffalo; chanters, Rev. J. J. Nash, D.D., Portageville, and Rev. Charles Schaus, of Buffalo. The sermon was by Bishop Quigley, who also

gave the last absolution. The assistants to the bishop were, Very Rev. M. P. Connery, V.G., and Rt. Rev. P. J. Cannon, of Lockport.

The honorary bearers were, Joseph McDonald, Thomas Birch, John McDonald, Frank Nassoioy, Dr. Lanigan, John Corcoran, Patrick Nolan, James Maloney, Michael Dugan, Michael Ryan, Jeremiah Callahan, James Martin, Sebastian Geyer, Frank Lauzau, P. F. King. The pall-bearers were, Hon. Thomas V. Welch, Charles F. McDonald, Daniel Lynch, James F. Murphy, James E. Rock, John Mahoney, Charles Kracht, Fred J. Brown, Fred J. Allen, Patrick Neville, Michael E. Cassidy. The remains were taken to Williamsport, Pa., for burial on Wednesday morning.

REV. CAESAR KEIRAN, O.F.M.

The sad announcement of the death of Rev. Caesar Keiran, O.F.M., rector of St. Patrick's Church and Monastery, Buffalo, was made at all the masses last Sunday by Rev. Lawrence Ward, O.F.M., and prayers for the repose of his soul were requested, Father Caesar died Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, but after one day's serious illness. Though failing in health, it was known to but few of his parishioners, as his untiring energy and willingness to serve kept him ever before them as a devout and faithful leader.

Father Caesar was born in New York, Jan. 17, 1867, and was educated for the priesthood at St. Bonaventure's College, Allegheny, where he was ordained in June, 1896. One month after ordination he was assigned to St. Patrick's parish as rector, and his kindly, charitable disposition won for him a warm place in the hearts of his parishioners.

The body was laid in state in the church Wednesday afternoon, that all might gaze for the last time on the face of their dear departed friend and counsellor.

A largely attended meeting of the members of the different church societies was held Sunday evening to take action on the pastor's death and a committee, composed of the presidents, was appointed to draft appropriate memorials.

The solemn requiem high mass will

be held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, after which the body will be taken to Allegany, where the funeral will be held at 10 o'clock Friday morning.

Father Caesar is survived by a father and two sisters. His father, Mr. Owen Keiran, Miss Elizabeth Keiran and Miss Mary Fee, a cousin, all of New York, arrived in Buffalo Sunday.—Catholic Union and Times.

The prayers of our readers are requested for Anthony Clark, who died at Allegheny, Pa., being fortified by Holy Sacraments. Mrs. Mary McPeak, who died at Paterson, N. J., on Nov. 26, 1901.

The prayers of our readers are asked for the following requests:

For the return of an absent brother—Peace and happiness in a family—For a satisfactory sale of property—For successful business deal in coal lands—For conversion of husband.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the following deceased:

John P. Byrne, who died on Nov. 29th, 1601, at Micaville, Ont.

Very Rev. Father Flannery, who recently died at Windsor, Ont., in the 72nd year of his age.
