



Christ Parting from His Mother Before His Passion.



OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

I.



MONTH of fading beauty! when the trees
 Are tinted with autumnal red and gold,
 A minor chord, low breathing like the breeze,
 Is sighing of Our Lady's pains untold.
 O pure heart, crimsoned with a Passion hue,
 And golden in thy precious suffering love!
 More brightly shining to the spirit view
 Than silvery harvest-moon so far above.

II.

O waves of tears that surged within her breast!
 O sorrow, deeper than the boundless sea!
 To what shall I compare thee, Mother blest?
 Wilt thou find comfort in my sympathy?
 Why didst thou suffer? That through bitter pain,
 And mourning shadows o'er thy spirit cast,
 A glorious queenly throne thou mightest gain,
 A diadem of star-gems wear at last.

III.

Why didst thou suffer? That the fount of tears
 From realms of a deep and nameless woe,
 Might fill thee with compassion for our fears,
 And pains and sorrows here so far below.
 Why didst thou suffer? That the melody
 Of thy sweet, patient heart before the throne
 Might ever as a voice of pleading be,
 When, from the desert, thou, fair dove, hadst flown.

IV.

And now in this calm evening of the year,
 When glowing summer-tide has passed away,
 We come to watch with thee, our Mother dear,
 In prayer and patient suffering day by day.
 We come and gaze with longing, hopeful eyes
 Upward, O queen of Dolours, unto thee!
 There, far beyond those deep blue, sun-lit skies,
 We trust, one day, in peace and joy to be.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XII—CONTINUED.



AN EPISCOPAL SENSATION.

GR. DUPANLOUP, one of the bishops of the Catholic Church in France, has written and published a letter, the professed point of which is to ask the clergy and the people of his diocese to pray especially for the negro slaves in the United States of America, Brazil, Cuba and Surinam. Sincere prayers are good 'for all sorts and conditions of men.' We wish that prayers might be said, not only in Bishop Dupanloup's diocese, but throughout the world, for several other classes of population in our country, who are in much more desperate need of the special mercy of God. We wish Bishop Dupanloup would request prayers for the infidel abolitionist editors, and the Puritan abolitionist preachers and lecturers who have plunged this country into a war that will prove disastrous for the poor black slaves at the South—whatever it may prove for the whites. Then there are the shoddy-patriots, who by swindling the people of so many millions, have burthened the white laborers of the North with inextinguishable taxes. These several classes of white sinners stand in far more perilous relations to the just judgments of heaven than poor Cuffy—and the Christian faith teaches us that the vilest as well as the blackest of mortals are proper objects for charitable prayer.

"Bishop Dupanloup discusses in his letter the general object of negro slavery. It is impossible to avoid the impression that his letter has been called out by the newspaper articles that appeared some time last winter in the *Monde*, the Catholic journal in Paris that succeeded to Louis Venillot's *Univers*, when the latter was suppressed

by Louis Napoleon's despotism. There was a sharp controversial passage of articles in the columns respectively of the *Monde* (Catholic) and the *Journal des Debats* (Huguenot Protestant), about infidel abolitionism as the cure for the evils of slavery. These articles had some echo on this side of the ocean from Archbishop Hughes' name having been brought into them. Bishop Dupanloup, while yet one of the Vicars General of Paris, used to be an editor of the *Ami de la Religion*, and, in that capacity, received rubs that he did not take graciously from his more able contemporary in the old *Univers*.

"As a newspaper man we always found Dr. Dupanloup more remarkable for vehemence than for either breadth or depth. Even when he had a subject indisputably true, it was his *forte* to seize on a minor point, and to leave out of view what was vast in its support and connections. His present letter on 'slavery' is marked by the same characteristics. There is nothing in the grasp he takes of the subject that authorizes him to assume the part of 'reminding the world,' or of expressing commiseration for 'the situation of a Catholic missionary between masters and slaves—suspected by both!!!' The Catholic missionaries of the slave-holding States, with one voice, would tell Dr. Dupanloup that his words were not calumnious, only because they are romance founded on misinformation.

"Dr. Dupanloup's letter is, nevertheless, interesting, as showing how Catholic principle retains man and keeps him so far aloof, even on a sensational subject, from the unbridled rant of the New England Protestant preachers and infidel lecturers. He states truly that the *unity of the race* is a dogma fundamental to the Christian faith—that the *source of slavery* is to be explained only by original sin; that it was

universal in the world before the coming of Christ; that slavery can be done away with only by the redemption through Christ; that is practically in our day by and in the Catholic Church. He enlarges on the several bulls of popes, by which the trade of bringing Africans from Africa to America has been condemned by the positive discipline of the Catholic Church, just as for more than fifty years it has been condemned by the laws of the United States. He moreover states with equal truth that slavery is an institution liable to great abuses, in which he candidly admits it very closely resembles other human relations. So far he goes on safe grounds. He then takes to repeating the exhortations of saints and pontiffs to the effect that 'as the Redeemer and Creator consented to be imprisoned in humanity in order by the grace of freedom to break the bonds of slavery and to restore us to our primitive liberty, so it is an act of wisdom to give back their original liberty to men, who by nature were free, and were bound down by human laws under the yoke of servitude.' Very fine sentiments, indeed, and very appropriate in the conditions regarding which the exhortation was used by saints and pontiffs of old.* But, now as then, let us observe the proportions and order of the liberation 'as' the Redeemer wrought it.

"The freedom obtained for man by the Christian faith is first and essentially supernatural and moral; only secondarily and *accidentally* natural and physical. It was the carnal view taken by vain men, and condemned by the Apostles and by the Catholic Church, that the 'liberty of Christ' destroyed the pre-existing relations of masters and slaves. It imposed on the masters new and Christian duties towards their slaves, and on their slaves new and Christian duties to their masters, but it did not destroy the relation, nor in the whole history of the Church can one case be cited where it was made a condition for a man becoming a Catholic that he should cease to hold slaves. The way, and the only way in which the Catholic

*The words quoted above by Dr. Dupanloup were used by Pope St. Gregory the Great—not in regard to the disfigured and degraded negroes, but of the beautiful and fair-skinned angels from the island of Britain, of whom he said: "Call them angels rather than Angles." They were a people fitted, as the European people have proved themselves, for liberty.

Church put an end to slavery in Europe, was by its quiet and interior work on masters and on slaves. The new duties imposed by conscience on the Catholic master towards the slaves who were under his protection, became a responsibility of which he was glad to be freed when he properly could be so. The Catholic faith, and the discipline of Catholic life fitted the slaves of Europe for liberty, and gave them a force that made it a political impossibility to keep them in slavery without public loss. But the slaves of Europe were of the same white with their masters. They were of that race of Japhet who still inherit the blessing of Noe to this day, whose race is still 'enlarging' and occupying more and more 'the tents of Shem,' while still 'Chanaan remains his servant.'

"Will the present relations of the white and black races continue to the end of time? This we know not, nor seek to know. Enough for the present, the facts of the present. All you who, under the mask of philanthropy, do not hate Cuffy, and want him exterminated, leave him to work out his own destiny! You cannot better it by meddling with him at a distance. The place on all the earth where his race has reached the highest point, especially, where, if a Catholic, he is most respected and most affectionately treated, has been in the slave-holding States of the Union. If the infidel abolitionists and Yankees, who are cockling over Dr. Dupanloup's 'sensation' letter, get their way, the fate of the negro is sealed in the land where he has been the least oppressed and most happy. He must 'move on' with the Indian and bury himself out of the Yankee's way.

"Dr. Dupanloup, theorizing and criticising on a most visionary abstraction in regard to a condition of society of which he knows nothing, never having set his eyes on an acre of slave soil, taking a supervision of affairs not at all within his jurisdiction, takes his abstractions for facts, and ignores the stern fact we have presented as to the superior civilization of the negro in our Southern States. Yet he says: 'I leave aside abstract theories, [as to possible conditions in which slavery may be licit] and I only consider facts.' He argues that slavery should be abolished because all men are by nature free. He adds: 'When

those slaves shall be set at liberty they must be formed into a society, and slavery has ill prepared them for this. But the priests of Jesus Christ and all Christians will come to their assistance! And this he calls 'facts' and not 'theories or abstractions.' Why he will find those niggers, for the larger part, scoffing at his assistance as to anything spiritual or moral. Ever so many of them are Baptist or Methodist preachers and down on Papists. If he offers his 'assistance' they will accept it in the form of personal attendance on their corporal wants—nothing farther.

"Abandon the black race in the United States to themselves, and in five years they will sink into heathen and unmitigated barbarism. They are 'free by nature.' But are not fools and crazy people in the same sense, 'free by nature!' Are the asylums in which for their own good and the public safety they are confined to be then broken open and all fools and mad men set free? Are not children 'free by nature?' On his own plea of 'taking human nature as it is,' may it not be said that parents generally fail to bring up their children as they ought? Here in the United States the great majority of parents either teach their children no religion or a false one. Why not exhort Louis Napoleon to intervene in the name of 'Catholic France,' and take all the children away to put them under Dr. Dupanloup's instructions, that they may learn the end for which they were created? Why, at least, even if they have not the good fortune to possess the attractive features and skin of negroes, not let them have some small share in those prayers of Dr. Dupanloup's diocessans, for the sole purpose of evoking which he wrote his political letter, copied and lauded by the infidel journals of America. Has Dr. Dupanloup so completely succeeded in the principal work of Christianity, the emancipation of men from slavery to Satan, that he has leisure to teach Catholic prelates and priests their duties in a land he never saw in regard to the relations of a barbarous and generally unchristianized race towards masters who generally do not profess the Catholic faith?

"More than once, in years past, we have felt constrained to remark in terms we would rather have avoided, on the political utter-

ances of Dr. Dupanloup. If not more inopportune in itself, at least in pointed intention to reflect on the institutions of the United States in this time of our calamity, this present letter not only gives no more justification, but seems to demand of us this notice."

TO MY FRIENDS.

"The subscribers to the *Freeman's Journal* are my friends. I owe them no other explanation for the absence of leading articles or of editing other parts of the paper, than to tell them that I have suffered a blow so deep and heavy that it makes the remaining years of my life very different from all the past.

"The wife that, for nearly fifteen years has been the sunshine of my home, has been snatched away from me and from my and her young children. Those who have been intimates, even as visitors, of the household of which she was the soul, and who on leaving had looked back and wondered how there could be so much happiness in a family, will add to the burning tears they cannot restrain the sweet incense of their fervent prayers for the departed and for those that remain here below.

"That home for most part of fifteen years has been so like a paradise that to be absent from it even for one evening, no matter how pleasant the attraction elsewhere, was a period of exile. As time went on that home became dearer and more dear. Sufferings, sufferings long and various, welded and deepened the love that had commenced in the sincere seeking of the will of God.

"Who that was present in Bishop O'Connor's private episcopal chapel, with the select company of forty or fifty that were admitted at her nuptial mass, can forget it? Was there a dry eye there during that double sacrifice? The divine and adorable sacrifice was offered on the altar by Bishop O'Connor, who had been a father to her during her girlhood, and had found in her, as she ripened into womanhood, a soul so sincere and an intellect so bright, as to make her a confident of some of his thoughts, and even an adviser, on account of the purity of her judgment. Another sacrifice was offered up before the altar. It was the life of a pure virgin whose prayer all her life and till her last hour, was that she might do the will of God. Before she consented to marry me she ex-

acted of me but one solid pledge: 'Do you promise you will try and help me save my soul?'

"The way of the Cross is the way of salvation to the soul, and their is none other. Her marriage to me put her in that way. Bad health and physical suffering were her portion for many years. Suffering long and wearing. At one time for eighteen months her eyes were so affected that she could not read a word nor look at any external object. It was a physical reaction after the overstrain on her delicate nerves, consequent on the arrest of her husband by the tyrannous order of Mr. Wm. H. Seward in 1861, for refusing to forego the assertion of correct principles of political morality in face of the civil war that Mr. Seward had done so much to bring on. May God forgive him. Gertrude Fetterman McMaster was too high strung to show one moment's weakness or fear, though she felt all the time that to order her husband to be shot or have him privately drowned off the battlements of the military fortress where he was imprisoned without reason and against law, would have been in perfect keeping with the beginnings of the persecution he underwent.

"In the troubles of those years, in politics, and in other trials later, her intellect and soul, ever sustaining her husband as believing him altogether in the right, overtasked her delicate physical frame. Her voice was never heard in public nor even in social gatherings. The bright gifts of mind and soul that she had were poured into the bosom of her unworthy husband and but casually uttered even to the guests of his house.

"But even dead her works praise her. Two of her daughters, almost budding into womanhood, owe to her all their intellectual training, from the earliest elements. She was their teacher in German, in French, in Latin and in music, as well as in more elementary matters not often well taught or learned. But above all they have been most faithfully trained by her in what Christian girls ought to know, to believe, and to practice.

"It seems almost a sacrilege for me to speak thus of Gertrude who abhorred as indecent, the mention of women in Journals. She has entered into her eternity, and therefore, the showing of her virtues can-

not effect her modesty. But words are easily coined, and therefore, there is an appearance of impropriety in speaking of one who so shunned being talked of.

"It is not after her death only but during her life that very learned and holy men have recognized her exceptional character. I speak of this only to excite pity for myself. *Miseremini mei, miseremini mei, vos, saltem amici mei, quoniam tetigit me manus Domini.*

"I have every human reason to believe that Gertrude Fetterman, late my wife, has entered on the *Sabbatine Indulgence*, at least, '*Indulgentiam quam semper optavit.*' But the judgments of God are inscrutable. I believe that the torrent of the river that makes glad the City of God has filled her soul already with eternal joys.

"But it is bad theology that erects private belief into a rule of conduct. The Redemptorists, the Jesuits, the Passionists, the Dominicans, have been saying masses for her soul, and praying for her. The masses carry their own effect. God forbid that the prayers shall be less fervent because any may consider them unneeded. Not one of us can know the inscrutable judgments of God. The essential pain of purgatory, as of hell, is the pain of loss. Therefore it is not alone expiation of faults committed but the clear vision in presence of eternity, of merits eternal that might have been gained, and have not been, that may be the anguish of holy souls and constitute their purgatory. But, to souls rightly constituted the torment of such a vision, eternity of merits that might have been gained against an idle hour, a useless amusement, in this life, so short that it has no part of it to be lost, is a torment more acute than material fire.

"Therefore I ask the prayers of every friend of mine—whether friends I have ever seen or not—for Gertrude Genevieve Fetterman, a week ago my wife, now my sister in the Lord. If she may not need them they will not be lost.

"Some other holy soul in Purgatory will be solaced and sooner delivered, and amid the choirs of the blessed will go to Gertrude and thank her for the benefit of those prayers. Nor will the merit fail for those that will say these prayers. Gertrude will be invoked to go, in heaven, and ask the Lord to return abundantly blessings for the prayers that have been said for her by her

and my friends. She will be invoked to go to our Blessed Lady, and to St. Joseph, and to St. Michael, the archangel, and to her other patrons, and to ask blessings on all the dear and true friends that have been praying for her. She will certainly do this, for it was her saying here below that it was a mean and shameful thing not to return thanks for every spiritual favor received. This, too, is according to the doctrine of the saints.

"Notwithstanding my strong conviction that Gertrude is in perfect peace, yet, taught by the Catholic Church, I implore prayers for her rather than for me, or for my sorely stricken little ones. This may yet be an instant duty, for God's ways are not open to human ken. For myself and my three little daughters, and my two little sons, even to the youngest not two years old, who still calls excitedly for his mamma, I beg the prayers of my friends. I do so because I know many will respond to my petition; and because I know that prayer will bring the greatest of all help to me; and because I am glad to be a beggar at the doors of the faithful for this most needed alms.

"God's call, striking like the lightning, has shattered the bower of my human delight. It is just, and right and good, that I should be called to march, unsheltered, during the remaining years of my earthly life. I do not repine at this. *Castigasti me, et eruditus sum, quasi jurenculus indomitus. Convertite me et convertar, quia Tu Dominus Deus meus.*

"But how am I to fulfil the mission of rearing as a Catholic family the little flock left to me? It is a hard yoke to lay on shoulders so young as those of my daughters, who, hitherto, have had only to walk in the footsteps of such a mother. This is, however, their and my portion, and so I ask the prayers of my friends.

"Gertrude, whose life was a continual preparation for death, departed this life as an infant goes to sleep. The prayers I said as she was dying, she seemed to think an office of affection, to assist her as she had just laid down for the night. Her last words were 'thank you,' 'thank you,' and as a response to the words of prayer recited in her ear, 'that is right; Jesus, Mary and Joseph.' She was too weak and

thought herself too sleepy to say more. Her pulse had been running at a hundred and forty beats to the minute, and running faster her consciousness was gone. Father Hewitt had but time to reach her room to give her Extreme Unction before her heart ceased to beat. But, as her confessor said to her a day or two before, when she wanted to make a general confession, her 'whole life had been a general confession and a preparation for death.'

"Gertrude died on Wednesday night, July 5, a few minutes after the fathers and brothers of at least two religious houses—the Redemptorists in New York—had offered for her their penances and all their good works. The next morning, in several churches of this city all the Masses were said for the repose of her soul. Also a still larger number on the morning succeeding.

"Nor in New York alone or its vicinity, in communities, as of the Jesuits, Dominicans, Redemptorists, Passionists, were there Masses offered. The telegraph reached Father Freitag at the Redemptorist Novitiate at Annapolis. Many Masses were offered on Tuesday morning, and the united prayers of a vast religious community with all their friends. On Friday, at Annapolis, a Solemn Requiem was said by Father Freitag, with deacon and sub-deacon, and all the fathers, brothers, students and novices offered their communions for the repose of her soul.

"At the Solemn Requiem at St. Paul's Church, New York, on Saturday morning, Fathers Turner, Lilly and McGovern, of the Dominicans; Father Dealy, of the Jesuits; Fathers DeKam and another of the Redemptorists; Fathers Thomas and Gabriel, of the Passionists; Father Pollard, of the Oblates, and several of the Fathers of St. Paul the Apostle, assisted. A large company of most affectionate friends thronged the church. Fathers Thomas and Gabriel accompanied the mortal remains of this bright servant of God to the cemetery, and performed the last rites of religion at the grave. But great as has been the affection and respect shown to our deceased sister—wife no longer—we ask the prayers for her soul of every friend that reads our paper.

"*New York Freeman's Journal,*
"Saturday, July 15, 1871."

WHO SHALL HAVE THE CHILD?

"To whom do the children of Catholics belong? Who has a right to their training? Who is to have them? There are just now only two claimants—the Church and the world—that is to say, God and the devil! The world claims them. It insists that they shall be brought up as children of the world, loving the world, obeying the world, identified with the world, forgetting God with the world, and going to the devil with the world.

"But the Church also claims them. She set her seal on them in baptism. She does not bestow on them the inestimable gift of regeneration except on the solemn promise and vow of their parents that they shall be brought up in the discipline and in the instruction of the Lord. The Church claims that they shall be brought up as not of the world; that they shall be taught not to love the world, not to conform to it, not to follow or obey it. Parents contract the solemn obligation to bring up their Catholic children in this spirit, as soldiers of the cross and freemen of Christ, and not as slaves of the devil and votaries of the world. Pastors stand as watchmen and as monitors to warn and to urge their people to the discharge of this obligation, by the neglect of which children and parents, and all who do neglect doing their duties in these premises, will certainly perish.

"In schools of the world and of the devil it is reasonable to expect that children are to be brought up to shun the evils of the world and to resist the snares of the devil. The whole question lies here—are schools of the world, are schools where God is shut out, the places for children to be brought up for the religion which the world hates, because it hated Him who died to establish that religion? Think of this, you Catholics, who even yet suffer your children to frequent schools against which the successor of St. Peter has warned the Church, and which the bishops of the country, as well as of every other, have pronounced to be hostile to the faith. Think of this and act on the thought quickly, or harsher epithets will be due you than those of sleepy Catholics, ignorant Catholics, stupid and short-sighted Catholics. If the experience of the past, if the demonstrations of the past, if the voice of Pope and bishops,

and the attitude of all earnest and living Catholics throughout the world, are not able to arouse all who call themselves Catholics to the discharge of this great duty of nature and of religion, then those who still side with the world in this question will not from our pen find terms applied to them gentler than that they are disobedient and faithless people, too brutish to prize heaven more than earth, too base to respect their word plighted in the vows they have taken at the baptism of their children, too servile and too shallow to prefer the communion and the blessing of the saints to the fellowship of the hollow infidels with whom they cast in their lot and the lot of their children.

"Once more let us be up and doing. The work that is before us to do for ourselves, for our children and for our country is perfectly plain. Infidelity, if it triumph, will be the ruin of our country as well as the perdition of our children. But infidelity now reigns supreme in the State education of this country. What we Catholics must do, and must do now, is first to get our own children out of this devouring fire. At any cost, at any sacrifice, we must deliver the children over whom we have control from those pits of destruction which lie invitingly in their way under the name of public or district schools. We must, wherever there are enough of Catholics together to render it possible, organize Catholic parish schools. Where this is impossible let parents withdraw their children from these places where they are certain to learn evil, and probably very little but evil, and if they cannot have them taught elsewhere, let them be set to honest labor or kept from the ways of the destroyer under the parents' eyes. This withdrawal of Catholic children everywhere from the Godless schools should be the first step. It is lamentable that it has not long ago been taken.

"Next we must set to work patiently, calmly, resolutely, perseveringly, to break off from our neck the yoke of State despotism put upon them by Jacobins in the shape of the school system in this and other States. This we can do if we will. We hear now and then of some Catholic with some money, but no brains, or no instruction worth mentioning, who in his over-anxiety to stand well with his Protestant neighbors disapproves of separate schools

for Catholics for fear of being thought illiberal. The Protestant neighbors of such men are the first to see through them, and laugh at them behind their backs, though they encourage them professedly in their prevarication. But we are strong enough to do without the aid of such unworthy brethren. We have the conscience and the convictions of the country with us. Since our last week's paper was issued we have met at different times three several Protestant ministers who have spoken on this subject. Each of them granted that religion and justice and law were on our side. Each of them expressed his private wish that the system of schools without religion should be abolished, and two of them acknowledged (one of his own accord) that the sole reason that Protestants opposed us was their conviction that if justice were done us in the matter of schools it would be the most powerful means of increasing the number and proportions of Catholics in this country.

"Think of this, fellow Catholics. The sustainers of this law do so against their own convictions of right, they do so in the detriment of their own religions, when they have any, but they do it for the sake of wronging us. They do it because they see that children educated in Catholic schools will be Catholics, and children educated in un-Catholic schools, commonly, will not be Catholics.

"And we see the same thing! What do we do then? Nay what are we going to do? Will we not meet together, form a plan for working in behalf of this great object; rouse this Catholic spirit of every parish; make as many centres of agitation as there are Catholic churches in this state; make

the justice and urgency of our claim the topic of conversation with every candid and honorable man we can find; and resolve never to give over our exertions till we have good Catholic schools for all our youth, and till we are free from the unjust burden of paying for schools which are nuisances without receiving any help for the schools we know to be good?

"For ourselves this is the resolution we formed four years ago and the prospect was then dreary enough. At that time there was not one Catholic parish school in the English language in the city of New York and public sentiment was so dead that most people thought we indulged odd notions when we plead for Catholic schools. We did not then expect in ten years to see the change that has taken place in four—and yet we expected then to live and edit the *Freeman's Journal* till every parish in the state of New York should have its Catholic school, and the infidel school-law be exploded as one of the mad dreams of socialism.

"The mad caps who proposed a free school system for the whole state have unwillingly helped us. They have tried their system, and now the same men have met again in Syracuse, as we recorded a few weeks ago, and pronounced their scheme a practical failure. They say, one after another of them, that the cause of education is progressing backwards. Let us meet and without pretention set on foot a movement that will show the people of this state how it is that education can be made to progress forward, to accomplish its ends and satisfy all its true friends.

"*New York Freeman's Journal,*
"Saturday, August 28, 1852."



THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.



CHAPTER IX.

MARY observed that some new arrivals were placed at the table near theirs; to them John spoke in passing.

The two strangers eyed the girls with more than casual interest. The elder lady was venerable but stately, and

had the air of a traveler. The younger was quite tall, and gave the impression of looking over the heads of her neighbors. Her gaze was crushingly dispassionate. As the two parties left the dining room John presented his friends as Mrs. Craig and her niece, Miss Chase. A sequestered nook was found on the porch, and the conversation became general. "This view is delicious," said Miss Chase. "Did you ever notice that the afternoon light on the ocean is far more exquisite than that of the morning?"

"You know Paula," said her aunt, "that in the afternoon the sun is behind you, and the light shines into the caves of the breakers, coloring them so wonderfully."

"Do they not seem exultant?" asked Mary; "they come hurrying in like wonderful animals. Each seems intent on a purpose."

"See how impatiently they shake back the foam. I admire their supreme transparency," said Miss Chase. "Is not their clearness wonderful when you remember the quantity of sand they churn up as they come dashing in? They remind me of those noble souls who, in the contact of affairs, preserve that majestic simplicity we meet occasionally. All dross goes under in their presence. I do not forget that moralizing is considered in bad form during a summer holiday, but I do not think my present company likely to be constrained by trivi-

alities. What acquaintance have your family with me, Dr. Murphy?"

"It began very agreeably as we left the dining room, Miss Chase. I am very glad that I encounter no preconceived impressions. Thro' Dr. Murphy and our mutual friend, Alex Dent, I have known you all very well for some months, but the reality is much more charming. The doctor's sketches were statuesque; the reality gives warmth, color and a delightful friendliness. I consider this companionship a great privilege. I must explain, Miss Chase, that your letter came to me this morning, forwarded from the hospital, in an envelope addressed by Dr. Waits, who is substituting for me. I was late for breakfast and crushed it into my pocket and forgot it until my brother Paul's attention to his mail reminded me of the letter I had received. I had but ten minutes to reach your train."

"How well you dissembled your indecent haste. You appeared as cool and imperturbable as though you had been enjoying a hammock and a breezy corner. Professional discipline does wonders for man or woman. I had a letter from Mr. Dillon as I left home, and he is in perfect accord with our scheme. Are your family familiar with it?"

"No, we have had no opportunity for lengthy conversation. I am glad yours will be the first presentation of the subject."

"Well, my dear friends, I will premise my statement by acknowledging my obligations to Dr. Murphy's father and mother, whose wisdom prepared for me so admirable an associate in a good work that I have much at heart. By my father's death I am made a very wealthy woman. In examining his papers we found some mining stock that he considered worthless. We have been approached by several parties who wish to purchase, and find that it has attained an astonishing value. My mother was a Cuban. She died when I was very young. My life has been passed in seclusion. My

father was very scholarly and delighted in teaching me. I have never been at school, and have lived a provincial life in the heart of New York City. My father was of Puritan stock, and was one of the community at Brook Farm. He became a Catholic through the instructions of Father Hecker. Occasional visits to the summer homes of our family friends have made me familiar with the fashionable man and woman of my own age, and I have recoiled in horror from such contact. My father often said that to know people thoroughly you should have business dealings with them. I have come to the conclusion that the amusements of the day are also a test. Watching a game of tennis has dispelled many an agreeable illusion; greed, dishonesty, hate shone from the countenances of the players.

"A progressive euche transforms the timid, amiable girl into a creature I like not to name. Such a thing as playing for the sake of the game, in hearty enjoyment of your opponent's good fortune as if it were your own is rarely met with. I had about arrived at the conclusion that I was quixotic in my expectations, when I met Dr. Murphy, while visiting an unfortunate woman at the hospital. I have always had a great tenderness for poor patients; an uncle of mine died in the alms house. My father learned of his death through the morning papers. That was the first news he had of his brother in twenty years. I was taken to the funeral, and my father impressed on me a tender compassion for the poor and suffering that has never left me. Howell's 'Hazard of New Fortunes' made a deep impression on me. The words of Linden were ever ringing in my ears: 'To be in sympathy with the poor, you must live in poverty; you must see it all the time; feel it, hear it, smell it, taste it, or you forget it.'

"I went to live with some nuns who wore no uniform, and who go into the houses of the poor day and night. My six months' experience gave me a knowledge of the wretchedness of some of my unfortunate fellow-creatures, and the causes of their misery. The remedies I am considering. A remark of Dr. Murphy's on the difficulty of procuring any kind of labor in Montana, set me thinking. I have asked Mr. Dillon's counsel, and I am inclined to think

that many of the well disposed poor will be benefited by emigration to some of our Western States. I have laid the matter before our charitable societies for consideration. I am willing to co-operate with them in their methods of relief if they consider my scheme impracticable. My father held that large donations were an injury to charitable societies. The advice of Mr. Dillon is invaluable.

"Remember I am not so visionary as to imagine it possible to do away with poverty, I wish only to use to the best advantage the wealth of which I am the steward. I confess I am a little selfish; I find no greater enjoyment in life than in alleviating the sufferings of the wretched. Dr. Murphy's judicious counsel has furnished me many golden opportunities. Only think, I saw the other day three of his patients, little children, starvation cases. To think of such a condition in a city where there is so much reckless waste."

"I think, Miss Chase, you are on the right path," said Mr. Murphy; "Mr. Dillon's experience of the conditions of life in his State, added to his ability as an organizer, cannot fail to be serviceable. I wish you success most cordially."

"I propose to go to Montana next week. My good aunt will accompany me. She is my sympathetic abettor in my enterprise. We expect to take with us a sturdy German husband and wife, whose services will be useful."

"Should we not pay our respects to the ocean?" said John.

"Your suggestion is timely," replied Miss Chase; "I shall embrace the opportunity to become acquainted with your brother and sisters."

The young people went off at a brisk pace; the cool breeze made exercise delightful.

"What a beautiful walker Miss Chase is," said Mr. Murphy.

"Yes," replied her aunt; "my brother was fond of long rambles, and Paula was his frequent companion; his influence is stamped on her character. Not only does she step out like a man, but her abruptness and directness are man-like. She has no intimate friends of her own sex but the sisters of the convent. Our relatives are quite estranged from us since we became Catholics. Paula's intercourse with her

father gave her an insight into subjects that most young people shrink from. I think the society of your daughters will be very useful to her and very congenial."

While glancing over the paper one morning, Mr. Murphy uttered an exclamation that attracted the attention of his wife.

"Anything wrong, husband?"

"A scurrilous paragraph, of which Pansy Dodd is the subject. Do you know anything of this affair, Margaret?"

"What is it?"

"Your friend Pansy is here represented as having been married privately to a man for whom she now professes an abhorrence. The paragraph is not edifying reading."

"I have been told that she was married, but I hoped the statement was untrue. Pansy told me she had the greatest admiration for Mr. Green's voice, that when he sang she felt herself entirely submissive to his influence."

"I do not understand," said Paul, "what gets into the girls who talk such nonsense. Now, there is Pansy; she was educated at the convent."

"Excuse my interruption, son, but I must correct a misapprehension. Pansy's attendance at the convent was most irregular. From her infancy she was treated as a pretty doll, decked with finery most unsuitable for a child. The parties of the season had the first claim. The late hours made her attendance at school irregular, and if she was there in the body her mind was distracted by the dissipation just passed, or the one for which she was preparing. I remember her mother's indignation when Pansy was forbidden to wear a profusion of jewelry in school. What but folly could come of such unwisdom in training?"

"I am truly sorry," said Mary. "Pansy was a lovable girl, so pretty and attractive. I had hoped she would have been the wife of Mr. Stapleton, and that his influence would have been useful."

"He is an excellent man, and was devoted to Pansy, but I think she chafed under his criticism and preferred the company of the foolish."

"Here is the marriage of Violet Spering to the youngest Frank mentioned, Walter Vernon. Frank's tranquility will not be disturbed by the event. The Vernons are a wealthy family, and Walter is a good tem-

pered boy. He and Violet are of the same age."

"I must tell you of a loss we have sustained in the death of our dear Hugh Neville."

"Can it be possible?"

"It is but too true. He died at Colorado Springs."

"I had no idea the end would be so soon. It is but two months since he took leave of us."

"I have long thought that Hugh considered himself doomed. He lived as if he had in mind the counsel, 'work while it is yet day.' I think that conviction prevented his marriage. I know he was a great admirer of Maria Delacroix. She is now in the novitiate of the Franciscans in Rome."

"May he pray for us. Surely he does not need our prayers."

"Our prayers will not be lost even though he needs them not. I hope, my children, your lives will be nobler for having known him. His whole course gave testimony that fidelity to principle wins the respect even of the worldling. From Hugh's boyhood he was worthy the words applied to the Divine Child, 'He advanced in wisdom and grace before God and man.'"

"I have great news for you," said Mrs. Murphy to her family one evening in September.

"Mrs. Butler called to-day. She told me they attended the Catholic summer school, and that for the rest of her life she intends to keep her eyes and ears open, and her mouth shut. She says that Edward did her a good turn by pouncing on her that evening. She did not know at the time that by his assistance Mr. Butler was saved from failure. Edward's money and good counsel proved him truly a friend. She acknowledges that she found experience in the ways of fashionable life most humiliating, and that they are all well pleased to resume the simplicity of their early days. They have taken a house in 36th street. Mrs. Butler's sister, Mrs. Sarsfield, and her daughter Gertrude, will, in future, become members of the family. The engagement of Edward Butler with Gertrude's friend, Miss Fitzgerald, has just been announced, and is received very pleasantly in both families.

"Blanche and Imogene intend taking a course at the institute. They say they have not been so happy since they were little children. While living in the palace they never felt at home; they had turned their backs on their old friends, and the people they courted gave them scant courtesy. Their lives were lonely and filled with bitterness. The latest news from Percy showed him much pleased with life at your Uncle John's. He is an excellent draughtsman, and has an aptitude for architecture."

"I, too, have something to tell," said Margaret. "I met Pansy to-day. She is going to Europe to cultivate her voice. She had nearly passed me before I saw her. She said she thought I was going to cut her. Of course I told her that such a suspicion was unjust. Tears sprang to her eyes."

"You have no idea," said she, "what I may have suffered since my law suit, but my mother has forgiven me, and nobody else has any right to say anything about my marriage. I must protest against Pansy's opinion. She has given public scandal in the matter, brought suspicion on her character, discredited on religion and embarrassment to her friends. All our actions, good or evil, have their chain of consequences. It is well to hold in remembrance the saying, 'Have a decent respect for public opinion.' A business woman once said to me that few of our sex appeared to comprehend the obligation of a contract. They wished to bind one party, but would slip out of an agreement. Pansy's marriage gives color to such an assertion. Within a month of her marriage she wished to throw off the bonds."

The beautiful October days came, all too soon, to Mary's family. Her uncle always spoke of her as "the light of the house," and to those whom she was leaving the prospect of separation was unwelcome. With true love they dissembled their regret.

The bride and groom made a retreat, which concluded on the morning of the wedding-day. Reverently they passed up the aisle. Not one who gazed upon them could fail to recognize their realization that they were receiving a sacrament. The eastern sun glorified the beautiful sanctuary in

which they knelt. A golden sunbeam shone on Mary's beautiful head, as if the Holy Spirit smiled upon her. The entire bridal party received Holy Communion at the Mass. The members of the societies whose labors Mary had shared, and the poor whom she had comforted were within the church.

It was one of those blessed occasions when heaven descends to earth.

At the wedding breakfast Mary saw around her the father and mother who had been to her as the Providence of God, the fond sisters, and devoted brothers, from whom she was turning to enter a different path—with another companion. But on the new way shone the blessing of God as on the old. With love she was welcomed by the parents of her husband, and her soul welled up in gratitude to God, that the marriage had but enlarged her family circle.

Their wedding journey was in accord with Mr. Dillon's invitation.

Dr. George Vinton and wife rested at White Sulphur Springs, Montana, and received a warm welcome from Mrs. Craig, Miss Chase and Mr. Dillon. Edward Butler had gone to Philadelphia and expected to bring his bride west with him before the winter.

After a visit to the ranch and the points of interest in the neighboring country, the whole party made the excursion to the wonders of the Yosemite.

"I feel a little like a traitor," said Paula one afternoon, when with Mrs. Vinton she was luxuriating in an unusual experience—an idle hour.

"It is the last thing I should accuse you of," replied Mary.

"Thank you. Has it ever occurred to you that your uncle Edward might marry?"

"Yes, indeed, we have sometimes amused ourselves, during the idleness of the twilight hour, in choosing a wife for him."

"I dare not ask you to describe her, and to avoid all embarrassments had better make you my confidant—"

"I see it in your face," said Mary, "and congratulate you with all my heart."

"I think, my dear, I am a very fortunate woman in having won the love of so noble a man; he is such as my father would have approved. You cannot imagine the sense of isolation that oppressed me at times, especially since the discovery of the wealth

in my possession. I was appalled by the sense of responsibility that was borne in upon me. In Mr. Dillon I see the man of affairs, whose advice will be so useful. This tender consideration has supplied to me both father and mother. With your consent, my aunt and I will travel with you to New York. We propose to be married from my own home, very quietly, some morning next spring."

"My dear Paula, I think you were made for each other; George and I were speaking of it last night. You are both formed on noble lines, and in the settlement of your colony have before you a grand work, one worthy your ability. I know Uncle Edward is recognized as a power in municipal affairs, and his influence will be felt not only in this town, but throughout this section of the country.

I am truly happy in our engagement. I am very sure that my father would gladly have given his sanction to my marriage with your uncle, whose good sense and experience in dealing with affairs assure to me a wise counsellor, while his sense of humor and hidden tenderness make him an ever enjoyable friend, giving me the assurance that in him I shall find that great gift of God, a good husband."

Mr. and Mrs. Scott returned home in October, bringing Dora with them. She had heard of her husband only through the public news. He had spent the summer in

Europe and had transferred his office to New York.

Duty to her parents and to her child left Dora little leisure; that little she shared with the poor, who claimed her. Daily Mass, and her visits to the Blessed Sacrament, were her spiritual luxuries, and from them she drew strength to carry her cross sweetly and with courage.

The tranquillity of her soul shone in her countenance, investing it with a beauty far superior to that of her girlhood. The course of study she had pursued steadily during the summer gave her a mental discipline that quickened as well as informed her intellect. She was ever eager to acquaint herself with the best methods for the education of children, and Adolph found her an inspiring teacher. The little fellow was quick to appreciate the change in his mother. After looking at her thoughtfully for some minutes one day he said:

"You don't wear such pretty dresses now, but you're ever so much nicer than you used to be."

Kathleen and Margaret were soon absorbed in the autumn course at the Institute. Familiarity with their instructors and companions made this season a pleasanter one than the preceding.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

IV.

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



WE said last month that the "second class of Socialists substitutes for the individual the multitude, arranging the forces of labor as a closed phalanx against the ranks of capital, however, without appeal to violence."

From different sides the forming of labor unions was treated as an unjustifiable, revolutionary measure, and the advocates of this view called into requisition the power of State and Church to break up the unions. Others just as strongly defended the unions and allowed them an absolute sway, short of violence to person or property. For us the question is twofold. (1) Are laborers allowed to unite against their employers for legitimate purposes? and (2) are they allowed to join ANY union for this purpose?

Our historical preamble to these papers showed us that in Catholic times unions of tradesmen and journeymen were formed, and though local in their origin they were by no means local in their efficiency. What was lawful then is lawful now, and this the more as circumstances are changed very much against the employees and in favor of the capitalists. Then the seventh commandment restrained avarice, condemned injustice and bound the violator to restitution. But the business principles of to-day allow the employer to hoard money to his heart's content, and to look upon employees merely as a means of accumulating wealth. Hence the question of employment and wages is no longer a question of fairness and justice to the employed, but of expediency and self-interest. These demanding it, the employer is ready to sacrifice his workmen without a scruple. If, therefore, the workmen unite they act in self defence,

and as long as they are willing to use legitimate means for a legitimate end they are justified before God and the world.

But there are several pitfalls in this matter. The right to work is an individual one, and the choice of work likewise depends on the free determination of the individual. Now, when a number of individuals combine for the purpose of mutual protection against the greed of employers they act within their right, and having agreed on rules of action the members of the union are bound by these rules. These combinations in order to be just must be voluntary. As soon as they go beyond and force unwilling men to enter the union, or remain members against their will, they become unjust, and their regulations need not and cannot in conscience be acted upon.

The plea put forth in defence of force that the union proves abortive unless it comprises all the workmen in a certain branch of work, this plea, we say, is futile. The end does not justify the means. Persuasion may be used to bring all the employees into the union and keep them there, but to designate unwilling men "scabs," to hound them out of employment and render it impossible for them to earn an honest living, is an unjust means and reprehensible. The same thing is true in regard to boycotting firms which employ non-union men. Every man has an indisputable right to accept work offered to him, and to work for the wages agreed upon, as he also has the right to quit the work which no longer suits him, or the remuneration for which appears to him inadequate.

This right belongs to the individual, and also to the labor union, as far as this union is a *voluntary* one. But as soon as moral force is employed in forming or maintaining an union, the decrees of the officers of such union become arbitrary and tyrannical and cannot bind the *involuntary* members.

What we say concerning labor applies

with equal force to *strikes*. A voluntary union of workmen has the indisputable right to lay down the work if the conditions of work or wages are no longer satisfactory, and it may continue the strike until it compels the employer to do justice to his men. But too often strikes are organized and maintained that cannot be considered legitimate in any way. We heard of strikes declared because the employers dismissed men unfit for their work. The union in the case considered it incumbent to compel a reinstatement of the discharged men, not because an injustice had been done to them, but solely because they were members of the union. Such proceedings are clearly unjust, as they are taken not to defend just rights, but to inflict an injustice upon the employer. The membership in an union should never shelter undeserving men from deserved punishment.

We also heard of strikes declared because the employer engaged non-union men instead of the discharged workmen. Also this is unjust, since the employer in justice can claim the same right of employing labor as the laborers claim in accepting or refusing the proffered work. Persuasion as we said before may be resorted to, to bring non-union men into the union, but boycotting is not persuasion, but force, and hence condemns itself.

Again, strikes are declared when often there is but one visible cause, viz., the desire to raise the wages or shorten the time of labor.

It would be impossible for any man to determine in every given case just what wages would be a fair remuneration for work rendered. And this the more as modern facilities and speed of transportation changed all these questions from national into international ones, and the question of supply and demand enters largely into the computation. The larger the supply and the lower the demand, the lower are the market prices and *vice versa*. Hence even a conscientious employer cannot always pay the same price for the same work, and it seems to us that the leaders of labor unions do not give sufficient consideration to this fact.

On the other hand it is certainly true that the employers avail themselves of every glut in the market, nay even produce such glut to reduce the wages even below

the living scale. Hence there is injustice on both sides, and this injustice is of dire results to both sides, as experience in our mining and manufacturing centres abundantly proves.

Greed, which is so often charged against capital, is equally found on the side of labor. When workmen strike for higher wages who earn from four to five dollars a day, as it was in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, they have no excuse left, as they earn certainly more than living wages, and if the leaders of labor announce strikes on such flimsy reasons, and compel hundreds to live on credit and amidst great privations, they are blood suckers just as well as the employers, who take advantage of temporary distress to reduce the wages below all proportions.

Asking the question: "What material advantages did the strikes bring to the strikers?" we unhesitatingly answer, "None whatever." Often we heard that but for the repeated strikes wages would gradually have been reduced so much that no laborer could exist, and if the laborers did not succeed in raising wages they at least prevented lowering them. We look upon this argument as a fallacy. A man in order to allow decent existence requires a certain sum of money. Whether he earns this money in a hundred days by increased wages, or in a hundred and fifty days by ordinary wages, the practical result is the same. But whilst the sum earned is identic, the enforced idleness invites drinking, gambling or expensive amusement, and thus, as experience teaches, the bread earner spends more on himself and less on his family, and habits contracted during the months of a strike but too often cling to the striker, also after work has been resumed. At all events obligations contracted during the strike have to be met from later earnings, and counting up at the end of the year convinces the striker that he did not gain, but lose, by laying down the work whilst work could be had.

This conviction has gradually forced itself upon large bodies of laborers, so that for instance in England they have resolved to abandon strikes and resort to arbitration.

A word yet in regard to *sympathetic strikes*, undertaken not for any grievance of their own crowd, but to give momentum to the

strike of others. These strikes lack all foundation and are an injustice to both capital and labor. Any man contracting to do certain work has the moral obligation of doing it and cannot in fairness refuse as long as his employer complies with the conditions. And the sentimentality underlying such strikes harms the very ones it is intended to benefit, because it deprives them of public sympathy and renders them and their complaints odious.

But is there no remedy against the encroachments of capital? Is nothing left but tame submission to its most extravagant demands? There are three remedies: (1) change of work, (2) arbitration, (3) co-operation. Any of them if rightly wielded is a powerful means. We intend to speak later on arbitration and co-operation and wish to say here only that a man dissatisfied with the work done, or the wages paid, can often without difficulty go over to some

other employment. There are hundreds of farmers, store-keepers, etc., in the West who formerly were miners or workers in iron mills or glass houses. What they did others can do likewise, and when now a good many complain that this way is not open to them, because they are destitute of means, they need but blame their own want of providence or extravagance for the fact.

Young men are inexcusable, if earning from \$20 to \$25 a week they neglect saving some of their money, so that after years of work they have not the means of even furnishing a small house without resort to credit. And alas, how many of the kind have we in the country. And it is just such men that complain loudest of the tyranny of capital, and advocate the most foolhardy measures to right their supposed wrongs. Our sympathy here gives way to aversion.

BLESSED JOANNA OF TOULOUSE.

CARMELITE VIRGIN.

BY REV. A. M. RONCI, O. C. C.



BLESSED JOAN was born at Toulouse towards the middle of the 13th century. She was a daughter of the noble and illustrious family of the Counts of Toulouse. From her earliest childhood she gave unmistakable signs of an unusual vocation to sanctity.

As a young girl, far from being allured by the attractions of the brilliant circle around her, or charmed by the honors showered upon her as the daughter of such a noble family, she was repelled by these vanities, and at a very early period, determined courageously to renounce forever the world and its pomp, and to dedicate herself entirely to God.

As she said herself, in God alone did she find the sweet consolations which her soul longed for, and the delights which ravish the heart.

No human force could withdraw her from her firm resolution. Day by day she made greater progress in piety and virtue.

Her parents were struck with astonishment in seeing her so totally estranged from all those amusements which have such a strong fascination for young people. Her friends could hardly reconcile themselves to see a gifted descendant of a powerful and distinguished family, despise the joys which the world offered her, in order to devote herself entirely to solitude, to penance, and to the cross.

But God had his own designs upon this strong and valiant soul, and hence it is no wonder, that she should manifest such heroic virtue and constancy.

Her soul being thus prepared, a favorable occasion soon presented itself, which made it possible for her to consecrate herself definitely and irrevocably to the service of God.

About the year 1240, at the invitation of

Saint Louis, King of France, religious men from Mount Carmel established themselves in the city of Toulouse. The austerity, the modesty and the fervor of these holy religious, but particularly the fact, that they were in a special manner devoted to the service of the Blessed Virgin, under whose protection they had come from the East to win new clients for her in the West, captivated the heart of the young countess to such an extent that she conceived the most intense desire to belong to the Order of Mount Carmel, and to conquer all obstacles in the way of her perfection under the standard of the Queen of Heaven.

And God, who had in His Divine Providence watched so lovingly hitherto over this privileged soul, now held out His hand to her to facilitate the great step she so anxiously wished to take.

St. Simon Stock, who was then Superior General of the Carmelite Order, came to visit the new foundation at Toulouse. Blessed Joan was so powerfully attracted by the eminent virtues of this heroic saint that she threw herself at his feet, conjuring him to receive her as his daughter and a member of the Order of Mary.

The saint, with that supernatural discernment so frequently found among the servants of God, instantly recognized the holiness of the young postulant. He therefore did not delay in giving her the habit of Carmel, and, according to tradition, allowing her at once to make perpetual vows of chastity.

Having thus been ascribed among the favorite children of Mary, no one can adequately describe the alacrity and fervor with which she ran on the road of perfection, imitating the sublime virtues of the Mother and Queen of Carmel.

She devoted herself to the relief of the poor, and sought no other distraction in the midst of her many occupations, than to pour forth her affectionate longings before the Blessed Sacrament, and to prostrate herself before the image of our Lady of Carmel.

Her mortifications were extraordinary. She continually afflicted her body by the use of the discipline. Her food was the meditation of the sufferings of Our Lord, and frequent reflections on the ingratitude of men towards so loving a Father. She

wept bitter tears while imploring with ardent sighs the conversion of so many unhappy souls living in sin.

Having generously and heroically ascended to the heights of Carmel, to the highest perfection of a life of prayer and contemplation, it pleased God to call her to Himself on the 31st of March, 1286. She died at Toulouse, her native city.

Blessed Joan, in rendering her beautiful soul to God, left behind her an imperishable fame of sanctity. Far from diminishing through the course of the centuries, devotion to her memory became more and more universal among the people, especially of France and Belgium, who in their needs had recourse to the intercession of our illustrious saint.

And the saint, or rather God Himself, rewarded the veneration which was given her by granting innumerable favors and graces to those who, with confidence in her intercession, recurred to her protection.

It would be difficult to make a choice among the thousands of miracles which have been attributed to our saint during the course of centuries. I shall only mention one, which, having occurred recently, has been fully investigated by the authorities.

It happened in May, 1892.

Sister Mary of Christ, a professed nun of the Carmelite Convent in Agen, 34 years of age, had been reduced to a most deplorable state by an alarming disease.

Stomach, liver and heart were attacked to such an extent that she could not take food, excepting in the most minute quantities, and then only with extreme suffering. Her sufferings and pains were so intense that sleep was an impossibility. The attending physician had given up all hope. Finally, on the 1st of May, 1892, when, at his visit he found her tongue literally black and her agony, if possible, increased, he retired from the convent, convinced that he would not find her alive at his next visit.

But, where human aid fails, God is all-powerful.

The sisters, seeing that all human remedies were unavailing, determined to invoke the help of Blessed Joan. Carrying her relic in procession to the infirmary, they began a novena in honor of the saint at the bedside of the dying nun. This was on the second day of May, 1892. The prayers of

the good religious were speedily and wonderfully heard. The following day, at noon, Sister Mary asked for food, ate it with relish, and having eaten, with a joyful countenance began to exclaim: "I am cured, perfectly cured!"

And it was true. She rose from her bed, assisted at Mass next morning in the convent chapel, went to communion with the others, and began her former occupations without the slightest fatigue or pain.

The grateful feelings of joy and devotion which this sudden and miraculous cure excited in the community may be imagined, especially as it was noticed that Sister Mary's health was better than it had ever been at any time, and has remained so.

The physician who had attended the sister, and who is eminent in his profession, was completely nonplussed by the event, and confessed that the cure was utterly impossible by any natural means.

The devotion to our saint has since taken deeper root than ever in the hearts of the faithful in all parts of France, and there are continual reports of new favors obtained and prayers answered.

May, our holy sister, Blessed Joan, obtain by her intercession from Almighty God that peace and prosperity which France so sadly needs.

A Poetic Feast in Honor of Our Lady.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



How very rare, yet what more appropriate way of celebrating the beautiful feast of the Holy Name of Mary than to dedicate to her the sweet notes of music, the enchanting harmonies and sublime beauties of poetry? Such was the noble idea conceived and realized by the talent and zeal of one of Mary's most devoted children in the ranks of the Spanish hierarchy, Dr. Morgades y Galli, Bishop of Vich.

An eloquent pastoral was sent forth by him, breathing in every line the aroma of love and devotion to our Sinless Mother, and summoning all his faithful Catalonians—aye, all Spain, to the historic Monastery of Santa Maria de Ripoll on the 15th of September last year.

My enthusiasm being aroused, I proceeded in the early dawn of a beautiful harvest morning from the Condal City of Barcelona to the smaller and far more picturesque town at the conflux of the Ter and Fraser, to

be one of the vast crowd that thronged the aisles and filled the naves of the grand temple at that day.

This sanctuary was dedicated nine centuries ago by the saintly prelate Olivia, as a thanksgiving for the repeated victories achieved by the troops of Count Wilfred, over the hitherto invincible cohorts of the Prophet. For the first time the crescent had yielded to the cross, and the swarthy battalions of the Saracens, the fearless sons of the desert, had fallen back vanquished, before the valour and intrepidity of the brave Christian mountaineers of the Pyrenees.

After its dedication, this beautiful Church and its matchless cloisters were handed over to the Sons of St. Benedict, under whose watchful care they remained for centuries.

In the evil days of 1835, like so many another monastic institution of the peninsula, it was reduced to a mass of ruins, the ashes of its princes and prelates dragged from their hallowed shrines and flung to the winds, and its cloistered sons, men of whom the world was not then worthy, were either butchered or ostracized.

For years this shrine, once the brightest

gem in the coronet of Northern Cataluna, the final resting place of its noble sons, its priests and prelates, its counts and princes, remained a moss-covered ruin, an ivy-clad relic of the glorious Catholicity of Cataluna.

At length God gave to the honored See of Ausona a prelate, who like the prophet king of old, was filled with a burning zeal for the honor and glory of God's Temple, and who, to an ardent and persevering faith, united an unequalled patriotic longing to revive the glories of the past, particularly to restore that beautiful memorial of a principality to faith and patriotism.

Never was a resolution so enthusiastically received, so warmly and generously seconded as was the appeal of Dr. Morgades y Galli to revive the ancient glories of Ripoll.

Many were the distinguished personages, foremost among them the royal family and Infantas of the House of Bourbon, many the provincial associations and pious confraternities, who wished to contribute generously for the reconstruction of a monument so typical of Cataluna's religion and nationality.

The work so auspiciously begun soon attracted universal attention. When the news reached Rome our loving octogenarian Pontiff Leo XIII, at once showed his high appreciation of the noble undertaking by sending a priceless donation, the peerless mosaic of "Nuestra Senora de Ripoll," which now, placed above the high altar in its frame enriched with precious stones of inestimable value, forms the artistic "chef d'oeuvre" of the Church.

Together with this valued support of the Holy Father came the generous aid of every class of society. From the earnings of pious artisan families were erected the unique marble altars; out of the savings of laborers were presented costly lamps; the wealth of the rich and the mite of the widow flowed in the same stream of beneficence, so that soon the good bishop, who had already spent his princely private fortune in the work, was enabled to complete the restoration. The altars were again erected, the gothic windows again filled with the choicest designs of stained glass, the ancient sarcophagi of princes and prelates restored and the glory of the great Catholic province re-established.

No wonder, then, that its ancient history, its glorious traditions, the beauty of its

architecture, its wealth of souvenirs, all clothed with eloquence in the pages of the Bishop's pastoral, should attract a vast multitude from valley and hillside. By rail and road and mountain path the young and old came crowding into Ripoll. At an early hour the consecrated Virgins of Charity of the Order of Carmel, foreseeing the rush, had grouped their hundreds of children around the altars. No sooner did the sweet notes of the bells from the lofty tower peal forth their music than the immense crowds came trooping in and in a short time densely thronged the vast basilica, long before the ceremonies commenced.

The Pontifical High Mass at 10 a.m. was sung by the bishop of the diocese. He was attended by a large number of the chapter of Vich. The Orpheus Society of Barcelona of over 70 voices, accompanied by the majestic tones of the organ, sang Gounod's mass. Within the sanctuary were seated in their picturesque habits and dazzling uniforms the Chevaliers of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, headed by the captain general, the Marquis of Tenerife, as representative of the boy king Alphonse XIII. They came to honor the memory of one of their ancient heroes and brothers, Count Ramon Balenguer IV, commonly known as the "saint", whose body for seven centuries had remained incorrupt in its sepulchre, until consumed by the sacrilegious fires of '35. In his honor to-day the brothers of this illustrious order, dating back to the crusades, uncovered in this basilica a magnificent sarcophagus of polished marble in byzantine style, corresponding to the epoch to which it refers.

A beautiful sermon was preached in the Catalanian dialect, by one of the most eloquent poet orators of the diocese, a diocese already so famous for the oratory of its sons. The world-wide fame and gigantic intellect of one of these in the early days of this century has shed a halo of glory over the city of his birth and the diocese to which he belonged. We refer to the distinguished philosopher and first of modern thinkers, Father James Balmes, whose marble statue to-day decorates the "patio" of his native basilica.

After the termination of the Mass and the imparting of the Papal Benediction, commenced the ceremonies of the poetic feast of Our Lady of Ripoll. The unusual

character of its ritual attracted the undivided attention of the vast congregation. It is impossible to describe the gorgeous scene presented by this vast assembly of bishops, priests, knights and people; the beauty of flowers and lights and glittering gold; the magnificent splendors of decoration.

The first item of the varied programme of the day was a session of the chapter of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. The Provincial Grand Master, General Weyler, in the name of the youthful king, and of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, Grand Master of the Order, conferred on the celebrant of the day—the illustrious Bishop of Vich—the grand cross of the order, and elected him a brother. Then all proceeded to the niche created in memory of the valiant and saintly Count Balenguer IV., Count of Barcelona, and uncovered the classic structure, amidst the suppressed applause of the vast congregation.

Now came the grand literary and poetic tributes, ushered in by a triumphal hymn for organ and chorus, composed for the ceremonial of the restoration of this Church.

A dedicatory poem was then read by the bishop, a true poetic crown, read before the peerless mosaic picture of our Lady of Ripoll. This was followed by the reading of a letter from Cardinal Rampolla, sending the Pope's benediction to all the faithful to-day assembled in the basilica.

An exquisite piece of Castilian poetry, composed for the occasion by one of the Royal Infantas, Dona Maria de la Paz de Bourbon, Princess of Bavaria, extended a fraternal salutation to the poets assembled before our Lady's miraculous picture.

Next a Latin poem, entitled "Wilfridus Comes," by Henricus, after which the organ pealed forth Wagner's "Last Supper."

A noble rendering of Palestrina's "Benedictus," by the choir, was followed by a succession of poems in the provincial dialects, read by their authors in honor of our Lady before her picture.

The "Sanctus," sung by the choir, introduced the poetic tributes of languages:

1. A beautiful poem in Spanish, called "Santa Maria de Ripoll," by Father Garcia, a gifted Augustinian.

2. A poem in the provincial dialect of

Southern France, "A Nuestra Dama de Ripoll," by Monsieur Victor Lieuland. As interlude a "Choral," composed by Senor Millett, was given under the direction of the composer.

3. A historical contribution in French, "Ripoll in 1882," when the sanctuary was still in ruins.

4. A poem in Italian, entitled "The Basilica of Ripoll," contributed by a Lady of Modena. A combination of organ, harmonium and piano rendered Grieg's "Our Country."

5. A Bohemian poem, "Santa Maria de Ripoll," by Father Segimon Bonska, read in Catalan translation.

6. A translation into Catalan verse of "Der Kaiserlocke Gruss," by Joh. Fastenrath.

The poetic feast closed with a triumphal march by organ and orchestra, "The Joys of Santa Maria de Ripoll," which was executed in masterly style, under the direction of Senor Millett.

After so interesting a series of religious ceremonies, so unique a gathering of every grade of Catholic society, accompanied by the most delicious weather that alone would fill one with child-like happiness, well might one, in a farewell address, repeat to Ripoll the sublime language of the Prophet Isaiah:

"Surge, illuminare Jerusalem."

Yes, thrice blest happy village, nestling beneath the shadow of the Spanish alps, and now enjoying the delightful breezes of a Pyrenean summer, lift up thine eyes and see all those that are gathered together; they are come to see thee. "Thy sons have come to-day from afar, and thy daughters have to-day arisen at thy side," for thy ruined sanctuary is still alive. The voice of thy pastor is heard rejoicing in the strength newly imparted to thee. Fearless and undaunted he beholds the morrow, for the sharp winter of persecution is over and past, the ghastly spectre of religious hatred has been driven from the land, and the zephyr breezes of spring once more sweetly fan thy brows. Arise then, O Ripoll, and be enlightened; cast off thy former coldness and indifference, for behold to-day "the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

Adios! Adios! Santa Maria de Ripoll!

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

For two months we spoke of vacation days and the joys they brought with them. Now they are over and are of the past, which we leave safe to the mercy of God. Work is now before us, and with willing hearts and hands we must meet it. Some of us perhaps will not be very anxious to take up the burden which we threw down so gladly two months ago. Well, whether we will or not, each one's burden must be borne. It depends upon ourselves as to the manner of bearing. Some will insist on dragging it behind them; and, as the children say, it will "bump." Others take it up gayly, whistling or singing the while, and so the burden loses half its weight.

Now the great question is, how shall we shoulder ours? During the summer many of us had ample opportunities to notice how very attractive were the people who made the best of everything. We often hear people talking of philosophy. The best meaning of the word is the common sense definition—making the best of things. Now that the work-a-day world is all bustling again, it is well worth our while to consider how we can get the most out of the work which is our portion. Doing our very best, no matter how we feel; trying to be amiable and agreeable with our neighbors, and above all things trying to forget ourselves. That is the great secret of happiness in the world. So many of our troubles come from selfishness that it is really one's duty, particularly for young people, to cultivate the opposite virtue. Pray for it, strive for it, watch those around us who are unselfish—the trouble will repay us before very long. The word "crank" is a title carrying with it so much odium that it is a positive duty to avoid being so called. Perhaps it is not a very charitable charge to make, but very

often the pious cranks are of the most unbearable kind. Now, isn't it a shame that piety, whose chief aim is to make one beloved of God and man, should produce the very opposite effect? See to it, dear young friends, that no such criticism be made of you or your piety. Think of the graceful gracious piety of St. Francis de Sales, "the gentleman saint," as he has been called. So sweet and winning, so amiable, that St. Vincent de Paul cried out, "Oh, what must Jesus Christ be, since the Bishop of Geneva is so lovable!" He was said to be the most perfect imitator of our blessed Lord that ever lived. And what do we read of him? That he was ever charming in his intercourse with others. Any one who has had the good fortune to read the "Life of St. Jane de Chantal," by Emily Bowles—the first edition—not the curtailed one, as now published, will read in its pages of the delightful intercourse of the sweet St. Francis with the first daughters of the Visitation. Why he was fairly child-like in his playful sallies with those dear children of his. One day, we read, when their beloved father was talking to them all in the Galley House, a thunder storm arose. One of the young nuns was very much frightened, and the gentle bishop said smilingly: "Be not afraid, my daughter, the lightning only strikes great saints or great sinners. We are neither." Another, less gracious than St. Francis de Sales, would not know how to give a lesson so charmingly. The art of being gracious, what a lovely thing it is. We cannot all be beautiful in face or form, but we can and may be gracious, and the advantage is all on the side of the latter. It wears well, dear children, and, as the old folks used to say, "it is all wool and a yard wide." The eighth of September will bring us our Blessed Lady's birthday, and of course we shall all want to bring some gifts to her shrine on that day. She loves flowers, as we well know; how would it be

to make a novena in the form of acts of kindness—say three every day for nine days. It seems to me if many of us would offer more acts and less prayers for novenas we would be more lovable people than we are to-day. Let us begin, one and all. Sweet smiles and bright cheery words and shutting one's teeth tight when one is out of sorts. Yes, and not being so very touchy as we are at times. Let us look more at what people mean—less at what they do. Don't look for affronts then, don't see them when they come, and sometimes when they will make themselves seen and felt, let us be heroic enough to say: "Thank you, my God," way down deep in our hearts. And if we can let Him be the only one who knows we are hurt, my! how near to becoming a saint that one practice would help us. On the 24th of September we will have the sweet feast of Our Lady of Mercy, or Our Lady of Ransom, as it was called in olden times. We have all been captives to sin, and our dear Mother, Mary, freed us over and over again by pleading for us with her Son. How much we owe her, sweet Mother of Mercy as she has ever been to us. A very just and generous practice was that of the young girl who said in one of her letters: "I never fail to say each day a *Te Deum* (the hymn of thanksgiving used by the church) to thank God for my daily mercies."

Blessings are hovering around us just like the air we breathe, and we make just as little of them. So cultivate a grateful spirit. Our dear Lord will appreciate the simple "Thank you" of a loving heart. Send a host of them to the loving Master through the hands of His sweet Mother and ours.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. My first is a human being, my second is to walk, my whole is an Indian fruit.
2. Though short my life, yet I supply
A thousand blessings 'ere I die,
And in the scriptures you may see,
A prophet once referred to me.
3. What the miser spends, and the spendthrift saves—all men carry to their graves.
4. When is a brick a tile?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN AUGUST NUMBER.)

1. Cabin.
2. Because it has been so often crossed.
3. The one nearest to the pole.
4. Balaam's ass.
5. The door-bell.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Which one of Shakespeare's plays makes one think of the last day of February?
2. What Pope called "the gentlest of men" was imprisoned by Napoleon I.?
3. What city is called "the Rome of America"?
4. What saint prayed: "Take pity on me and my Lady Poverty whom I love so dearly?"
5. Who founded the order of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

(AUGUST NUMBER.)

1. Italian shepherds who sing the praises of the Christ child on Christmas eve in Rome.
2. Father Wood, an English monk, in 1711.
3. Pedro da Ponce, a Spanish Benedictine, in 1570.
4. In England, by a tailor, who took the measure as he would for a coat.
5. John Barry, an Irish Catholic.

MAXIMS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. I don't believe in the goodness of disagreeable people.
—ORVILLE DEWEY.
2. Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.
—STEELE.
3. By doing good with his money man stamps the image of God on it.
—RUTLEDGE.
4. The morning hour has gold in its mouth.
—FRANKLIN.
5. A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.
—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

6. Give alms—so make God your debtor—not your judge.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

THE THREE SISTERS.

If you take the map of Europe, my dear children, you will find in the southern part of Turkey the Gulf of Salonica; at the head of that gulf is the city of Salonica, formerly called Thesalonica. Here, in the times of the early Christians, about three hundred years after the death of our Lord, lived three sisters, Agape, Chiona, and Irene. In those days, to be a member of the Catholic Church was to be every day in danger of a violent death. Diocletian, the emperor, made a law that any person that kept any part of Holy Scripture in their possession should be put to death. These pious sisters, and other holy women, being desirous above all things to know the will of God, had hidden many copies of different parts of the word of God, and studied them diligently in order to learn the way of truth. In those days there was no printing or paper like ours; the books of scripture were copied by the hands of holy men and women on a paper made of a plant called papyrus. Always precious, the words of Scripture were perhaps more prized when they were so difficult to get. These sacred treasures were found in the possession of the sisters, and they were brought before the emperor to answer for their crime, for by this they were proved to be Christians. The wicked persecutors sought to make them eat of the sacrifices offered to their false Gods, and to deny their holy faith.

"Why will you not obey this command?" said one to Agape; "it cannot hurt you. It is a pity one so young and bright should die by the hands of the executioner."

"I fear to offend God," she replied.

"And will not you, Chiona?" he said.

"Never!" was her reply. "Shall I deny my Lord and lose my soul?"

The man turned to Irene, but she cried out, "I would rather die than eat of your sacrifices."

Not one of that band of young Christian girls would yield for a moment to the temptations of their persecutors. Then the governor read their sentence, which was for Agape and Chiona to be burnt alive for disobedience to the laws of the emperor

and for acknowledging themselves Christians. They were therefore tied to the stake and burnt, amid the shouts and contempt of the mob, while Irene was ordered back to prison. But, not yet weary of their bloody work, her tormentors brought her back again soon, and tried her in most infamous ways; but she still cried out, "I will serve only one true and living God!"

The governor sent for her, hoping her courage and resolution were crushed by the last terrible trials; but the God whom she had loved and served would not let the stain of sin come upon her soul, and they found her ready and longing to die for love of Jesus Christ. The authorities therefore commanded a huge pile of wood to be raised, and fire kindled about it, and then ordered her to get onto it, which she obeyed instantly, and died singing psalms and glorifying God, who had counted her worthy to suffer for His sake.

ST. GILES.

ST. GILES was an Athenian of royal blood. He left his country to become a hermit. After long wanderings, he came to a cave in a forest near the mouth of the Rhone, about twelve miles south of Nismes. Here he lived upon herbs and wild fruits and the milk of a hind. It happened one day that as the king of France and a large party of noblemen were hunting in the forest, this hind was pursued by the dogs. It fled to the cave and nestled in the arms of the saint. A hunter sent an arrow after it, and when they looked in the cave, they found the holy man wounded by the arrow. Their sorrow was great, and they entreated his forgiveness even on their knees.

They urged him to leave the forest and return with them, but he resisted all their entreaties, and was soon after found dead in the cave.

A city soon sprung up around the spot, bearing the name of the saint, and a magnificent monastery was built upon the site of the cave. The church, which still remains there, is a most interesting remnant of the Middle Ages.

In the year 1117, Queen Matilda dedicated a hospital, which she had founded outside of London, to St. Giles, and the name is now given to an extensive parish. St. Giles is also the patron saint of Edinburgh and of the woodland everywhere.

WHEN CHILDREN PRAY.

WHEN little children humbly kneel,
And make to Christ their soft appeal,
He gently bends a listening ear
Their simple, loving prayer to hear.

And if they strive with earnest will
The garden of their souls to till
So only good shall grow within,
His kindly aid they're sure to win.

And if perchance a truant weed
Should sprout among the goodly seed,
He longs to have them turn to Him,
To save them from the guilt of sin.

When children pray, the angels smile,
And seraphs cease their songs the while,
Then strike their harps with gentler touch,
And sing, "Thy kingdom is of such."

LINNÆUS.

WHEN Linnaeus was a baby, his father used to put flowers in his little soft hands, to amuse him lying in a cradle. This baby grew up to be one of the greatest botanists the world has ever known.

Little children, in your plays, think loving thoughts, speak gentle words, do kind actions. Then you will grow up good men and women. Feed your souls with beautiful thoughts, as Linnaeus fed his eyes and mind with flowers.

A LITTLE girl was asked how it was that everybody loved her. "I do not know," said she, "unless it be that I love everybody."

SEVEN BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

BY ELLA A. MULLIGAN.

"O MAMMA! what do you think Miss Armstrong wanted me for?" exclaimed Annie Blake, as she tripped into the house one bright September noon.

"I presume her sending for you had some connection with the coming 8th of September," replied her mother, smiling.

"Yes, she sent for the seven of us, who made our First Communion on Our Lady's last birthday, and she wants us to keep the feast this year by receiving Holy Communion in a body."

"Which will be very pleasing to Our Blessed Lady," said Mrs. Blake, softly.

"And besides, mamma," continued Annie, "Miss Armstrong would like each girl to buy

a lily with her own pocket money, and she says she will place the cluster of seven lilies on the Blessed Virgin's altar, in honor of her seven joys."

"And did you all agree to this proposal, my dear?"

"Of course, mamma; only Etta Morris asked Miss Armstrong if she might not have her mamma to buy her lily for her, as she had only a dollar and a half of her own, and she had meant to use it for a box of Huyler's candy."

"And what did Miss Armstrong say to Etty?"

"She told her she was sorry, but she must buy her lily with her own money, like the rest of us, else not buy it at all, because, (I don't think I know exactly what Miss Armstrong meant, mamma,) but she said she wished our lilies to be a love-offering to Our Blessed Mother, and there could be no real love without sacrifice."

"Very true," quietly observed Annie's mother.

Three days, and Our Lady's Birthday dawned bright and beautiful, a faint reminder of her own surpassing loveliness. Mass was soon over, and as our seven little friends filed out of the church their eyes rested for a moment on the seven exquisite lilies nestling at the feet of Our Lady's statue—a mute appeal that she might accept the young hearts which the children had offered to her keeping in their thanksgiving after Communion.

They now repaired to the Angels Sodality room to remove their veils, and at once commenced to chat in a low tone.

"Do you know girls," said Etta Morris, "I am ashamed to say so, but after I went home Saturday I had a crying spell over my lily."

"Oh, Etta!"

"Yes, I had, because mamma offered to buy me my lily with her own money, and it was so hard for me to make up my mind to do without that candy, but just when I was crying, ready to break my heart, the thought came to me that if I was to offer Our Blessed Mother a lily in honor of one of her joys, why not offer her my disappointment about the candy, in honor of one of her sorrows—and girls! I knelt down and did it."

"How nice Etta, and how strange that the same thought should come to me," re-

marked Annie Blake. "You know I was to go on an excursion up the Hudson Saturday, and when I got up Saturday morning it was teeming rain, so of course I couldn't go. I was dreadfully disappointed, but when my first cry was over I suddenly thought of Our Blessed Mother's sorrows, and offered her my disappointment in honor of one of them."

"I declare," cried rosy-cheeked Bessie, the youngest of the group—"I do believe we all had the same thought. I'm sure I felt like crying because I had the smallest lily of all to give Our Lady. You know I couldn't buy a large one for a dollar, so I asked the Blessed Virgin to accept my disappointment in giving her so small a lily in honor of one of her sorrows."

"And when I was out buying my lily yesterday," said Julia, "Uncle John came and took the other children for a drive. I offered Our Lady of sorrows that disappointment; it doesn't seem much of a one, but girls, I was longing for that drive."

"I think the trial I offered Our Blessed Mother was a pretty big one," remarked Alice. "I was to go to Atlantic City with papa for a week before the opening of school, but he told me yesterday he couldn't spare the time to go."

"That was a big trial, Alice," said Clara—"I think Our Blessed Mother liked mine almost as well, it was my disappointment about going to grandma's."

"Well, girls," said fair-haired Marie, after a pause, "I asked Our Blessed Mother to accept a gift from me too, besides my lily."

Her companions pressed more closely about Marie, in token of sympathy, as they guessed what was coming.

"You know," she continued tremulously, "a year ago to-day my dear mamma was here to kiss me after my First Communion,

and now she is dead—to-day, after Communion, I asked Our Blessed Mother to accept my great sorrow in honor of one of hers."

"And I am sure, Marie," said Father O'Connor, who had slipped in unobserved, "that Our Blessed Lady has accepted your great sorrow in remembrance of her own greatest one."

"But, oh Father," exclaimed Bessie, "wait till we tell you—it seems so strange, yet so nice—you know each of us gave a lily to Our Lady in honor of one of her joys—and now, we have just found out that each of us, without the others knowing it, has offered her a little disappointment, in honor of one of her sorrows." And the group forthwith recounted, what we have already heard. As Father O'Connor listened, a sweet sad smile lent a charm to his spiritual face. When they had finished their edifying story, he simply remarked:

"Be sure, my children, that Our Blessed Lady herself was the inspiration of your offerings. You see, while she was pleased with your lilies, in honor of her seven joys the gift would not be complete, without a remembrance of her sorrows, and so, she asked her divine son to send each of you a little trial, that you might offer it to her, in remembrance of one of her dolours.

"And now, children, I will give you my blessing, that the memory of Mary's joys and sorrows may be so blended in your hearts, that throughout your lifetime, you may receive sunshine and shadow, as sent to you, from God, by the hands of Mary; and oh! my dear children, remember, great treasure for Heaven may be made of life's suns and shadows, purified and glorified as they are, with the smiles and tears of an Immaculate Mother's love, and her divine Son's Death and Resurrection."



BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

IX.

OF NEW BEGINNINGS.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



HAVE never been able to understand the tendency of most people to regard the autumn through blue glasses, to discern melancholy in the gloriously tinted foliage, in the fallen leaves and vigorous breezes.

To one who is sensitive to extremes of heat and cold the autumn is indeed the only livable portion of the year. With the advent of the cool days and the long evenings involuntarily one braces up. Energy becomes a possibility. Work is less the curse than the blessing of humanity.

As one crunches the fallen leaves under one's hurrying feet, the crisp sound exhilarates. The healthful chill in the air makes exercise a delight and sends a cheerful glow through all one's being—a longing for vigorous exertion possesses one. The capacity for, and enjoyment in, planning that the hot weather rendered impossible, returns. The sense that life is beginning again, which always comes to the children as they resume, however unwillingly, their school days, comes also to the grown up portion of the world.

"Rejoice in the Lord always," becomes unconsciously the keynote of our thoughts rather than that less inspiring word of the apostle relative to "dying daily."

It is time for our clubs to resume their sessions, time to resume our neglected study of some favorite language or science, time to acquire the accomplishment we have so long desired, time to make time for the numberless interests that crowd our lives, if we will it so.

How to make ends meet in the way of securing enough hours in the day for the many calls upon them is as difficult, though less painful a study for the busy housewife, as the making ends meet of income and outcome. The systematizing of duties goes

a long way towards solving the problem. The old-fashioned wisdom of "a place for everything and everything in its place" has a practical application in the disposal of the furnishings of our mind as well as those of our body.

So much has been said pro and con concerning women's clubs that an argument either way is unnecessary. But, while deprecating the extreme passion for club life indulged in by the Chicago woman, whose husband sued for a divorce on the ground that his wife spent the greater part of his income in club dues, I would certainly recommend every woman to dip slightly into the pleasant excitement of club membership.

Philanthropy, spiced with congenial companionship, is pleasanter and not less useful than the prim, puritanical, lovely article. Besides, we are apt to think less highly of our own efforts when contrasted with the greater exertions of our co-laborers.

Both arguments are equally true of the intellectual, the devotional and the purely social club. Self-sufficiency, that repellant quality, rarely exists in the club woman. Self-confidence is as rarely absent.

There are still probably a few selfish and unprogressive men in the world who are capable of decrying the woman who seeks the society and aid of other women as neglectful of her home, her husband, her children. The woman who has learned how to use her own common sense treats such an outcry as beneath contempt. She knows far better than they that her chief delight is in her home with her own dear ones; but she does not think it necessary to tag her devotion to her husband and her children, and she does think that the pleasure of being with them is much enhanced by the pleasure of getting away from them occasionally. It is on the principle of counter-irritants, perhaps.

In innumerable ways, that each of us can

best decide for herself, the fall days bring us a chance of new beginnings. Let us get ready our plan of reading, our plan of recreation and exercise, our plan of charitable work, our plan for whatever chief interest

fills our life. It is not impossible to adjust everything together as satisfactorily as the Roman mosaic worker selects and combines the multitudinous shades of the tiny materials in which he works.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

BY CARMEL.



HE feast of Mount Carmel was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Maria in Traspontina, this year. Within the past year this beautiful church has been entirely renovated, thanks to the energy and ability of the Father General Aloysius Galli, at a cost of 105,000 lire. The rich marbles of various hues which line the whole interior of the church serve as huge mirrors reflecting the light of a thousand candles, dazzling the eyes with their brilliancy.

The feast usually occupies nearly the whole month of July. It begins with a preparatory Novena, and ends with the Octave. Every evening complines were sung followed by a sermon on our Blessed Lady. Then followed the special prayers of the Novena or Octave before the Blessed Sacrament, ending with the Litany of Loretto and Benediction.

On the eve of the 16th of July the first vespers of the feast were sung with the greatest solemnity. Bishop Casimiro Genari officiated. The select choir from St. Peter's sang the vespers, aided by the boys' choir of St. Peter's Chapter, who sang the famous "Laudate Pueri," by Capocci.

The large church was crowded by worshippers. On the feast day itself thousands approached Holy Communion and made many visits in order to gain the great indulgence. Early in the morning, at five

o'clock, Father General celebrated High Mass. During the entire morning masses were said by representatives of all the different religious orders. In most instances the Superior General came himself. Thus, the Augustinians were represented by Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, lately appointed Apostolic Delegate to the United States. At 11 o'clock the second solemn High Mass was celebrated by the venerable Archbishop Grasselli of the Order of the Conventuals of St. Francis. The venerable prelate of three score and ten, wears a long flowing white beard, and reminded us of our great founder, St. Elias.

In the evening after vespers an eloquent sermon was preached by Father Ciampa. It was with difficulty that the immense crowd of faithful gradually disappeared. Again and again the faithful turned to take a last look at the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, enthroned in the centre of the church beneath the dome.

On the Sunday within the octave, Cardinal Mazzelli, Titular of the church gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The octave concluded on the 23rd of July. The venerable Cardinal Parrochi came to close the octave with a solemn *Te Deum*.

* * *

At the church of S. Maria della Vittoria the Cardinal Vicar of Rome unveiled on the 16th of July a new monumental altar adorned with a beautiful group of Our Lady of Mount Carmel giving the scapular to St. Simon Stock.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The cycle of the great mysteries commemorated during the ecclesiastical year is almost completed. The Assumption and Coronation of the Blessed Virgin, the last glorious mysteries of the Rosary, have had their festival day. September, the first autumnal month, brings us back again to the immediate dawn of our redemption, the rising of the Morning Star, the birth of the Blessed Virgin. Thus our hearts are gradually prepared to sigh for the Advent of the Messiah.

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The glorious name of Mary charms our hearts with its potent spell. The "Mistress," as one of the fathers explains the name. The Mistress of our hearts, the Lady of our allegiance. Her name has been called "blessed" by all generations of Christians. Every knee that bends in adoration at the name of Jesus is subject to a head that bows at the name of Mary.

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The opening days of this month are devoted to a large gathering of Irishmen from all parts of the world, who assemble in Dublin to bring about a reunion of all divergent factions into one invincible national party. Could this union be brought about, it would undoubtedly be invincible. No parliament could ignore, or successfully resist the pleading for justice of a united Ireland, backed up by the millions of Irishmen in all English speaking countries of the world. The wise and prudent Archbishop of Toronto suggested this great convention in the interest of union. It is the only means to that end. But to make this last means available, it was essential that all the leaders of the different parties should magnanimously place themselves at the disposal of this great Irish convention, and acknowledge a common leader to be chosen by such a representative body. There seems to be little prospect for such a happy consummation. Already one of the factions has issued a bitter pronunciamento, which has saddened the hearts of all friends of the

Irish cause. We fear that the hope of those who believed in the possibility of union will be turned into grievous disappointment. Alas! poor Ireland!

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The late encyclical of the Holy Father on the re-union of the Christian churches, is acting like a veritable touchstone of good or bad faith. The comments upon it by the English and American religious papers, and by the individual writers in Protestant periodicals are as varied as the state of mind of the various readers. While some acknowledge the sincerity and evident honesty of purpose which inspired the Holy Father in writing this able presentation of the doctrine of the Church, others are questioning the motives and belittling the importance of the Pope's action. The seed is sown. The document stands. It must and will be read by all earnest seekers after truth. The argumentation is irrefutable. Not a loophole is left to the honest inquirer. The proofs gathered by the Holy Father, and welded into a solid chain of truth, were well known before, and many a time placed before the enemies of Catholic faith, but the illustrious position of the Pope, his personal virtue, his eminent learning, his many claims upon the present age, are so many additional factors in aid of the truths laid down in his encyclical, that at all events, they will become known to thousands who would not otherwise have patiently listened to them. The plea of ignorance no longer holds good as an excuse for heresy and schism in this age of schools and the printing press.

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The European nations who are in the last instance responsible for the cruel atrocities committed upon the Christians of the East, will reap what they sowed. Every sin comes home to its perpetrator. The history of the future will prove the truth of that old saying: "God's mills grind slowly, but surely." What is true of the individual sinner, is true of a sinning

nation. This sin of Europe is one crying to heaven for vengeance. What a sad contrast between the Ages of Faith, the ages of the Crusades and this nineteenth century of ours. A Peter the Hermit would now be locked up for disturbing the peace.

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The people of the United States are more deeply interested in the coming presidential election than they have been at any time since the beginning of the civil war. The long period of depression in trade and business, the hard times, so full of misery and privation to the laborer, the gradual decrease in value of agricultural products, and the difficulty in determining the causes, have brought about a state of unrest and doubt, which obliterates party lines and destroys party allegiance on all sides. So far the citizens of this greatest of all republics have always demonstrated their good common sense in settling questions put before them, and we have no doubt this will be the final outcome of this election also. Neither the gold standard nor the free coinage of silver will be allowed to injure the country for any length of time. Which of the two is the more injurious is the question of the campaign. The gold standard is very defective, as all students of political economy know, but whether bimetallism, especially with the present depreciated market value of silver, and without international agreement, is not still more defective, is a difficult problem to solve. Whatever its practical solution may be in the coming election, one thing is certain, that the silver question has so strong a following now that it will be a growing source of disturbance, unless it carries the day and proves itself one way or the other, or, is buried under such an overwhelming avalanche of votes, that it will not be able to summon a corporal's guard to any future rally.

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THERE is one highly gratifying result connected with the absorbing issue of the campaign. The anti-religious organization, so-called A. P. A. cannot persuade either of the great parties that its help is necessary to carry the election. The Catholic bishops following the prudent example of Cardinal Gibbons, have taken no active part in the

currency question and the Catholics are at liberty to vote as they please, since no moral issue is involved, in spite of the rantings of some Protestant ministers. We notice that all the German Catholic papers which we have seen are on the side of the single standard, while nearly all the English Catholic weeklies, as far as they are in politics at all, favor a double standard. The main duty of every Catholic is to be honest to God, to his country and to himself in casting his vote. Bribery and corruption would be far less powerful for mischief if even the Catholic vote alone were purely conscientious.

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THE Catholic summer schools of the east and of the west have closed their sessions. Both seem to have an ever-growing vitality. Those who doubted their chances of success must, by this time, have been converted to a different view. And that they must be productive of good, and of a great deal of good, stands to reason. The great and noble truths preached there in sermons by distinguished preachers, the useful and instructive lessons on other than religious subjects, but all permeated by a truly Catholic spirit, the social meeting with other Catholics who are full of love for their faith and its growth, are features that are not usually wedded to mere summer outing and mid-summer picnics.

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ACCORDING to Our Roman letter, appearing elsewhere in these pages, Archbishop Martinelli, the Prior General of the Augustinians, is appointed Apostolic Delegate to the United States, to succeed Cardinal Satolli, who is recalled to Rome. If this statement should prove true the positive assertion of a Roman correspondent who writes for the *Sun* and calls himself "In-nominato," will be found as false as many others of his guesses. He said that no monk would or could be sent to America as Delegate Apostolic. Archbishop Martinelli is an Augustinian friar, who occupies the highest position in his order at present.

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PARENTS, who are looking about for good boarding schools for their sons and daughters, will do well to consult their pastors and confessors. Nearly every priest, who

has charge of a parish, is acquainted with several Catholic institutions, and, knowing the character and disposition of the child, can suggest the school, which will be most beneficial to the boy or girl in question. In very many instances, however, it is advisable, both for the parents' and the child's sake, to select some school at a distance. We can honestly and without reserve recommend the academies advertised in our pages, as we are acquainted with all of them, to be of high excellence. We are quite ready to give all information asked for by our readers.

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As the evenings grow longer, and recreation in the open air is no longer pleasant, parents should provide indoor amusements for their children. Make home pleasant, as pleasant as innocent fun and play can make it. Don't ask the little ones to go to bed right after supper; don't make the school-going boys and girls do your housework for you, and then study their lessons for school, and don't ask the grown up boys and girls to sit around quiet till they are sleepy. Let all have amusements to suit them. Introduce music and plays into your house. Let the parents take part in their children's sports. You will give them such a liking for home, that as the boy grows into the young man, and the girl into the young lady, no outside enjoyment will give them such satisfaction as the pleasures of home. Then, at a reasonable hour gather them all together for night prayers; let the smaller ones retire, and the older ones either study or do something useful until bedtime.

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WE are happy to be able to give our readers an account of a most unique feast in honor of Our Lady, which was celebrated at Ripoll, in Spain, on the feast of the Holy Name of Mary last September. It is written by our regular correspondent, Don Juan Pedro, in his usual warm and eloquent style. He asks us to inform those among our readers who may cross the Atlantic in search of health, study or relaxation, that they should not omit to visit the sanctuaries of Ripoll and Montserrat. They can easily be visited on the same day from Barcelona, being only four hours by rail from the "Condal City." He is confident

that no excursion from Barcelona will repay the Catholic tourist so well as one to these two sanctuaries. English speaking tourists will be glad to learn that the custodian of Ripoll is an English Father, the Very Rev. Jose Wilson, so that they need suffer no inconveniences which can be removed by courtesy and kindness of manner.

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THE present surroundings of General Weyler, the much-abused commander of the Spanish troops in Cuba, contrast strongly with the beautiful religious and literary gathering in which he took such a prominent part a year ago in honor of Our Lady of Ripoll. Should Cuba succeed in defeating Spain and establishing a republic, and it is beginning to look that way, it will be many a day before its governors will unite to pay tribute to Our Lady, or honor the bishops and prelates of the Catholic Church. Cuba "Libre," will, we fear, be far from a Cuba "Pia."

MAGAZINES.

THE September number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is full of interesting articles. We have noticed with pleasure the steady progress of this religious monthly. It is due to the Jesuit Fathers to state that this magazine is not intended as a representative monthly of their society. It has its own limited field and cannot be compared to the scholarly publications of the order elsewhere, such as the *Civiltà Cattolica* or the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, or even the *Month*. It should be compared only to other messengers in the different languages. Applying this standard of comparison we consider the *Messenger* superior to them all, especially since the greater part of its contents are contributed by the members of the S. Society. "A Journey Across Iceland," which is concluded in this number, is not on y a timely contribution in view of the general intention of the past month, but it is also a fascinating description of a country more or less *terra incognita* to most of us. "Echoes from Faray C. Monial," beautifully illustrated, is full of the sweet aroma of the spot so dear to the Sacred Heart. "Talks on Ethics," by Father Halpin, are talks on a most important subject, hitherto considered the exclusive "pabulum" of the scholar. It was a happy idea to popularize the teaching of our philosophical schools on a subject which every intelligent citizen of a civilized commonwealth ought to understand. But the best portion of the monthly is that devoted to the various editorial departments. The comprehensive explanation given of the General Intention of the month, the work of Spiritual Retreats, the clear summary presented of the latest encyclical, the able grouping of the latest developments of the educational question in England, Ireland, Canada and the United States in "The Reader," and the strength of all the other subsidiary departments, make of the *Messenger* the ideal of a devotional magazine.