



### The Guardian Angel.

*"For He hath given His angels charge over thee; to keep thee in all thy ways.  
In their hands they shall bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."*

—PSALM XC.



## “Old Mary With the Necklace.”

(A True Story)

**F**ATHER JOHN, the Benedictine,  
 From Saint Gregory's at Downside,  
 —Downside, on the Hills of Mendip—  
 Went one day, to Shepton Mallet :  
 As he drove, the village jehu  
 Spoke about the crops, the weather,  
 Spoke about the coming harvest,  
 Spoke, no doubt, of friends and neighbors :  
 Sudden asked, “Do you know Holcombe ?”  
 Answered Father John, not knowing  
 Why the question, “I have been there,  
 “Once, on business for the Prior.”  
 “Saw you ‘Mary with the necklace’ ?”  
 “Mary who ?” “Why, sure, I know not,  
 “But from morning, Sir, till evening,  
 “Sitting at her cottage doorstep  
 “You may see her, twisting, turning,  
 “Something in her fingers, whispering  
 “Ever to herself: the neighbors  
 “Call her ‘Mary with the necklace.’”  
 Pondered much the Benedictine,  
 Spoke, that night, to Father Prior,  
 Went, next day, on foot, to Holcombe,  
 Asked for ‘Mary with the necklace.’  
 Sitting by her cottage doorstep  
 With a ‘necklace’ in her fingers,  
 Sat an ancient woman, ‘twisting’  
 Ever ‘twisting’ it, and whispering  
 Something to herself, and smiling.  
 Smiling still, as well contented,  
 Bade she Father John his welcome :  
 “Have you come at last, then, Father ?”  
 “Come at last ? Did you expect me ?”  
 “Thirty years,” she answered, “daily  
 “Have I told my Beads, beginning  
 “‘I believe’ and ending rightly  
 “As my mother taught me, telling  
 “Bead by bead, and ever asking,  
 “Begging, of the Blessed Mother,  
 “Asking, for the sake of Jesus,

"Send a priest, oh! Blessed Virgin,  
 "Send a priest, oh! Gentle Jesu,  
 "Send a priest, that he may bless me,  
 "Give me absolution, bring me  
 "Thee, Thy Blessed Self, to feed me,  
 "Ere I start upon my journey,  
 "Through the Valley of the Shadow."

Father John, the Benedictine,  
 Listened, wondered, then made answer;

"See, our Blessed Lady heard you,  
 "As she always hears, and sent me,  
 "After all these years, to bless you,  
 "Give you absolution, feed you  
 "With the Bread of Life, to stay you  
 "Through the Valley of the Shadow."  
 "When?" she asked; no more. "To-  
 morrow."

Said the monk, and, on the morrow  
 Brought to 'Mary with the necklace'  
 Jesus, Son of Mary Blessed:  
 Spoke the words of absolution,  
 Words of peace, of benediction;  
 Fed her with The Bread of Angels.

Yet once more the Benedictine  
 Went along the road to Holcombe,  
 Asked for 'Mary with the necklace.'  
 "Dead, Sir," was the awe-struck answer,  
 "Died last night;" and then they told him  
 All her story, as they knew it:  
 How she came from Ireland, married  
 Robert Smith, a collier, lost him,  
 After many years of wedlock:  
 How the parson could not get her  
 Into church, nor yet the preacher  
 Into chapel, yet how kindly,  
 Neighborly and Christian "were she;"  
 How she used to sit in summer  
 By her doorstep, and, in winter  
 By her "bit o' fire," and, sitting,  
 "Twist" her "necklace" through her  
 fingers,

Whispering to herself, and smiling,  
 Seemed like one who waited, looking  
 For a dear one, "long in coming."

Father John the Benedictine,  
 Sang the dirge, the Mass, the blessing  
 Over "Mary with the necklace."

Calm she lay, and in her fingers  
 —Stilled at last—she clasped her "neck-  
 lace,"

"Twisted" now no more, yet clung to  
 As in life—but still, I doubt not,  
 Whispering, now, in Heaven, her "Aves,"  
 Which the Blessed Queen had answered  
 After thirty years of waiting.

FRANCIS W. GREY,  
 Stratton on the Fosse, Bath, England.

# Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

## With Impressions en route

—BY—

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

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### VIII.

THE narrow foot-path leading to the place where the Son of God made man was gloriously transfigured in the presence of His favored Apostles, Peter, James and John—Moses and Elias standing on either side of Him, they typifying respectively the Law and the Prophets, and He the Gospel,—winds in sinuous folds about the mountain, but is exceedingly steep withal. Several of my co-pilgrims who had made the ascent in former years assured me, however, that it was vastly superior to the one existing prior to Emperor William's visit to Palestine, it having been constructed in view of that event, but never used by him. It will doubtless be a pleasure to his imperial majesty to know that the good will of Abdul Hamid in his regard has proved a boon—if not to the poverty-stricken Turkish peasantry, which has been heavily taxed to meet the enormous expenses of these improvements—at least to devout Christian pilgrims coming uninterruptedly to this sanctified spot. [What "My good Friend the Sultan" will think of this outcome of his arrangements for the comfort of the Kaiser, may be better imagined than described].

After a two hours' climb, interspersed with occasional stops, we reached the top of Mount Tabor, and were glad to escape from the sun under the cover of

the Hospice, which here as elsewhere in Palestine, is under the charge of the Franciscans. It so happened that Rev. Père Benoit, \* was a fellow-voyager of ours from Smyrna to Beyrouth, and from thence to Caiffa. Hence we were already acquainted, and met like "old friends." He had been expecting us, and was prepared. Tempting refreshments were served—excellent wine and cold, sparkling water *in capite*,—to the undisguised satisfaction of our medical tyro especially, who had not ceased to lament his extravagance and to bewail the unblushing mendacity of Bedouins generally, but of those in particular who sell hot stale beer—advertised as "ice-cold"—at ruinous prices. We hastened our "rinfresco" however, out of deference to one of our companions, Monsieur l'abbé Castaigne, pastor of the Church of Notre Dame, Bordeaux, and honorary canon of the cathedral of that city, a venerable priest, aged seventy-two, who had remained fasting since supper on the previous evening at Tiberiade in order that he might have the consolation of saying Mass on the site of our Saviour's glorious transfiguration. He was already in the chapel, where we found him a little later, absorbed in contemplation of the divine mystery of Tabor and in preparation for the Holy Sacrifice, at which we all assisted. It was

\* NOTE—Superior of the Hospice on Mt. Tabor.

touching to witness the devotion with which he offered the latter; and his fervor seemed to communicate itself to those around him. Not enfeebled by the weight of his many years, the exhausting travel of the day, or his protracted abstinence, he was a splendid type of the man who, in the words of St. Paul to Titus, lives "soberly, and justly, and godly in this world; looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus, II. 12 and 13). At dinner, an hour later, he was among the gayest of the gay, exemplifying by his exquisite bonhomie the counsel of St. Paul to the Romans, "Rejoice with them that rejoice."

Our mid-day meal over, Very Rev. Father Benoit invited us to visit the more interesting parts of the holy mountain in his company, and he gave us the history of the same in a masterly manner. We went first of all to the "Chapel of the Transfiguration," a modest substitute indeed for the three sumptuous churches built near by, A. D. 236, by the saintly mother of Constantine the Great, who, despite the fact that she was then over eighty years of age, came in person to venerate this sacred spot. Of these magnificent temples—which are supposed to have been destroyed by the Persians before the seventh century,—the ruins are still visible. It was St. Peter's exclamation: "Lord, it is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias" (St. Matthew, XVII. 4.) that suggested to the pious empress the erection of these "three tabernacles."

Over the entrance of the chapel mentioned above, is the appropriate biblical text, in Latin: *Tabor et Hermon in nomine tuo exultabunt*—Tabor and Her-

mon shall rejoice in thy name. (Psalm LXXXVIII. 13). Besides the ruins of these churches, there are those of massive fortifications, which were the work successively of the ancient Jews, the Roman invaders and the Christian armies. These were restored in the earlier period of Mussulman domination, but were afterwards permitted to fall into decay—the Turks realizing, says Frère Liévin with his usual candor, that there was no danger of a future crusade.

It would be impossible for me to give you an adequate idea of the magnificent view that presented itself to my eyes as I scanned the horizon from the summit of Mount Tabor. A living panorama lay at my feet, embracing all Galilee, the Mediterranean, the heights of Carmel, the Lake of Genesareth, the River Jordan, and the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon towards the North; whilst on the South were the Mountains of Samaria, and below them Capharnaum. Still further on stood the Mount of the Beatitudes; here, Cana and Nazareth; there, Naim and Endor: the above circumscription being the theatre of the first half of the public life of Jesus.\*

About four o'clock in the afternoon we bade a reverent adieu to the site sanctified and rendered memorable by the sublime manifestation of Christ's divinity, power and glory before the three Apostles who later on were to be the sole witnesses of His suffering humanity, as they beheld it during His agony and bloody sweat in the garden

\* NOTE—The altitude of this celebrated eminence, which the Evangelists Sts. Matthew and Mark distinguish from others by the appellation of "high mountain" (St. Matt. XVII.; St. Mark, IX. 1.), is 2,565 feet above the level of Tiberiade, and 1,300 above the "Plain of Esdreion," which lies at its base. Its plateau measures 1,650 feet in length by 750 in breadth. Notwithstanding its great height, there is always an abundance of water to be found on Mount Tabor, and that, too, of an excellent quality.

below Mount Olivet. The testimony of the Eternal Father in behalf of the divine mission of Jesus during His transfiguration on Mt. Tabor: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," coupled with the command: "Hear ye Him" (St. Matthew, XVII. 5.); the resplendent majesty of the God-man as "His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as snow" (ibid. 2.); and the solemn attestation of those mighty leaders of the "chosen people," Moses and Elias, to the fact of the abrogation of the "Old Law" and its substitution by the "New," served to prepare Sts. Peter, James and John for the abandonment of Gethsemane, the horrors of the Passion, and the ignominy of the Cross—a spectacle which but for the enlightenment received on Tabor would have put their confidence in Jesus and their faith in His teachings to a severe test: a possibility intimated by our Divine Lord Himself in the following words which He addressed to the then future visible Head of the Church, St. Peter: "Simon, Simon, behold satan has desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat. But I have prayed for thee *that thy faith fail not*, and thou being once converted, *confirm thy brethren.*" (St. Luke, XXII. 31 and 32.—The italics are mine).

On our way from Mount Tabor toward Nazareth (for such was the route we had to follow in order to return to Caiffa, where we were to embark for Jaffa) Brother Benedict, whose constant companion, thanks to my superior steed, I had become, pointed out the Mountain of Gelboe, on which the unfortunate King Saul and his three sons met their death—the first by his own hand, and the others in the battle of the Jews against the Philistines (I.

Kings, XXXI. 2. and 4.); the village of Endor, whither Saul went on the night before he perished to consult the woman who had a "divining spirit" (ibid XXVIII. 7.), and that of Naim, at whose gates Jesus restored to life the widow's son. (St. Luke, VII. 11.) The site of the first of these villages lies to the south of Mount Tabor, and that of the second—now occupied by a few wretched cabins—at the foot of the "smaller Hermon" towards the north. A pretty legend, which I had never heard before, was told me in connection with the miracle just mentioned. It says that the young man whom our Lord recalled to life was betrothed to Mary Magdalen, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, but that coming to learn of some irregularity in her conduct, he severed the engagement; whereupon, growing desperate, she abandoned herself to a life of shame, and at last became known as a public sinner—a title which, in other words, St. Luke gives her in his Gospel (VII. 37). Rich, exceedingly handsome, and living in great luxury at Magdala, where she owned a magnificent villa, she was nevertheless unhappy; for at heart she was not bad, having allowed herself to be misled at first through frailty rather than through malice, and having become reckless only when the opportunity of retrieving her previous indiscretion by an honorable marriage was rendered impossible by her lover's withdrawal of his pledged troth. Withal, the ardent affection she had for him never left her; and hence, when she heard of his death, reproaching herself with having hastened it, she hurried to Naim, and in disguise accompanied his remains to the grave. On the way, the funeral cortege was met by Jesus and His Disciples, and He, "moved with mercy" toward the

anguish-stricken widow, came nigh and touched the bier on which the inanimate body of her only son lay, and commanding him to rise, restored him to life, "and gave him to his mother" (St. Luke, VII. 12. to 16). Magdalen, changed at that moment by an interior grace bestowed upon her by Him who sees the heart (I. Kings, XVI. 7); who willet not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live (Ezechiel, XVIII. 32); and who tells us that He is the Good Shepherd that leaves the ninety-nine sheep in the desert and goes to seek the lost one (St. John X. II. St. Luke, XV. 4.), resolved at once to seek Jesus and implore pardon for her iniquities. You know the sequel as it is narrated by St. Luke (VII. 37 to 50). Whatever be the foundation of this legend, it is a fact that the raising of the widow's son to life and Mary Magdalen's conversion, are recorded by this evangelist in one and the same chapter of his Gospel.

Quite tired, but delighted with my day's experiences, I was glad to get back to dear Nazareth, which we reached about seven in the evening. Soon after supper I retired to my room in the "Hospice of our Lady of America," and before many seconds was enjoying a well-earned sleep, which was prolonged until seven the next morning, 9th inst.; a luxury which I could allow myself with impunity, as we were not to leave Nazareth until eleven o'clock the same day. The priests of our party said Mass—the greater number, and I among them,—in the Church of the Annunciation, and after breakfast more sight-seeing was in order; so that all in all, we saw the "Flower of Galilee," as the city is called, most thoroughly. This, it is said, has changed comparatively little since the days of our Lord, though portions of it

have, indeed, suffered during the many vicissitudes of Palestine. Hence one can say almost with certainty that he has walked over the self-same streets trodden by the Saviour whilst a child and a man, and that he has visited the sites whereon—the constant local tradition leaving no room for reasonable doubt—He labored with His foster-father, St. Joseph, in the humble carpenter shop, or assisted His Immaculate Virgin-Mother in her simple household duties. Nor is it difficult for the imagination, on beholding children playing in the narrow streets in the self-same costume He wore, to invest some lovely, angelic-looking boy with His personality for the moment, as one says to himself almost involuntarily: Jesus once was here,—*a child like this*. A portion of the Assumptionist pilgrimage had followed us to Tiberiade, camping out near that city during the night; but they returned to Nazareth direct, omitting Mount Tabor, possibly because of the scarcity of saddle-horses, etc., we having quite exhausted the complement. They proceeded on to Caiffa before us, where, boarding their great steamer "La Nef de Notre Dame de Salut," they left for Marseilles en route for Rome (where they were to disband), carrying with them the cordial good wishes of our party, and having made our path all the brighter by having crossed it. In our turn, we reached Caiffa (the natives call it *Hefa*), about night-fall the same day—Saturday, 9th inst.,—some of us going to the Franciscan monastery there, and others, myself included, remaining at the parochial residence. Our repose was of short duration, for we rose at 3 a. m. (Sunday) and assisted at Holy Mass in a body, the accommodations not allowing of each priest offering the Holy Sacrifice indi-

vidually. We found somewhat later, however, that our rest had been disturbed sooner than was necessary; for the famous "Prince George," which had been engaged for the voyage to Jaffa, arrived in the harbor of Caiffa just three hours later than the time agreed upon. This was not a misfortune, however, for it gave us leisure to see something more of "Héfa" than we otherwise would have been able to do, and to increase our stock of information on some interesting points to which I may have occasion to return further on. Needless to say, we envied the Assumptionists their splendid vessel as once again we took our places on the puny deck of the liliputian namesake of Crete's new ruler; and not a few of our number did so with dire forebodings born of their previous sad experience, and which were destined to be more than realized on the present, to them, memorable trip—their involuntary libations to Neptune, interspersed with now vigorous and again languid but in every instance unavailing protests of "Oh my's" being oft enough repeated to satisfy even a more exacting deity than he.

The contretemps just mentioned was not the only trick played us by the "Prince George." We had made arrangements, namely, to take the train from Jaffa to Jerusalem on the day of our arrival at the former place; but although his royal highness puffed and blew *come un disperato*, as the Italians say, neither steam nor sail sufficed to get us there "on time." Yet, believe me, after the rocking he gave us for seven mortal hours, accompanied by ceaseless "Oh my's!" for a lullaby, there were few of my fellow-voyagers who regretted the fact, or who would not—like the heroine of the nursery ditty, "Nellie Bly,"—have "shut their

eye" \* and gone to sleep with the least possible delay on landing but for a twofold reason, viz: that the first sniff of terra firma reminded them of a certain cavity sadly in need of replenishing, and that being prevented from prosecuting their journey immediately, as was first contemplated, they resolved to see all that could be seen of Jaffa in the eight or nine hours at their disposal.

We arrived in that port finally a little after 2 p. m.; and I for one, was enchanted with the view before me.

Rising majestically on a gigantic rock, which on the side facing the sea has a sloping elevation of one hundred and eighty feet, the city, said to be one of the oldest in the world, possesses a charm altogether peculiar to itself. The remains of its ancient fortifications, and its massive structures of Arabian architecture blended with its more showy but in point of endurance vastly inferior edifices of modern times—some of the latter quite imposing—present an ensemble which I have not met with elsewhere, and which is at once unique and poetic. Would that its interior were in keeping with its exterior! The latter, however, like that of Constantinople, is a mere shell, which, as the whited sepulchres spoken of in the Gospel, is "fair to the eye," but conceals much that, when seen from within, offends the sight and another sense which shall be nameless here. But of the interior, more anon. Leaving our wretched craft of pretentious title, and hoping, as the henpecked husband said of his termagant wife, never to see her again either in this world or in the next, we got into small boats, and passing safely through the dangerous reef of rocks which ex-

\* Nor would the exigencies of rhyme have prevented the other optic from keeping it company.



tends for several hundred yards along the very mouth of the harbor at a distance, it seemed to me, of a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet from land, stepped on shore, where we were met by the at-one-and-the-same-time chaplain and executive of the "Hospital Saint Louis," who having been advised by telegraph of our coming, conducted us in person to that institution as soon as the formalities of the custom-house had been gone through with. After dining in his company—the Sisters of St. Joseph, surnamed "Of the Apparition" (why so, I know not; unless it be, as a witty co-pilgrim remarked, because their good deeds are *manifest*) serving us at table,—our reverend host led us to the terrace of the building, which stands on the summit of the hill crowning Jaffa, whence we had a panoramic view of the city and environs. The former, as I have already intimated, is not very inviting at close quarters, because exceedingly sombre, and its streets are narrow and filthy. But what is lacking within is more than compensated for by the superb vista which stretches out for miles around the land and on sea. Of this, the seemingly limitless orange groves form a particularly attractive feature, and are one of the principal sources of revenue to Jaffa, a local merchant assuring me that the export alone amounts to 400,000 cases annually, each case containing 150 oranges. \* Vegetation in general, too, is luxurious beyond description, a very primitive but most effective system of irrigation—rendered possible by an unfailing supply] of water, which is pumped by horse-power from innumerable wells, —keeping the soil constantly moist.

\* NOTE—I was told that in the month of April the delicious perfume of the orange blossoms is wafted far and wide, being perceptible on sea at a distance of some six miles.

Owing to this and exceptional conditions of climate, almost every imaginable species of vegetable and fruit can be raised here; and the vines bear bunches of grapes so enormous that one is sensibly reminded of those sent to Moses by the twelve spies whom he, at God's command, commissioned to explore the land of Canaan, and which were so large that it required two men for the transportation of the clusters pending from a single branch—a feat which they accomplished only by means of a carrying-pole, or, as the bible terms it, "a lever" (Numbers, XIII. 24). Towering above all this rich profusion of nature is the stately palm, whilst dense tracts of mulberry trees, raised for the nourishment of the silk-worm, tell of an industry that gives employment to thousands at the same time that their deep shade of green affords the eye a welcome rest from the glare of the sun. All this—to say nothing of much else more immediately connected with the city—I saw from the terrace of the hospital.

The view seawards is likewise enchanting, commencing with the long sandy beach, running hundreds of yards into the land, and on which (making due allowance for the possible recession of the Mediterranean within so great a period) it is not unlikely that Noe built the Ark; a tradition declaring that it was at ancient "Joppe"—modernized into *Jaffa*, *Yaffa*, etc.,—this first ocean leviathan was constructed. [I will not stop here to enquire into the merits of the opinion that this city was called after the patriarch's third son, *Japhet*. Suffice it to say that the magnificent territory of which it is the centre would have been a fitting terrestrial reward for the filial love and virtuous behavior which merited for him the blessing of

his aged father in the following words : "May God enlarge Japhet, and may he dwell in the tents of Sem, and Canaan be his servant" (Genesis IX. 27). \*

Another sea-view are the many vessels which the necessarily great commerce attracts to the port of Jaffa. These, with their crews of almost every conceivable type, the long train of camels discharging or receiving their burdens on the quay, and merchants habited in rich oriental costumes superintending the disposition of their wares—all form an animated scene eminently peculiar to the East, and of which only one who has travelled there can have an adequate idea.

Last, but not least comes, the reef of rocks which I have already mentioned. Partly protruding above the water and partly hidden beneath its surface, it is at all times the terror of those "who go down in ships" near Jaffa, but especially so in stormy weather. Vessels will not risk approaching nearer than a mile to shore, but remain at large, being relieved of their cargoes or laden by means of lighters. Passengers are conveyed to land in large row-boats of exceptionally strong build. The opening by which these pass the reef is some twenty feet in width, and great skill is required on the part of the boatmen to conduct them through it in safety. Terrible disasters have occurred at this point. Some seven

years ago, for instance, eight Franciscan Religious were drowned, and five years later twenty-six persons met with the same fate, their barks being dashed against this wall of rock and shattered to pieces. I asked a couple of Turkish gentlemen whom I met after our arrival in Jaffa why their government did not remove so dangerous an obstruction from a port so frequented, telling them incidentally of the blasting of Hell-Gate in the United States by General Newton. They said the expense would be too considerable, that the government had not the means, and finally owned to the fact that there was an utter absence of *enterprise* on the part of the authorities. Thank God, *our* passage to land was entirely devoid of danger, the day being remarkably fine and the sea unruffled. An ominous warning, however, was a large Russian steamer which lay submerged along the reef, only its two great funnels being visible.

Whilst speaking of the sea in this vicinity, I must not fail to remind you that it was here—at Joppe—that the Prophet Jonas sought, by boarding a vessel bound for "Tharsis," to evade the execution of God's command, directing him to go to Nineveh and preach repentance to its inhabitants (Jonas 1. 2). And there is a *congruous* reason at least for thinking that it was upon these same shores that the "whale" deposited him—a *sadder but a wiser man*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

\* NOTE—"Joppe," "Yaffa," etc., signifies *agreeable, pleasing, &c.*—an appropriate name, consequently, for a city with such delightful surroundings.

## A Catholic Mission in Abyssinia.

BY REV. F. X. MCGOWAN, O. S. A.

**A**BYSSINIA, a mysterious and rugged country, has been noted in history for being the theatre of great political and religious revolutions. It is situated to the north-east of Africa and rises precipitously from an arid plain bordering on the Red Sea. For thirteen centuries it preserved its independence against all foreign, but particularly Mohametan, aggression. These immense mountains which often rise to the height of 10,000 and 12,000 feet above the level of the sea are not only the homes of valiant warriors, but also asylums for numerous communities of monks and nuns. Monasteries have been built up on those rocky mountain-tops, and are separated from the outside world by deep chasms or abysses. It is impossible to reach these religious abodes without some strange device, and the visitor is accordingly hoisted up to them by the aid of ropes, his ascent being a rather alarming and perilous proceeding. Mgr. de Jacobis, the first Vicar-Apostolic of Abyssinia, relates in a letter to the Abbat Spaccapietra how he succeeded in gaining admission to the Convent of Dumo: "There is no road visible on the rocky surface, no entrance that could tell us of a subterranean passage. Two long ropes alone reached down from the height over the abyss. With the help of these, the monks, assisted by some young peasants, draw up the stranger who wishes to visit their desert." The bishop continues: "I decided with a certain degree of apprehension to allow myself to be lifted by this strange arrangement. Behold me triumphantly

raised in the air, bumping, bounding and rebounding against the rocky side, but bumping yet more when it was against a block of stone." Here, in these quiet retreats of piety and science may be found the precious deposit of the books written in the Geez or sacred language of the country. Among these books we may particularly mention the theological *Suama*, celebrated under the name of *Haimanuota Abau*, which in many points affords a striking testimony to the faith of the Roman Church, for Abyssinia remained faithful to the Holy See for two centuries in spite of the efforts of the Eutyrians and Nestorians.

The daughter of the Alexandrian Church, the Abyssinian Church, had a disciple of St. Athanasius for its first bishop. In the early part of the fourth century, a Syrian vessel which had entered an Ethiopian port, was seized by the natives who put its crew to death. Two young men, named Frumentius and Edesius, were spared and brought to Axam. At the king's death, Frumentius, to whom the queen confided the education of her son, was admitted to the councils of the government, and profited by his high position to preach and spread the Catholic faith. When his royal pupil, Aizana, arrived at his majority, Frumentius visited Alexandria where he was consecrated bishop by St. Athanasius, who called him Pacificus or Salama. This is the name by which he is known even to-day. Notwithstanding the manœuvres of the Arians who had set up the Indian Theophilus in opposition to him, Frumentius succeeded in preserving

Abyssinia from heretical contagion, and the country became an asylum for Catholics who were persecuted by Constantius. Catholicism made rapid progress in this vast empire which, in the fourth century, extended from Mecca to Melinda, from Syene to the Equator. Monasteries were multiplied, and in their holy precincts a generation of saints was reared.

In the sixth century, Caleb, the King of Abyssinia, waged war at the request of Justinian against the Homerites, who had persecuted cruelly the Christians, and he captured Yemen, uniting it to his dominions. This king led such a life of extraordinary holiness that he merited to have his name enrolled both in the Greek and Roman martyrologies under the title of Elebaan. Clothed in sackcloth and bare feet, he led his cohorts to victory. His greatest delight was to visit churches and listen to the sermons of the monks. Towards the end of his career, he abdicated the throne and sent his crown as an offering to the Holy Sepulchre. He then retired to a grotto where he sanctified his remaining days in prayer and works of extreme penance.

When in the seventh century, Islamism succeeded in subjugating the eastern countries dependent on the Roman empire, the Eutychian heretics who were protected by the victorious invaders, managed to enject their poisonous doctrines among the Abyssinians, who had up to this time preserved the Catholic faith in all its purity. From the introduction of Christianity into Abyssinia, the people had always sought their bishops at Alexandria, where St. Athanasius had consecrated their first apostle. When the Eutychian Copts had taken possession of Egypt, and had driven the Catholic patriarch of Alexandria from his see, the Abyssinian

embassy, which had come, according to usage, to ask a pastor from the mother-church, found in Egypt only a heretic, the Eutychian Copt, Abba Benjamin. The latter, although residing at Cairo, had arrogated the title of Patriarch of Alexandria. The embassy, anxious to fulfil its mission at any cost, accepted with eyes closed for their *Abuna* \* the person selected by Benjamin. With this unworthy prelate, they returned to their country, accompanied by a dozen monks who were all imbued with the Eutychian errors. The Abyssinians revolted against this choice, and he was the object of many protestations. Fearing, however, to be left without bishop or priest, they did not dare to proceed openly against him, but they received his teachings with much misgiving and decided distrust. Many, through fear of embracing Eutychianism, fell into Nestorianism. Soon enough, on account of unhappy divisions, the most monstrous errors and superstitions acquired the right of citizenship among this misguided people. The primitive traditions were altered, and religion became only a nameless mixture of incoherent practices and doctrines, which served unfortunately to increase the confusion of ideas.

Such was, in a religious point of view, the situation of Abyssinia when, in 1839, the Propaganda entrusted to the zealous sons of St. Vincent de Paul the vast Apostolic Prefecture "comprising Ethiopia and the bordering countries." Mgr. Justin de Jacobis, who died in the odor of sanctity, was first given charge of this mission. Several attempts, however, had been made in preceding centuries to bring Abyssinia back to the Catholic fold. In the fif-

\* NOTE—This is the name which the Abyssinians give to their bishop. It signifies "our father."

teenth century, King Zarec Jacob, wishing to free himself from the tyrannical yoke of the heretical patriarch of Alexandria, sent two monks to the Council of Florence. These two pilgrims were betrayed by a slave, their mission was revealed, and they were put to death at Alexandria by the Sultan's order. In 1540, twenty years after the debarking of Vasco de Gama at Massowah, Pope Paul III. created the Portuguese Priest Bernady, Patriarch of Abyssinia. It was not long, however, before he was exiled. In 1550, at the request of the Abyssinian priest, Peter, who journeyed to Rome to obtain missionaries, St. Ignatius Loyola sent one of his disciples, Father Andrew Oviedo, who was joined later on by Father Francis Lopez. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, another Jesuit, Father Paez, who was very learned in mathematics, medicine, mechanics, history and the languages, converted King Socinios. At the latter's death, the Catholic religion was flourishing in every part of the kingdom. It was a solemn spectacle, and one most encouraging to the hard-working, zealous missionaries when, on Dec. 11th, 1624, the Abyssinian church abjured the Alexandrian errors and submitted to the Holy See. But the Abyssinians, like the Greeks, were full of fickleness and caprice, and when the Patriarch Mendez endeavored to instil a deeper sense of faith among them, and was assisted in his efforts by the king, who commanded them to submit without delay to the doctrines of the Catholic Church, they rose in revolt, and at the death of Socinios, in 1624, his son Fasiladas, influenced by the reaction, expelled all the missionaries. The glorious work of conversion was thus frustrated, and for many long years Catholic priests who

dared to enter the country did so at the peril of their lives. They were invariably massacred either by the Mohametans or by the fierce Gallas tribes, and little opportunity was given for the spread of Catholicism. Further attempts in this direction were made during the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but they were all unproductive in results. In 1648, four Capuchins, who had been sent to Abyssinia by the Propaganda, were decapitated. In 1752, three Franciscans from Egypt arrived at Gondar, but they were obliged to leave immediately. In 1838, the French explorers, Antony and Arnold D'Abbadie, made a scientific voyage into Abyssinia, and were accompanied by a Catholic priest, Father Tapeto. Although the prospects for converting this misled people were not very bright, yet some good was effected. We can understand the deplorable condition of religion in the country, when we read in the book of D'Abbadie such a statement as this: "Islamism, at the present day so much enfeebled in Europe, has revived in Africa." Although it has "perverted to its doctrines the savage or half-Christian tribes which surround Abyssinia, and having excluded it from the rest of the Christian world, this fatal system keeps encroaching upon and gradually absorbing this ill-fated country." The Mohametans are as strenuous in their efforts to proselytize as are the European missionaries, and large numbers apostatize yearly to the Moslem creed for the sake of marriage, or money, or both. When Antony D'Abbadie returned to Europe, he carried to Pope Gregory XVI. the profession of faith made by a hundred converts of Tigré, and the Sovereign Pontiff, foreseeing the future regenera-

tion of the country, established the Abyssinian mission and gave it into the charge of two Neapolitan Lazarists, Fathers De Jacobis and Montouri, whose labors have been blessed by God and have brought the light of truth and salvation to a people separated during long centuries from the See of Peter. Justin De Jacobis was born in Basilicata, a province of the former Kingdom of Naples, October 10th, 1800, and he entered the Congregation of the Mission in October, 1818. He was the seventh of a family of fourteen children, and was remarkable from his earliest years for his humility, gentleness and tender devotion towards our Blessed Lady. He became after his ordination to the priesthood a most zealous and untiring missionary, and had held the position of Superior of the house of his Congregation in Naples but a few months when he was summoned to Rome by the Pope and appointed Prefect Apostolic of the immense region embraced between the Nile and the Red Sea. At this time, Abyssinia was divided into three kingdoms. Tigré, Shoa to which Ahmara was united, and Godjam. The crafty Ubié ruled the Kingdom of Tigré,—a man of wavering policy, but at this time apparently favorable to the Catholic missionaries. The Ras Ali held the reins of government in Shoa, and was much distrusted on account of his Mahometan tendencies. Queen Manan, his mother, who desired the title of *Waizero*, had, in order to obtain it, married a young man of the family of Solomon. In Godjam, Guoscho, the grand-uncle of the present Negus, Menelik, ruled without opposition.

Father De Jacobis resided in the province of Tigré, and had already acquired considerable influence when King Ubié besought him in January,

1241, to accompany an embassy which was about to set out for Egypt, to ask, according to usage, the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria for an *Abuna* or bishop. The Vicar Apostolic was at first much astonished at this unexpected proposal of the king, but after some reflection replied to it: "I will go if I am permitted to labor for the reunion of the Coptic patriarch with Rome, from which he has been unfortunately separated for so many centuries; I will go if I am not prevented from erecting churches in your kingdom; I will go, if your envoys will accompany me to Rome and protest their obedience and respect to the successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and sue for his friendship as at least that of a powerful sovereign." His reply was in reality an alternative which, he believed, would not be accepted, and the courageous apostle, fearing that he had excited the king's anger, calmly awaited the sentence of death, when some days later, Ubié notified him that all his conditions were accepted. The cunning monarch had in project the subjugation of all Abyssinia to his power, and he hoped that his advances to the Sovereign Pontiff would secure for him the friendship and help of France. The embassy which Father De Jacobis consented to accompany had for its chief Apta Salassia, Ubié's prime minister. One of the envoys was a monk famed for his learning, Abba Gebra Mikael, the most erudite scholar in the Kingdom of Ahmara. Atzé Johannes, the nominal sovereign of Abyssinia, proclaimed Negus in 1840, but the ruins of whose palace at Gondar constituted about all his domain, was a pupil of Gebra Mikael. Born in the beautiful peninsula of Godjam, which is watered by the Blue Nile, this monk had taught

astronomy, ecclesiastical computation and the sacred language known only to the lettered. He made a profound study of the teachings of the different sects that divided the country, was convinced of their falsity, and took an oath to adhere to none of them. Desirous of further instruction, he visited Tigré, where he composed an Ethiopian dictionary that has been highly esteemed, and where he made the acquaintance of the Prefect Apostolic. It would take too much time and space to narrate all the incidents of the journey. Decimated by the plague which made at this period great ravages in Egypt, attacked after debarking at Suez by the nomads of the desert against whom it was necessary to wage fierce contest, the caravan, having embarked at Massowah at the end of February on some small Arabian vessels, did not reach Cairo, the residence of the Coptic patriarch till the first of May. Here it was made the object of solicitations of all kinds. The patriarch, a crafty, cunning man, endeavored to win the good graces of the Abyssinians. He did his utmost to make Father De Jacobis a suspicious character in the eyes of his companions. He forbade the envoys under penalty of excommunication to allow the building of Catholic churches in the Kingdom of the Negus or to go to Rome; he prohibited them from continuing their friendship with the Catholic priest. But his threats produced no effect, and the wily Copt, who had, as one of the envoys related, received a bribe of English money, desired to give them a bishop before their departure for Rome. He accordingly summoned in all haste from the monastery of St. Antony a young man named Abba Andreas. "Here is a good bishop who has the necessary virtue and learning," he said to the

envoys, as he presented the young monk who, fortified with a white handkerchief well saturated with Cologne water, amused himself by bringing it close to the noses of his future subjects that they might partake of its perfume. "He is too young, he has no beard," replied the envoys. "Follow the ancient customs. Summon three venerable men, write their names on three slips of paper, and place them on the altar. Let Mass be said, and after it draw by lot one of the slips. The name that is first drawn will indicate our bishop." These protests were not listened to, and Abba Andreas was consecrated bishop under the name of Abba Salama. After the festivities of the consecration, which was celebrated by carving up a buffalo, the patriarch, placing an Ethiopian manuscript before the envoys, said to them: "Dispute now with your bishop." Abba Gebra Mikael asked for the explanation of the text: "*I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and your God.*" "Address yourself to the patriarch," the new bishop replied. "But when you are in Abyssinia," said the monk, "will it be necessary to make the journey to Cairo to seek the patriarch every time that a difficulty arises?" "You are only a one-eyed creature," returned Abba Andreas choking with anger. "If I have lost an eye," answered the most learned man in the Kingdom of Ahmara, "I have not lost the knowledge of the mysteries, but you (the new bishop had a sore eye) have lost everything, and you are a consummate ignoramus." Braving the excommunications of the patriarch, the Abyssinians, now reduced in number to twenty-three, followed Father De Jacobis to Rome. The principal envoys, Apta Salassia, the priest Abba Resedebrá, and Abba

Gebra Mikael, were received August 17th, 1841, in public audience by Gregory XVI. Father de Jacobis and the Ethiopian priest Gohba acted as interpreters. Cardinal Mezzofante, who was present at the audience, translated the letter sent to the successor of St. Peter by King Ubié into Italian. Apologizing for their inability to offer, like the royal Magi, gold, on account of the poverty of their country, the envoys laid at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff incense and the spices of Abyssinia. Instead of myrrh, the sad, lugubrious symbol of sorrows which they prayed the Lord to keep far from His Holiness, they presented some of the rarest birds of Ethiopia. In leaving Rome where they had received the greatest attentions, the pilgrims accompanied Father De Jacobis on a visit to the Holy Land. Among the costly presents which Gregory XVI. sent by them to Prince Ubié, one was quite noticeable. It was a magnificent collar of gold, from which depended a cross of remarkable workmanship, and on it were engraved these words, relative to the Son of God: *The blood of man is the price of salvation, the merit of God is its foundation.*

When Father De Jacobis and his companions returned to Abyssinia, they found there installed the heretical bishop, Abba Andreas, who had now become the *Abuna Salama*. At first the Eutychian prelate gave a gracious welcome to the Prefect Apostolic. He sent one of his brethren to the latter to beg money of him, whose efforts he was endeavoring all the while to frustrate; he even accepted a watch from the missionary. His tolerant mood was of short duration. He soon became furious at the progress of Catholicism and launched excommunication against all who had any communica-

tion with the Roman priests. King Ubié was in great straits. Fearing that his subjects would revolt at the word of the *Abuna*, he did not dare to protect the missionaries openly, although he sought in a quiet way to save them from the rage of their persecutors. In 1844, Abba Gebra Mikael, the most learned man in Ahmara, who had embraced Catholicism, was put in chains. He would have died in his prison, had not Ubié, pushed to extremities by the insolence of the *Abuna*, wrested him by living force from his dungeon at the end of three months.

Father De Jacobis pursued his evangelistic work amidst a thousand vicissitudes, and he was rejoiced to meet towards the close of 1848, on a little island, Dhalac, near Massowah, the Vicar Apostolic of the country of the Gallas, Mgr. Massaia. During the night, in a small hut, with only one witness present, Brother Pascal, Mgr. De Jacobis, preconized as bishop of Nilopolis and Vicar Apostolic of Abyssinia, received the episcopal consecration from the hands of an outlawed bishop. Mgr. Massaia was indeed proscribed and outlawed, and a price set on his head. He had attempted to penetrate into Tigré, and forthwith the heretical *Abuna* demanded the enforcement of an old law, which recognized only one bishop in the dominion of the Negus, and decreed death to any one infringing it. A reward of 500 talaris (about \$500) was offered for the head of the Catholic prelate. The *Abuna* had even obtained from the vacillating Ubié a troop of soldiers to search for the brave missionary, who was obliged to conceal himself on the mountains.

After his Consecration, which the Abyssinian princes affected to ignore, so that they might not be called upon



to enforce the savage law of which Bishop Massaiia was the victim, Mgr. De Jacobis took up his Apostolic work with greater fervor than ever. In vain did the *Abuna Salama* excite uprisings against him and send armed bands to pillage the Seminary of Alitiena established by the courageous apostle. The Vicar Apostolic did not hesitate to approach the King of Tigré, who had driven him from his dominions, and he spoke to the latter with such energy that Ubié gave orders to his prime minister to set at liberty Catholic prisoners, both priests and laics, and to restore the objects which had been taken by his soldiers. Emboldened by this unexpected success, the man of God ventured even to attack heresy at its fountain-head, in the city of Gondar, the residence of the fanatical *Abuna Salama*.

Suddenly, a political revolution which swept away several dynasties, placed a barrier in the way of the heroic missionary and interrupted his saving work. Cassa, the son of a poor woman who sold herbs for a living, enlisted in the army of Queen Manan, and taking a fancy to him, she loaded him down with favors. He was not at all slow in revolting against his protectress whom he robbed of her territories. Having become master of the Kingdom of Ahmara, he imposed peace on Ras Ali, who soon afterwards lost his crown despite his impetuous courage. Ubié and Guoscho, who had looked on indifferently at the wiping out of their neighbor, were soon compelled to have recourse to arms. Guoscho, victorious, had put the cohorts of the adventurer to flight, and his rival was brought into his presence in chains. The conqueror was merciful and granted him his life. This generous act, however, cost Guoscho his

own existence, for as soon as Cassa was free in his movements, he discharged a pistol at his savior, who, stricken full in the face, fell immediately dead. Terrified at the death of its chief, the hitherto victorious army took to flight. Ubié was also in his turn dispossessed of his throne by the conqueror, who was proclaimed Negus under the name of Theodore I. On ascending the throne Theodore dreamed of giving Abyssinia political and religious unity. Though absolute master of the entire country, he did not fail to become a powerful instrument of the passions of *Abuna Salama*, who had given him great assistance during the course of the civil war. Mgr. De Jacobis was soon made the object of persecution by the new rulers. He was arrested at Gondar in 1854, and separated from his priests and the newly converted native monks who were loaded with chains. He left Gondar in 1855, and Theodore gave orders that he should be led to the frontier of Sennaar, and there be thrown into the prison called "the prison of the Arabs." The detachment of soldiers who conducted the prisoner were much moved by his sufferings, and refused to execute their ignominious mission. In concert with the Governor of Matamma, they set their captive at liberty, and, moreover, gave him a sum of money. Less fortunate were the companions of the Vicar Apostolic in misfortune; they were kept at Gondar and subjected to the most revolting punishments. The life of Mgr. De Jacobis was embittered by the view of the horrible fate to which his spiritual children were condemned. As late as August 28th, 1855, he wrote stating that he enjoyed his freedom but little, while his beloved children of Gondar, the other half of his soul, were still confined to dun-

geons and placed under almost savage restraint. One of these noble confessors of the faith, Abba Gebra Mikael, (the slave of St. Michael) whose name has recurred several times in this paper, was to crown by martyrdom a life that had been consecrated to loyal research for truth. He was ordained priest in 1851, in the Church of Alitiena, and had gained universal renown in Abyssinia by his knowledge and virtue. He wrote an Abyssinian catechism, and had assisted, in a way much appreciated, Mgr. De Jacobis in translating into the Geez, or sacred language, the dogmatic or moral theology intended for the use of native priests.

In a letter written from Massowah, dated November 30th, 1856, by the Vicar Apostolic to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, the history of the sufferings of this noble athlete is depicted in glowing colors. He was arrested July 15th, 1854, at the same time as Mgr. De Jacobis. He was retained in prison for five successive months and subjected to the most barbarous treatment. Often for days at a time, he was deprived absolutely of food, which was nothing but bread and water when it was sparingly given him. He was so cruelly beaten by the satellites of the *Abuna* on his entrance into prison, that he suffered from a fearful hemorrhage of the lungs, and a report of his death spread throughout the city. His strength left him; old age told heavily against him; and the long fast which he endured had thrown him into a half-comatose condition. After bearing this inhuman treatment for five long months, he was dragged to the camp of Theodore, where, at the request of the *Abuna Salama*, he was subjected to the punishment of what is called in Abyssinia "the giraf." By

the order of the Negus, two robust soldiers struck his face with one hundred and fifty blows of the giraf, and Abba Gebra Mikael fell inanimate to the ground. Theodore then cried: "Bring the big whips which the Abyssinian cowherds use and strike him on the only eye which he has that it may be torn out," and he further added: "Let the strongest soldiers scourge the most sensitive parts of his body while those who are exhausted are taking a rest." We can picture to our minds this band of furious executioners rushing on their victim and venting their unparalleled ferocity on his feeble body. Yet while they redoubled their blows, the martyr, in a calm and tranquil voice, affirmed in magnificent language his unshakable attachment to the infallible teaching of Pope St. Leo and the Council of Chalcedon regarding the two natures in Jesus Christ. At length, these cruel butchers, weary of their bloody work, put an end to this horrible punishment. One would believe that the victim had been cut to pieces, but to the great astonishment of all, the old man arose and walked without help; his face bore no trace of the torments he had suffered, and his eye shone with marvellous light. He was sent back to his dungeon. Two days later he began that long march that was to last for two months over impassable roads; he was condemned to follow with fetters on his feet the army of the Negus which started on an expedition against the King of Shoa. During this painful march, he was brought a second time before the king, and the *Abuna Salama* and an agent of the British government assisted at the inquiry. The old hero renewed his confession in these terms: "I believe and adore in Jesus Christ our true human nature

united to the divine nature in the person of the Word ; I believe and confess in the Word made flesh two natures and one only person." He was now condemned to be shot, and was dragged to the place of execution ; he escaped death only at the urgent entreaties of a multitude in tears who begged this favor from the king. Abba Gebra Mikael won the admiration of even his persecutors. The officer who was charged with watching him became his great friend, and he allowed the prisoner to instruct all who wished to listen to him ; he did not prevent any one from giving him food, and thus the charitable old man was provided with eatables which he gave to the poor soldiers who were dying of hunger. But age and suffering now brought him to the hour when he would receive the recompense of his holy life. He was attacked with stomach troubles and dysentery. Unable any longer to proceed on foot, a horse was procured for him notwithstanding the contrary orders of the king. As he could not sit upright, he was strapped to the horse, and thus for days he proceeded. The soldiers, astonished and struck with admiration, did not call him any longer by his own name, but by that of *Que das Ghiorghis* (St. George.) This saint, according to the Abyssinian legend, had given his life seven times for religion, and had obtained it back seven times. Almighty God wished to confirm in some way the name and beautiful eulogy of the soldiers, and it was on the feast of this ancient martyr, which is celebrated on July 13th in the Abyssinian calendar, that the Lord called His servant to Himself. The soldiers wept at his death, they broke the fetters on his feet, and reverently buried his body. Thus died a real hero and confessor of

the faith. Four years later, the Apostle of Abyssinia was to join the brave convert in heaven. Expelled from the cruel Theodore's kingdom, Mgr. De Jacobis was rejoiced to obtain, through the mediation of France with Turkey, a piece of ground in the Island of Mas-owah, on which he built a Church. In 1860 the house of Halai, in which he offered hospitality to Count De Russel, the envoy of Napoleon III. to the Negus, was attacked by two of Theodore's partisans, Zarai and Moussarghi. The bishop was arrested, brought to Faconda and cast into prison. Given his liberty after twenty-two days of harsh treatment, he left Halai and took refuge on the coast in the house built by the priests of the Mission at Emcoulo. Fatigue and sickness had exhausted the strength of the valiant missionary, and now unable to endure the extreme heat of the climate, he sought for a more genial abode with a few companions up in the mountains. He did not reach the end of his journey. July 31st, 1860, lying on a stone which he asked to be placed under his head, Mgr. De Jacobis passed to his eternal reward.

Catholic missionaries are laboring to-day in Abyssinia, and a brighter outlook is already visible. Islamism is doomed in Africa, as in Asia, and its chastening work is done. This fatal system of belief has been the greatest obstacle to the spread of Catholic faith. Once Mahometanism is enfeebled, a vast theatre for Apostolic work will be opened to the missionaries of the Church. The work of reunion with Rome will proceed successfully, and the great ambition of Pope Leo XIII. will be realized. Abyssinia will be redeemed and restored to the faith which her first Apostle, St. Frumentius, taught and preached.

## Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

BLESSED MARGARET ALACOQUE.—*October 25th.*

THERE is "a pearl of great price" \* for our Lady's diadem. The Divine Merchant enclosed it in the casket of Religion, and then, attracted by its loveliness, came down to enclose it still more securely in His Sacred Heart.

Blessed Margaret Mary was the confidant of Its sorrows, the recipient of precious revelations and graces, in a word, the beloved disciple of that Heart. In the limits of a short memoir, we may not dwell on the beautiful, well-known history of these communications, which "renewed the grace of the earth" with light and love. They are dear to all devoted to Jesus' most loving Heart, and should be dearer now that they belong to It by the solemn Consecration of Mankind; our purpose is, to call the attention of our readers to her love of Mary, and union with the dispositions of that Immaculate Heart towards that Adorable Heart of our dear Lord.

From early childhood, her devotion to the Blessed Virgin was admirable, and she experienced wonderful favors, special protection, and even the miraculous cure of a dangerous illness, after she consecrated herself by vow to Mary. It was through love for the Queen of Heaven she selected an Order especially devoted to her service, and in all the needs and trials of a life so closely assimilated to the Passion of our Divine Lord, Mary was the light and consolation of her faithful servant.

Once she appeared to her and placed the Divine Infant in her arms, as

formerly she did to St. Antony. Again, she allowed her to see a mystical diadem formed of Religious devoted to her, and the dispositions of each, and how some, by terrene attachments fell, like withered flowers.

Our Lord also instructed Blessed Margaret in love for Mary, and taught her to unite with His Holy Mother at Mass, and hear it in union with her dispositions at the foot of the Cross. He taught her to receive Him in Holy Communion, remembering the transports of the Virgin-Mother at the moment of the Incarnation; and lastly, to pray in that spirit with which she offered herself in the temple at her Presentation.

Fain would we linger in this beautiful garden to admire those virtues that made "the Blessed" so dear to Mary and such a sweet abode for the Heart of Jesus. The white lilies of purity, the fragrant violets of humility, the sweet roses of ardent love. But at least we earnestly recommend all readers to read this beautiful life, to invoke this blessed patroness, to imitate her love of Jesus and Mary, and, lastly, to pray that she may be raised to the altars of Holy Church by canonization.

Thus shall they glorify the Sacred Heart, obtain its glorious promises, and merit, to see, love, and enjoy "the King in His beauty," for ever. Amen.

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O Sacred Heart of Jesus!  
Delight of all the Blest!  
Make our hearts meek and humble,  
And we shall find our rest.

\* "Margarita"—"Pearl."

## Thoughts on the Holy Rosary for Mary's Autumnal Month.

**W**E are all familiar with the beautiful symbolism of Our Lady's chaplet, and how frequently its mystic flowers are compared to roses of various tints: White in Joyful Mysteries, crimson in those of the Passion, golden when Easter, Olivet, Pentecost, and the glorious Assumption and Coronation of our Blessed Mother illumine our souls.

How appropriate also are the seasons in which we honor in a special manner one or more of the Rosary feasts! Not, indeed, that it is to be understood as if Joyful or Glorious Mysteries are not to be recited in Passion time, or that we may not twine a crimson chaplet when kneeling at the Crib—but these reflections regard the *feasts* in which the mind of Holy Church contemplates, and her liturgy resounds with one in particular. The Annunciation is a Spring-time festival, when early snow-drops droop humbly in their purity, like her Immaculate Heart shrinking from praise.

Fragrant violets also hide their beauty, and yet exhale their presence like the hidden Heart, "meek and humble," even in the Incarnation; won to earth by Mary's humility

"When her calm 'Fiat' broke the stillness sweet,  
A little Heart began with love and life to beat."

The Visitation, in its beauty and light, is truly a Summer feast of gladness, glowing with Mary's charity and resonant of her inspired song, as it echoes o'er the hill-country of Judea. Bethlehem—though one of the Joyful

Mysteries, comes amidst snow-drifts, but could any season be more suitable to Him who became poor to enrich us, and who experienced the privations of poverty at the time when they are most rigorous? We hardly think if Christmas was in Summer-tide, or in Autumnal fruitfulness, or amidst vernal blossoms, His advent could have made us so love the Divine Infant, as now that we remember "there was no room" for the Creator in His own world. And, besides, there are white flow'rets even in Winter, and the frosty skies are illumined with celestial radiance, and echoing with canticles of "glory" and "peace."

It was in Spring, too, the young Mother offered her stainless blossom—her white Lamb—and, with Him, her own Immaculate Heart. Joy and sorrow are twined round the Purification, but in the Rosary we dwell on the gladness, and remember we can, like our Blessed Mother, offer Jesus to the Eternal Father in Holy Mass and embrace Him like Simeon in Holy Communion.

The Passover was a vernal feast, and it was at that time, the Holy Child was found in the Temple, unfolding those treasures of wisdom and eloquence, that afterwards so ravished His listeners during the three years' ministry. Never did anyone speak as He, whose words are "spirit and life." All the scenes of our Lord's Passion are commemorated in the cold, dark, trying time of the year, more wintry, very often, than even at His Nativity. And if in brighter days, the Precious Blood, Exaltation of the Holy Cross,

and others, are celebrated, Holy Church looks at their joyful aspect and intones "Alleluia!" Sadly, like the night-winds, moan the "Stabat Mater," "Lamentations," Seven Last Words, murmuring through the aisles of spirit and making us mourn for Him "as for an only sin." Then, in that lovely time when earth rises, as it were from sleep, and robes herself in beauty, we have Easter, Mount Olivet, Pentecost, and in the glorious harvest-month, our sweet Mother's Assumption and

Coronation. The visible things should remind us of those that are invisible. Like poetic, and still more, like saintly souls, we ought to look through the veils of natural beauty, and see that which is supernatural. We ought, like England's great poet read, "lessons in the running brooks," but let them teach us of Jesus and Mary, and things holy, pure, intellectual—in a word, educate us for a life of everlasting praise.

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's).

## The Lily Amidst Thorns.

**H**OW frequently, when commenting on Mary's purity, we echo these inspired words of the Canticle: "Sicut lilium inter spinas," etc. "As the lily among thorns," etc. And yet there is another beautiful thought which may not perhaps appear at first sight, namely, how suggestive it is of her humility.

We are accustomed to consider the crowning of our Lord with thorns, as a divine atonement for sins of pride. Now, in Mary's Immaculate Heart there were no such thorns, and His loving Heart pierced with anguish because of sin, this pure lily so fragrant with humility, was a consolation in its beauty, to His love. In the silent midnight hour of His Incarnation, He dropped down, to use the Scripture phrase, "like dew," into this fair chalice of Mary's lowly purity. He lived in its fragrant presence for thirty years—it is written that He "feeds

amidst the lilies;" and in the Passion, its mystic odor was all the more acceptable, because it exhaled "among thorns" of suffering.

But how crushed was this lovely flow'ret like that which a beautiful legend tells us, was laid in the Sepulchre with the dead Christ! Like it, also, the exquisite bloom returned in the golden light of Easter. Still did it beautify the earth with its presence, untouched by thorns until angel-hands transplanted it to the Paradise above, and left lilies white as Alpine snows in the holy tomb of their queen. Blooming now in the land where the pure of heart see God, and the humble are gloriously crowned, in "the shrine of purity—and lilies silver-white"—let us contemplate Mary and ask her for this flower of grace—a pure and humble heart.

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's.)

Of all the blessings heav'n may send  
I, for my choice, will take a friend.

—MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

## The Poetic Attraction.

**A** LEARNED and holy writer \* speaks of those who being "lifted up from the earth" draw men to themselves by a noble attraction. He includes, in this category, not only the saints of God, but also those on whom He has bestowed great natural gifts—for example, that of poetic talent. It is true this gift may be, and unhappily has been, unworthily employed, so as to become "of the earth, earthly," but, in itself, it is a celestial faculty, and even when not directly "making melody" to God, yet lifts up the poetic soul to a natural eminence, from which the beauties of creation are more clearly discerned. Being thus "lifted up," we necessarily elevate those in whom our songs find a responsive attention. A holy and simple person sometimes said to me, when listening to sweet poems, "I feel lifted up!" She knew nothing of the science, was quite incapable of the art, but there was an innate perception of high thoughts and noble expressions that came, no doubt, from her union with the "Master-Artist."

The poet throws a golden halo from the unseen light within over the vis-

ible things, which often have little if any beauty to a less refined and cultivated mind. And yet how much do we fall short in our efforts to obtain the ideal conceived! The great "Poet-Priest" exclaims in "The Valley of Silence":

"My song—it just touches the rude shores of speech,

But its music melts back into me."

Even an "Enfant" can feel that inability in her lower sphere—

Away in idealistic thought,

Like the gleam of a distant star,

A still more perfect beauty shines

Illuring me from afar! †

It is only when we see the Infinite Beauty "as He is," that the heart-strings shall be attuned to perfect praise. Meanwhile, if we desire not to be mere "tinkling cymbals," let us elevate our thoughts and aspirations by purity of intention towards Him whose gift it is, and thus, through His grace, we shall attract others to Jesus, Mary and the Blessed in Heaven, and to high thoughts of the beauties on earth, and soothe them with sweet exile strains in their onward way to the land of song.

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's).

\* Rev. G. Tyrell, S. J.

† Musings. E. D. M.

## Mystic Musings.

**I**N varied and beautiful strains of poetry, we hear of Mary's Rosary, and its mystic flow'rets of white, crimson and gold. We have come to associate this imagery with its joyful, sorrowful, and glorious mysteries. There is a very sweet thought suggested to us by a holy priest, namely, to blend these tints in our lives, in order that we may be like white roses by purity, crimson by patient suffering, and gold by charity and heavenly desires.

Each soul should imitate the "Mys-

tical Rose," pure, chaste, environed by thorns of mortification; each ought to seek from the "Mater Dolorosa," patience to stand by the Cross of Jesus even to death.

And finally, each should purchase gold "fire-tried," to gain the kingdom of peace.

"Looking ever fondly upward,"

"To the clear blue Heaven above."

Thus shall they become "the good odor of Christ" and of Mary.

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's).

## "Miles Christi."

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

### CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED).

**T**HIS frank and courageous attitude before the head of the Government was no less remarkable when he was confronted with another sovereign power, which was that of popular opinion. Thus he attended, not only the processions of the Blessed Sacrament in his parish church, but also that on Corpus Christi outside the town, which lasted many hours and tired him excessively. In 1872, he walked the whole way; but when he came home, his wound had re-opened and he was bathed in blood. Yet during the procession there was no sign of the pain he was enduring, and nothing but joy and ardent faith were seen on his face. One day some one asked him if by doing these things he did not fear to compromise himself. "To compromise myself!" he exclaimed, smiling; "thank God, it's a long time since that was done!"

But nowhere was his burning piety more remarkable than at the monthly meeting of the Tertiaries. The director of the association speaks of him as being really inundated with graces on such occasions, and it required all his energy and self-command to avoid his state of mind from being remarked by others. The same religious also speaks of the way in which he invariably kept that terrible anniversary of the 2nd of December. "He always arrived that evening," he writes, "just as we

were closing the doors of the church. I used to hear his Confession, and then, when all the monks had gone to their cells, he remained all night before the Tabernacle. The next morning, very early, I said a Mass of Thanksgiving for him, at which he went to Communion; and when the doors opened to let in the usual congregation, he would slip out to his own house."

In 1872 he lost his father-in-law, M. Roger, for whom he had a filial affection, and he felt it doubly for his wife's sake. But he did not sorrow, as those that had no hope. His letters at this time to two friends who lost their sons breathe one and the same spirit: "*Sursum corda!* There your loved ones are with those who have left my own home; they are singing the praises of God, and waiting for that day when we shall all be re-united before His throne."

The feeling that our children belong to God more than to ourselves was to strengthen M. de Sonis for a fresh sacrifice. At that moment he was very happy, his three elder sons being home on leave and all the other members of his family round him. But our Lord had chosen his eldest girl, Marie, for Himself. "God having given me the grace of a religious vocation, I begged the Carmelite Father who was my confessor, to break the news to my



father. One evening, soon afterwards my dear father made me come into his bedroom, and said to me, as I knelt by his side: 'My dear child, is it true that you wish to give yourself entirely to God?' 'Yes, my dearest father,' I replied; I did not dare speak of it to you sooner for fear of giving you pain. But, as you know it now, I entreat you to give me your consent.' 'My child,' he answered, 'you know that I would never refuse to God any sacrifice He may exact from me, for you belong to Him more than you do to me. Give yourself up, then, to that powerful attraction which draws you towards Himself albane.'"

Equally admirable was his letter to the Mother de Garabis, his daughter's old mistress, on the 8th of October:

"I do not need to tell you, dear Madame, that my dear Mary has decided to enter the community of the Sacred Heart. She has been in many ways as much your child as ours. You lent her to us for a time, and now we give her back to you. For a long time I had guessed her secret, and I have followed with joy her progress in the interior life. I thank God for the honor He has done us in choosing one of my children. If nature makes itself felt by my fire-side, I venture to think that grace is stronger still, and that the separation, the sacrifice, will be made with joy, for it is thus we must reach Heaven.

"The standard of the Sacred Heart under which I have fought is a link between us, Madame, so that I feel as if I were already a member of your family, and now that union will be still more closely strengthened. How happy the thought makes me! I also hope that, in return for the child I give you, I shall have a share in your prayers. I want so much help from

above! I am often frightened when I think what is the amount of my debt towards our good God."

Towards the end of October, M. and Madame de Sonis took their child to the Sacred Heart at Rennes, where the Superior led them into a chapel dedicated to *Mater Admirabilis*. Mass was said, and all went to Communion, the young postulant between her father and mother. When, after their thanksgiving, they came back to the parlor, Marie threw herself into the arms of her father. M. de Sonis blessed her, and then gave her back to the Superior, saying: "I give my child into your hands, and abandon all rights over her, giving her to the Society of the Sacred Heart. Be a holy religious, my child, and for that reason be always humble of heart."

Mademoiselle Marie de Sonis entered accordingly into her noviciate at Coflans, near Paris, and there her father wrote to her a series of beautiful letters, which are as much those of a spiritual director as of a father.

"God be praised," he began on the 29th of November, "that you are safely in port, and have cast your anchor in a safe haven. Your heart will tell you how much we feel your empty place by our fireside. But when we feel most sad, we lift up our hearts to God, and have not the strength to refuse Him the sacrifice He asked of us. More than that, my dear child, if, as I think, your vocation is a confirmed one, I must congratulate you on escaping so many dangers and sorrows, which are the lot of those living in the world. As for you, in your sweet solitude you will learn every day to love more tenderly the gentlest of masters and the dearest of friends. Blessed be, then, your Divine Spouse, who has chosen you among so many others!

Look at Him often, and your heart, so ready to love, will exclaim with Magdalen, 'Rabboni!'—the most touching and eloquent word which ever came from human lips."

In another letter, of the 27th of December, he speaks of the Midnight Mass and the general Communion of the whole family. "From ten o'clock in the evening till two o'clock in the morning we passed a most consoling time in the chapel of the Carmelite Fathers. There was a great crowd in the Church, and more frequentation of the Sacraments than in previous years. The sight was very consoling; but there is so much that is evil, such blasphemies and such outrages to our Divine Lord, that there must be a great deal of good to counteract so much that is bad!"

The clothing of his child took place in Paris on the 2nd of February, the feast of the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple. The father and mother were both there, presenting also their own first-born. He wrote to her on his return home:

"If Our Lord grants my petitions, you will be a pious and holy child of the Sacred Heart, and will arrive without fear before the tribunal of God, your hands full of merits and good works. That is what I have asked for you, and which you must obtain by an over-increasing fidelity to our Divine Master, who is also a jealous God."

On his daughter's owning to him that "she had too much reason not to be content with herself," he answered:

"So much the better, because that proves that you have the spirit of God. Who on earth, save the Devil, can be satisfied with himself? How well I understand that, measuring all that God has done for you, and conscien-

tiously examining yourself, you find how heavy a debt you have yet to pay! *Quid retribuam Domino?* These words are perpetually echoing in my soul, and I assure you that I am also very dissatisfied with myself. But do not let this feeling turn into discouragement, my dear child. Let us feel small satisfaction in ourselves, because we see how much more remains to be done; but do not let it be without profit to our souls, which, by being thus humbled daily before Our Lord, obtain the grace of rising daily, without being conscious of it, up one of those steps of the staircase where we find our Divine Master, to whom we must strive to draw nearer day by day."

It was at the very time when he was thus giving his child to Jesus Christ, that Our Lord took his youngest Carmelite sister to Himself. For some time her health had been failing, and her living on seemed a miracle. Mother Mary of the Blessed Sacrament expired on the 31st of May, 1873, the very day when she had completed her twentieth year in the Order. She had passed the anniversary full of joy; but when evening came, she said to the sisters: "I think my time is at an end, and I have nothing now left but to die." She then went into choir to say Matins with the rest, after which, at eleven o'clock, she went to her cell to rest a little on her straw-bed. Hardly had she lain down, however, when she felt she was dying. The chaplain was called, the sisters gathered round her, and she expired just after she had received Extreme Unction. On receiving the news, General de Sonis started at once for Poitiers, and wrote to his other Carmelite sister as follows:

"As soon as I arrived, I hurried to the convent, where I found the dear

child in her coffin, smiling in death as in life. I had even to ask myself if she were not going to open her eyes. After absenting myself for a few moments to take a little food with M. de Bernay, I went back to the monastery, and remained there till ten o'clock at night. I was leaning against the grille of the choir in the very same place which I had occupied when she took the habit. I would have stayed there all night, but that I had promised to meet Theobald, who was to arrive by that evening's train. Finding he did not turn up, however, I went back at four o'clock in the morning, where I found the good Père de la Croix already at the altar. I took my place again beside her, and heard a great many Masses for the repose of her soul. At the moment of High Mass at eight o'clock, our poor brother arrived, worn out with fatigue. I received Holy Communion for the soul of this dear little sister, whom I could not help watching all the time. It was a painful moment when the coffin was taken out of the choir. I went to wait for it at the door of the convent. I had a great longing to kiss her once more; and the Mother Superior had offered me leave to do it the evening before. But, I thought, perhaps Our Lord would be more pleased at my observing the rule, and abstaining from it out of respect to His spouse; and also I feared the effect of this last adieu on Theobald. When the coffin was closed, we contented ourselves, therefore, with kissing the wood which enclosed her dear body, which we followed to its place of rest on earth. She lies by the side of her Carmelite sisters; and, for us, we can only exclaim, *Fiat!*"

He added: "I have inherited her Rosary, which she never failed to say

for eighteen years to obtain a good death. I shall try when I say it, to replace her as often as possible at the feet of Mary. Adieu, my dearest sister. Every Saturday, as you know, we are united in the Holy Eucharist, which I receive for the relief of the dear souls who have left us."

A little later, on the 20th of June, we find M. de Sonis at Paray-le-Monial, that cradle of the Sacred Heart, of which he was one of the apostles, confessors, and, we may add, martyrs. M. de Charette was also there with the remainder of his Zouaves. M de Sonis wrote to his daughter: "I am starting this night for Paray-le-Monial, which is a great joy to me. I need not tell you that I shall place you in the Divine Heart of Our Lord, and shall ask that good Master to keep you in that blessed place, from whence we should never stir."

Every one has heard of that colossal pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, with its twenty-five thousand Communion, and its representatives of every Department and every class in France. The presence of General de Sonis was an event among the rest. "The impression he made," wrote an eyewitness, "was marvellous. In vain did he try to hide himself in the crowd; his attitude during the prayers was sufficient to point him out. He carried one of the cords of the banner during the procession, and followed it to the end, although the stump of his poor leg, ulcerated by the fatigue, caused him horrible suffering, and was bathed in blood. As he had some difficulty in making his way through the crowd, he felt a friendly arm slipped under his own to help him; it was Charette's. An immense acclamation followed. *Vive de Sonis! Vive Charette!*" burst from every lip. But he, with

that tone of authority and command which he knew so well how to use, exclaimed: "No, no, cry *Vive Jesus!*" In spite of himself, they placed him on the platform on which the temporary altar had been raised, under the shadow of the banner of the Sacred Heart, the priests helping him to mount the step. There the thirty thousand pilgrims could see him at their ease, and again the cheers burst forth; which distressed him so much, that at last they let him change his post. He went under the famous nut-trees, which had witnessed the Divine Apparitions, and of which the pilgrims were stripping the foliage. "If I had not been there," he said afterwards, smiling, "I believe

they would not have left a single branch or a single leaf!" Many of his old comrades had not seen him since Loigny, but their pleasure was spoilt by the pain of seeing him in so suffering a state. "If only, General, you would get an articulated leg instead of that wooden one!" exclaimed the young officers. "No, I detest shams!" replied de Sonis; "with one of those you make believe to have a leg which does not exist."

In the month of August he went to Chartres to pass there the Sunday after the Assumption. The next day it was at Loigny that "he went to receive Our Lord in that place where Jesus had been pleased to visit him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Two Crowns.

THE Sacred Heart of Jesus was ever encircled with a crown of thorns—that is, of suffering, from Bethlehem to Calvary, and the exterior one so cruelly placed on His Royal Head, had a still more painful archetype interiorly. When He appeared to the favored disciple and confidant of His Heart, Blessed Margaret Mary, she at once recognized the thorny circlet, and understood that even now, in His glorified state, there is a mystical suffering from the coldness and ingratitude of men.

Mary is "the lily amidst the thorns," and, after her, the elect have been first crowned with many tribulations, before gaining the victor's crown. We are not, then, to expect or desire a life without thorns, but learn from our Lord, and His ever-Blessed Mother, and from the examples of the Saints, how "to plait them in a garland." Let us ask for grace to suffer patiently,

willingly, joyfully, so that it may one day be said of us (in some measure), as of Jesus Christ our Lord—"The crown of tribulation hath flourished into a crown of glory, and a garland of joy." \*

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare).

\* Mass of the Holy Crown of Thorns.

### Two Autumn Sprays.

A leaf with the glitter of silver,  
A leaf with the glitter of gold,  
The others of crimson and purple,  
My beautiful spray, behold.

O! it comes to set me thinking  
Of the church-yard over the way,  
Of father, and mother, and sisters,  
Another autumn spray.

The first has a thousand col'rings  
'Neath the sun's bright glow on  
the sod,

And the second throws out its beauty  
Viewed under the eye of God.

MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

## Editorial Notes.

### Carmelite Chapter.

The triennial chapter of the Carmelites of the Province of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, which embraces the United States and Canada, met at the Hospice of Mount Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ontario, on September 4th last, and closed its sessions on Sept. 7th. The result of the elections and appointments for the different offices in the Province for the ensuing three years is as follows: Very Rev. Anastasius J. Kreidt is re-elected Provincial-Prior; Custodian of the Province, Very Rev. Theodore J. McDonald; Definitory: Reverend Fathers Ambrose F. Bruder, Otto J. Wiedemann, Dionysius F. Best and Cyril C. Kehoe; Syndicus, Rev. D. F. Best; Examiners, Rev. Frs. Pius R. Mayer, Cyril C. Kehoe and Ambrose F. Bruder; Auditors, Rev. Frs. Cyril C. Kehoe and Ambrose F. Bruder.

St. Boniface's Priory, Scipio, Kansas—Prior and Rector, Rev. Alphonse A. Brandstaetter; Procurator, Rev. Ferdinand Van der Staay.

St. Joseph's Convent, Leavenworth, Kansas—Superior, Rev. Louis K. Guenther.

Holy Trinity Priory, Pittsburg, Pa.—Prior, Procurator and Rector—Rev. Ambrose F. Bruder.

St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J.—Prior, Rev. Theodore J. McDonald; Procurator, Rev. Bernard G. Fink.

Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, Ont.—Prior and Procurator, Rev. Dionysius F. Best.

St. John the Baptist Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa.—Prior and Master of Novices, Rev. Anastasius J. Smits.

St. Cyril's Priory, Chicago—Pro-

vincial Visitor, Rev. Cyril J. Feehan; Prior, Rev. Cyril C. Kehoe.

The Province now includes thirty-five priests, sixteen professed clerics, nine scholastics and fifteen lay brothers.

### The Guardian Angels.

God was not content with having created man, and after his fall sending His only begotten Son into the world for his redemption, but He gives to each man an angel that he may accompany him in all his ways here below, and in every possible manner assist mankind in obtaining salvation. "God," says the Psalmist, "hath given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways." How much do we not owe to our Guardian Angel for all the love and solicitude with which he serves us and ministers to our temporal and eternal welfare? Let us reverence him on account of his presence and show confidence in his protection. This holy spirit speaks to those over whom he has charge, and makes use of every means to rescue them from perdition and to bring them to salvation. If his charge is innocent he seeks to preserve him in his innocence, and takes care that he is not infected by the contagion of the world. If he is a penitent, he endeavors to preserve him from a relapse and make him walk constantly in the way of penance. He that profits by the exertions of his holy Guardian angel and follows his inspirations and suggestions shall surely be saved; but he who turns his back upon this Angel and despises his inspirations will be in danger of being lost. Let us reflect on this during this month, and let us ever follow our heavenly friend and guide,

then he will ever go before us to keep us in the way of virtue and bring us to our home in heaven.

### Carmel in Chicago.

Concerning our new foundation in Chicago The New World in a recent number says :

"The ancient order of Carmelites, with which all Catholics are associated through the Brown Scapular, is about to take its place among the clergy of this city. A fine piece of property has been selected in Hyde Park, at Fifty-fourth street and Jefferson avenue, and the fathers are in readiness to begin their educational and missionary labors. The primary object of this foundation is the erection of a college for the higher education of youth in classical, scientific and commercial branches. In this age of progress all religious orders of the Church feel it incumbent upon them to lend a hand to the all-important work of Christian education, and thus the older orders and the new are found side by side in the ranks of the Church; one bringing activity and enthusiasm and the other the traditions of well-proven sanctity of purpose and venerable learning. The order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel enjoys a rare and beautiful history in cloister, university and missionary field. Above all it is the order that has taught tenderest devotion to the Blessed Mother of God and won her approbation from heaven in the safeguard of the Brown Scapular which she has thrown over her devoted children, both of religious order and of its vast Confraternity. The Catholics of Chicago, as far as interested, will not be disappointed in the latest foundation of the order, as it has been made under the most favorable circumstances. His Grace, the Archbishop, who is personally a generous patron, is confident of its success in beneficial services to clergy and laity. The Carmelite Fathers do not intend to engage directly in parochial work, but to supplement their labors by missions, retreats, occasional sermons and

assistance in the confessional. The college is expected to open on the 17th of this month, although at present only a limited number of students can be accommodated. A spacious building furnished in the best manner and equipped with a large staff of teachers will be ready in a few months. Rev. Father Feehan and Kehoe are in charge of the institution, attending respectively to its financial and educational needs. Carmel thus makes its debut to the Church in Chicago, and bids fair to render the same services here that have endeared it to all in the past."

### Modern Martyrs.

Splendid examples of heroism are presented to us by the Catholic missionaries now suffering in China. As the Rosary Magazine remarks: "Life, liberty, everything of a passing nature was set to the winds for the one object of their striving, the salvation of those poor heathens. Doubtless many more than we know of have died the death of martyrdom and their thirsting souls are now tasting the joys of an unending happiness. And it is the blood of such as those that waters and makes fruitful the soil of the Church, yielding a perennial harvest of great, good, valiant champions who will stand up amid the ruins of powers and principalities even to the end of time." Moreover, "the secular daily papers," says the Michigan Catholic, "contain lists of Protestant missionaries, their wives and children, who are escaping from China. One would think that there was not a Catholic priest or Sister out there. But there they are in thousands, and there they remain like true followers of Christ, fulfilling their duties, while the carpet-bagging evangelists are on the run from danger."

### Our Lady of Lourdes.

Miracles have not ceased at Lourdes. Writing to his own paper in London from Lourdes, a correspondent speaking of a pilgrimage and procession this summer, says: "I shall never forget the sight, nor did I ever see anything like it in all the pilgrimages I have, by God's mercy, been allowed to see in many places. Many miracles were worked, and I was allowed to be present when the doctors examined the various people, who brought certificates from hospitals, etc., saying that their cases were incurable. And then I saw them walk after being paralyzed for years, and speak and sing after being utterly unable to speak a word for years, from maladies like tuberculosis, etc., and a little child of four or five, who had never walked in his life and been always in an iron cradle, was leaping about delighted, and people with immense tumors, etc., restored to their natural size in a few minutes. In all about thirty cases have been proved, and no doubt this afternoon there will be more. What is very touching is this new departure of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the number of people cured during the procession."

### The League in China.

It is cheering to know that the League of the Sacred Heart has been and is flourishing among the Chinese Catholics. June 11, 1899, in conformity with the wish expressed by the Holy Father, the Jesuit missions were consecrated anew to the Sacred Heart. "There are in the parishes of Shanghai, Zi-ka-wei and the neighboring missions about one hundred affiliated centres," says the Monthly Calendar of San Francisco, and the number of Communions of Reparation reach

about fifty thousand yearly. The devotion of the first Friday, lately so highly recommended by the Holy Father, is devoutly practised, the public exposition of the Blessed Sacrament taking place throughout the day in the chapels dedicated to the Sacred Heart. It is not at all surprising that in China, as elsewhere, the effects produced by the League are evinced by an increase of practical faith, the more frequent reception of the Sacraments, and zeal for the salvation of others. They have, too, a Messenger edited by the Chinese Jesuit, Father Lawrence Li, of which three thousand copies are printed monthly. In almost every home the picture of the Sacred Heart can be found, in company with the Rosary and the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. In their hour of trial the persecuted Catholics will assuredly not be found wanting.

### Catechism in China.

Now that our attention is directed toward China, the following fact as told by Stafford Ransome in his *Japan in Transition* is of interest. He says: "When I was in very close touch with that astute veteran Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, his Excellency had occasion one day to interview an American missionary who had been importuning him on the subject of the outrages on missionaries in China. "Why don't he become a Christian right away and set a good example?" was the first question put by this enthusiastic divine to Li Hung Chang through the interpreter. Instead of replying directly the Viceroy asked a counter-question, as has ever been his way. This was, "Who was Jesus Christ?" "Why, our Saviour of course," was the reply. "Yes, yes,

I know," said his Excellency, "but what I meant to ask you was, what is the meaning of the word Christ?" The missionary hesitated; then, turning to the interpreter, said, triumphantly: "Guess it don't mean much. Tell him his name is Li Hung Chang, and that that don't mean anything; and Christ was called Christ, that's all." "His Excellency says you are wrong," said the interpreter. "Li Hung Chang means 'ever glorious plum-tree,' (I think that was his rendering), and he was under the impression that Christ signifies 'Anointed.'" "Well," said the missionary, "some people may attach that meaning or any other to it. But He was our Saviour."

#### Fraternity in the Field.

The Lautaro of Buenos Ayres, a Masonic organ which is rabidly anti-Catholic, states that there are twenty million Masons in the world. It is also authority for the statement that "La Masoneria ha tornado una parte activa en todas las guerras que ha tenedo los Estados Unidos de America—Masonry has taken an active part in all the wars which the United States of America has had." And that the leading English generals fighting against the Republics of South Africa are active Masons. Gen. Roberts was "primer vigilante" of his lodge during the year 1895. Lord Kitchener was primer vigilante for the year 1897, and at present Grand Master of the district of Egypt and the Soudan. Lord Methuen was primer vigilante in 1896. Lieutenant General Sir Charles Warren was ex-Grand Deacon in 1887, and has acted as Grand Master of the district of the Eastern Archipelago from 1891 to 1895. The Commandant of the Canadian contingent, W. D. Otter, who has served with the im-

perial troops, is a Mason for many years and ex-Venerable of the "Ionic Lodge," No. 25, founded in 1873. Lord Woolsey and Lord Charles Beresford are ex-Grand Vigilantes of the Grand Lodge of England.

In the month of the Holy Angels we give special honor to the Queen of Angels—Our Lady of the Rosary. There is much need for prayer in these days when the scourging hand of Providence over the earth is strikingly manifest. Much need is there for us to join the pious associates of the Sacred Heart this month in offering "Reparation" to an angry and offended God. The prayer of the beads has more than once appeased heaven, and is still an efficacious means of obtaining blessings. We celebrate the feast of St. Teresa this month. Let us go to her who was so deeply skilled in the art of prayer. Let us beg this great Carmelite saint to teach us how to pray—especially how to recite our Rosary in so devout a manner that we may obtain all that the Blessed Virgin promised to those that invoke her.

A zealous spokesman for religious interests and valiant defender of the Catholic cause in America is the Right Reverend James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, N. J. In the September number of the North American Review he has clearly pointed out his reasons for the necessity of uniting Catholic societies. "His zeal has already been blest," says the current Messenger of the Sacred Heart. "The justification of his various addresses and articles on this matter is the alarm which the Independent and other sectarian organs have sounded. The success of his efforts is clear from the willingness of the politicians of the



party in power to consider Catholic interests. The Cuban civil marriage law which, according to General Wood's statement, was not to be repealed until autumn, has already been repealed. But that is only one of a dozen similar grievances."

In its issue of Sept. 8 our esteemed contemporary, the Freeman's Journal of New York, under the caption of the "Death of a Great Man," said that "His Eminence Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli was killed in a railroad accident which occurred on the night of August 12 near Castel Giubileo." In the same number the Journal says in its Roman news that Cardinal Vannutelli was present on Aug. 19 at a reception to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Our venerable Cardinal Protector still lives in spite of the newspapers, and we hope for a long time to be enabled to say *Ad multos annos!*

Amongst the guests of the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls during the past month it was our pleasure and privilege to briefly entertain that eminent Passionist, Very Reverend Aloysius M. Blakely, Vicar-General of Nicopolis, in Bulgaria. Our readers who enjoy Father Blakely's interesting notes in this magazine will, we are sure, be delighted to learn that much more of the same good reading is in store for them. For the past six years Father Blakely has labored amongst the Bulgarians, and from his own lips we have heard of the almost incredible hardships and difficulties endured by the self-sacrificing priests and religious who have borne the heats and burdens of the day in this difficult portion of the Lord's vineyard. Till now almost insurmountable opposition and persecution confronted the zealous

missionary. Now that Bulgaria has forced herself from under the yoke of the "unspeakable" Turk, things look more promising for a good harvest of souls. Unfortunately pecuniary help is urgently needed by the missionary before any advance can be made. Here is a great opportunity for zealous Catholics in America to give substantial aid towards the grand work of spreading the faith. We are sure that Father Blakely will everywhere meet with a hearty and generous response in his laudable efforts to collect means to further the Catholic cause in benighted Bulgaria.

At the Second Plenary Synod just closed at Maynooth, the Irish Carmelites were represented by their Provincial, Very Rev. A. E. Farrington, D.D. O.C.C.

Some of our readers complain of receiving this magazine in bad condition; others say the address on the wrapper is erased or changed. We regret all this, but assure our friends the offenders are to be found outside of Niagara Falls. We have laid complaints before the postal authorities, and will continue to use every effort to remedy matters, and begging our readers to be patient with us in the meantime.

#### From Our Mail Bag.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Sept. 15, 1900.

The Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls:

Enclosed find one dollar for my subscription. Please credit same. I consider your "reminder" an excellent method for reminding forgetful readers who never think that a paper ought to be paid the same as anything else. As a non-Catholic and an ardent reader of your Review, I can thank you, as I have neglected to send you the money, but shall do so in future, and will say further that every Catholic ought to read Catholic literature, as it brings great blessings not only to their homes, but to their souls, and enlightens them in the sacred religion they possess. Wishing you all success in your holy labor, I am respectfully  
C. B.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Catechism of the Christian Doctrine, by a Jesuit Missionary of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Illinois. Price, paper 5 cents, 100 copies \$3.00. Sample copies free on application. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. This model Catechism is sound in doctrine, complete in scope, logical in arrangement, short and crisp in method, simple in style. It avoids with scrupulous care the use of every unnecessary long and uncommon word. Destined for use in the United States it is written by an experienced priest who is born to the manner and language, and who understands the genius of the children, thus being able to marshal his phrases in words that trip easily on the tongue. Recognizing that the employment of question and answer in catechising renders the imparting of knowledge easy then only when the question thoroughly suggests the answer and bears its own part of the burden, he seldom repeats the question before the answer. This new Catechism relegates such few words as need definition to a general vocabulary at the end of the book. This method has advantages; for the long vocabularies now found at the head of chapters, confuse the eye-memory, and divert attention from the main thing—which is the doctrine. Amongst the preliminaries of the new Catechism we are pleased to find a good clear argument for the existence of God. This Catechism is thoroughly conservative, aiming only at setting forth more clearly what has been found praiseworthy in the older catechisms. It retains with scrupulous care the old phrases hisped at the knees of parents, consecrated by the tongues of pastors. We recognize as a feature of usefulness in this Catechism that it offers many and valuable references to the Holy Writ for the help of inquiring minds. In a word, the Catechism of the Jesuit Missionary embraces, we believe, all the best features of a model Catechism. Whilst it embraces the general outlines of the Butler, Deharbe, and Baltimore Catechisms, it has the advantage of being charmingly simple and easy. We think the children will hail the book as a dear friend in the hour of need. The new Catechism is small in size and will retail for five cents. In its preparation the Missionary made good use of the unusual opportunities which he enjoyed and submitted the Catechism to more than a score of widely experienced pastors and theologians both amongst the secular and regular clergy, all of whom predicted for it a useful career in the classroom, in the home-circle, and in the missionary-field. The new Catechism has the *Imprimatur* of John J. Kain, Archbishop of St.

Louis, and Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago.

From the very start the one idea of the publishers of Benzinger's Magazine seems to have been to make the last number better than the one that preceded it. Following this out, the September issue, which has just appeared, comes to us in a full-fledged popular illustrated family paper, destined, we believe, to take the place in Catholic homes of the "Journals," "Companions," and similar publications often found there. While preserving its old form it is, in every way, a new magazine. It now appeals not to any one of the Catholic family, but to *all*, particularly the mother, the wife, and the daughter. Its special articles are original, terse, and well illustrated; its women's department contains the latest and choicest in fashions, home adornment, and household matters. Its fiction—both serials and short stories—is the best to be had for the money, for it is by such well-known and well-liked writers as Father Finn, Marion Ames Taggart, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, "Theo Gift," Maurice Francis Egan, Mary G. Bonesteel, Marion J. Brunowe, Mary C. Crowley, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mary T. Waggaman, Katharine Jenkins, Sallie Margaret O'Malley, Anna T. Sadlier, Magdalen Rock, Esther Robertson, etc. A new illustrated novel by Katharine Tynan Hinkson begins in this number. Nor are the father, the son, and the brother forgotten; sports, popular science, and the newest inventions will hold their interest; while games and amusements for younger folks, and short stories and jolly plays for the little tots show that all have been considered. And yet the price remains the same, one dollar a year. What more can be asked? Live agents, men and women, can make easy money by getting subscriptions for this magazine, and we advise them to write the publishers.

## PETITIONS.

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

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

Success in undertaking; communion; employment; spiritual and temporal favors; restoration to health; for wayward brother; a very special intention; sick 1; means 1; special 2; a husband.

Any of our readers having copies of the last number (September) of the Carmelite Review to spare, will oblige us by mailing the same to our address.

## ORITUARY.

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

Annie Fitzgerald, one of our subscribers, who died in the Lord at McConnellsville, Ohio.

Rev. John Verheyen, O.C.C., who died last month at Kavelaer, Germany.

Mrs. Rosalie Viot, a subscriber, who died at Detroit, Mich., Aug. 30, after receiving all the Sacraments peacefully and happy to go to her God.

James Brady, who died at Port Stanley, Ont.

Patrick Buckley, who died at "Myre Hall," Read, Ont.

George Miller, Rochester, N. Y.

Michael Tomkins, of New York City.

Sister Mary Vincent Carney, who died at Leavenworth, Kansas.

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

## THANKSGIVING.

"At the time my wife was in the hospital in Boston having an operation performed she was in great agony a few days afterwards, and nothing could be done for her, so she promised Our Blessed Lady that if she obtained relief she would have a Mass of Thanksgiving offered. She no sooner made this promise to Our Blessed Lady when she was instantly relieved. She promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review. I request you to do so.

C. O'C.

Canton, Mass.

"Last February I was given up by the doctors, and every one thought I was dying. I prayed to the Infant King, and promised to write to the Carmelite Review if I recovered. I did, thank God!

Mrs. J. S.  
Passaic, N. J.

A reader in Braddock, Pa., also offers thanks for a recovery.

## WEARERS OF THE BROW.

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

Names received at Scipio, Kansas, Priory from: West Superior, Wis.; Ashton, Wis.; Rosedale, Kan.; Emporia, Kan.; Viesman, Mo.; Zell, Mo.; Lenox, Ia.

St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., has received names from: Bedford, Pa.;

Cumberland, Md.; Auburn Center, Pa.; Ferdinand, Ind.; St. Louis, Mo.; Evansville, Ind.; St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.; Lake Church, Wis.; Wellston, Ohio; Notre Dame, Ind.; Prairie du Chien, Wis.; Chester, Ill.; Holy Cross, Wis.; Mount Calvary, Wis.; Kewaskum, Wis., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Names received at Monastery, Falls View, Ont., from: Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Luke, Belleville, Ill.; Mt. Carmel, Ont.; Sacred Heart, Chicago, Ill.; Walloche, Ind.; Snyder, Ont.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.; London, Ont.; St. Boniface, Zurich, Ont.; Holy Cross, Philadelphia, Pa.; Church of Our Lady, Louisville, Ky.; Sacred Heart, Prairie du Chien, Wis.; St. Stephen, Cayuga, Ont.; North Yokina, Wash.; St. Columban, Ont.; Goderich, Ont.; Dundalk, Ont.; Con. of Good Shepard, Buffalo, N. Y.; Seaforth, Ont.; St. John, W. Johnville, N. B.; St. Peter's, London, Ont.; Bl. Sacrament, Hokah, Minn.; St. Peter's Wheelsburg, O.; St. Louis, St. Paul, Minn.; St. Helen's, Toronto, Ont.; St. Patrick's, Halifax, N. S.; Windsor, Ont.; St. Michael's, Toronto, Ont.; Windsor, Ont.; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Jasper, Ind.; Chatham, Ont.; St. Rose, Carbondale, Pa.; St. Joseph's, North Sydney, N. B.; St. Andrew's, Brechin, Ont.; St. Mary's, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; Dundas, Ont.; Trinity, Nfld.; St. Joseph's, Granville, Iowa; St. Anthony of Padua, Stowell, Pa.; St. Aloysius, Chicago; Victoria, B. C.; St. John, Oswego, N. Y.; Falls View, Ont.; Holy Family, Rochester, N. Y.; St. Aloysius, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Boniface, Buffalo, N. Y.; Glace Bay, N. S.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Michael's, Hewitt, Wis.; St. Michael's, Buffalo, N. Y.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Assumption, Livorville, N. Y.; Dresden, Kas.; Alexandria, Ont.; Drayton, Ont.; St. Benedict, Atchison, Kas.; Columbus, Ohio; St. Paul's church, Euclid, Ohio; St. Francis Xavier, Tillbury, Ont.; St. Ignatius, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Joseph's church, Stevens Point, Wis.; St. Vincent's, Toledo, O.; Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Ont.; St. James, Kenosha, Wis.; Detroit, Mich.; St. Bridget's, Logan, Ont.

## Falls View.

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