



ST. VERONICA'S VEIL.

(After Painting of Ittenbach)



PEACE.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



HERE is peace in the tranquil calmness
That glides o'er the boundless deep,
When the billows have ceased their moaning,
And sink, with a sigh to sleep.

There is peace in the shades of twilight,
When far in the radiant West
Fade the glances of golden sunbeams,
And soft chimes the hour for rest.

There is peace in the dream-land music,
That wafts in a sweet, low strain
Like the echo of Angel voices
Singing far o'er the earth again.

There is peace in a storm-tost spirit,
The calm and melodious thrill
Of His voice on the restless surging
That breathes, as of old, "Be still!"

And e'en in the deepest anguish
His grace can that peace impart,
If we drink of the bitter chalice
Through love for His Sacred Heart.

But more tranquil than ocean-calmness
Or twilight when fades the day,
Is that peace which awaits His loved ones,
When exile has passed away.

Oh! the eye hath not seen its beauty,
Nor ear heard that seraph-hymn;
And no heart can conceive the gladness
Afar o'er the shadows dim.

The day is far spent, my Jesus!
On thee, O most loving Guest,
Can our souls in their restless longing
Find peace and eternal rest.

LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES :

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PANEGYRIST OF CLEMENT VI.—LAST YEARS OF THE PONTIFF'S LIFE—HIS OBSEQUIES—THE BLACK VIRGIN OF PUY—PAPAL MAUSOLEUM AT CHAISE DIEU—1352-1353.



THE closing years of Pope Clement's life were marked by the noble efforts he made to behold peace—sweet peace—reign among his spiritual children. In Italy, active measures were taken to produce an amicable spirit in the various republics to which was tendered the earnest advice to suppress their antagonism towards each other, and *not* to annihilate by quarrels the strength, of which Christianity had so much need, to combat against the bold attacks of Islamism.

Upon the French territory, urged on and instigated by the aggression across the channel, there was waged a perpetual conflict, capable of destroying the two first people of the world. To effect a reconciliation, Clement sent, in the month of September, 1352, a special embassy to the foes. But the Pontiff was not permitted to see the result of his negotiations. It became evident

that life was ebbing away. With the fall of the leaf a low fever attacked him, and on the fifth day of the last month he died. Then from the little cupola, which still adorns the most ancient part of the palace, came immediately the silvery tones of the bell, which, so runs the legend, never rings save at the election of a Pontiff, and when death bids him lay aside the cares and honors of his elevated position.

Some days later on the remains of the Pontiff were temporarily placed in the cathedral church of Avignon—where they remained until the following spring. Then, in accordance with his last will, they were removed for sepulture to the monastery of "la Chaise-Dieu, in Auvergne. Clement VI. had always felt the greatest affection for this religious house—for therein in his early years he had been enrolled among the sons of the great St. Benedict.

The funeral cortege of the illustrious Pontiff was a grand sight, solemn and imposing, a something not easily forgotten. His brother, the Count de

Beaufort, and five cardinals, near relatives, were in the train. Pope Innocent VI., his successor, volunteered to assume all the expenses attendant upon these magnificent obsequies. And to whom was given the honor of delivering the panegyric? To no other than the dear saint, Peter Thomas, who found the office an easy one from the blameless and noble life led by the deceased Chief of the Church, and Vicar of Christ. The dignified presence, the mild and beautiful countenance of Pope Clement VI. will ever leave an ineffable memory, as it stands forth with imposing serenity in the annals of the historian.

In regard to his mode of administration, one cannot fail to admire his wise and energetic course, his just appreciation of men and things, his spirit of leniency, and love of peace,—no less than the air of grandeur, the suspicion of majesty which pervaded his reign. Then, too, from the papal chair there emanated during this entire pontificate, through the astute diplomacy which Pope Clement practised towards the various sovereigns, the happiest influence of spiritual authority. If we consider his personal character, we are lost in admiration of that affability which attracted towards him the hearts of his subjects, by that ineffable goodness, which taught him the art of satisfying those even whom he had to refuse, by his virtuous amenity, in fine by his proverbial *clemency*, of which history relates such admirable traits. That he possessed the qualities befitting his rank is a willingly granted fact, and we give due praise to the universal verdict which has given him a high place among those pontiffs who have, with the most dignity, splendor and prosperity, wielded the sceptre of the Church.

We are not unaware that certain disciples of Voltaire, always eager for scandal, whose suspicions are universal, whose doubts are systematic, have maliciously enquired if there be no faint shadows obscuring the private life of the Holy Father, which would take away some gleams of the vaunted glory of his reign. For our reply, we ask what proofs ever existed for such base insinuations? None worthy of a moment's notice have ever been produced. The utterances which have given use to them were but the erroneous opinions of some few secular historians, rashly admitted by but *one* annalist of the fourteenth century, the Florentine Matteo Villani. Far otherwise, the contemporaries of Pope Clement VI., even *Petrarch*, who was so given to the vice of calumny, have found but little fault with his mode of life, and speak in the highest terms of his many virtues. The impartial critic should recognize that, if the Pontiff, accustomed as he was to the courtly manners and splendid festas of the French Court during his sojourn there when Chancellor, manifested a certain tolerance for the trend—frivolous as it may have been—of his environment—it arose from the sweetness of his disposition, and *not* from his concurrence therein. To condemn him because he was fond of elegant surroundings and refined society, is to act in a manner most disrespectful to religion and unworthy of those principles which should ever influence the truthful historian.

St. Peter Thomas was *anything* but a flatterer, nay, as has already been said, he even assumed the privilege, when he thought it beneficial, to express his disapproval of this—or that—action of the pontiff, and yet he venerated him as a most worthy Chief of our holy

Church, and esteeme^d him as one whose solid virtues far outweighed those minor failings which at times arose like spots upon the sun. Let us touch upon a more serious difficulty. Should the generous expenditures of the Pontiff be censured as unwise?

His residence and its environs, it was said, were magnificent as those of royalty; the stables for his horses were equal to those of a king. His palace was filled with noblemen and officers, whose salaries were paid from the apostolic treasury. Well! we do not deny it, but should not the double end he had in view—to surround the tiara with more splendor as befitting the high dignity of the pontificate, and to provide revenues for several unfortunate families of the nobility—be taken into consideration? He is reproached with having squandered the funds left in the treasury by John XXII. and Benedict XII., for one or two purposes. Either to defray the expense attendant upon a crusade, or to provide the requisite sum for the hoped-for transfer of the Holy See to Rome once more. But, with ecclesiastical belongings, the question of how to apply them to the greatest advantage, is one which often varies, and Pope Clement thought that the most essential object at the time deserved them most. He employed this money then to keep in pay the garrison of Smyrna, which sustained, it might well be said, one perpetual crusade, to aid and strengthen France, exhausted and discouraged by recent wars, while the remainder was divided between improvements for the benefit of the public, and assisting the poor and destitute. Could the Pontiff have made a more praiseworthy distribution of the funds?

The passage from Avignon to Chaise Dieu, across that portion of lower

Languedoc on the Rhone which leads to Viverrais and Velay, occupied twelve days. The funeral cortege stopped each evening at the principal points, the casket was placed in the most frequented church, and Father Peter Thomas addressed the waiting throng, for everywhere were assembled faithful children of the Church, eager to participate in the pious exercises. At the city of Puy, the solemn ceremonial took place in the Cathedral, which is one of the most celebrated shrines of the Blessed Virgin in the world—and the preacher, as ever, came forward to deliver his discourse. But, owing to the fatigue of the voyage, and his constant exertion during its continuance, Father Peter was so hoarse that he found himself unable to speak above his breath. The vast assemblage saw the lips of the Carmelite move, they saw his gestures, and, in their eagerness, leaned forward to listen. Vain effort! The paralysis of the vocal chords produced an aphony so entire that the utterance of a single word was impossible. Soon the concentrated attention began to merge into astonishment, then a scarcely suppressed murmur was audible in the church, and a perceptible agitation amongst the audience caused Father Peter to fear that their disappointment might give rise to scandal. He turned and knelt before the altar, his eyes fixed upon the world renowned "Black Virgin," and offered up a most fervent prayer to the Queen of heaven. He also invoked the aid of the blessed soul of Clement VI. The divine benefactress and the good Pontiff, in whom he had implicit faith, did not delay in coming to his aid. The orator resumed his position, and soon his rich full voice poured forth a strain of eloquence which could be heard at the very extremity of the

spacious building.

The ceremonies over, the preacher was surrounded by his friends and interrogated as to this singular incident. He satisfied their anxiety, and explained how deeply he was indebted to the Blessed Virgin and to their recently deceased Pontiff, Clement VI. The obsequies were terminated at "la Chaise Dieu," in the beautiful church which owed so much of its magnificence to Pope Clement. The remains were "deposited in peace" in the mausoleum which he had prepared for that purpose during life. It arose, in its elegance, in the centre of the choir of the abbatial church. The principal pieces had been sculptured under his supervision at Villeneuve-les-Avignon.

The abbot, Etienne d'Aigrefeuille, received the august charge with all possible veneration, and to ensure equal respect throughout all future time, he decreed that the anniversary of the Pontiff's death should be celebrated by a vigil and by the tolling of the great bells. Still more, after the daily conventual Mass, the celebrant, attended by a deacon, was to repair to the tomb and pronounce the absolution over him who reposed within. All this was faithfully observed until prevented by those sanguinary revolutions which scattered desolation and ruin over the land. It is scarcely one hundred years since, that upon the eve of their departure, the Benedictines might have been heard reciting those liturgical prayers for Clement VI., their illustrious confrere and noble benefactor.

But let us return to the fourteenth century. Master Peter, after having conscientiously acquitted himself of a well merited tribute towards him whose aid and encouragement he had experienced for ten years, renewed his connection with Avignon, and became

again devoted to his office of Preceptor, and deeply interested in the apostolate.

It was but for a brief space of time, however, for a new and unexpected ministry awaited him.

A religious is, by the very fact of his being one, vowed to accept whatever service the Holy See may require from him. Soon, therefore, will we behold the humble Carmelite, torn, through obedience, from the beloved solitude of the cloister, and taking his first step in the field of political life. No need to fear, however, that Father Peter Thomas will not be able to correspond with the ever-widening sphere of his existence. Fortified and sustained by his unbounded confidence in God, rather than relying upon his own powers, he handled the most intricate questions with wonderful astuteness. Appointed not less than fourteen times to different legations, he maintained through all the honor of his Master, the Sovereign Pontiff, and shed new lustre on the affairs of the Holy See. Do you think that this should be a source of wonder? Ah! No! Nothing in the wide world, not even long experience in dealing with the most difficult questions, could produce resources to be compared to the admirable tact, and supernatural light which Father Peter Thomas so superabundantly possessed.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST LEGATIONS — GENOA — MILAN — NAPLES — QUEEN — JOANNA — EPISCOPATE — CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY — 1353-1354.

Before his elevation to the papal dignity, the Cardinal Etienne Aubert (Innocent VI.) a native of Beyssac in Limousin, was one of the warmest friends of the saint. With a thorough

appreciation of his ability and merit, the sovereign Pontiff, with an appeal to his zeal and devotedness, selected him to bear to the subjects, as well as to their kings, various communications from the apostolic court. Since the advent of the reigning Pontiff, a number of complications had arisen beyond the mountains. The states of the Church languished beneath the oppressive yoke of local tyrants, who had declared themselves independent in almost all the papal territory and the Romagna. To regain the pontifical domain was the mission entrusted to His Eminence Cardinal Albornoz. Genoa, through a fatal want of foresight, was on the point of losing her independence. Actuated by a spirit of revenge, for a naval defeat at the hands of the Venetians, (August 29, 1353), the mistaken people called to their aid a very dangerous ally. However jealous Genoa had hitherto been of her national liberty, she did not hesitate to confide her fate to the very doubtful mercies of the Duke of Milan. Fatal precipitation! The duke, profiting by the existing discord, had increased his own power to a scarcely to be conceived extent, and threatened thereby to hopelessly disturb the equilibrium of the Peninsula. To avert this peril, Peter Thomas, receiving his first political mission, was sent to the two states, Genoa and Milan.

At Genoa he was to depict in his most earnest way the dangers which would too surely follow from an obstinate perseverance in this fratricidal hatred, and strive with his best and most skillful diplomacy to prevent, at the very outset, the war between Genoa and Venice from dragging its weary length along forever.

At Milan he was to demonstrate how all Europe would look on with more

than disapproval if the duke would attempt to abuse the discretionary power with which he had so confidently been invested by the Genoese. Thus, as ever, the role of peacemaker was unhesitatingly adopted by the Church.

And did the result of these negotiations prove favorable enough to justify the opening of the legation? Was the first appearance of Father Peter as a diplomatist crowned with success? We may well believe it from the relative tranquillity which prevailed for some time in the north of Italy, and from the fact that Father Peter was entrusted almost immediately with another mission no less important than the first.

In the south of Italy, the kingdom of Naples, for at least a decade of years, had writhed beneath the iron rivets of a chain of public calamities, and thereby had become an object of the most tender solicitude to the Holy See.

Queen Joanna—a princess—who, unfortunately, was of a most inconstant and unstable disposition, had, whilst still quite young, accepted as her husband, Andrew, son of the King of Hungary. No two persons were more dissimilar, and this fact went far to increase the misunderstanding which, as was natural, already existed between the Hungarians, who composed the retinue of Andrew, and the Neapolitans, whose pride and boast was that they were officers of the Queen. Basely plotting the death of Andrew, the Neapolitans eventually succeeded in their dark design, and accomplished the crime in the palace of Aversa. No sooner did the sad tidings reach the brother of the victim—Louis, now King of Hungary—than he, at the head of a powerful army, took up the

line of march to Naples. Joanna, filled with terror at the news of his approach, hastened to seek, with Louis of Tarente, whom she had married shortly after the death of her first husband, a refuge in Provence, which formed part of her possessions. And she had also to submit to the investigation which Hungary demanded, and to the process instituted against her before the Pope. The young Queen then appeared in person on the trying occasion in the hall of the Consistory at Avignon.

She was there to defend her crown and, what was far more precious, her honor, compromised as it was by the suspicion of complicity in a most deplorable crime. She plead her own cause, and with such effect that her eloquence, and the tears which seemed to come directly from an overburdened heart, carried conviction to those whom she addressed. She was pronounced personally innocent of the assassination. Nevertheless, to obtain a favorable sentence, it would be necessary to dismiss—and that without delay—the foreign troops which occupied the principal fortresses in Italy. But the state of the finances was, from various causes, far from being such as to enable Joanna to sustain the expense of fitting out a new garrison.

To procure the funds necessary for that object, she, therefore, sold all her right and title to Avignon, for the sum of 80,000 florins (1,300,000 francs) to the sovereign Pontiff. The possession of this sum revived the courage which had well nigh died out in her heart. Joanna and Louis, returning to Naples, entered with more or less success into various military operations, but the latter, even after the final expulsion of the Hungarians (1352), never seemed to enjoy any real peace or happiness.

The "sword of Damocles" was ever suspended over his head, and he dreaded the punishment merited by one who, if not the prime mover in the regicide, had at least been the guilty cause of the fatal deed. During the decade of years, which was the limit of his life, misfortune seemed to pursue the king-

dom, and more than once inexplicable complications arose which impelled Pope Innocent VI. to place Naples under an interdict.

Peter Thomas was appointed to go thither in the spring of the year 1354. His biographers do not say anything definite in regard to the instructions with which he was entrusted, but they were probably similar to those given to his predecessors. They touched upon questions of grave import, and included matters which the sympathetic nature of the saint rendered him eminently qualified to deal with. Filled with the tenderest pity for the afflicted kingdom, whilst adoring with a holy fear the visible manifestation of divine justice, he endeavored to soften its severity by his wise counsels and fervent prayers. Otherwise his embassy to Naples was but an episode in his career, for autumn found him again at Avignon, ready to resume his ordinary rule of life.

Never once did he, in giving the account of his mission, even dream of aspiring to any ecclesiastical dignity as a reward for his efforts, but the creditable manner in which he had acquitted himself as nuncio increased the esteem—already so great—in which Peter Thomas was held. The Roman Curia was careful not to lose sight of a diplomatist whose first efforts had met with such happy results—and the occasion to again make use of his ability was not long in presenting itself.

The Emperor of Germany, Charles IV., whose accession to the throne took place in 1346, had gone through a long and hotly-contested struggle for undisputed possession of the imperial dignity. Up to this time, therefore, Italian interests had engaged but little of his attention—rather, he had never given them a thought. Now, however, more firmly secured by the death of his rival, the iron crown of the Lombard kings awakened his ambition, whilst in the Eternal City the golden diadem worn by the Roman emperors seemed a prize worth his mightiest effort.

Since his election—for which he was indebted to Elias de Talleyrand—Charles had always manifested a proper

respect and submission to pontifical authority, it is true. But was there not always danger that, when placed in contact with the readily-excited nature of the Italians, he would, like his predecessors, espouse the cause of the party inimical to the Holy Father? To guard against the machinations of which he might become the object then, Innocent VI. resolved to send a representative to salute the Emperor upon his arrival in Italy.

Almost at the same time, Avignon had beheld advancing from beyond the Adriatic—from the shores of the Danube—a deputation from the Chief of the Rasciens, a people who had declared their intention of uniting themselves with the Church. To encourage them in this resolution, it was decided that after having paid his respects to Charles IV., the Roman ambassador should extend his travels to the would-be converts, and become acquainted with their dispositions in their own domain.

To whom would this dual and difficult mission be given? In a period when the relations between the Holy See and the imperial throne were of that strained nature that an ill-advised step might prove disastrous, it required one who would be both astute and faithful, courteous and yet not easily influenced, politic, and yet full of zeal for him who had appointed him. To satisfy the demands of the Rasciens, who up to that time were adherents of the schism of Constantinople, a nuncio would be required whose ability would be co-equal with his authority, who would be thoroughly versed in our controversy with the Greeks, and fully competent, when occasion required, to enter into disputations and sustain theological discussions. Blessed Peter Thomas was the one in whom the sovereign Pontiff plainly beheld combined all the qualifications he desired for the varied duties to be discharged. And that his new delegate might go forth vested with all possible dignity, Innocent VI. decided to confer upon him episcopal honors, and create him a Bishop. The See of Patti and Lipari, in the kingdom of Sicily, was, at that

time, through the death of Peter of Permes, of the Order of Friar Minors, without any occupant, and upon November 13, 1354, Peter Thomas was named as his successor. He alone was surprised at the selection, but obedience prompted him not to decline what seemed a heaven-sent gift. He was consecrated some days afterwards by Cardinal Guy of Bologne. Innocent VI., when he admitted him to the ranks of the Episcopate, formulated for the new prelate "the dispensation of residence," an exception very rarely made by that sovereign Pontiff.

Peter Thomas, now a bishop, could not, as yet, take possession, personally, of the See which he had been appointed to control. He fondly hoped, however, that, with the approval and authority of the sovereign Pontiff, he might, in the near future, take up his residence there. He did not know—he could not foresee—that the general welfare of the Church—to which he devoted himself daily more and more—would never sanction the realization of this desire.

For the present, however, his route lay towards the great Alps, whither he directed his steps in the depths of winter, regardless of the Ice King's sway. He assisted at the first coronation of Charles IV. at Milan, or, as some authors assert, at Monza.

The prince, touched by the signal marks of respect and deference, of which he was the object, manifested all proper veneration for the Holy See, and promised faithfully to protect its rights. And, indeed, breaking away more and more from the Teutonic traditions, he abandoned the Ghibellines unequivocally, and showed himself decidedly favorable to the Guelphs, who were ever devoted champions of the Papacy.

After the ceremony, Charles set out for Rome where, upon Easter day, he was to be crowned with all fitting solemnity. The Bishop of Patti, meanwhile, pursuing his journey, wended his way to those distant and little known territories where the tribes of the Rasciens dwelt.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)



FTER sending the poor distracted mother home, Mr. Gray returned to his cottage. On his desk lay his unfinished sermon, begun the Monday previous, and standing there, looking at

it, his eye caught the text, that heroic text given by Christ: "If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me." Were ever words telling how perfection may be gained so plainly spoken? He sat down, and, as his eye followed his explanation of the precept, he smiled sadly. How easy it had appeared to him last Monday morning to take up his daily life for Christ! And now that he had found his cross, he was bending beneath it! And those were the words he had been wont to address to human hearts, crushed, perhaps, as was his own! He took the paper and tore it into pieces; then, reached out his hand for the well-worn Testament. It opened at the text he had chosen for his next sermon, and, sitting there in the evening hush, he re-read the words and understood them. He, who had uttered them, had known what human suffering is, had borne His daily cross, knowing the way led to Calvary's summit. Of the thousands who would essay to fellow such a Master, how

many turn back when the first trial comes; how many faint and lose courage because the way is long and rugged! And was he to be one of those, one who would save his life to lose it, as Christ predicted? The past days had been filled with exquisite torture, outraged duty battling with the strong, last and best love of the man. He had looked at his love in its "local coloring," as Judith had bade him regard their acquaintance, and knew that one more vain, more hopeless, had never touched a human heart. The weakest wave that ever broke against the shore was more effectual; it had done its little part toward wearing earth away, but not all the ingenuity of love could give a Catholic wife to a Baptist minister. How slight a thing he had hitherto regarded difference; now, when it opposed him, he found it hard as steel. Admitting she returned his love, what then? That barrier would still exist until the faith of one would yield. Would it be hers, received through ancestors on the maternal side, bedewed with martyr blood freely spilled in vindication of its truth, when Henry and Elizabeth would turn their subjects to a contrary creed? He knew were such a conflict as he was now undergoing to be ever opened in her heart, love would be put to flight at the very first onset. The conviction, she, a woman, were stronger than he, a man and a minister, angered him and he smote love and thought it dead. But it returned,

sadly pleading. It showed him how lonely his life was. There were no brothers, sisters, no near relatives to whom he could turn for affection; all love that would cheer him through life, he must gather where he could in the cold, unthinking world. And was ever anything so sweet, so soothing, so completely filling his idea of perfection in the human, as the sentiment he entertained for Judith? Not alone was her face enravelling, but her mind, her soul, revealed to him rarely, it is true, but at those times, completely. A companion with whom it were pleasure to spend all the days of one's life, a friend, whose loyal heart would never fail, a wife, to love and cherish, to hold, his very own through all time and all eternity. To gain this at a sacrifice of a belief and the duty that belief demanded—he thrust the suggestion from him and strove to pray. But over the appeals for strength, came that sweet, alluring voice. Was it such an offense? Do not men, day after day, barter their convictions of truth and honesty and justice for ambition or place or power, with consciences apparently undisturbed? He sought none of those things, but a little happiness, the common dower of human souls. The voice grew bolder, at being listened to unrebuked, and asked if it might not be the workings of the all-loving Providence that he had been brought here to find this joy for which ever the heart seeks. Would he be less loyal to God and his fellowmen in accepting another form of a common belief? Is form not, after all, the shell; faith, animating all Christians, the pearl? So the voice went on, and spent, baffled, he listened. Who has not done so? Where is the heart that has not at some time been the scene of such a conflict? He had thus sat through the whole of

the first night, a victim to contending emotions, and when the morning broke he looked toward the east, knowing now his utter helplessness, with a last anguished cry to God for assistance. The spiritual weakness continued, but as he stood by the negro woman's side that afternoon, all his strength returned. He felt its power like a flood sweeping over his soul, and, as she broke from his grasp and sped to her son, he lifted his face to Heaven and there re-dedicated his life to his Saviour, more humbly than in the first flush of victorious youth, but not the less fervently. Sorrow had touched his soul with its wings of fire, hope had languished and faith seemed to wilt; but faith had now revived, and hope, more gentle, more patient, raised her drooping head. He did not now pray "In Thy time and way!" but "Let Thy way be also mine!" knowing now he had the strength to follow it, though it lead to his Calvary.

He continued to read from the Gospels, and marveled at the fresh beauty he found in their words. "Perhaps," he said to himself, laying down the little book at length, "I needed this to wash my soul and that I, too, shall come to see things clearly and unerringly, as does she. All things—yes," hesitatingly, "all things!" He leaned his arms on the desk, and with his eyes on the shelf of books above, began to look back and garner up the fruit yielded by the experience of the past few days; but the physical part was well-nigh spent, and, after a time, his head fell forward and the minister was fast asleep.

Hours later he awoke. The room lay in darkness, so soft and thick, it seemed he could feel it, and a nameless dread came in with the waking moment, taking on a degree of certainty

as there came to him, from afar, the sound of excited voices. He groped his way through that gloom to the door, and, as he opened it, a flood of moonlight poured in, while louder grew the disturbing tones. He ran down the steps, and, following the sounds, came to the jail, by whose battered doors a small crowd was standing. From them he heard how, a few minutes previous, a band of masked men had broken into the jail, surprising the guards, beating, and, perhaps, killing the brave marshal, and had dragged the wretched negro from his bed to wreak on him summary justice. There flashed through the listener's mind the promise he had made to the negro's old mother, and to keep which, he would have gone to instant death. Some one said the mob had gone in the direction of Sims' Bridge, and he remembered, afterwards, the sickness that came over his heart as he caught the words, for it was there he had said good-bye to love and Judith; then, he was at his own door, and in another minute, he, on his trusty wheel, was speeding down the white streets. Men told afterwards how he had ridden, one instant beside them, the next out of sight; and even in that time of dread, he marvelled at his speed. The steep hill tested his strength, but he regained himself on the slope. As he left the tree-lined streets behind, and the sky appeared he saw the moon, still holding its crescent shape, was hanging low in the west; and the foolish thought flashed through his mind an Indian had called it a bad hunting moon, lying on its back, with horns pointing directly upwards. The weird fading light filled him with an indefinable fear, it seemed as if the two gleaming points were hands uplifted, warning him back from his perilous endeavor.

He fully realized the danger attending this wild ride, knew the slight value a mob sets upon life, and if he attempted to thwart their work, which he had come to do, he would as surely fall a prey to their fury as the negro he would save. Half-way down the hill the great pillars of the bridge loomed up, gaunt and spectre-like in the silvery light, and at sight of the men and horses, blackening the white road, he caught his breath in a hard gasp, but he leaned lower over the handle-bar, every energy bent, every muscle strained, that a promise made to a trusting heart, might be redeemed, even though a thousand dangers threatened. So silent was his coming, no one was aware of his presence until he stood in their midst, and, in a tone of command, asked the meaning of such an unlawful action. The rope was around the negro's neck and the hangman, standing over the trembling wretch, was ordering him to say his last prayers. At the sound of the minister's voice, the man started back, while the negro threw himself on his knees, crying,

"Boss! Boss! save me! I swar 'foh God I nuver killed ole Mistah Sharkley!"

"Men," said the minister, turning to the crowd that had begun to edge in on him, "in the name of God, Whom we all reverence, and Who has given being to this negro as well as to you, I ask you to return him to the jail. The authority to dispose of human life belongs to the law, from whose hands none have right to wrest it. You have no positive proof this boy committed the deed for which you are about to hang him. The guilty one may be in this very crowd, seeking his own safety by the death of the innocent."

"I thout you cum hyar to pray,

pa'son, not to preach," said a sneering voice from the nearest group. Then it broke in, fiercely: "And pray you'd bettah, and darned quick, ur your nigger'll go to hell with white comp'ny pa't uf the way, at least!"

"I came here," said the minister, "to try to prevent the commission of a heinous crime. I believe the negro is innocent, for his life, which has been spent almost entirely in this town, has been a blameless one. He never possessed a firearm and the dead man's gun was found, unused, over his door. This negro knew no one in that neighborhood from whom he could obtain a weapon, and none were found on the premises, nor on his person, when captured. Mr. Sharkley was killed by a pistol shot; how could this be done by a boy who had no gun and had never used one in his life? Men, I appeal to you in the name of your God and your manhood, pause before you take on your souls this horrible crime! I beg of you to listen to me! God knows, my motive is as much to save you from sin, as this poor life to justice."

A part of the men fell back, but that voice that had before spoken, answered,

"Shet up! Now this I say to you, preacher, by that God you prate so much about, this nigger dies to-night, ef I hev fust to put a bullet through you, so these men kin do thar work. Git up from thar, you, nigger! We giv you time to pray, now, die 'thout pray'r. It's all the same to you, anyhow. Men," fiercely, to the wavering crowd, "what mercy did thet devil show ole Jakey Sharkely! Swing him off, an' let the world be rid of sech varmint!"

The hangman attempted to reach the negro, but the minister bravely

interposed, although his quick eye caught the gleam of a pistol in the speaker's right hand.

"Boy," he said, looking pityingly down at the cowering wretch at his feet, "it may be I cannot make these men hear reason, and that you must die; but, before you go, tell the truth to me. Tell the truth to me, Pete, even if you know before you had finished, they would send you to the other world."

Thus addressed, the negro rose. He was shaking from head to feet with fear, but as he looked from the masked crowd back to the face of the minister, pale but breathing of the dauntless courage of the soul, his situation lost some of its hopelessness, and he began in somewhat steady tones:

"Boss, I nuver done it; ole Mistah Sharkley, he hit me wif de hoe dat mawnin' 'cause de cattle bruk down de fence an' got inter de cawn. I got mad and run'd inter de house, an' tole Mis' Lucy I was gwian an' I took my close, an' went uver to de Springs. But 'long er 'bout noon, I wus uver my mad, an' I c'luded I'd a bettah go bac'. I sta'ted an' when I cum to de willow clump, I met a man. I'd nuver seed 'im in my life, as I 'member, but he sed to me, 'Pete, you'd bettah run fur your life! Sumbod's shot ole Sharkley an' dey'll say 'twas you, cos he hit you dis mawnin'. Ef de white men ketch you, dey'll hang you, shore!' I sta'ted to run—"

"Wait," interrupted the minister; "was the man white or black?"

"He hed a mighty bac' face, Boss, but he warn't no niggah, fur he hed yaller hair."

"Why did you run off when you had done nothing wrong?" questioned the minister.

"'Cos I wus afeard of the white men. I knowd ef dey koted me, dey'd hang me; fur dey allus hang a niggah, whether he's done enythin' ur not! O Boss, Boss, won't you save me?"

The minister looked from the anguished face to the masked men around him.

"You hear that story," he began, but that now familiar voice cried, angrily:

"D—n you and his story! What do you think we care fur a nigger's lies? I tell you," and he now pushed his way through the crowd that closed up impatiently after him, "we didn't cum hyar fur nothin'. That nigger'll swing to-night, as shore as God!"

A murmur of assent ran over the masked crowd, and the minister realized the fatal moment had come. He knew from the start persuasion was useless, that he was only endangering his own life; but he had persisted, hoping to gain time. He began again, to be interrupted; it was then the voice said,

"Men, give thet thar pa'son a knock" (and the minister noticed his peculiar pronunciation of that last word, the silent "k" being broadly given) "in the head, ur shet him up sum way!" and, as he spoke, he advanced, while the negro clutched the minister, wildly calling on him to save him.

"Step back!" cried the minister, sternly. "If you will take the crime on yourselves, give this poor soul some time to prepare for its meeting with its Maker!"

The man paused, sullenly.

"Pete," he said, and his voice shook, "I cannot save you! They are determined you shall hang!" At the

words, the negro broke into wild, piteous pleading, and his despairing cries seemed to tear into the very heart of the summer night, until the minister wondered why all creation did not awake. He held the shrinking figure in his strong arms, endeavoring to soothe his fears. As the boy grew quiet, a breath's silence followed, and in it, the minister's fine ear caught a faint sound, the sound of hither hastening horses' feet. Help was coming! The town had been aroused by fears of his safety and was sending assistance, but it might prove too late, for once let the mob suspect it, they would hurl the boy into eternity without a second's warning. He wished the negro would scream again, but the boy had grown strangely quiet.

"Boss," he said, very low, "wasn't thet you what was stan'in' wif mammy to-day?"

"Yes," replied the minister.

"Den mebbe you'll be good to po'r ole mammy when I'm dead, an' say I tole her good-bye."

All this was said so calmly that the minister's heart began to quail. In another minute, he knew, the sounds, growing more distinct to him, would be heard by the infuriated mob.

"Pete," he called out, in his loudest tones, "do you know you must die to-night?"

"I suppose so, Boss," he answered, and the minister knew the stolidity of the negro race had now taken possession of the boy.

"Then kneel down," he commanded, "and let us pray. Stand back, men, and let us alone for these few last minutes!"

The crowd moved back several paces. The rope, tied to one of the projecting beams, its other end fast-

ened around the boy's neck, lay across the bridge, like a slender white snake, half-uncoiled in the swift-departing, weird light. The negro knelt erect, his black face lifted to the star-gemmed sky. He had ceased his violent trembling, a statue carved from ebony were not more still. His excitement had now passed to the white man. He sent a wild appeal to God to help him in this supreme moment; then bending his head began to pray aloud. The first words were scarcely uttered when over that silent multitude broke the clatter and noise made by the feet of innumerable galloping horses, bearing down on them from the hill. A wild oath went up, with the shout,

"The town-people are coming! Throw him over, boys, throw him over!"

A frantic rush followed; a dozen strong hands seized the startled negro, and pushed him, still kneeling, over the bridge's edge. In the excitement, they forgot the minister, now crouched against the pillar. As they caught the boy, his long, sharp knife gleamed

once in the moonlight, and when the black form was hurled from earth, the sudden splash in the water beneath told him how true and unerring had been that blade of steel. When the men saw the negro drop, they turned to flee, but the dashing of the water arrested them.

"By H—! He cut the rope!" cried that one voice, and in the next instant, the tall, strong figure of the minister, standing alone on the bridge in the unearthly light cast by the setting moon, the two bright points of which now remained, like flaming hands raised to Heaven, from the brow of gently curved hill, swayed forward, and fell, with a heavy thud, while a pistol shot rent the summer air.

Then the mob sprang to their horses, reached the cross roads before the oncomers could intercept them, and, entering the wider pike, spurred their horses into a mad gallop for their homes in the fastness of the cedar-clad hills.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SYMPATHY.

AH! the plaintive sighs of sorrow,
 Cast their shadows over me,
 Waking mournfully the echoes
 Of responsive sympathy.
 But the golden rays of gladness
 Emanating from above,
 In my spirit find an echo
 From the sympathy of love.

—E. DE M.

CORPUS CHRISTI.



HOW different is the spirit of Holy Church on the feasts of Holy Thursday and Corpus Christi! The first is overshadowed by mournful Passion-thoughts, and, as Father Faber says, "our last effort to be joyful, dies away with the music of the 'Gloria.'" The lights and flowers with which loving hands have adorned His altar of repose, seem to fade away, as we kneel, in spirit, beside the agonizing Saviour of Gethsemane, sharing, by sympathy, in His loneliness and sorrow.

But the spirit of Corpus Christi is joyful, triumphant: . . . a glorious feast, when the Lamb is enthroned on the altar to receive thanksgiving, and praise, and adoration. During the entire Octave, Holy Church is illumined with His radiance, inflamed with His love, resounding melodiously with the strains of her Angelic Doctor's "Lauda Sion."

In thousands of her altars, this Divine Victim is offered in sacrifice, exposed for adoration — frequently borne in triumphal procession, amidst waving banners, and sweet-scented flowers, and wreaths of incense. Benedictions are softly falling, with untold graces, over human hearts — soothing their sorrows, lightening their burdens, and imparting that peace "which the world cannot give."

Countless souls are receiving this

"Bread of Angels," and what light, and strength, and virtue "goes out" from Him during His stay! Others, again, commune with Him in silent prayer, visiting this "Prisoner of love" who abides unceasingly in the Tabernacle.

Even "the valley of death" is illumined by Holy Viaticum, the last embrace of Jesus ere the soul sinks into her "sleep of peace." These are the seven rays of the Sacred Heart: Holy Mass, Communion, Exposition, Procession, Benediction, Visit, and Holy Viaticum. Truly, He is the Sun of Holy Church, flooding it with golden light, beautifying it with His own beauty, so that we exclaim of this "city of God," as St. John exclaims of the eternal city above: "The Lamb is the lamp thereof." Let us in these "acceptable days," endeavor to know Him more intimately, to love Him more ardently, to imitate more closely His example of sacrifice, love, humility, obedience and silence. Above all, let us implore that this Adorable Sacrament may be our treasure on earth, and "the pledge of future glory" in Heaven.

"O Sacrum convivium, in quo Christus sumitur,

"Recolitur memoria Passionis ejus:
Mens impletur

"Gratia, et futuræ gloriæ, nobis pignus datur."

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

FROM THE ETERNAL CITY.

An Interesting Letter From an Esteemed Friend of Carmel.

ROME, ITALY,

May 1, 1858.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I will now tell you all about my stay in Rome. Rome had, they tell me, a charming winter, so that meant a great deal of rain in the Spring, and it indeed seemed so, for it poured incessantly for a week or more, making sight-seeing almost an impossibility and quite discouraging us for a time. The city was very much over-crowded, 1,200 Americans being here, attracted principally by Holy Week with its beautiful ceremonies.

Our first drive was to visit St. Paul's and the Three Fountains outside the walls. In the former, an elegant edifice, are mosaics of all the Popes, from St. Peter down to Leo XIII.; the frescoes and altar pieces are all very masterly, and the fine Confessio and beautiful cloister are really a dream. At the Three Fountains, a Trappist guided us to the spot so closely connected with the martyrdom of St. Paul. We saw his prison cell where he was held for three hours before execution, as well as the original pillar on which his head was laid. The three fountains which sprung up so miraculously after his decapitation were then pointed out to us.

The palaces of historic value are almost without number. I am sure that we did not see a third of them, but those we did see appeared very advantageously to our minds. The three I cared the most for were the Roman Forum, the Coliseum and the Palace of the Cæsars, each of which has a history in itself.

The grandest manner in which the

Coliseum presented itself to me was one by moonlight, when every nook and corner was shrouded in a death-like whiteness, adding much to the magnificence of the place, and reminding me so much more forcibly of the martyrs, whose lives had been given up in so worthy a cause.

The Pantheon is another place which appealed to me. I had always desired to see that above any other sight in Rome. It is a wonderful edifice, both in point of architecture and preservation. There is a difference of opinion, so I know I feel at liberty to say that I do not like the idea of turning it into a church. It seems as though it should be left as other marks of history. If any place should be turned into a place of worship it should be the Coliseum. Over twenty-eight wagon loads of the bones of martyrs were brought to the Pantheon from the Catacombs in A.D. 609, and thus it was dedicated to all the saints, under the title of *Sancta Maria ad Martyres*. The tombs of Victor Emmanuel and Raphael are here, as well as of many poets of Italian fame.

The art galleries were of course very interesting to us. I have not seen a gallery in Florence that I admire so much as that of the Vatican. There is the Hall of Modern Pictures, many and wonderful, but the one of which I am fondest is the "Martyrdom of St. Alexandria," given to Pope Leo XIII, on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee. In the Hall of the Immaculate Conception are frescoes pertaining to the divine dogma. A magnificent cabinet in the centre was presented to Pius IX., in 1858, by the French

clergy, and contains the text of the dogma translated into many languages.

I must defer mentioning the many famous paintings and frescoes by the great masters. They are innumerable. In the Sixtine Chapel is depicted Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, so mighty and glorious that hours would seem insufficient to satisfy you in studying its different points. Other artists have also contributed to the decoration of this chapel.

Of St. Peter's Church, I can never say enough. The oftener I went to visit it, the better I liked it, and how unwilling I was to leave it! Unlike the other churches in Rome, its exterior appearance is grand and imposing. Two large fountains grace either side of the spacious piazza, and on the facade are over two hundred statues by Beruni. Of the five doors of the church, that on the extreme right is called "Porta Santa" and is opened only every twenty-five years. The interior is really so beautiful and of such exquisite workmanship and architecture that no words can adequately describe it.

Near the centre of St. Peter's Church is the statue of the Prince of the Apostles, whose foot is worn smooth from the kisses of devotees, counting myself, of course. The magnificently decorated dome rests on four piers 234 feet in circumference in the niches of which are statues by famous artists. The finest, that of St. Veronica, was sculptured by Mocchi, above which are kept the sacred relics. The grand Confessio is surrounded by 65 ever-burning lamps. The descent is by marble steps to doors of gilded bronze, dating from the earlier church. Here is the Sarcophagus of St. Peter. There are many fine altar pieces and numberless tombs of Popes and Cardinals. Over the main altar, encased in bronze, is the original chain of St.

Peter. The Sacristy is very fine, being chiefly in marble and inlaid wood.

On the first pleasant day afforded us, we called on the Father General of the Carmelites. He was out, so we journeyed over to the Vatican to see Mgr. Merry del Val, who has been exceedingly kind to us. Our next visit, however, found the General at home. He only spoke Italian, but a young student, Mr. Larkin, proved a fine interpreter. Father Galli greeted us most cordially, and promised to do all he could for us, which he most assuredly did. The Holy Father gives no more audiences except on business, so assisting at his Mass has taken its place, and is equally hard to hear. Father General was very willing for us to visit the different Carmelite convents in and about Rome, and even made an engagement to go with us himself. He also gave us a letter to the Prior in Florence, enabling us to visit the monastery there containing the preserved body of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.

The Holy Week ceremonies in Rome were most impressive and beautiful. Through Mgr. Merry del Val we secured reserved seats. Such a crush! The people were packed as close as sardines. We were present at the singing of the "Tenebrae" and the "Miserere." Of the last named, everybody has heard, and, indeed, it cannot be exaggerated. Such beauty of phrasing and sympathy! The voices would rise and fall, moan and cry, and then be broken for a while, while the clergy chanted a stanza in monotone, only to be again taken up in a shriek and then a cry and then a softness of so consoling a nature that you indeed realized that in the psalm there was more than a mere lamentation.

About five times the true relics of the Cross, Lance and Holy Face were venerated and extended in blessing from the balcony of St. Veronica, which I took advantage of every time,

you may be sure. The Blessing of the Oils and other ceremonies of Holy Thursday and Good Friday were of the most gorgeous character. On Holy Saturday, the services were very lovely but long, lasting from 8 o'clock to half-past twelve. In the afternoon, one of the Cardinals gave what they call the Penitentiary Blessing from his throne in the church. It looked rather odd at first. He held a long pointer, which he held at the end, and everyone who approached him knelt down, upon which the Cardinal tapped him on the head. It is an old custom, by which criminals were absolved by the prelates.

On Easter Sunday we attended the Pope's Mass in the Sistine Chapel. I can never tell you what happiness I felt at first beholding that divine countenance. The Pope did not seem to be of life, but all soul and intellect, and as he raised himself from his already

elevated position in blessing, his face was aglow with love and eagerness. We were indeed very fortunate in even assisting a second time at the Holy Father's Mass, since thousands were less fortunate. For this we must thank Father Galli, the General of the Carmelites. You are indeed gifted in having such an extraordinary man as he is for your General Superior.

We saw so many churches that I do not know which one to mention. First of all, we saw St. John Lateran's, the parish church of Pope Leo, wherein is the real table of the Last Supper, which is exposed to view on every Holy Thursday.

The Sacred Heart Convent of Trinita di Monti was visited *many* times; being Sacred Heart pupils, we were of course interested in every convent, especially the one which contains the miraculous picture of *Mater Admirabilis*.

J. C.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I.

WE lift our sinful hearts to thee,
In gratitude and praise;
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,
To thee our songs we raise.

II.

For all thy kind and loving care,
In sorrow and in pain,
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,
We chant a grateful strain.

III.

To soothe our ills, and share our toil,
Be with us evermore;
Our Lady of the Sacred heart,
Oh, listen, we implore!

IV.

Sweet Virgin, pure as lily fair,
And whiter than the snow,
Look down on us with eyes of love—
Thy children here below.

V.

Be thou a star in life's dark night
A light that shall not fail;
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Hail, thou sweet Virgin, hail!

THE ARCH-CONFRATERNITY OF THE HOLY FACE.



HE devotion to the Holy Face began on the road to Calvary at the sixth station, when the noble Roman Matron Veronica, braved the impious Jewish rabble to bring comfort to her suffering Lord. She was the first repairer of the insults heaped upon His sacred countenance, and her spirit still lives in thousands of souls united in the bonds of charity and the spirit of reparation, to atone for the outrages committed on the Calvary of to-day.

The veil of Veronica, with the impression of the suffering Face of the Redeemer, is one of the most precious relics of the Vatican, and devotion to it had already existed in the Church for ages, but without special form, when in 1816 was born a little Bretonne, Pierrine Eluere, afterwards known as Sister Saint-Pierre, the holy Carmelite of Tours, to whom God was pleased to reveal His wish, that a special *Cultus* of the Holy Face should have place in His Church. The Sister suffered and prayed for many years, she was tested and tried in every way, as her wonderful Life shows, but it was not until after her death that her mission was fully accomplished. M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours, was chosen by God to aid in spreading the devotion; he brought it to the knowledge of the outside world, while the humble Religious received the secret inspiration of Heaven. The life of Sister Saint-Pierre is the key and necessary harbinger of that of M. Dupont. These two beautiful lives uphold, explain and mutually complete each other, both being intimately

united in the same work,—“The Reparation of Blasphemy and of the Profanation of the Sunday, by the worship of the Holy Face.”

Sister Saint Pierre died in July, 1848. In January, 1849, Pius IX., then exiled at Gaeta, ordered public prayers to be offered before the most precious relics of the Vatican. The wood of the true Cross and the Veil of Veronica were then exposed, and the devotions were begun, when it was noticed that the image of the Holy Face impressed on the Veil, appeared distinctly through its covering of silk; on the third day of the exposition, the veil became suffused with color and the Face of our Lord showed itself in full relief and with the eyes animated and with a profound expression of severity. The Canons who were on guard immediately sent information to the Clergy of the Basilica, the great bells were rung, the people assembled, and for three hours the miracle was witnessed by an immense multitude. A Notary was summoned, an act drawn up and sent to the Holy Father at Gaeta. For several days nothing was spoken of at Rome but this astonishing miracle. In the evening, some veils of white silk bearing copies of the true effigy, were touched to the original and sent to France. A few of these veils went to Tours, to the Carmelite Monastery, and the Mother Prioress gave two to M. Dupont; one he gave to one of the Lazarist Fathers at Tours, the other he kept for his own devotion. For twenty-five years he honored it in his oratory, kept a light always before it, and obtained through it most extraordinary miracles of grace and bodily cures. M. Dupont looked upon

the miracle of the Vatican as a presage in favor of the revelations made to Sister St. Pierre, which were still under Episcopal seal. After the death of M. Dupont, the Prioress of the Carmel of Tours immediately bought his house, that it might be transformed into an Oratory. This was done with the approbation of the Bishop. The devotion to the Holy Face increased daily more and more. In the pious Oratory, pilgrimages became more numerous and M. l'Abbe Janvier, Dean of the Metropolitan Chapter of Tours, was of opinion that the time had arrived for the canonical establishment of a Confraternity of Reparation in the Oratory of M. Dupont. The petition was made and favorably answered. The Archbishop of Tours signed the Ordinance Oct. 25, 1884, and Leo XIII. granted many indulgences to the members. Scarcely had the Confraternity been established, when it spread rapidly, not only in France, but throughout the world. Everywhere desires were expressed to participate in the treasures of the City and Diocese of St. Martin. Pressing solicitations were made to M. Janvier, and at length he addressed a petition to Leo XIII. to obtain the elevation of the Confraternity to the dignity of an Arch-Confraternity. The petition was signed by fifty-seven Cardinals, Archbishops and prelates of distinction, and among the names were those of Cardinal McCloskey; Archbishop, now Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati; Bishop Keane of Richmond, and the late Bishop Jansens, so that America was nobly represented.

According to the custom of the Court of Rome, the favor could only be granted by degrees, for instance, first for France, then for the neighboring countries, and after a certain time for the remainder of the world, so a prolonged waiting of years was expected.

Sept. 15th, 1885, the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites was present at the audience of the Holy Father, and his Eminence, wishing to obtain a great favor, asked that the title of Arch-Confraternity should be given there and then for the whole of France (*pro Gallia*). The Holy Father listened and reflected, and what was passing in his heart is known only to God. Had he an intimation of the good the worship of the Holy Face was destined to effect, or did the Holy Man of Tours, whose cause of canonization had commenced, exercise some secret influence? or was Sister St. Pierre to have her reward in Heaven for her years of doubt and suffering on earth? Whatever may have been the cause, the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff was immediate, absolutely and distinctly formulated. Leo XIII. wrote with his own blessed hand, "*Non tam pro Gallia, quam ubique*" — "not only for France, but for the whole world." The devotion spread with astonishing rapidity, and pilgrimages were so numerous that the Archbishop instituted a Society of Regular clergy under the title of "Priests of the Holy Face." They now live in the house formerly occupied by M. Dupont, follow his footsteps and under his auspices devote themselves to all the Reparative works of the period. The oratory of the Holy Face has grown to be a centre of prayer and expiation for all Christendom. Other Confraternities have been established, and it would be impossible to calculate the number of pictures of the Holy Face exposed in private houses, oratories, hospitals, Religious communities, public chapels, parochial Churches and Cathedrals. The Oratory of the Holy Face at Tours is a distinct organization from the Carmel of Tours, but Carmel is intimately associated with the work in spirit, and every Carmelite Convent may be regarded as a centre of devotion. The oil burned in the lamps before the sacred pictures that have touched the original, has worked many astonishing cures, and is much sought for by the sick and suffering.—From "*Carmel—its History and Spirit*."

LIST OF THE INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO THE HOLY SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

List of Plenary Indulgences.

There is a Plenary Indulgence: 1st. On the day of admittance into the Confraternity: 2d. At the hour of death: 3d. On the following feasts: Christmas, Holy Thursday, Easter, Ascension, Pentecost, All Saints, Patron or Titulary of the Churches of the Order of Carmel.

February 2.—Purification B. V. Mary.

February 4.—St. Andrew Corsini, of the Order of Carmel.

March 19.—St. Joseph, Spouse of Mary.

March 25.—Annunciation B. V. Mary.

May 5.—St. Angelus, of the Order of Carmel.

May 16.—St. Simon Stock, of the Order of Carmel.

May 25.—St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, of the Order of Carmel.

June 21.—Nativity of St. John, Baptist.

June 29.—The Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul.

July 2.—Visitation B. V. Mary.

July 19.—Solemn Commemoration of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and during the Octave.

July 20.—St. Elias, Prophet, Founder and Father of Carmel.

July 26.—St. Anne, Mother of B. V. Mary.

August 7.—St. Albert, of the Order of Carmel.

August 15.—Assumption B. V. Mary.

August 27.—Transverberation of the Holy Cross of St. Teresa.

September 8.—Nativity B. V. Mary.

September 14.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

October 15.—St. Teresa, and during the Octave.

November 21.—Presentation B. V. Mary.

November 21.—St. John of the Cross, and during the Octave.

December 8.—Immaculate Conception B. V. Mary.

Third Sunday after Easter. Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, and during the Octave. Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption. Feast of St. Joachim, Father of B. V. Mary. Forty Hours' Devotion.

All these indulgences are applicable to the Souls in Purgatory. (Clean-out X, January 2nd, 1872.)

CONDITIONS. To gain these plenary indulgences, it is necessary to confess, communicate, to visit a Church of the Order of Carmel, or the parish Church in places where there is no Church of this Order, and pray there for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

List of Partial Indulgences.

INDULGENCE OF 10 YEARS AND 10 QUARANTINES ON THE FOLLOWING DAYS: First, second and fourth Sundays of Advent. The Ember Days in Advent. Every day during Lent, except those mentioned below. The Vigil of Pentecost. The Ember Days in September.

INDULGENCE OF 15 YEARS AND 15 QUARANTINES. Third Sunday of Advent. Vigil of Christmas. Christmas Day at Midnight Mass and at that of daybreak. Ash Wednesday. Fourth Sunday of Lent.

INDULGENCE OF 25 YEARS AND 25 QUARANTINES: Palm Sunday.

INDULGENCE OF 25 YEARS AND 25 QUARANTINES: Feast of St. Stephen, first martyr; St. John, Apostle; Holy Innocents; Circumcision; Epiphany; Septuagesima, Sexagesima, Quinquagesima Sunday; Good Friday; Holy Saturday. Each day of the Octave of Easter. St. Mark and the three Rogation days. Each day of the Octave of Pentecost.



"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire: behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the cocoon of peace, and everlasting alliance."

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO THE CLIENTS OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

A Flower of Carmel.

Hermine, daughter of the late Dr. Fremont, professor in Laval University of Quebec, was born in that city on Christmas Eve 1857. She grew up full of innocence and piety. While at school she showed in many ways her love for the poor, and at home she was regarded as the angel of the household. Being delicate in health, she was obliged to travel; and once with her mother she paid a visit to the Carmelite Convent in Baltimore. Mdme. Fremont, as well as her daughter, was much impressed with the reign of holy poverty in the monastery, with the unbroken silence of the cloister, the simple and sincere piety of the cheerful sisters, and their generous ideas of self-immolation. Their ardent love of Jesus Christ, joined to a lively zeal for the salvation of souls, completely won the admiration of our pious Hermine. An interior voice whispered to her: "God calls you to Mount Carmel," and "In Carmel you will find repose and happiness." She thanked God devoutly for thus answering her many longings for a religious vocation, and tasted the happiness produced by certainty on so important a point.

Her decision being approved by her confessor, she applied to the Carmelites of Rheims, France, for admission to their house, as no convent of the Order existed then in Canada. Notwithstanding her very delicate health, she was accepted; and after a favorable voyage, arrived at the Rheims Carmel in the middle of June, 1873.

"Teresa of Jesus" was no stranger to the good Carmelites of Rheims. Her

continuous correspondence with the Reverend Prioress and Mother Seraphine, the Mistress of Novices, had led them to appreciate her piety, modesty, meekness, humility, and also her ardent love of her vocation. All of those lovable qualifications, so artlessly exhibited, had captivated the affection of the whole community. Prayers and novenas had been offered for her safe voyage, as well as for the removal of any obstacle to her arrival which might delay the wished-for meeting. The world does not understand that spiritual and supernatural love which links together hearts that live only for the Heavenly Spouse of souls, and devote themselves unreservedly to Him, in order to promote His glory and save those whom He has ransomed at so great a price.

Once at Carmel, the postulant sought to imbibe its spirit; but the Sisterhood found that she already possessed the practices of silence, humility and religious poverty. The kind nuns found her so thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of their holy foundress, that they delighted in imagining that they saw her forming souls to the life of Carmel, and thus becoming as well the spiritual as the material cornerstone of the projected convent in Canada, for the founding of which Hermine had given her ample dowry. The dear child seemed to become stronger, and she declared that her health was actually better than it had been before.

The ceremony of her religious investiture was appointed for the 13th of October. The bishop, who took marked interest in her, had promised to pre-

side, but he was hindered by a severe cold taken after preaching in the open air. He kindly blessed the novice's garments which were taken for that purpose to his residence. The superioress used a maternal care in providing for the ceremony, inviting her own sister Mme. E.—to represent Hermine's absent mother. This lady displayed the most generous enthusiasm on her part, providing *un gâteau de circonstance* (the "wedding-cake"), loveliest flowers and all; for the postulant at Carmel is valued for her reception and treated like a bride. Several dignitaries, with a number of secular Priests and three Jesuit Fathers, were amongst the select company invited to see our little Canadian give herself to Jesus. After the ceremony, which took place in an exterior chapel, they escorted her to the convent door.

A deep impression was left on the soul of the fervent novice. She wrote to her mother: "I am so happy that I can find no words to express my joy and my gratitude to Almighty God. Thank Him for me, beloved mother! I can hardly believe that I, whom you wished anxiously to see more pious in my childhood, am accepted by St. Teresa as a daughter and by our dear Lord as His Spouse."

Hermine had always loved her mother, but no sooner had she taken the veil, than she thought that she had never truly loved her. All genuine affection is indeed inseparable from divine love, and increases only in proportion as it receives the touch of perfection by complete detachment.

The new novice contemplated her habit and Scapular with more delight than a bride in the world admires her wedding costumes. She was delighted also with the privileges that her title

of novice gave her, seeking the lowest employment, and trying to avoid the few dispensations which the Mother thought it prudent for her to accept. Her health and her want of knowledge in house-work was a real cross to her. But she was consoled when the ringing of the bell was entrusted to her, and she was allowed to aid the sacristan in cleaning the lamps and chandeliers. Always occupied, she never lost a moment; and was extremely anxious to practice all the mortifications adopted, although one would have thought that the privations of home and its luxuries would suffice for a common soul. Like all who had taken up their cross to follow Jesus, Hermine had interior trials, but her frankness with her superiors and her lively faith helped her to triumph in the combat with nature.

All seemed to favor the hope that she would be able to invite her mother to France for her solemn profession. But about the middle of December the Sisters were much surprised to notice that she was becoming emaciated without any apparent cause, and, as she declared, without suffering any pain.

The physician who was summoned, while admitting that Sister Teresa's constitution was very delicate, saw nothing in her case to excite anxiety. On the 20th the doctor was again called, as the patient was troubled with a little cough and a slight pain in the chest; but there was no fever or other alarming symptom. Again the medical man prescribed, declaring that there was nothing to fear. She was allowed to rest; but without suffering any pain she grew weaker and weaker so rapidly that it was determined to have the last Sacraments of the Church administered. When an altar was ar-

ranged she said: "The green leaves speak of hope, and white is the coloring of espousals." Her heart overflowed as she added: "Behold the bridegroom cometh!" After a last earthly Communion, after Extreme Unction, and a blessing from her venerated spiritual guide, she wished the nuns to sing the *Magnificat* in thanksgiving. When asked what message should be given to her mother and brothers, she replied: "Tell them I do not regret my sacrifice!" After kissing her crucifix with fervor, and calling on the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, at the dawn of December 26th, 1883, Sister Teresa of Jesus passed to the Divine Heart, at the age of twenty-two.

Thus, that delicate flower, transplanted from its natal soil into the splendid garden of Carmel, although too promptly withered, had time to become impregnated with the delicious perfume of that mysterious mountain of the Promised Land—a fragrance which, far from evanescing, spreads itself abroad in all ages of the Church and in every part of Christendom.

Like the humble violet, Hermine Fremont embalmed the hearts of the home circle; like a delicate lily, she lived amongst earthly angels. May her beautiful piety invite many souls dear to Jesus Christ, to imitate her stainless life!—*Australian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*: Translated by E. V. N., from *UNE FLEUR DE CARMEL*, by Father Braun, S. J.

ONLY A DREAM.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

IT was only a dreamland vision,
A star-gleam of silent night,
But it silvered the mystic shadows,
And filled me with pure delight.

It was only a dreamland vision,
A ray of His presence fair,
And I knelt at His feet to kiss them,
How blissful my soul felt there!

And that glimpse of our Saviour's beauty
Enkindled such ardent love,
Such a longing to be for ever
With Him in the land above!

There was kindness my dearest Jesus,
In that dreamland glance of Thine,
And thy Heart, ever sweet and tender,
Seemed touched with the love of mine.

It was only a dreamland vision,
It glided too swift away,
But it steals o'er my spirit gently
And shines e'en in sun-bright day.

Oh! when shall I see His beauty?
How long does the pathway seem?
It will *then* be unclouded vision,
But *now* it is still a dream!

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City.

THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JUNE, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The sweet month of Mary is over, and its happy hours laden with graces have led us with longing hearts to the queen month of the year—June, the month of the Sacred Heart. Its happy feast falls this year on June 17, and each day that precedes it will be full of tenderest love, and eager desire for its coming.

Let Eleanor C. Donnelly, our own sweet singer, tell us of June's precious feast:

"O dear, dear feast! We have
watched thy coming,
Through the long, glad days of this
golden June,
While the birds sang dear, and the bees
were humming,
Over the flower-beds morn and noon,
From the 'sunrise glow till the stars
were burning,
Like glittering lamps, in the summer
skies,
Our hearts to the great Heart ever
turning,
Longed for its *festa* with prayers and
sighs!"

That tells the whole sweet story, and it tells us, too, the secret of the Christian life. What is it? Longing! From the days of early childhood we are always looking forward to the future, and very few are they who live each day, satisfied with the present, without looking longingly and wistfully ahead.

Think of our Blessed Lady after the Ascension of her Divine Son. For fifteen years she yearned for the happy

day which would reunite her to Him, and yet no saint ever lived so completely in the present day of the will of God as she.

Acts of desire are very pleasing to the Sacred Heart, and we can fill the days of June with a multitude of them, each of which can be an act of perfect love.

What more pleasing to the Sacred Heart than a desire to become like unto It in Its meekness and humility? What greater act of praise than to say many many times each day the aspiration of the League, "Thy kingdom come!" Little things are these, but a world of sanctity lies in them, and safe sanctity at that, because they are secrets between the Sacred Heart and ourselves. Prayers, to be efficacious, must go hand in hand with duty. They are like a projectible force which propels us through each day, and their effect is plainly seen in our lives. During June, the *meekness* of the Sacred Heart will be the example which we will most gladly follow. Every day is full, often to overflowing, of opportunities for the exercise of meekness. Most of us are so easily ruffled, so prone to flaring up when the least provocation arises, and so *invariably* sorry when the little tempest is over.

Now, there are two test stones of virtue which are almost infallible. A charitable tongue and a temper under control. Sometimes they are the outcome of nature—but not often—nearly always they are the result of self-conquest aided by grace.

Even the world admires amiability

of temper, and it can not be blind to the charms of a charitable tongue. Suppose we try to acquire a little of each during this month, so rich in graces. The Sacred Heart of our Lord is a perfect treasure-house, with an ever-open door, and we have but to respond to His gracious invitation this June, "Come unto Me all ye who labor and are heavy burdened!" All the world may respond to that gracious invitation, and very few are they who have not some burden to carry to the Sacred Heart during the days of June. That Divine Heart will gladly take the burdens that are brought to Him, and even though He but take it to ease the load and return it to each sorrowing heart, yet will the return be fraught with sweetness and rest. Such is his promise—"I will give you rest."

Prayer for others who are suffering, sympathy, and kindness, and forgetfulness of self, these are the things that will rich graces for us all during the month of the Sacred Heart.

On the feast, dear children, pray for a strong personal love of our Lord. Not the abstract thing that so much of our love is, but a *personal* devotion, such as we offer those who are nearest and dearest to us now on earth. The human heart of the God-man *longs* for the love of His creatures, even as they in turn yearn for the affection of their kind. So let June find us growing in tender love and sympathy for the Sacred Heart. Let the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament be the proof of our devotion, and a meekness of spirit under humiliations and reproof be the *practical result* of that devotion. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will be our best teacher in the study of the Sacred Heart. Go to her, dear children, and learn what she can so well teach.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN MAY.

1. D. D.
2. Madrid.
3. 1, Charleston; 2, Portland; 3, Paris; 4, Moscow; 5, Glasgow.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN MAY.

1. Washington, D.C.
2. The Alps.
3. The Highlands of the Thibet in Asia.
4. Rome.
5. Prague, in Bohemia.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is justly called the "Father of the Atlantic Cable"?
2. Who was the inventor of Volapuk?
3. Who is called the Julius Cæsar of the Roman Catholic Church?
4. Who was the Augustus of the Church?
5. What city in Europe is called the "White City"?

MAXIMS FOR JUNE.

1. To say "Live Jesus!" on Thabor, St. Peter, rough as he was, had easily the courage; but to say "Live Jesus!" on Calvary belongs only to the Mother, and to the Beloved Disciple who was left to her as son.—St. Francis of Sales.

2. It is the office of kindness to make life more bearable.—Faber.

3. O love! O sovereign love of the Heart of Jesus!

What heart can praise and bless Thee as Thou dost deserve?

—S. Francis of Sales.

4. They are slaves who would not be
In the right with two or three.

—J. R. Lowell.

5. When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

—Faber.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Grandma's Angel.

Mamma said: "Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to
tea."

I knew I mustn't disturb her, so
I stepped as gentle along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep!

I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and so quiet there
Lying back in her old arm chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little
smile,

That means she is loving you all the
while.

I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me
so.

I went up close, and didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper and then said this:
"Grandmother, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said: "Why, Pet, I have just
now dreamed

Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face."

I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea.

The Senses.

Two bright little eyes,
To see beau-ti-ful things;

Two quick little ears,
To hear Dick when he sings.

One queer little nose,
To smell flowers, so sweet;

And one little tongue,
To taste good things to eat.

Ten fingers, quite small,
To touch Pussy's hair;
And all of these things
God has put in my care.

And I must take care
To use all aright,
And keep them all clean,
And useful, and bright.

Three Little Kittens.

Three little kittens, in coats so gray,
Went out with the old mother cat one
day.

Said the first little kitten, "I wish we
might see

A great big rat; what fun it would
be!"

Said the next little puss, "I'd take
hold of his head

And bite him and squeeze him until he
was dead."

Said the third little kitten, "Should I
see a rat,

I'd eat him all up in less time than
that."

Just then something gray jumped out
of the wood,

And the kittens ran home as fast as
they could.

They never once stopped till they came
to their house,

Yet it wasn't a rat, but a wee baby
mouse.

It was caught, it was eaten by old
mother cat,

Said the three little kittens, "Now,
just think of that!"

Charity is so beautiful! It is a tribu-
tary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which
is all love. The only happiness we
have on earth is to love God, to know
that He loves us.—CURE D' ARS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Indifference.

One can scarce forbear thinking at times that we are approaching the great apostacy, when our Lord predicted that there would be scarcely found any faith on earth. Everyday experience seems to bring home such reflections to any thinking Catholic. Take the case of the present war. Every man feels competent to discuss every feature of it. How few though look at it from the stand-point of faith. How few would insist in their conversation that Providence plays a great part in the affairs of nations. And so can we say of other things. We will not say *we do not* believe—but how many times, and in how many ways do we not show our want of faith and indifference to religion? It is sad, indeed, nowadays, to see how little men make of religion and religious practices. They are so taken up with the things and interests of the world, that after a while they forget the *real* business of life, and finally try to make themselves believe that, after all, a set form of worship is not necessary for salvation. This, indeed, is the great wound of society to-day, and it will eventually bring ruin to innumerable souls. This is the bad, dangerous and poisonous spirit which is to-day eating into society, and lessening the chances of salvation. God grant us a renewal of the faith held and practised by our forefathers. For this should we daily beg of our Lord through our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

Heart and Head.

This month the schools close, and with Commencement day large numbers bid farewell to their Alma Mater and

commence the battle of life. Parents have a practical way nowadays of showing an interest in their children, by securing for them a thorough education which will enable them to become good citizens of earth and of heaven. The best education consists in the education of the heart. This can only be done by teaching the child Christian doctrine and infusing into its soul the fundamental principles of morality. It must be taught to be God-fearing, reliable and honest, and ready for every obstacle in the passage to heaven. The child must know the difference between right and wrong, and taught to follow his, or her, conscience. Conscience indeed, is above all worth. Money or fame cannot be compared to it. The son or daughter of the pauper, with a conscience, is far wealthier than the son or daughter of the millionaire. As to learning and worldly accomplishment, it is after all but secondary. Religion and morality come first in the order of importance. Goodness, not learning, brings the child real happiness here, and the assurance of salvation hereafter.

The Church of To-morrow.

In an address before a prominent society in Buffalo, a few days since, a well-known minister complained bitterly of the present condition of the "church" He told his large audience that it was very doubtful if there would be any church of to-morrow. There was no gain in membership, and no regard for Sunday observance or the Holy Scriptures. And how is it all to be remedied? There is but one remedy, and that consists in returning to the true Church, whose faithful

children attend divine service and respect the Sunday as a matter of conscience. They know it is a serious offence to miss holy Mass, and moreover they know that they are bound to hear and obey the Church, who has the right to command or forbid. There *will* be a church of to-morrow—the true Church founded on the rock of Peter. To-morrow may witness the desolation of the church fashioned by human hands, but the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church shall remain, because we have God's word for it, when He promised to abide with her until the consummation of the world.

Archbishop Corrigan.

The great works he has accomplished during a quarter of a century, are the best tribute to the worth of the beloved Archbishop of New York. When we come to praise this pious, learned and unassuming prelate, we find that figures speak more than words. In 1873, when he was raised to the See of Newark, that diocese claimed 109 churches, 12 stations, 116 priests and 66 academies and schools. In 1880, when he was appointed co-adjutor to Cardinal McCloskey, Newark comprised 150 churches, 40 stations, 150 priests and about 100 academies and schools. In 1885 when he succeeded to the See of New York, he found 176 churches, 60 chapels, 38 stations, 402 priests, 152 academies and schools, 1,910 Sisters of various congregations, and about 70 seminarians. In this his jubilee year, thirteen years after his elevation, he has under his charge 242 churches, 120 chapels, 37 stations, 551 priests, 2,846 Sisters, 182 schools, 69 academies, and over 100 ecclesiastical students. In charitable work also he has made remarkable progress, having now under his fatherly care 6

orphanage schools, an Asylum for the Blind, 4 Homes for Immigrants, 19 Homes for Destitute Children, 11 hospitals, 3 Homes for the Aged, 1 Insane Asylum, 4 Day Nurseries and 3 Foundling Asylums.

To Archbishop Corrigan, the Carmelite Fathers of America offer their heart-felt felicitations, nor can they forget all the kind interest he has taken in our convents within his archdiocese, and the encouragement given by him to all the works undertaken by our fathers in and beyond Greater New York. May our Blessed Mother of Carmel long protect the great Archbishop of New York!

Our Lord in the Tabernacle.

One of our great sins of omission is our want of love and devotion to the most Blessed Sacrament. Especially culpable are we when we have opportunities to frequently visit our divine Lord in the Tabernacle. We know of pious souls, living at a great distance from a Catholic church, who would consider it the height of happiness to be near our Lord. On the other hand, many pass and re-pass the abode of Holiness without a reverent thought, raising of the hat or bowing of the head, as a mark of respect and expression of faith. Another neglect is with regard to Benediction. Too often do we excuse ourselves from that holy act of worship. Benediction is not a mere expression of an earnest wish, but—to quote the current number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*—"an actual imparting of peace and calm, of joy and zeal, of hope and confidence. Some even have received the gift of faith when the Eucharistic Christ gave His benediction. Several instances of such marvellous and instantaneous conversions suggest themselves; per-

haps the best known is that of the celebrated musician Hermann. Asked by a friend to direct the music in a Catholic Church at Benediction one day in May, the Jew consented. When the monstrance was uplifted by the priest, the maestro felt impelled to kneel. The blessing was given; for Hermann it was faith. He corresponded to the grace, became a Catholic, a Carmelite priest, and died a martyr of charity in the Franco-Prussian war."

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On former occasions we had the pleasure, through the kind interest of the reverend Chaplain of the ill-fated "Maine," of doing a little to foster devotion to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, among the United States marines. This was in the peaceful days of the "White Squadron." Now, when the gallant sailor is in greater peril, we have had the opportunity afforded us of sending to the front a small consignment of Scapulars, and whilst doing so, our fervent prayer was, and is, that Mary, the "Star of the Sea," may be mindful of her promise, namely, that her livery be a real "safeguard in danger."

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During our Lady's month, one of our energetic agents—a devotee of the Queen of Carmel—met with a hearty welcome in some of the counties of Pennsylvania, particularly in Latrobe and adjacent places. Now, duty suddenly calls this agent away to Camp Hastings. Therefore, we beg our friends to send in their names and addresses and we shall promptly send them our magazine with the accompanying receipts. In the meantime, we shall pray that, after he has laid down his arms our agent will live to be long engaged in the more peaceful and

pleasant occupation of procuring friends and readers for our Lady's own publication.

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It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that all the intentions forwarded to us each month are made the object of a special memento at holy Mass by all our fathers. This month will be no exception, and we shall fervently beg the divine and compassionate Heart of our Blessed Lord through the Immaculate Heart of our Blessed Mother to hear the many petitions now before us. Nor should we forget to say that the Carmelite Sisters throughout the continent join their prayers with us for the same intentions.

:

Preparations are in progress for the great annual pilgrimage to the shrine of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel here at Niagara Falls. It is hardly necessary to state the now well-known privilege granted to Carmelite churches and chapels on July 16th. Special announcements referring to the forthcoming event will be duly published in the July number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

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This month we bring to the attention of our pious readers another Carmelite devotion—namely, that of the Holy Face. The prayers of those given to this devotion are offered to our divine Lord in reparation for blasphemy and the profanation of the Sunday. In all our convents special services are held in honor of the Holy Face. Not to speak of the Carmelite Sisters throughout the world, much is being done in America, especially in Baltimore, Md., to spread this beautiful devotion by many zealous priests, first among whom stands the good and pious Chaplain of the Baltimore Carmel.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Many questions of public interest are put to us every month by our Correspondents. To save repetition and private Correspondence of too voluminous a character, we will select a few of these questions each month and answer them here.—A. J. Keogh, O. C. C.

The following letter from Rev. Fr. M.— is so important, that we give it in full:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—You will find enclosed a Scapular, which has been extensively sold in Montreal, and which, I believe, is still sold by dealers. On examining it to-day, with another priest, we came to the conclusion, that it is not made of wool but of felt, or some such material. In any case, it is not woven. Now, a number of persons enrolled here last year had just such a Scapular, and the question arises: Were they really enrolled?

If it is not wool, they have not been enrolled with a Scapular fulfilling the conditions, and my opinion is that they should be enrolled again. However, we would like your decision in the matter. I am not the only priest concerned, for a number of others have used the same Scapular without noticing particularly the stuff of which it was made, taking it for granted that, as the dealers were Catholics, they supplied the proper article.

In other cases, children buy Scapulars in which the cloth is black, but having the same pictures as those on the enclosed. Such Scapulars cannot be used, can they?

If both those are to be condemned, I think it would be well to do so in THE CARMELITE REVIEW, and request other Catholic journals and papers to publish it, so that the abuse may be stopped. And it should be stopped, as the promises to those enrolled and wearing the Scapular are too precious to be lost so easily. I do not know where the Scapulars are made, but I know the pack-peddlers through the country offer them for sale.

Another question which I should like to have answered, from the fact that several priests have been talking to me recently about the matter, and they have doubts concerning it, is the following: Have bishops, from the fact that they are bishops, faculties for life to enroll in the Brown Scapular, and power to delegate said faculties, and for how long a period of time?

An answer to these questions will greatly oblige a number of priests in our diocese, and I think an article in your REVIEW upon this subject would be interesting and instructive to a large number of priests in other dioceses as well, especially where priests receive their faculties by word of mouth, instead of in writing. Hoping, etc.

Answer:

1. The Scapular enclosed in the above letter was a flimsy, shabby thing made of a reddish brown felt. According to different decisions

of the Sac. Cong. of Ind., Scapulars must be made of *woolen* wool. The latest decision on this subject is dated May 6, 1895. (Vide Ann. Eccl. Rev. Vol. XIII, p. 68.)

2. The very name of the *Brown Scapular* indicates the color to be used. In missionary countries, where it was frequently impossible to obtain brown woollen goods, black has been allowed, but there is certainly no need of this exception in our country.

3. Those invested with an invalid Scapular must be enrolled again, as in matters of indulgences, conditions must be fulfilled, as prescribed. However, the Holy See has granted a *sanatio* to all those who had received the Brown Scapular invalidly, or whose names had not been inscribed previous to June 20, 1893.

4. Bishops in all missionary countries receive their faculties from the Propaganda, usually for a limited time. They must know what these faculties are, and when they delegate them to a priest, even by word of mouth, the priest can most assuredly exercise them. Regarding the Scapular, the faculties granted our bishops usually give them the right to erect the Confraternity of Mount Carmel, and to bless and impose the Scapular, as one faculty does not include the other. We have been repeatedly asked by bishops to send these faculties to their priests, as they were not mentioned in the latest formulas received from Rome. We have supplied several dioceses with the faculties for the Scapular, at the request of their bishops. The spiritual benefits derived from affiliation with the Carmelite Order, such as the communion of merits and suffrages for the departed, are not given by faculties from the Propaganda, as the Holy See claims no right over them, but only over indulgences and favors granted by the Holy Father.

Rev. F. P. R.— submits the following questions:

1. Is it necessary, in order to gain indulgences attached to the Scapular, to have one's name inscribed in any register?

2. What prayers must be said daily to gain these indulgences?

3. What is required in order to gain the Sabbatine Indulgence?

4. Is the recitation of the Canonical Office sufficient for this purpose, or must the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin be said also by those who recite the former?

5. Is fasting necessary?

Answer: 1. Yes, one's name must be inscribed in the register of the Confraternity of Mount Carmel, kept either in the nearest Carmelite Monastery, or the nearest church in which the Confraternity is canonically established.

2. None whatever.

3. Wear the Scapular; observe chastity according to state of life and say the Little Office daily.

4. The Canonical Office recited by clerics, or in religious communities, is sufficient without the additional recitation of the Little Office.

5. No.

Rev. J. O'M.— asks: "Must a person invested in good faith by a priest not having faculties, be enrolled again? Or is this a case of 'Ecclesia supplet?'"

Answer: The person must be enrolled again. The maxim: "Ecclesia supplet" does not apply in matters of indulgences. The Holy See could give a *sanatio*, as has been done for similar cases, previous to June 20, 1893.

"It is lawful for the Carmelite Fathers to preach that Christians may piously believe that the members of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will be assisted by the continual intercession, suffrages, merits, and special protection of the Blessed Virgin after death, and principally on the Saturday, the day consecrated to her by the Church, if they have died in the grace of God, worn her habit (the Scapular) during life, observed chastity according to their state, recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or if they did not know how to read, have kept the fasts of the Church and have observed abstinence on Wednesdays and Saturdays, except when Christmas Day falls on one of these days"—[*Decree of the Holy Office, Feb. 15, 1813.*]

Priests wishing to establish a Confraternity in their churches must present a petition, approved by their Ordinary, to the General of our Order in, or about, the following form: "N. N. rector ecclesie ad S. humiliter petit a Paternitate Vestra canonicam erectionem Confraternitatis Scapularis B. V. Marie de Monte Carmelo, et institutionem suam qua Directorem hujus Confraternitatis. Qua gratia, etc."

Datum 189

N. N.

Visum et approbatum,

. 189

N. N.

Episcopus.

PUBLICATIONS.

"A Guide for Girls in the Journey of Life," from the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel. This little work—cheap at 40 cents—should make many a girl happy and wise.

"Maron—The Christian Youth of Lebanon"—translated by Miss Long—formed another interesting link in the series of foreign tales collected by the Jesuit Father, Rev. J. Spillmann. Price, 45 cents.

"Beyond the Grave," by the Rev. E. Hamon, S. J., is the latest of Miss Sadlier's translations. This book is a treasury of spiritual truths—the most consoling ones. A few moments given to the reading of the work would lighten our crosses considerably. Price, \$1.00.

"Light and Peace" is an English translation of instructions for pious souls, written in 1795 by the illustrious and saintly Barnabite Padre Quadrupani. The whole is a summary of spiritual guidance for earnest Christians in the ordinary duties of life in the world. This author's teaching is decidedly practical, and appeals in every way to the common-sense of the average American Catholic. Price, 50 cents. All the above mentioned four books will be promptly sent for the price by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

A neat and handy publication—a boon to priest and people—is just out, under the title of "Lord, Behold He Whom Thou Lovest is Sick." It includes prayers and meditations—in fact it is complete. It is a necessity in the sick chamber. This publication will be mailed to any address for the price, 50 cents. A liberal discount is allowed to stationers and book-dealers. Address: Catholic Publishing Company, Huntington, Indiana.

"How to Make the Mission"—an invaluable little book. Useful and instructive during the mission, before the mission and after the mission. Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay street, New York.

"The Beauties of Mary—Queen of Literature" appeals at once to every client of our divine Queen. This publication publishes the choicest verses dedicated to Mary. From a printer's view-point, it is very artistic. The publisher tells us in a late number that his only capital is a little spare time and the

printer's trade,—and his “only object a labor of love,—a debt of gratitude and hope to pay,—to fill up every idle moment, for fear of evil tendencies of mind and body.” This is the language of a true child of Mary, and we are sure she will repay this labor of love for her honor. Any of our readers can obtain a copy by sending five cents to Mr. John T. Reily, Main and Church streets, McSherrystown, Pennsylvania.

In a late issue of the *Niagara Index*, M.C.D. gives the knock-out blow to one Professor Schurman, a “scientist,” who with professorial pride—so prolific outside of the Church—dared to rush in “where angels fear to tread.” Such essays as M.C.D.’s, if put into pamphlet form and widely circulated, would do good work in sections where the yellow journals pollute the air. It is in the columns of these latter morbid sheets that the modern false prophets belch forth their blasphemous lies. M.C.D. is only one of many. There are plenty of other rapid-firing intellectual guns in the *Index*’s big magazine of grey-matter. The Varsity boys know how to “sling ink” as well to pound the leather sphere away beyond the fence.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

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

[N. B.—Names for registration may be sent to Carmelite Monasteries in Pittsburg, Pa.; New Baltimore Pa.; Scipio, Kansas; Leavenworth, Kansas; Englewood, N. J.; and Niagara Falls, Ont.]

Names for registration have been received at St. Joseph’s Priory, Leavenworth, Kansas, from: St. Mary’s Church, Kansas City, Kan.; St. Margaret’s Hospital, Kansas City, Kan.; St. Mary’s College, Kansas City, Kansas; Catholic Rectory, Richland Centre, Wisconsin, and St. Scholastica’s Academy, Canon City, Colorado.

Names received at Monastery of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, from: St. Finian’s Rectory, Alexandria, Ont.; St. Joseph’s Convent, Ashtabula, O.; St. Paul’s Church, Oswego, N. Y.; St. Finian’s Church, Alexandria, Ont.; St. Bernard’s Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.; St. John’s Church, Anheersburg, Ont.; Georgetown College, Washington, D.C.; St. Pat-

rick’s Church, Queenston, Ont.; Sacred Heart Church, Walkerton, Ont.; St. Augustine’s Church, Dundas, Ont.; St. Patrick’s Church, Maindrew, Ont.; St. Patrick’s Church, Milwaukee, Wis.; St. Mary’s Church, Lismore, N.S.; Immaculate Conception, Sandy Point, Newfoundland; St. John’s Church, Oswego, N. Y.; Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; Our Lady of the Lake, Walkerville, Ont.; Saranac Lake, N. Y.; St. Anthony’s Church, San Antonio, Fla.; Stratford, Ont.

Names for registration received last month at our Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from: Whitelaw, Wis.; Moline, Ill.; New Baltimore, Pa.; St. Clement’s, Minn.; Lehigh, Ind. Ter.; and University of St. Louis, Mo.

PETITIONS,

“Pray one for another.”—*St. James*, I, 16.

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

- Spiritual and temporal favors, 1.
- Recovery of health, 2.
- Employment, 1.
- For conversion of W.E., M.H. and E.G.
- For success in a business undertaking.
- For steady employment, 3.
- For success in studies, 3.
- For cure of sore eye.
- For wayward boy to return to God, 2.
- For a happy death, 5.
- For special intention, 9.
- For temporal blessings, 7.
- For spiritual blessings, 13.
- For successful sale of property, 2.
- For sick friend.
- For restoration of health, 7.
- Cure of internal trouble.
- Cure of pain in head and arm.
- Success in purchasing land.
- Good health for many.
- Success in business for many.
- That a brother may cease persecuting his two orphan sisters.
- Health for a priest.
- Peace and harmony in families.
- To hear of the whereabouts of an absent brother.
- Cure of nervousness for many.
- Speedily and rightful settlement of a money matter.
- Means to buy and build.
- Speedy and successful sale of property.
- That two women may make atonement.
- That a large sum of money be refunded.
- That a lady may be successful in building.
- That several ladies may succeed in getting good servants.

That two brothers also two husbands may give over liquor and drugs, obtain good positions, pay their debts and support themselves and families.

For the success of several nurses.

That a heavy cross may be removed from two motherless children.

That a lady may have a successful interview with her lawyer.

Means to pay debts.

Good health for many.

That heavy crosses may be removed from several.

Strength in temptations.

For several deceased persons.

Conversion of sinners.

Souls in Purgatory.

More devotion in receiving the Sacraments.

Many spiritual and temporal favors.

Grace of perseverance.

That a lady may succeed in obtaining a suitable house.

Return thanks for favors received:

A lady returns thanks for the removal of a growth in her throat without an operation.

Good situations for many.

Prayers are asked in honor of the holy Infant of Prague for special intentions.

O.P., San Francisco, Cal., promises to burn a lamp before the Holy Face altar, if a favor is granted.

Prayers to the Carmelite Martyrs of Compiègne are asked for particular intentions.

For several who neglect their Easter duty.

OBITUARY.

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

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

MOTHER IGNATIUS PIGOTT, of the Order of St. Joseph, who died a holy death at Hamilton, Ont., on April 21st.

REV. F. J. KELLY, of the Society of Jesus, in Ireland, who lately went to receive the reward of a holy and well-spent life.

MRS. MARY STAFFORD, (Hanover) March 22, Almonte, Ont.

MISS MAMIE O'CALLAGHAN, March 20, Jersey City, N.J.

JAMES S. BUTLER, May 5, Quebec, Q.

WINIFRED AGNES PEER, March 18, Rochester, N.Y.

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

Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from Miss A.M.L., Kingston, Ont.; Miss D., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mrs. T.S., Paterson, N.J.; Miss M.F., Beverly, N.J.; Mrs. B.L., New York City; Mrs. Wm. M., Paterson, N.J.; W.W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Miss I.G., St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M.T., Boston, Mass.; Ven. Sr. M.C., Harbor Grace, Nfld.; Miss M.T.K., Baltimore, Md.

THANKSGIVING.

BUFFALO, April 17, 1898.

CARMELITE FATHERS.—Please offer a holy Mass for the poor souls in thanksgiving for favors received through the Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Anthony.

Mrs. D.

DEAR FATHERS.—Enclosed please find donation in thanksgiving for favors received through St. Joseph and St. Anthony, for favors received, after being idle for a long time. I promised to have it published in THE REVIEW.

M. H.

FROM OUR FRIENDS.

FREEMONT, PA., May 2, 1898.

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS.—I received sample copies of CARMELITE REVIEW, enclose one dollar for the year. I am delighted to get it at such trifling cost, besides helping your Hospice. I intend, after reading each number, to send it out into the country to some friends whose children can read its edifying and instructive pages, thus doing a bit of missionary duty.

K. M. A. S.

One dollar enclosed in an envelope addressed to The Lappin Tea Company, Paterson, New Jersey, will bring to your address two pounds of the genuine Irish Tea.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Those of our friends wishing to remain any length of time at the Hospice this summer, are kindly requested to send notice of their intended visit before July 1st next, to the Carmelite Fathers, Niagara Falls, Ont.