



“And the Angel being come in, said unto her: Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women.”

—ST. LUKE: CHAP. 1, v. 28



AVE MARIA!

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



STEALING gently through the silent night,
 Holy greeting from the land of light,
 To thy Virgin Soul so chastely white.
 "Ave Maria!"

Sweeter than the golden harps above
 Murmur those celestial tones of love,
 O'er thy spirit rests God's holy Dove.
 "Ave Maria!"

O the rapture which no words can tell!
 God's own Word in thee has come to dwell,
 Angel-songs more gladly round thee swell.
 "Ave Maria!"

Humble flow'ret drooping in the shade,
 Blessed Mother, still a youthful Maid,
 Hear us pleading for thy loving aid.
 "Ave Maria!"

Oft at morn, at noon, at eventide,
 Soft we greet "the Spirit and the Bride."
 Pray that e'er in us He may abide
 "Ave Maria!"

May this strain of well-loved melody
 Joy in life and death, sweet Mother be!
 May it echo in eternity.
 "Ave Maria!"
 ENFANT DE MARIE.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

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

CHAPTER XV.--(CONTINUED.)

EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF AND SYMPATHY—THE LOSS OF A NOBLE MAN DEEPLY
FELT—NO PRAISE TOO HIGH FOR HIM.



AFTER the death of McMaster had become known, profound expressions of grief and sorrow were heard on every side, and from all classes, for the loss which American Catholics had sustained in the death of Mr. James A. McMaster. In his death the Church has lost one of her most gifted and devoted sons, and the community one of its best citizens. The Rev. Father Prendergast, S. J., said in substance :

"The nobility of his character, the sterling qualities of heart, and his long and faithful services to religion in the field of Catholic journalism, have endeared his memory to those who shared with him the grand privilege of Faith.

Mr. McMaster belonged to the generation that is rapidly passing away, a generation that witnessed some of the most remarkable events that history records—great changes in the political and social condition of men, and of everything that contributes to the welfare and happiness of the human race. He bore a conspicuous part in firmly establishing the Church upon the soil of his native land, and devoted himself exclusively to her sacred cause."

Father Edwards, of Fourteenth street, said: "I can scarcely find words to express the deep sense of loss I feel. I consider the death of Mr. McMaster a great public loss. It is certainly a grievous loss to me and to every soul in this parish, where for many years his was a familiar figure. He attended Mass daily in the church, and was not only most devout and exemplary in observing the common duties which all faithful Catholics practice, but he never neglected an opportunity to perform those minor devotions, which he regarded with great favor. He was most zealous and earnest in all works of piety, and his presence was always a source of consolation and edification to those around him. He took the greatest possible interest in the welfare of the Church, and never wearied of talking on the subject. I consider that he was the best champion of the Church in this country. He stood up and defended her against the assaults of prejudice and ignorance, at a time, too, when it required the most fervent devotion to Faith and an equally strong indifference to public opinion to do so. He never wavered, but was always ready to sacrifice everything to the cause of his religion. He was a fine, ripe scholar, and a writer of rare force and clearness."

Father Lynch, of the Transfiguration,

said that, though he did not belong to the body of clergymen that remained from the period that Mr. McMaster began his career on the *Freeman's Journal*, he nevertheless was moved by the death of the brilliant writer and powerful defender of the Faith. He always was profoundly impressed with the strong honesty and high fervor that influenced him in the work which he did in behalf of the Church to which he was ardently attached. "He was always powerful, and he was always orthodox."

A great number of priests, both rectors and curates, spoke in the highest terms of praise of the good work done for the Church by Mr. McMaster, and there was a general feeling that in his death the Church and press and community have suffered an irreparable loss. His loss, they said, will be felt as a personal one to all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. It will leave a blank in many lives—in lives that have been connected with his, through the medium of the weekly paper for well nigh half a century. To many in distant places, who have never experienced the kindly influence of his presence, he will be mourned with a sorrow as deep and heartfelt as the sight of his cold and peaceful features awakened in the breasts of those gathered about his bier to-day. They will revere his memory with as much tenderness as if they had been connected with him in bonds of closer union, and all over the land prayers will ascend to Heaven for his repose, who so often invoked them for his unknown friends in their hours of trial.

In speaking of Mr. McMaster, some of the older priests of New York were overcome by the feelings of sadness which his death awakened. There are but few of his contemporaries any

longer officiating. They have passed away, one by one, and their places have been taken by younger men. Among these his death is universally deplored, for, although they were not bound to him by the memories and personal attachments that marked his relations with the few surviving men of former years, yet they cherish his memory and feel the extent of the loss which the Church has suffered.

In a letter to Mr. John A. McMaster, Mr. Thomas L. James, late postmaster of New York, said: "He was utterly fearless in the discharge of what he regarded as his duty, upright in his dealings, a Christian gentleman always. I mourn deeply his loss. A good, true, noble man has gone to his reward."

Hon. Wm. Dorsheimer, New York *Star*: "It was with great regret I learned of the death of Mr. McMaster. I have known his work in journalism for many years. His opinions on popular subjects were expressed with a fearlessness and candor that commanded the respect of even those who differed with him. Journalism has sustained a severe loss in his death."

Father Slattery, St. Patrick's Cathedral: "There is universal grief among us over the death of Mr. McMaster. He was undoubtedly the leading Catholic journalist of the day. Right in his ideas and fearless in their expression, he proved himself a powerful ally. His great reverence for everything Catholic was his most prominent characteristic. His loss is irreparable."

Rev. Father Healy: "I have met Mr. McMaster occasionally. He was very orthodox in his views, and always sincere and honest. A man of principle, who lived up to his religion."

Father McMahan, of St. Andrew's, on Duane street, expressed the deepest feeling of sadness at the death of Mr.

McMaster, whom he had known for forty years. "I admired the noble qualities of the man, and recognized his great natural endowments; but as our opinions diverged on the question of slavery in the early days of the war, I have seen but little of him for a number of years. He was, in all matters concerning the Church, actuated by the highest motives of duty, and I cannot help feeling that his loss both to the Church and to Catholic journalism, of which he was the most conspicuous figure, is very serious. Though I frequently differed with him in opinion, I never failed to appreciate and value his honesty of purpose."

Dr. McSweeney, of St. Bridget's, said the loss would be deeply felt by all who were interested in the cause of Catholic journalism. Mr. McMaster was a scholarly man, and a bright light in the profession to which he has so long and conscientiously devoted his genius. No one could fail to admire his devotion to what he considered the truth.

Rev. Arthur Donnelly was grieved to learn of the sad event that deprived the Church of one of her most faithful and devoted sons, and the press of its gifted chief. He said the loss was a general one, and would be felt by all persons identified with the Church's work in this country for the last forty years.

Father Denny, S. J., of West Sixteenth street, in speaking of the life and labors of Mr. McMaster, expressed the greatest admiration for the sincerity and high purposes which inspired every act of the dead journalist. "His course was always honorable and straightforward, and no matter how much one might differ with him on the treatment of matters of minor importance, there never was any cause to doubt the disinterestedness and loftiness of feeling that influenced his course on all

occasions. He was a man of rare mental gifts and of great powers of thought and argument, which were aided by an excellent training, that enabled him to exert all his force to the best advantage."

"The death of Mr. McMaster, the great, and good, and most revered Catholic leader and Christian gentleman," wrote Ex-Governor Lowe to Major John D. Keiley, "will fill millions of hearts with sorrow throughout the Christian world. There are not many men in this country for whom I entertained the same degree of respect and admiration with which Mr. McMaster inspired me.

"He has gone to a very great reward for a long life well spent in the service of the Church he loved so ardently. His genius, piety, and wonderful learning, all consecrated to religion, have earned for him an immortal crown far more precious than the great fame which he won on this earth."

"1915 H st. N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C.,)
 "December 30.)

"The shadows of the departing year are deepened by the sad intelligence which has just reached me, and I beg to tender to the management of the *Freeman's Journal* my profound sympathy in the loss we have all sustained in the death of its large-hearted and large-minded senior editor, the late James A. McMaster. His long and faithful service as a Catholic journalist is without a parallel among us, and such a noble career as he elected to follow will be gratefully treasured in the remembrance of all Catholics who appreciate his loyalty to principles in times when it cost much to be so devoted and so fearless. I pray that the Divine Beneficence may remember in mercy His departed servant, and cause

perpetual light to shine upon him!
Very sincerely yours, A. J. FAUST."

FROM THE FREEMAN, Jan. 15th, 1887.
BALTIMORE, Dec. 30th.

To John D. Keily, Esq.:

Your telegram announcing the sad news of Mr. McMaster's death reached me yesterday. A few days before I heard through Mr. Egan of his serious illness. He was a brave defender of the Faith, R. I. P. Faithfully yours in Jesus Christ. J. CARD. GIBBONS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 30th.

To John D. Keily, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your favor conveying the melancholy intelligence of the death of James A. McMaster, and the deeply appreciated honor of requesting my attendance as a pall-bearer at his obsequies. I will be in attendance at the time mentioned.

Truly yours,

MORGAN J. O'BRIEN,

NEW YORK, DEC. 30th.

DEAR SIR:—I have already an engagement for to-morrow at 10 A. M. which it is now impossible for me to neglect. If by any possibility I can be in Brooklyn at or near that hour, I shall surely be present to pay the tribute of respect for one whom I had known so long and for whom I always entertained cordial esteem and affection. If I am not present, as you write me to be, it is only because I am compelled to be absent.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD O. GORMAN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 30th.

DEAR SIR:—I have this afternoon received your most honorable invitation to attend, as pall-bearer, the funeral of the late respected Mr. McMaster. While extremely desirous of paying such tribute of respect to the dis-

tinguished deceased, I regret that, being only convalescent from a severe attack of illness, it will be impracticable for me to attend as I would desire. With great regrets and with sincere sympathy, I have the honor to be, dear sir, with great respects,

CHAS. P. STONE.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Syracuse, N. Y.
Jan 3rd.

DEAR MR. EGAN:—We were all much grieved to hear of the death of Mr. McMaster, the valiant defender of the Church and my old friend from the days of my boyhood. He is a great loss. He had the benefit of the prayers of my congregation yesterday at the different masses, and he shall be remembered by me at the altar. He never forgot his friends. We should not forget him. May he rest in peace—the brave old Catholic warrior!
Sincerely yours in Christ,

JAMES J. MORIARTY.

A TRIBUTE FROM A VALUED FRIEND.
CHICAGO, Dec. 30.

To Maurice F. Egan, Esq.

Ed. of the New York Freeman's Journal:

I was stunned this morning to read in the despatches, that my dear and old time friend Mr. McMaster was no more! This is for me a grievous personal affliction, which comes upon me with special weight, and will leave in my heart an enduring sorrow. You knew of course the generous loyalty and the depth of his affection for me, extending back during more than a quarter of a century, and how in so many ways, on so many occasions, he sought to single me out and distinguish me by marks and testimonies of his esteem and disinterested friendship. You know too how in a particular instance and manner he conferred on me

the most grateful and the most flattering pledge of his confidence and respect which I can never forget. Naturally then he was very close to my heart. But in a far wider sense than as a personal loss, I shall always hold his memory precious and dear to me. His decease will stir emotions of sorrow in every Catholic heart and home throughout the land. His splendid and faithful services and labors in the cause of Catholic journalism, to which he had consecrated his life and his talents as to a religious vocation; the energy, devotion and unselfishness with which he championed the cause of religious truth, in utter disregard of all merely human and personal considerations; his consistent and loyal devotion to the Holy See, and to the principles and interest allied thereto, is an example worthy of the ages of faith and chivalry. Ever in the front of the conflict, facing the foe with "fierce and defiant aspect," how tender and gentle-hearted, nevertheless, he was to those who knew him with his "armor off!" A giant in his strength and power, with the tenderness and softness of a woman in his inmost heart! Let others remember flaws and blemishes if they may, in that great and heroic character and life. I remember only that he was my friend, and the wealth of his services. When I recall the long chronicle of his Catholic life and work, from the time of his conversion to the hour when he was forced to lay down his valiant and trenchant pen, never to take it up again—when I look back over these laborious years and recall the value of his life's work, I realize how great is the debt of gratitude we all owe to him and how gratefully he deserves to be remembered in every Catholic heart and before every Catholic altar. And surely he will be so remem-

bered in the way and manner he would most desire, in prayers and holy masses for the repose of his soul. I telegraphed you this morning a message conveying the brief expression of my sorrow and my sympathy to his mourning children. Please convey to them my messages of sincere condolence, in which my wife and daughter earnestly join.

I should certainly have gone to New York to attend the funeral and to testify publicly my respect and affection for our dear friend, but illness in my family, as well as pressing official duties, obliged me to forego the journey.

Rev. Fr. Conway, V. G., has thoughtfully arranged for an early Requiem Mass at the Cathedral for the deceased which will be duly announced. His example I am sure will be widely imitated, and in convents all over the land holy souls will remember him daily in their prayers and his memory will long remain enshrined in Catholic hearts as a lofty type of chivalrous devotion to the cause of truth, honor and charity.

May he rest in peace!

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

FROM THE FREEMAN, Jan. 15, 1887.

FROM THE FREEMAN, Jan. 15th, 1891.
CHICAGO, Dec. 31st.

DEAR MR. EGAN:—Only to-day did the tidings of our great loss come to me. It seems only yesterday that I saw him at Governor's Island, a true chieftain! One who left an impression never to be dimmed, it seems, by any future meeting, for when I see him in Heaven, he will be glorified! I have just written to his daughter at Tharon Hill, and to his Carmelites in Baltimore. I send this line to you as one who seemed to come close to him—more closely even than your outward relation necessitated, as if there were

chords which harmonized. I do not expect to hear from you, but I shall look with deep interest for whatever will be said of our friend. He deserves lifelong suffrages from me, which he will have, and it may be that I can sometime show my appreciation of his goodness to me and my admiration for his characteristics. Believe how deeply I sympathise in your anxieties at this time, and that I am always your devoted friend,

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

FROM THE FREEMAN

A TRIBUTE FROM THE HON. A. M. KEILEY. [We give this most subtle and comprehensive tribute to the late editor-in-chief of the Freeman's Journal; it deserves close reading. Apart from the verbal felicity, it has one inestimable characteristic—it comes from the heart]

Tribunal Mixte

de

Premiere Instance du Caire.

CAIRO, JAN. 21ST.

To the Editor of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*:

MY DEAR SIR:—I saw in the London papers, immediately after the event, the announcement of my friend McMaster's death, for which a letter from my brother had indeed prepared me and I made that response to the sad news which he would have me make, and thought to be content therewith. This morning, however, the Journal with its reversed column-rules, comes to renew my grief, and suggests to me that those to whom his memory is dear may fitly, at this day, say a word one to the other around the earth of the grand, good man gone to his rest. Analysis of character is sometimes difficult, and often breeds controversy because of the lack of any attributes so dominant as to fix attention. Then, men choose and emphasize

such characteristic as approaches their own ideal, and biography becomes subjective and untrustworthy. No such mishap can befall the life of James A. McMaster. His patriotic knowledge, his vigor of style, his indifference to opposition—many other things distinguished him; but the master passion of his mind was honesty. He was not only that physically honest person whom we call a brave man, but he was also that intellectually brave person which we best name an honest man.

I have never seen his superior, and, in public or quasi public position, never his equal in this respect.

Burke seems to have considered it the crowning glory of Fox's career that he should have "put to hazard his daring popularity" for a people unknown to him. It would have been unintelligible jargon to James A. McMaster to call such an act a sacrifice. The sublime answer of Pym: "I had rather suffer for speaking the truth than that Truth should suffer for my not speaking," was not in Mr. McMaster the exalted outcome of a dramatic occasion, but his daily, hourly rule of thought and act.

In heart there was never a tenderer or more loyal soul; but he gave up his children, when God called them to the cloister, as he gave up his friends when duty demanded their abandonment or their assailing.

Nor was there anything spasmodic, intermittent about this noble trait. There were no fireworks about his convictions, but the steady glow and glory of sunlight. Putting his hand to the plough he never looked back. And he had that content which comes only from undoubting and profound conviction. A man who believes like Mr. McMaster can afford to wait. There was much of the equipment, but none

of the ambition of leadership in him. He preferred rather the soldier's than the captain's place. And, once his task assumed or assigned—once his post marked out—he “fought his gun” without a rest, but equally without restlessness, until the task was accomplished, the victory won. People who only read him often thought him merely a great polemic, a Boanices of controversy, revelling in fierce debate; and surely he felt as few feel, the *gaudia certaminis*; but those who knew him rejoiced to know that all this was symptom not character—that energetic expression was merely the outward dress of courageous and steadfast conviction—that within that stalwart form, whose rugged strength seemed fit environment for harsh judgment and callous feeling, there throbbed a gentle genial heart, tender to all friendships, just even to all enmities, and charitable to all the fallen and the failing, with that divine tenderness and justice and charity which come of the wide horizon and grand perspective enjoyed by those who believe with absoluteness of conviction that this life is but a day and that the life indeed only dawns when this passes, and having dawned, knows no returning night. In the presence of this faith as a visible thing Mr. McMaster lived and died and in its contemplation found compassion and kindness to his fellows an easy task.

A great figure vanishes from the field of Catholic work and thought—greatest because the very flesh and blood of fearless honesty. May he rest in peace.

Your friend,

A. M. KELLY.

THE LAST DAY.

On the last day of the year 1886, the remains of James A. McMaster were

placed in the vault at Calvary Cemetery, where those of his wife lie. The Rev. Thomas Taaffe, rector of the Church of St. Patrick, in Brooklyn, Mr. John D. Keiley, and a large group of sorrowing friends, witnessed the ceremony.

Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Thomas Taaffe, assisted by Rev. James Taaffe, and the Rev. E. McGoldrick. There were present representatives from the Redemptorists, the Dominicans, the Jesuits and the Paulists, the Rev. Sylvester Malone, the Rev. John Edwards, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, New York city; the Rev. John C. Drumgoole, of New York; the Rev. James Donohoe, of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas; and a large number of other clergymen. In the sanctuary were seated the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin and the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, who delivered a sermon full of tender feeling and marked by exquisite tact.

The pall-bearers were Dr. Byrne, General Newton, ex-Governor Lowe, of Maryland, Mr. James D. Lynch, Mr. Patrick Farrelly, Col. McAnerney, Mr. P. V. Hickey, Mr. James S. Coleman, Mr. Eugene Kelly, Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, and Mr. P. Harper.

Dr. John Gilmory Shea, and Messrs. P. J. Meehan, Henry L. Hogue, Gen. M. T. McMahon, Charles P. Stone, Hon. Richard O'Gorman, Judge Joseph F. Daly, Dr. Thomas A. Emmit, and Morgan J. O'Brien, sent regrets at their inability to be present.

The arrangements of the funeral were under the direction of Mr. John D. Keily, Jr. A number of gentlemen formerly connected with the *Freeman's Journal*, including Mr. Thomas D. Egan, Mr. John Kavanagh, and Mr. Marc F. Vallette, were present, and all the present staff of the *Freeman*.

Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, whose opinions and personality Mr. McMaster warmly respected, was also present, with Mr. Henry C. Walsh, of the *Catholic World*, and many others.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)



WHILST the doctor is navigating home-wards, a word concerning him may not be untimely. It was not long since he graduated, in fact only a couple of years. It is not so easy for an ambitious young man with M. D. just tacked on to his name to get much practice in a town, hence it is not strange to find Cutting roughing it in the country. He was very much liked by the good hearted country-folks. You could easily see that. No picnic was a success without his presence, nor any girl's album complete without his autograph. He received many a little souvenir, among which he mostly prized a pair of embroidered slippers from Charity Werker. At hog-killing time he received a goodly share of fresh-made sausages, and after harvest enough oats to feed the horses of a company of cavalry, not to mention countless jars of apple-butter. With all his medical knowledge Cutting could not insert all the good things into his anatomy, so he left the disposal of them to his landlady, if such I may call the venerable dame who had rented to the young doctor her "best room" with its rag-carpet, wax flowers, and voiceless melodeon.

More than once had Cutting been advised by his father to keep out of the professions.

"No doctor or lawyer," gravely said the old gentleman "can expect to get along now-a-days if he is a Catholic. It is impossible not to do violence to one's conscience. Then, again, a poor young physician who goes around to the poor little Catholic church to hear mass is not thought much of."

There was some truth in what old Cutting remarked, but perchance, he was judging things by his own times.

Young Cutting got along all right. He was not ashamed to pin the word "Catholic" on his coat lapel, in fact, if any one had only hinted it he would have printed it on his business cards.

There may have been Catholics more practical than Cutting, but their number is not legion. He was as regular as a clock in approaching the sacraments, and his religion was not all left in his pew when he returned home, and on the church subscription list his name figured near the top. It was not always an easy matter for him to scrape together a couple of dollars, but in a way he had to do it, for he knew that nobody can be convinced that a doctor is poor.

Many a pure soul to-day which is away up among the cherubim would not be there had not Doctor Cutting been on hand to hurriedly baptize it. He ran no risks, and whenever he saw a child about to breathe its last, his invariable question was: "Is it baptized?" and if a negative answer was forthcoming, his request was to "Bring me some holy water and be quick about it."

He was somewhat of a spiritual physician also to some of his grown up patients.

"You are in a pretty bad condition" he would say. "Better send for the priest. Confession will do you no harm. Perhaps the sacraments will be of more benefit to you than all the contents of my satchel."

It was often with disgust that Cutting recalled his fellow-students, who so little regarded the spiritual part of man whom they considered only as something to be thrown upon the operating table.

Before Cutting went to the country he started in a proud little town hidden away in some malarious lowlands which ought to be a paradise for homeopaths and allopaths, both male and female.

Cutting "hung out his shingle" as the boys say, but little did it benefit him to pay Dauber & Son to paint the sign which told passing sufferers that in that little office on Paradise alley was domiciled "Patrick M. Cutting, M. D."

The big sign on the Chinese laundry next door threw Cutting's gilt letters into obscurity. The first week after his office was fixed up (that is to say when a couple of chairs and a sofa were covered over with linen to make believe they were upholstered in rich plush) Cutting sat patiently thinking of future prospects, when in walked an inquisitive person, who had divers suggestions to make.

"If I were you, sir" he said, "I would take off that word 'Patrick'—It will do you no good. Make it P. M. Cutting—or what is better, spell out your middle initial, whatever it is—for instance "P. Mortimer Cutting, M. D." would be the thing." "How about P. Malheureux Cutting, M. D.?" sarcastically asked Cutting, who continued "you

may go about your business, and are welcome to proclaim it from the housetops that Doctor Patrick M-i-c-h-a-e-l Cutting has come to town. Good day."

No, our medical friend had not the ghost of a chance in X—. He was a nobody. He belonged to no fraternal lodge—he had no spanking bay team, was not even acquainted with the paying teller at the bank, and when with creaseless trousers he strolled down town to seek consolation at the druggists, he wasn't noticed. Even when he saluted the merchant tailor the attention of that important individual was suddenly attracted by something away off on the far horizon. Cutting only once heard a one remark about himself and that was not complimentary. It was made by some boys who kept a sort of guard of honor around the corner pea-nut stand. As he passed one day, he heard one of the urchins say, "Hello, there goes young saw-bones."

Now and then Cutting had a call from the denizens of Goat street. It was generally when they had scruples about calling another physician, who probably had a long standing bill against them.

It was a hard road for Cutting to travel. I do not mean the muddy way to Werkers which was bad enough—but the journey up the professional ladder. But Cutting persevered and made his mark in the years to follow.

"How did you get over your obstacles, Cutting?" some one asked the doctor one day.

"By the other obstacles," he answered quickly.

And true it is, hindrances and ill-luck can be made into golden stairs by which we may reach success.

* * * * *

Let us once more return to that little

country cottage, and pick up a little of Werker's family history. You doubtless remember that the family in its early days resided in the city. But the father, who had long since gone to a well earned reward, became restless driving a watering-cart, which was not the height of his ambition, still that was about the only employment he could get, and a happy thought it was of his to move into the country. He thereby acquired a home, and raised a good family in peace and happiness. As his years declined his hands forsook the plough-handles for a stick and a rosary, and then soon after he lay down, blessed God and died, and the busy world still rolled on and was none the wiser. It was but the third part of life's old story, with the :

"Pulseless breast—hands at rest

Life's short race was run;

Under the sod—back to God

And the earth runs round the sun."

At the time of Dr. Cutting's visit the Werker family was rather small. Time had wrought a great change. The present family consisted of Mrs. Werker and her only daughter Charity. There was one Thomas, the hired man, who until now did the chores.

It was not so easy to make both ends meet. There was a heavy mortgage on the place, and it was only a question of time when mother and daughter would have to sell out and move elsewhere.

The father had left his wife and children in rather fair circumstances, but one ill-fated day fire had swept away a well-filled granary and hay-mow. It was edifying to see such resignation after this disaster. And it all happened on a Sunday when the family was at church. Some wicked minded persons were not slow in saying it was all Divine punishment, to which, like Job of old,

Mrs. Werker smilingly replied : "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord." Such Christian patience was quite a contrast to the conduct of Farmer Growler, who was accustomed to spit out words bordering on blasphemy when ever he noticed the rain dropping on his new cut hay.

But widow Werker had heroically borne up with other and heavier crosses. First her daughter Faith died. She had been a very delicate child, and perhaps after all she would not have amounted to much among buxom farmers' daughters. She was buried in the city, since she had always wished it, and, moreover, often expressed a desire to rest under the shadows of our Lady of Dolors. What recollections must have come back to Charity Werker and her mother that day as they followed the white-plumed hearse along that broad street, that cold and chilly morning whose gloomy atmosphere kept almost everybody within doors. Well could mother and daughter picture to themselves another gala night when amid light and music Faith was triumphantly carried through the applauding crowds. So passes the glory of the world ! So thought widow Werker, whenever her eyes fell on that picture of three Graces occupying the place of honor in the spare-room in her little country home.

But there was a severer trial in store for Mrs. Werker. That was the loss of another daughter, Hope. There was no absolute assurance of the girl's death, still vague reports had led most persons to suppose her dead. Mrs. Werker had lavished most of her affection on Hope, and now to lose her, and not know whether she was living or dead pained her to the quick. Hope was the cleverest of the family. She

knew more than others of the family, she had city notions and was rather "chic" for a country lass. It was her pleasure to make war on old fashioned ways, and to astound the gazing rustic with a stunning new spring dress, or an up-to-date fall cape. For a long time you would see nothing of a literary nature on the parlor table at home except the family Bible, an album, and a last week's "Home and Farm," but through Hope's industry an addition was made of a volume of fashion plates and a few yellow-covered books treating of a "Happy Elopement," or "Fancy's Frolics," or something similar. Such straws showed the way the wind blew. It seemed too late to mend matters. What was worse Hope had always had the privilege of doing things very much her own way. Such things being taken into account no one was surprised when Hope Werker went to the city and kept everyone in the dark as to her whereabouts.

"Poor giddy thing," said her sister Charity. "She has built a great many castles in the air, but she will not realize all her hopes. She will be too easily snared. She will please, and be pleased, for a while, but when she comes down to plain practical life she will be all together at sea. She will not long remain tied down to one place, and what is worse, I fear her stock of religion and home training will soon disappear. I am sorry to lose such a sister, even if she is too forward, and hope that the good Mother of God will cause all to turn out for the best. At least Hope's devotion to the Blessed Virgin was more than skin deep. She had it well-drilled into her and knew it meant more than wearing a medal or ribbon."

Charity's last words has a good deal of truth in them, even leaving Hope out of the question. True devotion to

God's holy mother goes beyond mere external forms. The great secret is to bring around our actions, even the most trifling, so as to measure them by Mary, whom we set before us as a model. The devotion then goes to the spring of our actions, and we find ourselves absorbed as it were with Mary, and then unconsciously perform our duties as if done for, and with our great common model. In such a school we learn to make great strides in virtue. Charity had learned some things there.

There were three graces which Mrs. Werker ardently prayed for in her latter days. The first of these was that some day she might get some satisfactory news of Hope, her wayward child. Secondly, if Hope had married, and been blessed with children, that they would be well brought up and never live to bring disgrace or pain to their grand mother. And the widow's third petition was, that her declining years might be blessed with the presence of Charity. So far as regards her third wish, her prayer seemed to have met with a favorable response.

It would be no easy task to properly portray Charity Werker. She was no paragon of perfection even if she was a heroine in her mother's eyes. She had many good qualities of which she herself was unconscious. She had in her the material that makes a good house-wife. Cutting had pictured her to himself as the ideal wife, although he never nursed any thought of his own possible chances of a union with a girl who appeared to have absorbed the good qualities of both city and country-bred girls with none of their short comings.

Charity had had an ordinary public school education, to which was added a little musical polish at an academy. In speaking of a public school, it must

be borne in mind that in such sections as that in which Werkers lived, bigotry did not thrive very much, and in consequence there appeared little of the usual deplorable consequences of godless schools.

Ups and downs there were, and at times little misunderstandings, but making all allowances Werker's home was a happy one, and much of this was owing to Charity's tact and her many,

"Little deeds of kindness, and little words of love."

Werker's home in its make-up was typical of other homes in the neighborhood. There was the front room with its many-hued rag-carpet, a few pictures, including a galaxy of time-worn tin-types, a couple of oleographs, one or two First Communion souvenirs, a lounge, with some crochet work spread thereon as a warning to those disposed to rest their tired limbs, a centre-table with a gaudy lamp, whose wick on ordinary days did service in the living apartments—together with divers sundry knick-knacks placed here and there. The kitchen was the dining-room, sitting-room and in fact everything. Here the family prayed, read, talked, eat, worked and even at times took a nap in the day. Its furnishing was simple. Near the door were duplicate shoes and slippers for those who worked outside. Along the ceiling hung dried apples, red peppers and harvest mitts, and along the walls were shining pans and pots of various sizes. A highly polished stove with its eternally singing kettle stood conspicuous in the centre of the immaculate floor. This will give some idea of the kingdom where Charity was queen.

As before hinted, the nearest village, or hamlet, was New France with its solitary crooked street. Why it was christened New France is hard to sur-

mise. It seemed so incongruous, too, for its natives mostly hailed from the German side of the Rhine.

There will ever be mystery about the naming of places. It is hard sometimes to understand why a place where Jones' family settled should be called Jonesberg, when the place is as flat as a pancake, or that we can be made to imagine we dwell among woodlands where angels hover, when we know too well that we are encircled by flying and creeping pests hatched in the regions of darkness. Again, why in creation will some as-yet undiscovered back woods-hamlet swell into imaginary importance, and call itself after some great seaport or other, and thereby cause some poor mail-clerk to burst into profanity because he loses an hour or so in trying to discover the whereabouts of "New Greater Oldnewtown." And so it goes adindefinitum. But to return to New France else we shall get into one of the many the big ruts leading out of it.

New France was a quiet little place. It owed its existence mainly to the fact that one long road unceremoniously found its terminus there. Drummers pulled up there to lay in a new stock of axle-grease and incidentally to show a bran-new line of five-year-old goods. Every thirsty horse instinctively stopped at New France. One house gloried in being known as a hotel and the genial proprietor, with "welcome" written all over his face, was always in evidence. Here it was that religion, politics, self-binders, wheat, Holsteins—in fact everything—was thoroughly discussed by the men, while in a circle around the kitchen stove a dozen or more women were all at once airing their opinions about the new hat which disturbed last Sunday's service, or perhaps planning for the coming sewing-bee.

Across the way was the general store, post-office and in fact everything. It was always the center of a busy crowd. The hitching posts at that old landmark had been well gnawed by the sire and great-grand sire of Dr. Cutting's glossy-haired "Dan."

At the general store could be purchased almost everything in exchange for unlimited quantities of prime country butter or the ancient green-back in the far off corners of the farmers' pocket-book, if he had one. Yes, you could get anything at the general store. Plough shares, "diamond" dyes, axe handles, young Hyson, soft-felt hats, crockery and a thousand and one etceteras.

Mail time was an exciting moment at the post-office, and the gossip all dropped to a reverential humming when the post-mistress adjusted her glasses, and prepared to assort the letters. She spoke very rarely while performing this solemn function, and that was perhaps to remark that some postal card gave notice of a creek being swollen in some part of the township.

Churches at New France? Yes, three of them. At one of them you could hear John Knox's doctrine expounded weekly, provided the itinerant clergyman's buggy traces did not break while en route to the church. At the second church you could witness the walls oscillating when the congregation reached the "fortissimi" in the Moody and Sankey hymns. The ministers themselves were good-natured and harmless sort of chaps. They managed to carefully toe the mark laid down by the good house-wives of their flock, who in turn kept "The Parson" well supplied with knitted socks and other useful articles.

The third of the churches was the smallest; that was the Catholic one.

It was a simple, plain little building, surrounded by a neatly-kept "Cemetery" in the center of which loomed up the Mission cross, erected by some missionary father who visited the settlement in its infancy. The spire of St. Elias,—for so was the little church called—changed with the seasons as to colors. At present it glows in fiery red, perhaps because a surplus of that pigment had to make way for other goods to be put on view at the general store.

The interior of St. Elias' was very pretty. Something, indeed, not looked for in a rural church. Statues there were, too, and neither were they eyesores as alas too often is the case. A lovely fresco adorned the ceiling. Its meaning and history was well-known in every township bordering on New France. Every boy and girl would tell you if you asked them.

"Why, that's St. Simon Stock up there on the ceiling. He is the Carmelite monk who received the Scapular from the Blessed Virgin long ago."

So it was. The story and by no means a fictitious one, was from year to year on July 16, related to these good pious people, who in rain or shine were always on hand to participate in the processions held every month in honor of the Mother of God.

What is more, and it is an edifying fact, those good folks often came fasting to receive Holy Communion and many a long mile some of them had to travel homewards, before they broke their fast. There were times when no horse could be brought through the impassable roads. And then the people were glad to walk to church. Only the liveliest faith can cause such sacrifices for holy religion.

The priest in charge was a venerable old monk from the city, who found a

little recreation by coming out to the country after a long week's work in the class-room. The seasons did not interfere with the church attendance. In the scorching dog-days when their city cousin was dodging the sermon and late Mass and heading towards the sea-shore, the good farmer was up bright and early, fed his stock, and was hitching up the sorrels for divine service at New France.

We have lingered rather long among Werker's co-parishioners, because, though simple and prosaic, the place and people present an object lesson to many. Some-one has tritely and truly said that "there is poetry and beauty in the common lives about us, if we look at them with imaginative and sympathetic eyes." And this well applies to those among whom we tarried.

It may not be amiss to dismiss New France by setting down some remarks of Father Boniface, the pastor at New France.

"Yes," the priest used to say, "I should be content to pass the rest of my days with these good people. They are happy and innocent. It is a soil where virtue flourishes. There is peace and quiet and everything helps one to think

of the higher things, of God and the soul. The farmer has always an appetite, sleeps soundly, and has few wants. He is slave to no conventionality and can dress as he pleases. His time is his own and he can sit down at sunset, proudly view his woods and meadows, and say to himself, "What fools these mortals be," as he takes up his paper, and reads of all the troubles and restless anxiety rampant in the busy town. We owe much to steam, electricity and other modern discoveries; they lessen labor 'tistruer. The farmer, however, is happy without these aids. He rises up and goes to rest free from care. God bless the country-folk, especially those around New France."

And these people, too, loved and idolized the good priest who had baptized their children, blessed their marriages, and consoled them at their sick beds. Their only regret was that Father Boniface was a poor friar and therefore could not keep all their little presents. But many generations will remember and pray for him long after he is dressed in his habit and laid away in the monastery vault.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNCLE JOSIAH.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.



think of that?"

Y Uncle Josiah has never invited me to Plainsville though he has very often promised to do so," said Katherine Willis, somewhat petulantly, "What do you

The young lady was in conversation, more or less confidential, with Mrs. Fallowes, who was universally conceded to be the leader of fashionable circles in the aforesaid Plainsville and who had come to New York for her semi-annual shopping.

"It is strange, is it not?" continued Katherine, and all the more so that he has always professed to be so very fond of me. I really do wonder why.

"The ways of men and especially of old bachelors are past finding out," said Mrs. Fellowes, with her artificial but not unmusical laugh. Yet she was mentally very busy with some very shrewd calculations, the result of which would have both vexed and surprised her young acquaintance.

Katherine unsuspecting continued to indulge in conjectures.

"I suppose Uncle Josiah is quite a magnate out there," she said. Her unconscious air of patronage towards the respectable if somewhat remote town of Plainsville, partly amused and partly annoyed the older woman. She remained heroically silent, however. She was contrasting Katherine Willis in her superb and rather exaggerated dinner gown, with the figure of Josiah Baker as she had last seen him. It was a veritable antithesis.

"I don't suppose Uncle Josiah cares very much for society," Katherine continued, quite unconscious of her companion's train of thought, "but of course, he is one of your local magnates. That goes without saying."

The tone this time was half inquiring, half dogmatically assertive. Mrs. Fellowes had once more to call her philosophy to her aid.

"As you say," she asserted quietly, "your Uncle does not care at all for society, but is most highly respected by all who know him."

For after all, thought Mrs. Fellowes, why should she tear the scales from this girl's eyes and display the Uncle, shabby and sordid in his surroundings, unsought and uncared for by the gay world of Plainsville which passed him by with its cold stare of non-recognition. Still, her conscience was clear. She had told but the truth. For personal integrity and commercial uprightness, for a spotless character,

Josiah Baker was indeed respected by all those with whom he came in contact. His word was literally as good as his bond.

"He is coming down next week to spend Christmas with us," added Katherine, "and, perhaps, I shall coax him to take me back with him, if it be not too absorbingly gay here."

"Poor Josiah!", thought Mrs. Fellowes, "that would be the end of the romance, which this shallow society girl has woven around your name."

Aloud, she merely said: "Is it long since you have seen him?" "I have not seen him since I was a child," answered Katherine.

"I should have told her the truth in a moment," said Mrs. Fellowes, relating the circumstances afterwards to a Plainsville acquaintance, "and as far as Miss Katherine was concerned, I should not have had the smallest remorse. But the pathos of the situation struck me with peculiar force."

"Pathos? the friend had inquired, in astonishment, "You interest me."

"Yes, pathos!" Mrs. Fellowes had said, nodding her head, sagaciously. "I thought of that man, so honest, so unostentatious, so unpretentious, depriving himself of all but the necessities of life to aid this brilliant young beauty in her career of fashion. For he does aid her by money and costly gifts, I know that from Katherine herself, and I intuitively guessed that, dearly as Uncle Josiah has always loved truth, it has been the temptation of his life to permit his niece to hug a delusion.

"A delusion? oh, do tell me. This is really like some of those romances one reads."

"Why, Miss Willis, who belongs to a wealthy and fashionable set, her mother was a Wayland, is filled with

the idea that her Uncle is of great social and other importance out here in our town of Plainsville, which has acquired a prestige in Miss Katherine's eyes on account of its distance."

"Oh, dear me, how odd. This poor Mr. Baker," and with a laugh in which Mrs. Fellowes joined, the friends separated.

II.

Meanwhile, at Plainsville, extraordinary preparations were on foot, with a view to Josiah Baker's long intended visit to New York. It was many a year since he had undertaken so important an expedition before. From time to time, he had taken sundry short trips, when the interests of business demanded, going southwards or northwards or eastwards, as opportunity offered. But that was a different matter altogether. He was setting out now, as a visitor to gay and fashionable people, the very idea of whom impressed, not only Josiah, but his household and immediate circle of friends with awe. People who dressed for dinner and still, more awful thought, sat down to that substantial meal at seven in the evening, besides wearing furbelows of all sorts on week days, and going about in a carriage, were not to be lightly considered. Plainsville as represented by Josiah Baker's acquaintances, held his journey to be one of almost civic importance. It was a bold and venturesome flight into regions unknown by a fellow townsman.

Josiah, in anticipation of the event, paid sundry visits to the chief clothing store of the place, where a variety of very tempting ready made articles were displayed. He was enamoured of a certain suit of clothing, which he fancied would meet all the requirements of the new and trying situation, in

which he was so soon to be placed. The price, however, to use his forcible expression, staggered him and knocked him all of a heap.

His charities, the name of which was legion, were about the only quarters in which he could practice economy. If he could make up his mind to let the Smith family be turned out of their dwelling for non-payment of rent, or to cause Lemuel Jenkins, who met with an accident, to cease that expensive treatment at the hospital, or to leave Sam Lewis' widow without her January provision of coal, or the Mullins' children without their winter quarter's schooling, he could easily have got the suit.

"I guess I'll have to git some cheaper clothes," Josiah ruminated, standing on the corner of the street, "it's our duty clear as day to help our poorer brethren. I can't cut down on them nohow."

When Josiah had, at length, made up his mind to forego the desired article and to purchase a suit which the salesman assured him, "fitted him as if it was made for him," he had it sent home for the inspection of his household. His household, be it observed, consisted of his faithful Irish house-keeper and factotum, Norah McGinn. Josiah put on the clothes in the privacy of his own room and went down to pass in review before Norah's critical eyes.

"Stand there in a good light, Mr. Baker, sir," said Norah, "till I get a good look at you."

Josiah stationed himself as directed, near the kitchen window. He held his head very straight and his arms very stiff down by his side. Norah settling herself, with an arm upon either hip, surveyed her master very deliberately from head to foot. Before delivering an opinion, however, she turned Josiah round and round, indulging herself,

moreover in a variety of pinchings and pullings and smoothing out of creases. Sleeves and collar, buttons and coat tail came in each for its share of observation. In fact, she turned Mr. Baker around so fast, that it is a marvel he was not seized straightway with a giddiness.

"I guess they'll do, Norah," said Josiah half deprecatingly. He began to fear her disapproval and was possibly anxious to secure a verdict, which should put an end to the teetotum exercise, in which Norah was indulging. "I reckon they'll be sure to please the folks down there."

"They'll be hard to please if that suit doesn't please them," said Norah emphatically, "Mr. Baker, Sir, those clothes fit beautiful. There's not a flaw in them."

Josiah brightened up. No doubt he felt doubly relieved, and for obvious reasons Norah had not only set her seal of approval upon the garments, but declared them to be veritable works of art.

"And now that that's settled, what about your hat, sir?"

Josiah took the article mentioned and examined it with the closest attention. It was certainly debatable ground, and there was a wistful look on Josiah's face, as he gave the much worn felt a final brush with his coat sleeve.

"I guess the hat'll have to do, Norah," said he, hesitatingly, "I don't see how I can afford a new one."

"Deed, Mr. Baker, and I see," said Norah, with fire in her eye, "I see well enough, and if I was you, I'd get a new one. It isn't often you go to New York and that's God's truth and its little you spend on yourself, anyhow."

"It ain't as if I was goin' to get married," said Josiah, with an attempt at jocularity.

"That's true enough, sir, but still and all you're going among your own flesh and blood, decent people by all accounts, and d'ye want to have that old canteen there laughing at the beautiful suit of clothes y've just tried on?"

Josiah looked troubled. He took off the hat, which Norah to aid her argument had somewhat forcibly put upon his head, and regarded it again, while he smoothed his rumpled hair. The hat seemed to Josiah's anxious mind to appear considerably worse in face of the malevolent epithet which Norah had applied to it.

"That's all right, Norah," he said, at last, "but the expense is going to be steep and it ain't for very long. Not more'n a couple of weeks, I expect."

"There's no knowing how long they'll want to keep you when they get you there," said Norah, "and if you'll take my advice, you'll let them shiftless Mullinses and a good many others, too, look out for themselves for once in a way, and supply your own needs." Josiah put up his hand to enjoin silence. This was forbidden ground on which even Norah did not usually venture to tread. A smile crossed Josiah's face at the moment, which was its chief, almost its only beauty. It seemed to light up and transfigure its sallow plainness, despite the worn lines and the furrows that told of toil or pain, or of both.

Norah, without further suggestion or remonstrance continued to do her share towards preparing for the great journey. As she poured him out his tea of an evening or set before him his huge bowl of oatmeal and milk at morning, she regarded him with a variety of anticipations, somewhat in the nature of prophecy, as to the way in which Josiah was to be received. It was very clear to her mind, even if it was not so distinct in that of Josiah, that a certain exclusive circle in Gotham was to be

stirred to its depths by the arrival of the long expected uncle from Plainsville.

When the day of departure had actually arrived, Norah set herself to the preparation of a specially elaborate meal. Josiah was to leave by the afternoon train, and expected to reach New York the following evening. "You won't taste such crust as that till you come back, again, to Plainsville," said Norah, with pardonable pride, as she put upon her master's plate a large helping of his favorite deep apple pie. "I guess not, Norah," said Josiah, with prompt acquiescence, "there can't be none better at any rate."

"Try to eat now, sir," said Norah, seeing that the pastry was not disappearing with the customary promptitude, "you have a long journey before you and it's hard to tell how it may be about the eating."

The truth was Josiah's appetite was far from being as keen as it ordinarily was. He began to feel a slight sinking of the heart, accompanied by various very uncomfortable misgivings. The prospect before him did not seem as fair as when distance had lent it enchantment. The sunshine around the old home seemed to shine with a peculiar radiance, warm yet chastened, as one fancies it does on a Sabbath morning. The fire in the kitchen stove gleamed out through the grate with a cheerful warmth tempered by sadness. He, Josiah, was going away. The great journey with all its allurements began to seem less and less desirable.

"The little gal'll be mighty glad to see me any way," Josiah reflected. "I recollect how she used to cling around my neck and try to speak my name, and she thought I was a sight better'n anybody else except her ma."

Despite these reflections, which were the only comforting ones the situation seemed to afford, now that the farewell moment had arrived, Josiah completely lost heart. As he stood upon the threshold of the door bidding Norah goodbye and peered back, through dimming eyes, at the long familiar room he was leaving, the fire would take on a mournful look and Norah's face would show

all too plainly the traces of tears. And when Josiah turned towards the road stretching before him, which led to the railway station and over which he had passed such countless times, the sun seemed to shine, with that strange sad beauty. Its brightness seemed to mock him and to reproach him that he was going forth from the pleasant walks of his daily, homely existence, into strange pastures.

He hurried his farewells. Norah watched him and realized as never before what a lonely, solitary figure his was. Her eyes wet with tears, followed him, striding manfully towards the depot, his satchel, a well worn one, clasped in his hand. As in a panorama all the goodness with which she knew his life to be thickly crowded came to the watching woman. The poor that he helped, the miseries of various kinds that he relieved, the strengthening hand stretched out to the weak and erring, the consoling word, the prayers he prayed, so simply and unostentatiously down in St. Mary's Church, the example he had been in their midst for so many years.

Norah resolutely shut the door, dried her tears and began to sweep vigorously, declaiming the while against the dirty boots of the man that came for the trunk.

"That villain of the world," she said, "I bid him wipe his feet on the mat before coming in."

But sweep as she would and berate as she might the offending expressman, Norah could not get out of her thoughts that vanishing figure, going down the frosty road in the waning December sunlight. Each time the tears welled up, tears that came straight from a faithful heart. They coursed down the ruddy cheeks, which had preserved their color, though the woman was in her sixtieth year. It was the fresh bloom of health she had brought out from Ireland, in the year of the "Big Wind." This being translated meant one of those phenomenal storms, in which winds play a special part, and which periodically make havoc in the British Islands.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SPAIN AT THE CONGRESS OF TRENT.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



EW, if any, of the nations of the old or new world, responded with so much enthusiasm, or with such numbers, as Spain, to the call addressed to Christendom to attend the anti-Masonic Congress. This latest and grandest of Catholic manifestation was held last September in the historic city of Trent, in mountainous Tyrol. Few nations sent to represent them so many distinguished ecclesiastics, so many illustrious members of the laity as Spain.

Why? Because few, if any, of the nations of Europe have suffered as severely, morally and materially, from that masonic hatred of Catholicity so peculiar to Southern Europe as Spain.

In the fifties and subsequent centuries, Spain was the theatre of the wars which Arianism engendered. Still later it was the battlefield of the Cross and Crescent. With the bloody conflicts of seven centuries, came the inevitable evils in their train, indescribable carnage, rapine, the smoking homesteads, the dismantled roofs and the desecrated altar, the doleful episodes of every Moslem invasion.

At the dawn of the present century the Napoleonic hosts of the "Great Captain" laid waste her fields, desolated her cities, robbed her treasury and carried off her priceless treasures of art, science, literature, and the stores of wealth used in adorning her shrines and sanctuaries.

Desperate evils as these have been and frightful as has been the carnage, yet no less disastrous are the series of misfortunes which in our days can be traced to the Machiavellian plottings of masonry in our midst.

Today our cities are the prey of no less a merciless and insidious enemy, the heresy of the 19th century, the offshoot of that false liberty which Luther and his satellites proclaimed. War destroys

the body, but the wiles of masonry ruin body and soul.

Yes, masonry has taken firm root in our midst; our government, our institutions, our free schools, our state universities are one and all poisoned with its virus. And yet men, particularly those to whom the destinies of the country have been confided, were as heedless of its increase in numbers, for they themselves too frequently swelled its ranks, as they were regardless of the anathemas of the church.

They have seen it go on accumulating in force, enlarging its ranks, until it bare facedly unmasks itself, by threatening first, the existence of the national Church, and next, the stability of the throne. It openly ignores the existence of an all wise God, it denies His rights over mankind, it derides the designs of His Providence. It scatters broadcast among the poorer classes of the people, especially the scene of the cities and the most irreligious population, theories in pamphlets and leaflets, in which human and divine laws are set at naught. It tries to drive the cross from the school-room, to establish a regime of infidelity in the halls of the state universities, to weaken the family tie and the sanctity of the nuptial knot, to poison the fountains of justice, to reduce society to a chaos by its lawless doctrines; finally, it conspires here and in our colonies against the nation which shelters it and its partisans. These are evils far more ruinous in their results, not alone for the present but future generations, than the sanguinary ones of warfare, of which the peninsula so frequently has been the theatre.

It was to combat this common enemy, not of Spain alone, but of the whole Catholic Church, that so many loyal sons of the Church assembled in the picturesque City of Trent. Delegates from every Catholic country, citizens of every Catholic nation, came, uniting themselves in one impenetrable phalanx before the eyes of the civilized world, and beneath the one banner, and glorying in the one motto: "*Pro fide*

et patria libertas."

Although of different political creeds, and from different political sections, yet here they found themselves as brothers, holding the one faith in Jesus Christ, and determined with one will to combat without truce or rest, the accursed sect of masonry, a sect, which from the days of Clement XII to those of Leo XIII, the Church has invariably stigmatized as a "Criminal Sect," a society so perverse that, in order to effect the triumph of its diabolical designs, it never hesitates to make use of the most infamous means.

No doubt, pious well-meaning Catholics often look on Free-masonry as a harmless institution, and on its associates, as good members of society, frequently charitable and neighborly in their relations with their fellowmen, and in no wise allied to the horrid abominations of masonry in continental Europe.

Let us hope that there may be some ground for this charitable feeling. Although we have the express word of Pontiffs and prelates in the past, and nowadays the pathetic voice of an octogenarian pilot, warning his flock that the apostasy of individuals, aye, of whole nations, is the perfidious work of this secret confederacy of guilt.

To publicly profess the faith is nothing new amongst Catholics, be they Liberal or Conservative, Republicans or Democrats, Legitimists or Imperialists. Councils and Congresses have done this again and again. But this was the first occasion for Christian hosts to unite and declare individually and collectively that they would never cease warring against the impious heresy of the 19th century, never discontinue fighting for faith and fatherland.

And from what basilica of the Catholic world could such a declaration go forth as triumphantly and under such happy auspices, as from the city which once sheltered in its bosom the great ecumenical council, that gave the first death-blow to the Lutheran heresy, and which welcomed with a deluge of joy and hearty "*Bien Venida*" the great Anti-masonic Congress of '96.

The sessions of the Congress were

public and were held in the Church of the diocesan seminary, once the property of the sons of St. Ignatius. Notwithstanding that it is as spacious in extent as it is gorgeous in decoration, it was so densely crowded in chancel, nave and aisle, that many had to content themselves with standing room in the adjacent cloisters and corridors.

The Prince Primate of Hungary, Cardinal Haller, Archbishop of Salzburg, presided at its deliberations at the express wish of His Holiness. Whenever he vacated the Presidential chair, Prince Loewenstein occupied it. He is one of the independent Catholic princes of the German empire, a devoted son of the church.

Besides these there were present the patriarch of Constantinople, and 20 other bishops with an immense crowd of ecclesiastical dignitaries of every grade in the hierarchy. From every Catholic nation laymen were present in large numbers, contributing by their learning and eloquence to throw a halo of brilliancy over the deliberations of the Congress.

Many vigorous speeches were held, relating in detail, the anti-Christian character of masonry and the crimes, one by one, which were committed either with its complicity or connivance.

So graphic were the descriptions, so horrid the details, so lifelike the pictures of the sect's satanic hatred of Jesus Christ crucified, and of the eucharistic God, His church and His ministry, particularly the religious orders, that even the sacredness of the place could not stifle the shout of "Death to masonry."

It were invidious to single out individuals, where there were so many whose eloquence would demand notice, if space in the pages of the CARMELITE REVIEW would permit.

I will select only two. The first is Signor Risplini, a native of Switzerland, who is an eloquent orator and barrister of great talent. He holds the first rank in the forum of his nation for the beauty of his forensic eloquence. In language beautiful and convincing he described the oppression and injustice perpetrated in the Protestant cantons of

his native land by those affiliated to the masonic sect. He related with a minuteness of detail which held his vast audience spellbound the incidents connected with the horrid assassination of Judge Rossi, slain with heartless deliberation and in cold blood by the emissaries of the sect during a popular commotion. He concluded his magnificent discourse by assuring his audience that no matter what he had said of the diabolical confederacy of guilt, no matter how startling the details, they were yet far from the hideous reality.

And then, let me mention a Spanish orator, the Very Rev. Jaime Colell, Canon of the Basilica, of Vich, Spain, who took as his subject: Prayer. Altho' he had to speak in a foreign tongue, and before an international audience, yet his discourse was so much admired that it was at once ordered to be printed and distributed amongst the members of the Congress, thus proving that Spain is still, as it always has been in the past the nation of armed theologians.

He at once carried conviction to the minds of all, as he pointed out, in soft, sweet, and graceful language of Dante and Tasso, the powerful efficacy of prayer, the only weapon to fight even unto death this anti-Christian association. It is the same weapon that mysteriously the prophet recommends and delivers to Maccabeus: "Take this holy sword, this gift of God. With it thou shalt scatter the adversaries of my people." Thus has the Church always taught from Peter to Leo, thus have the holy prelates defended her children, and scattered her enemies. In fact, the history of the Church is the history of triumph of prayer, from the first persecution by Herod of the Prince of the Apostles to our sad days, when prayers, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, are being offered up before the throne of the eternal for the termination of the long captivity of his successor, the immortal Leo.

Thus the learned divine pointed out in language convincing and eloquent the advantages and beauty of prayer. In particular did he eulogize one form of prayer dear to every Catholic heart,

the Rosary—a prayer which never grows old. A prayer that with the passing away of generations and centuries, loses nothing of its actuality; a prayer essentially anti-masonic; the prayer of the tranquil hearth as well as of the procession and the pilgrimage; the prayer that left emblazoned on the banner of the Church the victory of Lepanto, and many another victory against the enemies of our faith. Yes, to the prayers of the Rosary, uttered by a poor unlettered peasant girl in the mountains of Lourdes, we are indebted for an apparition which has been a smile of Divine mercy over a corrupt century. To the Bull of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception has been attached the seal of the Holy Rosary. He then pointed out, amidst the acclamations of the Congress, that 150,000 had become members of the anti-masonic league in Spain, men of the highest standing in Church and State. Cardinal Sancha, Metropolitan of Valencia, with his rare ability and devoted zeal, by his pen and by his tongue, had enlisted in this Christian warfare the Spanish nation, its priests and its prelates.

The distinguished orator electrified his audience when he assured them that in Barcelona alone there were 20,000 adorers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and that each of these was anxious to make use of this spiritual weapon of prayer in order continually to besiege heaven to relieve their poor but beloved land of "Maria Santissima" from the dire incubus of a confederacy banded together to drive Him from the altar, as the Voltairian hosts of the revolution did before by enthroning the goddess of reason on the altars of the living God.

In a beautiful peroration he implored his vast audience to hope confidently in a glorious triumph; a triumph as brilliant as that of Lepanto, for this new crusade, since "God wills it, Mary hopes for it, and Leo orders it," and thus, not by the arms of the flesh, but by the assistance of the right hand of the Most High, and Mary's powerful intercession besought through the Holy Rosary, masonry will soon be crushed under the triumphal chariot of the Church.

Amidst acclamations of "*Viva il Papa*

Re" and loud cheers for their Emperor and Protector, Francis Joseph, the Congress closed its sessions, so interesting and successful. The crowds quietly

dispersed, filled with the determination to fight unto death against the impious sect, the greatest enemy of the moral and material felicity of man.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

BY S. X. B.

Examination day was at hand in the parochial school attached to a certain Church in the pretty little city of E—, and Sr. Josepha had just finished a thorough investigation as to how her class in Christian doctrine would be able to satisfy the reverend body of examiners in that all important branch. It was a very sultry afternoon; the waters of the lake caught the reflected rays of a burning sun, and seemed to throw them back with redoubled heat. Not a breath of air stirred the foliage on the trees which in that locality are scattered with no ungenerous hand, and the pupils congratulated themselves the vacation was so near. They had responded well and intelligently to the questions of Sr. Josepha. The gratified teacher paused a few moments before she expressed her satisfaction. She was very proud of this class—and indeed, as she frequently said, had very little reason generally to complain of her boys.

What principally occupied her thoughts now was the lessening, during the next school year, of the time she had always devoted to catechism. The boys seemed so thoroughly proficient, and she could then devote some extra half-hours to Algebra, or perhaps even form a class in elocution, a branch in which Sr. Josepha ranked very high. Yes, the catechism need not receive such close attention in the future.

A knock at the door, quick and somewhat imperious, broke in upon her train of thought. She motioned to one of the smaller boys to open it, and saw the pupils rise through respect to a visitor of whom she had no knowledge whatever. "I greet you, Sister," he said, "and you too my children. May the Lord be with you all!" The stranger was rather tall, with a kindly face and flowing white beard. His garb, whilst not absolutely singular, still was such as to attract attention as he stood there. He wore a long surtout of the finest cloth, with ample sleeves, the crimson silk lining of which was visible as he

lifted his hand to remove his broad low hat.

"Can you supply me with a catechism, Sister?" he asked, as the teacher advanced to meet him. "I come from afar and know nothing of your marts." Sr. Josepha hastened to open the press of school books, near which they stood, and handed the desired volume, devoutly wishing the while, that she could waive the question of base lucre with this distinguished looking stranger. "It is five pennies," she said. "I would willingly offer it to you, but I am under obedience and it is not mine." "I know it, Sister," he replied gently, "obedience should go before all." Then continuing: "O! what a precious little book is this, we can never value it sufficiently, nor study its pages too much. No, my children, and you, too, Sister, never acknowledge the advent of that day when the Catechism can be entirely laid aside, or even its hours curtailed to give place to some other lore."

Then he took from a quaintly fashioned purse, a silver coin, similar in fashion to our dollar (of a hundred cents). "Take it, Sister, and would there were one for every page." Then, with a kind adieu, he left the room.

The Sister watched the window by which in a moment he must pass, but he came not. Then a thought struck her. "Fred and Charlie," said she, "go and look if our visitor took the street leading to the cathedral, or to the hospital, and be quick!" Is it necessary to say anything of the celerity of two boys unexpectedly released from the school room on a sunny June afternoon?

This was their report: "Sister, we went different ways and there was not a sign of him, and where he could have disappeared so suddenly is more than any one can tell."

"He looked just like that," said a dear little boy, who had been brought to school that afternoon by a larger brother, and he pointed to a beautiful statue of St. Joseph, a recent donation to the class room. And it was something like this that echoed in Sr. Josepha's thoughts: "St. Joseph! St. Joseph! My holy patron! Sent to reprove me for thinking of shortening the hours for Catechism." And her half-formed intention was abandoned from that moment.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MARCH, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

The month of March brings us to the altar of St. Joseph; and so we will have to think some very sweet thoughts about him during these days of whistling winds and fast fleeting snow drifts.

Let us go away up to the front of the Church and take a seat right in front of his altar. Look at him; dear, gentle, lonely old man. His left hand is on his heart and in his right he holds a lily. No flower so pure or spotless as the heart of this beloved old saint. Is it any wonder that, living in the sweet and holy company of Jesus and Mary for so many years he became the model of Christ-like perfection that he is? What a lesson for us all, dear children. We are, as our friends are. A man's intimates are always like himself, because like attracts like.

Now, dear St. Joseph had no other thought in life but to do God's will; and he learned his lesson perfectly by looking at Jesus and Mary.

Can we do the same, you ask why not? Are we not all of the family of Nazareth? Is not Mary our Mother—dearest, sweetest, tenderest of mothers as she is! And being our Mother, is not her blessed Son, our Brother?

Oh! dear children, if we would only think oftener of those things, how much happier and holier we would be.

Some of us do not know *how* to pray. What *is* prayer? It is talking to God.

Well, we go into a Church, make the sign of the cross—a very funny sort of one sometimes. The Secretary saw a good old woman lately, who was making the stations. She blessed herself at each one, by touching her forehead, then her right and left shoulders, skipping the breast every time. Make the sign of the cross slowly and find out how *you* do it.

After kneeling down some of us rattle off an Our Father, Hail Mary, and then take a seat. We forget that our dear Lord is on the altar, looking at us and waiting for us; and is *so* disappointed when we do not *talk* to Him. *The* Our Father and Hail Mary are excellent prayers—none better. But they are not all. Why can we not think of our Blessed Lord as our friend? Why not talk to Him as we talk to others? The Secretary knows one child, who always says when making her genuflection on entering the church—"Good morning, dear Lord!" and leaving it, "Good evening!"—and why not? In heaven we shall all live in God; then why not begin to know Him intimately on earth. Yes, learn to pray by conversing with our Lord whose divine ears and eyes and heart are human like ours. Ask St. Joseph to teach you, dear children, how to pray without a prayer book—how to be simple and childlike and natural with God.

Learn to think of the Church at your home. How beautiful it is in its sweet and restful quiet after the noisy streets.

Some where near your home you will find one open. Go there on week days after school. How pleased our Lord is, when a troop of school children, gay and happy, come up the aisle, and kneel at the altar, right close up to Him. No prettier sight. The other day in the great beautiful Cathedral of New York, the Secretary saw (in the Lady Chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is kept,) a crowd of school girls coming up to the altar with a very business-like air. There were two priedius directly in front of the altar for members of the Confraternity of Perpetual Adoration. The Blessed Sacrament is never left alone in St. Patrick's Cathedral of New York. Members of the Confraternity are coming and going every half-hour to adore our Lord and keep Him company in His own house. Well, one of the girls was a little negress; and after she had knelt in her pew for a moment, she suddenly jumped up with a very grand air, walked up and knelt on one of the priedius. As the Secretary looked at her she thought of the words of our Lord, spoken so many hundreds of years ago. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The children are the most privileged members of the household of God.

"In Heaven we shall all be children again;

Children of one, from the children of twain;

Children of seventy, children of seven,
None but the children shall go into Heaven.

So it is said and so it is sung,

As we grow older we shall grow young."

What do these old-fashioned verses mean? Only a repetition of our Blessed Lord's words: "Unless ye be-

come as little children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Simple, pure-hearted, obedient, trusting, truthful; such are the child-like hearts. St. Joseph is the saint above all others who will teach us all how to become like little children.

The Secretary received some very pretty letters from the little ones who were sent a Dominican rosary.

One dear little girl, Myrtle A. Topper, of Ridgely, Md., sent a charming letter—so sweet and simple that the Secretary wants you all to read it; so she puts it in your corner this month and hopes to hear from some more of her little friends :

DEAR SECRETARY,—Many thanks for the little rosary, which I received just before Christmas. I felt very happy because I was so anxious to get it. You remember I promised to pray it first for you, and I kept my promise faithfully; for just as soon as I received it, I went to my little bedroom and said two rosaries; one for *you* dear, and the other for the poor souls. Didn't you feel that some little girl in Maryland was praying for you? I am so very glad my story was the best, but I *did* want so badly to see my letter in the "CARMELITE REVIEW," and I was disappointed. Mamma said, "Never mind, Myrtle, it will be in sometime."

I had a merry Xmas. Santa Claus put a Xmas tree in our room and also some nice presents. I was afraid he wouldn't find our house, because it is so far away in the country and stands all alone. But everybody said as long as the roads were good he would pass our way, and so he did. I even saw his tracks in the road the next morning when we went to holy Mass.

I am a day scholar at St. Gertrude's Academy and my teachers are all kind to me. I have several studies and like them all.

The large girls are preparing for examination. Oh! dear. How they dread it! I think I will have to be examined too, so will you please pray for me?

Now I am tiring you with my long letter, so I will close by wishing you many blessings.

Your little friend,
MYRTLE A. TOPPER:

I know all the children will agree with me in saying that no one could write a prettier letter than our little girl from Maryland—the home of good Catholics.

I wonder how many of us are going to make a big act of mortification this Lent by going to Mass every day.

Ask St. Joseph to waken you a half hour earlier each morning. (He is far better than an alarm clock. One gets used to its whirr after awhile.—) Just do that one by penance this Lent and you will surely have a happy Easter.

Don't feel mean when it comes, because you have nothing to offer our Lord, but Mass every morning, and no candy all Lent! So? Too hard? Put those two straws beside our Lord's heavy cross—Then look at *Him* and see if you can say to Him, "Too hard!" How many of you know the lovely hymn, "Yes Heaven is the prize?"

The Secretary will put it in next month's corner. It is as good as a prayer. Let her have some Easter letters from St. Joseph's children. Who will make him their alarm clock all during March so that they may go off bright and early to Mass.

Daily Masses pave the road to paradise, and shorten one's stay in purgatory. Is it "too hard" to lay up a store of them?

Devotedly,
CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. What two distinguished Polish patriots gave their services to the cause of American Independence?

2. What was the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic?

3. What Bishop baptized St. Augustine?

4. Who wrote the "Dream of Gerontius?"

5. What is the swiftest messenger?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN FEBRUARY.

1. Father Southwell.

Time goes by turns.

2. St. Thomas re Becket.

3. In the reign of Edward III of England.

4. Edward the confessor.
West Monastery.

5. King Alfred, the great.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. I'm longer and longer the lower I fall.

And when I'm highest I'm shortest of all.

2. What word of three syllables contains the whole alphabet?

3. What would Neptune say if the sea were drained?

4. Why is a reporter like a forger?

5. How is punctuality immaterial?

MAXIMS FOR MARCH.

1. Beloved children, go to St. Joseph. He will help us in our duties.—Pius IX Feb. 23, 1871.

2. I have never prayed to St. Joseph in vain. I have obtained all I asked for through his intercession.—St. Teresa.

3. I regret nothing save that I have not loved God enough. I desire nothing save that His will be done.—Gen. De Sonis.

4. Say "I am satisfied with God," and surely God deserves this, for he has done enough for you.—Fr. De Ravignan.

5. No soul can be happy in trying to escape God.—Fr. De Ravignan.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

The CARMELITE REVIEW for 1896 makes a beautiful bound volume of 350 pages with 14 full page illustrations. Those who wish to procure a copy, will please send Postal or Express Money Order for \$1.50, when ordering, or the 12 numbers of the year 1896 post paid, together with 50 cents. The volume is bound in brown cloth, with gilt title and number of volume on the back, not, as in former years, on the side.

.

The Rev. Chas. Warren Currier, whose articles written for the CARMELITE REVIEW have been so highly appreciated by our readers, has been placed on the missionary staff for missions to non-Catholics in the diocese of Baltimore by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. We wish him a most fruitful harvest in this noble and apostolic work, convinced, as we are, that as far as human efforts can go, his work will be a success. The rest we must hope from God.

.

The most beautiful and most extensive building in the world for library purposes is the new Congressional Library building in Washington. Its walls are decorated by the best artists of the western continent. Among the ornaments are found scrolls inscribed with the names of all our more or less known American authors. But it has been remarked that among all these names there does not appear the name of a single Catholic author, altho' many obscure authors are mentioned who could not be compared in literary worth with some of our eminent

Catholic writers. A bit of non-sectarian equality, we suppose.

.

A traveller in Mexico lately called attention to the fact that the devout Mexican raises his hat when he passes a church. It is not necessary to go from home to see that. Every devout and thoughtful Catholic respects the house of God where our Lord is ever present in the tabernacle. A non-Catholic whose own place of worship is no more sacred than his own home, cannot understand this.

.

The third of March is the 19th anniversary of the Pope's coronation. Let us pray for our Holy Father that day that our Lord may still prolong his glorious reign.

.

A Lenten thought from the author of "Light of Asia:"

"Shun drugs and drink which
work the wit abuse,
Clear minds, clean bodies need
no Soma juice."

.

What a galaxy of Carmelite saints we have this month! They were all great penitents, not so much because they needed penance, but rather did they suffer, watch and pray for a sinful world. First we have Jacobinus, a poor, humble lay-brother who found sanctity in the most menial employment. Then Romaeus sacrificing his life to care for the plague-stricken people of Lucca. Cyril of Jerusalem, filled with apostolic zeal, entering the royal palace, converting the very Sultan. Euphrosyne, the virgin, satisfied

with a mere diet of bread and water during the forty days of Lent. Louis Morbioli content with the trunk of a tree for a resting place. Joanna of Toulouse a paragon of virtue, and Berthold and Baptist Mantua ever rewarded here below for their great devotion to the Queen of heaven. The eight beatitudes were all personified in these holy friars and nuns.

:

The variety of patent face beautifiers and regenerators is great. Why not try fasting? It is the best spring medicine, good both for soul and body.

:

If you worried as much about your soul as you do about dollars and cents you would be Saint long ago. Perfect health and content of mind go together. A nagging man, or woman, is always thin. Excessive excitement wears out the brain.

:

Prayer rather than controversy is bringing the English people back to the faith of their fore-fathers. There is a heap of truth contained in these words of a popular hymn which run :

"Faith of our Father! Mary's prayers
Shall bring our country back to thee;
And through the truth which comes
from God

England shall then indeed be free."

:

Suppose you are sitting on a jury. Before you stands a man condemned to death. His fate depends on himself. He can undo his sentence. He refuses to do so. What do you think of him. A fool? Certainly. You have parallel cases. Take for instance the man who refuses to go to his Easter duty. He is cut off from the church. He is condemned to spiritual death. How his friends pity him. He is a fool, is he not? Of course. Suppose you and the

defendant changed places. What would he think of you ?

:

There is a mine of practical thought in the four gospels set apart for the first four Sundays of Lent. First our Lord is tempted. What follower of His is not? How the present great output of the press teems with sensuality. And you need not be told of the flaming show-bill, or the suggestive advertisement, especially the one in small type hidden away in the corner of the paper. Ah! conscientious soul, be on your guard. Satan lurks where you least expect to find him. "Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation.

:

Thabor again looms up in the gospel of the 2d Sunday of Lent. Think of heaven. Cheer up, despondent one. Don't keep looking at everything through the wrong end of the telescope. Remember Easter quickly follows Good-Friday.

:

We will again listen with devout ear to the oft-repeated story of the miraculous multiplication of the loaves. And the great miracle of the Eucharist still goes on in God's Church.

:

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," is a well-known business axiom. It is no less a saying which can be applied to the Christian who desires to shake off his faults and failings. Keep at it.

:

And again we say, and never grow tired of repeating, "Go to Joseph!"

:

That was indeed an interesting address on "Socialism" delivered by Editor Dana at the University of Michigan. Brook Farm and other such Utopian schemes go to show the great

desire of the more refined portion of humanity, for a more perfect and happier life. A perfect community though will not take root or thrive on this earth of ours, except fostered by the true Church. Monastic life comes the nearest to an ideal form of socialism. "Monastery" and "Paradise" are often synonymous. But wise men of this world have not yet found an "X Ray" powerful enough to discover this truth.

:

A symposium by some well-meaning bachelors gives us to understand that a man nowadays needs no common salary to support an end-of-the-century wife. A sad reflection. Spoiled children will become a burden to their hard working mothers.

:

Nowadays the man who cannot habitually joke is voted dull. We demand a vein of good humor in the editorial column. In fact we like a sermon which is not too dry or serious. We seem to be unable to be serious about serious things. Such a thing as conversation seems almost killed. Instead of that interchange of thought which cultured people hold to be the highest of social pleasure, we exchange jokes. There is a continual demand for something new and spicy. The result is that we are apt to descend rather low in order to find an amusing topic. One of the saints used to say that we cannot find pleasure with our Lord if we joke with the devil.

:

Theatres will not close during Lent. That is a certainty. But no self-respecting Catholic should patronize them. We all know the depth to which the stage has stooped in our days. Indecency was never so bold-faced. Alban Butler says that every conscientious Christian

should shun most plays as occasions of sin. But the shows he had in view were respectable compared to the present shameful exposures.

:

Now-a-days there is a great mitigation of the rule of fasting and particularly of abstinence. Nevertheless we are still bound to do penance. It is a command of Christ which even the church cannot dispense with.

:

With what care these days do not the officials see to it, that the incoming foreign mail is well disinfected as a remedy against the plague which rages in the Orient. But what of the domestic mail with its many tons of pernicious literature and works of art (?) scattered broadcast to the destruction of souls? There is a moral plague which can be disinfected only by the fire which is unquenchable.

:

It might please the fancy of some liberal Catholics to read that "Memorial services" for the dead were of late held in a prominent New York church, but we are sure most of our devout Catholics would prefer the time-honored morning requiem. If not up to date or not pleasing to the—(shall we say it)—"new" Catholic—it is good enough for us.

:

You have met him. He knows it all. He can discuss any subject from the tariff to bee-culture. Alas! though he has but a smattering of learning, he skims books and gets most of his knowledge from the papers. God help the man who only knows the church from what he reads on the way to his office.

:

The profound critics who speculate on papal policy and future ecclesiastical

events unfortunately for themselves fail to consider that which is of paramount importance, namely, the guidance of the Holy Ghost. All prophets are apt to go astray if they think the church is but a human institution.

.

A more general reception of the holy sacraments on the feast of Ireland's patron saint would be a thing much to be desired.

.

We are all invited these days to follow our Lord in His *via dolorosa*. Perhaps some of us would faint in the way if we travelled fasting, but there are other modes of self-flagellation.

.

"Blessed is the womb that bore thee!" "exclaimed the woman mentioned in the Gospel of the fourth Sunday of Lent, and four days later we hear the archangel announcing his great message to Mary. Dear reader, never grow tired of repeating the *Hail Mary*. In heaven alone will you know what blessings its recital brings to your soul.

.

One verse of the hymn of the divine office for the First Sunday of Lent sums up the way of observing these days. It thus runs:

"Utamur ergo parcius
Verbis, cibis et potibus
Somno, jocis et artibus
Perstemus in custodia"

which might be made to read: "Let us therefore, use more sparingly our words, food, drink, sleep, recreation and watch and pray more carefully."

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest, when it
leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

A Letter of Thanksgiving.

OTTAWA, 30th January.

A child of Mary wishes to return grateful thanks to our Blessed Mother for a great favor obtained through her intercession.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists, at which is served a feast of excellent stories by Eleanor C. Donnelly, Walter Lecky, Anna Hanson Dorsey, Christian Reid, Ella Loraine Dorsey, Anna T. Sadlier, Maurice Francis Egan, Mary A. Sadlier, Francis J. Finn, S. J., John Talbot Smith, Charles Warren Stoddard, With Portraits, Biographical Sketches, and Bibliography. Second Edition. Price \$1.50. Benziger Bros., New York.

This second edition was made necessary by the unprecedented sale of a first edition within three months; quite a novel experience for an American Catholic publishing house. We hail this symptom of growth and health in our Catholic reading public.

The contributors to the Round Table are called representative Novelists, and the feast they serve is one of fancy and fiction. There are still many of our more conservative Catholics, who shake their heads at novels. But fiction is, and always was, popular. Our Lord, whose mission as he says Himself was to preach the Gospel to the poor, taught the multitudes in parables. A good story well told will make a deeper impression for good in the heart of susceptible youth than any sermon or admonition could produce. And we are all fond of stories. If we cannot get good ones, we may be tempted to read bad, or at least silly ones. The Apostleship of the Press should welcome these teachers in parables, as the most efficient and successful missionaries to our novelty-loving people.

We hope the poor will not be deprived of this *feast* on account of the price, which publishers were forced to demand hitherto; but that the sales of these books will soon justify a cheap popular edition.