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 THE HOLY FACE OF JESUS
 

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*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY CARMEL.



FACE of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—  
 Shrowded is thy beauty now;  
 Every wound for sinners pleading,  
 Pain and anguish on Thy brow.  
 Was it thus the prophets saw Thee  
 Through the night of ages dark,  
 Saw Thy look, despised and hidden—  
 Stricken—as with leper's mark?

Mirror of each inward feeling,  
 Joy or sorrow though it be;  
 Unto me Thy soul revealing—  
 Face divine—I worship Thee.  
 Where is now Thy wondrous beauty,  
 Captivating every heart,  
 Drawing just and sinner to Thee,  
 Wounding with love's purest dart?

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—  
 Covered o'er with spittle vile,  
 Moistened by the tear-drop streaming,  
 As the scoffing Jews revile.  
 Ah! my sins—my sins have clouded  
 All the beauty of that face  
 On which angels gaze enraptured—  
 There my sins have left their trace.

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—  
 All Thy beauty still I see;  
 Every tear, each wound, each swelling,  
 Speaks a world of love to me.  
 In that face I read my ransom,  
 Read what Thou hast borne for me,  
 Read Thy heart, my pardon pleading—  
 Thus, Thy loveliness I see.

There I read Thy meek forbearance,  
 Loving those who cause Thee pain,  
 Read Thy patient sweet endurance—  
 Seeking every heart to gain.  
 Dearest Lord! well dost Thou teach me,  
 By Thy pale and bleeding face,  
 Wrongs to bear in silent meekness—  
 Aided by Thy holy grace.

Face of Jesus—bruised and bleeding—  
 Unto God I offer Thee,  
 Victim great, His wrath appeasing—  
 In Thy face, Lord, shelter me.  
 In the secret of the shadows  
 That eclipse its loveliness—  
 Hide me, Lord, from Thine own anger—  
 Bid me there Thy mercies bless.

Hide me there till life is over—  
 I would there by love atone  
 For the wrongs that sinners do Thee,  
 For the evils I have done.  
 Spare, Lord, spare the proud blasphemer.  
 Grant the wicked mercy, grace:  
 Save the erring—keep Thy faithful—  
 By Thy pale and bleeding face!

By Thy face, Good Jesus, save me  
 When my soul unveiled shall stand.  
 Stand before Thee Judge and Saviour—  
 Place me, Lord, on Thy right hand.  
 By the torture and the anguish,  
 Written on Thy Sacred Face,  
 I implore Thee, Jesus, save me—  
 Grant my soul the final grace.

Face of Jesus—I behold Thee,  
 Veiled in sadness, and in pain;  
 In its glory, in its splendor,  
 Show me, Lord, Thy Face again.  
 In the home Thy sorrows purchased,  
 Bid my soul forever gaze  
 On Thy Beauty—Face of Jesus—  
 In ecstatic love and praise.

The Life and Catholic Journalism  
OF THE LATE  
**JAMES A. McMASTER,**

Editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal* and  
*Catholic Register.*

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.  
For the *Carmelite Review.*

## CHAPTER V.



CONTINUED.

**GAIN**, we are indebted to Catholics for all the republics which ever existed in Christian times, down to the year 1776; for those of Switzerland, Venice, Genoa, Andorra, San Marino, and a host of minor free commonwealths, which sprang up in the "dark ages." Some of these republics still exist, proud monuments and unanswerable evidences of Catholic devotion to freedom. They are acknowledged by Protestants, no less than by Catholics. I subjoin the testimony of an able writer in the *New York Tribune*, believed to be Bayard Taylor. This distinguished traveler—a staunch Protestant—appeals to history, and speaks from personal observation. He writes:

"Truth compels us to add that the oldest republic now existing is that of San Marino, not only Catholic, but wholly surrounded by the especial dominion of the Popes, who might have crushed it like an egg-shell at any time these last thousand years—but they didn't. The only republic we ever traveled in, besides our own, is Switzerland, half of its cantons or states entirely Catholic, yet never, that we have heard of, unfaithful to the cause of freedom. We never heard the Catholics of Hungary accused of backwardness in the late glorious struggle of their country for freedom, though its leaders were Protestants, fighting against a leading Catholic power, avowedly in favor of religious as well as civil liberty. And chivalric, unhappy Poland, almost wholly Catholic, has made as gallant struggles for freedom as any other nation; while of the three despotisms that crushed her, but one was Catholic."

"Let us bring the subject home to our own times and country. Who, I would ask, first reared in triumph the broad banner of universal freedom on this North American continent? Who first proclaimed in this new world a truth too wide and expansive to enter into the head of, or to be comprehended by, a narrow-minded bigot—a truth that every man should be free to worship God according to the dictates of his

conscience? Who first proclaimed, on this broad continent, the glorious principles of universal freedom? Read Bancroft, read Goodrich, read Frost, read every Protestant historian of our country, and you will see there inscribed, on the historic page, a fact which reflects immortal honor on our American Catholic ancestry—that Lord Baltimore and his Catholic colonists of Maryland were the first to proclaim universal liberty, civil and religious; the first to announce, as the basis of their legislation, the great and noble principle that no man's faith and conscience should be a bar to his holding any office, or enjoying any civil privilege of the community.

"What American can forget the names of Rochambeau, De Grasse, De Kalb, Pulaski, LaFayette, Kosciuszko? Without the aid of these noble Catholic heroes, and of the brave troops whom they led on to victory, would we have succeeded at all in our great revolutionary contest? Men of the clearest heads, and of the greatest political forecast, living at that time, thought not; at least they deemed the result exceedingly doubtful.

"And during the whole war of the Revolution, who ever heard of a Catholic coward, or of a Catholic traitor? When the Protestant General Gates fled from the battlefield of Camden and the Protestant militia of North Carolina and Virginia, who but Catholics stood firm at their posts, and fought and died with the brave old Catholic hero, De Kalb? the veteran who, when others negligently fled, seized his good sword, and cried out to the brave old Maryland and Pennsylvania lines, 'Stand firm, for I am too old to fly!' Who ever heard of a Catholic Arrold? And who has not heard of the brave Irish and German soldiers who, at a somewhat later period, mainly composed the invincible army of the impetuous 'Mad Anthony' Wayne, and constituted the great backbone of our defence against the savage invasions which threatened our whole northwestern frontier with devastation and ruin?

"All these facts, and many more of a similar kind which might be alleged, cannot have passed away, as yet, from the memory of our American citizens. Americans cannot have forgotten, as yet, that the man who perished most in signing the Declaration of Independence was a Roman Catholic, and that when Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, put his name to that instrument, Benjamin Franklin observed, 'There goes a cool million in support of the cause!'

"And when our energies were exhausted, and the stoutest heart entertained the most gloomy forebodings as to the final issue, Catholic France stepped gallantly forth to the rescue of our infant freedom, almost crushed by an overwhelming English tyranny! Catholic Spain also subsequently lent us her aid against England,

Many of our most sagacious statesmen have believed that, but for this timely aid, our Declaration of Independence could scarcely have been made good.

"These facts, which are but a few of those which might be adduced, prove conclusively that Catholicity is still what she was in the middle ages—the steadfast friend and supporter of free institutions.

"The influence of Catholicity also tends strongly to break down all barriers of separate nationalities, and to bring about a brotherhood of citizens, in which the love of our common country and of one another would absorb every sectional feeling. Catholicity is of no nation, of no language, of no people; she knows no geographical bounds; she breaks down all the walls of separation between race and race, and she looks alike upon every people, and tribe, and caste. Her views are as enlarged as the territory which she inhabits; and this is as wide as the world. Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian, Irish, German, French, English, and American, are all alike to her. The evident tendency of this principle is to level all sectional feelings and local prejudices, by enlarging the views of mankind, and thus to bring about harmony in society, based upon mutual forbearance and charity. And, in fact, so far as the influence of the Catholic church could be brought to bear upon the anomalous condition of society in America, it has been exercised for securing the desirable result of causing all its heterogeneous elements to be merged in the one variegated but homogeneous nationality.

"The Catholic population of this country, taken as a body, have a personal freedom, an independence, a self-respect, a conscientiousness, a love of truth, and a devotion to principle, not to be found in any other class of American citizens. Their moral tone, as well as their moral standard, is far higher, and they act more uniformly under a sense of deep responsibility to God and their country. They are the most law-loving and law-abiding people. The men of that population are the most vigorous, and the hardest; their virgins are the chastest; their matrons the most faithful. Catholics do, as to the great majority, act from honest principle, from sincere and earnest conviction, and are prepared to die sooner than in any grave matters swerve from what they regard as truth and justice. They have the principle and firmness to stand by what they believe to be true and just, in good report or evil report, whether the world be with them or be against them. Among Catholics you will not find the funkism which Carlyle so unmercifully ridicules in the middle classes of Great Britain, or that respect for mere wealth, that worship of the money-bag, or that base servility to the mob, or public opinion, so common and so ruinous to public and private virtue in the United States.

"The mental activity of Catholics, all things considered, is far more remarkable than that of our non-Catholic countrymen; and, in proportion to their numbers and means, they contribute far more than any other class of American citizens to the purposes of education, both common and liberal, for they receive little or nothing from the public treasury; and in addition to supporting numerous schools of their own, they are forced to contribute their quota to the support of those of the State. Thus, to take a single illustration, the public school tax in Cincinnati for the year 1876, if we remember well, amounted to \$810,000. Of this the Catholics—such is their proportion in that community—contributed \$230,000, or more than one-third of the whole rate. This large sum—\$162,000—goes to the management and formation of schools which the Catholics of Cincinnati are debarred, by their consciences, from entering. They have, therefore, their own schools, which they have built, and support entirely at their own expense, without any assistance whatever from the State. The education which they give is known to be excellent; but it is based on religion, and is not controlled by the State and paid officials. The consequence is, that not only are they not encouraged, but they are actually taxed by the State.

"Thus, for instance, the Cathedral School is obliged to pay to the State an annual tax of £120, and the schools of another parish £200. The Catholics of the Cathedral parish have not only to pay the State school tax, and the heavy tax laid on their school buildings, but they have to find \$3,500 annually to meet the current school expenses. All this has to be collected by the clergy as best they can.

"The non-Catholic has no conception of the treasure the Union possesses in the many millions of Catholics, humble in their outward circumstances as the majority of them may be. A true, high-toned, chivalric national character will be formed, and a true, generous, and lofty patriotism will be generated and sustained in proportion as the force of Catholicity is brought to bear upon our American people, and the life of practical Catholics falls into the current of American life. Catholics have their faults and short-comings, yet they are the salt of the American community, and the really conservative element in the American population. In a few years they will be the Americans of the Americans, and on them will rest the performance of the glorious work of sustaining American civilization, and realizing the hopes of the founders of our great and growing Republic.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses and by which he is loved and blessed.—CARLYLE.

## LILIOSA.

## AN EASTER STORY.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY PHILIP A. ESTE.

"Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;  
A mother's secret hope outlives them all."

—HOLMES.



## LETTER for me?"

"Yes, ma'am. How's your mother? Good evening!"

"At last, at last! Thanks be to God and His Holy Mother!" exclaimed Liliosa, when she had softly closed the

door after the letter-carrier.

The letter-carrier had reached the end of his route, and didn't regret it. A great many people do not allow the paschal season to slip by without sending a letter, or card, to their friends, with wishes for "A Happy Easter!" This makes the mail-bags unusually bulky, and the carrier is usually the sufferer. It was evident from his walk, that this carrier, who had just delivered the last of his load to Liliosa, was tired. He whistled a lively tune as he turned towards his home. He appeared to be happy, even if he was tired. Perhaps he was thinking of the well-earned rest on the morrow, in the bosom of his family, for he had not only reached the end of his route that day, but had ended his labor for the week. No matter what his thoughts were, I don't think he was conscious of all the comfort he had brought to Liliosa's heart that evening, although he did notice that she was too excited to answer him when he asked about her mother.

Widow Monica,—Liliosa's mother,—was a saintly character. Everybody loved her. Still, she was not very generally known, because she rarely visited anyone, except on an errand of charity. She had but two children. A daughter—Liliosa, and a son, Augustine. Monica always cherished the hope that one day Liliosa would consecrate herself to God in a religious state. As for her son she often dreaded that he would be led astray by bad companions. On many an occasion did she pray:—

"O God, take him to thyself, rather than

allow him to mortally offend Thee! Mother of God, shield him from danger!"

On her part, Liliosa adored her mother. She was a model girl in more than one regard. Home training had done more for her than the many years which she spent at school. Liliosa was named after a good Franciscan sister. Since she was born in Easter week, one of the nuns called her "the Widow's Easter Lily." At home she always went by the name of "Lily." On the wall facing the little altar of the Blessed Virgin in her room, hung a pretty steel engraving of St. Liliosa, the virgin martyr. Liliosa always tried to copy her patron, if not as a martyr, at least in her angelic purity.

Augustine,—or as he was familiarly known "Gus,"—was what you would call a good boy. If he had a weakness, it was probably too much good nature. It is sometimes a dangerous quality to possess, especially in the case of boys. Augustine didn't know what a pleasant home he had. Perhaps it was because he hadn't seen an unpleasant one. He was getting restless. He got a notion into his head that he was being held under restraint. Some expressions of his at times were a sure index of this.

Certain religious practices were part and parcel of the daily routine in Widow Monica's house. There was an atmosphere of piety pervading the place, and God's blessing seemed to hover around it. As a matter of course, the Rosary was recited in common. One noticeable thing was that the family always abstained from meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays in honor of the Blessed Virgin. They did so in order that they might gain the Sabbatine Privilege or Indulgence.

"That's one thing my dear husband (God rest his soul) always practised as long as I knew him," remarked Widow Monica one day to her children, "and I hope you will continue to follow his example after I have gone to join him."

One Wednesday, Gus appeared to be rather out of sorts. As he sat down to the table he remarked in a low voice: "I don't see what's the use of turning the house into a monastery."

"You can have all the meat you want, Gus, if that's what you mean," said Liliosa, "no one ever forced you to abstain.

In fact, if you do not wish to do it cheerfully, and as a loving sacrifice in honor of the Blessed Virgin, I wouldn't advise you to continue it. It would be self-denial, but deserving of no reward."

"That's all very true, Lily," said Gus, "but you know that too much of one thing is good for nothing."

"Very true, if you speak of those boys with whom you have been playing lately," said Lilliosa, "but, Gus, it doesn't apply to religion—or its practices. Mother and I love you too much to say a word that is not for your good. You'll find religious practices a great help to you when you come face to face with an irreligious world."

"True enough, Lily," said Gus, "but the catechism only mentions Lent, Advent, certain vigils and Fridays as days of abstinence. Plenty good Christians observe only this much, and go to heaven. Isn't that so?"

"Certainly," said Lilliosa, "but, Gus, you must surely have heard me reading from Dr. Farrington's book, which mother got from Ireland, that the Sabbath Indulgence is a *privilege*, and surely a great one to be delivered from Purgatory on the Saturday after your death by the holy Mother of God, who has promised to do that if we but observe certain conditions. The Blessed Virgin is able to do what she promises, and, what is more, she always keeps her word. The Church approves of those Carmelite friars who exhort the faithful to endeavor to gain this great Indulgence, in comparison with which the conditions are nothing. What's the deprivation of a bit of meat to many years in purgatory? Think of that, Gus! People often fast and abstain for lesser motives. Now, you know that the conditions necessary in order to gain the Sabbath Indulgence, are: First, to be chaste according to one's state of life; secondly, to say daily the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin—as I do—or in its place to abstain from flesh-meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays; and thirdly, to wear the Brown Scapular."

"Well, there's one of those conditions you mentioned which I'll always observe. I mean the wearing the Scapular. God forbid that I should ever lay that aside," answered

Gus, when Lilliosa had finished her little lecture.

Soon after this Gus made up his mind to leave home, and to try his fortune in the world.

The day of parting soon came. Just before Gus was leaving, his mother called him to the center-table. Opening the large family bible, she read aloud these words from the VI Book of Proverbs:

"My son, keep the commandments of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them in thy heart continually, and put them about thy neck. When thou walkest, let them go with thee; when thou sleepest, let them keep thee; and when thou awakest, talk with them."

"And, Gus," added Monica, "don't forget all that I, your poor mother, have taught you. Don't disgrace the name of your father, who was a true Catholic."

While Monica was speaking, Lilliosa stood near by with a beautifully embroidered Scapular in her hands. Now approaching her brother, she said:—

"Let me paraphrase those beautiful words of Holy Scripture which mother has just read:—Augustine, my loving brother, observe the ten commandments of your Father in heaven, and forsake not the law of thy holy Mother the Blessed Virgin and," she said, suiting the action to the words by putting the pair of Scapulars over his neck; "put them about thy neck; when thou walkest, let them go with thee; when thou sleepest, let them keep thee. And Gus," she continued, "remember you have always the prayers of a loving sister."

As Gus uttered the last farewell, he said between sobs, "I hope, mother, we'll soon meet again."

"Perhaps in heaven, Gus," replied his weeping mother.

Widow Monica was naturally sorry to part with her darling boy. Morning, noon, and night she fell on her knees and begged the Blessed Virgin to protect him, and she felt, rather than heard, heaven answer:—

"The child for whom thy mother-heart hath poured forth so many prayers shall not be lost."

A few weeks later Lilliosa received a long letter, subscribed "I remain your affectionate brother,—Augustine." Monica eagerly drank in every word as Lilliosa read the letter, and, like a tender-hearted mother,

"read the messages of love between the lines."

Letter followed letter, but the intervals between them became longer. The chain which bound Augustine to home was lengthening, but had not as yet parted. When last heard from, his words seemed to imply that he was not in the best of company. Monica took this very much to heart. She was slowly but surely declining in health, and such news did not benefit her.

One day Lilliosa wrote a long letter to Augustine, chiding him for being so careless about writing home. She scolded him severely, but for all that gently, for causing so much pain to his dear old mother and forgetting the

"Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts."

In his reply, Augustine urged several excuses for his apparent want of filial affection. "But, Lily," he said, "I must confess that my conscience did at times reproach me for my want of attention to the folks at home. It appears to be the same with all of us, our love and friendship grows cold at a distance. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' as the old saying goes. The only lasting thing on this earth, and that which approaches nearest to God's love, is surely a mother's affection. I'll write oftener after this, otherwise I shall have no peace, for every time I see a mail carrier he always seems to say to me:

"Write to the dear old folks at home  
Who sit when the day is done  
With folded hands and downcast eyes,  
And think of the absent one."

That was Augustine's last letter home. He didn't keep his promise to write oftener. But we shall see that it wasn't his fault.

He had obtained a position in a printing office, and soon became a pressman. One day he was at his stand running off the big Easter edition which, on account of fine work, is usually printed about two weeks ahead of time. Gus had taken in everything with a sweep with his experienced eye, and concluded that everything was "O. K.," as the printers say, shouted to the engineer: "Let her go, Pat!" and the press was rumbling away at a rapid rate, making enough noise to drown the notes of "Sweet Marie," which one of the hands was vigorously whistling. Suddenly a mes-

sage came: "Stop the press!" Thinking an accident had occurred, Gus quickly grasped the lever which threw off the belting, and jumped from his high stand. In descending, his shirt sleeve was caught by the cog-wheels, and he was drawn into the machinery before the press could be brought to a dead stop. He was badly injured, and was soon in an ambulance on his way to the hospital. The excitement soon passed off, and the press was rattling away again, groaning for more victims. If Gus died that night, no rules would be "turned" in the columns of the "Morning Liar." Perhaps a half of a "stick" of matter would make mention of the accident under the head of "Minor Events."

When enquiring further into poor Gus' mishap, I learned the reason why the order came to stop the press. In looking through the "Doings of the 400," the society editor discovered the omission of an important word in a paragraph which announced to the world at large that "Miss De Bullion, of Porkopolis, would appear at the Easter ball in a green dress." So the press was stopped to insert the word "silk" before the word "dress." I suppose the ball came off as announced, and Miss Bullion, verdantly arrayed, "tripped the light fantastic" away into the small hours, entirely oblivious of the sufferings of poor Gus, and the causes which led to it.

Lilliosa heard of none of these details. She merely received a paper done up in a wrapper, which was addressed in a strange hand, (probably one of her brother's companions) which didn't forebode any good news. Lilliosa opened the paper, which was as damp as when it left the press,—but it was still damper after it had absorbed all the tears which rapidly flowed from her eyes. In an obscure corner, under the caption of "Minor Events," a paragraph was marked, which read:

"A young man, generally known as 'Gus,' and employed in this office, was badly crushed in the press room this morning. He was sent to the Sisters' Hospital, and will probably die. The delay thereby caused to the work on our magnificent Easter edition was fortunately only a brief one."

It was a terrible blow to poor Lilliosa. How would she break the news to her mother. It was indeed some time before

she could summon up courage enough to do so. With the paper in her hand, and tears in her eyes, she entered the room in which the widow sat. Let us draw the curtain over what followed between mother and daughter!

Widow Monica bore up bravely under this new and heavy cross. She resigned herself to God's holy will, and sought consolation at the feet of the dolorous Virgin, who herself gave us an example of heroic patience when she stood beneath the cross of her dying Son. Monica, too, had her Good Friday, but it was only the shadow preceding the dawn of a glorious Easter.

Her mother was rapidly sinking, and Lilliosa was anxious to get more details about her brother's sad mishap. No time was to be lost; so she wrote at once to the chaplain of the hospital in which Augustine lay.

On Holy Saturday morning Lilliosa thought the worst had come, in spite of the fact that her mother was calm, quiet and perfectly conscious.

"O Mary, Mother of God, hasten the answer to my letter," prayed the poor girl, as she was preparing some little delicacy for her mother. If the letter was speeding its way to her, it seemed a doubtful race between a rapidly devouring illness and the fastest mail train.

Lilliosa sent word to Father Boniface telling him of her mother's critical state, and asking him to call, if possible, immediately after the ceremonies in church. The latter was only a stone's throw from the house, so near, indeed, that one could easily distinguish the voices in the choir. In the meantime Lilliosa prepared everything for the coming of the priest. There was seen a little table with an immaculate cover, two wax candles, holy water font, a crucifix, a glass with clean water in which the priest could purify his fingers, and a spoon. In fact, everything necessary for such occasions, and, besides, everything was very neatly arranged. When the priest arrived, Lilliosa did not imitate many stupid people by engaging him in a conversation. No, she did what was proper to do. She knelt down, and adored our Lord who had come to visit her house.

Father Boniface had brought holy Communion to Monica only a week before. Now he brought it as a Vatican—'twas

Monica's last Easter Communion. The priest administered the rest of the holy Sacraments to the dying woman, and, besides, imparted the *special* absolution and Indulgence which can be gained at the hour of death by those who have worn the holy Scapular during their lifetime.

Monica was now happy. Only one thing gave a tinge of sadness to her passing away. It was the anxiety for her dear boy's welfare—particularly of his soul. She was about to render an account to a just Judge of all those confided to her care. Terrible thought! even for the best of parents. Outside of this there was little in the sick-chamber to inspire sadness. It was only a saint going to her reward. Two good Sisters of Charity knelt at the bedside, saying the beads. As Widow Monica feebly responded to the *Hail Mary!* she knew and felt that Mary herself was present to answer her prayer.

It was now towards four in the afternoon. An impressive silence stole over the sick-chamber. 'Twas so quiet, methinks, that one could hear the flutter of angel wings—as if Monica's life-long friend and companion—her heavenly guardian, was about to speed his flight to the throne of God, there to announce a new-comer into the realms of bliss—another soul to join in the alleluia chorus.

Was it a stillness heralding some joyful tidings?

Listen! Does the door-bell ring? Yes.

As if not wishing to disturb the peace and quiet which reigned within, the person who rang the bell did it in a soft and gentle way. It was scarcely audible. But Lilliosa's quick ear knew the sound. She was at the door in a moment. She saw nothing, nor did she hear the letter-carrier's sympathetic inquiry, "How's your mother this evening?" She simply said: "A letter for me?" As she took the letter she was overpowered with delight, and pressed it to her bosom. Then it was, as I stated in the beginning, that she exclaimed:—

"At last! At last! Thanks be to God and His holy Mother."

When the bell rang, Monica wistfully turned her eyes towards the door. Her countenance gave an impression that some heavenly messenger was about to address her.



As Lilliosa approached the bed Monica whispered "Is it the letter?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Lilliosa, "and good news, too, 'to cheer, O mother, your boundless expectant soul,' and," she said, looking at the initials B. V. G., "Blessed Virgin Guide; on the corner of the envelope, 'the blessed Mother of God has brought it safely to us.'"

The letter was rather short and to the point. It was worthy to be framed in gold, as Lilliosa remarked before she commenced to read the letter. Here it is in full:

MAMA.

OUR LADY'S CONVENT,

HOLY THURSDAY.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I hasten to reply to your kind letter of inquiry just to hand. I had the pleasure of attending to the spiritual wants of your dear brother during his last illness. His end was a very edifying one, and I considered it a great privilege to be with him. Be assured, as I am, that he is now in heaven, reaping the reward of a tender devotion to the holy mother of God. In his last moments Augustine was fully resigned to God's holy will. He told me that he felt "like a boy leaving school to spend the Easter holidays at home." He had kept a pure conscience in spite of many temptations which surrounded him. He ascribed this to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose livery he wore, and to the prayers of a pious sister and holy mother. With him was buried the Scapular which he said he received from you when he left home. Wishing you and your esteemed mother a happy Easter here and hereafter, I remain,

Yours devotedly in Christ,

FR. BENIGNUS.

A look of peace, content and happiness appeared on the face of Widow Monica. Making a sign to Lilliosa to come nearer, she said to her:

"Lilliosa, what a happy meeting it will be in heaven when father, mother and son are again united!"

Those were Monica's last words.

It was now evening, and the choir could be heard practising in the neighbouring church. Just as they had finished singing the *Regina Coeli, lactare, Alleluja* (Rejoice, O Heaven's Queen, Alleluja), Monica

closed her eyes. She had gone to spend Easter in heaven.

On the following Easter morning, when the Church decks her altars with purest lilies and her ministers in white and gold, such a thing as a Requiem Mass is out of the question. Nevertheless, one of the masses was said for the repose of the soul of Widow Monica, and perhaps few of the early worshippers, who saw Father Boniface for the first time wearing the beautifully-painted Chasuble which was presented to him by his artist-friend Josephine Joliette, thought the Paschal Lamb was being offered up for some departed soul.

Lilliosa was at High Mass. Her veil screened her from curious observers, and her simple dark dress, with hat to match, made quite a contrast in the large sea of gayly-trimmed new Easter bonnets. I said Lilliosa's attire was a simple one, because she didn't believe in enveloping herself in interminable folds of crepe. Although she grieved intensely at the irreparable loss of one of the best of mothers, she did not forget, what she had often said, that too much mourning is but a "gaudy mockery of woe, where fashion even reaches to the grave."

The gorgeous ceremony, the joyous strains of the organ, in fact everything appeared to Lilliosa as it ought to be, for she felt that her mother was in heaven. When she heard the "*Et resurrexit*" sung, she thought it was addressed to her. When she commenced to say the beads for her mother she unconsciously said the Glorious Mysteries, and in nearly every *Hail Mary* she interpolated "Who crowned thee in Heaven."

The sermon, too, seemed so appropriate, and was full of consoling thoughts. The preacher laid great stress on those words of St. Paul, "If Christ has not arisen from the grave, our religion is in vain," and again, "O death where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting!"

Towards the end of his discourse, Father Boniface said:—"My dear brethren, it seems out of place on this joyous festival that I should introduce a subject which might remind you of sadness, but I cannot refrain from referring to the late Widow Monica, of whose holiness of life you are all aware. Would that all you were so well-prepared, as she was to meet her Maker.

Would that I could say the same of those careless ones in my parish, who, by neglecting their Easter duty, are far from being fit to meet their God, in case He should suddenly call them to Himself. When, in the course of my remarks, I referred to those holy women who went to the sepulchre on this blessed Easter morn, one thought came home to me in a very forcible manner. It was this. There is another holy woman—she who is the greatest and most ‘blessed among women’—the ‘woman above all other women glorified, our tainted nature’s solitary boast’—Mary the Mother of God; and my brethren she, too, visits the tomb—purgatory—in which are imprisoned myriads of captive souls. Mary is not content with visiting this purgatorian tomb only on each recurring Holy Saturday, but from Sabbath to Sabbath does she hasten there on love’s swift wings to rescue her own children. When she beholds the garments in which she has wrapped them, her holy Scapular, and sees the sign of her own confraternity, she at once conducts them to an abode of peace and happiness. Widow Monica believed in, and made herself worthy of Mary’s great and special promise, and, let us hope and pray that she is now enjoying a happy Easter in heaven. And I hope, through Mary’s intercession, that your Easter may not only be a happy one here but will be continued amidst the angelic throngs where you shall sing an eternal alleluja-amen.”

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Liliosa is now an orphan. How shall we dispose of her? The end to the usual run of stories is a wedding march. So as a matter of course, Liliosa became a bride, and her spouse was Christ. Her paradise was to be among “lilies—those the flowers He loves.” In place of the dear ones she had lost, she was to find loving sisters among “those souls in gardens all enclosed,” who breathe Christ’s native air. There for many years she lived

“In Mary’s holy house,  
All hidden in the fragrant bed—  
Of lilies for the Spouse.”

I shall not forget the day of Liliosa’s spiritual nuptials—that beautiful Easter Monday morning on which she became a nun. Instead of orange blossoms one inhaled the odor of pure white lilies, which

adorned the convent altar. In place of Mendelssohn’s famous march was heard the sweet invocation of the heavenly Bridegroom, “*Veni Sponsus Mei*” (Come, O my spouse!). Like other brides, Liliosa changed her name, and was thereafter known as Sister Mary of the Resurrection.

Many an Easter moon has appeared and disappeared since this last actor in the scenes which I have endeavored to recall passed from life’s stage. She is in heaven now, singing

“Her canticle, the Lamb to praise,  
For ever with seraphs throng.”

## A Flourishing Branch of Carmel.

*For the Carmelite Review.*

BY DON JUAN PIERRO.



THE sisterhood of the Carmelite Order of Charity has become very popular in Spain, as is proven, both by the numbers, who have entered this holy community, as well as by the homage of respect and the recognition of public approbation, which their arrival and establishment in any city, or even “aldea” that they may choose to reside in, usually call forth. The statistics lately published in the little “Bulletin” of the order, deserve to be widely known, not alone in the old, but also in the new world.

Never has the mustard seed of the gospel, sown but a short time, produced so abundant a crop—never have the passionate fidelity and heroic loyalty to duty and vocation, been so signally crowned with so prolific a harvest—never have the sweet union of piety and the unwearied labors of mercy and Christian charity received so cheering a response and so visible a reward, as these statistics reveal. What a consolation, then, to the good sisters themselves! What an honor, alike to their glorious congregation, and to that favored Spanish province of the Immaculate Queen of Carmel, historic and truly religious Catalonia! From beneath the snow-capped summits of its “Sierras,” it has extended itself through the various provinces and different dioceses of the peninsula, from San Sebas-

tian to Britain's impregnable fortress rock of Gibraltar. What a glorious panorama of religion and of virtue does not this vista unfold!

Oh! How Mary's stiles heart must rejoice at the miraculous success of one of her many cherished communities, that dot the Spanish landscape, and which impart fervor to a nation, which, in the past, as in the present, she has so frequently and so markedly favored. In fact, it may be said with truth, that the prayers daily ascending from its myriads of altars and from countless hearts, "that the clouds might be opened, and the heavenly dew fall," have been listened to by the compassionate Eternal God.

Catholic Spain! Once the glorious pioneer of civilization and Catholicism, well mayst thou exclaim with hope and confidence: "Sursum Corda!"

According to this neatly compiled little "Bulletin," the order has already 105 houses in Spain; some solely for the higher education of youth; others for orphanages; others again combining education and Christian charity, with communities making a total of 1,294 sisters. The number of children and grown-up girls attending their schools reaches the respectable figure of 21,993, notwithstanding the vast number of other religious institutions.

Of this total, there are 884 boarders, 14,534 day pupils, 8,666 girls attending the night schools, 1,570 are regular attendants at the Sunday classes, etc.

There are 1,703 orphans in the various asylums, and 501 sick persons were treated in their hospitals.

During the year there were 20 deaths among the sisters, whilst 52 entered the novitiate. The greater number of the convents are to be found in the provinces of Catalonia and the Castillas, under the direction of the "Superiora General," who resides at the Convent of Vich, and in whose magnificent house of the novitiate there are at present 130 sisters. This community is undoubtedly the first and most flourishing of its class in Spain.

Thrice happy, too, is this community in having its novitiate house located beneath the shade of the glorious sanctuary of "Nuestra Senora de Ripoll," and under the protection of one of Spain's most noble and illustrious prelates, the Bishop of Vich,

Dr. Morgades y Gill; a bishop, whose clearness of head and tenderness of heart have endeared him to a people passionately attached to him. Surrounded, as he is, with such successful religious institutions, and so loving and affectionate a flock beneath his pastoral sway, it is no wonder that, when offered the mitre of the Arch-episcopal See of Burgos and the crosier and pallium of Northern Spain, he should, with moistened eyes and heart full of anguish, have supplicated the benevolent heart of the Supreme Pontiff, to permit him to remain with his grateful people. He wished to end his days amidst the shrines he had labored to restore, in sight of the institutions he had founded, and nurtured with paternal care and affection; to close his years in a province, which, as future historians must say, he honored by his episcopacy and enriched by his unceasing labors and burning zeal for the glory of God's house, and the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of those over whom he ruled, with a crozier of love. To such episcopal charity and pastoral entreaty, the kind heart of Leo XIII could not close itself, and, therefore, Catalonia has not been deprived of one of its most noble sons, nor has the flourishing institute of Carmel lost its cherished benefactor. When this devoted pastor heard the response to his supplication, he heartily repeated: "Jam laetus moriar," whilst the prayers of his flock, from one end of the diocese to the other, are, that he may be spared to them for many more years, until with God's blessings and in Divine Providence he may end his days:

"Like ripe fruit, to drop

"Into his mother's lap, or be with ease

"Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd for death mature;"

and in anticipation of the heavenly blessings that await him, and in view of the radiant Beatific Vision, he may be able to exclaim to the joy of an afflicted flock: "O Israel! quam magna est domus Dei."

May Almighty God, too, prosper and extend each day, for His glory and service, so beneficent and observant an institute as that of the noble Carmelite Sisters of Charity, is the earnest prayer of one, who has the pleasure of admiring, even at a distance, its admirable working, and witnessing the countless blessings it is spreading broadcast over the fair face of this sunny land of "Maria Santissima."

## Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Miss Matilda Cummings.



**S**ORROW is the substance of man's natural life, and it might almost be defined to be his natural capability of the supernatural. Joy is but a thin shade except when it is in alternation with sorrow.—FABER.

The truth of those beautiful words has come home to many of us, even as it came to the mind of the author, when he wrote that exquisite chapter of his work on "Bethlehem.—Calvary before its time." We are never sure of the passing joys which the goodness of God sends as oases in the deserts of our daily lives. We dread to rest in them, lest like a mirage they fade away even as we look wistfully at them. We hold our breath, and hope that they may tarry awhile, those joys which anticipate eternity—but oh! it almost robs them of their delights, this feeling of a vague premonition of the coming sorrow—this shadow which *will* fall even when the sun is in its meridian splendor. Not so with sorrow. It stuns us at first, but when we have been mercifully taught "to take more kindly to its burden" there is then a strange peace oozing from its presence, even as "moisture neath a stone." Now the glad days of April, with its bright sunshine and soft showers, bring with them the darkness of the eclipse on Calvary, and Passion week has its day for souls whom sorrow has crushed and chastened. It's Friday, the feast of the Seven Dolours, knows a peace, nay a joy, which even the great day of Holy Week brings not to the heart which goes out 'midst a burst of tender and loving tears to the beloved Mater Dolorosa. The Litany of Loretto teems with titles for our Lady and each soul takes that which appeals most strongly to its needs. But, the Mother of Sorrows wins votaries where the Queen of Saints would find *only* saints to salute her. Ah! Yes, dearest, tenderest of all titles. Our eyes well up with tears of sweet resignation—our arms reach out

for her embrace, and sorrow for *sin* fairly drives out the thought of self, as we thus salute her, who is so near of kith and kin to us in her desolation. She is so *fascinating* in the beauty of her dolours. "Oh! All ye who pass this way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." Most gracious of invitations. The School of Jesus Crucified would never have had so many students, had not the dear Mater Dolorosa given the preparatory course. So has she entered into the counsels of God even from the beginning. She leads the way to God, and then hides herself in the shadow of her sanctity, where those who love her must needs seek her. No shadow so full of her as that of sorrow. There she is above all things our mother. So womanly, so tender, so true. So easy of access to saint and sinner alike and above all so it seems to our poor craving nature, so full of a human sympathy. Mother of God? Surely, but none the less, nay all the more, mother of men—poor, weak, sinful, intolerable as we may be in the sight of God, to Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, we are always welcome. Let us take sweet comfort to our souls from this assurance which our hearts give us. Who in the world are the most beloved of men? The unselfish ones. As character develops, if it lack this first and noblest quality of the true man or woman, then is there a want which nothing else can supply. Here is the model of perfect generosity—here the truest type of purest unselfishness which an admiring world has ever known. So be the petition of Friday in Passion week—"teach me to be generous—to forget myself even in my sorrows." 'Tis the *surest* way to sanctity. Forgetting self, of what can we think? Surely not of sin, for that is embodied in self, nor of the world or creatures as distinct from the Creator. Ah! no, God is the centre of the self-forgetting soul. Round him, even through the surges of sorrow, does it drift its storm-tossed bark, in a peace which had its source in the deeps of desolation, and which will ebb and flow till it be lost in the great tide which will carry it to Eternal Years and their shoreless sea. Happy they who learn the lesson of sorrow at the feet of Mater Dolorosa. The Stabat Mater but proceeds the Alleluja of the Christian Soul, and the Shades of Passiointide *always* give place to the perfect day of the Resurrection.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY HENRY COYLE.

**T**HE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want." Of all the titles given to our Saviour, no name so truly expresses the relation He bears to men as that of shepherd. It expresses not only His character and His mission to mankind, but it also proves how much He loves us; that, though He is almighty, He is our shepherd, our father, our friend.

"I am the good shepherd!" We find here tenderness and affection; the words express the care and love which He feels for His children. It is not simply shepherd, but the *good* shepherd, as if Jesus would assure us that He is ours to the sacrifice of Himself for His flock. He is willing indeed to take upon Himself any name, however humble, that may clearly express His character, and the mission He came to perform.

Many are the titles under which the Saviour presents Himself: "I am the door," "I am the resurrection and the life," "I am the way," "I am the vine," and most beautiful and touching of all "I am the good shepherd." To the people of the far east this expression is more clearly understood than it is with us.

It is said that a shepherd in that part of the world often knows the countenance of each of his flock, no matter how many he may have under his care. He has a pet name for each one of them; they run to him when he calls, they eat from his hand, and follow him about the pasture. When alarmed they run to him for protection; they seem to know instinctively that with him they are safe, that he is ever ready to defend them from danger. He guards them as if they were his own children; he takes tender care of the helpless little lambs, and when any of the flock are ill he bears them in his arms to his home, and nurses them tenderly. If a stranger ventures into the pasture where the sheep are grazing, the flock will run from him towards the shepherd, their friend and protector. They know his face, they love the sound of his

voice, and when he speaks they listen and obey, having full confidence in him.

"I am the good shepherd!" This is indeed a most apt and beautiful expression. Jesus is truly a good shepherd in His care and love for us; we are, or may be if we wish, of His flock; He has chosen us for His own, gathered us into His fold, trained us to know Him, to love Him, to obey Him, and to seek His presence in danger.

In sunshine and in storm, in heat and cold, at all times and seasons, His watchful eye is ever upon us. Sometimes one of the flock wilfully goes astray and is lost; the shepherd goes out to seek it, and when it is found he does not punish, but takes it in his arms and brings it home. In like manner the good shepherd, Jesus, seeks the lost and brings them home.

Jesus is indeed a good shepherd. He proves it every moment, every hour, every day. He guards us from danger; He shields us from evil; He gives us strength and grace to resist temptation. Many are the enemies watching, and we should easily fall a prey to their deceitful snares and perish, but for the watchful eye of the good shepherd.

Truly does "He feed His sheep! The finest of the wheat He has prepared for them; He calls them to His storehouse and throws open its door wide for them to enter and be filled. He gives them to drink of the waters that flow from the fountain of His exhaustless love; His mercy to them that fear and love Him endureth forever."

In former times the shepherd was often obliged to defend his flock from wild beasts, and this was what was meant by the phrase, "the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Jesus, the good shepherd, died for His flock; "greater love hath no man than this." How tenderly this truth binds us to Him, teaching us not to fear, but to love Him.

He is our father, our shepherd, and we are His children, His flock. But this truth bears an obligation with it. The sheep do not fear the good shepherd; they love him, they obey and trust him in all things. He leads and they follow; they do not ask where he is going to take them by hesitating; they simply follow him. Shall we not trust our Heavenly Father; shall we not obey Him and follow where He leads us; shall we not love and trust Him implicitly?

He will restore the soul: He will lead us in the right paths, for His name's sake—the good shepherd! Though we may walk in the valley of the shadow, we must fear no evil, for the faithful shepherd, the *good* shepherd, is leading us. We must trust in Him for safety, for strength, for grace, for all our daily needs; then will His rod and His staff be a comfort, and "we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

—THE—  
**Carmelite Review.**

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,  
 PUBLISHED BY  
 THE CARMELITE FATHERS  
 IN HONOR OF

OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,  
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF  
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,  
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Arch-  
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

VOL. III. FALLS VIEW, April, 1895. No. 4.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOCIETIES established for suppressing vice do more harm than good. Don't stir up stagnant pools. It spreads disease.

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Two years from April 27th next the Brown Scapular must be given separately, according to the ritual, and not in "blocks of five."

\* \* \*

ACCORDING to Hoffman's last church directory there are in the United States 182 Catholic high schools for boys and 609 for girls. Very significant figures those!

\* \* \*

WHERE are all the capable mothers now-a-days of whom Fenelon spoke when he said so truly: "Education by a capable mother is worth more than that which is to be had at the best of convents?"

\* \* \*

ON the second Sunday after Easter the gospel is read of the "Good Shepherd." The beautiful sketch on this subject, by Henry Coyle, which appears in this number, will make delightful reading on that particular Sunday.

\* \* \*

THE "Acta Sanctorum," (acts of Saints) of the Bollandists, is probably the most exhaustive work of its kind, and the fruit of many years of co-operative labor. Few sets of this work are extant, and few libraries possess such a costly compilation. The late Father Mollinger, of Troy Hill, had one complete edition of the "Acta," and this has been lately added to the library of the Carmelite Seminary, at New Baltimore, Pa.

THE N. Y. *Sun* says that all those persons who send in "conscience-money," should send along their names. Mr. Dana should not forget the comparison which his favorite author, Shakespeare, makes between a man's money and his good name.

\* \* \*

NOW the news comes that priests in Michigan will unite with clergymen of other denominations in brushing away bigotry. It seems a good means of bringing our separated brethren back to the truth which Christ deposited with Leo the Thirteenth's predecessors.

\* \* \*

THE wise men of these days dispute over the true location of Calvary. Five different places are pointed out with equal claims for each. Catholics are content to abide by the decision arrived at as to the site during the days of the Emperor Constantine's pious Mother.—ST. HELENA.

\* \* \*

AND now an Episcopalian Bishop in the West reminds his clergy that the Virginity of the Mother of God must be accepted and maintained as a fundamental truth by the Episcopalian body. We love to see the Blessed Virgin's great prerogatives upheld even by those outside of the fold.

\* \* \*

THEY are "sterilizing" books down in Boston town. Its a good plan to prevent the spread of disease. In many books, however, there is a deadly germ hidden which does untold and deadly harm to souls. Physical disease is nothing to that. There is no fire in this world capable of destroying the diabolical bacilli hidden away in the bulk of nineteenth century fiction.

\* \* \*

WE have passed from the Crib to the Cross. Both of them are magnets of love drawing the hearts of men. But some hearts refuse to be drawn. For such we can but hope and pray. During Christmas time it seemed impossible that anything but peace and good feeling should reign throughout the world. But blood was still flowing in torrents on that day of grace in the far east. Oh! may the divine blood, which was shed for us, move us more to thoughts of love and mercy during Passiontide.

A poor old colored man, whose acre of land adjoined the estate of a millionaire, refused to sell out, and now the papers say that the money king will erect a high wall between his property and that of his offensive neighbor. It ought to be a reminder to this modern Dives that in the next world there will likewise be a wall of considerable thickness between those of his kind and others of the Lazarus type.

\* \*

On the 4th of February, the Sacred Congregation of Rites discussed the confirmation of the cultus (public veneration) given to the servant of God, Joan of Tolosa, Carmelite nun of the old observance, styled Blessed and Saint. It was proved that the cultus, given to our holy Carmelite sister, flourished for at least 100 years before the decree of Urban VIII, which forbids public veneration of saints, before the Church has spoken.

\* \*

ANOTHER lady is out with a proposition to show children vice in all its forms, in order to make them shun it, and says that compulsory education will improve the morals of our boys and girls. Parents are the only ones, who can plant virtues in children's hearts. To some it might seem advisable to place an immoral kaleidoscope before the innocent eyes of youth, but we prefer to stand by the old axiom of the schools; *Ignoti nulla cupido*, which can be paraphrased "those who have no knowledge of any sin will not be tempted to commit it."

\* \*

THE Holy Father's last Encyclical is evoking some amusing remarks from non-Catholic critics. One divine says it smacks too much of the "*imperium in imperio*" (kingdom within a kingdom). Of course it does. Read your bible and you will find that Christ told Pilate that His kingdom was not of this world. The church is in the kingdoms of the world, but not of them. A Buffalo paper, mostly read by members of surpliced choirs and their families, says the Pope's letter shows the Catholic church to be in a critical condition. Don't frighten us, Mr. Editor. The bark of Peter has already braved some very violent storms. But the boat is safe. Christ is at the helm and will remain there.

WHEN a mother finds it difficult to make her child take a bitter draught, she first takes a sip of the unpalatable medicine herself. The child takes courage at seeing this, thinking "this will surely do me no harm since mother has tasted it." That is just what the Blessed Virgin does for us. She tasted of the bitter chalice in order to encourage us to suffer. If we take up our cross during Passiontide, we will find the holy Mother of God holding up the heaviest end of it for us. However, let us help to carry a part of Mary's burden and sympathize with her. The best way to do so is to lessen the sufferings of Mary's Son, whose pain is our sin. Uprooting sin causes pain. But it is a pain that cures.

\* \*

A WRITER in the Buffalo *Express* says that if Lord Wolsely's saying that "some day China and Japan will rule Europe" comes true, it will go hard with the Pope, who will then have a Bluddist superior. Not at all. The orientals could not ill-treat the vicar of Christ any worse than the present band of Italian robbers. There is one thing which Protestant writers always overlook, when they speak of the church, and that is the fact that Christ has promised to be with His church until the end of time. We might add that there are already plenty of orientals in Catholic colleges in Rome, and right good persons they are. They have more respect for the Pope than they have for other petty rulers.--Japan and China have already given hundreds of Saints and Martyrs to "the Romish institution."

\* \*

TO use a common-place expression we can truthfully say that "the feasts of the Church never get 'stale.'" It is especially true of Easter. It is always fresh, like the lilies, which adorn our altars on the Day of Resurrection. Some old questions again present themselves--stereotyped ones, if you will, but of serious import. For instance: "Are you going to make your Easter?" During these days the busy editor of the Catholic weekly will as usual have on hand to head the list of his printed paragraphs, the inevitable interrogatory, "Have you made your Easter?" Many a preacher will likewise talk himself hoarse in exhorting the black sheep of his flock to

"make their Easter." Many will tire of being asked the self-same question. But it will be harder to hear for an eternity:—"Thou fool! Why did you not make your Easter when on earth? It is now too late."

\* \*

FROM the earliest ages of Christianity the sorrows of the Blessed Virgin have been the object of devotion among Catholics. The earliest works of art contain paintings of the Queen of Martyrs. She has also been the theme for the poet and the musical composer. In the thirteenth century, the Franciscan Brother James de Benedictis (or Jacoponus), of Todi in Spoleto, who died in 1303, wrote that soul-stirring poem, the "Stabat Mater." Pergolesi, the composer, gave to that hymn the beautiful air so familiar in our churches. In order to make some satisfaction for the insult offered to our Lady's statues by the heartless reformers, the Feast of the Seven Dolours was instituted for the Friday after Passion Sunday. The Seven Sorrows are, as is generally known, (1) the prophecy of Simeon, (2) the flight into Egypt, (3) the loss of the child in the temple, (4) meeting of Jesus on His way to Calvary, (5) the taking down from the cross, (6) holding His inanimate body in her arms, and (7) the burial of our Lord. In private devotions other sorrows of Mary are enumerated, viz.:—Jesus bidding farewell to his mother, the crowning with thorns, nailing to the cross, the giving of wine and vinegar to Jesus, His abandonment, His death and being laid in Mary's arms. Pious souls are also asked to consider what the Blessed Virgin suffered when Joseph was about to put her away, the refusal of lodging at the inn in Bethlehem, the cold and hard bed prepared for the holy child, the painful circumcision, want of faith in the Jews, persecution of Christ, denial and betrayal of Jesus, etc., in fact all the individual sufferings of Jesus as related in the holy Passion.

PRAYER is the outlet of the saint's sorrow, and inlet of their supports and comforts.

GOLD and silver are in themselves both good and evil. The use of them is good; the abuse of them, bad. To seek them too anxiously is wrong, and to pursue them with avarice is shameful.—ST. BERNARD.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE Benziger Bros., of New York, publish a small volume of 180 pages, bound in cloth, at the reasonable price of 50 cents—which has a right to take its place alongside of the most extensive works published on the same subject. The book is called "Elocution Class," and is written by Eleanor O'Grady. It contains everything that ought to be said on elocution—and the laws and principles of expression. Besides giving *all* that is best of the old methods, this little treasure house also gives the most useful of the laws and theories of Francis Delsarte. A short sketch of Delsarte forms the opening chapter of the book. The whole work is a model of crisp, nervous condensation, embodying everything necessary, even a large selection of the very best examples, and could only have been written by one who is so well versed in teaching this art that she never wastes a word.

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IRELAND: ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND PEOPLE, is the title of a grand descriptive and historical work, written and illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. C. Hall. It was originally published in three large volumes, and was beyond the reach of an ordinary purse. Chas. E. Brown & Co., of 55 State street, Boston, Mass., have just published a popular edition of this unique work, and sell the three volumes bound in one large volume of 1432 pages at the reasonable price of \$3.75. The book has all the beautiful engravings embodied in the text of the original edition—over 500 excellent woodcuts by distinguished artists. The cloth cover in green and silver is most appropriately illuminated. Every lover of Ireland will be charmed with this work. It was written "con amore" by a person who betrays her ardent admiration of everything Irish in every line. With enthusiastic care all the poetical and romantic features of the island are described from county to county. Legends and tales of the peasantry—manners and customs of the people—music and dances—observances at wakes, christenings, courtships, and the different church festivals—pilgrimages to holy wells, and many other national usages are fully described by a loving, sympathetic pen, free from partiality or prejudice. It is an exhaustive study of a country which



is interesting to friend and foe, and which finds in this magnificent work a treatment worthy of its race, beauty and romantic history.

\* \* \*

THERE is scarcely a human being so completely depraved, but that some latent good could be elicited by proper treatment and the subject be brought gradually to the basis of manhood again. Hearts are often concealed by fashion's most splendid garb that are far worse and more deeply steeped in hidden crimes than those whom the law has condemned to wear the striped suit. Hence, the so-called prison reformers, who think only of a prisoner as of one who should be punished at any cost and kept within the gao! regulations, fall wide of the mark. "It is better far to rule by love than fear." This truth has been admirably worked out in the late James Boyle O'Reilly's "Moon-dyne." It brings out once more a clear proof that moral reform can be made only when sustained by Christian principles, the same principles which the Divine Master has taught, when he challenged the Jews to cast the first stone. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., publish "Moon-dyne." The book is bound in a handsome cover, and is one of a number that are to make the "Catholic Library." It certainly will lend grace to the shelf of any library, and our readers can derive nothing but profit and satisfaction from its purchase.

\* \* \*

THE same firm publishes another book, written by Mary T. Waggaman. It is called "Little Comrades; A First Communion Story." No better book could be put into the hands of boys or girls who are preparing for first communion, or who have already made it. It is excellent, as a story, and the sermons of F. Bernard are not of a kind to weary young readers. They would like to listen to that kind of talk for hours. His scapular sermon is a gem. It would be a blessing if all priests had the gift of talking thus to the little ones. And that dear "Con," the stable boy, who afterwards as Father Con, has the happiness of baptizing his former master and preparing him for the death of the just.

Love and truth are the two great hinges on which all human sympathies turn.

#### AMONG OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE first number of the fourth volume of the *Catholic School and Home Magazine* is a good specimen of the work which this unique monthly is striving to do. The name alone of the editor, Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., is a sufficient guarantee of its worth. Every Catholic teacher in the country should see this publication. How they can do without it, after having but once glanced over it, passes our comprehension. If any generous Catholic is casting about for an opportunity of doing an act of public benevolence, which will do an untold amount of good, we advise him to furnish the Rev. Editor with the means to put a sample-copy of his magazine into every Catholic school and every Catholic home in the country.

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*St. Anthony's Messenger* for March, in an article on "The relations of the Franciscans and other Religious Orders and Institutes," mentions the part which St. Peter of Alcantara bore in the reformation of the Carmelites. Long before that, Franciscans and Carmelites worked hand in hand. It was a Carmelite Saint who predicted the stigmata to St. Francis, and to whom St. Francis in turn prophesied the crown of martyrdom—St. Angelus. There is a room, once occupied by St. Dominic, in the Dominican Monastery on the Sabine hill of Rome, which is now used as a chapel. In this room there is a painting of the three holy friends—St. Dominic, St. Francis and St. Angelus, who spent a whole night in this cell of St. Dominic conversing of heavenly matters.

If we love God we shall desire the conversion of the heathen. We are bound as Christians not only to pray for the conversion of the heathen, but according as we may, to labor for it. You in your homes, in the narrow circles of your daily life, and we, not only in our country, but in distant lands. We are all bound to labor together, for so did the faithful with the Apostles and Evangelists of Jesus Christ, and so may you unite with us in this work.—CARDINAL MANNING.

## The Great Miracle of Palmi.



OR several months we have been receiving detailed accounts of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel at Palmi, a town in Calabria of about 15,000 inhabitants. We held back, awaiting further details, especially as our first information stated that the parish priest, Don Leo Galucci, and his assistants, were sceptical on the subject and had advised the people to calm their enthusiasm.

But later and more detailed accounts are so convincing that we consider it our duty to publish the facts in honor of Our Lady. Don Galucci, the parish priest, in a communication to the *Fede e Civiltà*, a paper published at Reggio, in Calabria, narrates the circumstances which led to his conviction of the supernatural character of these manifestations.

He was in his confessional on the eve of All Saints' Day, Wednesday, October 31st, last year. He was interrupted several times by messages to come out and see what was happening at the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The statue of Our Lady had been noticed to move its eyes, and strange to say, had changed the color of its face and had turned deadly pale, as a person who was about to faint. The good parish priest thought it was a great deal more important to hear his confessions than to examine into this presumed miracle. However, he was finally forced to yield to the impetuous demands for his presence at the scene. He hastens to the chapel, finds the statue in its normal condition and after having tried fruitlessly to calm the people, withdraws convinced that it was a delusion. On the 2nd day of November the report spread, stronger than ever, that the wonderful changes in the statue had begun again. Don Galucci continues in these words: "I enter the church, approach the statue, and to my great astonishment I find the eyes entirely closed. The statue was taken out of its niche, near the chancel screen, in order that it might be in full view, and I had myself lifted up to where I could examine it closely. In a short time I noticed the eyes opening themselves little by little, with an expression of heavenly sweetness in the look, whilst the death-like pallor gradually changed into the natural colors of health, and the whole countenance became bright and joyful." He had thus seen the prodigy himself, and the very same infidel papers, which had praised his liberal and sceptical views in the beginning, now refused to take his word. The people organized a solemn procession that same day, and soon the whole diocese was astir. The Archbishop of Reggio came personally and unexpectedly, but his visit was a triumphal march.

The preceding details were published in the *Fede e Civiltà* of the 10th of November, 1894.

But there still remained the question, which agitated people and clergy: What did these manifestations signify? Why a miracle, which was not accompanied by any cures of physical diseases, or any conversions? The answer came suddenly and in a most terrible manner.

In its number of the 19th of November, the same paper contains the full account of the wonderful preservation of the entire population of Palmi from the most disastrous earthquake that ever occurred in the history of the town. Nearly every house in the town was demolished by a terrific shock of earthquake and yet only 20 were fatally injured.

On the 16th of November, from the early morning and during the whole day, the face of the statue gave unmistakable signs of agitation. The eyes opened and closed, looked upon the people gathered around it with an expression of profound sorrow, and the whole face alternately grew pale or flushed with color, and abundant drops of perspiration rolled down from the cheeks. Add to this, several slight tremblings of the earth, and one can realize the exalted state of the entire population. Finally, towards evening, shortly before sunset, the statue, after having again looked over the assembled people with an expression of the deepest sorrow, closed its eyes. The people grew more and more excited, and demanded with loud cries, that the statue be carried through the town in triumphal procession. The houses were illuminated, and the procession was formed. The whole population took part in it—most of the people moved by faith, some perhaps by mere curiosity; but everybody came. After passing through the town, the procession stopped at the end of the town, where there is an immense open place. There the statue, its eyes still closed, but the face perspiring profusely, was placed, and the people knelt down to say the Angelus, which was just being rung in the churches.

Whilst on their knees, the Angelus bells still ringing, the whole town lighted up, there was a sudden shock. The earth rocked, the houses and public buildings of the town collapsed with a terrific crash, and in a moment the whole town was a heap of ruins. But its population gathered around the statue of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, was safe.

The worthy parish priest, describing the misery of his people, encamped in tents in the midst of the ruins of their former dwellings, around an altar in the open air, where Jesus dwells in the Blessed Sacrament, the churches having been destroyed, also speaks of their edifying submission to the Divine will, their desire to be reconciled to God, and their anxiety to go to confession and communion.

It is thus that Our Dear Lady has saved her people, body and soul. She has made use of the very chastisement which might have destroyed them, to save them. He adds that even those who professed to be free thinkers, wear the Scapular now, and abstain from meat on Wednesdays in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

This is but another proof of what was repeated several times in our articles on the Scapular, that Our Lady will obtain a miracle from her Divine Son, if necessary, to keep her promise. She promised that the Scapular would be a "safeguard in danger." At Palmi she had many fervent clients. She manifested her power in a miraculous manner, and thus averted a catastrophe, which would have been sickening in its horror.—EDITOR.

### Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

HENRY GEORGE AND THE SINGLE TAX.

"Say, Mick, did you read the official statement of the advocates of the single tax?"

"I did, Sam, in a rather cursory manner, and hence I only recollect that the impression made on me, was that the system was open to a good many objections."

"I expected that much, but I am anxious to hear your objections in detail."

"In this case you would have to recall their statement to my mind in detail."

"No objection at all. I have their statement here and can read it to you."

"Very well, but article for article, else everything is mixed up."

"All right. Here is the first sentence: 'We assert as our fundamental principle the self-evident truth enunciated in the Declaration of American Independence, that all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights.'"

"What do they mean by this sentence, Sam? What do they understand by the word 'created'?"

"Why, created means 'made.'"

"If they mean that all men are brought into this world in equal manner, and leave it in equal manner in death, and have the same scope in this world and the hereafter, the statement is correct, otherwise it is false. There never was a time or nation, in which all men were socially equal, and this fact destroys the self-evidence of the

proposition. It is unavoidable and really a benefit to the world, that there exists a difference between the strong sex and the weak sex, between children and adults, between superior and subject, between the thrifty and the spendthrift. Hence this self-evident truth is a meaningless phrase. But go on. What do you understand by *inalienable rights*?"

"Of course, the right to live, and hence the right to the necessary support, and also to the enjoyment of individual liberty."

"If the right to live be inalienable, how can life ever be taken away forcibly in war or by the hangman? And who or what is to support this life?"

"Your objection is hair-splitting, for you know very well, that we claim that the produce of nature is for the support of man, and consequently every man has a claim to his share of this produce."

"He has this only on condition, that he works for it. For, 'he that does not work, neither shall he eat.' Therefore the lazy give up this 'inalienable right.' Besides, Henry George & Co. do not content themselves with arrogating to every man the right of bare support, but they include in the demand all the comforts and superfluities of the world as well, a thing that never existed, and hence cannot be inalienable. These high-sounding phrases are like the apples of Jericho, nice looking, but hollow. However, proceed, let us hear the next sentence."

"The declaration goes on to say: 'We hold that all men are equally entitled to the use and enjoyment of what God has created, and of what is gained by the general growth and improvement of the community of which they are part. Therefore no one should be permitted to hold natural opportunities without a fair return to all for the special privilege thus accorded to him, and that that value which the growth and improvement of the community attaches to land, should be taken for the use of the community; that each is entitled to all that his labor produces; therefore no tax should be levied on the products of labor.'"

"H'm! Another piece of high-sounding and contradictory nonsense."

"Contradictory? I cannot see any contradiction in this declaration."

"You can't? I can. Each shall be en-

titled to all that his labor produces, and yet all men are equally entitled to what is gained by the improvement of the community of which they are part. What improvement is possible, what improvement has ever taken place, but it was the product of labor. Could we have towns, mills, factories, railroads, etc., but for the labor of thousands? And if these thousands have the right to all that their labor produced, what is left, to which others that did not personally help to produce these improvements, can be equally entitled to?"

"I am afraid you wilfully misrepresent the meaning of this passage. It is not labor only, but capital, that helps to produce these improvements, and Henry George claims that the laborers ought to have the full value of their work, and not be compelled to accept the mite, whilst the capitalists have the lion's share."

"But Henry George himself calls wealth the stored product of labor, and he is right in this. But if wealth is the product of labor, and every man is entitled to all his labor produces, then every man of wealth has an indisputable right to his wealth, and wealth producing wealth, which is his definition of capital, is to be counted labor producing wealth, in which case he approves the relation between capital and labor, and contradicts himself, if in one and the same sentence he reserves to labor all it produces, and yet gives others an equal title to share."

"I do not think, Mick, that Henry George would admit your reasoning."

"Certainly not, but this only proves that he does not reason logically. In laying down a principle a man ought to be prepared to follow it up to its legitimate consequences. If this is not done, or cannot with impunity be done, it shows the principle is at fault somewhere. But continue your reading."

"The declaration proceeds: 'To carry out these principles, we are in favor of raising all public revenues for national, state, county and municipal purposes, by a *single tax* upon land values, irrespective of improvements, and all the obligations of all forms of direct and indirect taxation. Since in all our states we now levy some tax on the value of land, the single tax can be instituted by the simple and easy way of abolishing one after another, all other

taxes now levied and commensurately increasing the tax on land values until we draw upon that one source for all expenses of government, the revenue being divided between local governments, state government, and the general government, as the revenue from direct tax is now divided between the local and state governments, by a direct assessment being made by the general government upon the states, and paid by them from revenues collected in this manner."

"Well, Sam, the general scope of this proposition is unimpeachable, if you substitute 'income' for 'land,' and I agree with the declaration in being in favor of taxing all unused land according to its market value. But as the text reads, it is simply anarchical in its tendencies, if not in its intention."

"How can you say such a thing? George only wants to help the laboring man, and this, instead of producing anarchy, rather aids in preventing it."

"You make a wrong application of the drift of my argument. I do not judge George and have nothing whatever to do with his intentions, which, I believe, are upright enough, but the scheme proposed is faulty and pernicious."

"And how are you going to prove this to me?"

"Simply by giving you a few examples of the effects, this single tax movement, if successful, would have upon our social and political life. There is first the proposition to tax land values irrespective of improvements. The meaning of this is to tax unimproved town lots, lawns, etc., according to their market value. Now, there may be a town lot owned by a man, who is too poor to improve it, whilst the lot in the course of time rose to a value of \$40,000. This man, of course, would be bound to sell."

"Yes, and this is the intention of the movement, to prevent hoarding of values."

"Well enough, but the man would be bound to sell at any price, and sharpers with plenty of money would not be slow to avail themselves of his necessity, to buy at an absurdly low figure. Thus the general values would shrink greatly and millions would be lost to no purpose."

"To no purpose? I think on the contrary that such an event would be

auspicious, as it would break up the monopolies of townland tenure."

"And in consequence the scheme to take away the weight of taxation off the agricultural districts would be futile. If tax is to be raised on land only, the more you depreciate the value of land in towns, the more you burden the farming country, and thus you contradict yourselves. This, however, is not all. At the present day there are very few industrial works carried on by water power. Steam has taken the place, and water enough to feed the boiler can be obtained anywhere, whilst fuel abounds. Now there is a factory in a city. The area it occupies is taxed at a value of say, \$100,000.00, while the same area might be had in the country for \$2-300.00. The manufacturer finds it worth his while to move his factory, and as the only tax to be raised is on land value, he pays but a trifle for a number of years. He gains, the city loses. And what becomes of his laborers?"

"Why, he himself has to provide for them, as he cannot work his factory without them."

"Precisely so. He therefore buys from the beginning as much land as may be necessary to build dwellings for his men. They all have to leave the city, which will be depopulated, and this will lead to a further shrinkage of value."

"You forget that the land will rise in price, wherever there are factories, and therefore, what the city pays less, the country will pay more."

"Not necessarily nor certainly in the same proportion. A single factory will not raise the price of land \$2.00 an acre in a township, whilst the removal from town will deprive the latter of value amounting to thousands. Besides, such a manufacturer in the country would pay the same rates as the surrounding farmers, and as a farmer on 100 acres pays, say \$25.00, the manufacturer on 50 acres would pay \$12.50, though his income is a hundred times that of the farmer. Do you call that just?"

"No, but this condition of things would be transitory, and would eventually adjust itself."

"Not by the way suggested by the single tax reformer. Moreover, no man is bound to own land. If then a millionaire prefers to use his money in any other way he escapes taxation, whilst a poor man,

who knows nothing but farming, is bound to have land, and consequently to pay taxes. Henry George seems to think that his scheme would drive out large landlords and increase the number of small holdings. I am convinced of the contrary, it would monopolize land and destroy the small farmer."

"However, let us hear what else the patrons of the single tax have to say."

"The document now gives the presumable consequences, saying: 'The single tax would (1) take the weight of taxation off the agricultural district

little value, irrespective of improvements, and put it on towns and cities, where bare land rises to the value of millions of dollars per acre; (2) dispense with a multiplicity of taxes and a horde of tax gatherers, simplify government and greatly reduce its cost; (3) do away with the fraud, corruption and gross inequality inseparable from our present methods of taxation, which allow the rich to escape, while they grind the poor; (4) give us with all the world as perfect freedom of trade as now exists between the states of our Union, thus enabling our people to share through free exchanges in all the advantages which nature has given to other countries, or which the peculiar skill of other peoples has enabled them to attain. It would destroy the trusts, monopolies and corruptions, which are the outgrowth of the tariff; (5) it would—'

"Stop for the present and I'll answer these points first before you proceed further."

"The first reason is consummate folly. To lift the weight of taxation from agricultural districts by taxing land. He wants to tax land irrespective of improvement. If there is any sense in this, he must tax it at the original government price, viz., \$1.25 per acre. Any increased value is due to improvements; hence improved and unimproved land are worth that much and not more. Or does he intend to tax improved land according to the original value when unimproved, and unimproved land according to its present market value? In this case the same rule will hold good regarding town lots, and then we have the absurdity, that improved land is of less taxable value than empty lots. Besides the question comes

up, what is the proportion of values between town and country land? In my opinion the country on the aggregate represents a higher value than the towns on the aggregate do, therefore the greater half of all the taxes would fall upon the agricultural districts, nearly bankrupt as it is, and would consummate the destruction. He calls that helping them! The second reason given is true, but only a sideshow in the question. Regarding the third reason, I would like to know what could possibly stop American corruption but religion. Laws won't do it, and money would rule the officials under the new scheme just as much as under those in vogue. The fourth reason contains a fallacy due to American conceit. Supposing we decree free trade, whilst the nations, with whom we deal, keep their protection, as it would likely happen. They would avail themselves of our free trade to flood our markets with their goods, and of their protection, to keep our goods out of their markets. And the consequence? George & Co., as they would ruin agriculture by this first reason, would destroy manufacture and commerce by this fourth reason—the end of all would be a social catalasm terminating in anarchy, as I said before."

"You are pitiless in your deductions, Mick."

"I only draw the consequences of the principles of these tax reformers, and if they cannot stand the test, away with them, they are not worth entertaining. But give us your No. 5."

"(5). It would, on the other hand, by taking for public use that value which attaches to land by reason of the growth and improvement of the community, make the holding of land unprofitable to the mere owner, and profitable only to the user. It would make it thus impossible for speculators and monopolists, to hold natural opportunities unused or only half used, and would throw open to labor the illimitable field of employment, which the earth offers to man. It would thus solve the labor problem, do away with involuntary poverty, raise wages in all occupations to the full earnings of labor, make over-production impossible until all human wants are satisfied, render labor-saving inventions a blessing to all, and

cause such an enormous production and such an equitable distribution of wealth, as would give to all comfort, leisure and participation in the advantages of an advancing civilization.' Now, Mick, are not these prospects glorious and deserving the attempt?"

"They would be if there were any intrinsic relation between them and the single tax scheme. This not being the case, as I have shown to you, and the very reverse being likely to happen, they are at most the tirade of demagogues to capture the sympathies and votes of an unthinking crowd. God forbid that the scheme ever be tested practically. The misery following it would defy the worst social catastrophe the world has seen yet, and hence no man of intelligence and conscience can support it. Are you done reading this famous manifesto?"

"There is a peroration yet, saying: 'With regard to monopolies other than monopoly of land, we hold that when free competition becomes impossible, as in telegraphs, railroads, water and gas supplies, etc., such business becomes a proper social function, which should be controlled and managed by and for the whole people concerned through their proper government, local, state or national, as it may be.'"

"This is precious. A direct appeal to the paternal government, the socialistic state full-fledged, and this after parading our declaration of independence with the 'self-evident' truth of all men being born equal and enjoying inalienable rights, and after advocating the single tax, because it would do away with corruption. Who are more numerous, the tax gatherers, or the railroad, telegraph, telephone, water, gas and postal employees? A fine way indeed to abolish corruption! I tell you, Sam, this single tax business, if allowed to work its own way and carried to its last logical consequences, will inevitably lead to Bellamism, and Bellamism in spite of its gaudy colors, is slavery pure and simple, the most abject slavery. It's a wild goose chase, originated by people apparently unable to develop a principle and force its bearings, and I repeat, may God forbid, that it ever becomes practical."

THE last virtue of the egotist is the necessity for weaving some ray of altruism to cover his selfishness.

## FATHER HENNEPIN.

BY VERY REV. W. R. HARRIS.

For the Carmelite Review.

CONTINUED.



His subsequent voyages and journeyings he describes in his "Description of Louisiana" and in "His New Discovery," the former of which he dedicated to William Prince of Orange, King of England, who afterwards gave him valuable aid and support. In these works he recounts the history of La Salle's expedition to Niagara, Michilimackinac, Green Bay, the forts of Miamis and Crevecoeur. He also tells us of his own expedition down the Illinois to the Mississippi and up to the falls of St. Anthony, descending then to the Wisconsin by way of Green Bay, back to the St. Lawrence and Quebec.\*

On the morning of December 7th Father Hennepin, with five or six companions, ascended to Queenston. They climbed the steep ascent and from their lofty elevation looked over the intervening forest, and saw the waters of Lake Ontario stretching northwards in chaste and peaceful slumber. On their left extended the limitless forest whose desolation of unbroken solitude shrouded in eternal silence the bones of the slaughtered Neutrals. Below them poured with accumulated grandeur the waters of four inland seas. Above the moaning and swaying of the pines rose the thunder of the distant cataract breaking the mystic stillness. Far away, high above the tree tops, the spray of the falls suspended in mid-heaven floated like a bridal veil over its virgin beauty. The hardy adventurers strapped their snow shoes to their moccasined feet and began their journey in quest of an acceptable site to build a vessel that would bear La Salle and his party on their voyage to the Mississippi. The Franciscan, at the head of his companions, clothed in the coarse grey habit of his

order, the peaked hood drawn over his head, the cord of St. Francis girdling his waist, and the familiar rosary and crucifix hanging at his side, pushed his way through the primeval solitudes. The river narrowed as they advanced along its lonely and savage banks, till, like a watery monster writhing in torture, it hurried on, impatient to die on the bosom of welcoming Ontario.

They emerged from the gloomy forest, ploughed into an oak opening sheeted in snow, passed the whirlpool rapids, rounded the great bend, and again entered the darkening woods. At length, lost in speechless admiration, the imperial cataract, glorified by the dying sun, burst upon their wondrous vision. Pushing on they reached the Chippawa Creek, constructed a temporary cabin, lighted a fire, and throwing themselves upon a bed of spruce boughs, slept the sleep of travel-worn and wearied men. The place was not suitable for the building of a vessel, and the following morning Hennepin and his companions began their return journey. Herds of startled deer and flocks of wild turkeys gladdened their hearts, giving promise of abundant game for their subsistence during their stay in the country. The following morning, December 11th, 1678, Father Hennepin, in the presence of La Motte and his men, nailed a crucifix to a tree, improvised an altar, placed the sacrificial stone thereon, and robed in chasuble, stole and alb offered to the Adorable God the clean oblation, realizing the vision of the poet:

"A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of a tree \* \* \* \* \*  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.

This was their rural chapel."  
This was the first mass ever said on the banks of the Niagara River.\*

La Motte served the mass, his companions knelt in adoration while the opening of the temporary chapel was darkened with the swarthy Senecas, who, confused and astonished, watched with wonderment the white-robed priest. Dallion, the first of consecrated men to raise the emblem of man's redemption among the Neutrals, was dead and mouldering in his grave. Brebeuf perished as became a hero of the

\*I found Father Hennepin's signature in the Baptismal Register at Quebec, for the month of May, 1676. He sailed for France in 1682, but history does not record the date of his death.

\*The first mass said on the Niagara Peninsula was offered up near the mouth of the Grand River, where the Sulpician Priests, Galinee and DeCasson, wintered in the year 1669, and according to the journal of Father Galinee, said mass every morning.

cross, and now from the land sanctified by their labors the consecrated host is elevated in benediction and the angelic hymn. "Glory to God in the Highest" breaks the eternal silence of the primeval forest and dies away in its infinitude of desolation.

## THE FIRST MASS.

## I.

Deep, and silent, and heavy, and tall,  
The forest swept to the waters' edge,  
The wild deers fled at the eagles' call,  
The wild fox crept through the laurel hedge,  
And the blue sky bent o'er the river's flow,  
The "Beautiful River"—long ago.

## II.

And then in the light of the winter sun,  
In the glorious flush of the morning sky,  
A wonderful scene on the shore is begun,  
A scene half earth, half heaven brought nigh,  
While the musical waves of the river flow  
Past the wonderful vision—long ago!

## III.

Red men stood there on the snow-clad sod,  
With the dark-eyed soldiers of sunny France  
And the vested priest of the living God,  
Lifts the sacred host to their reverent glance  
And naught breaks the hush but the river's flow  
That wintry morning—long ago!

\* \* \* The beautiful river, Niagara, into which no bark similar to ours had ever sailed.

HESSELT, N. A. P., '74.

### Favors Obtained From Our Lady of Mount Carmel Through the Efficacy of the Brown Scapular.

Translated for the Review.

BY S. X. R.



NE of our conferes tells the following wonderful proof of the efficacy of the Scapular. He heard it from the lips of the one who was preserved. The hero was one of the first pupils received at that famous seat of learning: "Ste. Marie de la Seine sur mer," and told the facts when he visited his alma mater.

"In 1852 the Department of Var was the scene of political troubles, and the gravest apprehensions were entertained. More than 20,000 men ranged themselves under the banner of the insurgents, captured several towns, and retained forcible possession thereof. Riot and bloodshed followed in their path.

"They heeded no one, but went on in their

lawless career. Often, under cover of the darkness, they would obtain forcible entrance to the mansions of the rich and drag the terrified inmates from their homes. They aimed especially to secure the heads of the family, for whom they would demand an exorbitant ransom. Or they would place them so that the poor prisoners would be between them and the regular troops, should they encounter the latter on the way. They divided the captives, later on, leaving some at one town whereof they were in possession, some at another; the largest number were placed at Brignolles. They were lodged in the public prisons with criminals. A priest visited them regularly, and did all in his power to console them. His attention was specially attracted towards a young man, belonging to one of the noblest families of Provence, M. Andeol de Laval, who was one of the first pupils admitted by the Marist Fathers to their college of 'Sainte Marie de la Seine.' The priest invested the captives with the Scapular of Mount Carmel, and to Andeol he said with what seemed a prophetic inspiration: '*Guard well your Scapular, and I assure you it will guard you well.*'

"From Brignolles the insurgents went to the little village of Aups, where the leaders selected for their headquarters the hotel Crouzet. The first floor was appointed to the hostages, and the ground floor was occupied by the leaders of the insurrection. The latter were in a state of excitement, and ready for any outrage, so furious were they at various defeats recently sustained. They would probably have carried out their threat of taking the lives of the prisoners, had they not been panic-stricken by a loud noise, shouting and the rumbling of vehicles. It was the soldiers of the Legion in pursuit of the rebels, who thought only of escape, and precipitately fled, leaving their prisoners locked and barred in the floor above. The battalion had at once taken up its line of march for the hotel, which had been pointed out to them, with the most explicit orders to take the severest measures with the insurgents, and to give quarter or show mercy to none. At sight of the familiar uniform, the prisoners thought they were saved, and joyfully hastening to the windows, began to salute their preservers. The soldiers, however, mistook them for the insurgents, and fired at them



to the imminent danger of their lives. Andeol de Laval nobly determined to risk his safety for the sake of his fellow-prisoners, several of whom had families at their homes. Springing to the window ledge, he called to the soldiers that they were *not* the rebels, but loyal subjects, and unjustly detained in captivity, but in the general confusion his voice was not heard, and a discharge from thirty soldiers rewarded his unprecedented heroism. The poor young man fell to the ground, but, almost dying to all appearances, he still attempted to raise himself and explain the situation to the besiegers. Another volley was fired, and one of them even added a bayonet thrust to deprive him of the last chance of life. To put an end to this terrible misunderstanding, some of the prisoners had the happy thought to wave their caps from the window, and eventually by this attracted the attention of the commander, and showed him his fearful mistake. Every thought was now for the young hero, who, wonderful to relate, was still alive. Almost blinded by the blood which flowed freely, and weakened as he was, he still had energy left to grasp the hand of the captain, who raised him in his arms, and to cry out: 'Hurrah for the 51st! I die content. I have saved my fellow captives.' The most tender solicitude was lavished upon him. They examined his wounds. O! wonder! Of *nineteen*, not one was mortal. Every one immediately attributed this to the *Scapular* with which he had recently been invested. The wounds healed in time, and Andeol made a visit to the college, where he told the pupils of his wonderful preservation through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. His clothing, riddled by the bullets, was sent as an 'ex voto' to the shrine of his divine protectress, where it remained, a striking proof of her power. Monsieur Pastereau, prefect of Var, some time afterwards told Madame de Laval, that he had been an eye-witness of the terrible scene. Said he: 'Humanly speaking, your son should have died a thousand times under such a rain of fire. I could not understand how he could possibly escape.'

"Another, one of the military, said 'that he had fired at him twice directly, and seeing that he could not succeed in killing him, gave up attempting to do so.'

"Twenty-nine holes were counted in Andeol's clothing, his necktie and boots were pierced and torn, *one of the bullets grazed his breast making two holes in his under-vest, yet not even inflicting a scratch upon the skin.*"

And once again the Scapular is proved to be a most efficacious breastplate!

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### THE GUEST IN THE HOUSE.

For the Carmelite Review.

#### I.

To dark and narrow cell One cometh in,  
With crown of light and tender eyes of  
love,  
All drear and bare with ravages of sin  
Thy shelter He hath chosen from above.

#### II.

A very gracious Lord is He who stands,  
Most kingly guest, and sweetly gives  
leave  
To ask all things that eager lips and hands  
Desire: for still, He says, "Ask and re-  
ceive!"

#### III.

The dark and narrow cell Thou ent'rest in  
Thou wilt enrich and cleanse, O Love  
and Friend!  
Through all unworthiness and earthly din,  
Each day and each again until the end.

M. L. SANDROCK REDMOND.

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### PETITIONS.

OUR readers are asked in their charity to remember prayerfully the following intentions: 9 cures; 3 persons in affliction; 12 persons lately deceased; employment for 6 persons; 2 children; 2 families; for perseverance of 2 persons; 1 reconciliation; reform of 4 persons; 4 spiritual favors; 11 temporal favors; 4 conversions; parents; and 7 very special graces.

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### Our Lady's Clients.

NAMES have been received for registration in the Scapular Registry from St. Rose's Church, Girard, Ohio; Cayuga, Ont.; Alberton, P. E. I.; St. Dominik's Monastery, Benicia, Cal.

## AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Mary Angela Spellissy.

### A Chat in a Street Car.

CONTINUED.

**H**IS case of Mrs. Vernon may serve as a practical illustration of the latter." This spoiled servant may yet be brought to better fashions. She is possibly as softy to leave as her mistress is to lose her. A few days of consideration and a few tearful nights will perhaps bring her to a reasonable frame of mind. Mrs. Vernon can begin by expressing regret at the approaching separation, and the acknowledgment of her attachment to Martha, who has been so long a member of the family. From this she will hope that Martha has secured a comfortable home. Martha will probably confess that she has no place in view, girls of her disposition are usually of the "trust to luck" class. At this juncture Mrs. Vernon will be able to put the question to Martha: "Would it not be wiser to remain in a good situation, where she has always been kindly considered than to go out to, she knows not what discomforts?" Martha may ask to remain. Mrs. Vernon will then be able to say that "in future she intends to resume her old habit of looking daily into all parts of her house, and that in case of Martha continuing in her employment, it will be wise to consider Mrs. Vernon as the new mistress, with whom she would have engaged had she carried out her first intention." Mrs. Vernon can then mildly, but firmly, remind Martha, that in the household there can be but one mistress, who is responsible to God and to her husband, for the stewardship of the family affairs. The comfort of the husband is the first consideration. He rows the boat, and should find home a place of tranquility and rest for mind and body. Mrs. Vernon's own tact will do the rest. She remembers, no doubt, her mother's mode of action in similar cases.

"But," said I, "should Martha prove persistently contumacious?"

Mrs. Vernon can say to her, as the girl did to her lover, "dear Daniel, I dismiss you with my blessing." Mrs. Vernon may learn from the experience not to let an employee gain the supremacy in the future. Servants, like children, are quick to discern how far they can impose on their superiors.

Mrs. Vernon has probably trusted too much to this girl, forgetting that unflinching vigilance is the price of a well ordered home. The young mistress may find cause for contrition when she examines her conscience in regard to Martha.

"Mrs. Rutledge, to what do *you* attribute the widespread dissatisfactions between house-mothers and their helpers?"

"Indeed, Mr. Germaine, I have not formulated my opinions on the subject, and can but give impressions received from my experience. The last thirty-five years have brought a great change in our country. When we were married, a girl could be secured for general housework at a wage of \$1.50 a week. When she took her outing on Thursday afternoon, she probably wore a neat print dress, costing 6 cents a yard, and felt as fine as her comrades.

"In those days the mistress not only superintended the smallest details of her home, but she put forth her hand to many a household task, and was thus familiar with the workings of the machine, and better able to judge of the advisability of certain measures and of their reasonableness.

"Luxury has come into our houses, and claims so much attention for the home furnishing and for dress that the mistress is often absorbed by these duties, and leaves to her servants much of the adjusting of the labor in the family. This is usually most unfavorable in its results, and wasteful discomfort is the consequence."

"There are duties that only the mistress can perform. One of my neighbors met me lately with a radiant face, saying, 'I feel quite happy this morning, Mrs. Rutledge. I have just been counting up my house-book, and find that I am in, \$13.'"

"Give me your secret," said I.

"Well, our store-book had been growing heavier in its charges, and at last Mr. Groome asked me to look into the cause carefully; the consequence was that I gave up having goods charged. I go now to

market. The walk does me good. I pay cash for all I buy. I dismissed the upstairs girl, and work in my house as I did when I was married. Cook is never in a bad humor now. I save \$3.50 that I paid the chambermaid, also \$3 on her board, and I have reduced my house bills \$7.50 in one week, and I have better food on my table."

"Indeed, Mrs. Rutledge, that is a case in point," said Mrs. Vernon, "and I will look well into the ways of my household."

"I was impressed, Mrs. Rutledge, by your remarks the other day regarding the poor, and felt great admiration for the unselfishness of your father."

"I am rather embarrassed by the discovery that my remarks reached other ears than those for which they were intended."

"I assure you that they were spoken in a low tone, but your distinct enunciation made them audible to my keen hearing."

"Since you find interest in the subject, I will say that I regret the disuse of the custom that prevailed when our city was smaller. In those days the basket beggars came to our door daily. My mother made the acquaintance of each one, and visited them at their homes. The poor need a friend, and often a little judicious advice, and material encouragement, has lifted a family from destitution to comfort. It may be that a timely recommendation will procure employment for the father of the family. Cast-off clothing can so easily make the little folks presentable, and sometimes a decent coat or pants helps the elders to a situation. This familiar intercourse between the poor and their more favored neighbors develops a kindly sympathy that is serviceable to both parties. My friend, Mrs. Noble, is a young mother reared in the old-fashioned way. I sent to her a year ago the mother of a large family, whose life for years has been one long struggle against poverty. Last week my poor friend called to tell me that her oldest daughter, Mary, was going to make her first communion. I immediately divined that my aid was necessary to procure Mary's outfit. But, Mrs. Vandyke, said I, Mary is younger than Philip. How comes it that Mary makes her first Communion before him?"

"Oh, Philip has made his first Communion," she answered.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, a year ago, and I was at my wit's

end about it. He hadn't a decent stitch to put on him."

"Why did you not come to me?"

"I heard that you and Mr. Rutledge were both laid up with the grip, and I was ashamed to come bothering you again. Well, the day after Philip passed the examination, Mrs. Noble sent for him and asked if he had a spring suit, and he just told her he hadn't a stitch but what was on him. You know Philip is very simple-minded, and never keeps anything back. Well, my dear, Mrs. Noble, God bless her, gave him a complete outfit, even to the shoes and necktie. Indeed it was as if they fell from heaven. I couldn't have let him go to the altar in the rags he had."

"Meeting Mrs. Noble soon after, I told her of Mrs. Vandyke's gratitude."

"Indeed," she said, "we are all interested in Philip. The cast-off suits of my son, Mark, fit him exactly, and Mark is very careful that no spot shall stain his suit. 'Mamma,' he said the other day, 'I must keep this clean for Philip.' So you see that thought makes my little man attentive to neatness."

"In my acquaintance with the poor I occasionally meet the relatives of some of my well-to-do acquaintances, and regret that the more favored by fortune are not interested in their poor relations. Mr. Washington Gladden refers most pertinently to this condition. I prefer to give it in his own words. Going to the book-case she took down *The Century* for 1892. In the December number I read in his contribution to Present-Day papers the following paragraph:

"TWO OLD-FASHIONED VIRTUES."

"Let me say in closing, that the growth of pauperism, if not of poverty, seems to be due in part to the decay of two old-fashioned virtues. One of these is family affection. The individualism of the last half century has weakened the family bond. There has been so much talk of men's rights and women's rights, and children's rights, that the mutual and reciprocal duties and obligations of the family have come to be undervalued. Families do not cling together quite so closely, as once they did; *esprit de famille* is wanting. For this reason many persons who ought to be cared for by their own kindred, become a charge upon the public. This tendency ought in

every way to be rebuked and resisted. The shame of permitting one's flesh and blood to become paupers ought to be brought home to every man and woman who thus casts off natural obligations. All public authorities and charitable visitors should enforce upon such delinquents the scriptural judgment. "If any provideth not for his own, and specially his own household, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever."

Walking home in the frosty air the last sentence rang in my ears. Next morning I sent for my nephew, George, and after some talk, gave him a place in my ware-room. I had refused him the position a month before in order that I might keep clear of unpleasant complications, but the new atmosphere I had been inhaling clamored for practical application.

#### Favors Received for the New Hospice.

CANCELLED postage stamps have been received from the following persons: C. O'G., Canton, Mass.; Miss J. C., Snyder, Ont.; P. F., Columbianna, Ohio; Miss S. M. E., Clarksville, Ont.; Miss T. K., Wallaceburg, Ont.; E. F., Penetanguishene, Ont.; Miss M. E., St. Roch's de Quebec, P. Q.; Miss M. E., Pittsburg, Pa.; St. G's Academy, Rio Vista, Cal.; A. O'D., Toronto, Ont.; W. C. S., Paterson, N. J.; W. F. J., Fishkill, N. Y.; Miss M. A. S., Granton, Ont.; Ven. Srs. of C., Santa Cruz, Cal.; W. McC., Monkton, Ont.; Misses T. and F. R., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss M. C., Englewood, N. J.; Miss M. M. O'D., Admaston, Ont.; M. T. McD., Philadelphia, Pa.; Ven. Srs. St. J., Rutland, Vt.; Mrs. F., Bornholm, Ont.; Miss A. J. H., Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss N. C., Philadelphia, Pa.; Ven. Sr. M. B. McE., Parkersburg, W. Va.; Miss K. B., Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. B. L., New York City; also from several unknown sources. We acknowledge gratefully devotional articles from Ven. Sr. M. B. McE., Parkersburg, W. Va.

#### OBITUARY.

PRAYERS are requested for the souls of Edward Brennan, who died at Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1895; of Ven. Sr. M. Ursula McCoy, who departed this life February 6, 1895, at San Francisco, Cal.; of Mrs. Elizabeth Mittler, who died Nov. 15, 1894, at Buffalo, N. Y.; of Patrick MacCauley, whose death occurred on February 10, 1895, at Collingwood, Ont.; of Mrs. Patrick Kelly, whose death occurred January 15; of Patrick Kelly, who died January 22; and of Mrs. Matthew J. Kelly, who followed on

January 24; these being victims of inflammation of the lungs; of Rev. Michael A. Finn, who closed his earthly career at Leavenworth, Kas., February 17, 1895; of Miss Bella Gavin, who died February 13, at Buffalo, N. Y.; of Patrick Walsh, who died Dec. 21, 1894. R. I. P.

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