



The Madonna, with the Infant Jesus and St. John.

BY R/ PHAEL.



 "ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

I.



N musing moments oft we wonder
 Back to days of yore,
 And many long departed scenes
 In fancy we explore;
 We think of stately palaces,
 Now ruined piles they stand,
 And those who tenanted their walls
 Dwell in the "silent land."
 Yet hearts beat high with joyous hopes,
 Or throbbled in bitter woe,
 Men lived, and loved, and died as now
 One hundred years ago.

II.

Dear Lord! Where are those precious souls
 Redeemed at such a cost?
 O! dreadful thought, to thy blest view,
 What countless ones are lost!
 But those who bravely fought and won
 Are blest forever more,
 With fadeless crowns adorned they stand
 On the "Eternal Shore."
 Ah! may their prayers Thy pity move
 Towards us who here below
 Are striving as *they* strove on earth
 One hundred years ago.

III.

At early dawn the King of day
 Illumed the world below,
 The castle grand, the tiny cot,
 Alike in splendor glow.
 The silvery moon pursued her course
 Through realms of ether blue,

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Whilst brilliant stars lit up the sky
 Like gems of golden hue.
 O! mighty Lord, Thy glorious works
 A glorious halo throw
 About Thy name, as did they then,
 One hundred years ago.

IV.

Yes! as we view those vanished years,
 We find the same to-day;
 Here happy hearts, there bitter tears,
 Along life's toilsome way.
 The poor lived on in misery,
 The rich in grandeur dwelt,
 In many a convent cell at prayer
 The gentle sisters knelt.
 Their sacred chant arose to God
 In accents soft and low,
 For He was loved by faithful hearts
 One hundred years ago.

V.

But darker scenes than these were oft
 Enacted in the past,
 And crime its sombre shade o'er many
 A reckless creature cast.
 Men walked the earth in arrogance,
 With haughty mien they trod,
 Spurning religion's gentle sway,
 Forgetful of their God.
 And oft the earth was moistened
 With the life tide's crimson flow,
 For man destroyed his fellow man
 One hundred years ago.

VI.

Such is this world—the joys and fears
 Of those who lived before
 Are all forgot—as ours shall be
 Ere yet a few years more.
 Then why, O! mortals, toil for fame,
 For fading laurels here,
 When death may tear us from our prize
 Before another year?
 The mighty heroes of the past, the rich,
 The great, the low,
 All, all are gone who lived on earth
 One hundred years ago.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

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CHAPTER XIII—CONTINUED.



HE prophecy spoken by God to the deceiver of our race, also points to the union of the woman and her seed in their hostility to the devil and his seed. The devil and his seed are inseparable enemies of the woman and her seed. By parity of conclusion, therefore, the woman and her seed must also be inseparable. Even the variety of expression, 'She shall bruise,' or 'it shall bruise thy head,' illustrates the identity of operation that unites the woman of prophecy and her seed. The woman is to triumph in her seed, and neither her seed nor his triumph is to be without her co-operation. As long as the deceiver and his seed are not destroyed, it is clear that the woman and her seed must co-exist as the divinely appointed agents of that destruction. The first words of the prediction admit of no equivocal interpretation. 'I will put enmities between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed.' As long as hostility is possible between sin and holiness, between God and the devil, so long must Mary and her Son co-operate in sustaining the hostility, in pushing it to extremity and finally in destroying its objects. The only term of her influence and united action is the term of which St. Paul speaks when he says: 'Afterwards the end, when Christ shall have delivered up the kingdom to God and the Father, when he shall have brought to nought all principality and all authority and power, and the enemy, death shall be destroyed.' (1 Cor. xv., 24, 26.)

"Hence it is that the Church has always regarded Mary's influence as powerfully affecting her own destiny. She does not assign to the Blessed Virgin a merely his-

torical position in the Christian religion; she does not regard her as one who has merited great honor only as the author of Christ's being in time. Mary is regarded by the Church as the centre of a living energy; as exercising a protecting and fostering care over the representative of her Son on earth. Her position of superintendence over the destinies of the Church is the divine appointment of Christ himself, who chose to be subject to Her during thirty years of His life; it is the reward of her singular conformity to the will of His heavenly Father. The Church, therefore, believes that Mary's patronage is just as much consistent with the supreme majesty of God as was the subjection of that very God to her while He lived on earth. God willed it to be so then as he wills it now that Mary should co-operate with Him in the care of His Church. Now, if it is His will, who can call it in question, or who can suggest an arrangement more in harmony with His revealed word, or one which redounds more to His sovereign honor?

But what need is there of Mary's interposition at the present day? Does it not seem to disparage the power and mercy of God? The need of her interposition is neither less nor greater than it was in the beginning of the Church. God so willed it *then* that the Incarnation should, in a measure, depend on her. If He still wills that the full accomplishment of all the results of the Incarnation should, in part at least, depend on her, then her interposition is still needful. The disparagement to His mercy and power is not greater now than it was *then*. Mary was created by His power as the chief instrument of His mercy. All that her influence now accomplishes and all that it shall obtain till the end of the world, is therefore due to His infinite and omnipotent goodness as to its first cause.

"We read in Holy Scripture that as soon as Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost." (Luke, i, 41.) Mary had then conceived the Holy One. Her chaste womb then embraced Him who is the source of all grace. She was, therefore, at that moment, the treasury of grace. Through her, grace flowed in a plentiful stream upon all who approached her. Hence has risen the universal opinion that she has become, from that moment, the great channel of grace to the Church, sending along its blessed stream from the fountain-head which is God to refresh and fructify the garden of the Lord. As sin came into the world through Eve, so grace came through Mary, with Jesus Christ who was born of her and ever remains her Son.

"Sin would not have entered the world had Eve not listened to the serpent and furthered his wicked designs by her wilful co-operation. In like manner, had Mary not listened favorably to the angel, and thus co-operated with God in the work of the Incarnation, Christ would not have been born of her; the fountain of grace would have remained sealed. He who gave His Son to the world through the agency of Mary, has with him given all things to the world through her. If, therefore, we believe that Jesus Christ came to us through Mary, we should also believe that the graces which he merited for us must come to us through His mother. If we believe that Mary was a help in our redemption, we should also believe that she is a help in our sanctification. If we believe that without her we were not redeemed, we should also believe that without her we shall not be saved. If we believe that without Mary we would not have a Redeemer to open heaven to us, we should also believe that without Mary's assistance we cannot obtain heaven. If we believe that the Redeemer came to us through Mary we should also believe that it is through Mary that we must come to behold the Redeemer in his heavenly glory.

"If we believe in the beautiful order of nature, we must also believe in the order of grace, or to speak more plainly, if we believe that God wished that Mary should be His own mother, we must also believe that she should be our mother, not by name

only, but in very deed; that she should be looked upon and honored as the perpetual help or intercessor for the welfare of the whole world—the help of sinners to obtain for them the grace of conversion, and the help of the just to obtain for them the grace to advance and persevere in justice and holiness of life.

"From what has been said we draw with St. Alphonsus and other saints the conclusion that the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary is not only useful, but even necessary for our salvation; necessary, not indeed absolutely, but morally. This necessity arises from the will of God, who has ordained, says St. Bernard, that all graces should come to us through Mary. This is the common doctrine of doctors and theologians of the Church—a doctrine entirely in conformity with the sentiments of the Church.

"The Church honors the Blessed Virgin with special reverence. She offers the '*cultus of hyperdulia*,' a reverence far surpassing the honor she pays to the other saints and even to the highest angels. '*Debetur Beate Virgini*,' says St. Thomas, '*generatio dulcis eminentius tamen quam ceteris creaturis, in quantum ipsa est Mater Dei. Inde dicitur quod debetur ei non qualiscunque dulcia, sed hyperdulia.*' (3 *Quest. 25, a. 5.*) The same saint says elsewhere: '*Beata virgo ex hoc quod est Mater Dei habet quandam dignitatem infinitam ex bono infinito quod est Deus.*' (1 *Qu. 25, a. 6.*)

"The Church displays everywhere in her liturgy this special reverence for the Blessed Virgin. The rubrics require that the priest must bow his head every time her name is mentioned; he must even show greater reverence than when the name of any other saint is mentioned.

"The Church has approved the litany of the Blessed Virgin, which contains so many glorious titles of this Blessed Mother.

"In the Litany of the Saints the name of the Blessed Virgin immediately follows that of the Holy Trinity and precedes all the other saints, precedes even the highest angels.

"The divine office is always preceded by Hail Mary and followed by an antiphon in her honor.

"In the suffragia the Blessed Virgin has again the first place.

"Every Saturday is specially consecrated to the honor of the Blessed Virgin.

"During the year there are several feasts in her honor celebrated in the most solemn manner, and some of them are to be kept holy like Sundays.

"Three times a day the Church publicly invokes the Blessed Virgin by the beautiful devotion of the *Angelus*.

"In every Church there is an altar erected in honor of the Blessed Mother of God.

"The Church invokes the Blessed Virgin as the 'Mother of mercy, our Life, our Sweetness, and our Hope.' She entreats the Blessed Mother of God to avert every evil, to ask for every blessing. '*Mala nostra pelle, bona cuncta posce.*'

"While hanging on the cross our dear Lord recommended to His Blessed Mother the beloved disciple. '*Ecce filius tuus.*' And not St. John alone, every priest especially, every true disciple of Jesus became at that moment the adopted child of Mary.

"Why did our Lord, who loved His mother so dearly, suffer her to remain so long on earth after His ascension? '*Volo,*' he says, '*ut, ubi ego sum, illic et sit minister tuus.*' Why then did not His dearest servant, His own fond mother ascend with Him to heaven? Ah! it was on our account. On our account He came down from heaven: '*Propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem*'; and on our account, too, He left His Blessed Mother so long on earth. 'I will not leave you orphans,' He says to His apostles and to all the faithful. 'I go to prepare a place for you,' but meanwhile I leave you in charge of My mother: '*Ecce mater tua.*'

"The earth is indeed a place of exile for Mary, but the Church is in its infancy and needs a mother! The Blessed Virgin remains on earth to encourage all, but especially the apostles by her presence and by her example. She remains to teach the apostles and evangelists so many of those beautiful and consoling truths that we find in the gospel. And now that she has been taken, body and soul, to heaven, she there intercedes constantly for the welfare of the Church.

"The Blessed Virgin has ever been the advocate and protector of the Church in her struggles with tyranny and heresy. '*Cunctas hereses sola interenisti in universo*

mundo.' She is the chosen one foretold by God Himself in the garden of Eden. '*Ipsa conteret caput tuum.*' '*Magnum est in quolibet sancto,*' says St. Thomas, '*quando habet tantum de gratia quod sufficit ad salutem multorum. Sed quando haberet tantum quod sufficeret ad salutem omnium hominum, hoc esset maximum. Et hoc est in Christo et in Beata Virgine. Nam in omni periculo potes salutem obtinere ab ipsa Virgine gloriosa. Unde in Cantico: 'Mille clypei,' id est remedia contra pericula, 'pendent ab ea.'*

"But here a certain author remarks: 'If all graces pass through Mary, then if we implore the intercession of other saints, they too must have recourse to the mediation of Mary to obtain for us the graces we ask through their intercession.' This, however, he says, 'no one believes, or has ever thought of.'

"'I reply,' says St. Alphonsus, 'that there can be no error or difficulty in believing this. As Almighty God has crowned His mother as the queen of the saints, and ordained that all graces should be bestowed by her hands, what difficulty can there be in saying that God also, in order to honor His mother, should also wish the saints to invoke her to obtain favors for their clients? To say that no one ever thought of such a thing is to show much ignorance,' for St. Bernard, St. Anselm, St. Bonaventure, Father Suarez and others make this assertion: 'In vain,' says St. Bernard, 'would any one pray to the other saints for a favor, if Mary did not intercede to obtain it for him.'" (Glories of Mary, Chap. V.)

This being the case, the question of the moral necessity of Mary's intercession for our salvation and sanctification is evidently not one of mere theory, nor an abstract matter with which we have no practical concern; which may be accepted or not, indifferently; whose reception will do no good, or whose rejection will be harmless. If the whole tenor of our Lord's life, if the universal and immemorial practice of the Church, if the pious custom of millions of good Christians all coincide in attributing to the Mother of Jesus an uninterrupted fellowship with her Son in the great work of the Redemption and in everything that tends to its final accomplishment, then the establishment of such a fact must impress every mind with the relative importance of availing ourselves of this divine

institution of the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God.

There are many who cannot understand this moral necessity of the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God for our salvation and sanctification. James A. McMaster, however, understood it from the beginning of his conversion. It was through the intercession of Mary that he obtained the gift of the true faith in a high degree. From that time he always entertained a tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of God and put himself always under her special protection.

The book, "The Glories of Mary," by St. Alphonsus, he kept on his large writing table, and made a practice of reading some portion of it daily. His devotion to the great Mother of God was his great devotion; he never wearied speaking in her praise and his prayers to her were continual. On the death of his wife he knelt down before the image of the Blessed Virgin and committed his little ones to her care, begging her henceforth to be more than ever their mother.

In the markets he generally made his purchases from poor Catholics, and took the occasion of saying a few words to them about God and to encourage them to fidelity in the practice of their religion. He would persuade men in this way to wear the scapular to which he himself had such great devotion. He used to say that it was "his devotion," and he declared that Our Lady had worked miracles for him when he invoked her power through the scapular of Mt. Carmel, which he called "the scapular." He said that before reading the history of the scapular he never realized that it was less a token of our devotion to the Mother of God than a sign of her never-failing love and protection of her clients. "*Regina decor Carmeli, dedisti nobis signum protectionis tue.*"

He always wore two pair of scapulars, for fear the strings of one might break; and he kept a box supplied with scapulars and rosaries, so that his children could have no excuse for being without either. Often in the day and even at night he thought of the Blessed Mother of God. "Last night," he one day wrote to one of his daughters, "the thought came over me so forcibly: What will it be in heaven to hear Our Lady sing her own song—the *Magnificat*—

with her own mouth, her own voice. For accompaniment — never interrupting or jarring on it—all the choirs of angels. But, with her, the *voices of Virgins*. She, carrying in her breast the Lamb; they following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth—for they are Virgins! There is a thought for you for Our Divine Mother's birthday!"

Whenever he left the house he said the *Salve Regina*. He said the rosary every day. It was his devotion of predilection. He used to say it in the morning, because, as he said, he then could say it with greater recollection and devotion. Every day of the month of May he bought flowers to decorate the altar which he had erected in his house in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. His love for and his devotion to the ever Blessed Virgin Mary reached an eminent degree with the latter years of his life. This came to pass in the following manner:

"In the first years of the eighteenth century God raised up several remarkable men to be the light and consolation of that desolate period. Among these was one named Grignon de Montfort. He founded two religious Congregations in France—one for men, called the *Congregation of Missioners of the Holy Ghost of St. Laurent-Sur-Sevre*; the other for women, devoted to nursing the sick and promoting Christian education, and called the *Daughters of Wisdom*. Clement XI. made him a missionary apostolic throughout France, giving him a special mission to combat Jansenism. The holy man, whose process of canonization is now far advanced, wrote a remarkable work on *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*. It was translated into English some twenty years ago by Father Faber. The Venerable Grignon de Montfort seems to have possessed, among other gifts, that of prophecy; and we read in the above-named treatise such sentences as the following:

"The greatest saints, the souls richest in graces and virtues, shall be the most assiduous in praying to Our Blessed Lady. I have said that this would come to pass, particularly at the end of the world, and indeed *presently*, because the Most High, with His holy mother, has to form for Himself great saints, who shall surpass most of the other saint: in sanctity, as much as the cedars of Lebanon outgrow the little shrubs, as has been revealed to a

holy soul, whose life has been written by a great servant of God.... These great souls, full of zeal and grace, shall be chosen to match themselves against the enemies of God, who shall rage on all sides; and they shall be singularly devout to Our Blessed Lady.... by their words and examples they shall bend the whole world to true devotion to Mary.... This shall bring upon them many enemies; but it shall also bring many victories and much glory to God alone. God wishes to reveal and make known Mary, the masterpiece of His hands, in these latter times.... Mary must shine forth more than ever in mercy, in might, and in grace, in these latter times. The power of Mary over all the devils will especially break out in the latter times, when Satan will lay his snares against her heel."

McMaster was deeply impressed by the reading of this little book. It brought about the great event of his inner and spiritual life during his last year, "*the solemn consecration of himself and all he possessed to the Mother of God,*" according to the method given by the Blessed Grignon de Montfort in his *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin*. In February, 1885, McMaster mentions this little work in a letter written to the Mother Prioress of the Baltimore Carmel, in which he expresses gratitude to her for having taught him to read it. The following is an extract from this letter:

"I cannot thank you enough for having forced on my reluctant attention the wonderful book—really, considering when written, a prophecy of Grignon de Montfort on devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

Again on Jan. 15th, 1886, he writes:

"It seems to me these days as if Sister Gertrude's guardian angel were hovering around my rooms. It is as if she were here with me herself. May God grant her a more and more perfect union with her Lord, and a more complete detachment from all that is not of God. How wonderfully touching are the words of De Montfort—in that little book you taught me to read—on page 171, and again on page 178. I know you will train Gertrude more and more to do all her works in Mary—to whose order you so pre-eminently belong."

These extracts show how quickly he imbibed the spirit of the "devotion." But it was not until the Feast of the Annun-

ciation, 1886, that his formal consecration took place. He made with great earnestness the full three weeks preparation, recommended by the Blessed Grignon de Montfort. On the eve of the feast he drew up his act of consecration in the form of a will. He realized how great a deed he was undertaking—that henceforth he would be his own master no longer—but the slave of Mary, his mother and mistress. Once more he was bathed in a cold sweat as on that night in 1845, when he read the treatise of the great St. Eprem, which secured his conversion.

He received Holy Communion the next morning in the chapel of the Carmel of Baltimore, and after Mass made the Act of Consecration he had written the night before—then signed it in that convent which was to him the brightest spot on earth. One who knew and loved him made a beautiful comparison between the nine months he lived after his consecration and the months that our Divine Lord dwelt in His mother's womb. She said of McMaster that Our Blessed Mother had conceived him on that day and given him birth in heaven at Christmas. We here give McMaster's act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin:

"O Eternal and Incarnate Wisdom! O sweetest and most adorable Jesus! True God and True Man, only Son of the Eternal Father and of Mary always Virgin! I adore Thee profoundly in the bosom and splendors of Thy Father during eternity; and I adore Thee also in the bosom of Mary, Thy most worthy mother, in the time of Thine Incarnation. I give Thee thanks for that Thou hast annihilated Thyself in taking the form of a slave in order to rescue me from the cruel slavery of the devil. I praise and glorify Thee for that Thou hast been pleased to subject Thyself to Mary, Thy Holy Mother, in all things, in order to make me Thy faithful slave through her. But alas! ungrateful and faithless as I have been, I have not kept the promises which I made so solemnly to Thee in my baptism; I have not fulfilled my obligations; I do not deserve to be called Thy son nor yet Thy slave; and as there is nothing in me that does not merit Thine anger and Thy repulse, I dare no more come by myself before Thy Most Holy and

August Majesty. It is on this account that I have recourse to the intercession of Thy most Holy Mother, whom Thou hast given me for a mediatrix with Thee. It is through that I hope to obtain from Thee contrition, and the pardon of my sins, true wisdom and the preservation of it. I salute Thee, then, O Immaculate Mary, living tabernacle of the Divinity, where the Eternal Wisdom willed to be hidden, and to be adored by angels and by men. I hail, Thee, O Queen of heaven and earth, to whose empire everything is subject which is under God.

"I salute Thee, O sure refuge of sinners, whose mercy fails to no one. Hear the desires which I have of the Divine Wisdom; and for that end receive the vows and offerings which my lowness presents to Thee. I, James Alphonsus McMaster, a faithless sinner—I renew and ratify to-day in Thy hands the vows of my baptism; I renounce forever Satan, his pomps and works; and I give myself entirely to Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Wisdom, to carry my cross after Him all the days of my life, and to be more faithful than I have ever been before.

"In the presence of all the heavenly court I choose Thee this day for my Mother and Mistress. I deliver and consecrate to Thee, as Thy slave, my body and soul, my goods, both interior and exterior, and even the value of all my good actions, past, present and future; leaving to Thee the entire and full right of disposing of me, and all that belongs to me, without exception, according to Thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and in eternity.

"Receive, O benignant Virgin, this little offering of slavery, in honor of, and in union with, that subjection which the Eternal Wisdom designed to have to Thy maternity, in homage to the power which both the Son and the Mother have over this little worm and miserable sinner, and in thanksgiving for the privileges with which the Holy Trinity hath favored Thee. I protest that I wish henceforth, as Thy true slave, to seek Thy honor and to obey Thee in all things.

"O admirable Mother, present me to Thy dear Son as His eternal slave, so that as He hath redeemed me by Thee, by Thee He may receive me! O Mother of Mercy, get me the grace to obtain the true wisdom

of God; and for that end put me in the number of those whom Thou lovest, whom Thou teachest, whom Thou conductest, and whom Thou nourishest and protectest, as Thy children and Thy slaves.

"O faithful Virgin, make me in all things so perfect a disciple, imitator, and slave of the Incarnate Wisdom, Jesus Christ thy Son, that I may attain by Thy intercession, and by Thy example, to the fullness of His age on earth and His glory in heaven. Amen.

"JAS. A. McMASTER.

"Mt. Carmel, Baltimore,

"March 25th, 1886."

The change which this great act wrought in him was most striking. He who had been by nature so impetuous, became mild and gentle, full of sweetness and kindness towards all. His letters at this time overflow with the love and gratitude of his heart.

After his death no will could be found, although he had written one at different periods. One of his daughters felt an interior conviction that he had destroyed it after his solemn act of consecration to Mary, desiring, as her slave, to leave all to her disposal.

One more task he had yet to fulfil for his Mother Mary and his life-work was done. The Fathers on Mt. Carmel, at Palestine were threatened by the Lutherans dwelling near by with invasion of that hallowed spot; they needed money in order to pay for their defence. McMaster learning of this, made an appeal in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*, and realized quite a handsome sum. Great was the consolation afforded him in being thus enabled to procure relief for the Sons of Our Lady of Mount Carmel; and likewise in the increase of devotion to the Brown Scapular, which his articles enkindled. It may be that the joy experienced in this, was the reward of his beginning, and his desire of continuing, a work, which another was destined to complete. When in 1884, he undertook the defence of the Scapular, against the assertions set forth in the "Catholic Dictionary," he did not meet with the encouragement he had looked for. It may have been on account of more vital points at issue, or because it was not the will of Divine Providence that he should experience this consolation; but then

Father Clark, of the *Month*, continued the battle for it on the other side of the Atlantic.

Those who truly understand what Mary is in heaven in our regard,—a most merciful and powerful Mother with God—are not astonished at the wonderful effects brought about in souls by the powerful intercession of Mary.

“The Church of God is ruled, neither by diplomacy alone, nor by learning alone. The world is converted and the Church extended by that invisible power of the grace of God which enlightens the mind to know the true religion, strengthens the will to follow and inflames the heart with love for It. This invisible power is brought down from heaven, and preserved and propagated chiefly through prayer, and devotion to the ever Blessed Mother of God.

“That Mary is our mother we were told by Jesus Himself when hanging on the cross: ‘Behold thy Mother.’ (John, XIX, 27.) By His all-powerful word God created the heavens and the earth; by His word He changed water into wine at the wedding feast; by His word He gave life to the dead; by His word He changed bread and wine into His own body and blood; and by the same word He made His own beloved mother to be truly and really our mother also. Mary, then, is our mother, as Jesus willed and declared; and Mary, our mother, is an all-powerful mother; she is an all-merciful mother.

“God alone is all-powerful by nature, but Mary is all-powerful by her prayers.

“The public manifestations of Mary’s power recorded in the history of the church are indeed wonderful; but her secret influence—the influence which she exerts over the hearts of men, over human passions and motives of action, over the invisible enemies of our salvation—is even more wonderful, more comprehensive still. This influence is felt through the whole Church; it is of hourly occurrence. Those who have felt its gentle operation can bear witness to the truth of its existence. How many of the just have become perfect through Mary; how many there are who have received the grace of purity through her; how many there are who have obtained through her the grace to overcome their passions; how many who have already obtained through her the crown of

life everlasting! Behold a St. Augustine, a St. John Damascene, a St. Germanus, a St. Anselm, a St. Bonaventure, a St. Bernard, a St. Dominic, a St. Vincent Ferrel, a St. Xavier, a St. Alphonsus; behold the countless multitude of saints who for their sanctity have shone like suns in the heavens. Was it not through Mary that they became holy? Have they passed through any other gate than through that opened by Mary? Think of all the sinners who have been converted through Mary. The hourly conversions of such numbers are the hourly triumphs of Mary’s power; they are the secret but most conclusive evidence of the queenly authority with which she is invested for the welfare of all men.

“Nothing is too great for Mary’s power. And as there is nothing too great for her power, so there is nothing too insignificant for her notice. While she fights the battles of the universal Church, she cares for the salvation of the least of Christ’s little ones. She is always ready to console and refresh their fainting spirits, to procure for them even the smallest actual grace. From the holy virgin martyr who in the first ages of the Church invoked the aid of Mary against the demon of impurity to the youth who kneels to-day before her altar, imploring the preservation of his innocence or the restoration of lost virtue, it has never been heard that any one who fled to her protection, implored her assistance, or asked her prayers was left unheeded. One, for instance, sets his heart upon obtaining from the Blessed Virgin the recovery or conversion of a dear friend; another prays for the clear manifestation of the divine will in his regard at some critical period of his life; another prays for some special favor; they begin a novena to Mary, and ere it is ended their prayer is heard. In the daily strife with sin and temptation the name of Mary acts as a spell upon the spirits of evil. If men at times give way to pride and contempt of others, they invoke the aid of Mary, and their hearts become kind and humble. Does the thought of impurity cross their mind, they call upon her name; they raise their eyes towards her throne, and the demon flies from them. Whilst Mary, this loving mother, was on earth, her heart was full of mercy and compassion towards all men. Destined from all

eternity to be the Mother of God of mercy, Mary received a heart like unto the heart of her divine Son Jesus—a heart that was free from every stain of sin and overflowing with burning charity.

“Since God has endowed the Blessed Mother of His only-begotten Son with such power and dominion, and with such charity and mercy towards us, we ought to rejoice in the name, in the dignity, in the glory, in the power, and mercy of Mary.” It would be strange indeed, were we to be slow in proclaiming her praise, and power, and mercy?

“St. Anselm, St. Francis, St. Bonaventure, St. Peter Damian, St. Bernard, and, in these latter days, St. Alphonus, stand as witnesses to the great spiritual law that the love of the Virgin Mother of God is not a sentiment or a poetry in religion, which may or may not be encouraged by individuals at their will, but that love and veneration, second only to the love and veneration paid to her divine Son, is due to her by a law which springs from the very substance of the faith. It is impossible to realize the Incarnation as we ought, and not to love and venerate the Mother of God; it is impossible to love the Son without loving the Mother. In proportion to our love to the Son will be our love to the Mother who bore Him; in so far as we are conformed to the likeness of the Son we shall love the Mother, who, next to the Eternal Persons, the Father and the Holy Ghost, is the dearest object of the love of the Eternal Son. The love of the Mother of God is the overflow of the love we bear to her divine Son; it descends from Him to her, and we may ask a grace of Mary without being heard. In heaven her love and mercy towards us has only become more ardent, more efficacious. Every century, nay, every year, every day, every hour, especially the dying hour of so many sinners, bears witness to Mary’s undying love and inexhaustible mercy.

“St. Teresa gives us an account of a merchant of Valladolid who did not live as a good Christian should live. However, he had some devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One day St. Teresa went to Valladolid to find a house for her nuns. The merchant, hearing that Teresa was seeking a house, went to her and offered to give her one of his houses, saying that he would give it

in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Teresa thanked him and took the house. Two months after, the gentleman was suddenly taken so very ill that he was not able to speak or make his confession. He could only show by signs that he wished to beg pardon of our Lord for his sins, and died soon after. ‘After his death,’ says St. Teresa, ‘I saw our Lord. He told me that this gentleman had been very near losing his soul. But He had mercy on him because of the service he did to his Blessed Mother by giving the house in her honor. She obtained for him, in the hour of death, the grace of true contrition for his sins. I was glad that his soul was saved; for I was very much afraid it would have been lost on account of his bad life.’

“Ah! how great is the power and mercy of Mary! How kind, how solicitous, how merciful, how careful and compassionate is the Mother of God! How often are we ignorant of the troubles that await us! Mary, however, knows them, and hastens to our assistance. How often are we unconscious of the dangers that surround us? Mary perceives them, and protects us from all harm. How often does this good Mother pray for us when we do not think of asking her prayers! Let us treasure up those words in our hearts: ‘Dear Son, they have no wine.’ They will console us in the hour of affliction. When a sense of utter loneliness oppresses us, when we seem abandoned by all the world, then is the time to remember that we have a Mother in heaven. The Blessed Virgin Mary has not forgotten us. How often has she already prayed for us to her divine Son: ‘My dear Son, see, my servant stands sorely in need of the virtue of a lively faith, charity, and holy purity.’ How often has Mary changed the waters of pain and sorrow into the cheering wine of joy and gladness! When we stood on the brink of the precipice, and stretched forth our hands to sin, Mary, like a tender mother, stretched forth her arms to save us. When, by our sins, we cruelly pierced the Sacred Heart of Jesus, then it was that Mary offered up for us the precious blood that gushed forth from the gaping wound.

“The saints have always made Christ’s love for His Blessed Mother the model of their love for that most holy Virgin. To name the saints who were deeply devoted

to Mary would be to name them all. The more they strove to love God, the more they felt drawn to love Mary; or, to speak more correctly, the more they increased in love of Mary, the more they increased also in love for God.

"How often," said Mrs. J. D. Keiley, "have I seen great tears course down the dear face of Mr. McMaster when speaking of the Blessed Virgin." She also remarked that he had been in the habit of using the

Carmelite phrase: 'God reward you—in expressing His thanks for the attentions He received during His sickness.'

"May the Lord, in His infinite mercy, bestow upon every reader of these words, a great increase of love for His ever Blessed Mother, and ere long rest assured the devout reader will, like McMaster, feel a great change for the better wrought by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

END OF CHAPTER XIII.

RANOQUE.

Translated from the French of the Abbe Le Seigneur.

BY DOROTHY.

CHAP. III—THE WIDOW'S VOW.



ANOTHER night had descended upon the earth, silent and fresh as the evenings of November usually are in Andalusia. A profound calm enveloped the great farm of D—, whose im-

mense fields ascended the hill sides, and stretching away in the distance were lost in the winding mazes of the mountain.

A faint ray of light escaped from one of the principle buildings of the farm, and a man's voice might be heard from within singing as he accompanied himself on a guitar. The peasants of Andalusia are accustomed, when their day's work is over, to recreate themselves by singing original compositions, usually improvised by the performer to the melodious tones of his guitar.

It was in 1854. Socialistic agitators and journals had not yet spread their subversive ideas through the country. This peaceful life, these simple and rustic amusements, sufficed for the peasants of that time, and days tranquil and happy glided peacefully away.

In the farm house, at an immense oven, where was baking the brown bread, coarse but always wholesome, the farmer's wife prepared supper for her husband and four rosy children.

When they took their places at table a woman of mature age in deep mourning seated herself with them; upon her countenance of rare sweetness appeared the expression of profound sorrow. She was the farmer's sister. Her husband and two children had recently died of cholera, which that summer had claimed so many victims in the towns of Andalusia. She, herself, having been attacked by the terrible scourge, had escaped as by miracle, and had come to dwell in her brother's family. She had lived in the town of N—, where for several years she and her husband, a basketmaker by trade, had dealt in mats. For people in their station they were comfortably well off.

On this evening she seemed even more sad than usual. The overseer of the flocks of the farm, an old acquaintance, entered suddenly, and on seeing him for the first time since her bereavement she burst into tears.

"Come! come! dear madame," said the good old man, "don't weep so; remember you are named 'Consolata,' after our Lady of Consolation! You must take things as they come, be they good or bad. Better

days will come which will make you forget your misfortunes."

"Forget!" cried the poor widow. "Nothing but death will make me forget! The agony of losing my three loved ones has made a wound in my heart that nothing will heal; it will lead me to the grave, where I shall rejoice then."

"Believe me, madame, I have lived longer than you. Weeping will not remedy our sorrow. All the tears in the world might be exhausted and we would not be at the end of our troubles. We have all of us our own trials."

"All you say is true, but I cannot help weeping. I seem to have those three coffins ever before my eyes. Ah! Ventura, how my loneliness presses upon my heart and crushes it! What a day! O Holy Virgin! what a terrible day! My poor husband was stricken first; an hour or two after my son Ramon, who had gone to take home some work, returned prostrated with the merciless malady. My dear daughter was already sick. I was alone, Ventura, all alone! Not a soul to help me to nurse them, no remedies in the house, impossible to find a doctor or medicine, not a neighbor to come to my assistance; men fell like flies. My three sick ones, who were all my life, tossed upon their beds of pain in agonies, imploring me for the love of God to get a priest and not let them die without the sacraments. O Virgin of Consolation! in what a sea of sorrow I was plunged! There were but two priests in the town, and over three hundred persons were attacked with cholera! I turned towards a statue of St. Joseph which was in a niche over the bed and in my distress I uttered this prayer: 'Blessed St. Joseph! God gave them to me; if it be His will to take them from me this day I will not murmur against His holy will. But do you, O patron of a good death, aid me to procure a confessor for them. I desire they should die in a state of grace; bring them a priest. If I must lose them may God's will be done, but at last do you console and sanctify their last moments!'"

The poor woman paused as though she feared to say more. After a moment she resumed:

"I then made a vow to St. Joseph that if he helped me to find a priest at once I—, But no, I cannot reveal what I promised.

I threw my shawl over my shoulders and prepared to go out, when, O miracle! I met on the stairway a priest of middle age whom I did not know, and whom certainly I had never seen before. I drew back surprised, but he asked me at once if there were any sick in the house.

"There are three in agony, Father," I replied. He entered the room, confessed my three loved ones one after the other and administered the last sacraments. After that they were quiet as lambs and perfectly resigned to the will of God. I watched them all night: My poor husband died about one o'clock; Ramon lasted until three o'clock, and my little girl, my treasure, yielded her last breath at five o'clock, at the moment the morning *Angelus* sounded. Ah! Ventura, what a night of agony! What sorrow for a mother!"

Great burning tears streamed down the emaciated features of the sorrow-stricken woman; her hearers were visibly affected. She continued,

"Two days after I also was attacked with the terrible malady—"

"Now, dear madame," interrupted Ventura, "tell us rather that you recovered, and that here at the farm you will become quite well. Only, try not to dwell so much on your sorrow."

"True, Ventura. Blessed be holy St. Joseph, who never abandons his devout clients."

"Ah! you made a good choice in your patron; he is the best in all the calendar. There is not in heaven so powerful a saint as he. Do you know what this holy Patriarch did one day when 'His Divine Majesty'* refused him a favor?" asked the old man to rouse the widow from her sad thoughts.

"Good!" cried the farmer in a joyous voice. "Father Ventura is going to relate to us one of his stories. He has not spent all his life among the inhabitants of the country without making a great collection of legends."

"Call it a legend if you will," replied the old overseer, "there are those who say it is true. Whatever it may be, this is my

* It is customary in Spain when one would speak of God to make use of this expression, *Su Divina Majestad*, His Divine Majesty. Also in speaking of the Blessed Sacrament, the Spanish say *Su Divina Majestad*. This is the most respectful way in which to speak of the Divinity.—Translator's note.

story. One day a client of St. Joseph presented himself at the gates of Paradise asking admittance. But, alas! it was impossible to admit him! He was covered with ink stains; it must certainly have been the soul of some writer not over scrupulous. St. Peter therefore found himself under the sad necessity of refusing him, and he had to wait outside. In some way or another St. Joseph heard of what had happened, and he went at once to 'His Divine Majesty' to intercede in favor of his client, but his request was refused. 'He was one of my devout servants,' pleaded the holy Patriarch. 'Yes, that is too true,' returned the Divine Master, 'he burned tapers in your honor, but he did not imitate your virtues. Before entering into my kingdom your client must spend some time in Purgatory to be purified.' Still St. Joseph insisted. He offered to the Divine Justice for his protegee all his acts of prompt obedience to the commands of Heaven, while he was upon earth, and his faithful correspondence to grace. He begged that the soul of his devout servant should be delivered without delay from the purifying flames on account of his confidence in his intercession. Unable to resist further, our Lord permitted His Foster Father to go at once and release this soul from Purgatory. 'Thus you see, my dear lady,' he concluded 'St. Joseph never abandons his faithful servants in their difficulties.'

At this moment a large dog burst into the room and began to bound around the farmer and the children.

"Why it is Bartolo's dog," they all exclaimed at once, "and here he is himself."

"May God protect all here!" pronounced a man's voice from the doorway.

"Amen!" replied those in the house.

The newcomer was the old shepherd whom we saw upon the hill side. He advanced towards the table as though he had something to say to the farmer and his wife.

"Will you have something to eat Bartolo?" they asked him.

"No, thank you," he replied, "I cannot wait at present."

"How are the flocks in the mountains?" inquired the farmer.

"Well, master, listen: I found this morning in the hills a tender lamb without mother, and I had to bring it to the house

for none of my sheep can nourish it. It is a poor little orphan that I picked up nearly dead among the rocks, and I have brought him here to be cared for," replied the good shepherd, laying his burden on the floor and uncovering our little hero, Ranoque.

All the family pressed around the orphan, still unconscious, with cries of surprise and pity, as they saw his handsome face flushed with fever and his emaciated little body, bearing the marks of bad treatment.

Bartolo related how and when he found the child, adding a few details he had been able to gather from Ranoque in his rational moments. His father had died in prison; his mother was called Cachana; she accompanied in his rounds an old blind man named Canijo, who made his living by playing the guitar in the streets. "Uncle Canijo," he said, "had a spite against me, and wanted to kill me; that is why he and my mother brought me to the mountains and ran away leaving me alone."

They all listened with sympathy and emotion to the old shepherd's relation, but Consolata, the farmer's sister, seemed to take an interest which increased as Bartolo proceeded in his tale. When the old man had finished she left her place and leaned over the child.

"It is a miracle! a true miracle!" she cried like one beside herself. "This is my child! St. Joseph has sent him to me; I shall adopt him!"

And taking the child in her arms she pressed him to her bosom.

"Take care, Consolata!" said her astonished sister-in-law. "what you are saying? Pay attention to your words."

"Have I not told you," replied the widow, "that I made a vow to St. Joseph in the hour of my great distress? This is precisely what I promised. I vowed to adopt for life the first abandoned orphan who stretched his helpless hands towards me. And do you not see how this little angel of God supplicates me now to accomplish my vow?" she added, while the child, half conscious, rested his head gently upon her shoulder and wound his little arms around her neck, repeating in a faint voice:

"Mama! Mama! Uncle Canijo!"

"Your mother, my poor darling! Yes, call me your mother," replied the generous widow. "A mother has abandoned you,

but another adopts you now. I lost two children; St. Joseph returns me one."

The farmer shook his head and begged his sister not to act rashly. He had hoped that the modest fortune of his sister would descend to his children and he began to be alarmed.

"Let her do as she pleases," interposed Ventura, as though he had read like an open book the farmer's thought. "Do you remember the words of holy scripture: 'My father and my mother have abandoned me, but the Lord has protected me.'"

Three months later the widow, completely restored, returned to the town, taking our little Ranoque with her. The evening before her departure her brother took her aside and said:

"Have you sufficiently reflected upon what you are about to do? The child's father died in prison; his mother is a monster! Evil trees do not produce good fruit."

For a moment the pious widow appeared to be disturbed.

"What do you propose to do with this little wolf?" continued the farmer.

"What do you hope for from the son of a criminal?"

"I shall teach him to fear God," she replied simply, "and make him learn my trade. The poor little one did not choose his parents, so far as I know."

"He did not choose them, it is true, but he inherits their blood," replied the farmer. "One day a swine-herd took home a wolf's cub. He fed it and brought it up with his dogs in the hope that he might tame it and make it as obedient and faithful as they were, but the wolf ended by flying to the mountains howling, after having torn one of the swine-herd's children in pieces. Be sure, Consolata, bad blood will reveal itself sooner or later."

"Tell me, brother," asked the widow, looking at him earnestly, "did the swine-herd try to teach his wolf's cub the doctrine of Christ?"

"Oh, no," replied the farmer, laughing, "we do not teach wolves to read."

"Ah! but we may teach children to read and to pray! I shall teach my little wolf to be a good Christian, and, with God's

grace, he will be the consolation of my old age."

CHAPTER IV.

A SONS DEVOTION.

The widow kept her word and succeeded in her undertaking, but not without great difficulty, for Ranoque certainly had a wild, untamed nature. The recollection of his father's crimes, the depraved conduct of his mother, and the pernicious example of old Canijo, had awakened in him, even at his tender age, evil instincts and precocious passions. Nevertheless this excellent woman, without other knowledge than that of her humble trade, or other science than that of religion, had found the means to form the heart and intelligence of her adopted son. Under the gentle influence of religion and labor the character of Ranoque had become completely changed.

Consolata possessed, by instinct, that tact and wisdom that persons devoted to the education of the young frequently acquire only by observation and experience. She had this advantage over many instructors that she understood the necessity of leaning upon prayer, that cry of the soul which brings divine grace down from heaven. For, if it be true that a wise and prudent method will tame a rude and savage nature, this precious gift from heaven, which is the supernatural life of the soul, can alone operate the transformation of evil into good.

This is how the pious widow understood the task she had assumed, and she acted accordingly. Her prayers drew down the life giving dew of divine grace upon the soul of the abandoned child; her charity and patience prepared the way, and grace seconded her efforts. Thus little by little the germs of vice were eradicated, and virtue took root and developed in him.

Consolata carried out her plan with gentle perseverance; she taught the child his catechism and gave him a useful trade, so that in less than ten years Ranoque had become not only a skilful workman, but also a model of piety and prudence, whose honest industry contributed to the success and good reputation of his adopted mother's shop.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

XII.

OF THE HOME FESTIVAL.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



So the birthday of the Christ-child is pre-eminently the feast of little children, and as children are the heart of the home, we ought to regard Christmas as the family festival, par excellence.

Ideally, we do regard it as such. Practically, some people regard it as a tax-paying period, some as a returning obligations party, some—of the rich and good-natured order—as a paradise of shopping, and some—of the poor and affectionate order—as a purgatory of unfulfilled desires.

"It does seem too bad to have to give up one month out of every twelve to Christmas shopping—especially as, now-a-days, life has become so luxurious that all one's friends are sure to possess all the pretty novelties in silver and china!"

So sighed a woman whose face looked careworn and petulant as she bent over a counter laden with glittering trifles in a jeweler's shop.

Yet, one said long ago, "the poor ye have always with you!"

They will not disappear from among us, probably, even in the tide of McKinley prosperity. I confess, on hearing the remarks quoted above, I would have been inclined, had my advice been asked, to suggest that good wishes be sent to the luxurious friends and gifts to the less exacting poor.

But there are degrees of poverty and, as few of us are millionaires, the poor are also the gift-givers. I think, therefore, we would be approaching a step to the ideal Christmas if we did our Christmas shopping and accepted the gifts that come our way with a sincere conviction that the only thing worth considering is not "the gift

of the lover but the love of the giver." True friendship could have no stronger test. Gifts, unaccompanied by real affection, are a profanation of the spirit of Christmas. If an obligation must be returned, let it be at some other time. Good taste does not justify a duty gift becoming a precedent for the exchange of presents.

The courage to offer a very simple gift, looking not to its material value but considering it chiefly as a symbol of affectionate thought, is a quality that many women lack. The courage to deny themselves the pleasure of burning the midnight oil, and more important vital flame in elaborate needle work for presents, is also a lacking quality.

The effort to be conventional, to do what she thinks her friends expect of her, leaves a busy woman little time to devote to the two classes of people who have most claim upon Christmas, viz.: the children and the poor. It is worth considering which way of using time and strength and money best pays.

It is very easy to make children happy, when one sets the right way about it. I have always felt that for every unhappy child in the world some one is answerable.

Let the children do something towards making the other members of the home circle happy. Don't begrudge them time and thought and attention when they ask help in making or selecting their little gifts. Spend a day if need be, when the little ones set out, with their carefully hoarded pennies, to buy everything within the magic precincts of down town, in escorting them upon their shopping tour. You were never fatigued in a better cause than in cheerfully waiting for them as they linger over the fascinating counters.

Santa Claus and his Christmas tree make up a delightful mystery and surprise that

give a child in after years happy memories of early Christmastides. Let the children believe, therefore, in the beautiful myth of Santa Claus. The woman who is too practical and conscientious to allow her children to cherish a belief in this benevolent old gentleman, will be apt, when she reaches Heaven, to look out for any possible door knobs to polish.

The child whose every desire is gratified and who is not taught to sometimes sacrifice a pleasure to help others, is pretty sure to become a very selfish man or woman. I would suggest that the little people be shown how they may do without some little thing, and by so doing help to make Christmas a little brighter for one or two poor children. Permit them to distribute their little gifts personally, and thus learn the simple, friendly charity, without concession or stand-offishness, that is so difficult to acquire later on.

If it were possible for every family in comfortable circumstances, to make a happy Christmas for one poor family, we would be advancing several steps towards

the ideal family festival. A little reasonableness in the avoidance of unnecessary expense, in weighing the pros and cons of economy versus extravagance, in spending less money and more thought and care in the selection of gifts for our dear ones, would make this possible.

If at no other time of the year, at least on Christmas day, let us enjoy peaceful, happy homes, forgetful, for the time, of care and sorrow and worry. The candles of the Christmas tree ought to illumine smiling, happy faces of big people as well as little.

Surely the Babe in the Manger wishes us to celebrate His Birthday in gaiety and amiability of heart and of manner. It is a fitting time for the family circle to forget and forgive mutual annoyances and irritabilities, if any exist, for the home that is filled with strife is not a home but an amateur hell.

In the peaceful, joyful family reunion, let us hope for a taste of the "Peace on earth, good will to men," which the Christ-child came to bring us.

LORETTO.



In that place where the angels last rested with the holy House of Nazareth, now stands with its beautiful church the town of Loretto. The town, situated on the brow of a green hill, is seen from a great distance.

High above the walls of Loretto rise the slender spire and majestic looking cupola. Over the Roman gate of the town a carved figure of the Blessed Virgin represented as the Queen of the town. A long and broad street (and the only street) leads to the church. On both sides of this street are booths in which the pilgrims can purchase rosaries, medals and other devotional articles. You enter the grand temple through a beautiful bronze door. When inside you stand under the great dome of the chapel which encircles the holy house of Loretto.

In this house then—such are the thoughts of every pilgrim who enters—there at one time lived a humble maiden. There was she born, there she lived, and there had lived her ancestors, and the name of this holy virgin was Mary.

The angel, having reverently saluted Mary, announced to her the divine will, and the holy virgin obeyed the heavenly message, and the Word was made flesh in her womb in *this house*. And the divine Word, Jesus Christ, who created and redeemed the world, visibly dwelt amongst men and lived in this house with Mary and Joseph, and was obedient to them, and this is the same house! Those are the doors through which Jesus came in and went out. Those very walls are the same which witnessed His daily labors, His obedience and poverty. Those walls have heard the voices of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

On the altar, where even the holy

apostles, and many holy priests and bishops, have offered up the Holy Sacrifice, there appears, in large gilded letters, the words: *Hic Verbum Caro factum est.* "Here the Word was made flesh." The church, in which the holy house stands, was built under Pope Paul II (died A. D. 1471) from the rich offerings of thousands of pious pilgrims. The church is cruciform. In the centre covering the house rises the imposing dome. There are twelve altars in the approach to the house of Mary. Besides these there are nine other side altars. Every side altar is a piece of art in itself. The holy house forms the main chapel, which is built of beautiful marble. On all sides are the panels enriched with rich paintings representing the mysteries of the Incarnation. On the walls can be seen the descriptions of the holy prophets who spoke of Christ and His holy mother, and of the things which have since come to pass in that holy house which now stands in the church at Loretto.

The house of Nazareth measures in length 29 feet and 8 inches, 12 feet and 8 inches in breadth and 13 feet 3 inches in height. The walls one foot and two inches thick. They are of quarry stone, through which run thin yellow veins. There is no foundation, the walls resting on the bare earth. The old roof is gone, the tiles are now resting under the plaster. The woodwork is all of cedar, which only grows in the Holyland. Notwithstanding its age the house instead of showing signs of decay looks as good as new. In the center of the holy house is an altar. Through a little door can be seen the old altar of hewed stone, which stood in the house when it was yet in Nazareth. On the left is seen a cupboard, in which are seen the small earthen vessels once used by the holy family. The dishes are

made of white clay colored red. Rosaries, medals, etc., are placed in these utensils by the devout pilgrims, so that afterwards they can say that their articles of devotion had touched those objects once used by Jesus and Mary—under the altar is a grate called *Il santo camino.* The hearth is four feet, three inches high, two feet wide and sixteen inches deep. Here it was where Mary prepared the meals. Over the fireplace in a niche is a statue of the holy Virgin, formerly covered with gold and precious stones. The statue is made of cedar wood from Mount Lebanon. Near the sacristy of the church a heavy iron door leads to the safe vaults, or treasury built by Pope Paul V. It contains 69 cabinets made of walnut. Twenty of these cabinets are empty for which we can thank the campaigns of the French armies. Yet there can be seen an almost innumerable collection of gold and silver hearts, candelabra, crosses, statues, remonstrances, lamps, chalices, necklaces, censers and other costly objects the votive offerings of kings, queens, princes, popes, bishops and others who desired to thus express their gratitude for some grace they received at the holy house.

It is almost impossible to describe all the great wonders wrought through our Lady's intercession at Loretto. Let one example suffice for the present.

The predecessor of Pope Leo XIII, Pius IX, who was much devoted to the Blessed Virgin, had the misfortune during his young days to fall into an incurable disease. Nobody could help him. He therefore went on a pilgrimage to Loretto. Our Lady heard his prayer and he returned completely cured. After that the holy pope went often to the shrine to thank his benefactress.



COUNTESS EUGENIE.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY F. A. B.



PROBABLY very few persons knew anything of the personal history of the lady in black, who, in rain or shine, was for years a daily attendant at Holy Mass in the little church in C. She was known as Frau Schwarzscheier, but in reality, her full and proper name was the Countess Eugenie von Irgendwo. I am reminded of the Countess at this season, because on Christmas Day the church invokes a virgin martyr under the name of St. Eugenie.

We have only to deal with one incident in the early life of Countess Eugenie. It all occurred in the seventies, immediately after the Franco-Prussian war.

The Countess had been a widow for many years. Her only hope and comfort was centered in her son, the young Count Gottlieb. The latter was one of the most dashing young officers in the imperial cavalry. He had many a narrow escape, but happily came out of the bloody strife without a scratch, but not without glory. At the time I speak of, the young Count was doing duty at one of the garrisons. He was now commencing to think of the happy holidays to be spent with his mother.

Countess Eugenie sat quietly in her apartments that Christmas eve. The room itself was an index of the richness and beauty seen throughout her palatial dwelling. Heavy silk curtains were drawn before the windows; here and there on the walls were hung works of the old masters; immense mirrors, encircled in gorgeous frames, reached from ceiling to floor; costly tapestry hung as a background to several lovely groups in marble, and silver lamps and chandeliers hung from their bronze supports. The whole room was a dream of beauty.

The Countess arose from the richly upholstered chair and walked towards a corner room, into which the light shone through the richest of stained glass. The room served as an observatory. From the main window a most extensive view could be had of the whole capital. Moreover, no one could enter the palace without being seen from this point of vantage.

As Eugenie threw back the damask portier, she stood out in bold relief as the rays of light fell on her face. Her countenance was rather pale, and the bloom of youth had long since departed from it. Her's was a proud, imposing figure, and the head firmly poised on the shoulders seemed made to wear the coronet. The alabaster forehead, oval countenance, the Greek nose and shining black eyes bespoke nobility. In the dark flowing hair could be traced several silver threads. The mouth was small and determined. The general appearance gave the impression of a person of conscious beauty, the habit of commanding and great reserve. On the present occasion there was a trace of anxiety and expectation in the face of the Countess.

Eugenie lingered longer than usual at the window. She was much interested in the great crowd passing beneath her. Everybody was carrying home something for the Christmas feast—fowl, fruit, and other dainties. Some carried large baskets with their mysterious contents. Others had bundles and packages for dear ones at home. Here and there could be seen, on the shoulders of some, small green pine or cedar trees, which made a very picturesque contrast along the snow-covered streets.

A halt had been called to the monotonous work—the daily toil for bread. A truce was made and by common consent all other business ceased, and the day for once in the year was given to the comforts of home.

"This is the real poetry of life," murmured the Countess, as she looked along the crowded ways. "Yes, this is surely an

oasis in the desert of our material world. For a moment they stop in the noisy turmoil in this matter-of-fact century. A day of rest has come—the wheels of machinery must stop—and the poor people shall enjoy themselves."

From the window she went towards a great hall, in the middle of which stood a huge Christmas-tree. Two butlers and a maid servant were busy trimming the tree with gold and silver flags and thousands of rich and tempting gifts. On a long table were numerous bundles containing presents for the many relations of the proud and wealthy Countess von Irgendwo. The countess herself had personally purchased the presents, the choicest of which was for her darling boy and only child, Gottlieb.

Count Gottlieb was the last child of which death had not robbed her. Was his mother's pet and pride, and was to be the sole heir of the father's vast estate. As was said, Gottlieb was with his regiment in the nearest garrison town, about twenty miles from the capital. He had just written to his mother, saying he could be expected early on Christmas eve.

The Countess held her son's letter in her hand, and was nervously fondling it, as she stood near the Christmas tree. She was in a very nervous mood. Addressing the servants, she said testily:

"Try to finish everything quickly. All must be in order when Count Gottlieb arrives. He may come at any moment."

Almost at this moment the door opened, and a servant approached bearing on a silver tray an urgent dispatch for the Countess.

"An urgent dispatch! Surely Gottlieb is not delayed at the last moment?" said the Countess, as she unfolded the paper.

The Countess turned ghastly pale and with a piercing cry fell helpless on the floor, while from her trembling hands fell the telegram on which read:

"I have the unpleasant duty to inform your excellency that Lieutenant Gottlieb Count von Irgendwo was to-day mortally wounded in a duel. He now lies in the small village of V—, a mile north of the garrison. You will find him at the hotel Friedenhof. He asks for his mother, the countess.

"Von Schneider, Army Surgeon."

The servants were thunderstruck. They carried the Countess to a lounge and did all

they could to console her. When she was somewhat quieted, the Countess ordered the carriage to be prepared immediately. In a very short time, in company of one of the maid servants, she was aboard the fast express train which left for the garrison town.

At the hotel the Countess first met the proprietor.

"How is my son?" were her first words.

"Very low, I hear. Here's the doctor. He will know, your excellency," said the hotel-keeper.

"The Countess von Irgendwo?" asked the doctor as he approached with a deep bow.

"Yes, I am the mother of the count. Does he live?" asked the weeping countess.

"He lives, your excellency,—but whether he will recover—?" and the physician stopped short. The look in his face sent a tremor through the whole body of the countess, who said:

"Lead me at once to my son!"

The physician led the way to a small room where the young Count lay as if lifeless on a couch. His face had the pallor of death and the eyes were closed.

"O my child! my son Gottlieb!" exclaimed the Countess as she took both hands of her son.

"Was it a pistol duel, doctor?" asked the countess.

"Yes," said the doctor, "and the ball is still lodged in the breast."

"Is there no hope for him?"

"I fear not," said the doctor.

"I thank you, doctor, for all your trouble and now I wish to be left with my son."

For fully an hour the Countess knelt at the bedside hoping to get a word or a sign from her son. During this time she noticed that the boy still wore inside his shirt a little golden locket, a souvenir from his mother, and also some religious article.

"That's a scapular, your excellency, my father told me to put about him," explained a servant who answered the little bell rung by the Countess.

The end was near. Gottlieb came to his senses for a short while and several times repeated "Mother, forgive me!" He soon after quietly breathed his last. Almost until midnight the grief-stricken mother sat by the body of her son. Then for sheer

distraction she asked her maid to watch while she herself walked forth into the cold night air.

It was near the time for the midnight Mass, and the villagers were all wending their way to the little church. The light in the church seemed inviting and the countess decided to enter, to avoid the chilly atmosphere and to find some relief from her overpowering and sorrowful thoughts.

In front of the countess walked two villagers chatting gaily. They could be heard distinctly, but the darkness hid them almost from view. They seemed happy and were discussing the pleasure they would have at home during Christmastide.

"Its too bad about the Countess and her poor son," said one of the peasants. The news of the Count's death had spread like wild-fire.

"Yes," said the other, "he was wild like the rest of his kind; but he will after all enjoy his Christmas in heaven, I heard that he asked Fraulein Philippa (the wife of the hotel-keeper) to baptize him, and she did so before the Countess arrived. The pastor was away on a sick-call, otherwise he would have done it."

"Thanks be to God!" said the first, "and does the Countess know it?"

"No, she doesn't," said the other. "She may be angry if she hears it. She is a Catholic though, but for years a bad one. They say she is a proud and haughty woman. Well, she has her trouble."

"After all, Rosaline," said the first of the girls, as they came near the Church, "after all, they are not as happy as we are. Palaces, riches and titles do not bring joy."

The Countess found the church packed, but she found a seat near the door. As she entered the priest was just intoning the words, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus.*" The poor, simple worshippers wondered who was the strange lady dressed in rich furs. She was a stranger indeed. Many a year it was since Eugenie von Irgendwo had bent her knees before God's altar.

The sermon was short and to the point. The priest spoke of the peace which God gives to men, and of the gospel of love preached at the crib.

After Mass the Countess, bathed in tears, knelt near the confessional and entered it as soon as a chance presented itself. She left the church with the same pale countenance but with a lighter and happier heart.

After the Count's funeral all the gifts and ornaments at the palace were distributed to the poor peasants in the village where Gottlieb died.

Humanly speaking, it was an unhappy Christmas for the Countess. It was happy too, because by the death of her son did the Countess von Irgendwo receive back the life of her soul. Faith was born again. Another sinner was brought to penance and the angels sang "Glory to God in the highest."

HEIGHTS AND DEEPS.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

O life, thou art stretching amain
 Into glorious reaches of sun,
 To the asphodel-glittering plain
 Of eternity's sweetness begun.
 That sweetness, O Lord, is the sight of Thy face,
 The peace of Thy presence, the touch of Thy grace.

O life, thou art swinging oppressed
 To dreary, discouraging days,
 Where sorrow's sea-moaning unrest
 In shivering minors delays.
 Yet the deep is a-gleam with the love-light of Thee,
 Draw nearer, sweet Saviour, the darker it be!

UNDER OUR LADY'S CARE.

Her Promise Fulfilled in a Miraculous Manner.



THE monks of Mount Carmel are perhaps the oldest religious order in the church, as they are said to have been founded by Elias the prophet, and to have embraced christianity under the apostles, devotion to the Blessed Virgin being one of their chief rules. It was to St. Simon Stock, an English member of the order, that Our Blessed Lady revealed her desire for the institution of the Scapular in 1251, appearing to him in a vision holding the Scapular in her hand. "My beloved," she said, "receive this Scapular as the livery of my confraternity. It is a privilege granted to you and to all Carmelites; it shall be a mark of predestination, a safeguard in danger, a pledge of peace and of eternal alliance. Whoever shall be so happy as to die wearing this garment shall not suffer the eternal flames of hell." Since St. Simon preached its adoption many Popes have especially favored the devotion, and many miracles testify to the power of Our Lady's protection against evil spirits in the hour of death. None, however, could be more wonderful nor more merciful than the incident which follows:

What we are about to relate was told to Manly Tello, Esq., some few years ago by Rev. Edward J. Conway, now pastor of St. Mary's, at Painesville, O.

In 1872 the Youngstown and Pittsburg railroad was being constructed from Ashtabula, O., to Ashtabula Harbor. Engaged in the construction of this stretch of road, was one Finnell, about sixty-six years of age. He had been quite well-to-do somewhere in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, but became reduced in circumstances owing to generous indorsations he had extended to friends. In those more prosperous days he had held a higher position on the road.

When Finnell first came as superin-

tendent, he at once introduced himself and a nephew to Father Conway, then pastor at Ashtabula, informing him that as Catholics they had come to pay their respects to the priest, and to subordinate themselves as new members of his flock.

On Saturday, about noon, in June (or possibly July), Finnell's nephew came rushing in hot haste to Father Conway. His uncle saw a man falling off the construction train, and was hastening back to his assistance on the track of the Lake Shore R. R., which ran alongside. In performing this act of humanity, and ignorant of his own danger, Finnell was run down by another train and was dying.

The distance to be covered was a good half mile, and Father Conway and his companion made it in their best time. Arrived at the place of the accident the priest found from thirty to forty men standing around—what shall we say? the remains of poor Finnell on the track. He had been *cut in two* by the cars. The trunk of the body lay at least eighteen inches from the abdomen and lower limbs.

Father Conway turned to the nephew: "The sacraments are for the living, not for the dead. I can do nothing here." Then after mental prayer for the deceased and some words of commiseration, the priest prepared to go, when a by-stander remarked that the doctor was coming, and Father Conway, through an impulse of curiosity, waited as a locomotive came thundering along, bearing Dr. William Ames, a leading practitioner of Ashtabula. (The doctor is since dead; the present Dr. Ames of that city is his son.)

The doctor and the priest had often met at sick calls. Dr. Ames saluted Father Conway; picked up one of the organs of poor Finnell, from where it lay detached on the ground, then stooped over, placed his hand upon Finnell's breast, and removing from it a *Scapular of Mount Carmel*, held it up, saying: "Father Conway, what's this?" The priest cared to make no further explanation under the circumstances than that it was a Catholic article of do-

vation. And then Dr. Ames, kneeling, placed his ear over Finnell's heart, looked up quickly and said: "Why, Father Conway, the heart is beating!"

"Impossible, doctor," was Father Conway's instant reply. "That man has been cut into halves for three-quarters of an hour."

The doctor bent and again applied his ears: "Father Conway, the heart is beating." "Impossible, doctor," was again the involuntary reply of the priest.

Dr. Ames, who was a man of great dignity and force of character, (though unhappily an infidel), resented the remark and answered with some asperity:

"I'll count the beats for you, sir. One, two, three, four, five—" "Enough, doctor," said Father Conway, hastily. "I'll anoint that man."

Instantly all heads were uncovered as Father Conway donned his stole and proceeded to absolve and anoint the dying Finnell.

The heart that was true to Mary had never ceased to beat until that was consummated which every faithful Catholic prays for—the priest and the sacraments at the last moment of life.—*Catholic Columbian*.

ADVENT.

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



Of all the seasons of the ecclesiastical year scarcely one appeals more to the heart and is so completely in accord with our thoughts and feelings as Advent, because it is a time of preparation and expectancy.

The world was sighing for the Redeemer. When He came unto His own, His own would not receive Him, and even those who have received Him have occasionally experienced a chilling of their first fervor. Gradually thoughts, desires and habits introduce themselves into man's life which are not in consonance with the adhesion given previously to God. And therefore the incarnation taking place *once* in body continues spiritually whenever a man estranged from his Saviour turns back to Him with the sincere yearning of a sore heart. This class of people comprises not those only who broke with God altogether, but counts amongst its numbers all but the saints.

"Art Thou He that is to come, or shall we wait for another?" is a question which presents itself to us whenever we are in temptation. For our choice may lead us from God. Thus our life is as it were a constant repetition of and a response to this question.

When children, our expectations ran high and the nearer Christmas approached the more excited we became in our conjectures what Christmas would bring to us. As men we conjecture also, but the object is changed. Then we looked for the gifts of loving parents and friends, hallowed because they were given in the name of the Christ-child. Now our eyes turn upon the Divine Babe Himself and the question is, what will He give us on the anniversary of His birth? A correlative question also presents itself: What shall we give Him? and will our gifts be acceptable? Our peace and happiness here and hereafter depend on the answers to these questions.

Besides in these latter times the world at large is more inclined to turn from God than to Him, and though miseries of war, revolution, famine, sickness and elementary catastrophes have multiplied in our century, the warning thus given has not only not been heeded, but these very warnings were given as reasons for further estrangement from God.

The haven of Freemasonry is pervading everything. The governments unwittingly legislate in the spirit of the lodge and the consequences make themselves felt in all the walks of life. The people in the Catholic countries of Europe find their faith weakened, their devotion chilled, luxury,

extravagance and immorality on the increase, the esteem for parents, teachers and superiors well nigh obliterated, and in Protestant countries only a semblance of religion and conscience left.

Thus Advent becomes a necessity. It is not merely a holy season of fond recollections, but a time for earnest aspirations and preparations for a change of life. God turns from the world, because the world turned from Him and made itself wretched by doing so. The hour has come to retrieve our misfortunes by turn-

ing back to God, calling into life once more the feelings of our youth, paving the way of the spiritual incarnation by bringing low the hills of our pride and filling up the valleys of our sensuality. The hour has come to turn from the idols of an infatuated mankind to the true living God, to seek consolation where alone it can be found, to seek the gratifications that do not leave bitter dregs in our cups, and if we use Advent in this manner the prophecy will be fulfilled: "All flesh shall see the salvation of the Lord."

CHRISTMAS, 1896.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



SONGS in the star-lit heavens,
 Light o'er the virgin snow,
 "Gloria in excelsis!"
 Peace to all hearts below!
 Tidings of holy gladness,
 See the fair Mother mild,
 Clasp our God eternal
 Now as a little child!
 Ring out, sweet bells, soft music,
 Greeting the Prince of Peace;
 Here at His lowly manger,
 May all our sorrows cease.
 Still, 'neath the Host's white veiling,
 Jesus, by faith, we see;
 Pray on this Christmas morning,
 "Come and abide in me!"
 Make all our hearts, Lord Jesus,
 Humble and meek like Thine!
 May all their ardent longings
 Rest in Thy peace divine!

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

DECEMBER, 1896.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

The words of St. Teresa came to mind as "December" was written at the head of this letter.

She says, "All things come to an end," and *we* have come to the end of our year's correspondence. Well, let us hope that some of us are wiser, happier and better than we were a year ago, and that our letters have helped us even a little. As the year comes to a close nearly all of us do a little serious thinking about the days that are gone forever. If it were not for the thought of God's great mercy, I fear many of us would be very much afraid to look back. But then we are told to leave it all to Him, and only look to the future, to fill it with love and gratitude for the past. Is there anything in the whole world so comfortable and comforting as being a Catholic? We are all children, keeping tight hold of the hand of holy mother Church, looking to her for guidance and then going on our way gayly and gladly, without a fear. Isn't it a glorious thing! Yes, we find mean spirited Catholics, poor, cowardly creatures, who are always questioning the Church and finding fault with her laws. They go through life with a question mark in their mouths, and a perpetual war in their hearts. Poor forlorn souls! Let us pray for them, for we all know many such, and let us train ourselves as soldiers to a willing, whole-souled, cheerful obedience, wherever the laws of the Church are concerned. On December 8th we will celebrate the feast of our Blessed Lady's Immaculate Conception. Her greatest feast; the only one which proclaims her free from all sin. How do we know it? The Church says so. That settles it. It is really droll to hear people talking about things of which they know particularly nothing.

When one is ill he consults a doctor,

when he is in business trouble he finds a lawyer and puts himself in his hands. When he wants a house built he finds an architect and asks for a plan. In all worldly affairs men find their superiors, their masters, their teachers, and submit to them. But when there is question of religion, when God and the soul and eternity and Heaven and hell are in question, why then every man is his own theologian. Isn't it absurd? Yet that is just what some Catholics do and say. We know better, dear young friends, and so we are silent and safe and submissive to the teaching of the only infallible voice upon earth, that of the Roman Catholic Church. It seems early to talk of Xmas in the beginning of December, but we may talk of Advent. It is such a beautiful season that we can fill our minds with the sweetest thoughts about our dear Blessed Mother waiting so lovingly and longingly for God's greatest gift to her and us, the divine Infant Saviour, Christ the Lord, who became that for us. December mornings are cold and dark, and one's bed is deliciously warm and comfortable. Do we not want to do something for the dear Christ Child to prove our love and gratitude? It is no easy thing to go to daily Mass in winter, but we *will* go just because Xmas is coming. Lo? It will pay to make the sacrifice, and after all it need only be a half hour earlier. Try it and write to the Secretary and tell her how you enjoyed it. When we come to die it will be a high mountain of comfort to look back at the Masses we heard on *week days*. Sunday Masses we *owe* to God, week day Masses we *give* to Him. Remember He is God, and repays like a God. So few go to Mass on week days that it really makes one sad to think how ungenerous we all are. Now, dear children, bring your offering of masses to the crib of Bethlehem. The angels will count your steps and the blackboards of eternity are all marked with indelible ink—not chalk. See to it that

the ciphers are very few. One word about the poor. Don't forget them this Xmas. Oh! how selfish people are around the holidays. Presents for every one but God's poor. Put aside something for them—let each child find out a poor family and make a personal offering. Go yourself with a bright cheery face and kind words to make a Xmas gift, if it were only a little package of groceries. Money is good. Yes, but a kind visit is a *thousand* times better. Dear children, there are hearts starving for kindness. Give of your store. The young are naturally kind, and there is something very beautiful in a child's love for the poor. Wouldn't the Secretary like to collect all the boys and girls who read the CARMELITE REVIEW and talk to them face to face about the poor. We would make a Salvation Army of our own in no time. The letters poured in up to the very last day of October, and the beads were sent off by the dozen. This month two letters from little boys will be published, as the very nicest received. The Secretary invites all to write and to ask for whatever they want in the Sunday school line, and if it is possible it shall be sent to them. May all the dear children of the CARMELITE REVIEW have a very happy Xmas, and the brightest of New Years, and visits from St. Nicholas to their heart's content.

HAWTHORNE, N. J., Oct. 20, 1896.

DEAR SECRETARY:—

The following story is true, and took place in New York City:

At a baseball game between the New Yorks and Clevelands a certain Cleveland player was trying to excite the New York's pitcher so as to rattle him, and in the course of his remarks he said among other things that all that was left for him to do was to take out his beads and count them. Now, if anything could arise that would give strength to the New York pitcher it was to have his religion assailed, especially his beads, and with renewed energy, he grew strong in faith and also in arm and defeated the other side, which before that had stood a good chance of winning the game. Indeed he must be a lover of and believer in his beads, and would not be ashamed to appeal to them and to the Blessed Mother, in whose honor he would

count them. Trusting you will receive many stories that are far better than mine, I remain, hoping my faith will be as strong as the New York pitcher's,

Yours truly,
CHARLES ANDREW HODGES.

A LETTER FROM A LITTLE ONE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1896.

DEAR SECRETARY:—

I am a little boy eight years old. I go to St. Lucy's Academy, and my teacher's name is Sister Cherubim. There are seven sisters in the academy, but I like mother best. She has such kind ways. I was an altar boy for the first time last Sunday. I say my prayers on my mother's rosary. She has a white pearl one. I have not any of my own yet. My mama read me your letter in the CARMELITE REVIEW and I liked it very much. I must close with love to you. This is the first letter. The next will be better and longer.

ARTHUR WELCH.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Nothing, twice yourself and fifty.
2. Why are poor musicians murderers?
3. What kind of portrait can you spell with three letters?
4. Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?
5. What organ is hardest to tune?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

(IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

1. 987654321=45
123456789=45
864197532=45
2. When it is full of trunks.
3. For divers reasons.
4. M I L E
1000 1 50
5. Short.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who was the great Swiss Naturalist?
2. Who was the first Apostle of the Iroquois Indians?
3. In what country is there only one Catholic family?
4. In what church and country has the Blessed Sacrament been worshipped perpetually for one thousand years?
5. Which country is called the Eucharistic Nation?

Answers to Questions for the Thinkers.

(IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

1. Robt. Louis Stevenson.
2. Liberia (time noted only by the sun.)
3. Salt Lake (too buoyant.)
4. An angry letter.
5. Mozart.

MAXIMS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

—YOUNG.

2. We fancy happiness lies in independence, and lo! the contrary is the truth.

—EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

3. God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail

With peace on earth, good will to men.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

4. We speak of a Merry Christmas,
And many a Happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those who are not here.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

5. God! our first beginning our last end.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.**LITTLE JOANNA'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.**

My baby Jesus! Thee I love,
And kiss Thy precious feet;
I rose up early Christmas morn
Thy Holy Day to greet.

I knelt before the pretty shrine
All wreathed with Christmas green,
Where, held high in Thy Mother's arms,
Thy baby form was seen.

I put my two hands up before,
I bent my head adown;
I like that image, Oh, much more
Than the one that wears a crown!

I know but two prayers in the world,
And when I had done those,
The grown-up people crowded in
And bustled round me close.

But I crept up between them all,
And kept my station where
I still could see the baby Christ
Smile on me soft and fair.

And soon the priest began the Mass;
The people all were still,

And I could peep between the rails
Whene'er I had a will.

I saw the boys hold up his robe;
I heard the clear bell ring;
Oh, then I bent myself all down,
And wished that I could sing.

Or see the angels, who, they say,
Assist at every Mass;
Their white wings must have brushed by
me,
But I didn't feel them pass.

And then communion-time it came,
And I must move aside,
And those big people from my view
The baby Christ did hide.

But soon I saw a joyful sight:
The priest from his golden cup
Drew forth a circle round and white
And held it careful up.

And I knew it was the real Christ
He held up in his arm,
And he would give Him to them all,
To keep their souls from harm.

And so I was quite happy then,
And nestled, soft and warm,
To feel the passing over me
Of the Saviour's sacred form.

The priest went up the altar stairs;
The Mass was over then;
He gave his blessing, and the boys
Answered their loud "Amen."

But I still knelt to see them all
With Christmas offerings come;
Filled mother's bottle at the font,
And then walked slowly home.

Thank God, who made me small and poor,
Like the little Saviour mild;
Thank God, who opens His church door
To every Christian child.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand;
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—TENNYSON.

ONE great mystical theologian calls the gifts of the Holy Ghost the seven sails of the soul, in which it catches the various breezes of inspiration, and so navigates the sea of perfection.—FATHER FABER.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

We wish all our readers a most happy and joyful Christmas.

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Look out for new features and great improvements in the CARMELITE REVIEW for 1897.

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HELP us along with our contemplated improvements by forwarding your subscriptions, and by making a Christmas present of a year's subscription to some friend of yours.

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BOOKS received for review will be noticed and reviewed in January. All the publications sent in exchange will please continue.

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The general chapter of the Carmelite Order took place in Rome during the month of October. It was held at the mother house of the Order, Santa Maria in Traspontina. The opening session was held on the 10th of October. On the 14th of the same month, under the presidency of Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, Protector of the Order, the election of a new General took place. The Most Rev. Aloysius M. Galli was almost unanimously reelected to the high office, which he had held for one term with such good results for the Order. The Very Rev. Father Provincial of the American province also obtained some votes, showing the high esteem in which he is held by his brethren in other countries.

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ON Sunday, October 25th, the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., gave an audience to all the members of the Carmelite general chapter. Among the Capitulars present were also the Provincial of the American province and the editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW. When the Holy Father saw the newly-elected Father General and the other Carmelites approaching in the beautiful brown and white garb of the Order, he welcomed them in the heartiest manner, and in eloquent words, uttered in a strong voice, he pronounced a eulogy of the new

General, and of the great progress of this illustrious Order of the Church during his past administration.

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AFTER the close of the Holy Father's fervent speech, each Capitular was asked to approach him and kiss his hand. When the editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW knelt before him, the Holy Father, having been informed of his place of residence, Niagara Falls, gave a proof of his excellent memory by asking news of the Hospice and its progress. He graciously renewed the Apostolic blessing given before to all its benefactors and to all the readers of the REVIEW, and hoped that all the works undertaken in America by the great order of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel might prosper and lead to its solid and permanent establishment in the New World.

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IT is no wonder that the Holy Father should look to the New World for the spread of religious orders and communities so dear to his heart. In Italy every convent or monastery of any size has been confiscated by the government. Our readers will find in another paragraph the sad history of the old community of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi. The mother house of the order is a barracks. The beautiful monastery of San Martino, in Monte, had been changed into a barrack also, until part of the building fell in, killing two of the soldiers and wounding many others. Since then, filled with awe at what seemed a visitation from above, they have abandoned the building, which is as strong as any building in Rome.

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NOT only in Rome, but in all other parts of Italy, the old Carmelite houses have been profaned. The large royal Convent of the Carmine in Naples, which at one time was the home of a hundred monks, now is an asylum for insane women. The Carmine at Florence is a barrack, the one in Pisa a home for old and chronic invalids. Of the fifty-four convents of Sicily only three are

still in the hands of the Carmelites, and these three have been repurchased as private property. Yet in spite of all these confiscations and the consequent increase of government revenues, there is no country in Europe so poor and wretched as Italy. Everybody expects a catastrophe in the near future.

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THE marriage of the Crown Prince of Italy and Princess Helen of Montenegro took place in Rome on the 24th of October. The princess had made a solemn profession of faith, after abjuring the Greek schism. The marriage ceremony took place in a Catholic Church and during a Nuptial Mass. But the otherwise beautiful Christian ceremony could not escape profanation. The church of St. Mary of the Angels, which had some centuries ago been formed out of one of the large halls of the baths of Emperor Diocletian, was selected for the occasion. As it was still without a facade, a tasteless front was built, forming a curved recess between two broad pilasters. Over the main door the escutcheons of the house of Savoy and the house of Montenegro were displayed, surmounted by an angel, on whose forehead shone the Masonic star of five points. On the face of the two pilasters large inscriptions were placed, taken from the Canticle of Canticles, with blasphemous references to the marriage. Thus on one side is the inscription: *Inveni quem diligit anima mea.* On the other one the inscription: *Ego dilecto meo, et dilectus meus mihi.* It is to be hoped that this disgraceful travesty of holy things will not be allowed to remain, although the inscriptions seem to be intended as a permanent record of the day.

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No previous presidential election in the United States awakened so much interest in Europe as the late one. Nearly all European papers devoted much space and many leading articles to the questions at issue. Now that the elections are over, and the maintenance of the gold standard is assured, everyone seems to breathe more freely, although there is a widespread opinion that the United States are only entering upon a period of gradual disruption. This feeling is heightened by the many educated Americans traveling or residing in Europe who very unpatriot-

ically, to say the least, talk of American institutions in a despairing way.

* *

As is usual, there is talk of a revival of business and better times now that the elections are over. But we hope our readers will not lose sight of the widespread distress among the poor people, who have been out of employment for months, who have contracted debts for food and clothing, and who will suffer for days to come from the bad times. Let every generous Christian look around to find an opportunity for well-timed aid. If our laboring people as a rule are shy in the matter of accepting alms, they will certainly not refuse help given them under the guise of a Christmas donation.

* *

It has been our custom to announce the features of the coming year in the December issue of the CARMELITE REVIEW. Owing to the absence of the editor we shall postpone the announcement of the contemplated improvements until next month. We can, however, assure our readers before hand that the REVIEW will make another step in advance with the coming year. The January number itself will be a sufficient guarantee of the many treats in store for the ever increasing circle of our subscribers. It is owing to the widespread interest taken in our humble efforts that we are enabled to continue the publication of our dear little monthly, and year by year to make it more worthy of Our Queen, the "Flower of Carmel."

* *

THE season of Advent, the Advent-tide, is symbolical of the time of expectation which preceded the coming of Christ the Redeemer. The four weeks of Advent represent the four thousand years of weary waiting and longing. The heavens were closed, even to the just. The shadow of death had fallen upon all the nations of the earth. The night of idolatry had filled the world with its gloom. The chosen people alone had not lost hope. And therefore the Church at the threshold of this season of penance celebrates the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the rising of the morning-star which was to herald the coming day. The Immaculate Mother, the first fruit of the approaching redemp-

tion, welcomes us to come and partake with her of the heavenly joys which Christmas will provide for us all.

* * *

DURING this season of Advent we are also invited by the Church to pay a visit to the Holy House of Nazareth. The Virgin who inhabits it is espoused to a man named Joseph, and the name of the Virgin is Mary. The angel who stands before the face of the Most High has announced to her the wonderful mysteries of her motherhood. She is in prayerful Expectation of the fullness of time, when the Son of the Most High shall be born of her and the word of God shall become flesh. The house which shelters her will be the home of Jesus for thirty years. Holy house indeed, which by divine power to escape profanation has been brought to Loretto in Italy. It is now called the Holy House of Loretto, and although we may not have the Blessed privilege of visiting it, we must not forget to be there in spirit on the day of the feast of Our Lady of Loretto.

* * *

IN one of the newly formed piazzas of the beautiful city of Florence in Italy there is a convent of Carmelite Nuns. There are 43 nuns living in it. The convent is new and the chapel unfinished. But the chapel contains a great treasure, the body of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, who was once a member of this selfsame community. The good nuns, as all other religious communities of Italy, have been gradually forced out of their old convent. Part of it had been taken from them to make a public school of it, then, when they complained of the injustice of being deprived of the necessary room and quiet, they were assigned another building, somewhat larger, but so dilapidated that at the time of the earthquake a few years ago it became uninhabitable. The Italian Government, however, paid no heed to the danger of the community, and the nuns found themselves compelled to purchase a site and build a new monastery for themselves. They are in a condition of extreme poverty and can hardly pay the interest on the heavy debt incurred. But one consolation was afforded them. They obtained the necessary permission to take the incorrupt body of St. Mary Magdalen with them to their new

chapel. It is true, the translation of this precious treasure could not be made with the pomp and solemnity due to it—it was done secretly in the dark hours of the night in order to escape insult and profanation—but the saint rests among her own, under the altar of the poor, unpretentious chapel of the new convent. The body is still intact, entire and without a trace of decay.

NEW BOOKS.

THE Redemptorist Fathers of 173 East 3rd street, New York, have published a second edition of the life of the holy brother of their congregation, Bl. Gerard Maggilla. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, red edges, printed on finely calendered paper, and is a work well worth buying. It is being sold at 75 cents a copy, which is just half what it is worth, and special rates are made for those ordering a dozen. Such may be had for 50 cents each. The life of Bl. Gerard is ably translated from the German of Rev. Chas. Dilgkron, C. SS. R., and is a most interesting work. Religious communities would do well to order it for spiritual reading, as it is a life of a perfect religious and is so charmingly told that one is entertained as if by a story, while edited by a saintly life. Orders can be sent direct to Redemptorist-Fathers, 173 East 3rd Street, New York.

OBITUARY.

WE earnestly recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following: Miss May Callaban, London, Ont.; Edward P. Fullen, Paterson, N. J.; Mrs. H. McNamara, who died at Thorold, Ont., on Sept. 24th, 1896; Miss Marg. Kelly, one of our solicitors, who died Oct. 13th, 1896, at Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. A. McHugh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Katie Brannon, who died Oct. 25th, 1896, at Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Bridget Carberry, Worcester, Mass.; Patrick Gannon, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Aug. Vollmer, died Oct. 18th, 1896, at Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. J. Keogh, Guelph, Ont.; Mr. John J. Ryan, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John Downey, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Mr. Thomas Cummings, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Joseph Bartholomew, died June 21st, 1896, at Chicago, Ill.; Miss Louise O'Brien, died June 5th, 1896, at Andover, Mass.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

NAMES have been received at our Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for the scapular registry from St. Edward's Church, Westport, Ont.; St. John's Presbytery, Dundalk, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Bridgeport, C. B.; Watertown, N. Y.; Convent of St. Joseph, St. Thomas, Ont.; St. Isidore's Church, Chaparrito, N. Mex.; Belle River, Ont.; Walkerville, Ont.; Brantford, Ont.; St. Mary's Church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, St. John, N. B.; Amherstburg, Ont.

At St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from Alpsville, Pa.; Sutter, Pa.; Freeport, Pa.; Lancaster, Wis.; New Baltimore, Pa.

At St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J. from Sacred Heart Church, East Orange, N. J.; St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.; Our Lady of Sorrows' Church, South Orange, N. J.; Villanova College, Villanova, Pa.; San Andreas, Calaveras, Cal.

At Holy Trinity Monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from Holy Trinity Church, Dodon P. O., Md.; St. Jerome's Church, Charleroy, Pa.; St. Ignatius' College, Cleveland, O.; St. Andrew's Church, Nelsonville, O.; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; All Saints' Church, Bridesburg, Pa.; St. Jerome's Church, Columbus, O.; Franciscan Residence, Herman, Gasconade Co., Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Clyde, O.; St. Louis' University, St. Louis, Mo.

LETTER OF THANKSGIVING.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30, 1896.

REV. FATHER,—

DEAR SIR.—Will you kindly publish in the CARMELITE REVIEW "thanksgiving" to St. Anthony for favor obtained through his intercession, in return for which I promised to have same appear, with your permission, in your valuable little book.

Sincerely yours,

A. C., "C. of M."

Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.

Dawn of the perfect day,
 Maria, hear, we pray,
 What loving hearts would say
 In thy sweet praise!
 Fairest among the fair,

O, radiant morning star,
 Beam on us from afar
 With thy soft rays.

No stain of sin was thine,
 But, by a grace divine,
 Thy soul did ever shine,
 Immaculate!

Humanity in thee
 Did full perfection see,
 Whil'e sweet humility
 As crown was set.

Remember, us we pray,
 To thy dear Son each day,
 In whom we hope away

At last to rest;
 Beholding thy sweet face,
 Oh, Mary, "full of grace,"
 Joy of the human race,
 Purest and best!

MISCHIEVOUS HANS.

"Hans, my son, what art thou doing?"

"Studying, father dear."

"Then, thou hast not seen my glasses,
 That I laid just here?"

"Seen them, father? yes, I believe so,
 'Bout an hour ago;

They were lying on the table,
 Near some books, I know."

"Gretchen, come and help me find them;

'Thou hast bright, sharp eyes,
 And thy brother Hans is studying—
 —(A good son and wise.)—

Look well on the floor; most likely—

Hans, you rogue, come here!
 Since *my eyes* alone content thee
 I would have thy ear."

"Oh, dear father, please forgive me,
 For I would but see,
 If I could not, by thy glasses
 Grow as wise as thee."

"Stop thy trifling, good-for-nothing;
 Take thyself to bed.

Faith! my glasses and my nightcap
 Perched upon thy head."

THE reward of being gentle is to become more gentle. The reward of being liberal is to become more liberal; of controlling temper is to become more sweet-tempered. The penalty of being hard is to become hardened, of being unforgiving is to become cruel.