



The Divine Child and Mother.

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The Lesson of the Dying Lamp.

(Sister Therese Martin, Carmelite of France, died in her Convent in 1898, at the age of twenty-five, after ten saintly years of religious life. The incident embodied in the following verses is narrated by this gifted young nun (in prose) in her exquisite autobiography—an English translation of which, "A Little Flower of Jesus," has recently been published.)

I WATCHED a little lamp whose flick'ring flame
Told of a light that shortly must expire ;
When, lo! an aged nun approaching came,
And touched her taper to its dying fire.

Then, up and down the choir, our Sister went,
And with her candle kindled all the rest,
Till ev'ry nun with burning taper bent,
Before the Sacrament adored and blest.

Deep in my soul, I said : "Where is the one
Who dares to glory in his own poor deeds?"
The whole world might be fired by this nun
With the small spark that from yon lamp proceeds.

"Oft do we fancy that rare grace and light
Have reached us from some new and brilliant source,
But, whence have these derived their lustre bright,
Whence, their converting grace -- their fiery force ?

"Perhaps, ah ! me, 'twas from the fervent prayer
Of some poor little soul—abased, unknown,
Who claimed no shining virtues for its share,
But died, as it had lived, in God alone.

"What mysteries are these, one day to be
Revealed unto our spirit-eyes above !
Perchance I owe all graces granted me,
All the sweet favors of a God of love,

"To secret pleadings of some humble soul,
Some little faithful spirit hidden here,
Whom I shall only know beyond Death's goal,
Shall only meet in God's celestial sphere !"

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land,

PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW

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

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

SEVERAL days were spent by our party in visiting Jerusalem itself under the guidance of Father Paul, O.S.F., a member of the Community of St. Saviour, who, for the time being, relieved our former cicerone, Frere Benoit. The profound acquaintance of this new leader with every portion of the Holy City, its numberless points of interest, and its past as well as modern history, sacred and profane, was a constant source of marvel to us. A perfect Hebrew, Greek and Latin scholar, a thorough archaeologist in the sense in which that term is commonly applied, it was no ordinary treat we enjoyed, in listening to his lucid explanations of ancient monuments and sacred sites. Indeed, so gifted was he, that his eloquent descriptions of the once grand structures amid whose ruins he addressed us seemed to cast a hypnotic spell over his wrapt hearers, and we found ourselves transported for the nonce some decades of centuries back, and beheld the glories of Zion in its most prosperous eras, mingling meanwhile with the motly gatherings that thronged its thoroughfares from age to age. Let me share with you, dear cousin Walter, some of the knowledge I acquired at the feet of this apt preceptor. For the moment I will stand aside and let him speak, merely assuming to myself the right of condensing and fusing into a whole some of the "talks" he gave us on different occasions and in widely separated places. And first of "El-Kods" (the Holy), as the Turks call the once famous capital of Judea.—"The Jerusalem of to-day is a sadly changed spectacle from that which was presented about the end of our Saviour's earthly career. Of all the imperial cities which then acknowledged the sway of the Roman Emperor, the City of David was in many respects the most wonderful. Alex-

andria, at the mouth of the Nile, Antioch, on the shore of Syria, Ephesus, Corinth, Carthage and all the rest of the magnificent cities which were subject to Rome itself, had to yield in certain matters to Jerusalem, and which had a mysterious antiquity, which none of her sister cities could equal, and possessed a glory which attached to none of them. A temple which surpassed in splendor the one Solomon built, stood upon Mount Moriah. The city's streets were filled with marble palaces and costly residences, the homes of the wealthy and ruling classes. The hill of Zion rose to the south, showing on its summit and slopes many costly buildings; to the west and northward lie Acoa, the portion of the town where the working people mostly dwelt; and further northward still was Bezetha, largely given over to merchandise, and known as the New City. Splendid gardens, beautiful parks, artificial ponds and magnificent mausoleums were met on every hand in the environs of the city; but the chief glory of the place was the temple which crowned the summit of Mount Moriah, whereof one writer has said:

It was seamed with golden plates and covered with a roof of golden spikes, lest the birds of the air might rest upon it. To the pilgrim afar off on the north and the east, it glittered in the bright sunlight of Judea with an effulgence which seemed divine. Within were two chambers. One was the Holy of Holies, into which no profane eye was allowed to gaze. It was wreathed in rare workmanship of the purest gold, and before its golden doors hung a veil, priceless in value, woven with the rarest skill of Jewish and Babylonian maids.

The outer chamber contained the golden candlesticks, whose seven lamps were the seven planets; the twelve loaves that marked the passing year;

the fragrant spices that declared the universal law of God. Here, too, the walls and roof were covered with immense plates of gold, and at the entrance hung another veil of Babylonian workmanship, embroidered in mystical devices of various colors.

Turkish mosques now stand on the site of the Jewish temple, the mosque of Omar and that of El Aska. In one corner of the terrace before these buildings, stood Pilate's residence, the Pretorium, where our Lord was condemned and where the Way of the Cross begins. There is the first station. The second is the front of the flight of steps which leads to the gate of the Turkish barracks; and a broken column in the Via Dolorosa, as the narrow street which leads from the Pretorium through the Stephen Gate to Calvary is called, denotes the spot where Christ fell for the first time under the weight of the cross, and marks the third station. The fourth is a little further on, at a place where a lane runs from the street leftward, and a stone in the wall, by the house of Dives, is pointed out as the place where Simon of Cyrene relieved Christ of His cross. It is, consequently, the fifth station. The house of Veronica, which is still shown, marks the sixth station, and the seventh, eighth and ninth bring you to the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, inside of which are the remaining stations.

This church, as is well known, stands on the spot of the Saviour's crucifixion and sepulchre. Within it are pointed out altars and chapels which mark the spots where the Cross, bearing upon it the Saviour of the world, was raised; where the Body of the Crucified Christ lay for three days in the tomb; where His sorrowful Mother stood and beheld her Son's death. And outside the basilica are the chapels of the Flagellation, of the Agony, of the Mocking, the Parting of the Garments, and others, which recall in the most vivid manner the great events which the Church commemorates in Holy Week. Every afternoon in the year, in honor and commemoration of our Lord's passion and death, a pious procession of the faithful starts from the chapel of the Apparition, so called because it stands on the spot where the

risen Redeemer showed Himself to Mary first, of all creatures, after His Resurrection, and visits the altar of the Flagellation, wherein is preserved still, a piece of the column to which Christ was bound; the chapel of the Prison where He was detained while preparations for the crucifixion were made; the altar of Parting, where His lifeless body was anointed and prepared for the tomb; and finally the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, which marks the spot where he lay for three days in death's embrace, awaiting the morn whereon He was to prove His divinity by rising from the grave.

Poor and incomparable from a worldly point of view through the Jerusalem of to-day is, contrasted with the rich and splendid city it was when Christ was condemned to die upon the Cross, still, in the sacred spots which are enshrined within it and in the holy and awe-inspiring memories which cling to it, the modern city possesses a glory far greater and richer far beyond what it ever knew, in the days of Solomon and David."

How gladly I would let Father Paul continue; but here I must resume my "Notes," though you shall hear from him again in the course of our excursions. From one point in Jerusalem to another we journeyed patiently under a broiling sun; and the glare of that (Eastern?) luminary, reflected from the white walls of the houses and from limestone streets of snowy hue, sorely tried our visual organs as we proceeded. Not having taken the precaution adopted by most of our party, of providing myself with smoked-glass or colored spectacles, I was finally obliged to present myself to good Sister Josephine, chief infirmarian of the "Hopital Saint Louis," for treatment. She told me I had come in good time, fortunately, and immediately applied a lotion of borax water, giving me a bottle of it to take to our lodgings at Casa Nova, counselling me, meanwhile, to get a pair of blue goggles, and to keep indoors for a day at least I obeyed so far as concerned the goggles, but our time was far too precious to admit of my following the other part of the prescription. Ere many hours, nevertheless, I was all right again, thanks

to dear Sister Josephine's gentle ministrations. Incidentally she told me that affections of the eyes and even total blindness were quite common in Jerusalem; and I myself, saw, waiting at the door of the infirmary, dozens of poor people, men women and children — of whom a large proportion were Mohammedans — whom the good Sisters treat gratis, and whose eyes, in a number of instances, were horrible to behold. I was vividly reminded of the cures of the blind wrought by our Lord in His day, and realized that circumstances in this respect had not changed since then.

Among the objects of note we visited with Pere Paul, was the "Church of St. Ann," in whose crypt several grottoes (or more likely remains of ancient foundations) were shown us, said to have appertained originally to the house of St. Joachim, in which our Blessed Lady was born. From the earliest age of the Christian era, this spot was venerated by the faithful with special devotion, as may be well imagined. Transformed into a sanctuary soon after our Lady's death, it was first served by the Solitaries of Mount Carmel — Mary's earliest Apostles. The pious Empress St. Helen restored it about the commencement of the fourth century, and it was called, later on, the Basilica of Saint Mary. Destroyed by Chosroes, King of Persia, and afterwards rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian, it was dedicated to St. Ann, the Mother of Israel's fairest daughter. After the Crimean campaign it was presented to the French Government by the Sultan Abdul Medjid, and has been for some years in charge of the religious of "Our Lady of Africa," called "The White Fathers," and founded by Cardinal Lavignerie. This eminent and indefatigable Prince of the Church established nearby a seminary for young Levites destined for the Uniate Greek rite. The French Government furnished the funds for this enterprise, and both enlarged and embellished the Basilica, which is of grand proportions, the material being cut-stone. The interior is majestic and yet simple. Thirty-one large stained-glass windows admit a soft and mellow light. A wonderful cleanliness is observable throughout the building, and this — in pleasing

contrast with the lack of neatness observable in some other sacred edifices in the Holy Land—inspired us with no little devotion. Our party,—all French but my companion and myself—was cordially received by "Les Peres Blancs," and their Seminarians. A solemn High Mass "of the Pilgrimage" was sung by our Rev. Director, after which an appetizing dejeuner was tendered us. On the whole, it was a delightful and memorable visit that we made to the "Church of St. Ann."

But, dear cousin, I must bring this already too lengthy letter to a close — with regret I say it. Don't imagine that I am going to be so prolix in my descriptions of all other places, churches, etc. But I love to expatiate on any spot or shrine connected with our sweet Mother. **Au revoir, then!**

(To be continued).

A CORRECTION.

The author of "Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," which have appeared in the Review for some time back, requests us to correct an error that occurred in our November issue. The printer, namely, made Mount Calvary but fifteen feet square, whereas fifty is nearer the truth.

YE CALL ME MASTER.

In an ancient cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, may be seen an old slab with the following inscription:

"Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us;

Ye call me Master, and obey me not;

Ye call me Light, and see me not;

Ye call me Way, and walk me not;

Ye call me Life, and desire me not;

Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;

Ye call me Fair, and love me not;

Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;

Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;

Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;

Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;

Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;

Ye call me Just, and fear me not;

If I condemn you, blame me not."

Frank's Christmas.

"SIT down and write to Frank this moment. Tell him that I don't want him to come here again; that I don't want him to write to any one in the family and that we wish to have nothing more to do with him." This was the harsh and cruel command given by Mr. John Williams to his little daughter, Mary. Mary sat down, for she was a meek and obedient child. But as she prepared the paper, her kind sisterly heart swelled with love for her brother, and tears gathered in her eyes. Her father, however, stood by and she went on with her work. As she wrote the date, he spoke again. "Don't say 'Dear Brother'; omit such sentimentality; write simply 'Brother,' that's quite enough."

Mary had never written so coldly to Frank before. "My Dearest Brother" had been her usual salutation; not that she thought him the dearest of her three brothers, but that her loving sensitive heart would not rest with simple "Dear."

When she had written the date, she raised her head, while a pleading look in her glistening eyes plainly asked, "May I not write 'Dearest?'" "Write what I told you," said her father, "and be quick about it." Mary turned to the paper, and finished her task, tears streaming down her cheeks the while.

"Oh! what will Frank say when he sees that I love him no longer?" If I could only tell him that I don't mean this, but that I had to do it!" At last the letter was finished; she placed the stamp upon it, and carried it to the box a few steps distant. "What if I should tear the letter and thus deceive father? But he will ask me about it, whether I posted it. Can I say, 'Yes?' Oh, no! I wouldn't dare to do that." She pressed the flange of the letter-box, and dropped in the fatal letter—the letter that was to separate her from her "dearest" brother for many long years to come. With a heavy heart, little Mary walked back to the house, which had never before worn so gloomy and foreboding a look.

The same evening, her father asked her whether she had posted the letter. Mary answered that she had. "I want none of you to speak of Frank again," said Mr. Williams to his wife and daughter. "He has shown himself most ungrateful and disobedient after all I have done for him. He left home against my express command, and thus has shown that he cares nothing for me or home." "But, John," began Mrs. Williams. "Don't speak of him again, Jane," interrupted Mr. Williams. "I tell you I'll have nothing more to do with him. Don't mention his name again to me."

Mrs. Williams was a gentle and timid woman; of a disposition directly opposite of her husband's. Whereas he was easily angered, and was stubborn and unfeeling, she was meek, yielding and most tender-hearted. She felt that it was useless for her to protest; her husband would have become only more angry and stubborn. So she resolved to bear this cruel blow to her motherly love as she had borne many a one before.

That night, the soft pillows of Kenwood Hall had no soothing touch for the sleepless heads of the kind hearted mother and loving sister. Both thought of Frank, the livelong night, and only as morning dawned, did they fall into a restless and fitful sleep.

The person, to whom Mary had been forced to write, was Frank Williams, son of John Williams, of the firm of Hart, Williams & Co., importers of Oriental goods. Frank was a young man of twenty-one. In stature, he was somewhat above the ordinary. His complexion was fair; his hair light; his features well shapen. The bright cheery smile with which he greeted everyone made him agreeable to all whom he came in contact. He was never selfish, never wilfully disobedient, and withal lively and jovial, and could enjoy a day's gipsying as well as any college boy. Well-nigh a year before our story opens Frank had graduated. He stood high-

est in his class, and, what was more to his credit, he had gained the reputation of being the most modest and exemplary young man that had ever in his time obtained a degree.

After spending his vacation, he went to work in his father's office. The work allotted to him was quite suited to his taste and learning. Dealing in imported goods, his father had, naturally, a large foreign correspondence. The translating of business letters called for careful and learned interpreters. To the department which handled the foreign mail, Frank was assigned. Week after week, he applied himself faithfully to his task, and before a month had sped by, he had won, by his modest and kindly demeanor, the good will and love of every one in the office.

But oh! what little things often change the current of our lives! Everything flows smoothly on; scarcely a ripple is seen on the surface; storms may sometimes come, but after them a greater calmness sets in—all is quiet again. So run our lives, till some day, an obstacle which before was washed aside now refuses to yield, and our lives are forced into unknown channels. Frank now met that obstacle—his father's unrelenting anger excited by an untoward incident of everyday life.

During a few days of avocation Frank had gone one morning to his father's office to ask leave to spend the following day—Sunday—with a friend who lived in a neighboring town. Mr. Williams was not in cue for granting favors that morning, and the least thing contrary to his inclinations at once aroused him to unwanted anger. Permission being refused at the first asking, Frank began to plead his case. Mr. Williams again refused. Frank not remarking that his father was bristling still importuned. In an instant the pent up anger of his father burst forth into a tempest of abuse. He berated Frank most unjustly for lack of love for home, and took him roundly to task for his importunateness. The more he vented his anger, the more enraged did he become. Finally, approaching Frank, he seized him by the arm, and ordering him to begone, threw

rather than pushed, his son out of the office door.

Dumbfounded at this outburst of passion, Frank walked slowly down the street. He intended to go immediately home, but recollecting that he had some pressing business in a near-by village he resolved to speed that before returning. Delays detained him in the village to a late hour, so late, indeed, that he missed the last train home that evening. It occurred to him that he was to assist his father in some important business that night, but this he had forgotten till it was now too late. He was minded to send a telegram to his father stating what had detained him, but as the same misfortune had happened to himself once or twice before, he deemed it unnecessary to send word.

Naturally, Mr. Williams, still angry with himself and everyone else, thought Frank had deliberately gone on the visit against his express command. The work he had to do without his son's assistance made the anger strike deeper roots in his heart. Before retiring, he scolded his wife—meek and good woman that she was—and his daughter Mary, and swore that so unruly and wayward a son should never receive shelter from him again. Mrs. Williams and her daughter trembled as they listened to these angry words; for they knew, from sad experience, that he would carry out to the bitter end whatsoever he would resolve upon, no matter what would betide.

The next day being Sunday, Frank slept later than usual, and went to High Mass at the Franciscon church. He loved to hear the good father sing mass and preach. This morning he felt happy at his good fortune. Though he was troubled about the disappointment he had caused his father by his absence on the preceding evening. The sermon was on the fourth commandment—"Honor thy father and thy mother." It was unusually unctuous, and Frank felt all the keener his father's disappointment. He determined to ask forgiveness for his thoughtlessness, and to be more obedient in the future. In the afternoon, he started home, little dreaming that he was never again to sleep in Kenwood

Hall during the lifetime of his father.

It was growing dusk, as he sauntered up the well-kept walk to the large oaken door of the house he loved so well. He met his father in the hall. One look told him plainer than words, that his father was in no genial frame of mind. He was about to bid him good evening, when his father assailed him with an outburst of scorn and insult such as he had never undergone before. There was no chance for explanation; words of entreaty for pardon, for forgiveness, would have been in vain, and Frank meekly bowed his head. Suddenly stopping and pointing toward the door, his father exclaimed: "Since home is not good enough for you, go to your companions, to your friends. Leave this instant, and never again set foot in Kenwood Hall."

Knowing too well the stern and inexorable character of his father, poor Frank realized that this decree of banishment was final, that Kenwood Hall was no longer a home for him. With blanched cheeks, and with consternation depicted in every feature, he turned hurriedly toward the door, without one word for his mother or sister, to be an exile from home—perhaps, forevermore.

Down the gravel walk he went, dazed, dejected and forlorn. As he reached the gate and unlatched it, he took one parting glance at his boyhood home. It stood out like a great shadow against the lowering night; its lamps were just lighting. Eagerly he turned his eyes toward the eastern corner, where stood Mary's rooms. At that moment she was closing the shutters, and it seemed that she too would shut him out from home and heart.

He walked slowly down the street, neither knowing nor caring whither he was going. Suddenly he bethought himself of his helplessness. What was he to do? Where was he to go? For he knew that Springton was no longer an abode of peace for him. His brothers were in the West, but he knew they could do little for him. It was useless to apply to them. But leave Springton, he must. Accordingly he made up his mind to do so as soon as he could settle all his little affairs. That night he spent in the Alton, but slept little. By the fifth of

May, he had arranged everything, and taking a last farewell of the old town, he set out, alone and unbefriended, to brave the battles of the world.

During the preparations for departure, it occurred to him that there was, in a large eastern city, a house engaged in a business similar to that of his father's. To this house he resolved to go and to apply for a position. It was a long journey eastward, and poor Frank, worn out with travel and sleeplessness, presented a sorry sight as he stepped from the train in Philadelphia. He went straight to the house engaged in the original trade and after much earnest petition on his part, a temporary position was given him.

His first care after this was to write to Mary, telling her of his position and asking her to pray earnestly for his welfare. But Mary never received the letter. Her father knew Frank's handwriting, and opened the letter. This was the occasion of his commanding his daughter to write to Frank—to write that forced letter which cut as deeply into the childlike modest heart of Mary as into the heart of her outcast brother.

Frank had been two weeks at his new duty, when Mary's letter arrived. He seized it eagerly when the servant handed it to him. As he caught sight of the well-known writing of his sister, his heart leaped for joy. "She at least," he thought, "loves me yet." He tore open the envelope in his eager desire to read those words of love from Mary. But, oh! that cold solitary word "Brother," standing out in bold relief, sent a tremor through his frame. That single word told him that all was changed; that Mary was no longer the loving confiding sister whom he knew and loved. But no; Mary was not to blame. This fact became evident to him as he read onward. The letter was dictated by his father, word for word; this he realized. He read it through once, twice—then tore it in two and flung the pieces into the basket by his desk.

Leaning back in his chair, he gazed in utter dismay at the fluttering gas-jet that shed a yellow light over the room. Thoughts upon thoughts rushed through his seething brain. "An outcast, a

friendless exile from home, all because his father had been angered to his expulsion by an untoward incident of life "Honor thy father and thy mother," came the words of the good priest's sermon. "What! honor such a father? Should he not rather hate him, curse him for his unfatherly treatment? Was not his father wholly to blame? Why would he not listen to an explanation? What honor and love did such a father deserve?" Like a flash, a thousand such thoughts rushed through Frank's dazed brain. But with a true filial love, he banished them as quickly as they came, and uttered a fervent prayer that God would ever give him strength and grace to love and pray for his father in spite of all that father's faults. What good would it do him after all to hate one who had done so much for him? Did he not pray for mercy, and should he not render it to others? Yes, he could and must do so, if he uttered in spirit and truth those holy words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Before lying down that night, he spent twice his usual time in prayer. What those extra prayers were offered for, I need not say. In the sequel we shall see that they were heard.

Five years wore away, and Frank, dutiful son as he was, never allowed one to pass by, without writing to his father, for he had a faint hope that his father would one day relent. But no answer ever came. Mr. Williams never relented; he was too stubborn for that, even though he should realize his mistake. Thus the one consolation of Frank was his Holy Religion. The more he had to suffer, the more evident did it become to him that God is all, and man, nothing.

He remained but a short time in Philadelphia. Then he went north to Albany, where he obtained a permanent position in a large wholesale house. At first, he had but an inferior position, but by his industry and carefulness, he rose to the second highest position in the house.

In the fifth year of his exile, his manager came to him and requested him to go west to look after some pressing

business of the firm. The manager did this because he knew that Frank could conduct the business with due satisfaction. Having consented to go, he was told that he might, after completing the business, spend a week or so in the West. On December the twelfth, he set out on the journey—the journey that was destined to bring him home again.

Five years can make great changes in human affairs; and great changes had these five wrought in Kenwood Hall.

Mary, a little loving and innocent girl of seventeen when Frank left home, was now a woman, but as good and child-like as ever. Time had only made her pure soul expand from a tender bud into a pure white flower of virtue that shed joy and fragrance on all around. But there was one sorrow hanging over her life—a sorrow that seasoned all her joys with aloe. Frequent and devout were the prayers which ascended from her sisterly heart as she knelt by her bedside at night. Many and fervent were the communions she offered up to the Sacred Heart to change the hard heart of her unforgiving father. But no prayers were more heartfelt, more devout, more sincere, than those she offered up to the Blessed Mother of God that she might take care of her "dearest" brother.

Mrs. Williams was now a grey-haired mother—grey with grief at her husband's anger and at the loss of her son. It was in vain for her to plead with Mr. Williams, and she knew it. In silence and in sorrow, her fond motherly heart was wearing away. She had felt that she would not last much longer, and she longed to see, even once, her banished son.

To Cecilia Cossen, her bosom friend, she used to tell her sorrow. Cecilia was good and loving like Mary, and deeply felt her companion's grief. They were, indeed sisters, one sharing the other's joys and sorrows. They had made many novenas for Frank's return, and as Christmas drew nigh for the fifth time since his departure, they had just finished the most fervent of them all; for now no obstacle stood in the way of his return. Mr. Williams was dead.

Mr. Williams was in his forty-ninth year when he turned Frank adrift. Since that time his health had rapidly failed. Something seemed to be resting heavily upon his soul; but no word of sorrow, no word of forgiveness, ever passed his lips. At length, he was taken seriously ill; overwork and exhaustion had brought on an attack of typhoid, and he realized that his end was near. At first he refused all proffers of spiritual aid on the part of the priest, and his heart-broken wife was alarmed lest he should die before being reconciled to God. In vain did she beseech, entreat, implore him to make his confession. Finally, when every means was exhausted, he one day asked, of his own accord, for a priest. Mrs. Williams was overjoyed, as were Mary and Cecilia.

The priest came and remained with Mr. Williams a considerable time. When he came out of his room he called Mrs. Williams and said, "Your husband wishes to see you. I shall bring Holy Communion, and anoint him, to-morrow." At these words, the good mother's face kindled; she knew that her husband had repented.

She went quickly to his room, and there knelt by his bedside crying for joy. Hardhearted as, he was, the sick man could not but join his tears of sorrow to hers of joy. They continued this for some time, till at length Mr. Williams spoke. He asked her to look in his waste basket for a letter from Frank which he had received a few days before falling sick. She did so but the basket was empty; the servant had burned its contents a few days before. He then sent for a lawyer and settled all his affairs. Though the impossibility of sending immediately for Frank cast a gloom over all, you can well imagine how joyous Mary and Cecilia were that evening.

After receiving the sacraments, next morning, Mr. Williams suddenly grew worse, and before the end of the day had passed into eternity. On December the fifth, the funeral took place, and was attended by all members of the family, Frank alone excepted.

When matters were somewhat ordered at Kenwood Hall, steps were taken to find Frank. Advertisements were sent

to the Philadelphia papers and also to those of several other large eastern cities. None of these, however came to the notice of Frank,

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On the twenty-third of December, Frank finished his business. On Christmas eve, he set out for Springton, determined to see at least the outside of his old home, and to catch a glimpse, if possible, of those dear ones whom he still loved as of yore. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when he arrived, and a cold wintry day it was. Closely muffled up in his overcoat, he went directly to the Alton, the house in which he had passed his last night in Springton. There it stood, as familiar as ever, but the management had changed hands. Its proprietor did not know him; and when he registered as Frank Williams, it was never suspected that he was the outcast son who was so eagerly sought. He retired to his room and at six ate his supper.

As the storm had now abated, he resolved to go to the parish church which he so loved to attend as a boy. To the same place a great number of people were wending their way to go to confession as they were wont to do on Christmas eve. He entered the church by the side door.

As he knelt down, about half way up the church, before the Blessed Virgin's Altar, he looked around at the interior of the old familiar church. Before him stood the beautiful white and blue altar of the Mother of God. Her kind motherly look was the same as ever. She was now crowned for the morrow's feast, and at her feet lay the crib of Bethlehem. In it the tiny Holy infant stretched forth his tiny hands to Mary and Joseph who knelt in silent adoration. The ox and the ass looked on in mute wonder, and the shepherds were hastening down the hillsides of Judea to adore their King. "How beautiful," he thought, "how our dear Lord loves us to become a babe and to suffer for us! Oh that I could be home to-morrow and that our family could be united as is this Holy Family of Bethlehem."

Then he glanced toward the high altar. It was now one mass of gorgeous flow-

ers. On each side a large Egyptian lily bowed its head toward the tabernacle as if in silent adoration, and at the ends of the altar, huge palms spread out their lealy tops in joyous profusion.

On the right of the high altar stood the altar of St. Joseph, which was decorated as that of the Blessed Virgin, for the morrow's feast.

From one side of the chancel to the other, hung, in large festoons, a garland of woven laurel. Thus the whole sanctuary betokened the splendor of the coming feast, and the deep feeling of love that all Catholics bear toward this festival of Christmas.

Turning slightly to the right, he saw a crowd of people waiting patiently to enter the Confessional. As he looked towards these good people, the door of the Confessional opened, and a young woman dressed in black came forth. The light from the gas jet in the front of the church fell full upon her face. Frank started, he looked upon it again. There could be no mistake. It was Mary! She walked across the church, genuflected to the Blessed Sacrament, and knelt several pews in front of him, before the Blessed Virgin's altar. Frank could not take his eyes off her, so surprised and joyed was he.

She was dressed in black. For whom? For father or mother? Oh! the agony of his soul as he knelt there in awful suspense? Was it his father! Had he forgiven him? Had he repented? Was it his mother? Had she died of grief at his father's cruel conduct? He could hardly restrain himself from rushing up to where Mary knelt and asking her

these questions. He overcame himself, however, and resolved to ask her as soon as she would leave the church.

Having finished her prayer, she arose, went down the middle aisle, stopped at a pew near the lower end to get the prayer book and to accompany her mother. No sooner did Frank see the grey-haired old mother than tears welled forth from his eyes. It was his father then, who had died, and oh! how? He followed his mother and sister as they left the church, and so great was his haste that he overtook them at the foot of the steps.

Stepping alongside his mother he exclaimed, "mother! sister!" Both drew back in alarm, but as the light shone in his face, Mary instantly recognized him, and in a moment was in his arms. How lovingly he kissed his dear mother! Oh! the joy of that pure and patient soul as she beheld her long-lost boy. As they walked home together, Mary related how repentently their father had died. Frank was overjoyed at these good tidings. Late did they talk, that Christmas eve, of the past five years, and all agreed that they should go to Holy Communion on Christmas morning in thanksgiving for the blessings God had bestowed upon them.

* * * * *

Ever afterwards when speaking of that happy Christmas day, Mary would insist on calling it "Frank's Christmas," and so "Frank's Christmas" do they call it unto this day.

C. G. A.

Chicago.

A FRAGMENT.

Our dear ones in Heaven are like golden harps before the throne of God, and the needs, aspirations, etc., we manifest to them by prayer, sweep over those mystic strings awaiting celestial vibrations.

Yet their sympathy has not the plaintiveness of exile; it has gained the sweeter tone of "Patria," where all spirit, music breathes eternal gladness.

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's)

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

LIST.

Of the Solemn Occasions, on which the Papal Benediction and the General Absolution shall be given to the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters of Mount Carmel, according to the Pontifical Rescript of July 9, 1896.

THE PAPAL BENEDECTION.

On the day of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel and on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.

THE GENERAL ABSOLUTION.

On the following days : the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, Easter, Pentecost, Corpus Domini, Purification of the Blessed Virgin, Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Teresa, All the Saints of the Order.

NOTICE OF INTEREST.

In order to determine better the various points and prescriptions of the Rule, the Directors of the Third Order should not fail to consult the more extended Manual, soon to be issued by the Most Reverend Prior-General of the Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

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For Love's Own Sake.

By J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I

"The rose is fairest, when 'tis budding new,
The hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

Scott (Lady of the Lake, Canto IV)

A cool breeze swept lightly through the drawing-room windows of the St. George mansion on Champlain street, and the twilight shadows were already creeping around the streets, when Beatrice St. George — a fair maid of twenty summers—rejoiced that the lonely day was nearly at an end, as she sat running her nimble fingers over the ivory keys of her new Steinway piano. She was an only child, and her father, the Hon. Harvey St. George fairly idolized her, and no wonder, for she was indeed an ideal picture of Canadian womanhood and as she sat there in the dusk in her dress of silk, with its many tasty gatherings of ribbons and lace, one could not but admire her rare beauty. Beatrice had been rather gloomy all day, yet never before had she played Mendelssohn with so much expression as now. Her very soul was in her music and the clear, ringing notes of the "Spring Song," stole into every corner of that magnificently furnished room, the air of which was redolent with the breath of fresh roses. And now she rose from the piano, a slender, though graceful figure—her mouth

"with steady sweetness set
And eyes conveying unaware,
The distant hint of some regret
That harbored there."

Slowly she crossed the room to stir the fire, which was almost out, and then her eyes wandered to the picture of a woman, which hung in its deep gilt frame above the mantel-piece. Long she stood there, gazing into the beloved counten-

ance of her poor, dead mother, and almost unconsciously she whispered to herself: "Poor, dear mother! would that you were with me now. O, my heart is heavy with its dregs of sorrow. Ten long years have passed since the night your fevered lips kissed me their last good-bye. O! how cruel it was that you were taken from me at a time when I needed your counsel most? But no, it was not cruel—no, I dare not speak thus. God knew what was best and happiness and peace will surely come to me again. O, mother, would that you were near to advise me now. I am sorely distressed. Father is bound to have me marry Count Albertini, an Italian nobleman, and a Protestant, and the thought of it nearly drives me mad. I do not, cannot, love him. He asks me to forsake my religion, your religion, mother, for wealth, distinction and an empty title, and, when I mention Francois Fortier's name, father drits into a violent fit of anger. But I am resolved, I will never forsake the Catholic Church for a hundred Italian Comts like Albertini. I will marry Francois Fortier—the man I love. He is only a poor book-keeper, mother, but he has a heart of gold. He has been very reckless of late and he has not seen the inside of a Catholic Church for years, but I love him, and I will make a man of him. Poor mother! poor Francois —"

She could not speak another word. Her feelings got the better of her and she sank down upon the sofa near by, exhausted and powerless, and wept like a child. A few minutes later, she was on her feet again, and her face was as white as that of the carved ivory figure of the Madonna that stood upon the piano. With heavy heart she walked to the large open window, facing the busy lighted streets, and as she stood there, her thoughts wrestled with a great and mighty problem. The city clock had just struck eight, and sadly she gazed out into the night, while the heart of

the city was vibrant with life. The band was playing on the island near by and crowds of people were walking in that direction. And now it struck up the overture of Mascagni's famous opera, and when the solo cornetist played the "Ave Maria," Beatrice listened with both ears. Oh, it was so beautiful; it just suited her present state of mind and the tears were again gathering under her soft eyelids. To her it sounded like the voice of some longing and desolate heart, telling forth its tale of sorrow into the darkness of night. It touched a tender chord in her heart and almost dreamingly, she whispered to the busy night winds:

"Oh, for that sweet, untroubled rest

That poets oft have sung! —

The babe upon its mother's breast,

The bird upon its young.

The heart asleep without a pain,

When shall I know that sleep again?"

Just then, she felt a light tap on her shoulders. She turned her head nervously, like a frightened bird, and her father stood before her.

"Ah, Beatrice darling!" he began, as he kissed her cheeks tenderly. "Don't be frightened, it is only papa. Why, how tired and worn you look, dear! I suppose you were wondering what had happened me. And is it really nine o'clock? Well, I was so busy at the office this afternoon, closing a few bargains in real-estate, and those blundering fellows held me fast until now. But Beatrice! Child! You look troubled. What has happened? Your eyes are red — you were weeping, child! Come, what is the matter, darling?" and, saying this, he sat down beside her.

"Nothing very much," answered Beatrice. "The band in the park yonder played some beautiful selections and, as I listened, my heart grew so lonesome. And then, too, I thought of mother! poor dead mother! Oh how happy I would be, could I only hear her voice! Do you know father, that this is the anniversary of her death?" There was silence and the Hon. Harvey St. George gazed sorrowfully at the woman in oil above the mantel-piece, and, when Beatrice turned slightly, she saw that his eyes were filling up with tears.

"Come, father," she said, "Constance awaits you for supper in the dining room. The bell sounded ten minutes ago." And together they rose and, arm in arm, left the drawing room.

The Hon. Harvey St. George was one of the leading real-estate dealers in the city, and was considered by some, as being very wealthy, while others again asserted that he was on the downward path—on his last legs, as the saying goes—and that before many moons the beautiful St. George mansion would be in the hands of his creditors. A man of very distinguished appearance, he moved in the best circles of society. His wife was a daughter of the late Senator Smith, and, three years after her marriage, she became a convert to the Catholic faith and after her death, St. George made up his mind never to marry again. He was a large-hearted, good-natured sort of a fellow, and gave freely to the poor, but he had one great fault; he had an ungovernable, bad temper, and, when he made up his mind to do a thing, he generally did it. He loved his daughter almost too much, and, as her father, he sought her obedience in all things. St. George, himself, was not a Catholic. At present he was one of the pillars of Grace Church, the beautiful Anglican edifice. Mrs. St. George had been a good Catholic and Beatrice was also brought up in her mother's faith, and it had been a rare thing to hear a word of ridicule from St. George's lips. But now, in his flights of temper, he would say distressing and cutting things, that pierced Beatrice's very soul, but she always forgave him. The other member of the household was Constance Burke, the trusty old Catholic servant, who, ever since the night of Beatrice's mother's death, had made the St. George mansion her home. She was the best friend Beatrice had in all this world and, to her example and timely instructions, Beatrice owed in part, her strong grounding in the Catholic faith.

Silence reigned in the dining room. Beatrice was looking over the daily papers and her father was taking his supper rather quietly. Something was troubling him, and it left its shadow on his handsome face. His brow was

wrinkled and his eyes were set. Something was worrying him and Beatrice knew it. Just then, Constance opened the door and said: "Mr. St. George, the clerk has just brought the mail, and here, Beatrice, is a letter for you." With her back to Mr. St. George, the good-natured woman kissed the perfumed envelope and handed it to Beatrice, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Thank you, Constance. From Francois! my Francois," whispered Beatrice to herself, as she quickly opened the letter. Then she closed it again; her face turned pale, and the letter with the odor of crushed violets, fell to the floor. Nervously she snatched it up again, and read it, her hands shaking with fear.

Room 45, Hotel Lafayette.
(Sydenham Street)

Monday evening.

Dear Beatrice,

I could not resist writing you again. Your resolution came as a thunderbolt to me. Do reconsider the matter, Beatrice, for my sake, do! I ask no more. I love you, and will give you wealth, distinction and happiness, and a beautiful home in Naples, if you consent to become my wife. By doing this you will save your father from utter ruin. Think well! You may some day regret this hasty act.

Yours —

NICCOLA ALBERTINI.

Beatrice St. George's face paled when she had finished the letter; she was seized with an almost superhuman dread of some impending calamity and the name of Niccola Albertini brought a new terror to her soul. Again this man, whom she hated so, had dared to thrust himself into her very existence. Only yesterday, she had written him a burning letter, that she could never become his wife—but without avail. "By doing this, you will save your father from utter ruin." What did he mean? Ah! these were the words that pained her deeply and, for a minute, she stared into space, almost wildly, the vessels in her temples throbbing visibly. Poor girl!

During all this time, St. George was veiling his daughter critically, and a cynical smile stole round his eyes, as he ex-

claimed: "Why Beatrice, what has happened? The letter seems to have brought you distressing news. Let me read it, child!" Beatrice raised her drooping head and stared wildly at her father, and rising, obeyed and handed him the Count's letter.

Mr. St. George threw himself back in his easy chair and, quickly, his eyes scanned the letter; then he raised his head, and the furrows on his face deepened. Beatrice could not sit it out; she rose and walked the floor with an impetuous tread, an expression of deep anguish in her girlish eyes. Her father watched her, as a cat watches a mouse, and at last he exclaimed somewhat hoarsely:

"Well, Beatrice! What have you to say?"

The girl stood still and heaved a deep sigh and, raising her misty eyes to his, she exclaimed almost abruptly: "Father! it is impossible. Utterly impossible. Why do you persist in this marriage with this man, whom I hate and can never love? I cannot give up Francois Fortier, for I love him with all my heart."

"And you prefer," he exclaimed angrily, "that low-bred, pup-of-a-man, that good-for-nothing scamp of a quill-driver, to a wealthy and refined man like Count Albertini? For a girl of your bringing up, Beatrice, I must say, your taste is remarkable." Just then his foot came to the floor with a loud noise.

"Oh, Father! how can you speak so of Francois? He may not have the wealth of an Albertini, but if the word gentleman has any meaning, father, then he is a gentleman. I have known him all these years and many a time mother ran her fingers through his golden hair, when we two were playmates; but that was long ago. To-day he is the self-same fellow, a trifle careless, I know,—but he can hardly be blamed for that. Left an orphan at eight, and adopted by a Protestant aunt, he gradually drifted away from the Catholic Church, and now—well, he is nothing. If I give him up now, he will go to utter ruin, but father, I cannot do it; I love him and I will marry him; I will help him to save his soul and lead him back into the em-

brace of the true Catholic faith, which his poor, dead parents loved so tenderly. Father! I have a duty to perform—the salvation of the soul of Francois Fortier."

"Francois Fortier," that miserable worm of the street, that regenerate Catholic, to be married to the daughter of the Hon. Harvey St. George—impossible! Curse him! Well, after all, this is what a father can expect for sending his daughter to a Convent for a liberal education; this, then, is the sort of rubbish, those pale-faced nuns instil into the hearts of their scholars. They make them idolize their very church—set their idolatrous faith above wealth, distinction, honor and fame. Oh, what folly!"

Beatrice, weak and despairing, sank down on the couch, near the fire place. There was a momentary silence and she began: "Father! how can you speak so insultingly of the good Sisters? How dare you stigmatize my faith, my mother's faith, your wife's faith, as idolatrous? Oh, father, it breaks my poor heart. You must be going mad. I prize my faith, and I am not ashamed to say it, above anything earthly—above wealth, distinction, honor and fame, and as long as I hold the power of speech, I will never sell my soul for the love of that scheming Italian villain. To live with him would be to me but a lingering death. Oh, father! be merciful to me and I will bless you all my life." And Beatrice wept bitterly.

A groan burst from St. George's lips; he wrung his hands, the color left his cheeks, and, rising from his chair, he walked over to where Beatrice was sitting and answered somewhat calmly, as his temper was gradually abating: "Beatrice, child, listen! I am a prisoner in the Count's hands. The letter reads you see—"by doing this you will save your father from utter ruin." Again these words burned into Beatrice's very soul. She had forgotten them in the hasty discussion that had followed, but now again they stood black and staring before her tearful eyes.

"Beatrice," continued her father, "I have never told you anything concerning my business relations with Albertini, but now the hour has come, and

your marriage is the only means of sparing me from the ignominy of disgrace. The Count holds a large mortgage, on all my possessions, which he will overlook if you consent to become his wife. I met him at the Hotel Lafayette this morning, and he told me that, if you refuse, I—I—the Hon. Harvey St. George—will be a pauper in the streets of the city, ere to-morrow's sun has coursed the blue canopy to its western home. Will you then persist in your answer and see your father publicly disgraced, before your very eyes? Think again, child, and I will await your answer on the morrow." And then Harvey St. George left the dining-room with the day's mail under his arm, while Beatrice buried her head in a silk cushion on the sofa and sobbed aloud in the extremity of her anguish.

Constance Burke soon knelt at her side whispering sweet and consoling words, and her kind voice and bright cheerful smile soon made Beatrice feel better.

"Oh, Constance, I came near forgetting. Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, dear," came the answer, clear and distinct, like a silver bell.

"To-day is the anniversary of mother's death, and I must have a mass read for her in the morning. Here is the money. Bring it at once to Father Stanislaus, as it is getting late and to-morrow morning we will go to confession."

"Good-bye, Beatrice!"

"Good-bye, dear!" and in a minute Constance was gone.

Beatrice went to her room that night sadder than ever. She sank down on her knees in front of the large white statue of the Virgin, which her mother had given her on her tenth birthday, and wept and prayed convulsively. "O Queen of Mercy! be my stay in this darkened hour of trial. I seek thy advice—what shall I do? Would that mother were only here. Poor, poor mother! Aid my poor Francois, what will become of him? I am helpless in my father's hands. Must I obey him, when my conscience says—no? but I will have to yield, I am sure of it—I feel it. O, my poor, poor Francois!"

and, at an early hour, Beatrice and Constance returned from Mass. They had both received the "Bread of Angels" and Beatrice was prepared to face the worst and yet she was happy as the birds, flying through the air. She had made her peace with God and she had nothing to fear.

That morning after breakfast, a stormy scene followed. St. George's temper grew violent. "Well, Beatrice," he asked, coolly, "I await your answer. Will you, for your father's sake, consent to marry Count Albertini?"

"You have my decision, father," came the answer, clear and distinct, and the girl's lips trembled. "I will not, cannot consent to become his wife."

"Then, ungrateful girl!" he thundered out viciously, as he pounded his fist on the table, "do your worst. You are no longer a child of mine. Your disobedience and stubbornness has turned me to hate you with all the hatred of a once loving heart. Go, where you will—drift away to the hospital or alms house, but never, never again look up to me as your father. In your direst extremity, expect not even a word of pity from me. I would not even spare thee, ungrateful child, and give a single penny to save thee from a pauper's grave. I swear it. Go marry your Francois! Go, go to your Catholic Church and see what she will do for you."

The Hon. Harvey St. George left the table and paced the room, with the fury of a caged lion. Beatrice ran up to him and threw her arms about him and cried out in the fulness of her pure, young heart: "O, father! Spare me; save me! Don't throw me out into the cold streets!"

"Go! go! I know you not," he cried, as he ran out of the room.

Beatrice, powerless as an autumn leaf, fell to the floor, sobbing as if her young heart would break. There was a slight noise—the front door closed with a bang and, in an instant, the Hon. Harvey St. George was lost in the black, surging crowds, that filled Champlain street.

That afternoon, two deeply veiled women entered the humble little Franciscan church, near the city park. They were

Beatrice St. George and Constance Burke. They had left the beautiful St. George mansion—forever, and at Constance's invitation, Beatrice was now going to make her home with the Burkes."

II.

Francois Fortier sat on the balcony of the Hotel Frontenac, idly puffing away at his cigarette. It was the hour of four in the afternoon and his work at the office was finished, and there he sat gazing down sadly into the street, busy with excitement. He was a man of fine appearance, and on his young face, there lurked a tender smile. His large, black eyes, bright and dancing with almost childish gladness, held a singular fascination and on his broad and full forehead, there was not a wrinkle of care. His complexion was fair and healthy, and the cool north-wind had rouged his cheeks until they matched the brilliant hue of his red neck-tie. A few feet away sat a rather strange-looking man, who eyed Francois almost continually. He was dressed in a rich black suit, and he wore a heavy dark moustache and beard. A pair of deep colored glasses were fastened to his rather stubby nose. He was one of the latest arrivals at the Frontenac—a foreigner, in fact, they said—and, only a few hours since, Francois had met this strange man, at the bar, whose card read:

Prof. Herman Von Klingfeld,
Director Theatre Royal.

20 Potsdam Place Berlin, Germany.

Francois did not know that the distinguished visitor was so near until he heard his slight cough, and, turning, he greeted the Professor with a cheery "good afternoon" and motioned him to his side. The Professor obeyed and in a second began to talk vociferously.

"Well, this is a delightful afternoon," he went on. "This Canadian air makes me feel like a new man. This morning I called in to see Dr. Hutchinson, the renowned eye-specialist. You know I heard of this man away over in Germany and he made some wonderful cures. My eyesight had been failing rapidly for the past few months and I decided to give him a trial—and this is why I am here. The doctor intends op-

erating in a few days and gives me great hopes."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fortier, as he lit another cigarette, "he is a great man, and he has a wonderful practice; if anybody can help you, then Hutchinson is the man to do it."

A cold wind was now blowing from the north, and the strange man in black rose and said: "Come Fortier. It is getting rather chilly out here. Let us go in. Come to my room—it is right on this flat, and let us have a game of cards." And, when they reached the room, Von Klingfeld handed Francois a chair near the table, that stood facing the large open window.

"Well, what shall it be, Professor, *echre* or *pedro*?" questioned Francois.

"Neither," answered Von Klingfeld, "those are old maids' games. They go at five o'clock teas and the like, but then we only laugh at them over in Berlin. What say you to a game of poker?"

"Poker?" asked Francois, "well really Professor, I don't know a great deal about the game, as I have played it so little; let it be poker, then, but remember, I am only a green-horn at the game." An eager smile lit up the German's face, as he shuffled the cards.

They had now been playing several hours and the air of the room was heavy with clouds of strong smelling smoke. On the table stood several empty bottles of champagne; the bell-boy had evidently been kept busy running the stairs. There was a slight rap on the door.

"Come in," shouted out Von Klingfeld.

"Ah, it is you Sims. Walk right in and make yourself miserable, partner!" chuckled he lustily.

"How do you do, Harry?"

"Hello, there, Francois."

"Won't you take a hand in the game?" asked the black-headed professor. "No, thank you, Von Klingfeld," answered Harry Sims, "I will only look on."

Thirty minutes later Francois rose from the table, after he had counted up his winnings on the tally-card, that lay at his elbow.

"And do you really want to go, Fort-

ier," mumbled forth Von Klingfeld, with the accent on the "really."

"I must, Professor. I must have a draught of fresh air. The smoke in here is so oppressive," answered Francois.

"Oh, it is not the fault of the smoke, young man. Ha! ha! You are anxious to leave me, now that fortune has favored you—or is it perhaps, that some modern Venus is awaiting you in some part of the city?"

There was a slight turn of sarcasm in this and Herr Von Klingfeld laughed vigorously, when he had finished speaking.

Francois colored. His eyes had a look of anger in them, and for a moment he thought that he had recognized the voice of the strange man in black. He had heard it before—somewhere. He was sure of it; But no! he must have been dreaming and, just as quickly as the thought had come to him, he banished it again.

"Well," Francois went on, "since you persist so, I will play a little longer. But, sir! it was wrong of me to put my hand in this sort of a game at all. Go on! shuffle the cards." And again, with a heavy sigh, Francois Fortier dealt the cards, while the strange man in black eyed him furtively.

Just as he finished, the bell-boy entered with a letter for Francois. Eagerly he opened the envelop and read it. It was a note from Beatrice St. George.

My Dear Francois,

Meet me to-night at 8 o'clock at the old Carmelite Church near the city park. I have something to tell you. This afternoon I bade farewell to my home on Champlain street. I am staying at Burke's. Dear old Constance is with me. Father has discovered me. May God bless you!

With love, your own

BEATRICE.

A merry smile stole round Francois' curved lips, and in his happiness, he did not notice the searching look the strange man directed on the contents of that mysterious letter. A few words alone were readable:—"Your own Beatrice"—and they were plain as day and when Von Klingfeld read the name, his eyes sparkled, the furrows on his forehead

deepened, and a look of disappointment crept into his wild face.

"Pardon me, Von Klingfeld," began Francois, for having kept you waiting. Whose play is it?" "Yours, partner," answered the uneasy Herr Von, from Berlin.

One hour passed. Two! three! four!

The German professor was in excellent spirits; he swore and laughed alternately, but not so with Francois Fortier. He poor boy, was almost despairing, for his losses were heavy and the tell-tale was clearly stamped on his clean-shaven countenance. His face was even redder now than the tie that shone from underneath his coat. It seemed as if almost every drop of blood in his body had suddenly run to his head to stimulate his brain to activity. The hour had arrived and it was of vital moment to the lonely, troubled heart of poor Francois. What was he to do? All the money, which he had deposited in the bank—the hard-earned money, which some day was to make Beatrice happy—nearly all of it was drifting, by degrees, into the greedy hands of the strange man in black. And what would Beatrice say? Oh! he could never return to her, almost penniless. The thought of it nearly paralyzed him and he raised himself up in his chair and his brain was battling with a lofty and a mighty purpose.

Just then, Harry Sims, the wine-clerk of the Frontenac, rose, and, laying his hand on Fortier's shoulder, said: "Old boy! take a friend's advice. Quit the game, for it will cripple you financially."

"Let me play," interposed Fortier, "and if I lose all I have in the world, on this merciless, black devil!"

A spiteful look stole over Von Klingfeld's ugly, black face, the door closed—Harry Sims was gone, and now the two men were alone.

Just then a card fell to the floor and Francois got on his knees to look for it. An opportune moment now presented itself for the cowardly act, and with wonderful rapidity, Von Klingfeld's fingers dropped a white powder into the empty glass, that Francois had been using, as he said: "Well, Francois, while you are

looking for the card, I may as well open another bottle. I suppose you can stand another champagne." Then the strange man in black opened another bottle and poured the foaming, hissing liquid into the glass containing the poison, and, when Fortier placed the last card on the table, he was busy filling his own glass. Then both drank heartily, and a devilish look of triumph was visible on Von Klingfeld's black face and, under his breath, he again cursed his partner.

Fifteen minutes later Francois Fortier rose from the table, for a strange numb feeling was creeping into every muscle of his whole anatomy. Some strange force was overpowering him, and he threw his cards to the table and said: "Enough, I play no more. Von Klingfeld count up your card. How much do I owe you?"

A deep silence followed. There was an almost superhuman look of anguish on Fortier's troubled, pale face.

"Only a small matter," answered the elegantly dressed German. "Only six hundred dollars—which, mark you, have to be paid by to-morrow afternoon. Are you prepared, sir?"

Herr Von Klingfeld expected strange things would happen, and little did he dream that Francois Fortier was prepared to meet his demands and, when two, trembling fingers pulled forth a blank cheque from a well-nigh empty purse, his wild eyes looked fiercer and stranger than ever.

"Six hundred dollars," stammered forth Francois, "it is just the amount to my credit in the bank. In a minute the cheque was filled out and in the hands of the strange man in black.

"Well, the game is over, and you are the loser, Francois. Ha! ha! cheer up! broke forth Von Klingfeld loudly, "You seem heart-broken, but don't let small things like this trouble you. When do you desire revenge?" The Professor's loud, unbearable laugh again sounded through the smoke-filled room, and every muscle in Francois' body trembled strangely.

"Revenge, did you say?" questioned he. "Never! never!"

"Good! Then this day brings me a

double victory," shouted the strange man triumphantly, but little did Francois dream what these words meant. With a sudden turn Francois Fortier sprang to the door, like a pursued hare. There was a slight noise and then he was gone.

A few minutes, later the strange man in black boarded the car, bound for Sydenham street. In another hour he was in the Lafayette Hotel and entered room 45. A moment later the heavy black moustache and beard, and deep-colored glasses fell to the floor and the man was no longer Prof. Herman Von Klingfeld—but Count Albertini—the rival of Francois Fortier, for the hand of Beatrice St. George.

Albertini was restless, and hyena-like paced the floor of his handsomely furnished room, while he cursed and swore, by all that was holy, that he would sooner see Francois Fortier dead than married to Beatrice St. George and, in a maniacal fit of excitement, he cried out: "Ah, Beatrice St. George, I will yet bend your haughty young head. The mortgage scheme—false though it be—is sure to work, and you will marry me to save your father from disgrace. Ha! Ha! St. George, this was a capital idea of yours—this mortgage affair! But, should the scheme fail after all, what then? Ah, then, there is still hope; there is something that will not fail. The poison—the poison will work and to-morrow's sun will shine upon the form of Beatrice's lover in some lonely, forsaken street. Bravo! Revenge—revenge is sweet! But what if the poison should not take effect? Well, then, Fortier will do away with himself. The thought of having to return to Beatrice, poorer than the poorest rag-man in the street, will overwhelm him in his distress. He can never again face the girl he loves—never! Beatrice! Beatrice St. George! You shall yet be mine—mine in body and soul!" And again the Count swore desperately. Then he walked to his desk. A letter was lying there. He opened it and read it. It was from the office of the Hon. Harvey St. George. Count Albertini's eyes eagerly scanned the contents. His face turned white, his jaws chattered and again a fierce vol-

ley of curses rang through the room, as he tore the letter into a hundred little pieces.

Then, weak and exhausted, he sank into his chair; his fists were clenched and an agonizing cry of despair filled the room.

"Too late! too late!" he groaned, as he buried his miserable face in his hands.

III.

The clock on the tower of the little quaint Carmelite Church had just struck the hour of ten and for two long hours Beatrice St. George had now been waiting in the darkness for Francois. And still he did not come. She was sure something had happened and her poor heart trembled with fear, and now for the fifth time she entered the dear, little church, and knelt in front of the humble statue of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help," above which several pale lights were burning—clear and suspended in the darkness, like fiery stars. And again her fingers wandered sadly over her cherished beads.

Shortly afterwards, there were footsteps on the pavement; the distant sound became clearer and clearer, and presently, a staggering man passed the Carmelite Church. It was Francois. His face was pale, his lips were bloodless, and he was raving in a mad delirium. The drug was doing its deadly work.

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" he cried out sorrowfully, but the gentle breeze, blowing through the lonely avenue of maples alone made answer. On he stumbled, into the park near by, little knowing whither he was going. The whole earth was swimming before his eyes and he was hurrying on blindly and his mind was being tossed about madly by merciless winds of thought. Poor, poor man! He was unconscious of everything about him and on he ran, muttering inaudible words to the spectral night, that lay over the city like some evil, brooding spirit—dark and unfathomable.

Presently a woman descended the steps of the old church, and, wrapping her warm woolen shawl about her, she halted on the pavement and listened eagerly for a moment. It was Beatrice. The winds were now beginning to set-

le and the night was getting brighter, for through a dark mass of clouds, the moon was peeping serenely and, presently, she burst forth in all her splendor, flooding the whole city with her sombre gleams of silver light. Beatrice was happy, for a new hope had suddenly risen on the darkened border of her wild despair, as her eyes fell upon some white object on the pavement directly ahead of her. In a minute she was there and she picked it up. It was a handkerchief, and, on raising it to the light, she read upon it the name of Francois Fortier. Her blood almost stood still in her veins; a feeling of weakness came upon her, as she stood there motionless, her eyes fixed upon the moon and the glorious, blue sky, gemmed with fiery stars.

There was an almost wild look of suffering on her face as she hastened through the park, her little glass beads dangling down at her side and her bloodless lips, turned to some sweet prayer.

Francois Fortier was now wandering through the dense willow groves in the park, that boarded the banks of the foaming and splashing waters, that thundered loudly into the bright, moonlight around.

"The sea was all a boiling, seething froth,

And God Almighty's guns were going off

And the land trembled"—

but Francois heard and saw nothing. He was now walking along the very edge of the bank and, had not the strong arm of a woman pulled him back, he would have stumbled into that deep, hissing, wild abyss of angry waters below. Just then the moon peered through the willows, and one could see the pale face of the frightened woman. It was Beatrice.

"O God! 'tis Francois," she exclaimed as fresh tears trickled into her sunless eyes. "But how strange he looks! Speak! Speak Francois! 'Tis Beatrice who calls thee."

But not a word passed his trembling lips. His tired, blood-shot eyes wandered aimlessly to the woman's face; he sighed deeply, and that was all, and mechanically Beatrice led him to a bench

near by, and, sitting him down, held his drooping head in her strong arms, and slowly his eyes closed, while he drifted into a sound, healthful sleep, which lasted some hours. The warm rose color gradually returned to his cheeks; his face was getting brighter, and, when he opened his eyes again, Beatrice's heart gave one wild throb of joy. At first he seemed dazed, but, when his eyes wandered to that dear face, bending over him, he said: "Ah, Beatrice, it is you; how good of you!" Then he told her of all that had happened in that smoke-filled room at the Hotel Frontenac; but she only smiled, and, raising herself proudly, placed her hand on his young shoulder and said, somewhat softly: "Is that all? Ah! what is money, after all? Francois you have brains and an honest heart, and I—I have two strong arms, that can work for Life's bitter crust of bread. Let the past take care of itself; there is a future awaiting us, in which we may yet taste the sweets of a new born happiness."

Francois Fortier raised his fresh, young face to hers and, trembling with emotion said: "Beatrice, I will throw all my wasted years behind me and, by the grace of God, from this night on, I will live a better and a purer life. To-morrow I will call in to see good Father Stanislaus for I feel, that this night, my soul has been saved from deep ruin. To thy far-seeing guidance, O heavenly Father, I now commit my future." Then his voice grew hoarse, the tears rolled down his ruddy cheeks and there was an expression of sadness on his young and handsome face as he said:

Ah! who am I that God hath saved
Me from the doom, I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved.

To let me higher?

What have I done that He should low
From Heaven to choose a wife for me?

And what deserved, he should endow,
My home with THEE."

Then he took Beatrice's warm hand in his own, and there was a look of determination in his sparkling eyes as he said, somewhat sadly: "Forgive me, Beatrice, for my waywardness. This

week I will make a general confession, and I will seek the Saviour, in his tabernacle, from whom I have been estranged so many years. I swear it!" And he raised his eyes to the blue sky above him and piously made the sign of the Cross.

It had been a happy night for Beatrice after all, and, as they passed the little Carmelite Church, she could not help repeating to herself, the poet's tender lines:—

"Manlike is it to fall into sin,
Friendlike is it to dwell therein;
Christlike is it for sin to grieve,
Godlike is it all sin to leave."

Then her lips moved and an angel in heaven recorded another prayer of thanksgiving, from a grateful, noble heart.

The next evening Francois Portier knelt in the confessional, and good old Father Stanislaus, the venerable old Carmelite Father, spoke tenderly to him. "The sacred blood of Jesus," he said, "will wash out all the stains that sin has made upon your soul. It was on Calvary's Cross that a merciful Saviour suffered for just such sins as yours, dear child. The good Lord is always pleased to welcome back his erring children. He is a kind and merciful Father and, again, he speaks his words of love and sympathy to you, dear child:— "Come unto Me, all ye, who are weary and sorrow-laden, and I will give ye rest." Kneel, my son, with penitent heart, in the shadow of the Cross of Calvary, and He will forgive you. Bury your past here to-night in this very confessional, and face the morning of your rosy future, with new ambitions, new hopes and a pure heart. God bless you! Remember me in your prayers, my son!"

That evening as Francois knelt in the light of the lamp of the sanctuary there were tears of joy in his blushing cheeks, while his lips whispered to his grateful soul: "Dearest Saviour! Oh! what a weight you have lifted from my heart. Oh! I am so happy."

Two weeks later the bells of the old Franciscan church rang out their silver peals of gladness over the sunny, thatched roofs of the city. That morning Beatrice St. George and Francois Fortier

hearted Father Stanislaus.

Fifteen years have passed since that happy day. Francois Fortier, just in the prime of life, is now proprietor of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in New York city and never, since that memorable night in the Hotel Frontenac, has he held a card in his hand again.

Mrs. Fortier is as happy as a lark in her home on West Sixteenth Street. Her two children, a boy and a girl, are all in all to her, and she is never so happy, as when in the presence of her darlings. The only sorrows that darken her bright future, are thoughts of her dear father, in that far-off Canadian city. In all these fifteen years, she has never neglected writing him—but never a line comes back to cheer her longing and troubled heart.

Christmas was drawing near, and one evening, she said to her husband, "Francois, will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, dear. I will be only too happy."

"Well, then, let us make a novena to "Our Lady of Perpetual Help"; offer up your prayers for my intention; I cannot tell you what it is at present but, some day, you shall know, dear—some day!"

The nine days ended on Christmas morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Fortier both received Holy Communion, in the Dominican Church of Lexington avenue, while the air was ringing with jubilant gloria's of praise.

On their return from Mass, Mrs. St. George found several letters in the Christmas mail. One of them bore a Canadian postmark and, somewhat nervously, she opened it first. Imagine her surprise when she read the following: "My own dear child:

Forgive your poor father for all his coldness of heart. Fifteen long years have passed, since last I saw your dear face and, in all these fifteen years, I have been so unhappy. Dear Beatrice, I received all your many kind, affectionate letters and often I wept for hours after I had read them, and when I tried to answer them, I could not write a single line. As the cruel and relentless

The next evening Francois Fortier

father, that I had been, I felt unworthy even to write a single word to you. I know that I treated you shamefully, nay, disgracefully, Beatrice, but oh! it was my pride and my bad temper that drove me to it all. Now, I realize, when it is too late, how sinful it was of me. Count Albertini is dead; shortly after your marriage he returned to Italy and, several months later I read of his having been murdered, in a gambling den in Naples. Thus ended this miserable man, who brought, into this world, the bitter cross, upon which the last fifteen years of my life have been crucified. Forgive me, dear child! Forgive me, Francois—for God knows I have suffered enough!

And now, my dear children, I must tell you something, which no doubt will surprise you, and I am sure you will be delighted. Yesterday morning at eight o'clock, I was baptized a Catholic by Father Stanislaus, in the very church you were married in just fifteen years ago, and, this morning, I received my first Holy Communion. Constance Barke knelt at my side. Oh! rejoice with me, for this has been the happiest

day in all my life. This, then, is my Christmas surprise for you—but there is still another in store. To-night I leave for New York. I am coming to spend the remainder of my days with you and the children. Father Stanislaus and good old Constance Burke accompany me, and they will spend their holidays with you. Again, then, dear children, I entreat you, forgive and forget!

Your penitent father,

HARVEY ST. GEORGE.

When Mrs. Fortier finished reading the letter, she cried out gladly, while tears of joy were rolling down her soft cheeks: "O, God be praised! Our noventa was heard. The prayer is answered. Oh! my heart breaks with joy. Read! Francois read!" and she handed him the letter.

And, together they stood on that bright Christmas morning, under the beautifully moulded arches of the drawing room, decorated with holly and mistletoe—their lives turned to a new joy, and their eyes, gazing, far beyond the frosty gates of the morning, into the golden heart of the future.

THE END.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY REV. STEPHEN McDONALD, O. C. C.

NOT being gifted with the penetrating genius of the inspired writer, I must dear reader, at the very off-set, disabuse in your mind, the notion that these "Observations," are a continuation of the Book of Wisdom. Nevertheless, my mind, such as it is, has concluded from experiences, sad and sweet, and impressions casually received, that there are a number of varieties in this world of ours. A thorough, unbiased, analysis of the mind's workings for a single day will reveal deceptions and hypocrisies beyond number, and will dispose us to hurry from the subject, lest we discover too much and conceive a hatred for ourselves.

There is but one thing to console us whilst making these discoveries, and it is

the fact that this untruthfulness is by no means confined to ourselves, but is spread through all the sons and daughters of Eve. (True, some assert that the daughters have the disease in a more virulent form; but we shall not enter into that psychological hair-splitting contest.) It is, indeed, impossible to see the extent of another's mendaciousness; but some is always evident, and we can, with a slight breach of charity, conclude to a lot more.

Let us take for instance, friendships. Among a number of other things, these numberless so-called friendships are most fitly adapted to embitter us against the world and its vanities. Oh, how many different and conflicting feelings are covered by that name, friendship! We

read of some man high in life being welcomed or congratulated by hosts of friends. Hosts, forsooth, were there, but they were not hosts of friends. Among the hundreds who grasped his hand on that day, a meagre dozen, perhaps, were friends in the world's true meaning. In the hearts of the others we might find revenge, hatred, envy, or even indifference—but not friendship. The ordinary mortal may esteem himself fortunate if he can count among his acquaintances, six true friends—men, who would, if necessary, make his interests their own, and who would be willing to bear some sacrifice for his sake; men to whom he could turn when heart-sore and depressed and speak heart to heart and unreserved. Even those who are exalted in the eyes of the world are scarcely better off in this respect. Genius has its adorers beyond number, talent has its thousands of admirers, and money its train of cringing parasites. But adorers and admirers and parasites are not friends; they are inferiors, and to be a friend, one must be an equal. Besides this, these hangers-on might be changer in an instant into a mob of howling revilers. Just as we learn from the Gospel narrative, cries of "Hosanna," may have for an echo "Crucify Him, crucify Him."

Philanthropy is another word that is stretched over a number of ideas, and I cannot but number it among my vanities. It is a word taken bodily from the Greek, and to the majority of so-called philanthropists, its true meaning

will ever remain buried in its etymology. A philanthropist need not necessarily be a saint, but if his philanthropy is genuine, his charity must need be higher than the ordinary. The present prevailing sentiment among the unformed is that a philanthropist is a man who has made millions, say in the steel business, and now uses a few of those millions in founding public libraries and indulging in other fanciful whims. This is an idea sired by that noble institution of modern days, the press. Whereas in truth, a philanthropist need not be rich, nor need he be the author of any great public benefactions. He may be some humble laborer who spends his life's few leisure moments in extinguishing flames of discord, in comforting the dying or the oppressed, or in prayer for that consummation of Christianity—that men may love one another.

True to give millions to charity purposes is philanthropic, but it need not of necessity make a philanthropist; and to think so is simply another of those vanities which make us tired of ourselves and the world we live in. Well, dear reader, these are a few of the vanities that have fallen under my observant eye; but only a few. The complete record on which I am now at work would fill volumes. But we shall let these suffice for the present occasion lest you might begin to doubt the whole human race, and Diogenes-like seize a lantern and search through the earth for a man.

Saturday Dedicated.

IN God's Holy Church, Saturday is dedicated to His Immaculate Mother and there are few indeed, who are not aware of this, although, perhaps, there are many who do not understand the reasons of its being chosen. We trust it may be of interest if some light is thrown on the subject, and that it may increase devotion in hearts already fervent with love.

We shall follow, as guide, a holy and learned writer, Fr. Rohrer, I.S.B., who, in his beautiful work, "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," gives us most interesting details regarding her festivals, and the various devotions whereby she is honored. Saturday is the day on which God Himself rested from creation, and our author says: "Mary is the delight of the Adorable Trinity." The Holy Spirit rested in her soul at the first instant of its creation, and Jesus dwelt in her for nine months as in a living Tabernacle. Saturday is, as it were, the portal of Sunday, and she is the "gate of Heaven" by whom we hope to enter everlasting rest.

Again, Saturday intervenes between Friday, a day of Atonement, and Sunday, one of gladness and triumph in the Resurrection; and Mary intervenes between sin and grace. At the foot of Jesus' cross, she pleaded for sinners, and tradition tells us she was the first to rejoice when the golden Easter grace shone from her Divine Son risen from the dead.

This last consideration suggests another, namely that her desolation on that Holy Saturday was unspeakable, and instinctively after the Passion is over and we contemplate Jesus laid in the sepulchre, we turn to His mourning Mother, with deep sympathy. With her we went and watched for His Paschal rising, and greet Him as the "Morning Star, who, returning from the grave, serenely shone on us."^{*}

If this applies especially to Holy Week, it also affects every Saturday of the

year—at least to those who love the dolours.

In Rome, centre of the Catholic world, Saturday is indeed illumined by this gentle Madonna. There is solemn Mass in several churches, and in that of St. Mary Margor, the litany of Loretto is most devotionally chanted. Lamps gleam like stars before her wayside shrines, and the beautiful Italian flowers breathe around them as incense from living hearts. This air land has been styled "the land of the Madonna," and to it was translated by Angelic Ministry, the Holy House where she became Mother of God. How many historic monuments, how many master-pieces of art, how many miraculous shrines, pictures, etc., we might dwell on, did space permit. But most of them are Venetian, and venerated through the Holy Church. Loretto, Genezano, Campocavallo and other holy names as like melodies to the hearts who love Mary.

In the devotions widely extended through the Christian world, Saturday shines with undimmed, rather with increasing lustre, as time flows onward. We need only specify the "Sabbatine Privilege" peculiar to Carmel, and the "Fifteen Saturdays" fragrant with associations from St. Dominics great Order. Of these, we hope to speak more at length in future numbers of our Lady's "Review."

Many Saints and good Christians have never failed to offer some tribute of love to this Most Holy Mother on each Saturday of the year. Let us emulate these bright examples, and keep, as it were, a weekly festival of her who is the "Gate of Heaven," and by whom we confidently trust to enter at last that land of rest where "death shall be no more, nor mourning nor crying," etc.

"Ave Maris Stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix coeli porta,"

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's.)

* Morning Fire of Holy Saturday.

Catholic Progress in the Last Century.

NO doubt all Catholics will be interested in knowing exactly how the Church has progressed during the nineteenth century. The Society of Propagation of the Faith gives the desired information. In 1800 about 1,000 missionaries were distributed throughout the missions of the world. In 1900 there were 13,500 missionary priests, and 4,500 lay brothers working in the various missions, and this is only part of the staff that modern apostolate has created. The other sex has also claimed its part, and it is the best part, and what was mostly unknown to the former century. We see it now, that is, 50,000 Europeans and 10,000 natives of the mission districts employed everywhere in relieving the poor and the afflicted. But how is that immense apostolate maintained? Through the alms of the poor, collected and distributed by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Infancy Society to the amount of \$2,000,000 per annum. Two millions is very little compared to \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000 of the other creeds, yet with its \$2,000,000 only the Catholic apostolate covers the whole world, and succeeds where other denominations have often failed.

In the Chinese Empire in 1800 there were only 187,000 Catholics. There are 2,000,000 of them in 1900. Indo-China numbered 320,000 Catholics in 1800; she counts 700,000 in 1900. India from Afghanistan to China had in 1800, 475,000 Catholics, and only 22 missionaries; in 1900 there are 2,000 missionaries and 2,000,000. Australia and New Zealand, where not a Catholic was known in 1800 have 1,000,000 in 1900, with an organized hierarchy. In the numberless islands of Oceanica, Catholic missions date only from 1860, yet in 1900 they number 100-

000 faithful. No priest could enter Japan until 1850; there are now 5 Bishops, 130 priests and 45,000 Catholics. Algeria and Tunisia had only 7,000 Catholics in 1830, and Egypt 7,000 more; in 1900 these countries number 500,000 Catholics 400,000 in Algeria alone. South Africa counts 40,000 Catholics in eight dioceses. South America in 1900 contains more than 40,000,000 of Catholics.

In the United States in 1800, there were only 1 Bishop, 30 priests and 30,000 Catholics; there are in 1900, 13 Archbishops, 82 Bishops, 9,000 priests and over 10,000,000 Catholics. In 1800 there were in Canada 63,000 Catholics; in 1900 there were 2,000,000. In Newfoundland the Catholic Church did not exist in 1800; in 1900 there are 78,800 Catholics. England and Scotland had in 1800, 6 Vicars-Apostolic and 120,000 Catholics; in 1900, over 2,000,000 Catholics and over 3,000 priests. Germany numbered in 1800, 6,000,000 of Catholics, dispersed throughout the country; in 1900 she numbers in a compact mass, 18,000,000 of Catholics. In 1800, in Holland, no priest could celebrate Mass except in a guarded room. There were only 300,000 Catholics without a Bishop, administered by the Apostolic Delegate. There are now in the same country 1,488,000 Catholics, governed by 5 Bishops and 2,800 priests, enjoying the most perfect freedom. In Switzerland, in 1800, the number of Catholics was only 422,000; in 1900, there are 1,233,000, with 6,000 priests and 5 Bishops. In 1800 there were only 200 Catholics dispersed throughout Denmark, Sweden and Norway. In 1865 there were in Denmark 4,000 Catholics, with a Jesuit college, 1,145 Catholics in Sweden and 875 in Norway. In 1800 the total of Catholics in Roumania, Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria and Greece was only 60,000; in 1900 it is 530,000. Under the barbarous government of the Turks, the Catholic communities have increased fourfold. There were in 1800, 146,000; there are in 1900, 421,000.—The Catholic News.

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

ST. JOHN, EVANGELIST.—First Friday, December, 1901.

How many bright thoughts flow through our souls on this first Friday of the year! What need of reparation and of gratitude for the past, of prayer, confidence, abandonment for the future! Again, the wintry snow-flakes remind us of that Immaculate Mother of whose purity they are but a faint image, and the Advent officers are sighing for "Emmanuel," "the Prince of peace," so soon to come as "the little Babe of Bethlehem."

We are at no loss for sweet thoughts and feelings to illuminate still more these suggestions; we look up to the beloved disciple, and ask him for an increase of purity and love. At the last Supper, St. John leaned on the breast of Jesus and felt the pulsations of His infinite love, on Calvary he saw the last drops of Precious Blood flowing from the wounded Heart, and who can doubt that this virgin-disciple favors in a very particular manner, all who love

the Most Sacred Heart of his beloved Master? The saint we selected last month was particularly devoted to him, and it was from St. John she learned that Jesus had reserved for these last ages, the full revelations of His Heart.

Let us ask him for an adoring, reverential love, for he soared up in spirit to lofty contemplation of the Divinity. Let us also ask for an increased love of our Blessed Immaculate Mother, in this her beautiful novena. Finally, remembering the aged Saint's favorite exhortation, the monotone of a heart moulded on the Heart of Jesus, let us ask that we may "love one another."

By this shall know we are also beloved disciples of Him who died for love and is living forever." O, Sacred Heart! May this little wreath be acceptable to Thy love; I lay it on Thy holy altar the first Friday of the closing year. Be Thou our only loving refuge in life, and above all at the hour of death."

SKETCH FROM PARKMAN.

One is struck very forcibly in Parkman's Works by the hearty and spontaneous tributes which he pays to the early Catholic Missionaries on this Continent.

In drawing the characters of a Lalemant, a Brebeuf, a Jogues; and many others of that faithful and devoted band of Martyred heroes, he succeeds in bringing out in strong relief their individual characteristics.

Brebeuf's saintly character, linked with leonine constitution and courage, which filled with awe and admiration, the fearless savages themselves. Jogues and Garnier, of more delicate and sensitive constitution, but with a courageous spirit, upheld by an ardent faith, that enabled them to bear all the hardships and trials of the wilderness without a murmur. And so with the other members of that glorious band of Martyrs, who dyed the soil of this country red with the best blood of old France, in order that the seeds of Catholic Faith should flourish in the New World.

Nor was Parkman ill-fitted for the task of depicting these times and scenes. He himself, though in another sphere, toiled on and accomplished his life work in the midst of physical and mental sufferings and trials worthy of the Heroes whom he is depicting.

Despite the fact that Parkman is not in sympathy with his characters in regard to their religious faith, this does not prevent him from striving to be just in his attitude in that regard, towards them, and he succeeds in giving a very fair picture of their spiritual aspirations. Mr. Parkman's eulogies are all the more valuable and authoritative, coming from one not of their own faith, and whose only desire is to accord them what he believes to be their just due.

It is interesting to note that the beautiful stone church in course of erection at Penetanguishene, and which is designed to commemorate the labors of the Missionaries, is now nearing completion.

It stands on the spot where Brebeuf and Lalemant were tortured to death by the savage Iroquois, in the Huron village of St. Ignace.

W. M. W.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

A merry, merry Christmas to all our friends.

May the first Christmas of the century bring hundreds of blessings to all.

Some men have tried to do away with Xmas. The Christmas tree, the Holy Crib of Bethlehem and the joys in the young and old on the Holy night, no man can destroy, for, a Child was born for us, and a Child is given to us.

The Babe born on the cold night of December 25 in the stable, is God and man. He is born for us. For us men and for our Salvation, He descended from Heaven and the Word was made flesh.

Give Christmas boxes to all your friends. Giving is better than receiving, Especially now should we be generous to the Church, to the poor, to our own friends, because the Giver of all has come to us.

We all feel touched with a poetical, musical spirit in these holy days. The angel of peace, who sang the Glory be to God in the Highest and peace to men of good will, sounds the key-note to our song. Remember, though, the thousand of poor wretched sick ones, the many afflicted. Look at dark Africa and the darkened homes of thousands of widows and orphans in Africa and the British Dominions, and see what a spirit of barbarity is this, and pray for peace, and the uplifting of the brave and innocent.

The oppression of the innocent and the success and prosperity of the sinner show to us the Eternity of God in which He will reward all according to their deserts. In this life we are tried by the fire of tribulation. Often the evil thrive for a time, just as a malignant vegetable growth increases abnormally to destruction sometimes of other plants, but always to its own destruction, so Herodian spirited souls increase to their own utter ruin.

Assistant General.—Rev. P. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., has been appointed Assistant to the General of the Carmelite Order for the English and German provinces. He was born in Riedlingen, Swabia. He was ordained in June, 1871. He joined the Carmelites in 1874. He was Prior of Niagara Falls, Canada, in 1878 and left there for the missions in October, 1882. He was made Prior of Pittsburgh in February, 1883, and appointed Commissary General in August, 1886. The Commissariate was erected into a Province in 1890, and he was appointed the first Provincial. He was re-elected Provincial in May, 1894. He was chosen Prior of New Baltimore at the Chapter of 1897. Since the last Chapter, held in September, 1900, he was on the missions. His new appointment as assistant will take him to reside in Rome, for which city he will sail from New York on December 28.

General Intention of the S. Heart League is the Church Militant. How is the Church Militant attacked on all sides by enemies. Now, especially, there is a wave of perfidiousness dashing against the City of the Mount. A secret order of the evil one has gone forth to attack the Church on all sides. The spirit of darkness is busy in these days; he knows that the blood of the martyrs is the seed which brings forth a hundred-fold increase to the Church, hence he is solicitous to ruin the souls of men, to destroy Christian education, to expel the Catholic educators of men, and to put out of sight all thought of God and Religion. Like the Turks of old, the modern infidels steal the bread of truth from the souls of the little ones and under false notion of liberty and patriotism infuse into their hearts and intense hatred for the true Church and for true virtue. Hence we have the fruits of such teaching in the wholesale legalized divorce, paraded immorality, respectable dishonesty and licensed insubordination, which will end in sheer anarchy. We should pray that our Holy Church may

emies, and remember that at Holy Confirmation we members of Holy Church, became Soldiers of Christ and we should fight till death against the enemies of Christ.

We are encouraged by the kindness of our many friends who with kind words and hearty assistance help to make our Review a success.

The Review is published in honor of our Blessed Lady of the Scapular. We cannot be thankful enough to our Blessed Lady for the life of the Review so far. Many kind friends have used their pens well and often for us. We wish to see the Review increase and circulate more and more throughout the land. We beg our friends to continue in love to Mary, their kind efforts in our favor.

Now is a good time to renew subscriptions. A new subscription will be a happy Christmas gift to our poor editor, who must live by his writing.

The Review goes to every city in the United States and Canada. It will pay to advertise in it.

Cut out the coupon in the advertising pages and send it to us with your subscription.

The Catholic Home Annual for 1902 is up to and above its usual standard. It is sent free to all subscribers who ask for it when renewing their subscriptions.

The Immaculate Conception:— Well does this Feast of Our Blessed Lady bring its consolation at the end of the first week of advent. Its novena brings to our minds the long 4000 years in which the prophets and patriarchs the oppressed and afflicted were sighing and crying out: "Drop down, dew, ye heavens, from above and let the clouds rain the just. Let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour." Mary was seen in vision by the Prophet Elias, as a cloud free from all the defilements and weakness and sin of the human race. She is the master-piece of the Omnipotent Hand of God. There is no stain in her. She was not for an instant under the power of the evil one, but on the con-

trary, she crushed the infernal serpent for as God promised, the devil should lay in wait for her heel to be crushed forever. Mary was immaculate, and so beautiful that God would rest in her as His Tabernacle. The seers of old saw the beauty of this tabernacle, and they rejoiced at its splendor. Now the Saints could rejoice, for she who was to be the Mother of the Lord, was already in this desert of a world. All the nations of the world could now glory in the coming of their Queen. Men could lift up their heads and free themselves from the seductions of false love and passion, when they beheld the gorgeous beauty of her who was all pure and spotless. They would understand how to love purity and chastity and to reverence and love and protect weak womanhood. Woman who had been the menial slave of man, trampled in the mire of contempt and every low passion and whim of her master, would now arise and be venerated, and the pure virgin and the holy widow and chaste wives and loving mothers, would through Mary's exaltation, lift up the race of man to lives of purity, strength and love. Mary was like the rosy dawn, going before the sun of justice.

If, in these materialistic days, men would look more towards the beauties of our Immaculate Queen, they would despise all false passing beauties of this world. No evil ones, as Eve of old, would lead them away from goodness. Manly and strong they would be, in their true devotion to Mary. False notions and baneful passions would be put aside as beneath them, as dirt trampled under their feet. The fascinations of the lying Sirens of this world would not draw them away from their virtue. So great would be their love for innocence, and justice, knowing that such alone would insure them the right to be called the sons of God, that above all things, they would reverence and love, and hold sacred the purity and dignity of their own souls and that of their neighbor. The lesson would be well taught that without purity of love, manliness, and strenuousness in well doing and true success, are impossible. Nothing would cure

the fads and flimsy fancies and fashions of many modern women, as deep love to our Immaculate Lady. They would have no time for worldly follies; life is too short, and the way is long and much to do.

Mary is the most exalted of all creatures; she is above the Cherubim and Seraphim in beauty and excellence. Considering her greatness and that the reason thereof lies in her purity and virtue, women would find in her the solution of their difficulties and would aim to clothe their souls with all virtues and by their strong, but womanly ways, be a light diffusing consolation and peace to the passion-swept mass of mankind. In our weakness and miseries, we are consoled by looking to our Queen, who is made strong and beautiful for our sakes and cry out. "Thou art all beautiful and there is no spot in Thee."

The Cry of the Innocents of Bethlehem and the lamentation of their mothers, softened not the heart of Herod, and held not back the sword of the executioner. However, these murdered babes were given crowns of glory, and Herod surfeited on the blood and ruin of his victim, was eaten up alive and died in agony and fell into the hands of the living God to be punished for his crimes.

Many are to-day without mercy, cruel to the lowly and oppressed; many flaunt in gorgeous robes and are merry, while they eat and drink. Cruel parents who kill their children's souls, by scandal and the lack of proper instruction.

Our friend, John J. O'Rourke, Secretary of the American Federation of the Catholic Societies of the United States, Room 34, 1305 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., at the jubilee celebration of our Very Rev. Father Provincial, gave to the guests assembled, a clear, concise elucidation of this Catholic Federation. Certainly it is time that Catholics should unite and stand together in solid phalanx, and first look well to it that irreligion and anarchy and weak-kneed liberalism is stamped out; that the evils attacking society; the devastating divorce laws, the labor question, the edu-

cation of our youth, the upholding of right authority, should be practically considered. Holy and learned Bishops approve of this federation and, no doubt if rightfully built upon the rock of true religious authority, which is Apostolic and Catholic, this society will flourish. The federation must be first, and above all Catholic. The trouble with many religious societies, which have been formed during the ages, is that they were not truly Catholic in spirit; they became national and local, and since the ballot is the might, the most worldly, liberal spirited, gained their way at times, and ignorance and prejudice wrought destruction to everything Catholic in aim. In union there is strength and with their sincere, sterling faith as voiced by Mr. O'Rourke, no doubt leaning on the advice of their Bishops, this Federation will grow and extend itself far and wide. We have as Catholics, been, on the whole, too shabby in the development of united action. Some degenerates are really ashamed of their religion, and ever try to curry favor with those whom they confess in their hearts have gone astray from the truth. What have we in the world worth anything in comparison with our Faith? The Catholic Church needs no apologies. She stands forth as the noble, spotless Bride of Christ. She has faced the world for two thousand years. Attacked from the world and not by the sword but by the spirit she has overcome the world; betrayed often by her own children, she, the mother, brings forth new children of promise. As at the time of Luther and his confederates in iniquity, God raised up many great Saints, and the Church gained elsewhere what was lost by the so-called reformation, so in these days should not our Catholic laymen come together and fight for the light, and help to strengthen the palsied Catholic, and enlighten the souls of our non-Catholic Brethren. If all Catholics knew their Religion as they ought and loved it, what an influence for good would they have. Each Catholic gentleman has a harvest of work among his own little world of friends, and often no one else, priest or layman, can influence and instruct as he can and ought. Nowadays, men are

desirous of knowledge, and if each individual Catholic would be able and willing to instruct and assist his neighbor along the proper lines, how differently things would look.

America is looking ahead to the effects of the Convention which will be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, on Dec. 10. May the spirit of Columbus, and the protection of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, be with them and prosper the work of these sincere workers for unity in Catholic labor.

The Masons try very much to uphold in this country their entire sincere purpose in their dealings. The fact is though, that the whole trend of Masonry is materialistic. Even a Darwinian mind can read the nature of Masonry and kindred societies. All have read the Masonic manifesto demanding the expulsion of the religious from the Philippines. We read of the betrayals of Spain during her recent humiliations. France has driven from her soil hundreds of religious, the teachers of her children. She could not stand the name of God even on her coins, she wishes to take care of herself without God. The age of materialism has struck France, and now her public ministers are proposing laws for the dress of women and bemoaning the decrease of population, and they know not that God alone makes nations to rise and prosper. Now, Commandant of Masonry, is about also to expel from its tax overladen territory, all the religious, and why, because they wish to confiscate the property of these persons, and they hate innocence, and they wish to see religion killed, but they find that anarchy will live.

CHRISTMAS.

The heart and minds of all Christians naturally turn to the lovely Crib of Bethlehem, and see the King of Kings resting there on the cold straw of the stable, or nestled in Mary's arms. His arms are stretched out for all men. The

cold, the misery and all the privations of the new born King, speak to us of love and of suffering, borne for love of us sinners. All the light and glory of Heaven rest in that cold stable. "Glory to God in the Highest, and Praise to men of good will," sings the Angel on that night. Simple in our faith as the poor shepherds, let us kneel in adoration at the feet of the God-child, and with Mary, His Blessed Mother, learn to say our humble, contrite prayers to Him and to learn that love to Him makes all our sufferings easy and our burdens light. Jesus, the Child who is born for us, the Child who is given to us, is the Most High God, but comes as a darling Child to coo us from the world and sin to His love and service. He offers us the liberty of the children of God, which we receive by keeping His commandments. Through Mary we received Jesus, also through her let us offer ourselves to His service. Jesus, Mary and Joseph in the stable of Bethlehem! May their love be in hearts and their names our last sigh.

Now, we should rejoice and be glad at Christmas, as Christians. As Catholics we have the ineffable joy of assisting at a real Christmas, for Jesus comes on our altars, and we can receive Him on that blessed morn. The angels are envious of our privilege. Let us prepare His way before His coming.

Bound volumes of Review for 1902 at \$1.50 each.

Write us if in need of Brown Scapulars.

Not what he knows, but what he wills, determines a man's worth.

The root of sanctity is sanity. A man must be healthy before he can be holy. we bath first, then perfume—Mme. Sur-tchin.

The vulgar keep no account of your hits, but your misses.

The woman and the soldier who do not defend the first pass, will never defend the last—Fielding.

BOOK REVIEW.

1. JUVENILE ROUND TABLE.— By Catholic writers. Benziger Bros., \$1.00. The well known firm of Benziger Bros., Cincinnati, made it a special business to supply good Catholic literature to families, or rather children, on the occasion of Christmas. And no doubt, such books has a great desideratum in order to stem the pernicious flood of immoral or infidel fiction, which causes so great a havoc amongst our young people.

The collection here published under the title, "Juvenile Round Table," is from the pen of our best writer of belle lettres of varied scope, excellent language, beautiful delineation of character, and calculated to impress children deeply with a love of virtue and hatred of vice. We therefore hope that this book will be found in the Christmas boxes of thousands of children.

2. "BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE," by Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. The back-ground of this pen-picture is a charity bazaar, the heroine a factory girl, who in humble circumstances, gives examples of heroic virtue, and this contains a necessary lesson for thousands of wage workers. The booklet is written in the masterful style for which the author is so well known and so well liked. For sale by Benziger Bros. \$1.00.

3. THE FATHER'S DAUGHTER, by Catherine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Bros., \$1.25. The novel is true to feminine nature. The language is graphic, and the development of the plot leaves nothing to be desired. The two sisters, who form the principal character of the story, different as they are from one another, are ever and again blending into an harmonious picture of sisterly affection. The book is to be recommended to the reading public.

4. SPIRAGO'S METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE by Bishop Messmer. Benziger Bros., \$1.50. By translating into English this book of 589 pages, 7v, Bishop Messmer furnished a most valuable manual to teachers of Catechism. Spirago, an Austrian priest and pro-

fessor, some years ago published a popular catechism, which had an unprecedented sale was soon translated into nearly all the European languages. But not satisfied with thus furnishing the matter to be taught, he supplemented his catechism by the above work, the object of which is to teach the teachers, how to bring the theological matter before the pupils so as to obtain the best possible results. Unlike many of the modern writers who seek notoriety by springing something never before heard, upon the readers, and draw more from imagination than experience, the author emphasizes the necessity of utilizing the combined experience of old and modern educators, who were actuated by pure love of God and their neighbors, and foreigners to vain glory and ambition.

Hence he embodies the respective maxims of a S. Vincent de Paul, S. Francis de Sales, Canisius, and no doubt his own into the well-digested treatise. We hope, that hundreds of priests, brothers and sisters engaged in schools, etc., will provide themselves with a copy, study it well and apply its principles practically. For a thorough study of catechisms is one of the greatest desideratums of our age and country.

5. LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL. Benziger Bros., \$0.05 cts.

This is a little almanac with short stories for young children. The question, is, however, debatable, whether such literature for children is desirable and useful. We think otherwise.

We also received for review the following books from B. HERDER, ; ST. LOUIS, 17 S. Broadway.

6. THE LITTLE IMPERFECTIONS. translated from the French by Rev. F. P. Garesche, S.J., (\$0.60.). It is a collection of short conferences on faults, which often are accounted virtues by unthinking people, and yet exercise a very sinister influence upon the character of a man. Matters like following: Self-love, Indolence, Irritability, Inconsistency, Levity, Obstnacy, etc., are critically analyzed, their effects shown and remedies suggested. For one who wishes to

roughly get acquainted with himself, the little book will be a valuable guide, productive of good fruit.

7. THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS, by G. Savanarola. (1.35.) 213 pages.

This book, composed by the famous Dominican in Florence and translated by an English Dominican, was written in self defence against the imputation of heresy therein, and rebellion against the Church. The thoughts and arguments advanced contain nothing new or very striking, the book therefore is of value, more on account of the personality of the author, which has given occasion for so many scientific wrangles among historians and theologians. As Savanarola was more a preacher than a writer, the book shows traces of the pulpit style of oratory. However, it is an interesting volume and a welcome addition to the Savanarola literature.

8. A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA, by A. Geggenger S.J. Vol. II, (\$1.50), 472 pages. History ever since the Madgeburg Centurators commenced its falsification, has gradually, in Protestant hands, become such a tissue of calumnies, exaggerations and gross misinterpretations, that the face of fair truth is buried out of sight. But within the last forty years a critical rehearsal took place, the Catholic writers emancipated themselves from the polluted Protestant services, and history is re-written. A popular history, intended not for the academic student, but for simple college and self-instruction is a great benefactor at the present day and it fills a real want in our book market.

This II volume embraces the most stirring events of profane and church history, from the beginning of the 14th to the beginning of the 18th century. Unnecessary details are avoided; the salient features given tersely, concisely and truthfully. We recommend this history highly to educated laymen.

9. LUCIUS FLAVUS, by J. Spillmann, S. J., (\$1.50) 619 pages. Pure fiction in our days has been largely supplanted by the historical novel. People are tired of living in imaginary

realms and our matter of fact generation wants to have foundation for its fiction. This, in our opinion, is a great step in the right direction and an easy means of bringing some special episode of history before man's mind in a comprehensive view. It is only in detailed personal features, that fiction predominates. The bulk is history, pure and simple. Such is also the case in Lucius Flavius, which treats of that overpowering catastrophe in the world, the extermination of the Jewish nation and the fall of Jerusalem in 70. The manners, habits and views of both Jews and Romans are pictured in lifelike colors and the importance of this episode, is fully brought out. We congratulate the gifted author of this masterpiece and hope it will find its way into the homes of thousands of Catholics.

"Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," by Rev'd B. Rohner, O.S.B. (Benziger.)

We desire to call the attention of all who love the Blessed Virgin to this beautiful and interesting work, most worthy of perusal. It cannot fail to increase the flame already enkindled in their hearts. The learned writer shows us many reasons for venerating our sweet Mother, and securing her powerful aid, indeed, spiritual writers have styled it "omnipotent intercession."

God, Himself, honored Her by the immaculate conception by the Divine maternity and all those sublime graces included in it—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary, Ephesus—all were illumined by Mary's radiance, and in all was she the recipient of unspeakable honor from God. Then the death, Assumption and glorious Coronation as Queen of Angels and of men, made her the master-piece of creative power, wisdom and love. Holy Church through all ages has called her "Blessed," in fulfillment of that sublime, prophetic outburst of Mary's gratitude, the "Magnificent" Science, art, devotion in countless gowns, group round her in admiration of beauties far beyond their skill to portray.

No master-piece of the chisel, no artistic blending of light and shade, no melodies, however sweet, of earthly music, or high conception of poetic idealism; not

even the ecstatic contemplation and praise of God's Saints, can worthily extol this "admirable Virgin". All must exclaim: "Quibus te laudibus efferam nescio!"

Our author elucidates the various festivals, and the devotions usually practised in Holy Church, also the religious Orders especially consecrated to her and confraternities enriched with indulgence.

Well, indeed, has this son of St. Benedict written of St. Mary, and we are confident the reward awaits him which promises: "They that explain Me shall have life everlasting." Eccl. xxiv.

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's.)

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

Rev. Fathers:

Brantford

Enclosed please find an offering for the Holy Sacrifice in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, as a thanksgiving for a special favor granted through her intercession. I promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Father:

Evanston, Nov. 21, '01.

Some time ago I made a novena for a very special intention and promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review, if granted, and am very happy to say I have obtained my request. I am truly grateful to our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, for the assistance that she gave me.

MRS. A. A. ---
Franklin, Pa.,

Dear Rev. Fathers:

I have been suffering from an injury for a long time past, and I promised our Blessed Lady, and if she would help me, I would improve at such a time, I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. I have improved, and am very grateful for it, and wish as an act of thanksgiving that you would publish it, and hereby render a favor to

ONE OF OUR BLESSED LADY'S
CLIENTS.

OBITUARY.

The prayers of our readers are asked for the following departed.

John Finn, who died on October 7th at Kingsbridge, Ont., in the 84th year of his age.

Robert M. Murphy, who died at Kingston, N.Y.

Mrs. Simon Meyer, who died on Nov. 2nd., at N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

Your pious prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Right Rev. Monsignor Laurent, V.G., who died at Lindsay on Thursday, October 31st., 1901. The funeral will take place from St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock.

Joseph F. Krumholz, who died on Sun-

Scapular names have been received for registration at our Monastery.

At Falls View from, St. Pauls Ch., Toronto, Ont.; St. Leo Military College St. Leo, Florida; St. Stephen's Church, Cayuga, Ont.; St. Peter's Church, San Francisco, Cal.; Richilinch, N.B.; Sarnia; St. Columbus Church, Buffalo, N.Y.; Brantford, Ont., Sacred Heart church, Kammis, P.O., Ohio; Notre Dame, Ont.; Munising, Mich.; St. Thomas, Ont.; Johnville, N. B., Williamstown, Ont., North Sydney, C. B., St. Mary's Training School, Des Plaines, P.O., Ill., Lucinda, Pa.

At Scipio, Kans., St. Joseph church St. Joseph, Kans.; St. Peter's Church, St. Charles, Mo.; Centrelsville, Kans.; St. Aloysius Church, Kansas City, Mo.

At New Baltimore, Pa., Dane, Wisconsin., Ridgley, Md.

Sparta, Wis., Fenimore, Wis., Wanaker Wis., Uniontown, Ky., St. Vincents, Abbeey, Beatty, Pa.

The wronged side is always the safest. Airs of importance are the credentials of impotence.

All mischief comes from our inability to be alone.

All strong souls are related.—Schiller. A man of pleasure is a man of pain.

"And is this all," cried Caesar at his height, disgusted.

Anxiety is the poison of life.