





ST. MAGDALEN DE PAZZI.

BY MATILDA CUMMINGS.



NE morning in fair Florence,
 A Carmelite drew near,
 To gaze with holy ardor
 Upon the sacred bier,
 Whereon the flower of Carmel
 In sweetest slumber lay;
 Love's seraph in that beauty
 Which ne'er has known decay.

"Behold!" he cried, "the marvel;
 She lives, my sister saint!
 The wine which maketh virgins,
 Hath conquered nature's taint.
 To suffer, was her watchword,
 No death, but life to die;
 And now behold, love's victim
 Corruption doth defy."

And thus the friar musing
 As lovingly he knelt
 Beside the fair young virgin,
 And in his heart he felt
 How God doth work His wonders
 In saints like this great soul,
 Transforming even nature
 To beautify the whole.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

In life so sweetly radiant
 Of face and form so fair,
 Of playful mien and loving heart
 While breathing Carmel's air,
 Which all so rare and holy
 Doth nurture souls like these;
 Our Blessed Lady's daughters,
 Blest Carmel's honey bees.

Its mountain slopes are fragrant
 With thyme beds all so green,
 And humming birds all laden
 Are fitting o'er the scene,
 Which ravishes the traveller
 Who treads the lonely hill,
 Adown whose sides there runneth
 Full many a crystal rill.

Its snows send purest streamlets
 To lave the valleys green;
 Its cloisters, rarest jewels
 Fit to bedeck a queen.
 The Lady fair of Carmel
 She holds them as her crown,
 Her sons and daughters, legion,
 Who wear her habit brown.

Like this dear saint of Pazzi,
 This Magdalen so fair,
 "St. Mary's of the Angels"
 Had never soul so rare.
 And mem'ry looking backward,
 To Florence and its saint,
 Can still recall the vision
 And breathe the perfume faint,
 Which after years still lingers
 Like roses in a jar;
 But sweeter this blest odor
 From Carmel's saint afar.

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.

EDITED BY VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER X—CONCLUDED.



DURING the great Catholic Congress held in Baltimore in 1889, the Boston delegates learned of the esteem felt for the Carmelites of Baltimore by both clergy and laity, and that blessings enjoyed

by that community were attributed to their prayers and holy lives. A wish was felt that the city of Boston might have its house of Mt. Carmel, and, the wish being approved by the venerated Archbishop of Boston, on August 28, 1890 (the Centennial year of the Carmelites in America), five nuns, appointed by Cardinal Gibbons, from the Baltimore Carmel, established a foundation in Boston, and were warmly welcomed by the people of that city. They have since then been living in a rented dwelling-house (corner of Cedar and Centre Streets, Roxbury), awaiting the time when, in the good providence of God, they may be enabled to have a proper monastery built for them after their own model, and adapted to the peculiar needs of a cloistered community; together with a suitable chapel adequate to the wants of the faithful, who bring their petitions and alms, and love to gather near this cloister for Mass, Benediction, Novenas and the numerous devotions springing from the heart of Carmel, and which will be enumerated further on.

The questions are often asked: "What is a Carmelite Nun? and what does she do?" The following answers may be given: She is an elect soul who has heeded the counsel of Our Lord and accepted His invitation to turn from the world, take up the Cross and follow him; undertaking an

expiatory life of penance and atonement for her own sins and for those of others; an apostolic life of prayer for the salvation of souls, and especially for the needs of the Church and clergy; a life of praise and adoration, performing in the Church on earth the office of the beatified in heaven, who praise God without ceasing; a life of intercession for the temporal and spiritual needs of all who seek the aid of her prayers, for health and relief of soul and body, for conversion of heart and perseverance in well-doing. Dwelling in her strict cloister as in the ante-chamber of heaven, the Carmelite daily presents to the King of Heaven petitions from souls dwelling more remote from Him and hindered or delayed from approaching His throne. To make her prayers more efficacious she prepares her soul by penances, by perpetual abstinence, by almost continual fasting, by sleeping on straw, wearing coarse woolen, and by many other exercises of constant mortification.

The Carmelite has always time to pray for the Church and for souls. She is set apart to pray and do penance. These are her duty, her calling, the end and aim (as they are the happiness) of her life, and it is thus she deals a direct blow at the infidelity and indulgence of the world. Any spare time, after her recitation of the Divine Office and devotions, is given to manual labor and needle work—making of scapulars, habits for the dead, articles for the Church, the chaining of Rosaries, etc., to aid in supporting the community; but, owing to the length of time given to prayer (fully eight hours of the day being devoted to spiritual exercises), it would be impossible by these means alone to earn subsistence; so the Carmelite is obliged to depend chiefly on the charity of the faithful for food and support. And the loving God, who feedeth the birds of the air, and who centuries ago fed Elias, the prophet of

Carmel, by ravens and by an angel from heaven, fails not to provide for those who leave all to follow Him; nor does He fail to reward a hundred-fold the charity of all who remember His poor and who nourish Him in the person of His servants.

The life of a Carmelite, though hidden and though dependent, is not a useless life. In this age of materialism it is well to keep fast hold of the truth that all strength in the valley proceeds from prayer on the mount, the upraising of pure hearts detached from the world of sense. It is the spirit of the nineteenth century to decry contemplative orders, because the spirit of the nineteenth century is not the spirit of faith; and the life of a Carmelite is one of blindest faith, requiring the strongest faith in all who would believe in her powerful mission. She has no statistics to show; no record of actions nobly and heroically done; no list of sick who owe restored life to her tender care; no classes of children reared to become useful and intelligent members of society; no aged poor sent peacefully to eternity; all these belong to her noble sisters in the active orders, for whom she daily prays, beseeching God's blessing on their mighty works. Her life is as secret as her cloister; her statistics are written only in the mind of God, unknown even to herself, in the record of souls lost or won to heaven. As long as humanity is composed of body and soul, so long must these loving sisters—Martha and Mary—action and contemplation—dwell hand in hand in the house of our Lord; action seeking aid from contemplation, and contemplator drawing strength from the face of Jesus. And where more than in our own country is the aid of the contemplative orders needed? Where is the harvest so white, so ready for the reapers! Must they not pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth His laborers?

Pius IX., of holy memory, once said to an American priest: "The want of the American Church (U. S.) is religious orders of prayer; America is a young country; she has passed her infancy and is now in her youth, but before she arrives at maturity one essential thing is necessary—the extension of contemplative orders, without which she will never reach perfection."

Cardinal Gibbons, in his introduction to "Carmel in America," says: "If there be

a country in which the contemplative life is needed, it is surely in our young and active republic, where the spirit of action pervades all classes. That action, not to be exclusive and absorbing, must be counterbalanced by reflection and contemplation, and it is from the contemplative orders we must learn this. Thank God, the contemplative life is not unknown amongst us and shows us that the days of heroism are not passed. May it live and flourish.

There are at present four communities of Carmelite Nuns in the United States: at Baltimore, Md.; St. Louis, Mo.; New Orleans, La.; and Boston, Mass; wherever located, the sanctuaries of Carmel, besides being the resort of those in affliction, are much frequented because of the numerous indulgences granted by Sovereign Pontiffs to the churches of the order, the greatest of which has lately been granted, by a Brief from Rome, for the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for this and for all coming years. It is a Plenary Indulgence, *toties quoties*, for every visit paid to a Carmelite chapel, from first Vespers (previous day) until sunset of the feast, on July 16th.

Among the popular devotions that have blossomed in the Carmelite order, and from it have spread to procure blessings upon the world, may be cited the Immaculate Conception, of which the Carmelites were always the staunch defenders; devotion to St. Joseph, foster-father of Our Lord, which, until the time of St. Teresa, lay hidden in the heart of the Church; devotion to Our Lady of Loretto, of whose miraculous "Holy House" they were long the custodians; devotion to the Sacred Infancy of Our Lord, whose apostles they always have been; devotion to St. Ann and St. Joachim, parents of Our Blessed Lady, whose *cultus* they introduced into Europe at the migration of the order from the Orient. Through the Carmelites (as said before) the brown scapular was given to mankind. To them is the world indebted for the "work of reparation of blasphemies and the violation of Sunday," by the *cultus* of the Holy Face, an association that Pius IX. declared was "a divine work, destined to save society," and which has been so privileged and blessed by Leo XIII. From them also sprang the "Angelic Chaplet," a devotion in honor of St. Michael and the angelic choirs; likewise to St. Albert,

Thaumaturgus of Sicily, whose blessed water is so sought after by the sick, etc.

Faithful to their vocation, the daughters of St. Teresa in America are praying in their solitude for the welfare of Holy Church and the conversion of the world. When the day dawns that all things shall be revealed, it may be that even the elect will be amazed at the graces and victories obtained for clergy and people, and the golden merits poured into the treasury of the Church by the cloistered daughters of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

CHAPTER XI.

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES A. McMASTER FROM DISTINGUISHED FRIENDS — THE FAMOUS "JUS LETTERS" ON THE CANONICAL RIGHTS OF THE SECULAR PRIESTHOOD IN THE UNITED STATES — THE FAMOUS FOUR POINTS OF McMASTER.

The suggestion that I should put down for use, in the forthcoming life of James A. McMaster, my recollections of the valiant Catholic journalist, comes to me with the force of an authority I dare not gainsay and cannot ignore.

It appeals to the sentiment of old-time recollections and to the loyalty of an early and enduring friendship with which I was honored to the end of James A. McMaster's life on earth.

My first opportunities with him naturally came to me through the *Freeman's Journal*. I early became a subscriber and constant reader of that journal, and soon gained a high esteem for its editor. In those days—I am referring to a period several years prior to the war, 1856 to 1860—a weekly journal possessed vastly greater influence in forming and moulding public opinion, and editorial writers on religious and secular papers possessed and exercised far greater influence than they may be said to do at the present time. I do not need to discuss the "why" and the "wherefore" of this conviction. Conditions of journalism have greatly changed since the war. Perhaps it will be enough to suggest that "personal journalism," that is, the force and authority of a known writer or editor—as in the examples of the elder Bennett, of Greeley, of Thurlow Weed, of Samuel Bowles, and others who might be named, will serve to illustrate what I mean when I

say "personal" journalism is no longer the power it was in earlier times.

And it will not be gainsaid that McMaster was a power and always a recognized authority in his special field almost to the end of his editorial career.

As I now recall it, the *Freeman's Journal* was for long without a rival in the theatre of metropolitan Catholic journalism, and I believe, when other Catholic papers entered the field and, in instances, successfully competed for public favor, the veteran of the *Freeman* always ignored their existence. In those days the *Freeman's Journal* did not hesitate to have its say in politics.

McMaster was first of all a Catholic, and next in allegiance he was a state's-rights Democrat of the old school. He would champion the Pope and advocate the Democratic party and its principles—as defined by McMaster—in the same page of the paper.

I read somewhere that had McMaster not devoted himself to Catholic journalism he would have assuredly become a powerful politician. He was naturally, I should say, a leader among men, though I doubt if he possessed the gift of "organization." He could command a force, without the patience to "drill" it. He had evidently acquired some of the characteristic traits of discipline of the religious order in which at one time he aspired to membership.

Through and by his trenchant writings he became an influence among Catholics in the United States, and his authority was widely quoted in matters of Catholic teaching. His unreserved loyalty to Catholic authority was, perhaps, the most conspicuous characteristic of his editorial career, and his personal devotion to the Holy See passed into a proverb. He was, if possible, more Papal than the Pope. In the educational issue he was equally uncompromising. He consistently advocated, in season and out of season, Catholic schools for Catholics, and opposed all plans and compromises tending in any way towards the modification, or the minimizing the teaching of the Church on this important subject.

In fact he was an out and out *Ultramontane*, as that much abused term is fairly interpreted by and among Catholics. As his religious faith was rock-rooted, so in his principles and in their logical applications there was, there could be with McMaster no question or consideration of

expediency. He would have gone unflinchingly to the stake or the gibbet to vindicate his convictions, had the sacrifice become necessary.

My first meeting with McMaster was on the occasion of his second visit to Chicago in or about 1857 or '58. He had been engaged to lecture under the auspices of the Catholic Institute. The lecture was a success in point of attendance and the lecture itself was greatly admired.

McMaster was not an "orator," as the term is popularly understood. He possessed none of the arts or tricks of declamation. He had something to say and he said it with earnestness and power and there was *thought* in his speech. On this occasion following the lecture he was entertained at a dinner or "banquet" given in his honor by the local Democratic Club—"The Chicago Invincibles." During the festivity he was presented with a gold-headed cane as a token and testimony of friendship and political fraternity. He came again to Chicago, I think, shortly before the breaking out of the war, and lectured on "The Truce of God," a subject which doubtless bore special application to the threatening political conditions of the time.

Once afterwards he visited Chicago. It was, I remember, during or immediately prior to the meeting of the National Democratic Convention which nominated McClellan and Pendleton. There was held in Chicago coincidentally a meeting of the Peace Democrats, sometimes known in the West as the "Sons of Liberty." It is known that McMaster was in the councils of this organization. If I do not mistake Vallandigham was at that time its chief. The Democratic camp was divided. There were "War Democrats" and "Peace Democrats."

The doings of the convention is matter of history to which I have no need to refer, but it was declared at the time that McMaster by his conservative declarations averted a "crisis" in the deliberations of the peace party. He was, in a certain sense, no doubt, an extremist and stood for states rights and constitutional limitations, but his love of country, the whole country, was never questioned. It is true, he wrote strongly, even bitterly, in his paper, of the administration and of the conduct of the war, though I doubt if he criticised one or

the other more severely than certain Republican editors noted then and since for their extravagant "loyalty." The autocratic War Secretary Stanton, who was bitter and unrelenting against those who ventured to criticise his methods and policies, summarily arrested the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* and had him sent manacled under guard to Fort Lafayette. This is only a war reminiscence, the details of which, no doubt, will more fully appear elsewhere in the present volume. After all, the public life and character of James A. McMaster are more truly illustrated and more perfectly seen in the *Freeman's Journal*.

In its columns is to be found his life work, and there unmistakably are recorded his faith and his convictions. He was no time-server. The *Freeman* was never for sale; its columns were unpurchasable and even in its advertising pages McMaster was scrupulous to exclude everything dubious and equivocal. He possessed a chivalrous and courtly manner and an inspiring presence.

I recall him now as he looked at me through his spectacles long, long ago, when we first met face to face, evidently wondering at my youthful appearance. I was at the time already admitted into the columns of the *Freeman* as a contributor, a fact of which I suspect I was not a little vain. I was quite young then.

From the first, Mr. McMaster won my respect. He continued to hold it to the end.

I can recall him now as I saw him on occasions in his own home in New York, surrounded by his family. It was a bright happy circle, his devoted wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, (I remember Mrs. McMaster always called him "Jimmie") and the charming bright-faced children. How joyous he was, how exuberant in spirits!

The death of that dear wife was a cruel blow to him and clouded, I am sure, the remainder of his life. The dutiful and affectionate care of his daughters could not wholly replace the devotion of the companion who was gone.

And then they too were to go from him, one by one, to consecrate their young hearts to a higher and holier service, one in the Sisterhood of the Holy Child Jesus, the

others in the stricter Order of the Carmelites.

There was a strange pathos in this heart trial, this going out from their father's house and leaving him alone in the world in his old age. I thought of Montelambert's sacrifice when his beloved daughter one day came to him and said: "Father, I must go; the Master calls." But in this case the great Frenchman still had a wife and other daughters. It must have been for McMaster a great sacrifice, but I suspect there was in it for him a stern joy. With heroic unselfishness he knew they could make no wiser, happier choice in the world.

With unworldly wisdom, he was concerned for their eternal fortunes, and this assured, what sacrifice for him, what pain could be put in the balance? Who shall say he did not decide wisely?

In convent cells, in the solitude of holy retreat, these holy souls pour out in daily prayer for that honored parent intercession to heaven which we may well believe to be powerful and efficacious.

In the world he may be forgotten, friends may lose sight of his memory. In the convent never—while these pure and tender children remain on earth to pray and plead for a dear father.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

NEW YORK, NOV. 7, 1892.

Rev. and Dear Father Gross:

It has afforded me great pleasure to comply with your request to prepare an article on James A. McMaster for your life of him. I could, of course, have written off a page or two of superficial reminiscences, but I have preferred giving a carefully studied and prepared analysis of his life career and character, which will mirror the man nearly as he was.

Most sincerely yours,

RICHARD H. CLARKE.

The life and career of this eminent American Catholic layman may be divided into six principal parts, or may be reviewed in six particular aspects. First one, his boyhood and classical impressions; second, his Presbyterian training, prejudices and struggles; third, the progressive reasonings

and experiences as an Episcopalian; fourth, his conversion to the Catholic faith; fifth, his association with the Redemptorists and his theological studies; sixth, his career as a Catholic journalist.

The mind and aspirations of young McMaster were formed in a mould unique and enduring, and to the developments of this first period of his life can be traced characteristics which dominated his whole future career. As soon as he began to go to school he mastered all the preliminary tasks of boyhood, almost at a bound. To his bright intellect, reading and arithmetic were almost wholly mechanical, and his spirit rested not until it roved in delight amid classical groves and mounts, and caught the model inspirations of Greek and Latin literature. He scarcely had a boyhood, because he was so far above the boys of his age in mind and acquisitions, that in each step of boyhood and youth he found no companions. His should-be companions were groping among the "three R's," when he was enjoying the orations of Demosthenes and Cicero. At the age of ten and eleven, when most boys awkwardly show their ignorance, he was capable of appreciating Greek and Latin classics. His tastes were thus made classical during his life. To the end of his life, when advanced in years, he was in the habit of translating the great Encyclicals of Popes Pius IX. and Leo XIII. for the *Freeman's Journal*. He could not tolerate an inferior translation, and his own translating of the great Roman documents became the accepted American translation, both among the laity and the clergy. He used to say his prayers in Latin, and he would say to me, generally at the end of Mass or after coming out: "You and I both hear Mass in Latin and say the Mass prayers in Latin. I enjoy it so much more. It would have been hard to put the Mass originally in any other language. It increases my devotion." Then, too, in his controversies of Latin criticism, he never gave up, and was seldom, if ever, not right in the views and side he took. He was always ready for a tilt with any classical scholar upon some critical question of Latinity.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GRADUATES.

BY MARY ANGELA SPELLISSY.

CHAPTER V.



VISITORS were announced immediately after Frank Barrington's departure. Mr. and Mrs. Butler were old friends of Mrs. Redmond's when both her brother and husband were young men.

"We have you to thank for this visit, Edward," said Mrs. Murphy. "We have not seen these friends since you were here last."

"I am kept so busy," replied Mrs. Butler, "you know the girls are in society, and when the boys are at home they like to invite their Harvard friends. We had some there spending the Christmas holidays with us. It is very nice for the girls to get into that set. You know there are no marriageable Catholic young men any more."

"Is that so, Kate? What epidemic carried them off? We have some splendid young fellows in Montana."

"Catholics?"

"Yes."

"Of good family?"

"As good as our own, and I consider there are none better."

"O, Edward, you always were a wag."

"Let us understand each other, Kate. What do you mean by good family?"

"People that have had money for generations."

"Some of the most dishonorable people I know reach your standard, and I should be sorry to call them good stock."

"I think I can help you to a statement of the case, if you will forgive a little plain speaking—Precious are the wounds of a friend, you know. When you see young men and women whose aim is fashion, who dress elegantly, spend money lavishly, and assume a superior tone, you are possibly fired with an ambition to see your sons and daughters attain an equally dazzling position."

"I don't see why they shouldn't."

"Nothing to prevent it."

"Why do you take me up then?"

"Because I am sorry to see you so low down. I will try to give you a nobler object for your ambition. I thought I knew a good deal of life when I went west, but I have added to my experience since then. When I was in my twenties there were young bloods who lived gaily, or as the scripture says, 'riotously,'—jovial men, and fast women, abounded then, as now, and the end of such is usually the same—loss of honor, of fortune, and of health. I have seen the last of more than one prodigal, who began here in glory and ended out west in shame. Do you know anything of the morality of these people, whose companionship you desire for your children?"

"Edward, I thank you from my heart," said Mr. Butler. "I have been too indulgent, and my children have got beyond me. Their mother favors all their notions, and I am of interest to them only as the source of supplies. I should not speak this way but that I am among true friends. The people who fill my house now-a-days are not friends, and I have never been at home since I left the old house next door."

"The sooner you turn your horses the better."

"I find a great change in the tone of our people," said Mr. Redmond. "My long absence from the city furnishes me with an opportunity of comparing the two eras dispassionately. I have not witnessed the growth, I see but the results, and look for the influences that caused them. Some of those who were our familiars when we were boys and girls, attending the same Church, and finding our amusements in the societies connected with it—have made money very rapidly. The sudden inflation of values during the war brought wealth to many. The feverish race for riches dates from that era. The Centennial exhibition succeeded it, and with it came artistic taste, and

luxurious living, thereby increasing the wants of the people. Nothing tries the average man more than prosperity. Take our intimate friends. Many of the heads of families were clerks or mechanics, intelligent and self-respecting. They owned their houses and took an interest in keeping them and their gardens in order. Every member of the family had a sense of proprietorship in the home nest. I return to find some families, whom I left happy in mediocrity, transported to grandeur and discomfort. Edward and I made a call yesterday. We were shown into a parlor in which there was not one chair fit for a man in business suit to sit upon. Scarfs and other incumbrances abounded, and not a sign of christianity in the room. What do you think Edward did?"

"I cannot guess," replied Mrs. Murphy; "either one of you is inclined to be reckless, but when you get together there is no telling where you will stop."

"This wild man from the west gathered a lot of the naked divinities that adorned the room, and stood them in a semi-circle in front of the register. He said they made him think of the Groves of Blarney and the

"Haythen Goddesses and Gods so fair,
All standing naked in the open air."

"You should have seen Nellie stare when she came down; I did not give Edward away, and he did not confess. I suppose the maid was questioned after we left the house, and with Nellie's remembrance of Edward's tricks in the olden time, she will have arrived at an explanation of the irregularity."

"It may set her thinking," said Mr. Dillon. "She was never stupid, but custom dulls the wit sometimes. Her father would never have allowed such images in his house."

"From the way you talk, Edward," said Mrs. Butler, "one would think we should never progress."

"Progress as much as you like, but not crab-fashion. The present tendency is towards paganism."

"Don't you think people have a right to raise themselves?"

"They have every right to improve their condition by legitimate means, but I do not think a man raises himself, when, through worldliness, he turns his back on God and his neighbor, because his children

wish to gain admittance to the society of unbelievers."

"You remind me," said Mr. Murphy; "of an incident related by the late Bishop of Pittsburg: He was one of the first Directors of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. After an absence of some years, he visited Philadelphia, and discovered a great falling off in the receipts of the Institution. He called on several of the old contributors, among them one who had grown very wealthy. The Bishop was cordially received, and after the exchange of compliments, made known the object of his visit. His host became very much excited and said, 'I have nothing to give; I have many expenses to meet; only last week one of my carriage horses died—he cost me \$300.' When the Bishop knew him in his early days he had no such luxury, and his heart was tender towards the orphan."

"Yes," said Mrs. Murphy, "as man grows wealthy he grows selfish. Each clique has its standard. In one, it is family, with another, wealth and ostentation; the third affects the intellectual, and excludes all who fail in grammar, or decline to adopt the broad a. I hold by the sentiment so well expressed by the late poet laureate,

"How e'er it be it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

"To take a higher authority: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"Can you induce the rising generation to adopt that practically?" inquired Mr. Butler.

"Not easily," replied Mr. Murphy; "if they have been educated to compare everything by the world's standard. You remember our parents taught us that if we were faithful to duty the testimony of a good conscience should be ours, and the reward that 'Peace that surpasses all understanding.' They kept before us the principle that pushing was vulgar; that the honor should seek the man. I always maintain that even in these degenerated days true worth is appreciated. All the worthy young women may not find husbands, wealthy and titled, but they who live according to the spirit of the commandments shall have the esteem of those in the community, whose good opinion is worth having.

I appreciate the sentiment of Colonel Newcome: 'It is a grand thing to inherit a noble name; but, please God, you and I, Cline, will do that which is better, we will try to deserve one.'

"An old tree cannot be made in one generation," said Mr. Dillon; "and there is no use setting up pasteboard imitation, to be levelled by the first rude blast. It is for us to plant wisely, as did our forefathers, in order that posterity may honor us in our work. Each day we read of the wrecks of families. The majority are the result of extravagant living. Thirty years ago Darby and Joan were rich on \$3,000 a year. Now they are poor and mean on three times that sum."

"I think it strange," said Mrs. Murphy, "that people are so blind. Everybody is known and talked about. The cook, the dress maker, the grocer, and the others send abroad the injustice of the people, from whose folly they suffer."

"How old are your children, Tom," asked Mr. Dillon.

"The eldest, your namesake, is twenty-three; Imogene, twenty-one; Blanche, nineteen, and Percy seventeen."

"Has Edward any profession?"

"No; he says he cannot make up his mind. He graduated last year."

"Give me his points."

"I think he has some ability; he is an athletic fellow, delights in manly sport, but at present he is such a fop that I can't bear to look at him. He is not a fool, but he takes pleasure in looking like one. He is natural only when in trim for a game of foot ball; he appears to put on silliness with his fine clothes. If he could be taken from the set that flatters him I think his native good sense would assert itself. But we came to invite you to dine with us on Thursday; you can see the young folk then."

"I thank you for the invitation, but I desire to spend my free time with my friends here."

"I should like you to see the children and the place. Can you not go home with me for an hour tomorrow afternoon?"

"Can I come into town before 6.00?"

"O, yes, there is a train every hour."

"Very well, I will meet you at the station."

"Three o'clock sharp."

"All right."

In the silence that ensued, Mrs. Butler's voice sounded sharply from the end of the room where the ladies were conversing:

"What Catholic magazine have we that can compare with Harper's, for instance?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Redmond, "that you cannot institute a comparison between the two. The one is religious, the other secular; they are on entirely different lines. They may be equal in point of style, but because of the variety of subjects treated, the latter will be more generally attractive. Both may be useful, but the Catholic periodical is necessary. You find it difficult to discover any magazine of the kind superior to our Quarterly Review, or the Catholic World. I mention them because they are of our own neighborhood."

"I never see them," said Mrs. Butler, "I have no time for reading, except on Sundays, and then the newspapers take my time. I often wish we had good Catholic fiction."

"Are you speaking ironically?"

"No, indeed; I want something to give the girls; I can't make them read pious books all the time."

"Are they given to gorging themselves with spiritual reading, Kate?"

"No indeed; they read nothing but novels."

"I remember their mother had the same taste when she was their age. I am going to give a suggestion: I wish, I might hope, you would act on it: Go into a Catholic bookstore and ask for a catalogue; from it you can select a variety of delightful fiction, or subscribe for one of the magazines just mentioned, or for the *Ace Maria*. You will find in any of them book notices that will aid you in making a selection. You will find mentioned the works of Conrad Von Bolanden. His story of the Progressionists might have been written in this year, and in our own country, so true is it to life in this city. Mrs. Craven, Christian Reid, Kathleen O'Meara, and a host of others, too numerous to mention, furnish the stories of beautiful lives in exquisite language. There are some who maintain that the character of a man is affected by the kind of food he lives on. Be that as it may, I know that the woman who reads nothing more ennobling than a novel or a Sunday

newspaper, cannot fail to sink to the level of her mental pabulum. The depth she shall reach shall be limited only to the grade of temptation circumstance shall provide for her. The Columbian reading-circles are doing very good work," said Mrs. Murphy.

"Are they branches of the Chautauqua?"

"Better than that. One of them will supply just what you need. Through it you can learn what the church is doing in our own day. All the secular knowledge you need will be furnished from a Catholic stand point, and the meetings will make you acquainted with Catholic society."

"But what kind of people belong to it?"

"Your superiors and your equals, Kate. If there is no circle in your neighborhood you might easily form one. Choose a presiding officer of a liberal tone, who is so noble in herself that she is not afraid of knowing all kinds of people."

"I cannot think of any woman who answers that description."

"I tell you, Kate," said Mr. Butler, "that Miss Johns, whom we see in Church, has that air."

"She is not in our circle; she is a teacher or something."

"The sooner you cultivate her, the better. I see she drives home with the Brookes very often, and you know they are your admiration. She looks like a superior woman."

"I heard her say she was teaching now."

"I think I have the pleasure of knowing Miss Johns," said Mrs. Murphy. "She belongs to one of our time-honored Philadelphia families. She is an esteemed friend of Mary's, and teaches in her turn with her at the hall of the society called 'Our Neighbors.' She is wealthy, and has received an unusually thorough education."

"You would not think she was anybody to look at her; she has no style."

"I disagree with you, Kate; I thought her a grand creature the first time I saw her; but I looked at the woman and not at her dress. I suppose her time is given to better things than fashion."

The young people had been called to the parlor soon after Mrs. Butler's arrival. As they rejoined the family, Mr. Murphy inquired:

"Who were your callers, Mary?"

"Edith Biddle and Mr. Brock."

"Do they visit you?" inquired Mr. Butler, in a tone of mingled pique and surprise that were almost too much for Mary's gravity.

By an effort of self-control, Mary replied with becoming seriousness.

"Is not Miss Biddle very proud?" asked Mr. Butler.

"I have never seen any signs of it," replied Margaret.

"She was very cool to Blanche and Imogene, when they were introduced at Bar Harbor."

"Edith told me she had met the girls."

"I do not see how you get into such aristocratic society."

"The secret consists, Kate, in not trying," replied Mr. Dillon; "our friends here are satisfied with their own position, and live in accordance with fixed principles; their behavior wins for them the respect of people of distinction, who esteem them for their common sense."

"Spare our blushes," said Mrs. Murphy.

"I suppose we have formed many acquaintances through the societies that the girls and I belong to. Similarity of taste, interest in the same good works, have been the point of attraction in many instances. Many of our friends are entitled by birth, education and wealth to rank with the most exclusive people in this most conservative city of Philadelphia, but they view these as accidentals, and recognize that at judgment day the gifts of fortune will be considered only as the talents in the gospel. They will be judged according to their use or misuse of them. Mrs. Brooke, to whom you alluded, is one of the wealthiest women in the city. I am told that, with the exception of certain occasions, when she is obliged to return formal calls, her carriage is used principally to economize time in attending to charitable enterprises. She and Miss Johns are companions in most of the good works the Archbishop has under his supervision."

"I declare," cried Mr. Butler; "It is very late. We have passed a delightful evening, and I hope to repeat the experiment very soon."

"You will bring your welcome with you," said Mrs. Murphy.

CHURCH UNION.

III.

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



PEAKING of a depositary of traditions of faith, there could be a choice between two depositaries—a collegiate one and a single individual.

During the middle ages, and especially at the Council of Basle and in the Pragmatic Sanction of France, there was no doubt whatever that this depositary was the Catholic Church, but opinions differed as to the body in whom the authority was vested to declare a doctrine as founded in tradition, and hence to be believed by all. Some maintained that it was vested in the Pope only, others granted it to Pope and Oecumenic Council conjointly, whilst Basle and France asserted the superiority of an Oecumenic Council over the Pope and saw only in the teaching of the Church assembled in council an infallible witness of tradition.

The latter two opinions were held by minorities and were either expressly condemned or silently repudiated by adverse ruling. Now, and particularly since the Vatican Council dogmatised the infallibility of the Pope, there is not, and cannot be a doubt in a Catholic that the Pope individually is the depositary of faith, and that his decisions in matters of faith are the only ones commanding faithful submission and undoubted faith.

But, is this teaching correct? It is consonant with the bible and sustained through the ages by history.

If these questions be answered in the affirmative, Church-union is no longer a question. It becomes an absolute postulate of conscience, and union in this case means nothing else but submission to the teaching of the Apostolic See.

Now it can easily be shown that the Church founded by God is a theocracy, and that God vested the power of governing and teaching in a succession of individuals, each of whom inherited the full power from

his predecessor, and by this became not merely the director of a temporary organization, but the representative of God Himself, and hence the bearer of the divine commission to teach all nations, and teach them to observe all things.

From the very cradle of mankind God consecrated the power of ruling and teaching in the person of the Patriarch, who before his death transferred the powers thus received to one of his sons. It was an absolute postulate of unity, which cannot be preserved by any other means.

This system was more fully developed in the Mosaic law, where Aaron and his descendants were declared the representatives of Jehovah and the spiritual rulers of His chosen people. But their rule was not to be an arbitrary one. They had to consult God in the Holy of Holies and learn His will by the Urim et Thummim, which contained engraved upon precious stones the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. Thus the twelve different tribes were under the guidance of the High Priest as their centre of religious unity, and he in turn depended upon divine inspiration in his ruling.

As Christ declared that He had come not to abolish the law, but to fulfill it, we must expect to find in the new law an analogous institution, and this the more since the Christian Church is not a building raised upon entirely new foundations, but the final development of the religious shadowy types and figures contained in the old law.

Now Christ very often compares His Church to a plant. "I am the vine, you are the branches. The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed." How many seeds are wanted for a plant? How many main roots has a plant? There may be a large number of side roots, but they all communicate with the main root, and though they gather up from the ground whatever may be conducive to the growth and fertility of the plant, they can do so only as long as they are united to the main

root, forming thus one individual whole. Let them be separated, and even if they produce offshoots these do not belong to the parent plant. They may be similar, but not identic. They are no part or parcel of the plant.

St. Paul explains in his letter to the Hebrews that in the old law the high priest had to succeed high priest, because death prevented them from remaining, but that Christ in the new law had entered the Sanctuary once and forever in His own blood as the eternal High Priest. Hence the temporal rulers of the Church of Christ do not present to us a succession of bearers of power identical with the high priest according to the order of Aaron, but they are manifestations of one and the same high priest. We might call them changing impersonations of Christ, who thus fulfills His promise to abide with us even to the consummation of the world.

Hence the root once planted in Golgotha in expiation for the poisonous root planted in Paradise is and remains the self-same root through all ages, and, as Pope succeeds Pope, not a new root is planted, but the old one continues to work and to spread, issuing new side roots whenever a bishopric is established, and casting off decayed side roots whenever a bishopric is demolished, whilst the main root lives indestructible and replete with vitality, not being anything else but Christ in His Church.

Whatever may accrue to a plant from elsewhere will increase the bulk, but at the same time it remains a foreign matter incapable of assimilation, not having any vitality of its own, and therefore a hindrance to the plant, not a benefit.

These considerations allow but one con-

clusion. The Church was planted in Paradise, where the seed of the Redeemer was laid into the soul of sinful man. The blade appeared on the surface in patriarchal times, it spread and brought forth leaves and blossoms in the Mosaic law, it matured fruit in the Christian dispensation. It is a full grown fruit tree, incapable of further development and equally incapable of decay and death. The vitalizing, sustaining principle of the Church is the continued presence and activity of Christ, and as Christ is but one, the Church can be but one.

Therefore no scheme of Church union is worth a moment's consideration, if the Catholic Church be left out of it, and no union with the Catholic Church is possible unless it is based upon identity of creed and practice. The Church cannot change, because Christ cannot change. There is no possible compromise between truth and error. There is no possible exemption from the universal duty of submission to this Church.

We have religious establishments in plenty, but they are not the growth of the main root, hence not the plantation of God, and "every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted will be rooted up," says our Lord. No Church but the Catholic can lay claim to being *the* plant, as no Church can boast of its length of days—universal spread, external and internal union and the consequent fruits of sanctity. Hence let an union take place, but an union in right order, gathering all those redeemed by the blood of Christ into the one fold, under the one shepherd, and there will be one God, one faith, one body of Christ, and all the members thereof will be living members.



BITS OF TALK WITH OTHER WOMEN.

V.

OF LIFE IN THE OPEN.

BY MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK REDMOND.



NERVES and the American woman, unfortunately for her, have become synonyms. The robust and phlegmatic scoffers who still disbelieve in nervous prostration, insomnia and nervous headaches, grow fewer every year, convinced alas! by melancholy experience.

The American woman as a type has degenerated into, and not yet developed out of, a creature of high-strung nerves, keen sensibilities, immense energy and ambition, fragile frame and very negative muscular force. The life she leads rarely counterbalances her natural short-comings. Rather does it tend to exaggerate them and develop morbid tendencies into actual disease.

The number of nerve complaints grows alarmingly. Every day seems to add to the list. An authority on the subject, in a recent discourse on the species of disorder known as "house nerves," says: "The reason of house nerves are legion. Introspection is one. Let a woman sit at home day after day, week in and week out, and an analysis of everything and person within her ken naturally follows, herself included. A woman who studies herself, her wants and her desires, her ailments and loneliness, is on a fair road to an asylum, did she but know it.

"The cure is simple, but few follow it. Throw away your medicine and dieting. Patronize all the gayeties that your pocket book affords. Take long walks in the sunshine, and whenever a morbid thought comes think up a necessary errand, and it will dissolve like mist before the sun."

By a great many women fresh air is regarded as a more or less unnecessary luxury. Brought up in the school of self-sacrifice, as most of them are, ignorant of the laws

and requirements of health, taught to look upon the beautifying of home and the acquirement of the art of good housekeeping as the be-all and the end-all of their existence, the necessity of out of doors exercise never occurs to them. The benefit and the charm of days spent "in the open," to use a German phrase, are unknown to them.

Spring comes to these women as the season of house-cleaning, of house renovation, of the preparation of summer wardrobes, not as the time of the joyous upspringing of all living things, of the renewal of hope and energy.

The English woman, with her inherited constitutional strength, her placid temperament, her cultivated athletic tendencies, has a thousand advantages over her American sister. But, because the latter can never hope to enjoy, without exhaustion of mind and body, a daily ten-mile constitutional, is there any reason why she should not accustom herself to a walk every day of a mile or two, or five, if possible?

If we women once habituate ourselves to the exhilarating pleasure of a brisk walk every day, no matter what the weather, we shall find it an enjoyment, and rightly regarded, a duty not easily relinquished.

The cause of the wheel-woman needs no champion to-day. The bicycle speeds its triumphant course along, and the good it has done wheels with it, or rather diffuses to right and left through all the world. There are still, one must sadly believe, men and women of the never-to-be-exterminated old-fogy species, who shake their heads over the impropriety of cycling for women, over the woman-cyclist's short-skirted, sensible costume, over the injury to her health that is sure to result from such exercise.

To one who has ridden a wheel ever so little, the only answer to these critics—who are almost worthy of the venerable epithet

of carping—seem: to be the silent prayer that they, too, may some day find their physical salvation in wheeling. Then every bone, even after collision with the, to the novice, inevitable ice wagon, will breathe fervent blessings on and gratitude for the bicycle.

Ride a wheel, my dear fellow-woman, even if you do without the new carpet for your parlor, the expensive new gown for yourself, or above all—for I do not doubt he needs some practice in unselfishness—if your husband sacrifice some pet luxury to obtain it for you!

There never was a fit of blues, a worryment eating into the heart, or nervous headache, that an hour's spin on a wheel would not cure.

Therefore, ride if possible, and unless you are a centenarian or an absolute invalid, let no one persuade you that you are too old

or too feeble for an exercise that is so supremely and universally beneficial.

Open air exercise of some sort we must have. It is as much our duty as it is to take care of our houses, feed our husbands and wash our children's dirty faces. All these and other as womanly duties will be performed more cheerfully and more thoroughly if we invigorate ourselves daily in God's fair sunshine.

Then, Browning's verse will become engraved on our memory—our soul will exclaim with his:

"I find earth not gray, but rosy,
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue;
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy,
Do I stand and stare? All's blue."

Nature and nature's God will give us a broader, and kinder, and more cheerful spirit. Ourselves will be a less keen interest to us and our troubles least.

THE CORPORAL OF COMPANY "C."

A MAY STORY.

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

"O tell me, Sergeant of Battery B,
O hero of Sugar Pine!
Some glorious deed of the battle-field,
Some wonderful feat of thine." —*anon.*



T was the last day of May, and the devotions that evening at the Franciscan Church were unusually solemn. There was a procession of little boys and girls, beautifully attired in white, who carried flowers and banners behind the sodality girls, who were bearing aloft the statue of Our Lady. Our Lady was to be crowned that evening as the Queen of May. The *Te Deum* was solemnly sung by the whole congregation, together with several of the familiar hymns in honor of the Holy Mother of God. When the acolyte commenced to extinguish the candles, the

choir was just singing the last verse of the *O Sanctissima*.

Of course there was a sermon. The preacher was a venerable-looking man, whose silvery hair showed that, for many a year, and, perhaps in many a clime, he had served in the grand army of the Lord. He was a Jesuit. His theme was "Constancy in devotion to the Holy Mother of God." "Mary protects those who honor her," he said, "and among the priests of God there are none, perhaps, who cannot relate one, or more instances in which the Blessed Virgin has shown her great love for her clients. I would, indeed, be an unworthy son of St. Ignatius, did I refrain from relating incidents, in my own experience, redounding to Mary's honor, and which should serve to move us to greater zeal in her service.

"When I was stationed at a mission beyond the Missouri," he continued, "my work was principally among the Indians. Those children of the plains are much

devoted to the Mother of the Great Spirit. At one of my stations it was customary to have the May devotions on Tuesdays and Fridays, and of course I had to be there, in rain or shine. However, on one of those days I was missing. I had had a sick call about forty-six miles away. I was called to administer the last Sacrament to a poor old negro, who in his youth had escaped to the North. Some of the ranchmen employed him as a cook, but his days of usefulness were now over, and he calmly died as a result of old age. On my return from the hut of my colored friend, I found that the creeks had swollen to a dangerous depth, hence I could not reach the agency, and the devotions there were postponed to the next day—Saturday.

"Perhaps my delay was a fortunate one, at least for one poor fellow. On the evening of my arrival, after services, the chief told me that they had a man,—probably a soldier,—in custody, who had been caught pillaging, a very serious offence with the much abused Indians. The unlucky captive had been duly tried and condemned by all the chiefs, and was to have been executed that morning. However, the Indians delayed carrying out the sentence, until they had consulted me on a matter which made them very scrupulous. So in company with the chief I visited the prison. When the door was unbolted, the poor captive hailed my coming with delight. 'O Father,' he exclaimed, 'the Blessed Virgin has sent you to rescue me.' Afterwards, he told me he had never prayed so much in his whole life to the Holy Mother of God as he had during those brief hours of his incarceration.

"What made the Indians hesitate in carrying out the sentence was that, in pulling off the soldier's bluecoat, they discerned what appeared very familiar to them,—a scapular,—or rather the appearance of one. It was well faded, and I observed that it was kept from falling apart by a shoe-string, or something of the sort. 'You are a lucky man,' I said to the prisoner, 'and the best way you can show your gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, who has evidently saved you, is to go to the Sacraments to-morrow morning. By doing so, you will likewise greatly edify my Indians.' The next day, as he was about to return to the fort, I gave him a note to the

colonel, in order that he might escape any punishment for his apparent desertion. It was also a fortunate thing that that soldier escaped, for another reason, for had he been executed, the government would have made the Indians pay dear for it, whether they were in the right or wrong. I do not know what became of this soldier of whom I speak. If he is still living, I am sure he has not forgotten his heavenly benefactress. This whole thing proves, my dear brethren, that Mary truly protects those who wear her livery, and who cry to her in affliction."

Corporal Gunn (I shall so call him, although it is not his real name,) and his family were at the Franciscan Church on the morning when the venerable Jesuit told his memorable story. I ought to say here that the corporal was better known as "the captain," for it seems that all ex-military men receive from civilians a title some degrees higher than that by which they were known among their comrades. The corporal and his family were very devout Catholics, and never missed any church service except for very urgent reasons.

On that last evening in May, Corporal Gunn was walking home from church in company with a neighbor, known as Herr Freidenker. The latter was not known as a Catholic, except perhaps in the baptismal register. That evening Freidenker was going to Germania Hall to see the "Red Flag" played. However, he changed his mind, and went to church, at the earnest solicitation of Gunn, who told him he would hear some fine singing.

That night everything was sung by the whole congregation, except one soprano solo. This tickled Freidenker's musical ear, and on the way home he was saying in an animated way to the corporal: "By thunder! Cap, I think the fraulein nearly reached that high 'C.'"

"What is the matter?" he went on, perceiving that Gunn was very silent. "You had already scared me in the church, you looked so pale."

"Excuse me please, Herr Freidenker, but really I do not feel like talking to-night. Come around to the house to-morrow night after Vespers," was Gunn's brief remark.

The fact of the matter is, that the corporal seemed greatly moved by an air which his little boy, who walked ahead of him, was humming. It was the *O Sanctissima*, the melody of which awakened many past thoughts in Gunn's mind. However, for the nonce, he kept his thoughts to himself.

In dismissing Freidenker with a hearty "good night," he added: "Don't forget to call. It's Sunday, and you have plenty leisure. By the way, how do you use the time on Sundays?"

"Ach!" said Freidenker, "I sleep the morning through. In the afternoon I read the *Teufelsblatt*, and in the night we play sixty-six."

"Well, come around, if you can," said Gunn, when parting.

At eight o'clock next evening, Freidenker could be seen at the corporal's house, comfortably seated in an easy chair, and busily engaged in working a wire through the stem of his long pipe.

"I didn't think that you would be so easily moved, Cap," commenced Freidenker, referring to the corporal, who was so visibly affected the night before.

When his pipe was burning nicely, he continued: "Well, after all, I was glad I was not at that theatre. I might have been hurt in that accident too, by golly!"

"You were very fortunate in escaping," broke in the corporal, but let me tell you of a lucky escape of mine some years ago. After all, Freidenker, it pays to be religious, and—"

"That is enough," interrupted Freidenker, "don't preach to us, captain, the pfaff is paid to do that. Make some music, Maria," he said, wheeling around towards the corporal's daughter.

So to please Freidenker, Mary played a few pieces, at the same time thinking to herself that "music hath charms to move the savage breast," but she didn't dare express it. She gave in succession, "The Watch on the Rhine," "Sherman's March," and several military pieces, and, as a finale, softly rendered (what was then uppermost in her mind) the air of the *O Sanctissima*, which her little brother accompanied with his sweet treble voice. During this last piece the corporal's watery eyes were alternately resting on a lovely oleograph of the Madonna and a beautiful picture of the "Last Roll Call." Mary

had unconsciously awakened a silent chord in her father's breast. As for Freidenker, he was intently gazing at the rings of smoke which gracefully ascended from his yard and a half of pipe. When the corporal's daughter closed the organ, Freidenker exclaimed: "That was good Maria! If I had much money I would send you to one of those music conservatories in my old Heimath."

"Thank you, Herr Freidenker," said Mary, "but I am content if I know how to play a few simple hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin."

"Now," said Corporal Gunn, "I do not intend to follow up the music with a sermon, but with the permission of our friend here, (looking at Freidenker) I think I can relate something which will interest the company for half an hour. It will be something new to my own family."

"Let us hear it," answered everyone in course.

"Well," proceeded Gunn, "you all heard Father X.— last evening relate that incident of the soldier who escaped the Indian bullets. I was that soldier."

Mary brought her chair nearer, while Freidenker pulled vigorously at his pipe, being unconscious that it was not burning.

"I was a pretty good boy in my young days," continued the corporal. "I sang in the childrens' choir, and was considered a rather fair singer. Many a time I sang that *O Sanctissima* which Mary has played for us to-night. Whenever I hear it I feel greatly moved. When I heard it in church last evening it awakened many pathetic recollections.

"In 1876, soon after gallant Custer and his men made their last charge, I hadn't much to do. One day, passing the recruiting office in one of the large cities, I noticed the stars and stripes floating in front of the door. I fell into conversation with the sergeant in charge, and some days later found myself a private of Company "C" en route to the plains. I was soon promoted to the rank of corporal, but never reached the captaincy as our friend Freidenker would have you believe.

"We saw little fighting except a few skirmishes with an unruly band of bucks, who were ever on the outlook for some one else's store of 'fire-water,' or in fact anything that was movable. In camp, outside

of drill, we had little to do except spin yarns and play cards. You can easily imagine that we became very neglectful of our religious duties. 'Tis true, we had a chaplain. His name was Voltaire Perfectos (out of respect to the cloth the writer does not wish to reveal the chaplain's real name.) Strange to say, the chaplain was no Catholic, indeed, it is hard to say if he had any religion, while most of the company were Catholics. One of the privates told me that Perfectos had been a cigar-maker, and times being dull, he looked around for a more paying occupation. One day he was inspired to send a box of his namesakes to President Grant, and one fine morning he woke up to find himself a United States army chaplain, and thus got a new handle to his superlative name in the shape of "Reverend." Perfectos was a harmless sort of a fellow, but now and then he gave vent to a little bigotry, mistaking it for religious zeal, which he thought he was bound to practice occasionally in order to keep his hand in, especially when the paymaster was around, and to show that 'the servant is worthy of his hire.' However, Perfectos didn't make much use of his religious ammunition, since the boys were always ready to reply with a well-directed volley of words. Sometimes, though for

fun's sake, they made the chaplain pull his trigger at someone else's expense. I was the target at times.

"One day we heard that a black-gown (as the Indians call the priests) would soon be in the neighborhood. Finally it was announced that the missionary would be on hand the next Sunday. I think it was about the middle of May. Of course we all asked to go to the settlement, except Perfectos, who couldn't go on principle. So the captain announced that 'Corporal Gunn (myself of course) is detailed to bring the company to the church,' or, what served for such. Everyone went, some for duty's sake, some through curiosity, some to do a little flirting, and others—especially myself—to square up their conscience.

"I ought to say here, that only a week before, in a brush with the Indians, a bullet had whizzed too uncomfortably near my head, and I came near being mustered out of service for good. I wasn't yet quite prepared to let any sing over me:

*All honor to our soldier dead—
Who nobly fought to save this land,*

so I thought it was safer not to delay in coming to terms with the heavenly Paymaster."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DEATH OF MARTIN LUTHER.

BY CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



DEARLY anyone in the history of the world has been, at the same time, the object of such admiration and such contempt, such praise and such blame, as the man whose name stands inscribed in the title of this essay.

From his fiery youth, when crowned with honors, to old age he possessed a host of admirers and friends as well as numerous enemies who abhorred his very name. Both admiration and contempt survived him, and they have been handed down from generation to generation to the present

day. Of all the moments of his eventful life that which must appear most interesting as well to those in whose minds Martin Luther is enshrined as a saint, as to those who look upon him as a miserable heresiarch, is the moment of his death. If it is true that death is the echo of life, then ought that of Martin Luther to re-echo his career, as death does the lives of most mortals. If he was the saint his followers have represented him to be, then ought his death to have been that of the saint, the death of the just. If, on the other hand, he led the life of a sinner, as others believed, it will not be astonishing to learn that he died the death of the

sinner, which is the worst death. *Mors peccatorum pessima.*

More than three centuries now separate us from the moment when the soul of Luther left its earthly habitation. Much has been written concerning him since that time, both by friends and foes, and it is from the divergent and contradictory statements in regard to his last moments that we now try to gather some satisfactory information.

It was the year 1546, and Luther was about 63 years of age. His long and troubled life was drawing to a close. For some time the head of the Reformer had been greatly troubled; unrest and doubt agitated it, and bitter disappointment added its most poignant grief. His work had been a failure. He had once believed, that during his life time he would behold the end of the Papacy and the complete triumph of his "gospel," but, as his years advanced, he saw his work lose more and more, while the Papacy gained ground. From Luther's rebellion had sprung various sects and numerous opinions. Protestantism was split up. No wonder that his soul felt tired. Being once asked at table whether the words with which Jeremias cursed the day of his birth were not sinful, he replied, that the murmur of Jeremias was justifiable, and added: "One is saddened, when, in spite of the best intentions, things turn out badly. The thought haunts me that *I wish that I had never begun this affair.* I would rather be dead than behold the contempt of God's word and of His faithful servants."

Before the year 1530 he had said: "Let us continue the work of the gospel two years longer, and you shall see where the Pope, the bishops, papists, monks, nuns, etc., will be." (1) Two years and more had elapsed, but the power of the Pope was stronger than ever.

The increasing strength of the Papacy was, however, not the only trial of Luther's last years. The greater number of the princes and nobles whom he had so flattered, held him in contempt. They needed him no longer; they had had their share of the booty. Even many of the people cared no more for him. He often complained that he was tired of the world, and the world of him. His mind was harassed

by doubts and anxiety, his body tortured by physical agony, while domestic cares added to the suffering he underwent. Is it then astonishing that he longed for death?

Bugenhagen affirmed that, in the last months of his life, Luther had often told him, that he wished soon to leave this valley of tears, that he could do no more on earth, had become useless, and that they ought not to pray that he might live longer. Years before his death, when suffering from the stone, he exclaimed: "I wish there were a Turk here to kill me." (1) He had also frequently the temptation to put an end to his own life. As a proof of this we cite the following instance: It happened once that the parish priest of Guben, while seated at table with Luther, said that he was often tempted by the devil to stab himself when taking a knife into his hand, or to hang himself when he happened to see a rope. Luther answered: "It has also often happened to me that when I took a knife into my hands the same evil thoughts came into my mind." (2)

Luther was in this state of mind when in 1546 he came to Eisleben, the place of his birth. During the latter years of his life he affirmed that the devil tormented him sorely; he had even insinuated that he feared the evil spirit would cause him to be found dead in the morning. His friends were alarmed, lest he might do harm to himself, and, therefore, they gave him a special attendant to watch over him. It was at Eisleben that Luther died. A short time after his death his three friends, Ansfaber, Justus Jonas and Michael Coelius, composed a history "of the last days of their master," which, down to the present day, has served as the only authentic historical source concerning Luther's death.

According to the history, Luther left Wittenberg on January 23rd, 1546, at the solicitation of the Count of Mansfeld. The first night of his journey he spent at Butterfeld, and, on January 24th, arrived at Halle, where he sojourned with Doctor Jonas, and preached on January 25th, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. On January 28th he left Halle with his three sons and Jonas. On his arrival at Eisleben he became ill and suffered from his

(1) Audin—Life of Luther—ch xxxi.

(2) Frochreden—Eisleben, 1569—p. 277a.

(1) Tischreden—Eisleben, 1569, p. 185.

stomach, so much so that alarm was felt for his life. In the evening, however, feeling better, he took his supper and appeared contented. From January 29th until February 17th he preached four times, received once the communion from the priest at the altar, communicated another time, received absolution and ordained two priests. Every evening he retired at eight o'clock or earlier, and said his evening prayers at the window. On the evening of February 17th he complained of a feeling of oppression in his chest. At nine o'clock he went to bed, saying: "If I could sleep for half an hour, I hope, all would be better." He then slept until ten o'clock, while Jonas, Coelius, his servant Ambrose, and his two little sons, Martin and Paul, remained with him. On his awaking he asked them if they would not retire. He arose, walked through the room, and said: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, Thou hast redeemed me, Lord, God of Truth." Having returned to bed, he spoke: "Doctor Jonas and Master Coelius and the others, pray for our Lord God and His gospel, that they may fare well, for the Council of Trent and the Pope are very angry with them." He then slept until after midnight. After this he began to suffer much. About the same time Coelius

ran quickly out of the sick room, followed by Anisfaber, to call the inn-keeper, Johann Albrecht, the town clerk and his wife, and two physicians. All these arrived within a quarter of an hour. Count Albrecht and the countess also hastened to the bed of the dying man. Meanwhile Luther exchanged a few words more with Jonas and Coelius. He prayed for a short while, and pronounced several texts of scripture. He then said: "Into Thy hands, Father, I commend my spirit; Thou has redeemed me, God of Truth." He soon became still. They tried to arouse him; the countess applied various restoratives, but his eyes were closed; he spoke not. Finally Coelius and Jonas cried out forcibly to him: "Reverend Father, will you persevere and die in Christ and the doctrines you have preached?" "Yes," he answered. This was Luther's last word, a confirmation of the work begun on All Saints Day at Wittenberg. He shortly after drew a deep breath and expired. Not willing to believe that he was dead, his friends employed all means to restore him, but it was too late. This is the account of Luther's death given us by his friends, who were said to be eye-witnesses of the closing scenes of his life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

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

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1896.

There are many things we wait to learn in heaven, because out of heaven they are so poorly taught. Mary is one of these.—
FR. FABER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Many people are especially fond of looking for shadows as they walk through life. Nothing pleases them better than hunting for them, and making them—the longer and darker the better. 'Tis fun, of course,

to see one's own shadow, never a beautiful one at best, but something to laugh at even if it is one's other self. Now the delightful month of May has come, and if ever there were a time to forget all things gloomy and sad, to get out of the shadow and look only for the glorious sunlight, it is now.

Dear Father Faber, that most charming of men, the apostle of geniality and the very soul of winning good nature, says: "There is much in the world to make us sad, the sorrows of the Church and our own little love of God, Yet can

we help a certain jubilee of heart in thinking that the Month of God's Mother has now begun, that each day of it is bringing more and more glory to God, and more and more help to the church, because millions upon millions of souls in every clime and of every blood are daily growing in the deep reverence and deeper love of the Immaculate Mother of God? O, that the days were longer and would pass more slowly, that we might fill them fuller of devotion to this dearest Mother!"

There, dear children, is a sermon for you. Now *how* are we going to fill the sweet May days full of Mary the Queen of this lovely month of sunshine and flowers?

First go out to meet her early in the morning. What would the month of Mary be without daily Mass? Oh, that we could have an apostle rise up in our own day to teach us all, young and old, the value of the holy Mass! If the many, nay the multitude of Catholics who are content with the Sunday Mass of obligation, could be convinced of the great gain it would be to them to go to Mass every day, our churches would soon be filled on week days, and the faith of our people made a living thing. Think how the holy souls in Purgatory must envy us who are able to hear Mass, and how keen must be the remorse of many there who loved their pillow better than their pew before the altar. I know someone deeply devoted to them, who never leaves the church without making a second genuflection at the door for the poor souls who would gladly come back to do reverence to our Lord in His holy tabernacle. So, dear children, let this be our one great offering to our Blessed Lady in this her own sweet month. Nothing greater can we offer her. Why even *she* might envy us our privilege of going to daily Mass. Think of her at Ephesus after the Ascension of our Blessed Lord. There, in the house of St. John, the beloved Disciple, the first child of Mary, she assisted at daily Mass and received Holy Communion every day. Remind her of those happy days when her heart was longing, oh! so ardently, for God and heaven. Yes, go to Mass every day in May and you will get *everything* you want—all your prayers *will* be answered. Our dear Blessed Mother could not refuse you after thirty-one days whose first hours were spent on Calvary. Do we think of that, I

wonder, when we are going to Mass? Going to Calvary! And then on May 31 we will celebrate the crowning glory of the month—the feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. That means all things come to us through Mary. She leads us to the Sacred Heart and *no* child of hers *can* go elsewhere. Keep close to her then, dear children. Make a compact with her that you will never take your hand out of hers. Oh! how safe will you be at the hour of death if our dear Mother Mary held your hand. Why, our Lord could not send you out of His presence forever if His Mother must go with you. Tell her so—sweetly and simply. Be a little child and she will not only hold your hand, but carry you—where? To heaven of course—and it is quite possible even that she will not even let you go to Purgatory. Why *must* you go there? Is it not the one thing in life to escape Purgatory? So be wise. Let the month of May make misers of us all. Fairly "printing money," to pay our debts, make our Blessed Lady the treasurer, and hold tight the hand of the Mother of Mercy. A child of Mary can not be lost. St. Alphonsus Ligouri knew all about it. Take his word for it and be radiantly happy this May because you are so safe.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

XVI.

RIDDLING FOREST.

- What tree is the homeliest?
- What tree is an Irish city?
- What tree plagued the Egyptians?
- What tree means a couple?
- What tree has for ages withstood the fury of the ocean?
- What tree keeps school boys in order?
- What trees were made for speaking?

XVII.

Who went to sea for fear of drowning?

XVIII.

Why are some people always in a hurry?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE.

(IN APRIL NUMBER.)

1. My body.
2. Eyelids.
3. Knee caps.
4. Drums.
5. Feet.
6. Nails.
7. Soles.
8. Muscles.

9. Palms.
10. Two lips.
11. Calves.
12. Hairs.
13. Heart.
14. Lashes.
15. Arms.
16. Veins.
17. Instep.
18. Eyes and nose.
19. Pupils.
20. Tendons.
21. A chest.
22. Temples.
23. Gums.
24. Crown.
25. Palate.
26. Skull.
27. Bridge (of nose).
28. Shoulders.
29. Elbows.
30. Organs.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. When was the Te Deum composed?
2. What town in the U. S. is named for the patroness of Paris?
3. What town for a Jesuit missionary?
4. What city for a Franciscan friar?
5. For whom is Lake Champlain named?
6. Who was the first Christian woman of Europe whose name we know?

MAXIMS FOR MAY.

21. If you love study you will neither be a burden to yourself nor to others.

—SENECA.

22. There is no "to-morrow" for a Christian.

23. Every man has some wealth which is his natural inheritance; mine is cheerfulness, which is the only patrimony my parents left me, but which I value more than all the treasures of the world.

POPE CLEMENT XIV.

24. "Behold thy Mother!" From the cross He gave her—not to one alone. We are His brethren—unto us He gave a Mother, as to John.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

25. Modesty has more charms than beauty.

AN ALMOST FATAL CURE.

BY W. R.

CONTINUED.

They set to work, and under Harry's able hands a fine sled was in a few days a reality. Paint was procured and both sleds were prettily painted and named. Paul very much enjoyed the work of charity. Nettie had told Fred about the half dollar, and had received it from him. Some time after she met Fred and told

him she had given the money to the little girl Harry had spoken of. Paul, who was standing by and heard this, remarked:

"Why, that little girl is Jimmy Carter's sister. Jimmy is the boy the sled is for, and maunapromised to buy him a cap and gloves for the cold weather. When Christmas comes I can bring him a present."

"Me, too, for Mamie," said Nettie, quite interested in the matter.

"Say I!" cried Paul, who enjoyed correcting Nettie's little blunders.

Some days after we meet Harry in the shop again. Every feature speaks of anger. He has just pulled a case from his pocket, and opening it he takes out a very pretty and neat knife. Harry had bought it for Maggie, the family cook, as a birthday present. But "a knife or fork or anything sharp" was rejected by the cook. This made Harry furious. He plunged the knife deeply into the top of a chopping block and turned over the handle. A sharp crack, and the intended present was a wreck, the pretty case was crushed beneath the angry boy's feet. While in his rage he did not notice a face at the window. It disappeared, and a moment later Maggie stood before him. She said to him: "O, Harry, indeed I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Get out of this and don't bother me," was all he could say. He turned away from the girl. Tears began to fill his eyes at the thought of the humiliation he had suffered. Maggie immediately left the shop. She feared the boy when he was angry and she knew he was not to be tampered with.

Harry began to talk to himself when she left. "If that was a boy of my size, I'd give him a sound beating. That's common sense to refuse a well meant gift! I'll know to whom to offer something the next time!"

He then sat down and brooded over the mishap for some time. While still worrying over the matter, Paul came rushing into the shop without at first taking any notice of him. He picked up a hammer and was about to leave, when Harry stopped him:

"Say, Paul, what do you mean by coming in here, grabbing up a hammer and running out, or trying to, without a word?"

"Upon my word, Harry, I didn't see you."

"What do you intend to do with the hammer?"

"Maggie wishes to put a nail in the wall to hang up a picture."

"A picture!"

"Yes, I bought her a birthday present. It's a picture of Our Lord visiting Martha and Mary Magdalene, and Maggie wants to hang it in her room."

"Has she no hatchet to drive nails with?"

"I don't know that. But I must hurry, or she will think I am never going to come back." Saying this Paul started off, but Harry stayed him again.

"Leave that hammer here. She can use a hatchet and you go and tell her I said so."

"No I will not! Take your hammer. I'll get John's hammer from the stable. Spoil Maggie's birthday pleasure? No, I will not."

In a moment Harry was again alone. Baffled, chagrined at the failure of his attempt to revenge himself, his humor became anything but better. Time and sleep seemed to have had no effect in his case. He was sullen and irritable the next morning. At the breakfast table he spoke little and avoided Maggie, who was very much mortified for her behavior. Mrs. Nollet, to whom Maggie had related the happenings of the day, said to her: "Well, Maggie, I never would refuse ever so small, or even inappropriate, a present if I were certain of the good intentions of the giver. Now Harry's gift was not at all to be despised. I for my part think that you are foolish to believe such a thing as 'A knife or fork or anything sharp is sure to cut our friendship apart.'"

These words explain Maggie's feelings of mortification and embarrassment.

After breakfast Harry repaired to the library to read away his bad humor. He felt and knew that he was faulty in his behavior. The first book he selected had no pleasure in it for him. He began to look for another, and while he was thus engaged Paul entered the library. He also was on a search for a book to pass his promised hour at study. Latin grammar had no charms. The day was too hot, as he argued. He picked up a book he found on the table. It was Longfellow's "Outre-Mere." Harry had kept his eyes on Paul since he had come in. As soon as he picked up the book

Harry said: "Drop that book, Paul. You shall not read it."

"Who said so?"

"I say so."

"You have nothing to say about it and I mean to read it. This seems a good thing, 'Martin Franc and the Monk of Saint Anthony.'"

Having read this title, Paul started away. Harry, who was on a stool to get a book beyond his reach, stepped down, saying "Drop that book."

Paul, however, did not listen. He proceeded to leave when he saw Harry coming down to follow him. Then he began to run. Passing through the sitting room he came to the parlor and tried to escape through the hall. Harry was enraged. In passing the sitting room he had picked up a toy bucket and when he came to the parlor he hurled it at Paul with all the force at his command. Paul dodged and the bucket went crashing through one of the large parlor windows.

"Now you have done it," cried Paul.

"Yes, I did it, and I'll not take a word from anyone about it, you young scamp. Take that book back! Father said I dare not read it and then you are not allowed to read it either."

"Why didn't you say that sooner?" were Paul's parting words as he left to return the book.

Harry hurried from the room. He heard footsteps coming hastily in the direction of the parlor. He feared reproofs and punishment. In a few moments he was out of the house with his First Communion souvenir in his pocket. It was a five dollar gold piece. He had received it from his Aunt Mary on that day of days. His memories of the occasion returned. How Aunt Mary had kissed him after High Mass and said: "Here, my dear Harry, is my little gift. It is gold. Oh! how I do wish your heart would remain ever as incorruptible as this small piece of gold. May you be like it in another respect. Polished in virtue and all good things that should adorn a good, noble boy and a good Catholic. Do not give it away. Cherish it as a remembrance from me."

The thought was extremely painful, but he had not enough of other money to pay for the window pane. He sacrificed the gold coin to his pride and anger. In a short

time Harry reached a paint shop, where he ordered a man to go up, measure for the window and put it in at once. He left the gold coin, remarking that he would return for change. Then he returned home and without anyone noticing it he got into the carpenter shop and locked the door.

During his absence not a little excitement had been witnessed at the house. The crash had called the members of the household to the parlor. Paul explained the whole matter and received a reprimand from his mother. After a few words to the servants Mrs. Nollet went to her room. Here she tried to quiet the emotions which excited her and prayed for her boy who so much lacked an essential quality necessary to every person: self control. Her pain and sorrow were increased when the painter came to measure for the window, and when she heard that Harry had paid with a gold coin. Paul, on hearing this, hurried to his room, took the contents of the savings bank and as fast as he could ran to the glazier's to obtain the gold coin. "I am to be blamed for all this. Why didn't I listen to him. I knew he was wild about Maggie," he soliloquized.

His errand to the glazier was of no avail. The gold coin had been given to a stranger in change for a large bill. But Paul made up his mind to give Harry one-half of what the window pane would cost. When he came home his mother sent him to Aunt Mary to see if Harry had not gone there. But Harry had not been seen. Nettie had looked for him at the carpenter soap and found the door locked. She called, but no answer came. She tried to look in at the window, but it was beyond her height. That the door was locked made her conclude that Harry was there, and to make sure she went to the stable to procure John's help. John was busy polishing the harness, and so she came close without his taking any note of her presence. With her finger on her lips she beckoned him to keep quiet and asked him to lift her up to look in at the shop window. They quietly went around to the shop. John did as requested and Nettie on looking in at the window saw Harry sitting before the bench, on which his arms were resting. He had his head deeply bowed, resting it on his arms. As soon as Nettie was satisfied that it was Harry she asked John to let her down, and after thanking him for his service she ran

to the door. She gave a sound rap, but no answer came. Then she called: "Harry, please open the door." And still no answer came.

"Harry, please open the door. I saw you through the window." Harry was hard this time. It seemed as though Nettie should not succeed. She knocked again and cried louder: "Harry, do come and open the door. It's dreadfully hot out here." Nettie's persistent knocking at last brought him about. He opened the door, and Nettie gazed into a tear-stained face.

Harry turned away and resumed his seat. He deeply bowed his head. Nettie's innocent gaze was too much for him. For some time the little girl did not know what to say. Tears began to fill her eyes. To end the suspense she put her hand on Harry's arm and said to him: "Mamma wants you, Harry."

Harry looked up and saw the same blue eyes intently looking at him. He knew he must do something, so he said: "Nettie, I cannot go up now. I will be up after awhile."

This was not what Nettie wished. She would have him come with her at once. She now began to coax. "Do come on Harry, Mamma cried because you ran away."

"Oh, I cannot talk to mamma now. She would scold me."

"No she won't. She just said to Mary: 'I wish Harry were here.'"

Harry had yet a short struggle with himself and, at last, determined to go up to speak with his mother.

It was an unusual sight to see the two go so quietly up the walk to the house. Nettie was so very thoughtful. She did not speak a word, but quietly walked at Harry's side. His excellent training alone could influence him to the action he was about. He was nervous, but determined to have the matter adjusted. Entering the house he at once repaired to his mother's room. The door of the room was open and his mother sat at the window sewing. Harry paused at the door while Nettie ran in saying: "Mamma, Harry's here." This caused him to enter, but he was at a loss how to proceed. His mother, while earnestly gazing at him, discerned what had gone on in his heart. His tear-stained face told her a story of painful remorse. Prudence and kindness would do here what no scolding ever effected. Tears again began to make objects dim before Harry. A choking sensation made him feel miserable, and he could not speak a word, but the suspense was soon at an end. Mrs. Nollet with a kind voice which told, however, how painfully she had been touched by his behaviour, said to him: "Harry, I hope this was the last time your temper mastered you. You will be a more manful, gentle boy after this."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE month of May is the month of Mary. The month of flowers is the month of the "Flower of Carmel."

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MANY of our Catholic journals published richly illustrated Easter numbers. Among others we noticed especially *The New World* and *The Western Catholic News*, of Chicago, *The Freeman's Journal*, New York, *The Orphans' Bouquet*, of Boston, with its pretty colored cover; *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, &c., &c.

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EVERY Catholic Church in the world will have an altar, or at least a statue of the Blessed Virgin, decorated with flowers and ornamented as far as means will allow, in honor of Mary, during this lovely month. Every Catholic home ought to have some representation of the Heavenly Queen in prominence, before which the family can pay their devotions to the "Mother of beautiful love."

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THOSE who are unable to attend May devotions in church, should make it a point to substitute some practice of devotion to the Immaculate Queen in their homes. Many indulgences can thus be gained at home. And all of us should erect a shrine in our hearts to the "Mother of Divine Grace" and there pay our daily homage to the "Queen." There is surely no Catholic, who still has a spark of faith in his soul, who has not a warm corner in his heart for our "Mother."

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THE feast of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi on the 25th of May is dear to every lover of Carmel. Through the kindness of Senor Lino Soler, the venerable editor of the *Revista Carmelitana* in Spain, we are enabled to present our readers with a good picture of this great saint of prayer and divine love. The poem on our first page is a glowing tribute to the dear Florentine saint, whose body, as tender and pliable as on the day of her death, and free from all

corruption, lies under the high altar of the chapel of the Carmelite Nuns in Florence. It will be exposed to the veneration of the faithful during the octave of her feast.

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ANOTHER great saint of the month is St. Simon Stock—the sixth Latin General of our order. His feast is on the 16th of the month. He was an Englishman. It was in the oratory of the Carmelite Priory in Cambridge, England, that the Blessed Virgin appeared to him and gave him the Scapular of Mount Carmel. It is now more than six hundred years since this heavenly gift was bestowed on the Christian world. England has become untrue to Mary and her Son since then, but we may be sure that our saint has not forgotten his native land. Love for the Mother of Jesus is beginning to revive in that remarkable country, which has so long remained in the shadow of the valley of death. But England needs a visitation of God, before she will again bow in humble supplication before the "Mother of Mercy." And if signs deceive not, she is rapidly approaching her days of visitation. May she know them when they are upon her before it is too late, and again become the "dowry of Mary."

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DURING the beautiful month of May, many devout clients of Mary seek the shrines dedicated to her honor. It is also the beginning of the season at Niagara Falls. We invite our friends, who may choose this month for their visit to the Falls, to pay a visit to the shrine of Our Lady of Peace, attached to the Carmelite Monastery at Falls View. A plenary indulgence can be gained by such a visit, and seven years and seven quarantines for every subsequent visit during the same year, both indulgences applicable to the souls in purgatory.

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DURING these days of Apaisim, it was an act of unusual significance to present the "Laetare" medal to the sole survivor of the

great generals who brought the late civil war to a successful issue. The choice of such a representative Catholic patriot and hero by the faculty of Notre Dame University was a most conclusive answer to the silly and malicious calumnies of those foul-mouthed disturbers of the peace. A man like General Rosecrans could not be bred in their ranks. Patriotism and heroism are natural to a good Catholic, and the heart of this noble soldier did not beat less loyally in his breast, because he had been taught to look upon love of country as a Christian virtue. Such a breast deserves the decoration awarded by an institution of learning which teaches the same lessons to the Catholic youth of the present generation. Long may the brave general live to wear it.

.

We were reminded of apostolic times when we read in the papers of the noble and magnanimous refusal by Archbishop Elder of a residence valued at \$100,000 because it would detach him too much from the people of his Cathedral parish. They were bearing the burden of a heavy debt, he said, and he could not reconcile it with his idea of duty to live at a distance from them, when his presence among them seemed to be so necessary to make them bear their burden cheerfully, while his departure might have an opposite result. This is the language of a true shepherd.

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THE General Intention for the "League of the Sacred Heart" during the month of May is "Pilgrimages to the Shrines of Our Lady." Our readers and friends know that we have such a shrine attached to the Carmelite Monastery at Niagara Falls, Ont. "Our Lady of Peace" has been erected into a pilgrimage by Pope Pius IX. at the request of the late Archbishop of Toronto, the Most Rev. J. J. Lynch. The votive offerings, crutches and other signs of former devotion at this shrine had been removed at the time, but we have authentic proof of many a grace received in this humble sanctuary. It is as highly indulged as any place of pilgrimage in the world. A plenary indulgence is accorded to all those who make the pilgrimage and receive the sacraments. They may go to confession and communion at any other church. This indulgence can be gained

once a year. But there is an indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines attached to *every single* visit made to this shrine at any time. Besides it has all the indulgences attached to Carmelite churches—as it is continually served by the Carmelite Fathers. In carrying out the Intention of the League, therefore let our friends remember the shrine on the banks of the Niagara. We shall send a beautiful letter on this pilgrimage shrine, by Archbishop Lynch, to all those who wish to know more about its beauties.

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WE were very near having Salvation lasses in brown. When Ballington Booth decided upon separating from the army controlled by his father, he cast about for a new name for his followers and a new uniform for his soldiers and amazons. He called them "God's American Volunteers," and thought of a brown uniform. Luckily, the lasses objected to the Carmelite color, and he had to pacify them with costumes in cadet blue. We are heartily glad that we were spared the infliction of a sham brown habit on a salvation lass. Another Booth, sister of the above, married to a Mr. Tucker, and called Mrs. Booth-Tucker, came over across the ocean to take charge of the original Salvation Army, while her own infant child was dying in England. It has died since, and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, whose place as a Christian mother should have been at the bedside of her dying child, is fighting the devil in America.

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A FRENCH priest, Monsieur l'Abbe Parrand, of the diocese of Avignon, published a short time ago a life of "St. Peter Thomas," one of the great saints of the Carmelite Order, Patriarch of Constantinople and Papal Legate of a Crusade. When the life appeared we wrote to l'Abbe Parrand asking his permission to publish his work in English. He very kindly and generously granted us all rights to publish his book, either in the pages of this REVIEW or in book form. We wrote to him again asking for some information. To our great sorrow we received in answer a letter from his brother containing the sad news of l'Abbe Parrand's death. He died a few weeks ago, a holy and edifying death. We ask all our readers to offer up a prayer for

this zealous priest, who, in the midst of his pastoral duties, took time to make the necessary researches and to write a most remarkable biography of a Carmelite saint, as a tribute of love to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Our readers will soon have an opportunity to enjoy the work of this learned and pious priest.

* *

THE *Kansas City Catholic* pays us the following compliment: "THE CARMELITE REVIEW," it says, "is truly a creditable publication. It is so neatly gotten up that its very appearance invites one to read it." Then, commenting on the "Life of McMaster," it says: "We really don't see what there was in the life of McMaster to warrant his life being written." We all feel inclined to poke fun at Western journalism—but it is refreshing, nevertheless, to come across such an unadulterated sample of it as the above. We advise the aspirant to journalistic fame to read what has appeared so far of the life of this great Catholic champion, and he will see what there was in the life of McMaster to make even a Western journalist look out for his laurels.

* *

PROFESSOR ROENTGEN has become famous by his discovery of the X rays. Bodies that were hitherto considered opaque have become transparent to these wonderful rays. Already scores of practical uses have been found for the application of this astonishing discovery. Science is great, and true science is only a means of discovering more and more of God by the manifestations of His divine perfections in the created world. Religion can find no fault with genuine science—and, as a rule, the greatest scientists are men of faith. We expected the news which has reached us, that Professor Roentgen is a practical Catholic. The church, far from hampering genius, rather fosters scientific research, and hails every new discovery as another truth leading to the God of truth.

* *

WE call the attention of our clerical readers to the article on the Brown Scapular, contained in the last number (April) of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. As the question mainly concerns the clergy, we shall not enter into it here. But there is a

statement in the last paragraph which we call in question. The reverend writer states correctly that the Redemptorist Fathers have the privilege to invest a multitude of faithful at once in the scapular, a privilege which, according to the decree of July, 1887, is to cease in July, 1897, after which the Brown Scapular will have to be given separately and individually. But we have not been able to find any document exempting those invested according to this privilege from having their names inscribed on the registers of the Confraternity. The writer refers to a book: "Tresor Spirituel," by Ulrich, published in Paris in 1863. At that time the law of inscription had been suspended in all missionary countries, but this law has again been made universal in July, 1887, without any exceptions, as far as we can ascertain.

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KING MENELEK, of Abyssinia, must have had the idea that the Italian soldiers have no love for the Blessed Virgin. When he called his people to battle against the Italians, he issued a proclamation, which began with these words: "Hear! Hear! May he lose hearing, who is the enemy of our faith and country. Hear! Hear! May he lose hearing, who is an enemy of the Virgin Mary." The proclamation was dated the 20th September, 1895. As our readers will recollect this was the day on which the Italian government celebrated the jubilee anniversary of the taking of Rome. Another strange coincidence was that the proclamation concluded by calling the troops to a final review on the feast-day of the Rosary, the 6th of October. Everybody knows how utterly the Italian troops were defeated by this same Menelek who issued the above proclamation. We are going to be surprised by a few more coincidences. God's mills grind slowly but surely.

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ONE of the most consoling signs of the times is the ever growing influence of holy lives on our mixed communities. That the Catholics of Buffalo should deeply feel the loss of their beloved bishop and should gather in vast multitudes around his bier was to be expected. But the death of the venerable Bishop Ryan gave occasion to an extraordinary demonstration on the part of

the Protestants of Buffalo. An immense Protestant audience assembled at Music Hall, and on the motion of one of their ministers, the Rev. Dr. Fitch, passed the following warm and Christian resolution:

"Resolved, that we, a body of Christians, representing forty Protestant congregations, assembled in Music Hall for special evangelistic services, express our esteem for the personal character and public services of Bishop Ryan, and our sense of the loss for education, temperance, morality and religion sustained by this community and by his diocese and our hope that the good work committed to him may be continued by a worthy successor. The workman may die, but the work is immortal."

About forty Protestant clergymen assisted at the Requiem High Mass and at the funeral.

BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROS., of New York, publish a handsome new edition of the "*Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*," by Rev. F. Arnould, S. J. It is a well bound volume of 810 pages and has an appendix containing morning and evening prayers, devotions for mass, confession and communion and devotions to the Sacred Heart. This well known work has been compared with the "*Imitation of Christ*" by Kempis. It is in many respects a more satisfactory guide to spiritual life, as it is far more methodical. Our Lord in colloquies with the soul, gradually unfolds all the treasures of His Sacred Heart, in doctrine and example, and the soul responds in practical applications. It is a book for constant use and one never grows tired to learn of "Him who is meek and humble of heart." The fourth book, like that of the "*Following of Christ*" is entirely devoted to the Blessed Eucharist and Holy Communion.

PIERRE TEQUI, of Paris, has published the sixth edition of that best of all biographies of the Cure of Ars, *Le Cure d'Ars*, vie de M. Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney, by l'Abbe Alfred Mounin. Those of our readers who understand French will find in this book a delightful and comprehensive life of this saintly priest, the process of whose beatification is now under way.

NOTES FROM SPAIN.

DON JUAN PEDRO.

ON one of the last days of March, in the Chapel of the Archiepiscopal palace of Sevilla, Dr. Marcello Spinola, the illustrious Metropolitan of the ancient See of St. Isidore, administered the sacraments of baptism and confirmation to a young English gentleman, an engineer, connected with the vast and prolific mines of "Rio Tinto" — Huelva, Mr. Hector MacClean. His sponsors were Father Parreno, Chaplain of the hospital attached to the mines, and Miss Fernina Stourton, of Stourton Castle, Knavesboro, England, for whom the Very Rev. Keneth Vaughan (who is presently in Sevilla) acted as proxy. This conversion, under God, was due to the instructions previously given by a cousin of Cardinal Vaughan, who was a brother engineer at these mines, but whom Almighty God had called to his reward before he had the pleasure of seeing his apostolic labors recognized and crowned by the blessings of the Church, and the reception into her bosom of his well-prepared catechumen.

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THE Holy Week solemnities were blessed by "jubilee" weather. The cathedral cities had never witnessed such throngs of strangers and tourists from the old and the new world.

