



Virgin of Virgins,
Pray for Us!



A Carmelite's Parting Blessing.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

THE shadows of the evening hours
 Were deepening into night ;
 They seemed to foid my spirit round
 And veiled the inward light.
 There was a struggle in my heart,
 Too deep by far for tears ;
A flood of anxious, saddening thoughts,
 A restlessness of fears.
I knelt in that sweet summer-eve,
 And told my pains to thee,
 They found within thy priestly heart
 Response of sympathy.
And words of benediction fell
 To calm my spirit's pain,
 " May God's own blessing on thee rest,
 And with thee e'er remain." *
Scarce did the music of those words
 In evening-silence cease,
Than o'er my spirit fell the dew
 Of sweet celestial peace.
E'er to remain ! in trial's hour,
 In struggles day by day,
To be a source of grace and strength
 And ne'er to pass away.
I felt so glad to bear the cross,
 My Father, blessed by thee,
To drink the chalice of my Lord
 So sweetened now to me.
Oh, may His blessing from on high
 Forever with thee rest !
This is the grateful prayer of one,
 My Father, thou hast blessed.

* " Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis, Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super te et moneat semper." Amen.

The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

O FAIREST blossom ! in the golden month
 Of harvest, softly springing.
 O spotless lily, with the gifts of grace
 Like dew-drops to thee clinging !
 We greet, with joy, thy blessed natal-day,
 As pearly dawn when night has passed away.
 What types of Holy Scripture cluster round
 Thy cradle ! what sweet singing
 Of psalms prophetic, from the royal heart
 That gladly saw thee bringing
 "Good tidings of great joy," and "peace on
 earth,"
 Thou harbinger of Jesus' sacred birth ?
 O "Morning Star !" dispel the darksome shades
 So often o'er us stealing.
 O Mary ! listen to our prayerful sighs
 To thy sweet Heart appealing.
 And may thy birthday in the Autumn sheen,
 Bring gladness to our souls, fair Infant-Queen.

Mary's Farewell to Jesus.

AND must we part Beloved ? Through long years
 I lived upon the beauty of Thy Face,
 And heard the melody of words divine
 More sweet than Angel-songs—though oft at eve
 These came and lulled me sweetly to my rest.
 And when the fair beams of each early dawn
 Illumined white cloudlets with a fringe of gold,
 They seemed reflections from thy lustrous eyes
 That shone more radiantly each coming day.
 The hopeful Springtime and the Summer's glow,
 The gold autumnal tints, the snowy garb
 Of Winter, came and went like ebb and tide
 That murmured plaintively their monotone,
 How swiftly came the time when we must part
 Behold the palm-tree 'neath whose leafy shade
 We rested ; and thou didst to me unfold
 The longings of thy Heart to bleed and die
 For love of each dear soul—and for my own,
 Goest thou at last Beloved ? O my Lord !
 I may not now detain thee in my arms
 But kneel for Thy own blessing. When alone
 I will stay me up with fortitude divine
 Go forth—it is thy Father's blessed will.
 Once more, as in a far off midnight hour,
 I say, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord !"

Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land

With Impressions en route

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,
Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

VII.

NEXT we bent our steps to the Greek Catholic church, which is said to stand on the ground occupied some two thousand years ago by the synagogue in which, on the occasion mentioned in St. Luke's Gospel (IV. 14 to 31.), our Saviour expounded one of the prophecies of Isaias and declared that it had been fulfilled in His person. His hearers, as we read in the 23rd verse, "All gave testimony to Him, and they wondered at the words of grace that proceeded from His mouth, and they said: Is not this the son of Joseph?" But their admiration was changed into fury (verse 28th) when Jesus went on to reprove them for their want of correspondence with His divine teachings, exclaiming: "Amen I say to you that no prophet is accepted in his own country," and reminded them of facts which hurt their pride. (Verses 25 to 27). "And," continues the Evangelist, "they rose up and thrust Him out of the city; and they brought Him to the brow of the hill, whereon their city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong. But He, passing through the midst of them, went His way." (Verses 29 and 30).

Leaving the Greek uniate church, we visited the "Fountain of the Virgin," from which our Blessed Mother was wont to carry water for domestic purposes to her humble dwelling, and we saw women in the garb of her day,

(for costumes have not changed in the East since then), bearing on their shoulders, and in some instances upon their heads, the ancient water-jar—all vividly recalling the "Lily of Israel," who ten centuries ago disdained not to perform the work of a menial, though she was the Mistress of Heaven, the Mother of God, and the Queen of Angels and Saints.

Next, the bazars of the city with their odd stalls and narrow thoroughfares, frequent blockades of vehicles, horses, donkeys and camels, crying children, whose ears were being continually boxed for getting into the venders' and buyers' way, and fakirs yelling their wares, claimed our attention. Finally, we called on several religious communities, of whom, as you could infer from my description of our entry into Nazareth, there are quite a number. We then returned to the Hospice, where with appetites sharpened by our outing, we dined, the band of the Salesian college discoursing different musical compositions during the meal. At the conclusion of the latter, we began preparations for our drive to Tiberiade, and were soon on our way thither in the same conveyances that had brought us from Caiffa to Nazareth. Presently we came to what is called the *Mensa Christi*, i. e. Table of Christ—a huge, irregularly-shaped block of stone about nine feet

in length, six in width and three in height, with a flat surface—at which it is said, our Lord ate with His disciples on one of His appearances to them after His resurrection. During the first ages of Christianity a chapel was built over it. This was used by the Turks as a mosque for centuries after their occupation of Palestine, but when it finally fell into the ruinous condition in which the Franciscan Fathers found it, they bought the site and erected over the venerable relics just described, the pretty oratory which now covers it.

Our next descent was at "Cana in Galilee." Do not visions of a flourishing burgh inhabited by a joyous people rise up before your eyes as this name meets them? Almost midway between Nazareth and the fifteen cities which encircled the "Lake of Genesareth" in the distant past, its commerce rendered extensive by reason of its exceptional fertility (consequent upon an abundant supply of water and a well-regulated system of irrigation), it was a place of no mean importance when Jesus wrought His first miracle there in response to His beloved Mother's petition, gently voiced in the compassionate words: "Son, they have no wine." But if your fancy has conjured up any such vista as this, as now existing, it has deceived you sadly; for, a miserable little hamlet indeed, is the Cana of to-day—silent, sombre and solitary, as are all the grand cities and fertile plains of ancient Judea and Galilee. Its glory has departed! True, it is still comparatively productive—fig, olive and pomegranate trees, as also the magnificent cactus plant (which in some parts of Palestine reaches the height of twelve feet, and bears a luscious fruit resembling in taste a delicious marmalade) abounding

there. But an air of wildness and an absence of intelligent cultivation pervades everywhere, and points to a malediction not yet removed. And—it seems sad, does it not?—no scion of its ancient people remains, for there are no Jews in Cana or Nazareth. The inhabitants number six hundred, latest statistics apportioning them as follows: Catholics, ninety; Schismatic Greeks, two hundred and five; Protestants, fifteen; Mussulmans, three hundred. We visited the spring whence according to tradition the water changed into wine by our Lord was drawn. This, too, is in a lamentable condition, being now nothing more than an unsightly puddle, from which ill-looking shepherds were taking an unrecognizable liquid for the thirsty flocks that stood impatiently around. Thence we went to the "house of Simon the Cananean," in which the miracle just referred to took place. Of course, not even a vestige of this structure remains; but on the site it once occupied is a neat chapel, adjoining a small Hospice under the charge of the Franciscans. We were invited into the latter, and the good Fathers offered us wine and water in memory of our Redeemer's first public manifestation of His divine power. Needless to say, our thoughts went back to that happy wedding, held on this favored spot, and whose most honored guests were Jesus and Mary. St. Helena, mother of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine the Great, built a beautiful church on this site A. D. 326, which was still standing in the eighth century. This was succeeded by one erected by the crusaders and called "Domus Architriclinii" or House of the Master of the Feast, in honor of the Steward" (St. John II. 9) who was the first to discover the wonder which Jesus had wrought.

But this church also was destroyed when the valiant defenders of the Holy Land were forced to retire from Palestine by the Moslems, and no place of worship replaced it until the chapel mentioned above was built in 1880. We next visited the site where, as tradition says, stood the house of Nathaniel, afterwards the Apostle Bartholomew, who was led to Jesus by Philip, and of whom the Divine Master exclaimed, seeing him from afar: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile." (St. John I. 47). There was a chapel here ages ago. It, too, was converted into a mosque; but being abandoned, and falling into decay, the "Pères de Terre-Sainte" purchased the property and raised the present oratory upon it.

This completed our sight-seeing in Cana, and we re-entered our carriages to pursue our way to Tiberiade—the only one remaining of the fifteen "cities" which, in the time of the Roman Emperor, Tiberius, in whose honor it was named, formed a rich setting encasing that lovely pearl, the Sea of Galilee.

As we went forward, the corn-field was pointed out to us in which Jesus and His disciples assuaged their hunger in a measure, rubbing the ears between their hands and eating the grains (St. Matthew, XI). This field is cultivated to-day as then, and is very fertile. Perhaps a special benediction rests upon it for having "fed the hungry" (St. Matthew, XXV. 35) in the august person of the God-man and His Apostles. Saphet next came in view—a settlement mentioned in the Book of Tobias (I. 1), and included by the Jews among their "holy cities," being according to them the burial place of the Prophet Osee and of many rabbis held by them in great veneration. The

crusaders took possession of Saphet in 1140, and Foulques, King of Jerusalem, fortified it. In 1189 "Salah-ed-Deen" (Saladin) besieged and overcame it. Thirty years later it was dismantled by Conradin. In 1240 it again fell into the hands of the Christians. Finally Bibars Bendokar, Sultan of Babylon (Cairo), entered it at the head of his army, and put all to the sword who refused to abjure Christianity. Six hundred persons, with two Franciscan Fathers and the Prior of the Templars, shed their blood rather than renounce the faith. To-day Saphet contains forty odd thousand inhabitants, of whom thirty thousand are Jews, ten thousand Mussulmans, and seven hundred Christians. The "Mountain of the Beatitudes"—the scene of the admirable "Sermon on the Mount" (Matthew V. VI. and VII.), as also that of the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes (St. Matthew, XIV. 15 to 21) were shown us in the distance. The former is quite large, and from afar appears spherical in shape; whereas the latter is comparatively small. A little farther on, Mount Tabor was distinguished, as also the "Great Hermon." Lastly, in the valley at our feet we beheld Tiberiade, and the "Lake of Genesareth." The sun was near its setting, and a flood of golden light cast a halo over these hallowed waters, sanctified and immortalized by some of our Saviour's greatest miracles and most remarkable prophecies. From the brow of the hill overlooking Tiberiade the descent is long and tortuous, the road being serpentine in shape owing to the steepness of the declivity. But at last, towards the close of a beautiful summer's day, we entered the city, proceeding direct to the Franciscan Hospice of St. Peter, where we were to spend the

night. Aware that we had but a few hours in which to look about us, we lost no time in doing so; visiting first the most interesting among the ruins which abound in and around Tiberiade, and apart from which there is little worthy of note within its ruined walls. These sombre relics of by-gone ages are massive and imposing in spite of their decadence, and give an excellent idea of the fortified town of the ancient Romans no less than of later times. They were restored in 1833 by Ibrahim Pacha, though one would scarcely credit the fact, so completely were they wrecked by the terrible earthquake of four years later. Nevertheless, some portions of the walls, flanked by large circular towers, still remain, appearing to the eye as though in their primitive strength. After this excursion, some of our party went to the natural vapor or "hot" baths near the city; but I, with several others, preferring a plunge in the cool waters of the lake, hired a large fishing smack manned by four rowers and a steersman, and we were soon speeding towards Magdala—one of the cities that anciently studded its shores, and the country seat of Mary Magdalen. There we debarked—our sturdy crew carrying us on their shoulders by turns from the boat to land, the water at that point being too shallow to admit of our craft being beached. In a few moments I was enjoying a delightful swim, most refreshing, as you may imagine, after the long drive of the day with its frequent interruptions for sight-seeing, which is generally as fatiguing to the body as it is instructive to the mind. From Magdala, with the aid of a strong field-glass that I had taken the precaution to carry with me from Rustchuk, I had a most satisfactory view of the sites of Bethsaida, Capharnaum,

Corozain, and other cities of the lake, as also of the locality where the Jordan enters the latter. What memories cluster about this vista! Bethsaida, about an hour's walk from Magdala, was the native place of five of the Apostles, namely, Peter, Philip, Andrew, James and John. One need but read the twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the eleventh chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel to understand the cause of the complete destruction of this once prosperous burgh. Capharnaum, which means "the village of consolation," and which has been surnamed by some writers the second father-land of Jesus (Matthew, IV. 13) was, like Bethsaida and Corozain, indifferent to His preaching and miracles, among which were the healing of the man "sick of the palsy," who was let down through the roof of the house in which Jesus was (St. Mark, II. 3 and 4.); the restoration to health of the paralytic-servant of the centurion (St. Matthew VIII. 5 to 13.); the deliverance of Peter's mother-in-law from a fever (*ibid.*, 14 and 15); the freeing of many who were possessed by demons, and the curing of all the sick, etc., etc. (*ibid.*, 16 and 17). It was here also that our Saviour taught the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist (St. John, VI. *the entire chapter*, but especially verses 32, 33, 35 and 48 to 60 inclusive. The Evangelist concludes his narrative on this subject by saying: These things He [Jesus] said teaching in the synagogue in Capharnaum). The subsequent annihilation of this unfortunate city is rendered intelligible by the following words of Christ: "And thou, Capharnaum, shalt thou be exalted up to heaven? Thou shalt go down even unto hell! for if in Sodom had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in

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thee, perhaps it had remained unto this day. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee." (St. Matthew, XI. 23 and 24). Some remains of ancient buildings of Roman origin are still to be seen on the places where these cities once stood; yet they only serve to render the air of desolation that surrounds them the more complete.

But my musings were broken in upon by the boatmen reminding us that it was growing late. So we reentered our bark in the same fantastic manner in which we had left it, and, the wind being in our favor this time, we hoisted sail and reached Tiberiade in one-fourth of the time it had taken us to go from thence to Magdala. On arriving there, we found our fellow-pilgrims awaiting us in the church, where they had assembled for night-prayers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The director, Monsieur l'Abbé Potard, invited me to perform this solemn function, which I did, assisted by the Superior of the Hospice and a priest of the local Franciscan community. At its close, the former delivered an address full of unction and fervor, in which he reminded us of the principal mysteries connected with the life and labors of our Saviour in the vicinity, exhorting us in conclusion to resume with renewed zeal the work of our ministry—a perpetuation of Christ's—on returning to our various fields of labor.

Devotions ended, supper was served in the spacious dining-hall of the guest-house, one of the courses being fresh fish from the lake on which several of the Apostles had plied their trade as fishermen, and on whose shore, *at that very Tiberiade where we now were*, our Divine Lord said to Peter and Andrew :

"Come ye after me, and I will make you to be fishers of men." (St. Matthew, IV. 19). Over the high altar of the pretty church there is a painting representing Christ giving to the former disciple the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, symbolical of that supreme power which He therewith transmitted to this first visible head of the Church, and through him to his successors unto the end of time. (Matthew, XVI. 19).

The same week in which we visited Tiberiade a conflict occurred between the Jews and the Christians there, in which a Greek priest was killed and several persons injured. The trouble arose from the fact that the "Israelites" (who number eight thousand, whilst of Christians all told, i. e., Catholics—Latins, Greek-uniates together with Armenian ditto comprised—and Protestants, there are but one hundred and seventy-five) refused to abandon the custom of depositing in the lake, close to the shore, the interior parts of their dead after the process of embalming, peculiar to their race. The Christians had repeatedly protested against this practice for obvious reasons, but in vain; the Turkish "vali," or governor, siding with the children of Abraham. (*Baksheesh* understood!). Hence the conflict mentioned, in which, as can easily be divined, the Christian side was worsted. The feeling between both classes is exceedingly bitter, and liable to provoke fresh outbreaks at any moment. But Turkish justice (!) will, in such an eventuality, turn the scales in favor of might against right, the bribes of the majority being the more powerful advocate and an irresistible argument.

In connection with the above, a priest informed us that while passing through the bazars a little after the *emeute* just described, a Jew exclaimed

triumphantly: "Our forefathers spat in the face of your Christ, and we will do the same."

Fortunately, the fish are caught far out in the lake, otherwise—but, I will spare you further comment.

It must not be imagined that the present Israelite population of Tiberiade is of ancient Palestine origin. In fact, it is surprising that there should be any Jews there at all, for Herod Antipas, who founded the city (A. D. 17.), built it in a locality occupied by graveyards—a circumstance which rendered it unlawful for a Jew to dwell there, all contact with the dead constituting a legal defilement, and being to them an object of horror. But its wily ruler overcame their scruples by liberal donations of lands and houses, and thus succeeded in colonizing his capital with descendants of the "Chosen People" no less than with adventurers from all quarters. Now, however, the Jews who have succeeded to those pioneers of their race in the city called after Claudius Nero, are for the most part *emigrants* from all parts of the world—wayfarers in the land which was once given to them by the Most High, but which, soon after the crucifixion of the Son of God, passed out of their hands and has remained in the grasp of the stranger during a period of well-nigh two thousand years. *

When we reached the summit of the hill from which on the previous evening we had seen the sun gradually sinking in the heavens, we beheld the "orb of day" casting his first rays athwart the tranquil waters of Genesareth. Long did we gaze upon this

* NOTE—Different Jewish organizations, not to mention wealthy individuals of the race throughout the world, contribute largely to the maintenance of their needy brethren in Tiberiade and throughout Palestine generally; otherwise their lot would be deplorable indeed.

scene, enchanting not only in itself, but because of the association of ideas connected with it. The thought that the Saviour of men had walked upon those waters; that at the anguished cry of His Apostles, "Lord, save us, we perish," He stilled the tempest which had lashed them into fury; as also the remembrance of the many miracles He wrought in the cities around about them, together with the awe-inspiring accomplishment of His menaces against the latter—"Woe to thee, Capozain, woe to thee, Bethsaida! And thou, Capharnaum, thou shalt go down even unto hell!" (Matthew, XI. 21 and 22.), caused a reverent hush to come upon us, and for some moments we were busied with the solemn thoughts suggested by these reflections.

It was Friday, 8th inst., Feast of Our Blessed Lady's Nativity; and our course to the holy mountain, though not without an unusual share of fatigue, was at once novel and diverting. For some three hours we proceeded rather slowly, owing to the continual rise in the grade; and at the end of that time we reached a cross-road leading to the base of Tabor. Here we left the carriages, (they proceeding on to Nazareth direct) and the reverend director of the pilgrimage told us to choose for ourselves among the fifty-odd horses and donkeys which, with their Bedouin attendants, were awaiting us; for from that point on to our destination, the road is impassable to vehicles. It was amusing to see some of our party, who had seldom or never been in the saddle, making their selection. Deceived by appearances, a number of them took what seemed to be gentle or even spiritless animals, only to learn to their sorrow later on that the cunning brutes were (like the "Heathen Chinese,

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childlike and bland") full of mischief and deceit. The donkeys were foremost in this category; and the result was, in more instances than one, that their luckless patrons had to "foot it" a good portion of the way under a burning sun, and—from the base of the mountain on—up one of the steepest inclines I have ever encountered. It was my good fortune to pick out a first-rate bucephalus, which, though evidently in reduced circumstances at the time, was doubtless the scion of an illustrious race and of noble lineage. If his personal merits had not appealed to me, however—as far as I could judge of them on a cursory examination—I should have been tempted to look elsewhere for a mount, so loud was his Bedouin groom in his praises. But, I am glad to say, my most sanguine expectations were fully realized, my courser being always in the van and even leading the same betimes; so that I had frequent opportunities of practising my native tongue with our guide, Frère Benoit, as also of getting an amount of information which my less favored companions could not have access to for the reason already intimated. Let me say at this juncture that the respect (perhaps *wholesome fear* would be the more correct expression) entertained by our nomadic horse-boys for Brother Benedict, with whom previous contact had made them acquainted, was such as to effectually restrain them from any grotesque antics or disagreeable capers—the piercing glance of his eye and the thundering tones of his voice sufficing to quell instantly any tendency to mischief. Hence they did not molest us in any way, going even to the length of mastering their ruling passion—that of soliciting baksheesh—an effort certainly heroic if not meritorious on their part. After a ride of a little less than an hour, we came to the base of the mountain, where we stopped, as much for the purpose of resting our animals

before beginning the ascent, as to enjoy the shade of the trees which abound there. To our surprise, some of our jockeys produced from the saddle-bags of their donkeys divers bottles of beer and lemonade, which they offered us at the somewhat exorbitant figure of three francs each, assuring us meanwhile in bad French that it was "quite cold." Buyers were few; but those who allowed themselves to be duped had the melancholy diversion of seeing two-thirds of the liquid follow the corks skyward, whilst their wiser companions enjoyed the ludicrous grimaces which an attempt to swallow the remainder occasioned the would-be drinkers. "Mon Dieu, c'est bien fraiche," exclaimed a young medical student who had been our mascot from the outstart; and his look of chagrin at the thought that he had thrown away sixty cents for half a pint of rubbish that had been steaming in the sun for hours—to say nothing of its close contact with the sides of the steaming donkeys—was so natural that we almost sympathized with him. From that on, the cry of "Fresh Beer," "Cold Lemonade," repeated at every halt, fell on deaf ears. * Many of our party suffered greatly from thirst on this expedition, there being no springs or wells along the route. I do not recollect seeing a house or even a hovel during the five hours it took us to reach the summit of the mountain from Tiberiade. This fact may convey some idea of the desolation that prevails in Palestine, whole tracts of country being uninhabited. It is difficult, indeed, to realize that this is the "land flowing with milk and honey" (Exodus, XIII. 5.) which God gave to His once chosen people. One is moved to exclaim on beholding a blight so widespread and enduring, "This is the finger of God!" (Exodus, VIII. 19).

(TO BE CONTINUED)

* NOTE—As I had on several occasions observed the "doctor"—bon enfant!—poking his pocket thermometer under his tongue to see whether there were any indications of the much dreaded fever which he seemed to imagine threatened him particularly, though there was not a healthier man among us, I suggested that he take the temperature of the empty flask, which he held pensively between his hands for some moments subsequent to the aerostatic performance of its contents. But an imploring look and a muttered "Et tu, Brute!" was his only reply.

Luther's Discovery of The Bible.

BY REV. F. X. MCGOWAN, O. S. A.

THE Bible has been the source of a deep-lying and constant contention between Catholics and Protestants since the days of the so-called Reformation. The Catholic Church teaches that she is the guardian of the sacred deposit of Revelation, and that she alone, in her infallible character as the Divine Teacher, has the right to interpret its meaning. The Protestant sects, adhering to Luther's principle of private judgment, claim that every individual is at liberty to interpret the Bible as he chooses. On the Catholic side there is unanimity as regards the import of the Biblical text, because obedience of mind and will is manifested towards authority; on the Protestant side, there is wide divergence, and the varied interpretation of the Bible has given rise to the numberless sects which, though essentially differing from one another, form what we call Protestantism. If we were to believe Protestant writers, their sects have a perpetual copyright on the Bible; Luther discovered the Bible; before he came into the world it was *chained*, as men chain dogs; it was an "unknown book." Because Luther said this, it must necessarily be the truth, though we all know that Luther was accustomed on occasion to say something more than his prayers. The constant use of that favorite word *chain* by Protestant writers is only a delusion and a snare; it is a device to hoodwink their readers. The fact of the matter is that the Bible was *chained* in churches and convents to prevent its being stolen; the sacred Book was extremely valuable in days before the invention

of printing; many years were spent by the monks in transcribing even one copy, and prudent measures were taken against its sudden disappearance. The monks, therefore, attached chains to their precious Bibles, just as men today chain city directories in public places, or cautious housewives chain their mats on open porches or stoops of houses, merely to place them in security from thieves or badly-disposed neighbors. Chaining the Bible is then capable of two meanings; the one adopted by Protestant writers is intended to delude the ignorant; the other, the true meaning of the act, signifies simply a means used to prevent stealing.

The circumstances in which Protestant authors allege that Luther discovered the Bible are as follows: One day Luther, after he had resided for two years at Erfurth, and had reached his twentieth year, was opening some books in the library of the University, to look at their titles, and he accidentally happened on a large Bible. "He had not seen anything like it," says one of his historical admirers, "till that hour," and after scanning the title of this rare discovery, he was astonished, for, as the same writer continues, it was "unknown at that time." His curiosity was aroused, and after perusing some pages of the sacred volume, he was surprised to find in it something more than the mere extracts which the people hear in their churches on Sundays. If we are to believe these Protestant historians, Luther believed that the Bible consisted entirely of the selections of the Epistles and Gospels

which the priest reads in the Mass. How delighted he was to stumble so unconsciously on such a large book, filled with so many chapters, so many pages, so many divisions of books, of which hitherto he had not the slightest conception! The first page on which his eye chanced tells the history of Anna and the young Samuel. Then to give all the necessary touches to this highly-dramatic plot, Luther, after reading the edifying story of Samuel, is determined to imitate his devotedness. The future Reformer returns again and again to the University library and reads and re-reads the sacred book. Here Luther has discovered the Bible which he will translate for the benefit of the people; that precious volume which lay hidden on the gloomy shelves of a dark room will, by the heavenly-sent grace that dawned on the young student's soul, become the book of life to the German nation. This, however, was not the only Bible he found, for when he entered the religious life, he found in the convent at Erfurth "another Bible fastened by a chain." This story taken out of the whole cloth is as false as it is ridiculous. Luther had studied at Mansfeld, Eisenach and Magdeburg, was a bright, talented scholar, and then until he was twenty years of age, he piously believed that the entire Scriptures consisted of the beautiful selection of Epistles and Gospels which the Church reads on Sundays and festivals in her service. The Protestant writer who expects us to believe this improbable story must be as stupid as he makes Luther to be, in not knowing of the existence of the Bible till he had reached his twentieth year. Even in the sixteenth century, the Germans, though not as far advanced in culture as the people of some other nations, were,

nevertheless, not so stolid or un-Christian as to be ignorant of the existence of revelation.

For fifteen hundred years the Church preserved the Bible, and guarded it faithfully amidst all the changes of dynasties and all the dangers of barbarian incursion. Conflagrations swept over cities and towns; blood flowed freely in all quarters of the habitable world, yet, amidst all conditions of life, the Church kept guard over the Bible and handed it down from generation to generation, from age to age, to her faithful children. Before the invention of printing, her monks transcribed it over and over, and no religious establishment was without a Bible which was read, explained, meditated and commented on by her monks, and in many instances even by her nuns. How could the Bible have been an "unknown book?" And if it were such, how came it that it did not perish with thousands of other books, sacred and profane, of which we now hardly know the titles?

Prejudiced writers are bound to find fault with the Church that Luther endeavored to reform without reforming himself, and they accuse her of publishing the Bible only in the Latin tongue in order that it might not be circulated among the people. Now, this is a most unwarranted charge, and history refutes such an unfounded claim. We must remember that the Latin language was the general language of Europe, both written and spoken down to the days of Charlemagne, in fact, to a great extent for several centuries after that monarch's reign. It was during these later centuries that the modern European languages were in a state of formation, and it took many centuries to give them a systematic and even gram-

matical construction. Latin was so generally known that the Word of God was preached in that language, even in the very days of the Reformation, and it certainly would not have been employed for such an important function as preaching, if it were not understood by the people who listened to it. In the sixteenth century, Latin was the language of literature, science, medicine and law. Most of the modern tongues were evolved from the Latin, and though it may seem strange to us to-day, the people of Spain, Portugal, and even France, understood the Latin language perfectly, and the same was true of the people of other, more remote nations, as for instance of the Hungarian nation. In publishing the Bible in the Latin tongue the Church certainly did not have in view to conceal the Sacred Text from the eyes and intelligence of the people. Furthermore, the Church not only did not desire in any way to hide the Bible from her children, but she sanctioned its translation into the vernacular of almost every European country. Here, while dealing with this beneficent action on the part of the Church, we find the boastful, romancing Protestant writer fairly hoist on his own petard. We cannot also help remarking what a blessing it has been to the Church in the nineteenth century, to have had such learned, industrious, painstaking writers as Cardinal Wiseman in England, and Archbishop Spaulding in America, both of whom have placed the fanatical, falsifying authors of books on this Bible question in such an ignominious position, that the lesson ought to be a salutary one to all like-minded and evil-disposed bigots. Like the cat whose paw was burned, remaners who claim to write church-history, should shun the fire of Catholic criti-

cism and the light of Catholic, that is, true history. The Church then approved of the translation of the Bible into the vernacular tongues of European countries.

In Germany, this was particularly the fact. Cardinal Wiseman (*Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church* Vol. I, p 55) writes: "In the first place, there is a copy (of the Bible) yet extant of a printed version so old as to have no date; for the first printed books had neither a date nor name of place. In the second place, a Catholic version was printed by Fust in 1472, nearly sixty years before the completion of Luther's version. Another had appeared as early as 1467; a fourth was published in 1472; and a fifth in 1473. At Nuremberg there was a version published in 1477 and re-published *three times more* before Luther's appeared. There appeared at Augsburg another in the same year, which went through eight editions before that of Luther. At Nuremberg one was published by Koburg in 1483 and in 1488; and at Augsburg one appeared in 1518, which was re-published in 1524, about the same time that Luther was going on with his, and down to the present time, the editions of this version have been almost countless." The oldest version among the Germans was that made by Ulphilas, Bishop of the Maeso-Goths (now Wallachians) which appeared as early as the middle of the fourth century. This ancient version was used for several centuries by the older Gothic or Germanic Christians. The second version was that which had been rendered in the vernacular at the beginning of the ninth century, and was ascribed to Charlemagne. Besides these, there was a rythmical paraphrase of the four

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Gospels which acquired a general circulation in Germany from the time of the first Emperor Louis. History informs us that the Bible had been already reprinted in the German language *twenty-one times* before Luther issued his unfaithful translation. In 1534 there appeared at Mayence a translation from the Latin Vulgate, published by John Dietenberg with the approbation of the Archbishop, the Elector Albert, and though his version, as would be of necessity expected of the times, was somewhat rude in language, it was withal a faithful translation, and passed through more than *twenty* editions in the lapse of a century. Emser and Eck, Luther's implacable foes, also edited a translation in 1537, which was republished several times. They had mastered the great Reformer in controversy on doctrinal matters; they now surpassed him in giving to the people the pure, unalloyed text of Scripture. We see how rich Germany, the home of the mis-called Reformation, was in vernacular versions of the Bible, and we may smile with pity, if not contempt, at the efforts of Protestant writers to calumniate the Church by endeavoring to prove against all historical fact that she concealed the holy Book from the people, and that Luther was providentially the medium through whom the Bible was discovered. Not only did the Church promote the reading of the Bible for the good and edification of her children, but she safeguarded the sacred volume also, so that not every loose fisherman, tinker, tailor and cobbler might presume to give the meaning that was beyond his grasp of intellect, to tamper with the text, and raise, as unfortunately happened in Luther's days, tumult and even bloody insurrection by his foolish and hysterical impositions.

We find the same solicitude manifested as regards the Bible and its perusal in other European countries. In Spain, the most Catholic of all European countries, a translation of the Bible appeared in 1478 before Luther was born. According to the testimony of Mariana, the historian, the Bible was translated into Castilian by order of Alphonso the Wise. The Bible was translated in its entirety into the Valencian dialect in the year 1405 by Boniface Ferrer, the brother of the illustrious Dominican saint, Vincent Ferrer. It was printed in 1478 and reprinted in 1515 *with the formal consent of the Spanish Inquisition*. Ambrosio de Montesma rendered in 1512 the Epistles and the Gospels into Spanish, and this work was republished at Antwerp in 1544, at Barcelona in 1601 and 1608, and at Madrid in 1603 and 1615. We mention these latter dates only to show that there was no lessening of desire among the people to read the Scriptures, and no desire also on the part of the Church to disapprove of such a pious thought or to withhold the books of revelation from them. The Bible, read with proper intentions and for worthy purposes by the Spanish people, did not excite the wild revolution in thought and life that its perusal produced in Germany, and the reason of the difference is that every man, sane or insane, in Germany was permitted to give his own individual interpretation to important passages of the sacred volume, while in Spain the people accepted the sense as taught by God's infallible Church. Heresy never gained a footing in the Spanish peninsula, though there may have been a few, very few apostates from the faith, and that Catholic country was consequently spared the national insurrections and consequent bloodshed which devastated

the life of other European nations. If Spain to-day has descended in the scale of the nations, the cause cannot be assigned to her loyalty to the Catholic faith, for when her Catholicity was most pure and active, and her missionaries peopled the forests and plains of America, she was the Mistress of Europe, on land and sea, and her rule extended to the opposite extremities of the known world.

In Italy, "the country most peculiarly under the sway of Papal dominion," the Bible was published in the vernacular by Malermi at Venice in 1471, and it met with such a hearty reception that it was republished *seventeen* times before the close of the fifteenth century, and all this happened twenty-three years before Luther brought "into light" the sacred volume. Malermi's edition of the Bible appeared *eight* several times before 1567 with the express approval of the Congregation of the Holy Office. A second version of parts of the Bible appeared in 1472; a third at Rome in 1471; a fourth by Bruccioli at Venice in 1523, and a revised edition by Marmochini in 1538, two years before Luther had completed his translation.

In France, the oldest version of the Bible was that by Des Moulins, which appeared, according to Usher, about the year 1478. This translation was revised and corrected by Rely, Bishop of Angers, and issued in 1487; it was reprinted *sixteen* times before 1546; four of these editions appeared at Lyons and twelve at Paris. Le Fevre made a new translation in 1512, and this also passed through several editions. The Louvain theologians revised this version in 1550, and it was reprinted in France and Flanders *thirty-nine* times before the year 1700. Many fine versions have been published in France since the eighteenth century.

In Belgium, many editions of the Bible in the vernacular were published. Usher admits that a Flemish Bible was issued before 1210, and in 1475 another version was printed at Cologne; it ran through three editions before 1488. A second translation was published in 1518. The Antwerp edition was republished *eight* times in the short space of seventeen years. We ought to call attention to the fact that within thirty years there were published at Antwerp alone, no less than *ten* editions of the New Testament translated by Cornelius Kendrick in 1528. A Slavonian version of the Bible was published in Cracow in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the Bible was translated into the Swedish tongue in the fourteenth century by order of St. Bridget, Queen of Sweden. A version of the Bible appeared, according to the testimony of Jonas Armagrimus, a disciple of the Protestant astronomer Tycho Brahe, in Iceland, in 1279. A Bohemian Bible was published in Prague in 1488, and passed through three different editions, at Cutna in 1498, and at Venice in 1506 and 1511. In England, there were versions long before Luther's translation, or before those of Tyndal and Wycliffe. Blessed Thomas More has written that "the hole Byble was long before his (Wycliffe's) dayes, by vertuous and wel learned men, translated into the English tong, and by good and godly people, with devotion and soberness, wel and reverently red."

We just make mention of the many editions of the Bible published in the Oriental languages: The Syriac, Arabic, Armenian and even Ethiopian. An Ethiopic Bible was published in Rome in 1548. We also refrain from comment on the famous Polyglot Bibles, the most celebrated of which

was the one published by Cardinal Ximenes at Alcalá in Spain in 1515, two years before the Reformation dawned on the world.

The Church did her duty in giving the Bible to the laity, and Luther never discovered it. It was an open book long before Luther was even thought of. To protect its integrity, the Church did not suffer every self-pretended prophet to interpret its meaning, and it was not till she saw the fearful ravages made by the so-called Reformers that she used any restriction as to its reading. In the Council of Trent, she gave her reason for this prudent action: "Experience had made it manifest that the permission to read the Bible indiscriminately in the vulgar tongues had, *from the rashness of men*, done more harm than good."

Luther translated the Bible into the German language, and as a literary performance, his work stands high for its strong pure Saxon. When we praise it for its purity of diction, we have said all that can be said in its favor. In this respect it is the same as the English Bible, known as the "King James" version.

When Luther issued his translation, Emser, his learned opponent, carefully

analyzed the work. "It is a wretched work," wrote Emser, "in which the text is falsified in every page, and in which we can reckon more than a thousand alterations." Luther's answer to Emser was as usual a tissue of impertinent epithets. Seckendorf, however, tells us that Luther gladly availed himself of Emser's corrections in his later work. Bucer, another Reformer, speaks of Luther's translation as "one in which Luther falls at every step." After examining the effort of Luther, Zwinglius called it a corruption of the Word of God. To-day it is not regarded as a correct version in Germany. Luther tampered with the sacred text, changed it to suit his peculiar doctrines, and gave unfaithful readings. Ever since the revolt of Luther, his followers have corrupted Biblical literature, until to-day they have robbed it of its divine and authentic character. They have not left even the skeleton of the Bible, and in these days of "Higher Criticism" they are doing fatal work to the Holy Book.

"We now reject each mystic creed,
To common sense a scandal;
We're more enlightened—yes indeed,
The devil holds the candle!"

Causa Nostrae Lætitiae.

CAUSE of our joy! The Word, of thee made Flesh,
Brings joy unspeakable to all mankind:
On those that sat in darkness now hath shined
The Day Star from on high: who, from the mesh
Of Satan disentangled, formed afresh
In likeness of Thy Son, shall henceforth find
Their strength in Him, for heart and soul and
mind:
Whose tribulations do but serve to thresh
Good grain from husks of self, from whence
shall flow,
Joy that outweighs our heaviest weight of woe:
To Thee in this our banishment we turn,
In Thee the fullness of such joy to know,
Of Whom our Joy had birth; because we yearn
Of Thee the secrets of true bliss to learn.

—FRANCIS W. GREY.

Leaves From Marguerite's Note Book.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

JACK HAMILTON was in a brown study. He felt happy, all things considered; the day's hunting had given him venison, which his camp cook had evolved into a delicious meal, and, having duly discussed it, he was now enjoying the equally delicious fragrance of the pines in a forest nook, of the kind that enchant the visitor throughout the wilds of Maine. Rest seemed marvellously sweet after the fatigues of the day, the sun was glimmering red on the pine needles carpeting his nook, and yet his thoughts took on a very slight tinge of worry. Had he not been sent out as a special correspondent of a sporting paper? He was getting the sport splendidly; but the paper—there was the rub—it was very doubtful whether it had gained, proportionately.

"What can I write them, I wonder?" he murmured lazily. "To-day's sport was just like all other sport! Hunting deer is nothing; but hunting ideas—why, it's the very mischief of a chase."

Then he thought of his friend Dick, who was editing, or trying to edit, an outing magazine in New York—to which he had also promised contribution—and could imagine him smoking, sweltering in the heat, and wondering with big loss of temper why Hamilton sent no copy.

Just then, his eye chanced to fall on something at his right that looked to him like the traces of a camp fire. "Hello," he cried, "this is not my own nook, after all! Some one has been here before me." And he rose for further exploration. A pile of brushwood lay near the devastated camp—

for such it plainly was—and as he bent to gather up an armful of it for his own fire, he spied, among some rubbish and broken glass beneath the boughs, a little note-book. He opened it with some curiosity, read a page or two, then burst into a shout of delight. "Blessed Saint Anthony! What could be better? I wanted ideas, and behold here they are!"

He examined the name on the cover, Marguerite E. Brown. But it told him nothing—Smiths and Browns are innumerable, and there was no address. The handwriting was delicate, yet plain as print. A grave smile appeared on the young man's face as he resumed reading, in a calmer mood. The smile itself soon died away, and a deep seriousness seemed to fill the silence. "This is indeed treasure trove! Of some souls at least, the world is not worthy!" And, with these words, he began to read aloud from the manuscript, in a softened voice. Its opening pages ran as follows:

"Life is indeed beautiful, in this silence of the woods. Her sounds of worry, of toil and stress, lost in violet films of distance, seem to have been stilled by some benign power. I fancy I can feel its touch, its quiet voice, saying 'Peace! Be still!'"

Its intensity, however, has no resemblance to other tranquillities. The calm of marble, the calm of death—it is far other than these. The woodland is beautifully alive, with intense energy of growing things; vitality throbs in the constant ebb and flow of sap, the budding and fading of the leaf, the unseen yet irresistible unfolding of the

blossom. It is alive with the tenderness of nestling birds, and rings with their full chorus at daybreak—alive with the stir of frightened fox or rabbit, athrill with the shivering gleam of the pool where the deer comes down to drink. It is not lonely and never depressing. The red sunlight peeps in through the tree-boles to cheer you; the rustle of its fallen leaves is companionable; the pines overhead sing of eternal joy. It is because they are nearer heaven than the rest! They aspire and are rewarded.

For these pines are like no other trees that grow. Their cones differ from all other seed-vessels; their thin needle-clusters have strange ways of folding together under sleet and snow; then, they expand beneath the sun-rays so quickly that they seem first cousins of the sensitive-plant; the sound of the wind swinging through them is like an Eolian harp, their aromatic fragrance, also, being *sui generis*; their color dark, yet soft, like none else, taking on a wondrous glow of obscure scarlet-orange when they have died their death. I saw a poem about them once, which I admired for its delicacy of feeling. I think I must copy it, here.

A SKY PATH.

From the depths of a dream I am drawn
 To the inner depth of a pine,
 That near my window keeps the dawn—
 A dawn that is wholly mine.
 Dream-rest and pine-rest,
 And a cool gray path between—
 A cool, gray path from the night's breast
 To the heart of the living green.
 To the depths of dreams I go
 On the sounds of the falling rain,
 That in the night-time gently flow
 In a stream on my window-pane.
 Stream-rest and dream-rest,

And a cool dark path between—
 A cool, dark path from the rain's breast
 To the heart of the soft unseen.

Yesterday I went out into the early purple of morning. In a misty hollow, over yonder, I discovered a baby pine, the merest seedling, its trembling tassel just incurling to the light! It was so nearly smothered by crowding ferns that it knew only a glimmer of curtains, a shaded brilliancy of golden-green. Dear little new-comer! he was living a life of perfume and cool dim shadow, and dewy touches of tenderness. Who could help loving him? Yet he was not a fern, but a pine! He knew it—and felt it—for he was growing straight upwards. A pine—no wise of kin to the lady-ferns with their graces, whose frouds twined about his tassel—rather, a prince of the woodlands!

I can imagine how, when September has yellowed the ferns or withered them to rusty orange, he will look up to the blue and find his kindred!

Then the great towering pines overhead will smile on the little prince and sing to him. They will sing sagas and hymns of battle and songs of eternal life. They will strive to wake his courage, that he too, like themselves, may aspire to the stars. Blessed is the beauty of youth, when it yearns to the blue!—when its growth and power and strength reach out for the Divine!

I tried to learn a lesson from that baby tree—a lesson of patient waiting. How many years must come and go, how many gales, how many winters, how many snows must be faced before that little prince can attain his full height and enter into his kingdom. But what are we also striving for? The measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. May the good Lord pity our weakness, our impatient failures!

Indeed, we lack faith, which "is the substance of things hoped for," says Holy Writ. And yet we know, if we stop to think, that the upright soul, like the upright tree, growing in grace, at last attains the point where nothing intervenes between itself and the blue. It is bathed in light. There, it can blossom like the white pine, whose minute, delicate-red, cone-like flowers Thoreau discovered only by climbing to its extreme apex.

Here came a break in the manuscript. Jack Hamilton had to turn over several blank pages in the little note-book. Then a smile dispelled his look of vexation. "Ah!" he cried. "Here she is again!" And he went on reading.

"To-day there is a light chill in the air, a touch of September. August feels a hand on her shoulder—it is cool and white, but it trembles. A few elms show a light bough here and there, glinting pure gold in the sunshine. An autumn breeze arrives, express from the North Pole, with its little thrill of sharpness. Maine catches it first. You know they call her the refrigerator of the Union, the ice-box of Uncle Sam!"

"Good!" cried Jack. "That is just what she is!" And he heaped fresh fuel on his fire. Presently, however, he went on reading.

"Yes, it has come, the call of autumn, the distant blast of her hunting-horn! Let us meet it bravely, as it rings silver-clear through the haze! Fling down the faded blossoms of May! And the roses, too, let them go without regret! Life has given us their joys, and the power to store them up, a pot-pourri of rose-leaves, in endless memory. Now, leave the past; let her thorn-pricks heal! She is bringing a greater gift—"The gladness of great calm, the autumn rest."

The Peace, of human joys the latest and the best. September's aromatic air means strength and courage. She proffers us the hooded herbs, square-stemmed and autumn-tinted, mint and sage and horehound, balm, marjoram and thyme. Sweet, homely, domestic odors and savors, all these, medicinal and kindly! I remember seeing a saucy squib some years ago, flung out, I think, by a witty New York actress, to the effect that you could tell people by their choice of sugar-plums! That those who liked checker-berry sassafras and peppermint had not taken on city ways, since these rural flavors mean country simplicities; while, on the other hand, those who prefer caramels, pistache and the like, are growing Parisian and becoming men and women of the world in manners and morals. The notion was very absurd! Think of saying that "in bon-bons there is an individual and personal morality!" And that "strictly religious people always eat ice-cream with the flavor of lemon!" And yet perhaps the spicy woodland flavors may be connected in our minds, subtly and unconsciously, with the sanctities of nature and the purities of childhood.

The tone of life in September is subdued, but rich, and pleases the thoughtful observer, as the rich brown tones of Couture delight the experienced eye more than the vivid reds of Horace Vernet. It has running through it and surrounding it like an atmosphere, a grave poetic calm. It is sober-vestured, like a beautiful nun wrapped in religious peace. It sets us thinking of the future, the coming winter, the chill of old age, yet all in sunny, kindly fashion. Nature has her own ways of leading us to the stars.

The chill of early autumn makes us long for warmth. We linger gladly in

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the noon sunshine, and in the glow of yellowing sedges. A few orange-tinted boughs mellow the rich green, and we greet them with the joy of the colorist, for they bring into sharp opposition the eternal dark of the evergreens. Some one suggests a little fire for the cool evenings when the fog drifts in from the sea. And behold, again our pines! Nothing kindles quicker than their soft, crackling wood or darts up into the ruddier intensities of flame. It burns with balsamic odors—then, like many another brilliant thing in life, dies quickly into ashes. A camp fire in the woods of Maine! What so effective? What so rich in color-splendor?

"Nothing else that I knew!" asseverated Jack, casting an appreciative eye on his own scarlet blaze flashing against a sombre mass of fir-forest. Then he returned to his book. "Where is she, now? Oh! yes." And he re-commenced.

"Speaking of the rapidity of thought and the way in which some topics seem to branch out instantaneously in a thousand directions and are lost out of our consciousness as soon—did you ever see a branch of fir thrown in the fire sparkle and blaze up into a tree of flame? And then, before you can take in its beauty, crumble away into white ashes? It is a question whether this swiftness of thought is a common experience or only the distinguishing characteristic of a poetic imagination. Writers of verse, at all events, find it a frequent experience. An interruption, a chance word, a new thought introduced from without, disperses the whole vision with all its clearness and beauty, as a dream vanishes before a sudden awakening. I often wonder about it all!

Possibly this also accounts for a cer-

tain hesitancy in the conversation of some intellectual people. Charles Lamb, they say, always stammered out his most brilliant sayings. May it not be so with many? The thought comes in a sudden, illuminating flash, and is gone before the mind can clothe it in fitting language, or even decide which one of its many sides should be presented first. The man has so much to say that he says little or nothing.

In a beautiful paper entitled "The Undertime of the Year," in the Atlantic Monthly, Edith M. Thomas thus discusses. "Up comes the September full moon, red-faced, flushed with the feasting and wine of the season. A glow precedes her in the smoky east, a hint of dull carmine—the dark flush of a swarthy cheek—for the moon, as well as the sun, would have us recognize the dawn. On the burning leafage of October the moon sprinkles 'cool patience;' throws the deep reds into indistinguishable shadow and transforms the orange and yellow of other foliage into a pale, illuminating light, making the trees thus tinted, stand forth in dim and misty beauty—the sainthood or apotheosis of a tree. We seem looking forth upon the full tide of this splendor, to be dwelling in the inside of a silver sphere; so does the moon's light wrap us round with the shining sky filled with her presence." "The language of the moon to the earth might be, "Lend me your shadow and I will lend you my light. Be dark and humbly ignorant, and I will throw divine illumination in upon you!"

To say the truth, each moon of the year has its own individuality, from the pale primrose orb of Easter to these richer, warmer glows of autumn. The hunter's moon, dear to our North American Indians, and our harvest

moon, full of tender associations for our own lads and lasses, have a peculiar radiance, a yellow fire, which reminds one of Italy. Moonrise in Venice—why, it is a poem, a wondrous blossoming of the skies. Its first shimmer of approaching light, on the emerald waters of the lagoons, touches them to a blue, misty, almost silvery illumination; then, to a soft Nile green, finally warming into pale gold. It is an exquisite sequence, like some rare passages in music. The full glory of the great golden circle, high in the heavens, poured in warm floods upon the decaying palaces, transmutes them into the earthly semblance of that eternal "City," which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." And the chiming joy of bells, rolled skyward, seem voices calling us thither.

I can not write about Venice without a great longing to see it once more! To some minds, I am sure the desire for travel is one of the greatest worldly temptations! Only being centred in God and filled with the peace that comes from Him, can quiet the soul attacked by this craving.

There is a Maine poem, by E. Cavazza, that deals with the fact itself, rather than with the yearning for it; putting the problem, yet vouchsafing no answer. Here it is:

TWO FIR TREES.

Two fir-cones fallen together in the wood
Struck root, hung tassels, grew up hardy
trees.

The forester gave orders: "One of these
Shall be cut down." Untouched the other
stood.

The first, made mainmast of a vessel good,
Carried its banner to far distant seas;
Crowned with St. Elmo's flaming prodigies
The battle of the tempest it withstood.

The other fir-tree kept among its kin;

A tower of branches, green throughout the
year.

Its leafage quivered, all with wings astir,
For birds had shelter constantly therein.
Since trees are mute, it has not been made
clear

Of these two firs which was the happier.

But, though trees are mute, the human heart can answer, and it says, "Both may be equally, and infinitely, happy." An old proverb avers, "Home is where the heart is," and, though travelling great distances amid great distractions, we still remain home-bound, centred on our earth-loves and the great heaven-love, which these image. Thus we bear home in the heart, wherever we journey.

The quiet home-stayer, on the other side, sends out heart's love to him who travels, follows him from afar, and in imagination circles the globe. All the while, himself, harvesting a beautiful growth of home love—which the other perforce loses—in the tender affection that always encircles those who make their own country, their own village, their own firesides, centres of life.

For love is the essence of permanence, the one thing eternal. An earnest love is not a matter of to-day, to-morrow or yesterday. It is immutable and infinite—undying, like the soul it animates. And if, as we all believe, there are such things as heaven, eternity and immortality, then is such love the bliss of that heaven, the glory of that eternity, the spirit of that immortality."

Jack closed the book with a kind of reverence. "This is all too beautiful to lose!" he murmured, after a moment's thought. "And it would be lost—worse than wasted!—on the average editor and his general public. I will write something, myself, for Dick, and send this to the Carmelite Review."

Monthly Patrons.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.

SAINTS OF THE DOLORS.—September.

BEAUTIFUL September! Calm evening of the year, when the woodland trees seem tinged with the gold and crimson of their sunset, ere they fade and drift away in cold winds of October! Pensive month, when the shadow of Mary's Dolours steal over our spirits, and yet give celestial light, for we never should have known and loved her as we now do, if her grief had not been "great as the sea."

What glorious patron shall we choose as our guide along the shores of these mystical waves in her most pure heart? It seems a beautiful thought, (one which she herself perhaps has suggested,) to glance lovingly at those who were present in each. Holy Simeon who clasped the Divine Infant so tenderly, and in the light of prophetic knowledge, saw the impending sword about to transpierce His Mother's soul. St. Joseph, who fled with her into Egypt, and also shared with her in the three days' anguish of His loss. St. John, Mary Magdalene, and the holy women who compassionated her, in the "Via Crucis," in the three agonizing hours on Calvary; and, when all was consummated, saw the piercing of Jesus' Sacred Heart. Then we see Joseph and Nicodemus, as we go in spirit to the sepulchre, and try to comfort our desolate Mother. In all these scenes we remember how God's holy angels hovered round their Queen, and, if not permitted to remove the chalice of sorrow, at least we may well believe it was their privilege to minister that strength with which

God so wonderfully sustained the Immaculate Virgin.

In all succeeding ages, Mary's Dolours have been as it were, a world of light and beauty and heroic virtue to some of God's saints more than others—though to all most dear. How St. Bernard and many holy doctors eloquently extol this incomparable "Mater Dolorosa!" How, in later times, St. Paul of the Cross wept for his "poor Mother," and St. Alphonsus surpasses himself in her praise! Then we have the seven founders of her holy Servites Order, and shortly after its establishment St. Philip Beniti, St. Juliana Falconeri, and many saintly souls came to drink of these fountains of grace, and mould their spiritual life on the heart pierced with seven swords of love and sorrow.

Let us implore them all, or any one of them to whom we may feel attracted, to obtain for us new light, new love, greater sympathy for our beloved Mother.

Let us try to imitate her compassionate love for the crucified Jesus, and all who by suffering resemble Him. We need fortitude and patience; we need silence and self-forgetfulness, and many other dispositions of holy suffering, and next to the Heart crowned with thorns, where can we find them but in hers?

*"Virgo Virginum preclara,
Mili tam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere." **
(*Stabat Mater.*)

* Virgin of all virgins blest,
Listen to my fond request,
Let me share thy grief divine.

A Carmelite Victim of the French Revolution.

THE year 1759 brought great happiness to a tiny cottage in Amiens, and filled with the deepest gratitude the hearts of the father and mother who welcomed their first born child. It was a pretty winsome boy, that, as the years flew rapidly by, the young mother taught to lisp his infantine prayers to his Mother in heaven, and to the Divine Babe, telling many sweet legends of both to her wondering child. The older he grew the more intense became his love of prayer, and his devotion to Mary, the object of his unbounded affection. The place in which he loved best to manifest these sentiments was the church of the Carmelites at Amiens, for therein was a most exquisite painting of the dear Queen of Carmel, one of the most cherished possessions of the church.

At every possible opportunity he might be seen upon his knees before the picture, whilst from his innocent heart, like the lily's sweetest fragrance, prayers and praise of the Virgin of Virgins were wafted to her throne in her heavenly home.

All the boy's longings were for the priesthood, but the poverty of his parents bade him reject the idea, for young as he then was, his hands were already enlisted in contributing to the support of his parents. During his hours of work, however, the youthful Firmin's heart was always united to his Saviour, and to the Mother most amiable. The Prior of the monastery had not failed to observe the youth, who daily attended Mass so devoutly, and afterwards prayed, with such extraordinary fervor at Mary's altar. The ardent love of his soul was so vis-

ible in the liquid depths of his clear blue eyes as they gazed so longingly at his beloved picture, that the Prior justly discerning this hidden treasure, called him to his presence one day, and asked him if he would not like to be a Carmelite.

A Carmelite! Ah! it was the dearest wish of his heart, but one which he had not dared to whisper, even to himself—"To be a Carmelite." That had always appeared to him as the bliss of heaven whilst yet on earth, and now that happiness was placed within his reach! In the ecstasy of his joy and gratitude he could scarcely give a coherent answer, then involuntarily from his lips came forth the words, "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum!*"

Seldom had the Queen of Carmel a more devoted client than the youthful Firmin. When the deep tones of the monastery bell woke the silent echoes of the night calling the monks to arise and pray, he was the first to leave his hard bed, in obedience to the summons, and when the last gorgeous tints of the setting sun had given place to the silvery moon sailing peacefully in the deep blue sky, the praises of the Lord still lingered on his lips.

The burning zeal he manifested in his sacred vocation, and his extraordinary talents enabled him to complete his studies successfully, and in due time to become a priest of the Most High.

Behold now the ardent desire of his heart was fulfilled. The scarcely contemplated aim of his youth was attained, and from the inmost depths of his soul he poured forth thanks to the Giver of all things.

But alas! not long was the young

levite destined to enjoy the tranquil peace of Carmel, to inhale the pure atmosphere of this blooming garden of our Lord. Already came the distant echoes, distant but ever coming nearer, of the mad, frantic achievements perpetrated in the name of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity."

From Paris went all through unhappy France the fatal watchword, and like to a terrible whirlwind, peace and happiness succumbed to its irresistible force.

Thus far Ameins had not been molested, but the pious inmates of the cloister did not attempt to conceal from themselves that sooner or later they too would be ruthlessly forced to leave the sweet solitude of their cells, and go forth as wanderers through the desert of the world.

And their expectation was realized. On the eighteenth of August, 1792, was promulgated the decree that placed "all those who wore a religious habit and endangered the public safety" under the most stringent restrictions. Then the doors of the monasteries were thrown open. The monks—those constant toilers in the vineyard of the Lord, and the pure virgins who, like fragrant lilies adorned His garden, were banished from the dear homes which had sheltered them so long.

Without justice—without pity they were sent, unprotected, into the raging tempest which now threatened to submerge all France in its merciless depths.

* * * * *

It was midnight, and the intense darkness of the forest was not relieved by even the faint glimmer of the moon's pale light, or the fitful glitter of the distant stars. The fierce storm which raged bent and swayed the branches of the woodland trees. A thousand

voices seemed to mingle with every gust of wind in warning tones, and even the withered autumn leaves as they were caught up, only to be whirled around and dashed to earth, had vengeance and hatred in every turn for those who had so ruthlessly devastated their lovely sylvan home. Yes, there was sedition in the very air—murder followed the slightest provocation, and men appeared to have entirely forgotten their God.

And now low rumblings of thunder were heard, and, in the dark path, partially illumined by the fitful flash of the lightning, might be seen a solitary traveler pursuing his rugged way.

His tall form was enveloped in a long dark mantle, and as he hastened onward one might almost think he had arisen with the darkness and the storm.

It was a dangerous passage, for now he was drawing near to the marshes, and a grey mist arose ever before him in huge shapeless masses, whilst he was perforce compelled to inhale its cold, foul and poisonous breath. A solitary wayfarer! With breathless haste onward he went, never heeding the long branches which fain would have impeded his way, nor the gnarled roots so abundant in his path. Who was he? Perhaps a fugitive from justice seeking a place of concealment, perhaps a revolutionist charged with some secret mission. Who is he who thus flees like a hunted deer in the silence of the night? A malefactor striving to evade the penalty of his deeds? No! No! As a light shines over a little hillock, for the first time the wayfarer pauses, clasps his hands and fervently but softly breathes forth a heartfelt "Deo Gratias!" then hastens on.

A few more steps brought him to a little cottage, almost hidden in the

forest. He knocked at the door and was instantly admitted. O! what a welcome he received! They kissed his hands, as they knelt for his blessing, and then, with fast falling tears led him silently to the bed side of the dying.

Yes, the father of the household lay stricken with death, and the priest of the Lord had braved many a peril to come and minister to his soul. The invalid was overjoyed to see the priest, who, full of love and compassion, knelt and fervently offered up a prayer. The others then left the room, and the priest performed the duties of his holy office. The dying man was strengthened and prepared for the supreme moment of death, the living received some loving words of sympathy and exhortation to be resigned. Then the long dark mantle, which in some degree served as a disguise, was resumed, and the father hastened away to minister to others who longed for his aid. Thus it was in the time of the French Revolution when wickedness reigned throughout, and the duties of religion had to be practiced in the darkness of midnight. Again we find the same fervent priest silently wending his way through the darkness of an early and intensely cold winter morning to an isolated house on the outskirts of the forest to give the scattered members of his flock, assembled there in secret, the happiness of assisting at the Sacrifice of the Mass. Again, when the shades of evening had fallen, we find him in Amiens going from one poor tenement to another, finding bread for the hungry, comfort for the sorrowful, help for the abandoned.

Now we find him in the midst of a noble family who, deprived of all their possessions, are preparing to leave their dear home, thankful to escape with their lives, yet dreading the judicial mandate which will tear them asunder. He strives to sustain their faltering courage, places before them again the well arranged plan for their escape, and blesses them once more as he turns away. Finally behold him with burning words of fervent eloquence trying to wrest from Satan the soul of an obdurate sinner—who at last, listening to the voice of divine grace, falls at his feet, makes a penitent confession, and through the priest's absolution, casts the offences of years from his soul.

And this man, whom all Amiens honored as a saint, whom a thousand little orphans called "father," a thousand poor creatures their savior, a thousand forsaken ones their consoler, this priest, who in his lovely boyhood was so willingly yielded to God by his parents, we behold upon the morning of April 3rd, 1794, led, bound by sacreligious hands, through the city's gates, under the convoy of a revolutionary escort.

Yes! It was Father Firmin, the devoted client of Our Lady of the Scapular, and the city which knew him only as a faithful priest, and one who was ever ready to aid his fellow creatures, the city which now beheld him led through the gates as a criminal to the guillotine, was Amiens. the city of his birth! Did not the very walls cry out!—(*From Stimmen Vom Berge Carmel, by* S. X. BLAKELY.

“Miles Christi.”

LOUIS GASTON DE SONIS,

CARMELITE TERTIARY.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED).

“**W**E came to the battlefield armed for the fight; Thy adorable Heart on our stand-overshadowed our battalions. Lord, the soil of France has drunk our blood, and Thou knowest how we have sacrificed our lives for our country. Many of our comrades have died; Thou hast called them to Thyself, for they were ripe for Heaven. But we remain, and we know not the fate which is reserved for us. Grant, O Lord, that the lives Thou hast preserved may be henceforth entirely consecrated to Thy service. We bear on our breasts the image of Thy Sacred Heart. Grant that our own hearts may be a still more faithful image of Thee, and make us worthy of the title of Christian soldiers. Grant that we may be submissive to our leaders, charitable to our neighbors, severe towards ourselves, devoted to our duties, and ready for every sacrifice. Make us pure in body and in soul; and, however eager we may be in the fight, grant that we may be tender and compassionate towards the wounded. O Jesus, in all our dangers and sufferings, it is from Thy Divine Heart that we seek our most powerful help. Thou wilt be our refuge, when all human aids fail us, and our last sigh will be an act of hope in Thy Divine mercy. And you, O blessed Mary, whom we have chosen for our Mother, to you also we must bear witness. Our battlefields have seen the long procession of mourning wives, mothers and sisters, seeking for their dear ones who had fallen, and recognizing your sons by their Scapulars. Be our protectress, and obtain for us the grace to be tenderly united

to you in the Sacred Heart of your Divine Son, for life and death, in time and in eternity. Amen.”

Having thus prayed, the priest addressed him whose words he had just been repeating:

“Noble General, we wish to follow you everywhere, and we are proud of feeling that you are so near to us this day!”

After which M. de Charette, ratifying this form of consecration in a few energetic words, asked the regiment to repeat after him, “*Heart of Jesus, save France!*”—a cry which was taken up enthusiastically by the men and every one present.

It was less difficult for M. de Sonis to take his thanksgivings to Notre-Dame de Lourdes, who had helped him so tenderly during his night of agony. He went there, and laid at her feet his cross of Commander of the Legion of Honor, which he had just received; and found the whole place in a state of excitement at the sudden cure of a young man who had been paralyzed, and had entirely recovered the use of his limbs.

CHAPTER XIII.

RENNES.—1871-1874.

It was in the month of November, 1871, that General de Sonis arrived at Rennes, and took possession of his new post as Commander of the 16th mili-

tary division of the French army. He entered then into a new period of his existence, less brilliant, perhaps, in the eyes of men, but even nobler and more meritorious in the sight of God. In a military point of view, it was a time of incessant and energetic work, consecrated entirely to the reorganization of the French army. The new General appeared in time of peace as he had done in time of war, always in his proper position. His house was arranged according to his rank, yet with great simplicity. Seconded by his family, he did the honors of his home with the dignity of a gentleman, and yet the modesty of a Christian. "Nothing worldly or luxurious was seen in it," wrote one of his habitual guests, "but an exquisite courtesy and a consideration for everybody, which pervaded the whole tone of the house."

In spite of his continual state of suffering, de Sonis would never relax the old regularity of his life. Rising every morning at five in summer and six in winter, he insisted on dressing himself alone, in spite of the difficulties caused by his mutilation. After his prayers and meditation, he used to go the parish church of St. Germain, which was close to his house. His recollection edified everybody," wrote the Curé. "The good people who came to the daily Mass declared that the General's presence was a sermon in itself; and that, when he went to Holy Communion, though he could no longer kneel, his devout and respectful manner made every one strive to emulate his fervor." After Mass came work. Then he received the chief officer of his staff, General Boussebard, who became his devoted friend. Then he went out on horseback, till the twelve o'clock breakfast, though not without some danger, as we find by his letter

to M. de Réals: "I have persevered in riding, which is necessary for my inspections. Yesterday I got on a horse of Rothviller's; my wooden leg broke, and remained sticking in the stirrup. I was galloping at the time, and the broken wood dangling against the legs of my horse might easily have caused a bad accident. But, thank God, I was able to stop him, and to reach home afterwards in safety, though very tired by the efforts I had to make to keep my balance, as we were further off than Cesson."

After two o'clock the General remained in his study, writing, studying, and giving lessons to his children. He rejoiced in his near neighborhood to the church, which enabled him to make his daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament. As he had been inscribed among the Associates of Perpetual Adoration, he never failed to present himself on the day fixed, which was Saturday, from seven to eight in the morning, and there, among the poorest people in the parish, he occupied his place as adorer.

The time after dinner was given to recreation and conversation with his family and friends, and the evening was closed with night prayers said together.

We have mentioned that he had been received by Mgr. Gay, in 1859, into the Third Order of the Carmelites, and had made his profession at Bordeaux. He now put himself under the direction of a Carmelite religious, the Père Daniel, who was Superior of that Order at Rennes. The Third Order was directed by Father Augustine of Jesus Crucified, who soon after succeeded him. General de Sonis's soul under the direction of these two holy men received a fresh impulse towards perfection.

As the first step in our duty towards God consists in the accomplishment of the duties of our daily life, General de Sonis considered it a primary duty to study the theories and military regulations which ought to be known accurately by the commander of any large body of troops, and he studied these so effectually as to astonish the officers during his inspections, which were frequently renewed during the year 1872. The division under his command was scattered over four or five Departments; and these journeys were very painful to him from his inexperience in managing the apparatus by which his wooden leg was fastened. After every manœuvre he would come back to camp with the stump all bleeding, and was obliged to put himself in a bath to stop the consequent inflammation. Yet the torture was repeated on the morrow. One of his aides-de-camp wrote:

"It seemed to us every evening as if it would be impossible for him to mount his horse again the next day. Yet he always did, and not a complaint ever escaped him. He said he had a firm belief that Providence would give him enough strength to carry on the inspection thoroughly to the end; and it seems that his confidence was not misplaced; for he was better towards the last than during the first days. On his return home the General took the most scrupulous and delicate care in drawing up his report regarding the merits of each officer. No personal like or dislike ever affected the justice of his remarks, and no one could find one word to say in this respect.

"On the other hand, he was vigorous as to the maintenance of discipline, believing that the whole reorganization of the army depended upon that. Comparing the French with the German armies, he was obliged sadly to declare that the spirit of order and obedience and of self-denial and sacrifice was infinitely stronger in the latter than in

the former. 'And yet,' he would add, 'the true value of an army consists in those virtues. We may build fortresses, employ the newest and most perfect arms, drag our troops by forced marches, employ clever tactics, and all the rest; but the moral force of discipline is of the first importance.'"

"Under his gentle exterior," wrote another of his staff, "and his invariable courtesy, his soul was inflexible as regarded duty, and made him often appear severe in his inspections. His great height and his dignified manner inspired respect and a certain amount of fear in those who saw him for the first time. But, in reality, this apparent austerity was assumed to conceal his natural kindness. His personal integrity and disinterestedness were well known. In answer to an application to use his interest and influence to obtain some post for a man, he replied: 'You must excuse me; I have never asked for anything either for myself or for any one belonging to me.'"

As a Christian and a man of sense and honor, he did his best to repress duels in the army. We read of his having put an officer under arrest for eight days for having ordered a private soldier to fight. But this same soldier was likewise punished for having yielded to fear when the moment came. On another occasion, when a duel had been ordered by the Inspector General, M. de Sonis forbade it, at the same time sending a report of his reasons to the War Minister. The latter was very much embarrassed by this conflict of opinion, and sent an ambiguous answer. Finally the Christian triumphed, and the law of God with him. The son of one of his best friends in another corps had fought a duel, out of which he came with great honor, according to his world's view of the matter; and his father received many warm congratulations on the incident. M. de Sonis wrote in a very different sense:

"My poor friend, I am very much distressed at this affair of Pierre's. I have no doubt that it has brought him many hearty expressions of approval. But it is better to bear an affront for

the love of Jesus Christ. I know very well that many men do not hold this language; but there are not two religions of the Cross!"

In the month of March, 1872, the President of the Republic, more than ever anxious at the rumors of the intended descent of the Emperor on the shores of Brittany, sent for General de Sonis to give him certain verbal instructions in case of the attempt being made. M. Thiers had also been most favorably disposed towards de Sonis by MacMahon, who had told him of the great moral and military worth of his old Algerian officer. Consequently he received de Sonis at Versailles with the most extreme courtesy and consideration. The interview being over, he

asked him to luncheon. It was a Friday in Lent, and was then one o'clock, and the General was fasting. But M. Thiers did not seem to have had an idea that it was even a day of abstinence, and the luncheon was purely *gras*. Seeing that the General did not eat anything, he began expressing his regret; and then, suddenly guessing the cause, roundly scolded Madame Thiers, who hastened to order something *maigre* for her distinguished guest. The General was very much amused at the despair of the old politician, who was inconsolable at having so forgotten what was due to one whom he was most anxious to conciliate and please.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUNRISE OVER LAKE LUCERNE—A REMINISCENCE.

POETIC souls, especially when elevated to the gift of knowledge to discern the beauty of God in His creatures, the invisible things by those that are visible, find treasures of grace in fair scenes of nature, and hear sweet whispers in its silence.

An instance of this—a "reminiscence," long treasured in my heart, has often wafted over my spirit when longing for Jesus' coming in Holy Communion—wafted with fragrance like the incense of the sanctuary,—whispered like the plaintive "O Salutaris!" and I trust, through His grace, it may also whisper in some far-off heart, watching, perhaps in the sleepless hours, for the morning-dawn and the Eucharistic drama. A priest whose soul was gifted as I have described, on one occasion during a tour in Switzerland, rose at a very early hour to see the sun rise over the beautiful Lake of Lucerne. In eloquent words he described at his return, the never to be forgotten scene, as the light rose over hill and vale, and tinged

the rippling waters with gold. Then he compared it to our Lord the true Sun, coming in the early morn to flood the soul with Eucharistic light and beauty. "How dark," he exclaimed, "is the earth! But when the King of the World," (that is the orb of light) "rises, he floods it with golden radiance," and the earth lowers itself, as it were before the sun, thus causing its elevation. In like manner the soul lowering itself by humility—"Lord I am not worthy!" moves our Lord to elevate Himself over her.

How many sweet thoughts were suggested by words whose beauty I cannot well express, though their lesson was never forgotten! How dark, and cold, and unworthy we are until He rises over us and within us, to flood our souls with light, and robe them in beauty, and grace! How we ought to long for His morning-dawn, and humble ourselves before Him, and like the Royal Psalmist sigh "Deus, Deus meus, ad te de luce vigilo."

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Editorial Notes.

The Virgin Train.

The world, with its followers, looks with contempt on the young man, or woman, who from supernatural motives does not marry. It says "Let them get married or enter a convent. There is no third state." The world is wrong and knows nothing of supernatural motives. The most painful thing is to see half-instructed Catholics frowning on those pure and heroic souls who, living in the world, observe chastity for God's sake. Such have chosen the better part. The Council of Trent says it is better and more blessed to remain in virginity or in celibacy than to be united in matrimony. To deny this would be heresy. God has chosen some few chosen souls to serve Him in the cloister, but most persons are called to the married state. Outside of these there are earnest souls who, finding themselves called to neither of these last mentioned states, nevertheless wish to please God by a life of purity. For such there is in store a great reward, for besides fighting the world, the flesh and the devil—they must meet the ridicule of those towards whom they have a right to look for encouragement. Such heroic souls have before them the example of Mary, the "Virgin of Virgins," and like an Agnes, a Teresia, a Clara and an Ursula, they flock around her throne imbibing new strength to guard the most delicate and lovely of the virtues. Let these chaste souls give no heed to the sayings or opinions of a sensual world—let them rather remember that chastity is an angelic virtue; by it men become like angels. Superior to the angels, are they since they have the

flesh to combat, which the angels have not. The devil knows too well that through chastity man recovers the angelic dignity which he lost, hence he strives by all means to rob him of it. Moreover, those who observe chastity are extremely pleasing to God, who calls the pure soul by the endearing title of friend, sister or spouse. The pure of heart are happy in this world and easily acquire the other virtues. Chastity possesses an indescribable attraction and sweetness. Virginal souls will be near to the throne of God and sing a new canticle that no man can say, that is to say they will enjoy a singular and special glory. Finally their portion in heaven will be with the "Virgin of Virgins."

The Age of Mary Come!

At all times we feel it our duty to aid every effort made to spread devotion to our Blessed Mother. Of the many pious means of bringing souls to Our Lady's throne experience teaches that the works of Blessed Grignon De Montfort have worked wonders. We are pleased to know that a pious and zealous priest has put the original treatise into a simple little handbook, so that the contents can be grasped by even a child's mind. This hand-book, containing the substance of Blessed De Montfort's "True Devotion to Our Blessed Mother," is entitled "Through Mary to Jesus." We feel obliged to make mention of this work editorially, for we are convinced that it will bring glory to our Queen and salvation to her clients. We do not write this at the solicitation of any publisher, neither are we financially interested. We

simply give up these pages to that for which they were dedicated, namely, the spread of devotion to Mary, and we are sure that the little work we speak of is an instrument for great good. Recently the author, the Reverend Felix F. H. Lavallée, wrote to the Editor of the Carmelite Review, saying amongst other things: "After ten years I repeat, more convinced than ever, with His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan: "In our humble judgment no one can do better than spread the knowledge of this golden treatise on devotion to our Blessed Mother." In less than two years more than twenty thousand copies of De Montfort's work were distributed among the clergy and religious communities in Canada. May God hasten the time that the age of Mary come! We conclude these remarks by quoting from a letter sent to his clergy by Right Rev. Bishop Laroque, of Sherbrooke, P. Q. His Lordship says:

"The learned and saintly Father Faber, whose numerous ascetic works are so widely known, wished to bequeath to his beloved country, the English translation of De Montfort's Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. In his magnificent preface to that translation, he clearly shows the necessity of the manual *Through Mary to Jesus*. "I would venture to warn the reader, he writes, "that one perusal will be very far from making him master of it. If I may dare to say so, there is a growing feeling of something inspired and supernatural about it, as we go on studying it."

It is not astonishing, then, that the Blessed De Montfort's doctrine, presented to us in a style so elevated, should fail to be understood and relished by the ordinary class of Christians, especially by the young. I, therefore, recommend you to spread this little manual, as widely as possible, throughout your parishes. You will

thereby contribute most efficaciously, to establish the kingdom of Christ, by making His Blessed Mother better loved, and more honored than she has ever been."

By Way of Contrast.

The Christian Guardian (Methodist) last month reviews a new work on "Luther and the German Reformation" by Dr. T. M. Lindsay. We call attention to this because this month a well-known Augustinian Father talks entertainingly in this magazine of Luther and his "discovery" of the Bible. By way of contrast it will amuse our readers to get a sample of what non-Catholics have prepared for them in sectarian journals. Dr. Lindsay tells his good Methodist readers that "Luther learned much from the sturdy old monks, who, in those days, had much of the truth still abiding with them. Yet it was a long time before he derived much soul comfort, even from the study of the Word. The thought of God, as a jealous God, had so entered into his soul, and so distressed him, that by constant penance and suffering, he was ever seeking to ease his troubled spirit. Fortunately the Prior of these Augustinian monks still had the root of evangelical faith in him. So Luther found the peace he had so long sought in the old, old way, which is always new—by simply taking God at His word, by trusting in His promise. He had not needed to come to the convent to find his new life; but his going there had not hindered him from finding it."

Our Lady in Spain.

The Spanish correspondent of the Boston Pilot thus beautifully writes of the Spaniard's love for Our Lady of Carmel:

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as numerous as the many classes of vines in their sunny vineyards, by which our Sinless Mother is honored in Spain, that of devotion to her as the Queen of Carmel is the most widely spread, as it is at the same time positively the most popular; and if proof were needed, the crowded congregations that fill to overflowing every sanctuary and every church of the peninsula to-day will triumphantly proclaim it. Particularly is Our Lady of Carmel honored by those mothers who have prudently and piously selected her as the advocate and protector of their children, that heavenly intercession that will acquire in life and death for them a value for their sorrows and a heavenly significance for their joys. Truly may it be said that Spaniards are born devoted to Mary—born sons and daughters of the Virgin Mother of Carmel. The love of Mary is the first love that sprouts in their hearts after the blessed water of Baptism has been poured on their heads, and in after years that love lives in their hearts, and amid all the pleasures and bitterness of life shows itself in the life of the saint and sinner, for when the latter becomes, amid the vicissitudes of the world's life, a stray sheep from God, and his conscience becomes deaf to the promptings of grace, and with him the future looks dark and gloomy, oh, it is then Mary's powerful influence softens the heart of the most hardened. But it may be said that all these generalities are but pious rhetoric. Thank God! no; the daily life of the minister of God proves conclusively that, multitudinous as are the sins of mankind, yet the abundance of Mary's mercy is never exhausted."

From Rome we learn that Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli has been installed in his see of Palestrina amid a scene of great rejoicing. The ancient city was decorated in the brightest colors, bunting and flags, as well as old tapestries, tending to change and make festive the appearance of the narrow streets.

The ceremony of installation was gone through in the presence of almost all the inhabitants, with whom the new Cardinal-Bishop is most popular. Indeed, he may be almost considered a son of the soil, as he was born within six miles of his cathedral city. His brother, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, is Cardinal-Bishop of Frascati, and both brothers are held in the highest estimation by His Holiness, as well as by the members of the Sacred College. Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli is the Cardinal-Protector in Rome of the Carmelite Order.

Catholic Cuba.

The Havana correspondent of the Catholic Columbian tells us of doings in Cuba which are of much interest to American readers. We are informed that the pages of the new Catholic weekly—the *Cuba Catholica*, are filled with news items, editorials, stories and poems, and its make-up is much the same as that of Catholic papers in the United States. The large number of religious poems it contains is especially noticeable. The Havanese are much given to the writing of poetry, and much of it is well written. The proportion among the educated who write passable verse is much larger than it is in the United States. The whole tone of *Cuba Catholica* is that of loyalty to the Church and a deep interest in the welfare of the Cuban people. The same interesting correspondent reports the fact that the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in Havana was celebrated with great solemnity in the church of St. Philip, which is in charge of the Carmelite Fathers. The Confraternity of the Brown Scapular there is in a most flourishing condition.

Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Dear Lady of Carmel, enshrined in my heart

When I see thee to leave thy bright throne far above,

How the tenderest throbs in my bosom will start,

How it fires my breast with emotions of love!

Thou callest the poor, and invit'st to thy breast

The captives of sin that are toiling in chains,

Let them come from their toil to comfort and rest,

For 'tis with thee that all my mercy peacefully reigns.

Oh! Mary, how oft to my eye does the tear

Start warm from my heart as I joyfully gaze

On thy Cloth of Redemption for mortal to wear,

While the sceptres of Paradise over thee blaze.

Dear Lady of Carmel! Thou star from bright Heaven!

May the comfort and joy thy presence has given,

Be the foretaste of far richer ones yet to come,

When we rest in the light of an eternal home.

Francis A. Reynolds in The Weekly Boute.

Spain and the Scapular.

The leading part cannot be denied Spain in the propagation and preservation of the Scapular devotion. For, says Juan Pedro in the Boston Pilot, "one has only to open the pages of its ecclesiastical history and see there engraved in letters of gold the hearty and cordial reception given to the Fathers

of the Order, when in the twelfth century, after it was elevated by the Church into a religious order, and the Solitaries of Carmel went forth from their Asiatic home and scattered themselves over the Christian world, Spain was then one of the first nations visited, one of the first blessed by their presence; and subsequently was not the work of Carmelite reform exclusively Spain's? Spain's children were its founders. The burning heart of Teresia of Jesus whose seraphic transports she herself has painted in her verses—imperishable enchantment for loving souls—while St. John of the Cross, the mystic chanter of the joys, sorrows and sufferings of souls enamored of their Creator, and whose feeling complaints always produced new emotions. Spain gladly received their sons and daughters, the fragrant odor of whose virtues sweetens with their fragrance its air and converted it into a delicious Garden of Mary.

But, alas, Spain has not been always—to her dishonor be it written—faithful to the sons and daughters of Carmel. The poison of French infidelity has penetrated even through its high invincible barrier and natural bulwark, the snow-capped Pyrenees, and poisoned the wells of the Peninsula, for afterwards there were found men, aye, women, too, who became the Viragos and Communists of '35, when the torch of the incendiary and the crowbar of the ruthless destroyer were applied to these once happy homes of peace and heavenly joy that once dotted every hillside of Spain and enriched and beautified every city in the length and breadth of the Peninsula. Oh, the sons and daughters of Carmel of that day merit from us, who live in an era ripe with victories of the Church and its progress, the tenderest love, the liveliest sympathy. Then the enemies of the Church and of Carmel thought only of the martyrdom and ostracism of its children, confining the one and the other, and carrying both out to burial; but to-day there is a glorious resurrection. Thanks to God! Thanks to Mary!"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The "Magnificat, by Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P., is a beautiful echo of our Blessed Mother's inspired canticle—her "sweet summer-psalm." It has been eloquently reviewed in "The Irish Rosary," and we gladly quote from, and comment on a few lines of its graceful praise. "It is impossible to read this paraphrase of the "Magnificat" without admiring its depth of impassioned feeling, the wealth of imagery, the oriental brilliancy of its coloring." Yes! the "depth of impassioned feeling," for it seems to unveil that mystic and poetic intercourse of a priestly soul with God, (in union with her who rejoiced in Him) which, as it were, found vent in the strains of this glorious song. "Magnificat!" murmured through the spirit—aisles; and God's Holy Spirit touched the silvery chords of his heart and drew forth sweet variations of Mary's ecstatic theme, first wafted o'er the hills of Judea. "The wealth of imagery." Rich, indeed, are the metaphors, enchased in this casket of exquisitely chosen expressions:—brilliant the tints of one who, with artistic enthusiasm exclaims:

"No artist yet has struck the faultless grace,
The rapt inspiration of thy childlike face,
On that fair mount, on that fair Summer eve;
And I, the least of all thy bardic train,
To consecrate my one poor gift, would fain
Thy picture fair on this frail canvass leave."

Most beautiful the gifted writer shows how all generations, while, in fulfilment of her prophecy, they call her "Blessed" at the same time murmur their varied feelings in the tones of her canticle. Sometimes those of humility—again, confidence, gratitude, praise—thus emulating, even afar, the sentiments of Mary's Immaculate Heart, the melody of her voice, the gladness of her spirit. It is true there are conceptions which, like the dreams of another poet-priest are "Too lofty for language to reach," but this only enables us to see how sublime is this holy canticle, and we exclaim in admiration: "Benedicite sancti et humiles corde Domino!" "Bless the Lord, O ye holy and humble of heart."

Many sweet songs had ascended to God in the Temple of old, and those of the "Royal

Psalmist were especially pleasing to Him, not only because of their intrinsic holiness and beauty, but because they were prophetic of Jesus and Mary, and were destined to echo in the aisles of Holy Church to all time. But Mary, the "Child Prophetess," was still more "according" to God's heart than David, and he thus addresses her: "Let thy voice sound in my ears, for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely." FR. A. RYAN. The bard of Erin, in his plaintive farewell to the "dear harp" of our country exclaims:

"Go sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers!"

Now, in the light of Father Sheehan's retrospect, as he contemplates Mary, rising like a "song-bird from its mossy nest," soaring in golden Summer-time over the hills of Judea, Erin's harp-strings have again vibrated in melodious numbers, worthy of being listened to by all who love her in this land, "land of song," and even in all nations where she is called "Blessed."

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Those of our readers who wish to get a copy of the incomparable little work entitled "Through Mary to Jesus," can obtain the same from Rev. F. H. Lavallee, Bishop's Palace, Sherbrooke, P. Q. The prices (exclusive of postage or expressage) are: Cloth bound, red edge 25 cents per copy, or one dozen copies at \$2.40; leather bound per copy fifty cents, or \$5.40 per dozen copies. Special rates to booksellers. When ordering kindly mention the Carmelite Review.

B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., has issued new editions of Dean Book's invaluable little works which have been put at the small price of fifteen cents. A hundred copies for ten dollars. Mollie's Mistake—or Mixed Marriages," covers all the ground indicated by the title. In a "Short Line to the Roman Catholic Church," every objection to Catholic doctrine is ably answered, and the treatise on "Secret Societies" should do much good. Such cheap and good literature should be welcomed by all who love to spread the truth.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

Mrs. Mary Sleeper, who died piously on March 29.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Names received at Falls View Monastery from Sacred Heart Church, Chicago.

FAVORS.

We acknowledge \$2 received from J. M., Lonsdale, Ont., for India famine sufferers.

PETITIONS.

"Pray one for another!"—St. James, v. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Sick, 1; peace in family, 2; temperance, 1; prevention of scandal; a parish. All intentions sent to us since last month.

THANKSGIVING.

From Ottawa, Ontario: A child of Mary writes on Aug. 16th, saying she "wishes to return thanks for the recovery of a beloved parent, after praying earnestly to the Sacred Heart through the intercession of our Blessed Mother, and promising to publish thanks in the Carmelite Review."

Cleveland, O., Aug. 7, 1900.

Rev. Father—

Some time ago I prayed to our Blessed Mother of Mt. Carmel, and promised her if my request was granted I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. Thanks to Our Blessed Lady my request was granted far beyond my expectation and I entreat everyone in trouble to have recourse to the Help of the Sick and Comforter of the Afflicted.

A CHILD OF MARY.

A hidden danger to our American youth is the so-called "boys'" paper. Many of these publications are brought out by enterprising frauds who know too well the weakness of our youth. Parents should be upon their guard. Let them scan the carefully worded and attractive little half-inch advertisement therein which is warranted to coax every stray dime from their boy's (or girl's?) pockets. One paper coming to our notice is organizing a "secret" society for boys which that journal says is "fascinating to a boy"—and "one that does not interfere with a boy's religious training." The devil's weapons are legion. Parents should not be caught sleeping.

Religious statues of every design and size—artistically gilded and painted in oil colors—can be had at maker's price by addressing A. Pellegrini, 328 Pine street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The publishers of the Carmelite Review are not responsible for money received by any persons claiming to represent the Carmelite Fathers unless the same persons can show credentials signed and sealed by one of the Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.