



**HELP OF CHRISTIANS.**

*"Monstra te esse matrem!"*

"Show thyself a mother!"



## A MAY CAROL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

*"Monstra te esse Matrem."*

SHOW thyself a Mother,—  
The world is stern and cold :  
Our lives abound with many cares,  
Our needs are manifold.

It is a mother's office  
To cleanse her little child :  
Wash, then our souls in Christ's pure blood,  
O Virgin undefiled !

It is a mother's gladness  
Her suff'ring child to cure—  
O, with the balm from thy chaste palm,  
Anoint our ev'ry sore !

And strengthen all who languish  
'Neath misery and wrong :—  
With Heaven's golden cordial,  
Making them well and strong.

Then, clothe them with the raiment  
Of innocence and love,  
And feed them with the Food of God  
That cometh from above !

O show thyself a Mother  
In all these tender ways ;  
And from thy children's hearts shall rise  
A Maytime hymn of praise !

*Monstra te esse Matrem !*

O Virgin, without guile !  
Cleanse, heal, and strengthen—clothe and feed  
Thy children poor and vile !

# LIFE OF ST. PETER THOMAS, OF THE ORDER OF CARMELITES:

DEVOTED SERVANT OF MARY—TITULAR PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE—LEGATE OF THE CRUSADE OF 1365.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L'ABBE A. PARRAUD.

BY MISS S. X. BLAKELY.

## CHAPTER VI.

CONSOLER AND ZEALATOR—THE GREAT PESTILENCE—SECOND APPARITION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN—VISIT TO THE MONASTERIES OF HIS ORDER—1348-1352.



THE floating population which we have described, perhaps it were better to say the ever changing class of "society," went on as ever, living in luxurious ease, and forgetting that there existed for them other duties and obligations of a nature far more serious.

Although the warning voice of the apostle failed not to find a response in the hearts of the multitude, there were still many, alas! too many blind and foolish ones who delayed too long in following his admonitions. And this despite the warnings which the anger of heaven continued to send, dread fore-runners of the terrible punishments in store for the unheeding.

The year 1347 was ushered in by calamities well calculated to make the most unthinking reflect. The overflow of the Rhone swept away advancing vegetation, and dire distress all too soon stalked ruthlessly over the land.

An earthquake, which impressed even the most unbelieving, marked the advent of the year 1348. The zealous priest availed himself of these events to inspire the gay, the reckless, and the guilty with a sense of the punishments sent by our Lord to His creatures. Like another Jonah he repaired to places of public resort crying aloud, "unless you do penance you shall all perish." But his apostolic fervor found little response in their hearts, hardened as they were to the impulses of grace.

Meanwhile the second day of the second month dawned upon the city so picturesque in its magnificence, so unconscious of what was to come! An unbidden guest grimly forced its way within its walls, and one glance sufficed to show that the *black pestilence* was in their midst! From the far distant Orient the terrible scourge had ravaged Persia, Armenia, Syria, Egypt, the Archipelago and Italy. Passing over the mountains, it had spread desolation all through the fair lands of Savoy, of Burgundy, of Provence. In its insatiable voracity it spared neither venerable age, bright happy youth,

nor guileless infancy. All—all—fell beneath its breath. One brief visit to a poor creature stricken with the plague—contact with objects handled by the victim—nay, the very sight thereof sufficed to inoculate new subjects with the virus. Even domestic animals contracted it, and, rushing madly on, scattered the germs through the streets, whilst sepulture of the dead being almost impossible, the forsaken bodies of the poor creatures increased the diffusion and fury of the pestilence. Then society became utterly demoralized. The instinct of self-preservation loosened every tie of friendship and relationship. Dwellers upon the same street looked at each other with terror-stricken gaze. Brothers seemed to have lost all idea of fraternal love, fathers refused to go near their suffering sons. Children turned, shuddering, from those to whom they owed existence, and charity found a refuge only in the most heroic hearts. The stricken ones found themselves deserted. Many physicians succumbed, and of those who survived, not all dared to accord the ministrations of their profession. Nay, the courage of the priests even, in this exceptional situation, sometimes, alas! was found wanting. And, all the while the mental disorganization of the people was such that it reached the verge of insanity. The terror-stricken people thought that to remain at their usual occupations, or to take too serious a view of the visitation would super-induce the malady. They, therefore, plunged wildly into pleasure's tumultuous sea. Strange contrast—mirth and enjoyment—music and dancing—the theatre and the gaming table never ceased their efforts to amuse. Yet death and desolation reigned supreme—despair and con-

sternation could not be driven off. Hastily prepared graves mocked at the efforts to efface the thought that grim death was close at hand. The ground was no longer cultivated. All thought of tilling the soil was abandoned, for the survivors dared not hope to reap the fruit of their labor. The pestilence continued its ravages at Avignon for seven months. Each day was marked by some new fatality—some even more numerous loss of life than its predecessor—but there are three days which stand forth never to be forgotten in its history. They were the three which followed the fourth Sunday of Lent. No less than fourteen hundred persons succumbed to the epidemic in that brief period of time. And what was the action of Father Peter Thomas throughout all that fateful season? It is a cause of the deepest regret that his biographers say nothing whatever about the great plague. They do not chronicle anything special of the saint until the year 1351-80, so that we are forced to seek refuge in conjecture as to what might have been. The courage of which he gave ample proof in similar circumstances, later on, at Cyprus, and the well known charity of the Carmelites permit us to say that he was like a ministering angel at the pillow of the stricken ones. No! It is not our dear saint who would seek safety in flight at the moment of peril. Far otherwise! We love to picture him solacing this poor people enervated by its own selfishness, and inculcating the spirit of sacrifice and resignation. Consoling as well as salutary, his words inspired confidence in the Father of the prodigal, and urged the afflicted ones to have recourse to the advocate of sinners. Braving danger, his days and nights even were devoted to hearing confessions, all unheeding the foul



miasma which at any moment might infect him with the fatal disease. And not only did he administer the last sacraments, but he rendered to the poor suffering creatures those services, of which, forsaken as they were, they stood so sadly in need. And in this course of action Father Peter fully seconded the views of the sovereign Pontiff, Clement VI.

Through authentic documents we learn that the Pontiff displayed, during all that dreadful period, the courage, zeal, and generosity to be looked for in the common Father of the faithful. Precious as was his life to the Church, terrible as were the ravages of the pestilence, he would not desert his children, but remained in Avignon. Truly a good shepherd, he stood at the head of his flock, and the better to defend it, the better to combat the mortality, he maintained in the city the most stringent police regulations. He devoted large sums to the noble cause of relief. Physicians from abroad were procured, and proper vehicles obtained for burying the dead. The cemeteries of the city being insufficient, he purchased a large piece of ground, in the south-western part, for sepulture, and in the centre, erected a mortuary chapel, endowed with offerings for a foundation of Masses for the souls of the departed who had neither relatives nor friends.

Extending his solicitude over the whole world, Clement VI., in order to encourage and promote a heroic devotion amongst the faithful, granted, universally, to those both of the clergy and laity who aided the plague-stricken people, either spiritually or temporally, the most precious indulgences.

Alas! the mournful provisions of the Pontiff were realized. The Black Plague continued its fatal course, de-

stroying entire generations. In 1349 Germany, Friesland, and Hungary were the theatres for its action, then it hastened to the icy regions of Denmark, Russia, Sweden, Norway, and the Islands. A contemporaneous author declares that the pestilence depopulated the world and left it empty! Asia, England, and other countries lost one-third of their population. It is estimated that the number of villages and cities left without inhabitants was not less than two hundred thousand! Imagine the desolation that reigned in the streets and lanes now become the domain of ferocious animals! Cities such as Marseilles—Trepány—for several months were deserted. Often were there found vessels, upon the sea, wandering hither and thither, the crews of which had perished, even to the last man.

It may be said that this sombre account is exaggerated, but the unwonted unanimity of historians leaves little room for doubt upon the subject. It can be truly affirmed, taking into consideration the vast extent of the infected region, the violence of the malady, its swift course, and the unprecedented number of the victims swept away, that no preceding or subsequent epidemic could even faintly compare with this.

No visitation, no scourge of the human race, if we except the deluge, ever left to the unfortunate family of Adam such sorrowful memories. Meanwhile, under the dominion of divine Justice, against which the wicked hardened their hearts, the most elevated sentiments were awakened in the hearts of the upright. Expiation and gratitude manifested themselves in the generosity of the alms diffused throughout, by the erection of hospitals and churches, by

various pious foundations and by pilgrimages.

The year 1350 dawned upon the world and brought with it a great spiritual blessing. The fury of the plague had abated, and the whole Catholic universe was gladdened by the tidings that the Holy Father had lessened the interval between the great Jubilee from a century, to half that period of time. This precious boon was, like the rainbow of old, a token that the Almighty had become reconciled with man, and from every point came the faithful, with joy inexpressible to turn the great privilege to account.

The condition necessary to gain the Plenary Indulgence being to visit the Basilicas of Rome, the number of pilgrims whose piety led them to the Eternal City, notwithstanding the difficulty and danger attendant upon the voyage, was so great, that every historian has commented upon it as extraordinary.

To behold the "living streams" which flowed along the streets, for so long a time deserted and dreary, one would not have pronounced the world to have become so depopulated. Human activity, paralyzed for two years by the gigantic scourge, resumed its course under the divine impulse of religious sentiment.

The family of Carmel, cast down by the loss of several thousands of its members, speedily recovered from the effects of this trial through the special beneficence of its august patroness. It was at this period—towards the year 1351—that the Order was favored, through the medium of Father Peter Thomas, with a revelation, which has ever been treasured, like a priceless gem, in its annals. To relate it precisely, we cannot do better than to

translate the testimony of a contemporaneous witness of the favor. John de Hildesheim, a Saxon Carmelite, who gave it a place in his work, *Defensorium*, wrote towards the year 1370, most ably, against the calumniators of his Order.

"During the reign of Pope Clement VI. of blessed memory," writes the narrator, "whilst I was taking my course of studies at Avignon, I became the most devoted friend of Master Peter Thomas, at that time our prefect of studies, a man of profound learning, deep erudition, and exceeding great holiness of life. The night of the great feast of Pentecost, being in the cell allotted to me, opposite to his own, I had fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by the tones of a voice full of the sweetest melody, and by a feeling so mysterious that I could assign no explanation to it whatsoever. Deeply impressed, I at once arose and went to the master, who had also been awakened by an inexplicable sensation. I asked him what had happened, but at first he hesitated to reply. I reiterated my wish to know several times, and even went on my knees.

"At last the master consented to tell me, but only on condition that I would never reveal his confidence while he lived. He then said to me, 'I had at last fallen into a light and troubled slumber, during which the thought that had filled my last waking moments pursued me with unabated vigor. It was that of imploring the most Blessed Virgin to secure the perpetuity of our Order. In tones so sweet that I knew it must be some celestial voice from paradise, the dear Queen of Carmel gave me this assurance, 'Fear nothing. The ancient Order of the Carmelites will endure forever. Its holy founder upon the day of Trans-

figuration prayed to my divine and beloved Son in behalf of his Carmelite children, and his prayer was most graciously granted.' My dear master then spoke more at length of this great favor, and dwelt upon the indescribable beauty of the Blessed Virgin. Tears of joy fell as he related the above, and I could not restrain my own."

Such is the deposition of one who was present at the very scene of the marvel. True, it might be said that it was *only* one. Neither Lamersonius nor Mezieres say a word upon the subject. But the character and standing of John de Hildesheim do not permit of a single doubt of his correctness.

There is another point in the life of the saint which is considered doubtful by some, but to which other writers appear to give credence. It is that he was, during his apostolic career, in Spain. Of this fact, however, mention is made but by one solitary writer, Fr. Elysee of St. Bernard, a Carmelite of the seventeenth century. The edition of the writings of St. Theresa, translated by the father in question from Spanish into French, is prefaced by a letter dedicating it to the king. It contains the following passage: "Don Fernand, Prince of Castile, having sought refuge in France with his mother, Blanche of France, daughter of St. Louis, because his uncle, Don Sancho, had wrested his crown from him by force of arms, espoused Mahault, Countess of Clermont. Later on, the prince, Don Fernand, having come to an understanding with his uncle, returned to Spain with the princess. Several Carmelite fathers accompanied the royal party at the request of the princess, who lost no time in having a monastery erected for them in her own city of Gibarleon in Andalusia, from whence have been founded all the

monasteries of the Order which exist in Spain at the present time. *The first (?) Superior was St. Peter Thomas. . . Doctor, of Paris, and subsequently Patriarch of Constantinople.*" . . .

Another document avers that in the reign of Clement VI., Peter Thomas, on account of his perfect conformity to rule, and his admirable prudence, was appointed Visitor of the Order, but the historian, Fr. Philip of the Blessed Trinity, has omitted to specify the province to which the fervent Carmelite was assigned.

The concurrence of these two texts permit us to believe with no little degree of certainty that if our untiring traveler, who visited so many countries, turned his steps in truth towards Spain it must have been about the year 1351. The visit was to all appearances a brief one, for before any great length of time had elapsed we find the saintly religious once more at Avignon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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In all nature there are correspondences; insensible things correspond with those that are insensible; sense with things sensible; and man's thoughts with the Spirit of God.—St. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

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One thought of man is of more value than the whole world; God alone is, for that reason, the worthy object of it, and to him alone is it due; every thought of man, therefore, which is not given to God, is a robbery.—St. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

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Who can be like St. Paul, who was all things to all, that he might save all? knowing all the ways by which God leads souls, which are so different one from another, that you can scarcely find one which in half its ways agrees with the ways of another.—St. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

## SAINT MARY MAGDALENE OF PAZZI,

OF THE ORDER OF CARMEL.

BY THE VERY REV. THEODORE J. McDONALD, O.C.C.



THOUGH the family of the Pazzi was one of the most illustrious in the Republic of Florence, and though its noble members could look

back to a long line of statesmen and men of distinguished ability in the various departments of the government in their native state, the birth and life of this saint, who hid herself from the world, cast a brighter halo of glory on the house, than the greatest achievements of its most brilliant members. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi was born in the city of Florence in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty-six. From the first moment that reason dawned upon her soul, the working of divine grace was visible in her conduct, she abhorred everything that savored of vanity or worldly amusement, and her greatest delight was to unite her childish heart to God in prayer. So deeply was she imbued with the love of her neighbor, at the early age of seven, that she gave to the poor everything she could get, even the food that was placed before her, and ever after during her life, suffering of any kind visible in another intensified her compassion to such a degree, that she experienced the most exquisite pain. Such was her desire of seeing God

known and loved by all, that her greatest pleasure was, when taken to the country by her parents, to gather the poor children of the village around her, and instruct them in the Christian doctrine, as far as her childish knowledge extended. How dear this labor of love was to her heart is made known by an incident that occurred on the occasion of one of these visits, undertaking to instruct a young girl, the daughter of one of her father's tenants, the work had been scarcely begun, when information reached her that she should return immediately to Florence. On the receipt of this intelligence such was her grief, and such was the bitterness of her weeping, that her father brought the girl with him to the city and retained her there, till the work of the little saint was accomplished.

At the age of ten years she took a vow of perpetual virginity to which she was ever faithful during her life. Four years later her father had been appointed governor of Cortona, but before leaving for the scene of his labors knowing that his time would be occupied by the arduous duties of his office, he placed her under the guardianship of the holy nuns, in the convent of Saint John in Florence. Whilst there giving herself without restraint to her Divine Spouse and spending on her knees four hours every morning in pious meditation, she added fuel to the fire of divine love that glowed so brightly in her young heart. Nor was

her love more deeply seated, than her humility, looking on the nuns with reverential awe, as the favorite spouses of Jesus Christ, she studiously avoided them, not thinking herself worthy of their companionship. This shrinking from the nuns, was not caused by any consciousness of sin, for she was so innocent and so pure that she scarcely knew what that term meant, but however, innocent and holy as she was, her humility was true and sincere. Even at this early period of her life God had bestowed on her great graces, and by the divine light infused into her soul, she saw the infinite distance between the Creator and the creature. Thus viewing her own nothingness, and in contrast perceiving the infinite majesty, the goodness and the love of God, she as it were annihilated herself before Him, so that the more her knowledge and love of God increased the more profound became her humility. Fifteen months having passed away in this holy retreat, that to her was a veritable paradise, she was taken out into the world, laden with a heavy cross, placed on her shoulders by the love and good intentions of a kind and indulgent father. Taking her home that he might provide for her an honorable and advantageous marriage, he wrung her very soul. Several proposals being made to her, but all to no purpose, her parents were most anxious to gain her consent, but remaining always steadfast in her resolution, of being faithful to her Divine Spouse, whenever marriage was mentioned, she resolutely told them that she would rather die than accept such a proposal.

Having obtained their permission she took the habit of the Carmelite Order, in the monastery of Saint Mary of the Angels in Florence, to which she

was attracted by her tender love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Another source of attraction, which was no small factor, in deciding her choice of a religious Order, was the great desire she had of giving herself up to divine contemplation, and of offering herself as a holocaust of reparation to her Divine Lord. Weeping for the injuries offered His Divine Majesty, by sinners, and praying for their conversion, with all the fervor of her soul, she chastised her already attenuated frame with the greatest fasts and other austerities. The contemplative order which she had entered afforded her an opportunity of accomplishing all the desires of her heart, but what she did accomplish and what the members of contemplative orders do accomplish, every day, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, is not known to men, for the recording angel inscribes it in the book of life and zealously guards it from the profane gaze of the world. We all acknowledge, that the active life is absolutely necessary in the Church, and that very many employed in it, travel up the sharp and rugged heights of Calvary and arrive at a high degree of perfection. Martha loved our Divine Lord, and labored for His interest, but Mary reposing at His sacred feet was satisfied, in possessing Him whom she loved, and consoling her He said that she had chosen the better part which would not be taken away from her. Mary is the true type of the contemplative life, a life that is not thoroughly understood even by all Catholics, for whatever is most tangible, or whatever comes most directly in contact with the people, such as does the active life, is better understood and more appreciated. It is difficult for ordinary people to understand the sublimity of the sacrifice

made by the members of contemplative orders, or to look down into the hidden depths of their lives. Still we find a Catholic instinct drawing the people toward them, wherever they are found, and even here in this world of activity, their doors are besieged at all hours with the heavy burdened and weary laden pilgrims of this bitter life seeking at least a memento in their prayers.

The young saint after consecrating herself to her beloved Spouse received many consolations and favors from Heaven. Divine love burned so ardently in her soul, that she used to frequently cry out, "O love! I can bear thee no longer; and she was often obliged to cool her bosom with water, to allay the burning sensation in her breast. Frequently falling into ecstasies, she at times underwent the most cruel pains of Christ's Passion, during which Our Lord espoused her with a ring and encircled her brow with a crown of thorns; the Blessed Virgin covered her with a white veil and Saint Augustine twice wrote on her breast: "the Word was made flesh." In one of her ecstasies which lasted day and night, from the vigil of Pentecost to the feast of the most Holy Trinity, she received the Holy Ghost each day under different forms. These graces strengthened and served her well in the contest, which she was about to enter with the powers of darkness, who fiercely assailed her with all the fury of hell, for five years. In the midst of darkness and desolation, she was abandoned by all, alone in the contest, she was cruelly scourged by demons, and harassed by all sorts of temptations, yet though almost deprived of reason, by constantly having recourse to her Blessed Mother she always came off victorious.

Strengthened by these victories, she received great graces, extraordinary command over demons, the knowledge of heavenly secrets, and of the state of souls in another life, together with the spirit of prophecy by which she saw and foretold future events.

God leads His saints by various roads to heaven, and though differing widely, in character, in tastes, and in the choice of particular states of life, yet all their perfections terminate in the one great virtue, love, the summit of perfection, the measure of their sanctity and their happiness. The subject of this sketch, possessed this virtue to such a degree, that she appeared on this earth more like a burning seraph than a human being. From what we can collect from the history of her life our Divine Lord was the great object of her love. In her early years her heart being wounded by a two-fold spiration, from which flowed two ardent flames of love, one for the Cross and the other for the most Holy Sacrament of the altar, she never forgot that in these two great mysteries, He constituted Himself a victim of love. In meditating on the cross, such was the ardent desire that burned in her soul, of uniting herself to her Divine Redeemer, and of becoming like Him in His sufferings, that she conceived an insatiable thirst for suffering all things for His sake. Well might she say with the Apostle of the Gentiles, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I to the world." We have already seen that early in her religious life, she had suffered five years of desolation and dryness of spirit, and although after that time had expired, the peace of her soul was restored, and many consolations, even celestial raptures

were communicated to her. Her life at certain periods was a life of the deepest suffering, especially during the last years of her existence. Bodily infirmities of various kinds continually afflicted her, severe and wracking coughs, periodical vomiting of blood, violent headaches, fevers and pain constituted part of her daily afflictions and to crown all her misery she suffered the loss of all her teeth. With these bodily infirmities, she at times, labored under the most grievous spiritual dryness and desolation of soul, yet her prayer was always to suffer more and to drink without any consolation the chalice of suffering even to the dregs. Though love made her, like Saint Paul, wish to be dissolved and to be with Christ, yet life seemed desirable that she might still suffer for love, and she used to say with a sigh: "*Pati non mori*,"—"To suffer, not to die." Her love for the Holy Eucharist was so great that she used to say, if it were necessary she would enter the lion's den or suffer all pains for the sake of communicating. She frequently fell into an ecstasy after Holy Communion, her Beloved Spouse uniting her more closely through the sacramental union, and changing her into a more perfect likeness of Himself, so that she could say, "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me." She was like Him in love, like Him in suffering, so that she could say with the Apostle, "Bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh." One of her great endeavors was to imitate the life of our divine Lord on earth, His hidden life during the time of His infancy, the life of His youth in the Holy House at Nazareth, in which He teaches us the glorious example of obedience, poverty

and chastity, and we may add His whole life, a life of patience, with all manner of mortifications, abnegations and austerities, how she succeeded the reader can learn from the history of her life.

There were two things that seemed to absorb her whole being, the glory of God and the salvation of souls. In her religious life, after passing the first degree of love, which purifies the soul from every stain of sin and frees it from self love, that it may unite it more perfectly to its Saviour, she entered the second degree. This degree of love fills the soul with a burning, or rather an insatiable desire of seeing her Celestial Spouse loved by all, and it frequently filled her heart to overflowing, so that at times she seemed fairly beside herself. She was often heard to cry out: "O Love! Love is not known by His own creatures! O Love! I die with love: If you find no place to rest in, come all to me, I will lodge you. O! souls created by Love why do you not love? O my Jesus! if I had a voice strong and loud enough, that I could be heard by all men in all parts of the world, how I would cry out that this Love might be known, loved and esteemed by all men, as the only true, incomprehensible Good! But the cursed poison of self-love robs men of this high knowledge and renders them incapable of it." Her thirst for the salvation of souls created such an ardent desire of seeing all sinners converted that she not only fasted and prayed for them, but bewailed their misfortune by shedding bitter tears. And when called away by public duties, or obliged to go to rest, she was accustomed to say: "Is it possible that I should take my rest while God is so much offended on earth!" The



other two higher degrees of love she possessed in an eminent degree.

At last the joyful hour came, what peace, what a foretaste of heaven the saints enjoy! when departing from the darkness of this world they are ushered in to the bright morning of eternity, a morning that fades not or knows no night. After a long illness our saint gave up her soul into the hands of her Spouse on the twenty-fifth of May, in the year one thousand six hundred and seven, having completed her forty-first year. She was glorified by miracles before and after death, and Clement IX, in the year one thousand six hundred and sixty-nine, enrolled her in the catalogue of the saints. After her death God honored her by many signs and miracles, and amongst these, a lasting

wonder continues to the present day, for her body, the abode of her most pure soul, has never been subject to corruption from the day of her death until now. Although it lay long buried in damp ground, it was found when taken from the grave, sound, firm to the touch, and sending forth a perfume of wonderful sweetness. When the nuns left their former monastery, in which the holy virgin had died, and removed to another, this precious pledge was transported, with the permission of the Holy See, on the sixth day of December, in the year one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight. There it is honored with the utmost veneration by the faithful, while glorified by the gift of incorruption and by other miracles, even to the present day.

### THE WHITENESS OF MAY.

'MID soft Canadian stretches of green sward  
Pale orchards shine, a luminous display  
Of whitest glory; 'neath whose scented boughs  
Jubilant lads and lasses wreath their brows,  
Dear children of the May.

A light, keen wind drives on the silvery clouds;  
The warm Earth smiles; and, wrapped in fur of gray,  
Hepaticas appear, and ferns uncurl  
And shy arbutus greets, in pink and pearl,  
The children of the May.

O blossom-hour of fragrant innocence,  
Which comes but once!—the dawning of Life's day,  
When souls turn softly, as the magnet points,  
To Thee, O Virgin Mother! Grace anoints  
Thy children of the May.

More grace, their need whose early May is past;  
O Lord of Love, soothe us in Thine own way!  
Show us, for bloom, Thy calm eternal stars!  
Whiteness of Heaven we crave, to heal our scars;  
There, children of Thy May!

CAROLINE D. SWAN.



## AS A STREAM FLOWS.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

### CHAPTER IV.



AN and minister, waging fierce conflict in the storm-tossed heart, left no time for the reflection he required before his meeting with Judith. As he reached the gate she was passing. He was unprepared for this sudden encounter and it blotted out all the harsh realities, leaving only the transports of the lover. The leap his heart gave sent a warmth into his face, a gleam into his eyes, and witnessing the swift transformation, Judith stood looking at him in surprise, the while an uncertainty, tinged with fear yet not devoid of sweetness swept across her being. He crossed the road to her side and the chivalric Southern nature sent words expressive of his sentiments to his lips; but they were stopped there by the expression on her face. He returned her greeting in tones low and trembling. Accustomed to ever finding him so even, this change, that might be excitement but was surely the result of some deep emotion, puzzled her; she attributed it to the horror that had thrilled the town and was conscious of a bitter pang of disappointments; for so often through the painful hours of that afternoon a sense of soothing had fallen upon her

as she thought of the serenity of his mind as it had been shown her on different occasions. And had she turned so far from her schooled ways to seek for comfort in creatures? The disappointment at not finding it was her answer, proving her to be, after all, only purely human. Yet his talk, as they walked slowly up the hill together, was so irrelevant, she was forced to the conclusion he had heard nothing of the tragedy and when, to satisfy her doubt, she questioned if he had been in the town since three o'clock, his face lost its warmth under her eyes, as he answered he had not. They had now reached the brow of the rather steep ascent and after a brief silence, following his reply, he paused. She, too, stopped, surprised. Her face was turned toward the west, where a yellow sunset flamed, and it occurred to him then he had even thus seen her haloed with the fading light and he mentally approved of these golden streams as suiting best her dusky eyes and hair, though accentuating the dazzling whiteness of her skin. The long farewell whistle of some belated singer slipped in between the hymns of the blackbirds in the cemetery beyond, and he wondered if it were the bluebird that had warbled to him of love that afternoon; then, with an expression in his eyes she could not fathom, he said:

"If I had done you an unintentional

wrong, Miss Evans, could you find it in your heart to forgive me?

"The word forgive has no place where wrong is unintentional," she replied, a fine smile curving the corners of her red lips, but for an instant only. She resumed her walk and he, without a moment's further consideration, advancing with her, began to tell of his meeting with the deacon; but when he came to the words that had been spoken of her, he hesitated, his voice trembled, and then failed him completely. A light that might be scorn or amusement, for, fleeting as a sunbeam, it baffled detection, crossed her eyes; but his distress was apparent and it appealed to her sympathy.

"I know," she said, "and I can understand how this narrowness and bigotry have shocked you, accustomed as you are to viewing people and religion in more liberal light. You have now arrived at that bitterest of knowledge that all the time, while you have been looking on life here from the mountain-top, your congregation sees it from the narrow valley beneath. I knew some day this would be forced in upon you and felt sorry for its effects. Now that your eyes are opened, it will meet you on every side. It explains away many circumstances that must have mystified you since your coming here. And yet," she continued, looking from him to the glowing sky, speaking no more to him than to herself, "while this distrust shows more markedly with you, it cannot be said we are wholly without taint. It seems to me to be but the natural result of an unnatural separation. Let us be as broad as we may, we cannot quite overreach the gulf so dividing us. We will find there is a space, perhaps but an inch, between our bridge and solid ground."

He was gazing at her, all the yearning of the lover in his eyes, but with her look fixed straight ahead she missed his heart's cry, which, crushed back the protest that rose against her words, and after a short silence said, in his manful way:

"I do not agree with you; however, I must leave the argument until some other time. I want to finish my story. I want you to hear every particular from me, not from the gossips that will congregate in Mrs. Earle's shop to-morrow. As I said, I was leaving, but I returned and hurled at him every forcible word in my vocabulary. I was mad! I must have been, else I had never desecrated the temple of God by my anger; I have never made—you the topic of an unreasonable dispute with an ignorant, boorish man."

The face changed under his gaze and words; he noted it.

"Ah!" a ring of pain in his tones, "it is worse than you thought!" "I am very sorry for you," she said, her sympathetic glance on him.

"But you?"

The face and form took on their natural queenliness, as she smiled, saying, voice and smile seeming to lift her to an inaccessible height,

"That cannot touch me!"

"You are right!" he said humbly. "Forgive what seemed my presumption."

"Not that!" she interposed, quickly. "You are a good friend!" and she laid her hand lightly on his coat sleeve. Though it meant no more than a queenly recognition of faithfulness, the action rejoiced his heart. Looking down at the shapely hand, showing the whiter for the black on which it rested, he knew by the emotions swaying his whole being, it was, under God, the one to mould his destiny.

"Some of the conditions," she began, removing her hand and beginning her interrupted walk," surrounding one's life cannot be altered by human agency. God knows why we are thus placed and it is the better part of wisdom that advises our submitting to them, firm in the belief that what is, is best. You and I find ourselves so placed and I think the wisest course to be pursued is that our acquaintance should cease."

They had now left the main road for another, narrower, more, rocky, and as the last words were uttered, they had reached the middle of a wooden bridge, under which a placid stream flowed. He stopped abruptly and looked into her face, searching for an expression of regret he had failed to catch in the even tones. But if the heart felt any, it was not reflected there.

"You say that calmly!" he cried, in the quick voice she had learned to know betrayed his truest nature. "Though it may be nothing to you, it is very hard for me to break thus abruptly from an—acquaintance—no! I will be candid—from such a friend!" Why, he continued, almost harshly "must you and I bend to the narrowness and bigotry in which we are placed, by foregoing an acquaintance that, whatever it has been to you, has been the sweet—has been most pleasant to me?"

"It is not bending to narrowness and bigotry," she interposed, "it is but yielding to inevitable conditions, brought about by centuries of division. We may not approve of them, but since they exist what are you going to do? When you look at it in its local coloring you will admit the truth of my decision," she finished, with that indefinable smile on her face, if the shadow

of regret had crept into her tones.

"But I cannot let you go out of my life!" he said, brokenly. The pause of a heart-throb followed. It was as if the corner of a curtain had been lifted, giving her a fleeting glimpse of marvelous scenes. But it was as immediately dropped by her clear sense. She might not help that her heart had for this once answered his, but she could stop their future communications, that must certainly have created conditions she was not prepared to meet.

"I shall not go entirely out of your life," she began, her words slipping like drops of water on his burning heart, "nor you out of mine, for pleasant memories are our most prized possessions. There will come many an hour when words you have spoken will recur to me, with beneficial effect; I do not hope that much for mine, yet I feel when you do recall me it will be with kindly sentiments. Now, let us say good-bye?"

"Not here!" he said, with a shudder, looking at the high wooden pillars supporting the railing, and the thick, clumsy joints protruding from the floor of the bridge. "I hate this spot!"

"'Tis a favorite one of mine," she said, leaning against one of the pillars and looking down into the water." "Often on my way home I pause here, for I love, yet fear water. Can you understand that? she asked, bringing her glance back to him.

"No," he said, shaking his head, sadly, "for I cannot understand you at all."

His melancholy affected her, though she saw no reason for taking the affair, at this early stage, so seriously. His common sense must have shown him it was the only course left them, she

thought, not knowing that while the surface of her emotions had only been rippled, his had been stirred to their deepest depths and were not to be thus soothed. Yet she was too kindly noble to wound the sensibilities of another.

"I wish," she said, again laying her hand on his arm, "you could see that I am right. I wish you were not so pained."

He slipped her hand down into his, covered it with his other one, and looked at her with an expression she dared not trust herself to attempt to fathom, but which she never quite forgot; then, he removed his hand, bent and kissed her finger tips, murmuring, huskily,

"Since it is your pleasure, good-bye!"

So they parted.

The yellow light had died in the west, save a narrow strip fringing the horizon. After he crossed the bridge, he turned to see her disappear in the shadowy, weird twilight. He again looked back as he reached the main road, but there was no sight of her. The line of light, too, had died, while higher up in the soft lavender sky hung the broad, gold crescent of the summer moon. He was leaving hope behind with that tender, softened gleaming, but as he faced the gloom before him, he lifted his eyes to the velvety softness of the blue above, and said, albeit his face quivered,

"In Thy good time and way!"

He had come into his heritage and found it was one of pain.

#### CHAPTER V.

Two days passed, and the third dawned dark and lowering, threatening rain until noon, when unexpectedly

the sky cleared; but the sunshine only intensified the gloom overshadowing the town, for word had been received that the negro had been captured near Maysville and would be brought up on the afternoon train. Simultaneously with the report, horsemen, in groups of twos and threes, might be seen entering the town and their wild aspect and fierce brows filled the citizens with alarm. Hours before the train was due, the crowd began to gather around the station. Knots of well-dressed men took up positions on the wooden platform, or, to avoid the sun, now pouring down its rays with great intensity, thronged into the two waiting-rooms, talking in subdued voices, or orgazing apprehensively at the countrymen standing without, silent and stolid, unmindful of the blinding heat. When the colored porters from the hotels appeared, with the baggage of the departing guests, a low growl ran along that group, making the hearts of the negroes and their white townsmen grow cold, for the wind that lifted many a light cotton coat revealed the shining tops of pistols. Then the marshal, a slight man, but with a frame of wire and cool, calculating courage, appeared and as he walked indifferently toward the sullen crowd, in his presence, representing the majesty of the law, the murmur suddenly ceased. He did not utter a word but as he paced up and down the hot platform, a noticeable change came over the multitude. The men whose set faces and unkempt appearance were suggestive of violence, assumed an attitude less fearful to the minds of the others. The silence hanging over the station was accentuated on the main streets. Crowds of women thronged the stores and were to be seen at every door and window and though they

conversed, it was in whispers.

On one corner, commanding a good view of the station, was a group of negroes, a black cloud on that town's sunshine. They huddled together like affrighted sheep, yet one could see the brows of some of the younger men were fiercely threatening, and though they talked freely among themselves, their voices instantly ceased at the approach of a white person. Against the lamp-post a woman, bent with years of toil, was leaning. Her withered old face worked convulsively and as she wrung her hands, she called piteously for her boy. A few women, of her own race, stood beside her, striving to quiet her sorrow, while the tears were pouring over their own black faces.

"I cannot stand it!" cried Mrs. Earle, throwing down her work, and looking with brimming eyes from one to the other of the three girls, striving, in that overcharged atmosphere to continue their sewing. "I cannot stand it! Aunt Tilly's cries are driving me mad! Is there no escape from them! I shall hear them to my dying day! Where is Harry Earle? That man must have a heart of marble not to go to his old 'Black Mammy' in this hour of need. She took him from his dead mother's arms and he never knew another love, in all his childhood years, except hers. Harry, Harry," she pleaded, as if her husband were with her, "won't you go and fetch Aunt Tilly here? Tell her, even if Peter is lost to her, she still has us."

Suddenly the loud cries of the negro woman ceased. Mrs. Earle went to the window and with a quick burst of tears called Judith to her side, and the girl, looking across the street, saw the tall, firm figure of the minister, bending over the aged woman, who, in her

woe, had fallen on her knees before him. She saw him raise her as gently as if she were his own mother, while he took the poor trembling black hands in his, as he spoke to her words of consolation. At that moment a long, shrill, sharp whistle rent the summer air and it was answered by a yell of terrible pain and fear from the mother.

"My boy! My boy!" she screamed "He's comin'! He's comin'! An' de white men er goin' to kill him!"

Judith could see from where she stood that the face of the preacher looked worn and haggard and almost ghastly in its whiteness. He threw an apprehensive glance around, for he thought that mother's cry must have turned those negroes into madmen. It had changed them, but not alarmingly. Generations of slavery cannot be forgotten in thirty years. He turned his sympathetic eyes back to the mother and held her hands in a stronger grasp. The other women were crouched on the ground, their faces buried in their aprons; and the picture he made standing among them, supporting the aged negress, whose strained wild eyes were fixed with terrible intensity on the wooden platform by which the panting engine stood, never faded from the mind of Judith. Southern born and raised, absorbing a careless contempt for the negro with the very air he breathed, perhaps having, with thousands of his countrymen, just reason to hate the black-skinned race, she well knew by making himself its champion now, he had invited an opinion that no other gentleman in the community had dared. She felt that apart from the impulse natural with him, to soothe sorrow, there lay in the act another motive, showing himself superior to every grade of prejudice.

The sound of many feet on the brick pavement announced the approach of the prisoner and his captors. The sheriff and his deputy headed the procession, with a negro boy, scarcely twenty years of age, walking, handcuffed, between them. An ashy hue overspread the brown-tinted face, and his eyes, blood-shot and wild, seemed starting out of their sockets. His poor clothes were covered with dust, and it could easily be seen fear and fatigue had almost exhausted him. He looked around for the glimpse of one friendly face; then, he saw his old mother on the corner, with the white man beside her. The benumbed mind could not grasp the meaning of the situation, but he opened his lips, and with his remaining strength, cried out to that one friend, "Mammy! Mammy! I niver done it!"

As if his grasp had been a child's, the mother freed herself from the detaining hands of the minister, and speeding down the wooden steps and across the street, unmindful of the officers, flung herself on the bosom of her son. The sheriffs looked on restlessly. It was affecting, and it is not the duty of officers to evince feelings; while from that rougher element, surging in behind them, came an ominous murmur of dissatisfaction. A second time the marshal appeared in their midst, and his eye and manner were more threatening. The men fell back of their own accord, for the crowd of blacks on the corner had gained in number, and the whites coming in behind on them were those who respect the claims of humanity. The minister turned to the negroes, who were trembling with excitement, and spoke to them a few words of counsel mixed with stern warning. It was a critical moment, as well he knew, and for one

incautious word or act, the streets of that town had streamed with blood. When it had passed, the marshal quietly disengaged the prisoner from his mother's embrace, assuring her no harm would come to her son while he had power to strike a blow in his defense.

"He is the law's now," said he, looking toward the sullen faces near him, "and until the law pronounces his sentence, he is as safe as if he were free. The citizens of this town," he continued, raising his voice, "will not tolerate the spirit that would wrench from the law its sacred rights!"

A murmur of approval came up from the rear as the words were uttered, and then the officers conducted their prisoner to the near-by jail. The mother followed, and, when all had departed, sat down by the door, closed for the first time between her and her only child, sobbing bitterly. Here, on his way home, the preacher found her an hour later. He assured her her fears, that the boy would be taken forcibly from the prison and hung, were groundless; for after the decisive words spoken by the marshal, it was noticed the crowd from the Blue Lick district had quietly dispersed. Calmed and comforted, the negro arose and went her sad way home.

As the evening approached, something of its serenity returned to the town. The people began to think there was no cause for alarm for the negro, since the fierce-looking friends of the dead man had raised no commotion, and after seeing the supposed murderer safely lodged in jail, had departed as silently as they had come. It was noticed, however, that Bill Sharkely still remained and that he was drinking heavily.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO THE HOLY SCAPULAR OF OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

**1. PROTECTION OF MARY.** On July 16, 1251, the Blessed Virgin appearing to St. Simon Stock, made him this promise: *Those who die invested with the Scapular will be preserved from eternal fire.* Later, in a vision with which she honored Pope John XXII., she promised a new favor:

*Those who have been invested with this holy livery will be delivered from Purgatory the first Saturday after their death.*

**2. AFFILIATION TO THE ORDER OF CARMEL.** Those who become members of Carmel by receiving the Holy Scapular, participate in all the good works of the Religious of this Order.

**3. COMMUNICATION OF MERITS AND GOOD WORKS.** The members of the Confraternity participate, moreover, in the merits and good works of all the associated members in the different Confraternities throughout the world.

**4. PARTICIPATION IN THE GRACES AND IN THE NUMEROUS INDULGENCES ATTACHED TO THE HOLY SCAPULAR.**

**5. PRIVILEGE OF THE SABBATINE BULL.** This privilege consists in the deliverance from Purgatory the first Saturday after death.

Conditions for gaining the partial Indulgences. It suffices to be in a state of grace, to visit on the aforesaid days a Church of the Order of Carmel, to

pray there for the exaltation of Our Holy Mother the Church, the extirpation of heresy, and the union of Christian princes, and to recite before one or more altars five Paters and five Aves in memory of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.



*"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of the Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to live and to die. Confratres, in which in that death shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the emblem of peace, and everlasting alliance."*

**6. CONDITIONS FOR PARTICIPATING IN THE ADVANTAGES OF THE CONFRATERNITY:** I. To receive the Holy Scapular from a Carmelite Father or from a priest authorized to give it. II. To wear it continually. III. To have one's name inscribed on the register of Confraternity.

**7. CONDITIONS FOR ENJOYING FURTHERMORE THE PRIVILEGES OF THE SABBATINE BULL.** I. To preserve chastity according to one's state. II. Those who can read should recite daily the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin in Latin, as

it is found in the Roman Breviary. Persons who cannot read should observe the fasts of the Church and abstain from flesh meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays, except when Christmas falls on one of these days. In case of impediment, a commutation may be asked from a Carmelite Father or from a priest authorized to this effect.

## AVE MARIA.

BY THE REV. ELISEUS RICK, O. C. C.

Who can express the charm these words contain? After the Our Father, the Hail Mary is the most beautiful prayer. The former is of divine composition; but the second derives its origin from an angel. The Hail Mary is the beginning, or rather the public announcement of the glories of our Blessed Mother. Therefore Lacombe says: "Whenever a human mouth repeats the Hail Mary, then through Mary an unspeakable happiness thrills in the remembrance of a moment which has no equal, either in Heaven or on earth."

Ave Maria! This salutation is dear above all others to the Blessed Virgin. In the life of the Blessed Thomas a Kempis, the author of the "Imitation of Christ," we find the following trait: Thomas was a devout servant of Mary and used to salute her with a Hail Mary whenever he passed an image of his heavenly Mother. He greeted her with an Ave Maria, when he entered or left his room; he always said this prayer and by this means, he obtained great graces for his soul. But through the company of some schoolmates, whom he did not distrust enough, he gave way to a certain tepidity. At this point he saw, in a dream, Mary, bestowing favors upon several of his friends. As he was waiting for his turn: "What are you waiting for?" said our Blessed Lady, "since you have ceased to greet me. What has become of the Ave you used to address to me so often? Begone!" Thomas awoke and resumed his usual prayer with more earnestness than ever.

All the saints loved the Ave Maria. A touching trait is related of the childhood of St. Thomas Aquinas. His mother, the countess Theodora, went every year to Naples to participate there in all the festivities. One morning, it is said, the little Thomas clenched in his hand a piece of paper; in vain his nurse tried to wrest it from him. When his mother came to soothe the crying child, he opened his hand and she read on the paper only these two words: "Ave Maria." As soon as the child got the paper again, he swallowed it; and when afterwards he appeared to cry, and they only gave him a paper with those words, he was immediately soothed and smiling he pressed the paper to his lips.

It is impossible to cite all the saints who loved to salute the Blessed Virgin with these words of the angel "Ave Maria!" But we must not omit St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, who by this prayer reached the highest degree of perfection. Whenever he heard the clock strike, he saluted Our Blessed Lady and by this practice he felt himself penetrated with a heavenly joy. St. Alphonse Liguori calls the Ave Maria, the language of the Saints and he never felt happier than when saying it.

Transported with enthusiasm St. Alanus exclaims: All, who love your name, may hear me! The Heavens rejoice and the earth is filled with amazement, when I say: "Ave Maria!" Sorrow is put to flight and joy again fill the heart, men I say: "Ave Maria!" Devotion increases



and the soul exults in heavenly delight; when there resounds "Ave Maria!" Yea the sweetness of this holy salutation is so agreeable, that it is impossible to explain it in words."

Even among heretics and infidels the Hail Mary has found its lovers. A Protestant theologian of the University of Halle has published a pamphlet bearing the title: "The Protestant Ave Maria," in which the author tries to re-establish the veneration of the Blessed Virgin among the Protestants. He deplors the prejudice of his brethren in the faith, who refuse to greet Mary with the salutation, which the angel used, when he announced unto her that she should be the mother of the Redeemer. "To all the other mortals," continues the author, who preceded us in the eternal home, we may forward the greatest; "Ave Pia Anima!" but to her, who is the Mother of Our Lord, and our Mother as well, we are not allowed to do it, because it would be Catholic."

Zacharias Werner, a Protestant and one of Germany's greatest tragedians, makes a beautiful paraphrase of the Ave Maria:

"Hail full of grace! He who hath created me and who hath taken away my sins, the God without defect, hath rested in thy womb!"

"The Lord is with thee! with thee, the Blessed among all women! who hath delivered them from the malediction. The salutation, which thou hast heard, destroyed the curse, that rested on Eve."

"Blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. In order to bring eternal fruit, the word hath come, hath taken flesh from thy flesh and changed the guilty into the innocent."

"O pray for us, poor sinners, whom the God of love has bequeathed to the

cross; pray that we may find grace and salvation in the hour of death!

Now if such is the predilection of Protestants for the Hail Mary, what shall we say of Catholics?

One of the most touching customs of Catholic Spain, is doubtless the song of the serenoes, or night-watches. Fernan Caballero describes this beautiful usage as follows:

"The traveller through Spain finds everywhere the serenoes, who watch in the streets during the night. But nowhere are they more numerous and better organized than in Seville. As soon as the first star appears in the skies, they assemble with their lanterns at the foot of the Ayuntamiento and from here they disperse in all directions. During the night they announce the hours and then with a sonorous voice sing in honor of God and His holy mother. The serenoes are faithful and honest watches, of whom each has to guard a certain part of the city. They protect the late traveller, show him, if necessary, the right road and lead him to his destination; yea, the keys of the house are often entrusted to their care. As you see, nothing is more useful and more harmless than this small spear-armed power. The serenoes always began their song with the pious salutation: "Ave Maria Purissima!" There was something solemn and poetical about this prayer, sung in the stillness of the night by deep but sonorous voices of these men which greatly pleased the pious disposition of the Catholic people.

"Women and children felt themselves more at ease and more safe, when they heard those men, putting their nightwatch under the protection of Spain's powerful patron. But it gave especially a great comfort to the

poor sick, reminding them, to invoke every hour the help of God and of her, who is the Health of the Sick."

The revolution of 1868 suppressed this pious custom, but on the instance of the people, it was restored in 1874. The universal emotion and rejoicing produced by hearing again the "Ave Maria Purissima!" was immense and altogether incomprehensible to a stranger," says Caballero, "The people ran out in the streets to congratulate the serenos. They embraced them, gave them money, cigars and wine. The enthusiasm was universal. Had it been known beforehand, they would have rung the bells of the Giralda, and all the churches, convents and houses of the city illuminated."

But not only the serenos sing that sweet salutation: "Ave Maria Purissima!" It is custom yet in many cities and villages of that Catholic country, to salute each other with these words. In a little town a missionary advised the children to say "Ave Maria Purissima," whenever they heard a person cursing. Soon after, a coach came through the place, whose driver was cursing terribly, as the horse did not go fast enough. The children immediately began to say aloud "Ave Maria Purissima!" The driver was moved, took his hat off, praised Our Lady with the others and did not curse ever since.

There is a lovely legend, about a little bird and the Ave Maria. In a small cell in the midst of the woods, there lived a pious hermit who loved our Blessed Lady very much, and who began every thing that he did and said with an "Ave Maria!" He had in a cage a little bird, which delighted him with its magnificent plumage and its beautiful singing. Hearing so often

the words: "Ave Maria," it repeated and sang them with a joyful voice. The cell was small and still smaller was the cage; outside golden liberty was seducing the poor little captive; the trees were just opening their buds and putting on a new dress of green. One day as the little prison happened to be open, it flew out and sat on a tree full of blossoms, and joyfully pealed forth its "Ave Maria!" as loud as it could. The hermit was very sorry for his loss and tried to catch the bird again; but it flew from branch to branch, from twig to twig singing full of happiness "Ave Maria!" Suddenly a big hawk darted upon it and caught it with its fangs. The little bird did not defend itself but only in a plaintive voice it sang: "Ave Maria!" Surprised the hawk opened its claws and the little bird flew away, warbling forth full of joyful gratitude: "Ave Maria!"

Let us conclude with another story: A poor woman passed several times a day through a street, far away from the place, where she was working, although the latter was not far away from her house. "Why do you make this useless journey?" she was asked. "O!" she said in her simplicity, "there lies a sick person, who does not want to be reconciled with God; so I cast as often as possible, some 'Hail Marys' before his doors. I do not know whether I am right, but I think it is with the prayer as it is with drops of odorous water which, when sprinkled on the floor spreads its fragrance through the whole house. It always seems to me, as if my 'Hail Marys' were to convert that poor soul. During two months, I did the same before another house, and here the sick man received the last Sacraments and died reconciled with God."

These simple words contain a whole revelation. Yes, dear children of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, let us sow "Ave Marias" and we shall reap souls.

## FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

"In Peril by Water."

(FROM THE GERMAN IN "ST. JOSEPH'S  
BLATT," BY S. X. BLAKELY.)

The Chaudieres Falls! Those magnificent specimens of the Creator's handiwork! Whoever is acquainted with the geography of Canada is aware that they are situated near the beautiful city of Ottawa, and are looked upon as amongst the greatest wonders of nature which the world has ever known.

Between the steep banks of the Ottawa river, a solid mass of rock, placed there by the will of the Almighty, in the very midst of the current, forms the nucleus of the falls. Gathering fresh impetus as it comes ever and anon from the river's distant source, the seething, foaming water precipitates itself into those fathomless depths. Then it is thrown back in showers of spray, whose shifting hues rival the rainbow's tints, or in myriads of sparkling drops whose radiance outshines the diamond's dazzling gleam.

The noise of the element in its perpetual motion can be heard at a great distance, as the mighty mass of water in the gigantic caldron seems to put forth all its force against the unseen power which holds it there. This, together with the foam so constantly whirling upwards, gives the spectator, at first glance, the impression of an immense caldron resting upon an ocean of fire. The name by which the falls are generally known is certainly most appropriate, (Kettle Falls.)

Even now, as I, with my beloved wife, walk hand in hand down life's pathway, our little village fades away, and, as I seem to hear the voices of those distant waters, for the time I long to return to the Canadian forests, and live over the scenes of my youth. But it is not with agreeable episodes alone that my sojourn was associated.

It was at the Chaudieres Falls that the most terrible experience of my life befell me. Although thirty years have elapsed, the mere remembrance of that day causes an icy chill about my heart, and my hands fold involuntarily as I utter a prayer of inexpressible gratitude for my wonderful preservation from certain death. Yes! I was saved from an imminent peril, and I know well that my escape was owing to the ever blessed Mother of God, the powerful Queen of Carmel.

Scarcely eighteen years had passed over my head, when, with the restless disposition of youth, I determined to leave home and friends to try my fortune in America, that country of which I had heard such wonderful things. Gathering my possessions, I crossed the Atlantic, and for some time traversed the States, without, however, finding the fortune I had aimed at. Finally, at the suggestion of a young friend whom I had met in Chicago, I choose the life of a woodsman in the Canadian forests. After my recent wandering, this simple, peaceful life suited me exactly. From my earliest childhood I had loved the solemn grandeur of the forest, and now I was privileged to live there, from one year's

end to the other. The only variations of the monotony occurred in the autumn and spring, and they were very welcome when they came. Twice every year my comrades and I constructed a raft, which we, ourselves, propelled down the Ottawa river. I must confess that these excursions on the raft possessed a fascination for me, and that, as the seasons for setting out drew nearer, I grew more and more jubilant at the prospect. Then arose the recollections of my childhood, when I stood on the shores of the Rhine and gazed in wonder at the immense floats from the Black Forest, never once dreaming that I, myself, would one day be guiding one—although I wished it from the depths of my heart. But to my tale. It was early in spring, when my friend and countryman, the trusty Bruno, and little Charles, whose nationality was evidenced in his never-failing gayety, with your humble servant, prepared everything satisfactorily for the usual spring flitting. We “launched” our rafts and, with every hope of a successful trip, we were soon riding over the waters of the romantically beautiful Ottawa river, and admiring the picturesque wildness of its banks. No doubt they present a very different aspect today. The weather, which, when we set out, was perfect, soon, however, underwent a change, and, as we approached the city, it grew gradually more and more treacherous. Heavy rain turned to snow, and hail rattled about us, whilst with a thrill of apprehension I thought that we were nearing the Falls.

Happily, there was a slight cessation in the storm, and for a brief period the dark clouds parted and the sun looked out, as if to bid us keep up our courage. The wind would not give up the con-

flict, but with discordant shrieks seemed to warn us that danger lurked nigh.

And so we went on. I strove to think that there was no direct danger, and rejoiced that the sun still showed its shining face. To buoy us up, I called out “Cheer up,” to which Bruno at once responded, whilst little Charles merrily cried “Bon courage!”

Nearer and nearer came the rush and the roar of the Falls. Never had the noise sounded so unwelcome in my ears, and my hand grasped the Scapular which I wore, whilst I breathed a prayer to the Mother of God—our dear Mother. Close by the falls the current assumed a downward path, and as it rushed on with incredible swiftness it was looked upon as one of the most dangerous points. To pass it required a safe hand and a quick eye, but little Charles was at the helm, and none was more capable than he in the management of the raft. We had just reached the perilous place and I uttered a warning cry, when—I know not wherefore—our raft received a violent shock—and there we were in the midst of the current. Instantaneously, and with merciless grasp it held our float fast, and then sent it on to the falls. Two minutes—two little minutes' more of this fearful danger, and not a vestige of hope would remain. Little Charles, with desperate courage, sprang into the flood. The raft, raising aloft, parted, with groans and shrieks it seemed of despair, whilst my friend Bruno and myself were hurled into the raging waters. I rose for an instant—with convulsive grasp I seized my Scapular, and fervently cried, “O! Mother! Help me!” I heard the cries of the men at the saw mill and the harbor, who looked upon us as doomed, like so many of our predecessors, to an untimely death. As I was about to sink

once more, my head came into violent concussion with a small buoy, fastened there as a warning of danger from the Falls. In a trice I put my left arm firmly around it, whilst my right hand never parted from the Scapular. Then followed a quarter of an hour which seemed like an eternity. In the very face of that gigantic caldron which seethed and boiled not one hundred steps away, its dismal tones sounding in my ears like the lamentations of a despairing soul!

At last—at last—I saw a boat with slow and careful progress coming towards me, and a rope was thrown out to me. With the last remnant of strength, I fastened it about me, and was drawn up into the boat more dead than alive. Little Charles, who happily had lighted in shallow waters, was in the boat. Help had come to him at once, as it had to my friend Bruno much sooner than to me. He was picked up, very much exhausted, but not in the most dangerous part, about a quarter of a mile from the point whence I was rescued.

There was not the slightest doubt that the Mother of God, whose Scapular I devoutly wore, had rescued us from death. Several Protestants on the boat declared that our escape was beyond explanation.

We lost no time in going to the nearest church, and there at the altar of Mary offered up our inexpressible gratitude. A priest appearing on the scene, friend Bruno, in his persuasive fashion, proposed that we should then and there cast off the burden of our sins, that we might the better offer our thanksgiving to heaven. We received Holy Communion together, and as we left the church next morning, the irrepressible little Charles said that we must surely commemorate our rescue.

We ordered a feast therefore, and invited the captain and crew of the boat. The old gray-beard was rather taciturn, and devoted his energies to the good things spread out before him. But, when a few glasses had loosened his tongue, he said to me, "Well, you certainly were more favored than I can understand. The Lord must surely love you for some reason or another." I showed him my Scapular, and before all the guests gave him a plain explanation, closing with the words: "The habit of our dear Mother saved our lives." "Well," said he, "if only I were not a Protestant I would assuredly wear it myself."

Having been thoroughly cured of my passion from rafting, with my friend Bruno, I accepted a place in a large lumber yard in Montreal—in which city I met my dear wife, also a German—and after a number of years' unremitting labor, we returned to our never - to - be - forgotten fatherland. Friend Bruno followed and plays the part of "Uncle" in our home. The narrow escape of little Charles did not change his love of the water; and he still guides a raft down the Ottawa.

In the lovely parish church of our little village over the altar of the Blessed Virgin there is, to-day, a perfectly executed picture.

In the midst of tumultuous billows may be seen three figures struggling with DEATH. One of these is represented as holding fast with his right hand the Scapular which he wears around his neck, whilst above, a brilliant light breaking through the storm clouds, reveals the Mother of God, encircled by stars. In letters of gold appears the inscriptions: "Ave Maris Stella! We greet thee, O! Star of the Sea!" In the corner is seen the following one: "EX VOTO, A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE TO THE QUEEN OF THE SCAPULAR."

## II.

## A True Incident.

To those who love the holy Rosary, every instance of its efficiency in drawing souls to God, must be of interest, therefore the following will not, we hope, be unacceptable to our readers :

Many years ago, a young Protestant girl lived as servant in a farm-house at Blessington, Co. Dublin. As in many happy Irish homes, the Rosary was said in common every night, and, through politeness, the girl, far from showing disrespect, joined in it. The family never spoke to her of religion, but the priest of that place, being anxious just then with regard to children preparing for Confirmation, asked this young servant to teach a little boy Catechism, as he had no one to do so, those among whom he lived could not read.

She consented, and, at the same time, learned it herself. The late Cardinal Cullen, when examining the children, was surprised at the intelligent answers of the little boy, and inquired who instructed him. The priest told him it was a Protestant, who was even then in the church, anxious to see her pupil confirmed. His Eminence called her up, and thanked her most gratefully; but greater still was the gratitude of our Lord's Sacred Heart to that poor soul who had not refused an act of kindness to His little one, and had not despised His Blessed Mother's Rosary. Some years passed, and at last the reward came, the golden light of Faith dawned, and she entered Holy Church. There was no difficulty, for the mysteries of Jesus and Mary were familiar through the Rosary, and the Christian Doctrine contained in the

Catechism deeply impressed in her mind.

Her after-life, poor and humble in the eyes of the world, was rich in those of God. He led her through kindly instincts of nature, to ways of grace and love of Mary, and thus onward towards the reward promised to those "who instruct others unto justice."—

E. D. M.

## SIXTEEN SAINTLY SISTERS.

A GREAT FAVOR GRANTED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF THE CARMELITES OF COMPIEGNE.

A brief space of time has elapsed since the publication of a favor received at the Carmel of Hanoi, through the intercession of the Carmelites of Compiègne, and from that publication has arisen another favor, equally great, and coming through the same powerful source. We give below the exact relation, taken from the two letters of Mother Mary of the Infant Jesus, Prioress of the Carmel of New Orleans, La. :

"I am happy to tell you of the cure of our little white-veiled novice, Sr. Claire Joseph (who has been an invalid for five long years) which was obtained through the intercession of the sixteen Carmelite martyrs of Compiègne. The cure was effected in August, 1897, after a novena to those holy martyrs, which was begun after I had received the card upon which was fastened a spray of ivy taken from their tomb, and read the leaflet which detailed the wonderful effects of their intercession at Tonquin. After the perusal I knelt and implored from the martyrs a proof of their power, and promised to do all that I could towards the diffusion of their cultus, if they would obtain our dear invalid's cure. Sr. Claire Joseph was

thirty-one years of age, and her restoration had been entirely despaired of. My petition finished, I went to the Infirmary to tell her to begin a novena to our holy virginal martyrs. Slightly smiling, she replied: "I will do so, dear Mother, since it is your wish, but I have given up all thought of being cured, and am only awaiting our dear Lord's call." Sr. Claire Joseph was *very* ill at the time and had been confined to the infirmary since Easter Monday. She was thought to be dying on the eve of Corpus Christi, June 16 and on the following day the last Sacraments were administered. When the feast of the Sacred Heart came, June 25, she was extremely weak, and remained for several hours in an unconscious state, so prostrated that the physician expected her to die every moment. However, he injected strychnine into her arm, and I fervently implored the Sacred Heart to spare her to us. She seemed to rally somewhat, but in July and August new and most dangerous symptoms were developed.

Dr. S. L. Theard, who was in attendance, said to us repeatedly, as also her father, Mr. Patrick Everett, a resident of New Orleans, that the sick Sister could never recover. The doctor said all that he could accomplish was an amelioration of the pain she endured.

Her trouble during five years had been an ulcer of the stomach, which during the last year had become a cancer. The doctor who had attended her from the first said, "She is afflicted from her head to her feet,"—for all natural functions had for years ceased to be natural. During the novena, which was made by the entire community, there was no cessation of pain up to the seventh day, then there was a decided change for the better, and on the ninth day *every trace of the malady*

*had left.* There was no discharge, no vomiting, and the natural functions of the body were resumed. Sr. Claire could eat whatever was placed before her; she slept well, and two days later on she began her ten days' retreat, during which she took part in every exercise without the slightest feeling of fatigue. And up to this time her head pained her to such an extent that the least mental effort was insupportable.

Indeed her sufferings had so affected her that at times it was thought necessary to place her under the influence of morphine, and had not the doctor assured us that she could not possibly live beyond November, we would have placed her for treatment in a hospital. Now, all that is over. She is as well, both physically and mentally, as when she received the habit. May the name of our dear Lord be blessed! Will you not chant a "*Te Deum*" in thanksgiving to our merciful God?

Over and over has the doctor declared that the cure is due to prayer—to a power far more efficacious than science, and that he does not claim the least credit for its occurrence. Last week he read with deep interest the French brochure relative to the Carmelite martyrs, after which he declared that if he should be ill he would certainly ask Sr. Claire Joseph to make a novena for him to the sixteen Carmelite martyrs of Compiegne."—CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.

When the love and affection we give to the creature is purely spiritual and founded on God, the love of God grows with it; and the more we remember the earthly love, the more we also remember God and desire Him; the one grows apace with the other.—Sr. JOHN OF THE CROSS.



## FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

*All communications for this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 671 Lexington Ave., New York City.*

### THE SECRETARY'S LETTER.

MAY, 1898.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

How happy we all are because the glad May has come once more to rejoice the whole earth?

It is the crown of the Spring, this laughing May of whom poets have sung in all ages, and its coming is hailed with joy by young and old alike.

To us, Catholics, the month of May is especially dear, because it is the month of Mary our Mother.

Each day is one of benediction, and heaven seems to have stooped down to earth, so lovely are the flower laden shrines of the Queen of angels and men.

To be a child of Mary is the highest ambition of every young girl, in whose heart the love of purity has been carefully guarded and cherished by a tender mother or Christian parents.

The holy Virgin of Nazareth has at all times been held up as the model of maidenhood, and the desire to be like her, to be one of her children is the ardent desire of every Catholic girl whose early training has led her to the altar of Mary.

Blessed children *they*, predestined for life eternal, and securing even in this world, a claim to every blessing. "No true child of Mary *can be lost*," says St. Alphonsus, and *he* knew if any one knew, great doctor of the Church as he was.

What will please our Blessed Mother during May days? someone asks. Let me answer you in the words of St. John Berchmans, her devoted servant

and faithful child. He, too, was asked that question and his answer was "*anything, any little thing, only let it be constant.*" Dear children, there is a world of wisdom in that simple answer.

It is a repetition in kind of the words of our Blessed Lord: "He who perseveres to the end shall be saved."

It is so easy to set our will, with a glowing heart and every intention of keeping at it. Alas! for poor human nature. We all get tired so soon, and worse than all, tired of ourselves. Yet long, long ago the prophet said that *each day* he would say, "*Now I begin.*" There is much comfort in that for those who have not the quality known in our day as "*Stick at it iveness.*"

Now for the month of May, with its delightful mornings, clear and warm and inviting. What better offering could we make to our Blessed Mother than a pilgrimage to daily Mass? The best of us, dear children, are only beggars, paupers in the sight of God; but when we attend Mass and offer to the Eternal Father His only begotten Son Jesus Christ, our brother, *then* are we rich indeed, and in the words of St. Ignatius, "in offering the Precious Blood, we are paying more than we really owe."

Oh! if every Catholic could be persuaded that the *Mass* is the most important thing in the world. That beside it all the great affairs of a nation, the war with Spain, the freedom of a country, *all* sink into a mere nothing in the sight of God. Then would our churches be crowded not alone on Sun-



days, but every day in the week. Now during the month of Mary, her altars are decked with the choicest flowers until they are veritable bowers of beauty. "Crown her with flowers, she is the queen of flowers." Yes—but it seems to me that thirty-one Masses would be dearer to her heart than a wealth of earth's rarest flowers. The poor can not offer her a daily bouquet, but every one can, as a rule, go to daily Mass.

Try it, dear children, and be wise for eternity,—yes, and wise for time. A daily morning walk will help one to be in excellent health—better than a wheel every time. Again, when the world was Catholic, pilgrimages, journeys to holy places were very common among the people. To-day in Europe, and occasionally in our own country they take place, and much grace comes of them. It is in our power to make one daily. Every Catholic altar is in the Holy Land, and every tabernacle is the sepulchre of our Lord. Who would not love to go to Lourdes in Catholic France, where our Blessed Lady appeared to dear little Bernadette and said "I am the Immaculate Conception!" Well, I am sure our dear sweet Mother will look just as lovingly on every child of hers who sets out for daily Mass with the intention of making a pilgrimage in honor of our Lady of Lourds or any other title dear to her heart.

In Lent it was hard at times to get up in the cold and go off to Mass—but now in May it is a treat.

Do I think it easy to get up early? Indeed I do not, and just there lies the secret. It is hard to get up, but the little sacrifice will make the offering a thing of real worth. Set to work then, dear children. Show our Blessed Lady, dear sweet tender Mother and truest

friend, that you really love her by seeking her early and finding her.

The day *must* be sanctified which begins so near to Jesus and Mary as daily Mass brings the soul. Even if you don't feel like it, GO! Very often you sit beside your own dear mother and just look at her—too tired to talk, or even too lazy, or out of sorts. She understands. Oh! the wonderful wisdom of a mother's heart! She lets you alone many times when you are as ugly as ugly can be—you'll come round all right, she knows.

Well, now, go to our Blessed Lady too, and she will be satisfied to know you are there even if you do not say a word. She will bless you even if you do not ask for it, and she will love you and pray for you, and before long you won't know yourself, so changed will you be. All God asks of us is a good will—that we can give Him—all else is chaff. May you all be very happy during the sweet month of May, dear children. Pray for your

Devoted friend,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN APRIL.

1. Christian II., of Norway.
2. The *Penn Packer*, in 1784.
3. Keats.
4. St. Pascal Baylon.
5. Pope Gregory X.

#### FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Which is the "City of magnificent distances"?
2. Where is the "Playground of Europe"?
3. Where is the "Roof of the world"?
4. What city first built good roads?
5. What city is called the "Town of the hundred towers"?

## ANSWERS OF PUZZLERS IN APRIL.

1. The adder.
2. Moses, because they made a ruler out of him.
3. Forty-six, because *six* are Lent.
4. Saul.
5. VII-7. (Half XII = VII.)

## FOR THE PUZZLERS.

## 1. RIDDLE :

I am only a simple letter,  
My value in numbers ranks high ;  
Double me, the whole is changed  
A churchly title then am I.

2. To a word meaning to *free*, prefix crazy or insane, and find a famous town in Spain.

## 3. DIVIDED CITIES :

- 1—A man's name—a weight.
- 2—A harbor—to disembark.
- 3—A fruit—a form of the verb *to be*.
- 4—Found in the woods—domestic animal.
- 5—Drinking vessel—to advance.

## MAXIMS FOR MAY.

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord,  
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.—Magnificat !

2. Gaining victory from defeat,  
That's the test that tries you,  
—Phæbe Cary.

3. That book is good  
Which puts me in a working mood.  
—Emerson.

4. May is here, the world rejoices.

5. Devotion to Mary is a sign of predestination.

## FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

## Six Years Old.

When I was one  
I wore long dresses just for fun,  
I couldn't walk or creep or run.

When I was two  
I learned a language all brand new,  
I only knew at first, "Boo-hoo !"

When I was three  
I had a lovely Christmas tree,  
And a little sister sent to me.

When I was four  
I had some books, and wanted more,  
But couldn't remember to shut the door.

When I was five  
I went to the brook and tried to dive,  
And papa took me out alive.

When I was six  
I often got into a fix,  
And did not like the crooks of sticks.

What comes next ? I do not know,  
But it's better and better the older I grow,

Because my mamma told me so.

## A Model Child.

Her temper's always sunny ; her hair  
is ever neat ;  
She doesn't care for candy—she says it  
is too sweet !

She loves to study lessons—her sums  
are always right,  
And she gladly goes to bed at eight  
every single night !

Her apron's never tumbled ; her hands  
are always clean ;  
With buttons missing from her shoe  
she never has been seen.

She remembers to say, "Thank you,"  
and "Yes ma'am, if you please,"  
And she never cries, nor frets, nor  
whines ; she's ne'er been known to tease.

Each night upon the closet shelf she  
puts away her toys ;  
She never slams the parlor door, nor  
makes the slightest noise,  
But she loves to run on errands and to  
play with little brother,  
And she's never in her life been known  
to disobey her mother.

"Who is this charming little maid ?  
I long to grasp her hand !"  
She's the daughter of Mr. Nobody,  
And she lives in Nowhereland !

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

### "Help of Christians."

During this month, devout associates of the Sacred Heart are asked to pray for devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary is much needed in our day," says the editor of the *Messenger*. "We need to lift our hearts out of the despair that grows upon us, at the sight of the iniquity that abounds everywhere, and fix a hopeful gaze upon the image of one so fair, that the thought of her brings blessings with it; we need to conceive a disgust for worldliness and pride by the sight of the simple and humble handmaid of the Lord, dwelling in the lowly estate at Nazareth; we need the purifying gaze from her virginal eyes to make us loathe the lust of a sensual age, and to keep our eyes averted from the obscenity that confronts us on all sides."

### Religious Reception.

New Orleans seldom witnessed a more solemn scene in religious life, than that which occurred at the monastery of the Carmelite nuns in the week preceding Mardi Gras. On that occasion, three well-known Pittsburg ladies, members of Holy Trinity parish, received the brown habit from the hands of Archbishop Chapelle. To these good religious who have chosen the better part, we offer our prayerful wishes that they persevere until the end as true Carmelites.

### "Quo Vadis."

A great deal has been said *pro* and *con* as regards this now famous novel. Although we have heard some remark that they felt themselves better Catholics after a careful perusal, and, on the other hand, some say that it was

dangerous from a moral standpoint; nevertheless, like the Archbishop of Cincinnati, we are not disposed to "take part in the discussion of how much, or how little, harm it may do to readers, young or old." However, we endorse the wish of the Archbishop, that Catholic institutions, schools, colleges, etc., "should not take on themselves the responsibility of favoring its being read by persons under their care; particularly, that they should not give it for premiums, nor have it in their libraries." The warning is timely, since vacation days are approaching.

### Objects of Prayer.

During the last few weeks we have seen some prominent names among those returning to the true fold. There are others still standing on the threshold of the Church of God and they are, to quote the *Church Progress*, "peculiarly deserving of the prayers of the faithful and stand greatly in need of them. We commend these intentions to all our devout readers. Offer for them the Holy Sacrifice, give them a place in your morning and evening prayers, say for them the Rosary and the Litanies. Let us besiege Heaven in their behalf, not only for their own sakes, but for the thousands of souls to whom their example and influence would be a guiding star, conducting them like the Magi of the Gospels, to the Bethlehem where the Immaculate Virgin Mother holds up for adoration the Divine Child. May all of those whom we have named soon be able to call themselves, in very truth, children of Mary, brethren of Jesus, real and living members of the Mystical Body of Christ!"

## For the Defence.

Worldlings, in many cases, fail to see the necessity of the contemplative Orders, and periodically indulge in a fling at these "useless" communities. Hence, it is in place that we bring forward such powerful apologists as Counselor Murphy, of Cork, who, writing on the convents of Great Britain and Ireland, says:

"There are men, who, uttering not one word of censure of those whose lives are an unceasing round of dissipation and who seldom or never pray, loudly inveigh against the contemplative Orders and object to nuns leading lives of 'barren holiness!' Have they not read in the Old Testament how the tide of the battle was turned, not by the prowess of the men engaged, or the genius of their leaders, but by the intercession of the patriarch, who prayed with his arms uplifted on the mountain. In an age of infidelity and worldliness and sin, it is well that there should be those who are constantly employed in praising God and praying to Him, not for themselves alone, but for all mankind, of every creed and every clime—for all His creatures. We are but too apt to overlook the *necessity* of intercessory prayer. We become familiar with, and therefore cease to tremble at the revelations of our divorce courts, and other indications of revolting crime that now and then come to the surface. And yet we have read in Holy Writ of how a city immersed in sin and doomed to immediate destruction would have been spared if ten just men could be found dwelling within its precincts. It may be that fire from heaven does not now fall on earth, as of old, but wars and famines and pestilence, at any time, may come upon us. Therefore, we can not too highly value, too carefully guard and cherish those whose whole lives, whose every thought and word and action are one unbroken propitiatory offering and intercessory prayer in our behalf, and we may well address them in the words of the Laureate:

'Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day.'



Papal Benediction will be imparted in all our churches and chapels on the last day of this month.



In a very short time we hope to be able to announce the formal opening of the completed part of the new Hospice.



The Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls will be pleased to send one or more brown Scapulars, of the proper make and material, to those applying for them.



The form of blessing and enrolling with the Brown Scapular will be found elsewhere in these pages. It can be cut out and be of use to the reverend clergy.



We beg our pious readers to unite with our fathers in the novenas and devotions offered up for our friends and benefactors at the feet of our Immaculate Queen during May.



Doubtless large numbers of our Blessed Mother's clients will frequently visit her shrine here at Niagara Falls this month and invoke her under her lovely title of "Our Lady of Peace."



This month we celebrate the feasts of three great Carmelite saints, and on each of these days a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by the faithful—namely, on May 5th, St. Angelus, the martyr; May 16, St. Simon Stock, and May 25th, St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi.

## PUBLICATIONS.

Mariolatry: New phases of an old Fallacy, by Rev. H. G. Gausss, pp 300 paper cover. The Ave Maria Co., Notre Dame Ind. Price 25 cts.

This little book is reprinted from the numbers of the *Ave Maria*, where it appeared as a serial and gave delight and edification to a large number of readers. A Methodist doctor of divinity delivered in Carlisle, Pa., an invective against the Church of Rome for its unchristianity, etc., in paying devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The sermon was studiously circulated in pamphlet form and thus came under the notice of Father Gausss, the rector of St. Patrick's church, Carlisle. In order to make his answer more effective Father Gausss quotes for the most part Protestant authorities to repute the often mendacious, mostly illogical utterances of the pamphleteer. Thus in very beautiful English, with vigorous though gentle pen, Father Gausss dissects the sermon leaving one in doubt whether to admire more, the deep Catholic insight some of the writers quoted seemed to possess, or the large reading of the author, or the utter recklessness and short-sightedness of the preacher. It is a book for all our people; it does one good to read in a new style the glories of Mary—our Mother. It will refresh the spirit of a Catholic to learn how devotion to Mary has left its impress upon everything good and sublime, and it will give his faith and hope a tighter grip. Let us hope that Father Gausss, who wields so trenchant a power for truth by his manly and cultured pen, will favor us with more productions in the cause of truth and justice.

"Responses for Divine Services in the Catholic church (in different keys) compiled and arranged by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis." is a timely work. No organist can afford to do without it. It is published at the low price of \$2.00 by the well-known publisher, Joseph Flammer, 211-213-215 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

An interesting little book written—to inspire greater devotion to our Blessed Lady—has appeared descriptive of the "Shrine of our Lady of Perpetual Help in the Mission Church Boston, Mass."

"The Traveller's Daily Companion," published by Benziger Brothers is a tiny volume which anyone can conveniently carry in the vest pocket. It should be an indispensable companion.

The last quarterly installment of the "Leaflets from Loretto" is full of good things. Thirty or more articles—and clever ones—by the pupils themselves show talent and originality. The photographic reproductions are excellent.

"The Dutiful Child" from the German by Rev. F. X. Wetzel is a neat little volume deserving of a large reading patronage. It is in line with the other good books which the same house is adding to Catholic libraries. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., is the publisher. Price only 40 cents.

The article on Evolution and Theology, by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, a professor in Notre Dame college, Indiana, and more recently a functionary of one of the offices in the Roman Curia, published in the April number of Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, is of unusual significance and interest.

The time was ripe for the appearance of "Catholic Practice." It answers questions which are daily asked. Moreover, there would be little necessity of criticizing the conduct of Catholics during the divine service did they read and practise its contents. This practical little book should go hand and hand with the Catechism. It is printed by the Angel Guardian Press, 92 Ruggles St., Boston, Mass.

That prolific, hand-working and charming writer Eleanor C. Donnelly has lately brought out a lovely "Romance of Shell Beach" entitled "Storm-bound." We also have two companion books by the same author, viz: "Christian Carols of Love and Life" and "The Rhyme of Friar Stephen." These two latter are literary and typographical gems, and will gladden the eye of intending purchasers. Both the gifted author and Messrs. H. L. Kilner, & Co., the publishers are to be congratulated.

## 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.

(N. B.—Names for registration may be sent to Carmelite Monasteries in Pittsburg, Pa.; New Baltimore, Pa.; Scipio, Kansas; Leavenworth, Kansas; Englewood, N. J.; and Niagara Falls, Ont.)

Names have been received at our Monastery, Niagara Falls, Ont., for the Scapular registry from Philadelphia, Pa.; Roslyn, L. I.; San Andreas, Cal.; Mt. St. Vincent Convent, Halifax, N. S.; Sandy Point, Bay St. George, Nfld.; Swornville, N. Y.; St. Patrick's Church, Peoria, Ill.; St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont.; Crysler, Ont.; Gaysborough, N. S.; Sandy Point, Bay St. George, Nfld.; All Saint's Church, Cardigan Bridge, P. E. I.

Names received at St. John's Monastery, New Baltimore, Pa., from: St. Vincent's Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Denver, Col.; University of St. Louis, Mo.; St. Mary's Church, Fon du Lac, Wis.; St. Clement's Priory, Duluth, Minn.

Names received at Carmelite monastery, Pittsburg, Pa., from St. Peter's Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Monastery of St. Paul of the Cross, Pittsburg, Pa.; Immaculate Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Joseph's Church, New York; Driftwood, Pa.; Osman, Wis.; St. Joseph's Church, El Paw, Pierce Co., Wis.; St. Bridget's Church, River Falls, Wis.; St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, Ill.

Names for registration received at St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N. J., from Church of Our Lady of the Sea, Atlantic City, N. J.; Holy Trinity Church, Dodon P. O., Md.; St. Mary's Church, Newark, N. J.; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Paterson, N. J.; St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; House of Good Shepherd, Roxbury, Mass.; Alexandria, Va.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton, N. J.; St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.; St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J.; St. Mary's Rectory, Rondout, N. Y.; Everet, Mass.; Holy Cross, Ky.; Holy Angel's Academy, Fort Lee, N. J.; Madonna Church, Fort Lee, N. J.; White Bear Lake, Minn.; St. Canisius' College, Buffalo, N. Y.; Our Lady of Lourdes' Church, Paterson, N. J.; St. Jarlath's Church, Chicago, Ill.; SS. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital, Louisville, Ky.; St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md.; Santa Clara College, Santa Clara, Cal.; Villa Nova College, Delaware Co., Pa.

## PETITIONS,

"Pray one for another."—St. James, I, 16.

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

- For vocations to religious life, 5.
- For steady employment, 2.
- For health of father, 1.
- For satisfactory sale of property, 11.
- For restoration of eyesight.
- For a wayward son's conversion.
- For spiritual favors, 1.
- For seven students.
- For twenty novices.
- For four vocations to religious life.
- For a long-suffering mother.
- For all our readers and benefactors.
- For the recovery of a young man's health.
- Union of prayer requested in a Novena to our Lady of Carmel.

## 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.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our charitable readers the repose of the souls of the following:

FRANCIS FUERTH, Woodslee, Ont.  
MISS ELISA BONNEY, Paterson, N. Y.  
WM. JOSEPH QUINLAN, Elizabeth, N. J.  
PATRICK KERR, Toledo, O.  
MOST EMINENT CARDINAL EUGENE ALEXANDER TASCHEREAU.

MR. ARTHUR SAVAGE, Brantford, Ont., an earnest Christian, kind father and upright citizen, who died March 26.

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

## Favors for the New Hospice.

We acknowledge with gratitude having received stamps from Sister M. A., Pittsburg; Miss S. B., Granton, Ont.; Sr. M. E., Longue Pointe, Que.; Mrs. S., Paterson, N. J.; Miss F. C. K., Cleveland, O.; Miss L. C. W., New Baltimore, Pa.; Miss M. T. F.; Kentville, N. S.; Miss J. C. K., Findlay, O.; Miss Z. K., Findlay, O.; Mrs. M. T., Boston, Mass.; Miss J. K., Paterson, N. J.; A. Z., Buffalo, N. Y.; J. W., LaPorte, Ind.; Miss M. S., St. Louis, Mo.; Miss M. M., Joliet, Ill.

## Thanks to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

HAMILTON, ONT.

April 15, 1898.

DEAR FATHER,—I am sending you what I promised over a year ago, when my sister was sick with pneumonia, and the doctors said if she did get better she would have consumption. I then made a promise to the Blessed Virgin. I thank God and our Lady of Mount Carmel she did get better and has no consumption.

I remain your child,  
M. E. B.

M. E. B.

—, Ont.

March 5, 1898.

*The Carmelite Fathers,**Niagara Falls:*

REVEREND FATHERS,—I write to inform you of Mrs. R.'s death. As I was with her through sickness until her death, she asked me to look after her subscription to THE REVIEW. She had paid in advance. Mrs. R.'s sons will continue taking THE REVIEW, as they were warned to do by their mother. May she rest in peace!

I remain, yours obediently,  
A. C. B.

A. C. B.

In an interesting sketch of the "City of the Prophets," in the *Catholic Columbian*, Miss Anna C. Minogue gives us some clear glimpses of life and religious work in the Holy Land. We hope some day the same facile pen will lead us up the Mount of Carmel, and picture to us the first home of the Carmelites.

The Lenten addresses delivered at the Boston Carmel by Rev. Henry A. Barry were masterpieces, to judge from the portions quoted by the press. It would be well for us if we were convinced that the solution to the present sad and dismal condition of society is owing—as Father Barry truly said—to a voluntary resistance to grace.

A soul without a director is like a kindled coal, which, if left by itself, cools instead of burning.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

Cardinal Taschereau.

Carmel in Canada deeply mourns the loss of the Dominion's first great Cardinal, who in his long and beneficent career shed glory on Church and Country.

*Requiescat in Pace.*

Do not shrink from trouble; though it may seem to you more than you can bear. Let all men find you compassionate.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

No one merits love except for the virtue that he has; and when love is so ordered, it is according to God and in great freedom.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

The greatest honor we can render unto God, is to serve Him in evangelical perfection; and whatever is beside this is of no value or advantage to man.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit, saith our Saviour in His Gospel. So the love which grows out of sensuality ends in sensuality; that which is of the spirit ends in the Spirit of God, and makes it grow. This is the difference between these two loves, that men may distinguish between them.—ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

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